Frank Holman had been my room-mate and strongest friend at the University; so when I received an invitation to spend Christmas with him, I accepted with unfeigned pleasure, for I knew that he was a good fellow and that my stay with him could not be otherwise than pleasant. I therefore packed my valise, and within a few days found myself comfortably lodged at his hospitable house.

He had been married about a year, and seemed to be the happiest man on earth. I noticed what a beautiful, queenly,
noble-looking woman his wife was, and began to think that perhaps I might be wrong in my fixed conviction that there was no such thing as true affection, and that marriage is a farce. Before I left for home I knew that I was wrong.

One evening when we were alone in the drawing-room, indulging in the luxury of a havana, I asked him, during a lull in the conversation, to tell me the story of his love, which was, as well as I remember, about as follows:

"Grace Rilton and I were the best of friends. We lived in adjoining houses in the little town of H——, and had been playmates from early childhood, and somehow I always liked her better than any other girl I knew, partly because she was so jolly and pretty and amiable, and partly because she seemed to show a preference for my companionship. She was indeed a fine girl in every particular, and was the favorite of everybody that knew her. But the thing about her that I liked best was that she was so thoroughly unselfish, so thoughtful of others, so generous and so kind. She was an only child, yet she was never spoiled by her parents, and grew up to be as fair and spotless as a lily of the valley.

"She was a perfect child of nature, and would sit on the back-door step for hours and watch the birds building their nests, and the yellow-winged butterflies whirling through the air, and the bees as they sipped their nectared honey from the apple-blossoms.

"She was three years younger than I, and regarded me as a sort of Solomon, while the confidence that she had in me was truly inspiring. To sum her up in brief, one might say of her with truth that she was as near an angel as mortals ever get.

"At the age of seventeen I entered college, and the greatest grief of my life was my parting with Grace; but I kissed her good-bye in the moonlight under the old mulberry tree in her father's back-yard, and we separated—for long years. Shortly after my departure for college her father's bachelor brother died out in Colorado and left Mr. Rilton an immense fortune; and when, after nine months hard work, I returned home
again, Grace was not there to welcome me, and a stranger oc­
cupied the house where she had lived, Mr. Rilton having moved
to Baltimore several months before. H—— was not the same
place to me that it had been, and I felt somewhat lonely, often
wondering whether or not Grace ever thought of me in her
beautiful city home. Did she remember what glorious fun we
used to have, and did she guess how much I missed her? She
will be admired and flattered now by everybody, I thought
bitterly, and I am denied the privilege of ever seeing her,
while through distance and lapse of time I will be forgotten.
And the thought of it filled me with unutterable sadness.

"Several years passed quickly by. I was eminently successful
at college, and graduated with the highest honors of my class.
After finishing my academical course, I went to the University
of Virginia, and matriculated for law. 'Twas there that I dis­
covered that I had a talent for speaking. I resolved to hang
out my shingle, and to begin practicing at once. My success
was far greater than I had dared hope, and visions of future
greatness floated before me continually. I was making money
fast. I became popular, and, during the third year of my prac­tice, was elected to represent my native county in the legisla­ture. Here I made a splendid record; for like Joseph of old,
everything that I took hold of seemed to prosper. People
spoke of me as a man of fine promise and great possibilities;
while I was regarded by all the feminine portion of my com­munity as a very eligible match, and was flattered and honeyed
by all the mothers 'round. I was fortunate enough, however,
to resist all the attacks made upon my heart, and routed them
so effectually that they at last gave me up as a confirmed case,
a hardened sinner, unalterably opposed to matrimony. And
so I was, except that it should be with a sweet and lovely girl
that bore the name of Grace; for I had never for a moment
forgotten her, so closely and so dearly had she been linked with
my recollections of earlier and happier days. Her image had
become ineffaceably engraven upon my memory, and though
absent in reality, she was ever present in my reverie and dream.
Often, after having worked late in the night and having finished my tasks for the day, I would draw my easy-chair up close before the fire, and deep in the luxury of a cigar, would ponder over days agone, and would seem to see in the lazy curling smoke her fair image, and somehow it always wore a smile and appeared to whisper words of gladness and of welcome. Banish her from my memory I could not, try how I would.

"I was most ambitious, and labored manfully at my profession, and was greatly rejoiced to see it becoming more extensive and more lucrative. My reputation grew apace, and while my friends were talking of nominating me for Congress, and had almost persuaded me to allow my name to be placed before the public, my health gave way under the constant strain of overwork, and I became for the time an invalid. Then came a protracted spell of typhoid fever, which brought me to the very portals of death, which I very narrowly escaped. However, thanks to the care of my nurses and to the skill of my physician, I pulled through. I rallied slowly, and when, after long months, I was again able to go about as before, I was advised to seek change of air and scene to hasten my more complete recovery. I accepted the advice, and soon after found myself en route for New York, where I took passage for Liverpool.

CHAPTER II.

"Nothing of consequence happened during the voyage over, and I landed safe on England’s coast within a week. I became deeply interested in the countries abroad, but found it impossible to shake off a deep melancholy that had settled upon me since my illness. After visiting France, Switzerland, and Italy I became weary of travelling and engaged a berth in the first steamer for home. While walking down Broadway I met an old college friend. We stepped into Delmonico’s, and during dinner talked over past pleasures and old friends. He told me that he was with a party from the South taking a tour through the North, and begged me to join them. As I had returned
home somewhat earlier than I expected, I agreed, and we shook hands on it for good luck. So before night I found myself on a noble steamer gliding up the Hudson.

"To my great surprise, almost the first person that I met with after going on board was Mr. Rilton, Grace's father. I asked him if she, too, were in the party, and was more than delighted to hear that she was. I was not slow in asking Mr. Rilton to conduct me to her, and was soon following closely at his heels. I was deeply agitated. The prospect of meeting with the beloved playmate of my youth and the object of my dreams fairly took away my breath, while at the same time it filled me with delight and joyous anticipation. A flood of gilded memories swept over me. But I had very little time to collect myself, for, following Mr. Rilton, I soon came in sight of Grace. Seated at the far end of the deck, she was playing idly with the leaves of a book which she held in her hand, and was gazing pensively at the beautiful scenery for which the Hudson is so justly famous. I could scarcely contain my emotions when Mr. Rilton said, by way of introduction: 'Grace, I have brought you an old friend, Mr. Holman.'

"She stood up and shook hands cordially, saying with a smile: 'Oh, yes; I remember him quite well, though I should hardly have recognized him as the same boy that I used to know. Yes, I believe I would, too.'

"I managed to mumble out something; I don't remember what. Perceiving my confusion, she hastened on to add:

"'Tis rather strange that we should meet thus after so long a separation, isn't it?'

"'Very,' I said; 'but none the less pleasant to me, and I could have wished that it had come earlier.'

"At this juncture her father remarked that he wished to see a man on board, and withdrew. I thanked my lucky stars. I had in the meantime been making mental observations of the girl beside me. The same old Grace, I thought; the same frank look; the same sweet expression; the same delicate, beautiful face, only more developed and far more lovely. I thought of Wordsworth's lines:
And it occurred to me that there was none to whom they might be more appropriately applied than to the girl at my side.

"'Mr. Holman, you did not used to be so pensive. Do you often lapse into such deep and abstracted meditation?'

"'Why, no; but you see my mind reverted to the memories of former days, when you and I were such good friends. I often think of the happy hours we spent together in times past—happy to me, at least—the recollection of which clings to me most tenaciously. For instance, I remember quite vividly our last parting, under the old mulberry tree. Have you forgotten it?'

"'No,' she answered sweetly and frankly, while a soft blush suffused her cheek, 'I remember much of my life at H——.'

"'Did you, then, ever think of your humble servant?'

"'Oh yes, a few times,' roguishly.

"Then, strange to say, she became thoughtful. Ah, memory was doing its work with her, too. The butterflies and the bees were flying again before her; the faint, sweet smell of the apple-blossom and the lilac again came over her; and again she sat a child of nature upon the back-door step, wondering at the mysteries of creation. Again we played together; again we ate candies and gingersnaps; and again peals of merry laughter rang out upon the air.

'O precious hours! O golden prime!
And affluence of love and time.'

But once these come to a man, and then, like the lightning flash, they are gone forever, and we are left to confront the stern realities of life.

CHAPTER III.

"The shadows of evening were lengthening; twilight was drawing on. The scenery and the occasion were both imposing, while the gentle rippling of the water caused by the grace-
ful motion of the steamer did but act in harmony to the music of our thoughts. But the presence of the one I loved was all the inspiration that I needed to make me decide, right then and there, that I would strive with all my power to win this fair, sweet girl, who had been the playmate and friend of my boyhood days.

"There are moments in our lives when the fates seem to smile on us, and when all nature seems to act in harmonious sympathy with our thoughts, words, and deeds; when facts become fiction, and when prose turns to poetry. Such a time was this for me, and I shall ever count it one of the happiest periods of my lifetime. We talked of the present, of the past, and of the future. We talked of travels, of books, of men, of the thousand and one things that form the topics of social converse; and each moment but added to her charm. Yet why should I linger over these scenes? 'Tis the same old story you have heard so oft before. You say that you are skeptical as to love matters. You read dozens of stories not unlike the one I have been telling, and pronounce them 'bosh'; but I tell you that truth is assuredly stranger than fiction, and that there is such a thing as true, unswerving love, whose subtle influence steals over us whether we will or no, and that it does not perish in a night, but grows greater with increasing years. Does not my experience prove this?"

Holman paused for a reply. "Continue your story, old fellow," I replied, "I begin to believe that you are right about the matter after all, and besides, I am getting interested in your narrative. Give us at least the closing scene of the last act. You met her again, of course, and ——, but go on, I am listening."

"Well, there's not much more to tell, but, since you wish it, I will finish. Yes, we met again, not long after the incident of the Hudson. While I had been on my trip to Europe Mr. Rilton had fixed up his old place at H—— in elegant style, and had turned it into a nice summer residence. But Grace had purposely told me nothing of this when we first met, reserving
it for a surprise. When we parted I jotted down her address in Baltimore, resolving to make for that city as soon as I straightened up my affairs a little in H—. I stopped over a few days with a friend in Richmond, and so did not arrive at home until a week after separating with Grace. Having gotten the coal-dust out of my eyes and partaken of some little refreshment, I was ready to sally out to see my friends.

"The first thing to meet my astonished gaze was the improved condition of the house opposite. As I told you before, Grace had left me in ignorance of her father's coming there for the summer, and I could not imagine what had taken place. I did not remain long in doubt, however, for I caught, through the trees, a glimpse of a form that I knew too well to mistake. Reclining on a rustice seat, under the old mulberry tree not fifty yards away was Grace, fairer than poet's fancy, lovelier than painter's dream. She did not perceive me. How beautiful everything was! How heavenly my emotions as I approached her! I drew gently nearer, yet still she did not see me. Finally I stood immediately behind her. She was plunged in reverie. The apple-blossom and the lilac filled the air with perfume; birds, from their leafy boughs, sang merrily; nature smiled beneath the genial warmth of the summer sun. I stood for a moment rooted to the ground whereon I stood, and I murmured softly—

"'Grace.' She started up, turned, and met my impassioned gaze; and in sweet confusion resumed her seat. 'Grace,' I continued, 'have you for me no word of welcome—of encouragement—of hope?'

"'I am glad to see you, Mr. Holman—Frank.'

"Then I poured forth a passionate avowal of my love. I told her that she had been for years my guiding star—my best, my only love; how that thoughts of her had cheered my dreary life and had shed sunshine continually about my pathway; how that they had urged me on to greater efforts and incited me to nobler deeds. And when I asked her to be the partner of my joys and sorrows, and to tread with me the vale of life, she
listened kindly to my pleadings, gave a blushing assent to my proposals, and yielded to my tender embrace, while I kissed her again good-bye under the old mulberry tree in her father's back-yard."

Holman concluded.

"Thanks for the story, old man," said I, thoughtfully, as the bell rang for tea.

GREEK ATHLETICS.

There was probably nothing in the whole existence of the Greek nation that so influenced the life and art of the times as did the attention given to the development of the body. And we cannot but admire the motives which influenced them in this, and as we glance over the then civilized world we find that the Greeks are the most healthy and beautiful of all people. Much of the greatness to which they attained in literature and art must be attributed to the careful training of the body which imparted power and elasticity to the mind.

No satisfactory date can be placed for the origin of the Greek games, but by numerous legends they can be traced far into the obscure ages before history began, where we see the people engaged in games around the tomb in honor of some friend or hero. The Hellenic race thought it eminently pleasing to the spirits of their ancestors and to heaven to display the strength and beauty of the human frame, by participating in recreative exercises. Of the nature of these games we know very little. Homer, however, gives us an instance where the Princess Nausicaa and her maids on a green meadow, in the heat of the noonday sun, were delighting themselves with a game of ball when the wandering Ulysses appears to them and is invited to the King's palace. Again we see Ulysses, this time at a banquet, given in his honor by the King. As he intently watches the running, wrestling, and throwing of the youths, he thinks of his own youthful days that have passed, and, seizing the discus with a mighty effort, he hurls it far beyond the limit
reached by others. Of the same description, perhaps, were the games engaged in around the resting-place of the heroic dead.

Just before the beginning of history these games began gradually to merge into religious festivals, and soon reach their culmination in the Olympic games, the most remarkable, perhaps, of all the Greek institutions. Remarkable because, as was believed, the gods gave their special sanction, name, and presence to such recreative meetings; and because there arose the closest associations between a common worship and a common amusement. But of these games we shall have occasion to speak later.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Greeks discriminated between gymnastics and athletics, we shall include the whole subject under the latter head. The centre of attraction in a Greek town seems to have been the gymnasium. In the early days this was usually held in the open air, and near a lake or river. In the time of Solon the gymnastic art was reduced to a regular system, and about the same time the people began to erect buildings for its better accommodation. As the nation progressed in other lines gymnastics also progressed, and soon we see the gymnasium building ranking among the very first in outward and inward splendor. The outside is adorned with wood and stone elegantly carved, while on the inside we see statues of the gods, of heroes, and of those who have been victors in the games. It seems that the people possessed rather peculiar ideas regarding bodily exercise, as is shown by the stringent laws concerning the management of the gymnasium. The law forbade people of different ages exercising at the same time, and required the gymnasium to be opened at sunrise and closed at sunset.

In the education of a Greek boy, gymnastics occupied more time than all the rest of his studies, which were usually grammar, music, and art. On entering the gymnasium he was assigned to an instructor and began work under a fixed system. So very particular were the parents of the boy that he was not even allowed to engage in the simplest game unless his instruc-
tor was present. We know little about the method of training, but from their sculpture we judge that the Greeks knew perfectly well what a beautiful and manly form was, and by what training it could be produced. After reaching the age of sixteen the youth laid aside his other studies, and for two years devoted his whole time to athletics.

A prominent feature in the Greek life was the games which were engaged in by the youths and maidens, and sometimes by all classes. The most popular game seems to have been some species of ball-playing, and we are to believe that they entered into these games with much the same spirit of enthusiasm as they did in their efforts to make everything around them beautiful. In one species of ball-playing the participants, in order to make the game more interesting, engaged in dancing. This was manifestly the game that Nausicaa and her maids were playing to which we have already alluded. There was another important game in which ropes were used, and which corresponds somewhat to the modern tug of war. The Spartans engaged in ball-playing to harden them for war, but the Athenians to procure grace and beauty of form, and to make it the basis of a healthy and sound mind.

The Olympic games, which have already been alluded to, were held once in every four years, and owing to the sanctity of their nature it was considered sacrilegious to engage in any military campaign during the time they were in progress. Any one of pure Hellenic blood was permitted to enter these games, provided he was unblemished by any crime against the state or sin against his god. He was also required to spend ten months in training previous to the day on which the contest was to take place.

Let us for awhile imagine ourselves as living in the fifth century before the Christian era, and let us together attend the field-day of the Greeks held at Olympia. We find the city thronged with people, representatives of every district of the peninsula, and even the islands of the Ægean. The place has become a centre of traffic and exchange, and we see the mer-
chant, philosopher, and artist in company with each other, hoping to be mutually benefitted. We find the athletic park—except the inclosure in which the contests are to be—thronged with those who have friends among the contestants, and are anxious that they should win. At the signal for the two and one-half mile race the contestants come forward, dressed in very light clothing, and the race is soon decided by swiftness of limb and abundance of breath. When there are many contestants they run in divisions of four each, and then the winners in each division must run again to decide whose is the victory. Another race is the two-hundred-yard dash, which calls for very great speed. Probably the most interesting, however, of all is the torch race in special honor to the virgin goddess, which is usually held at night. Each contestant, with a torch in his hand, strives to outstrip the others in the race for the goal, being required to keep the torch burning throughout the whole course.

The leaping contests in many respects resemble ours. While making a long jump the contestant holds heavy weights in his hands which are not unlike our dumb-bells. Some contend, without sufficient reason, perhaps, that Phayllus by the aid of such weights cleared fifty-five feet, but it seems incredible. Another event of the field-day is the discus throwing, the discus being made of stone, and resembling a small round shield without a handle. The ability to throw this lies mostly in men of massive build and Herculean strength.

Wrestling is a favorite sport with all classes of athletes, and upon the victor is conferred the highest honors. In preparing for the match the wrestler anoints his body with olive oil so as to give suppleness and elasticity to the limbs, and then by the addition of a coat of dust he is ready for his opponent. The law inflicts severe punishment upon a wrestler who becomes angry and fights his opponent, but he can take it out in spraining as many toes and fingers as he pleases. There are two species of wrestling: one is when either contestant is thrown the other gets upon him and tries to prevent him from rising; another
way is, when either contestant is thrown he can rise again, and then the struggle is renewed. If, however, one is thrown three times he is declared beaten.

The last event of the day is the spear-throwing, and it is remarkable with how much celerity and accuracy these are thrown. This game, which is the favorite with the warriors, serves as an excellent training for the men to whom is intrusted the defence of their country.

As the sun is sinking below the western horizon the athlete's day draws to a close, and if he is a victor a shout from his friends and admirers rings forth and "greets echo like a song, and echo answers from the island rock, inspiring." A crown of fresh olive leaves is placed on his brow, the poet sounds his praises, and his name is written high up on the scroll of fame and descends to succeeding generations as that of a conqueror.

VIVIEN.

ATHEISM.

Should a committee be appointed by the governments of the world for the purpose of ascertaining the average opinion of all people concerning the size, shape, actions, brain, and disposition of the devil, if he were to make, for a season, his habitation on earth, that committee, no doubt, would find many different opinions on that especially interesting subject.

We shall not attempt in the present article to prove the merits of such a committee, or portray the good it would accomplish, but will endeavor to furnish to the readers of the Messenger the same humble opinion that would be given, upon consultation, by above-named committee. In other words, we will endeavor to picture his Satanic majesty, as he appears to the imagination of the writer, in the form and garb of mortal.

It is our belief that he would be a smooth and silvery-tongued orator, a man of brilliant mind, a handsome and distinguished looking individual, with the latest tailor-made clothing adorning his superb form, patent-leather shoes incasing his well-shaped feet, fairly rounded central proportions; his hair parted
in the middle and combed after a modern fashion; a general favorite with the feminine sex, and signing his euphonious cognomen as Col. so and so, and what's his name, Infidel and Atheist, on a lecturing tour, for the purpose of carrying souls back home with him. And if the reader is so unfortunate as to have read thus far, with his kind indulgence we will endeavor to refute several of the principal and most important arguments, as we imagine they would be presented by his jolly highness, and as they are and have been presented by many of his agents.

In the first place, he would assert that there has been an eternal series of things. That the suns and worlds which we view have existed eternally, and that the animal world has existed without a beginning. The absurdity of this argument is so clear and plainly evident to all classes of thinking people, that it requires very little argument to refute the assertion. Each individual man, woman, or thing in a series, is a unit, and every collection of units, however great in number, are with intuitive certainty numerable, and, therefore, cannot be infinite. A fact known to the kinky-headed, chocolate-faced colored school child before he has left his teens, and yet this model of brilliancy asserts the same. It would also be asserted, I think, by this animal, this complicator of folly, that the existence of things is casual. In this wild and groundless assertion, the connection between cause and effect and the very existence of causation is denied, and after all, Atheism is nothing but the idle and illogical dreams of men who have allowed the dictates of their animal and brute natures to overcome their rational powers, and this doctrine of things just happening to be—and it is just nature for them to be so—stands on the same ground exactly as that the soul of man is blue, or triangular; that the inhabitants of Jupiter walk with their heads downward, the sun is a body of melted glass, or that the moon is made of green cheese. And the abettors of this doctrine have, in their endeavors to form a system, been driven unavoidably into a continued succession
of absurdities; for instance: Epicureus, by far the greatest vender of this system, either of the past or present, supposed that innumerable solid atoms existed from eternity in infinite space, that they were of different sizes and figures, and were all separated from each other, and that they were originally motionless.

When true wisdom rebelled, and objected that they must have remained forever motionless, he invented for them a "conatus ad motum," or a tendency towards motion, which he declared to have been inherent in them eternally. When wisdom again objected that unless they moved eternally by this conatus they could never have moved at all, he avoided this difficulty by determining that they had moved from eternity in parallel directions. Objection was raised again that with this motion they would never have approached any nearer to each other. To escape this difficulty and further his diabolical scheming, he gave them a motion in a slight degree oblique, declaring that the cause of their motion was their weight, and their direction was downward, not knowing that there is no weight where there is no attracting body, and that every direction towards the centre of the earth is downward. But we will cease to consider this mass of folly, for it is nothing less than a verification of Lord Bacon's celebrated remark, that a little philosophy makes a man an Atheist, but a great deal will make him a Christian.

A human body is a most wonderful system, made up of parts, fitted to each other with the exactness and precision which we see in some of our mechanical contrivances—the eye, the ear, the tongue, the feet, the hands, all have their special function in the actions, doings, and life of man.

On the Atheist's assertion that the existence of man is casual, let us consider for a moment its consequences. Things happened to be. Suppose, then, the eyes, the most delightful members of all the parts of our bodies, while the happening was in progress, had happened to be placed in the top of our heads, or in the soles of our feet. Suppose the
mouth and throat had happened to be placed in the centre of our backs, or our hands and feet had interchanged positions, and our heart had been placed one foot from its present position, how long would life and action inhabit our frames? Whence has it come to pass, if the existence of things and persons is casual, or that man is a descendant of protoplasm, that in so many millions of the human race that all the parts of their bodies have been exactly placed in their proper and relative positions; that the blood had flowed to and from the fountains, lending its part to the wonderful process of life-giving. Were the powers of thought and the great human senses inherent in the protoplasm, the monkey or the ape, or just of their own accord, at one time happened to be, but each and every person of common sense realize fully that this is folly of the first-water and purest kind.

We read of governments directed by passion and appetite in the histories of Caligula, Nero, Danton, and Marat, yet we have only one instance in which infidels have possessed the supreme power and government of a country. Ah! I can picture in imagination scenes in the French Revolution. I can see beautiful and sunny France rising in unity and ignoring the existence of the Being to whom she was indebted for her temperate climate and fertile lands, changing with her action her beautiful streets into canals for the flow of the life-blood of her sons and daughters; forming an immense shrine for the worship of the devil and to sacrifice thousands of precious souls; becoming a theatre of crimes which have filled the minds of all succeeding generations with amazement and horror; whose misery and sufferings have changed the histories of the sufferings of mankind into idle tales.

Appearing to become one great prison, its inhabitants converted into felons, and the common doom of man commuted for the violence of the sword and bayonet, the sucking-boat and guillotine, it appeared for a season that the knell of the whole nation was tolled, and the world summoned to its execution and funeral.
In this is portrayed with exactness the wrath of Jehovah upon those who do not follow or obey his commands and wishes. Having made man for his own glory and satisfaction, it must be infinitely pleasing to his eternal and all-seeing eye for us to lead Christian lives, and being himself the height of perfection, it must be greatly displeasing to him that his creatures should steep themselves in sin, and extend their sin in such a manner as to ignore his existence under the name of Atheism; and on the headboards of the graves of millions of people slain in the French Revolution we see written in bold characters a warning clear and distinct. Ah, Mortal! Mortal! How can you deny the existence of your Creator?

In the summer-time of life's great battle, under a moon's gentle rays from a sky of knowledge, gazing in rapture upon the twinkling jewels that adorn and beautify the bosom of the heavens; from the breaths of sweetness wafted and borne upon gentle zephyrs from nature's flower-garden for the sweetening of man's existence; from the dizzy height of a majestic mountain in the distance, looming up against a darkened sky; in the sparkling depths of a silver brook; in the rolling waves of a swelling ocean; in the lofty flight of the American eagle, lifting the stars and stripes from the depths of obscurity and raising them to a lofty position of power and glory; in the thundering voice of a hurricane's fury; in the intrinsic loveliness of a maiden's virtue; in the exalted power of man's brain; in the glorious promise of a haven of happiness; in the precious life-blood of a blessed Savior, lifting the degraded drunkard from a slothful bed, cleansing his polluted soul with the blood of the Lamb, and giving him a birth within the pearly gates and golden walls of heaven, glorious, blessed heaven! I hear the denouncing voice of the Psalmist: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good."

Ah, Atheist! Thou moral leper. With this sword will I cut in twain thy Satanic argument; with this weapon will
I meet thee face to face upon thy own abominable ground, and send thy wicked soul to the master who is prompting thy evil deeds. With this mantle will I strangle the breathing of thy fanaticism. With this pen will I write in flaming words upon thy blackened heart, fool of fools. Yet I do not judge thee too harshly. I give thee credit for brilliancy, for brains, for wit. But in allowing thee such a magnificent assertion, I compare thee to a thimble of honey, lying in the bread of life. The contents are exceeding sweet, what there is of it, but the quantity is too small, too insignificant.

God in heaven, have mercy upon the Atheist’s soul. Thou God, before whom all beings are nothing. Invested by thy perfections with greatness and sublimity. In comparison with thee all other magnificence becomes less than nothing and vanity. Eternal, omnipresent, and immutable power, wisdom, and goodness are objects so high, so vast, that all the worlds and suns which they have created diminish when compared with them to the grain of sand upon the arid wastes of the Sahara desert. Yet the Atheist would ignore the source of his own existence, and openly defy the wrath of his Creator and Master.

Only of recent years a certain Atheist stood on the stage of an opera-house, and, shaking his hand at the ceiling, commanded God to strike him dead. He is still living and flourishing. Yes, I see him in the hour of death, wasted and worn by his long association with the devil, gasping and cursing the glittering gold for which he sold an eternal life of joy; with his last breath calling, with all the anguish of his dying soul, upon the Creator whom he had blasphemed with his silvery tongue. Calling upon the God whose glorious name he had ridiculed and sported with in a life of corruption. Calling upon the glorious, majestic, grand, sublime Jehovah for mercy upon his vile and infamous soul. But here let us reach forward with hands of compassion and draw the curtain; yes, draw it, even in the face of the deadly flames of the infernal regions, sending forth their forked tongues to lick
in his soul to an eternal existence fraught with misery, woe, sorrow.

But let us turn our view from this prospect of guilt and desolation, this dark and final abyss of sin and ruin, where no solitary virtue gleams, where no ray of hope or comfort trembles through the profound midnight, and refresh our wearied sight by casting a momentary glance into that mansion of everlasting joy—the promise of God to his children. Where the Christian will be united with an innumerable multitude of companions like himself, sanctified, immortal, and happy. Enrolled among the noblest and best beings in the universe, a child, a priest, a king. In the house of his heavenly Father, his happiness cannot be measured by mortal's power, nor limited by earthly thing. His endless and only destination will be to know, love, serve, and enjoy God; to interchange the best affections with his glorious companions, and to advance in wisdom, virtue, and happiness forever.

Where as a jewel of jewels in a kingdom fair,
His happiness will endless be,
And he the glories of heaven share,
A land the Atheist will never see.

Where his raiment will become as white as snow,
And beautiful wings adorn his sides,
As from secular streams with steady row,
His immortal bark into heaven glides.

K. W. CAWTHON.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

College boys love the girls. Harry Spencer was no exception to the rule. He was a bright, jovial fellow, with a great big heart.

His face was one upon which you need look only once to remember it ever afterward. There was something in that clear bright eye which sunk into the inmost recesses of your soul. He was, not to say handsome, a fine-looking, manly young fellow; and, to the close observer, it appeared from his
high-set forehead, his firm mouth, his intellectual eye, his frank expression, that there were the makings of a noble and intellectual being hidden within the graceful symmetry of his form.

He had always been quite a bright chap at the little country school near his home, and when he had been privileged to enter college, he set to work with a will, so that at the opening of our story he stood second to none among the sophomores.

Though he had been so successful, yet he had not attained this without many a hard struggle, for he was not a rich man's son. Harry, by reason of his manly qualities, had always been a favorite with the girls, but he was careful not to be led from the path of duty.

His college life was spent in a little college situated in quite a large town, far away among the beauties of the Blue Ridge. It was an admirable situation, and well adapted to give rise to the emotional nature of the student, as well as to inspire and create within his life that strong love, that child-like trust, in man's Father and Nature's God. Here his eyes could feast upon wild flowers clinging to the rocks on the mountain side, upon streams of clear sparkling water rushing down the mountain, sending forth clouds of spray, dancing and sparkling in the sunlight like so many beautiful gems; upon picturesque falls, rushing over the rocks, making the ravines and gorges echo with the roar of the torrent. Here in the hot sultry days he was made cool by—

"The winds stealing gently through forests,
Among leaves that palpitate forever."

Harry had always been a deep lover of nature, and it was partly for this reason that he had selected this school in which to equip himself for life's stormy voyage. When he was downhearted these beauties seemed to uplift him; when he was troubled and overburdened with trials they comforted him; and often wandering alone, climbing the rocky cliffs, he was wont to exclaim:
Situated not more than three-fourths of a mile from the school where Harry attended was a school for girls. Somehow or other he had never had the privilege of visiting this domain of the fair until about the middle of his sophomore year. The circumstances of this visit were quite peculiar, and it was a visit which two, at least, will never forget.

It was one stormy night in March; the wind whistled, tore, and howled in its fury until it seemed as if its anger would never be appeased. Harry was sitting by his fire; he had finished his lessons for the morrow, and was thinking of his own humble home far away, when all of a sudden he was awakened from his reverie by the cry of fire! fire! He donned his cap and flew out into the hall, which was already crowded with boys.

Soon the old building was filled with such yells as only college boys can give. How they rushed down the steps; down the lane they sped, out the gate, rushing pell-mell over one another. They had not run more than a quarter of a mile before it was ascertained that the "Stute" was on fire.

When this was discovered it seemed as if they could not travel fast enough; yet, after a few minutes' hard run, they arrived all out of breath at the burning building. It was believed that all the girls were out of the building, so every one's mind was set at ease on that point. What few firemen the town afforded were doing their best to save the building, but all seemed in vain; every minute gave the mighty fire more headway, the flames leaped higher and higher, and it was certain that before another hour the stately building would be in ruins. Suddenly some one screamed: "Oh, horrors! look yonder!"

In a moment every eye was cast upward. There, in one of the fourth-story windows, was a little white figure; the flames had almost reached her, and unless they could save her ere
long she would be buried beneath the ruins. The excitement was intense for a few moments, and during that time the immense crowd swayed to and fro; then there fell a hush over them, and they remained still. Not a sound was heard except the roaring of the fire. There was no possible way of reaching the girl from the inside, for the lower part of the building was enveloped in a sheet of fire.

A youth was in that crowd who saw the white figure. His heart bounded, and he resolved that he would risk his own life to save her. He noticed that from a large building on the opposite side of the street a heavy wire ran across to the roof of the burning building just above the window where the girl was.

Picking up a large rope lying near, he burst open the door of the building and hastened to the roof; tying the rope around his body, he caught hold of the wire and made his way, “hand over hand,” to the doomed building. Reaching the roof, he tied his rope to the wire and let the end fall to the ground, then he climbed down to the window, and catching the girl with his right arm he grasped the rope with his left hand and slowly slid to the ground.

While he was doing this the crowd had hardly moved; it was as if a spell had been cast over them. Now that they saw them in safety the cheers were terrific; each cheer came like a clap of thunder, and died away on the midnight air. Harry, for ’twas he, after seeing his burden in safe hands, was so overcome by his exertions that he immediately swooned away. For three whole weeks he lay in a delirium.

* * * * * * * *

About six weeks after this, Harry was sitting in his room—he was much better, though still a little weak—when the servant came in and handed him a note.

As the handwriting looked strange, he curiously glanced at it for a few moments, then with a feverish haste he tore it open.

* * * * * * * *

The bright afternoon sun streamed in through the windows of a handsomely-furnished room. Near one of the windows sat
a young girl; she appeared to be reading, for a book lay open on her lap. To one accustomed to read faces, it appeared from her expression that her mind was not upon her book, but far away on something else. She presented a lovely picture.

The soft, luxuriant brown hair, now tossed by the gentle wind, grew low on her broad, noble brow. A beautiful heart flashed out in those great changing eyes of deepest, softest blue. A lovely soul glowed in the straight, delicate features of her tinted face. How beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, was that lovely smile which crept about the dimples of her mouth.

No one could fail to see that she was a girl of pure Christian character, and on account of this she appeared lovely and kind to all.

Being loved by all, she herself loved everyone with a pure Christian love.

To all she appeared to have—

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food,
For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Such was Ione Jackson. As she sat there on this bright, lovely afternoon, the servant entered and handed her a card. A happy smile crept over her face as she read the following:

**Harry L. Spencer.**

She hastened down-stairs to greet him. As she entered the parlor Harry rose, saying “I have called, Miss Jackson, at your request.”

“Why, yes, Mr. Spencer, I am real glad that you have come: for, as I wrote you, I wanted to thank you personally for the great service you rendered me in saving my life at the risk of your own.” And she wept.

“Such tears,” replied Harry, “are Heaven’s own; I know they bear the gratitude of the heart whence they flow, and I appreciate them more than all else.”
"But," she replied, "how can I ever sufficiently reward you for what you have done for me. Your service is beyond all material price. How can I show you all that is in my heart for you."

"Your tears show all," he answered.

* * * * * * *

About one year after this conversation, late one afternoon in May, Harry had climbed far up the side of one of the surrounding mountains, and was sitting upon a large rock overlooking the valley. He had not seen much of Ione since their first meeting, but he had not ceased to think of her. He now began to realize that he loved her more and more every day. On this afternoon he had wandered up here to be alone with his thoughts, and for some reason or other he could not turn his mind from Ione. As he was sitting here he could not help admiring the beauty of the surrounding landscape. It was indeed beautiful, this new dress of spring; everything seemed so fresh; so green; the mountains looked more magnificent in their glory, more picturesque in their beauty; every rock, every cave, every tree seemed to be singing their Maker's praises.

The lovely flowers, the dense forests, the beautiful plains, seemed to have—

"A harp for every wind,  
A voice for every sky."

All at once he caught sight of old Sol, who was just beginning to sink behind the western horizon; he exclaimed with all the eloquence of his soul—

"— Ah! slowly sink  
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious sun!  
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,  
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!  
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves."

"— I stand  
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round  
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
SPARTICUS.

Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.''

He had no sooner finished these words than he was startled by hearing a step behind him; he quickly turned, and, seeing who it was, said: "Why, Miss Jackson, I am delighted to see you; though I had not the least idea of meeting you here. It really seems an age since we last met."

"I am sure, Mr. Spencer," she replied, "it is no more of a pleasure or a surprise to you than to me."

"Is it really a pleasure then?" He asked. As he spoke she dropped her eyes and answered not a word. For some minutes neither spoke. And while they stood there silent, Harry resolved that he would then and there tell her of his love. Stepping toward her, he broke the silence by saying, "Ione, there is something that has been on my mind for a long time, and I cannot wait a moment longer: I must tell you now. It is simply this, I love you." She blushed and turned away from him; but he caught her by the hand, drew her to him, and with all the tenderness of his soul said, "Ione, I love you—love you—love you; oh! can you not say that you love me?"

Drawing closer to him, she looked up in his face, smiled sweetly, and said, "Harry, you know."

STUMPY.

SPARTIOUS; OR, THE STRUGGLES OF THE PROVINCEALS FOR LIBERTY.

What were afterwards known as gladiatorial fights began in Rome 264 B.C., when two of her young men, to celebrate their father's funeral, caused two men to fight to the death with swords. As we look back over the history of the world we see nothing that was more horrible, nothing more brutal. Even the very thought of such inhuman acts causes a shiver to run through us, and nearly stops the pulsing of our life-blood.

Gladiatorial fights, like a great many other things that have fallen into ill-repute, had their origin in religion. Two men,
generally well trained, fought each other with swords or some other weapon, until one or the other fell exhausted. This took the place of our funeral and other religious rites.

From a small beginning it in a few years grew into great dimensions. Every family that had the means celebrated the funeral of their dead with a combat. As the years roll swiftly by we observe how steadily grew the desire to see men hack and hew each other to pieces. From a sacred rite, observed in behalf of the sacred dead, it became a holiday pastime. The wealthy, to curry public favor, vied with each other to give the most successful fights. The men who were to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday," as the poet says, were trained for their bloody work with as much system as is now used in our best gymnasiums to fit men to live lives of happy peace.

A remarkable fact is that although there were hundreds and hundreds of gladiators in Italy, few of them were Romans. They were slaves who had been sent to Rome from her provinces. From among the thousands of youths who were sent every year the most promising were selected for the arena.

In different parts of Italy there were regular gladiatorial schools. There the youths were trained for their deadly work, there they became accustomed to hardships. They lived only to satisfy the savage minds of patricians who had lost the desire of more elevated enjoyments. The largest and most celebrated of all these schools were the ones at Capua, and we are told that nothing so recommended a candidate for the consulship to the good graces of the electors as the production in the circus of a few pairs of Capuan swordsmen.

It is said that a horse knows by the grasp of the hand upon the rein whether or not he has a fool for his rider; so the gladiators in the schools and the slaves on the plantations knew the character of their masters. They also knew that Rome at this time was being harried on every side, and that she was being strained almost to the utmost on account of several insurrections in her provinces. The gladiators, thinking the
time ripe, revolted. The revolt began in the schools at Capua. Two hundred gladiators were engaged in the plot, but only seventy-eight were successful in escaping. By force they secured a few spits and knives, and fled to the mountains. Directed by Spartacus, who had once been leader of a band of robbers, they made their way to the crater of Mt. Vesuvius; not a pleasant resort, one will say, but it was different then from what it is now. The volcano was extinct and it was covered with a dense growth of intertwining vines; so it afforded many of the advantages of a fortified tower. From every town and villa, from the whole country round, the hard-worked slaves rushed to the standard of Spartacus, and in a short while he found himself at the head of a large army, comprising more than 100,000 men. A successful battle furnished the insurgents arms. This was in the year 73 B.C.

Spartacus, with his brutal mob, overran Italy, defeated consuls and prætors, captured the eagles of the legions, and for two years held his ground against all that Rome could do. The power of Spartacus daily grew more formidable. He, however, never overrated his own power nor hoped to conquer the Romans. He proposed to cross the Alps, dismiss his troops, and let them return to their homes in Spain and Thrace; but his followers, elated by success, wanted to overthrow the Roman power as well as get revenge, and would not listen to his proposal.

In the year 71 B.C., the prætor Crassus took command of the then available army, and after a little organizing and disciplining he determined to encounter the forces of Spartacus. He did so, driving the insurgents to the toe of the Italian boot. Here Spartacus chanced upon a number of vessels belonging to Cilician pirates. He thought he would escape to Sicily, and accordingly entered into an agreement with the pirates, but they had no sooner taken his money than they broke their engagements and sailed away. There was no other hope of escape in that quarter, so Spartacus entrenched himself at Rhegium. When Crassus came up, he tried to hem him in
by building an entrenched wall, but Spartacus, as the night was dark and stormy, was enabled to break through the line and place his camp in Lucania. Crassus overtook him on the Silurus, and after a desperate struggle gained the victory, and Spartacus, though he fought with the courage of a lion, was slain, and with him fell 12,000 of his followers. A body of 5,000 of the insurgents escaped from the battle, but were cut to pieces in the northern part of Italy by Pompey, who was returning from Spain.

Before the battle, when they brought Spartacus his horse, he drew his sword and killed him, saying: "If I am victorious I shall have horses enough; if I am defeated, I shall have no need of this." Six thousand of the insurgents were impaled on posts at various points on the Appian way, that the slaves might have before their eyes examples of the effect of disobedience. Thus ended the Provincial war.

Although Spartacus had once been a robber, although he was a slave, although he led the gladiators and slaves in an uprising against their masters, although he did all that and more, yet we ought not to be too severe in our criticism of him. We must remember the age in which he lived, and that he struggled for freedom, the same as that for which our forefathers struggled. He did not attain his object, but he left an example that has been inspiring to men for the past 1900 years. He felt that he had been grossly wronged by the Romans, and he sought revenge.

I will close with an extract from the address of Spartacus to the gladiators, which will give us some insight into his life.

"For twelve long years I have met on the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and have never yet lowered an arm. A hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from Sparta and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron-groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported. I tended sheep. My grandsire once telling me of the battles of Marathon and Leuctra startled sensations in my
MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF FICTION. 273

bosom that have never ceased. The hated Romans killed my parents, burnt my home, and carried me to Capua. On the arena sometime since I killed a man. When the mask was removed I saw that it was my boy-friend of my boyhood days; and when I wanted to bear the body away, burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes, the prætor denied me the boon.

"And so fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! Thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than the flute-note, muscles of iron, and a breast of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the gleaming eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled."

Bonnius.

R. C. V. 3-10-'96.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF FICTION.

Are novels a moral and intellectual force, or is the time spent in reading them the same as time spent in any other amusement, innocently squandered, to say the best for it?

From the time that Henry Fielding introduced Tom Jones to the lovers of English literature until the present, fiction has been steadily gaining in influence, so that to-day it is not alone the man who would furnish amusement that tells the stories we read, but the statesman, the philanthropist, the clergyman, and the historian employ the medium of the novel to impress their opinions and theories upon the minds of the people. Notwithstanding the great gain that has been made in the relative position that fiction occupies, there are yet those, I believe, who look somewhat askance upon a novel, and mildly blame themselves for the pleasure they take in reading it. Perhaps the writer may be found at the other extreme, but he is firmly
persuaded that fiction has had an inestimable value in educating the mass of the people and improving the moral tone of society.

"Reading maketh a full man," and consequently any book that is not positively bad is better than no book at all; and it is unquestionably true that many a reader has commenced a course with what most of us would call trash, and has been eventually led up to better things.

Did you ever think of the influence of the novel as an historical educator? The Richard Cour-de-Leon we know is the Richard of Ivanhoe and The Talisman, not the Richard of Hume and Guizot. What has not Dumas done to reveal to us the character of Richelieu and Louis XIV? What has not Scott done for the Cavaliers, Saladin, Louis XI, and "Charles the Bold"? What did not Jane Porter do for William Wallace and Robert Bruce? Let those who have not shed tears over the tales of the Scottish Chiefs make answer. Can any one read Waverly and Red Gauntlet and Rob Roy and not be filled with a desire to learn more of the heroes who were out in '15 and '45? Did any one ever read Kenilworth without wishing to follow up, historically, the fortunes of Leicester, Essex, and Raleigh? Read Les Miserables, Charles O'Malley, and the Conscript, and then if you do not read Napoleon and a history of his times, your curiosity is but poorly developed.

The novel is also a social educator. To become acquainted with a people we want to know how they lived and loved, ate and drank, what they thought and how they married, how they were born and how they buried. The novel takes you right into the homes of the people. Take Fielding's Tom Jones and his Amelia, where else in literature can you find such a description of the condition of the English people during that period? Thackeray's Henry Esmond gives you an idea of the English society in the reign of Queen Anne such as is found in no other book of the writer's acquaintance. We owe much of our knowledge of the Puritans and early New England life to Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe, and of New York to Cooper and his Leather Stocking Tales.
But the writers of fiction have not confined themselves to our race or generation. Georg Ebers tells you stories of Egypt in the time of Ramasees and Chambysees. Lew Wallace, in the Fair God, tells you of the last of the Montezumas, and then going back fourteen hundred years tells you, in Ben Hur, of life in Jerusalem, Rome, and Antioch in the time of Christ. With Bulwer you may visit Pompeii and study Rome and its people under Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes. George Eliot tells you of life in Florence; Kingsley, of Hypathia, that beautiful follower of the old Pagan religion in Alexandria. Thus I might go on and swell the list indefinitely, for there is hardly an age or a people that has not been the subject of some writer of fiction.

Again there is the novel that is written with the purpose of educating the people by calling their attention to, and making them acquainted with, the many abuses that are going on around them. What influence has been stronger? Charles Dickens saw the abuses that had grown up in connection with the work-house system in England, and wrote Oliver Twist; he saw the abuse of imprisonment for debt, and of official patronage, and wrote Little Dorrit; he knew something of Yorkshire schools, and wrote Nicholas Nickleby; he saw that an English chancery suit was an entailed estate, and wrote Bleak House. He wrote Martin Chuzzlewit, and we Americans got mad. But he only did for America and his American readers once what he did for England and Englishmen many times.

Charles Reade saw the pernicious workings of trade unions, and wrote Put Yourself in His Place; he saw the criminal management of private mad-houses, and wrote Hard Cash; he saw the terrible condition of men in the English prison-houses, and wrote Never Too Late to Mend. Kingsley saw the delusions of the working people, and wrote Alton Locke. Can we fairly estimate these novels in correcting the abuses at which they were aimed? Did they strike home? Dickens was threatened with lawsuits by school-masters in Yorkshire, who well knew Mr. Squeer's coat fitted them. Jarndyce versus Jarndyce.
dyce is equivalent to saying that a lawsuit has no end in view but costs to the parties.

The novel has become in our day the stump, the platform, and the pulpit. Disraeli would warn the English people of the growing influence of Romanism, and he writes Lothaire. Warner would ridicule the Liberal party of England, and writes Ten Thousand a Year. Thackeray would show us society as it is, and men and women as they are, and writes his novels. George Eliot would write philosophy so that people will read it, and writes Middlemarch and Daniel Deronda. George McDonald would preach to a broader pulpit and a larger congregation, and writes Alice Torbes, and Malcolm, and the Sea Board Parish. Edward Everett Hale writes Ten Times One are Ten, and In His Name, and preaches sermons we all read and never forget.

The writer would not be construed as advocating the reading of fiction to the exclusion of all other literature. He would not forget Hume and Gibbon and Arnold and Froude, and Macaulay and Green. He would not for a moment detract from the influence of Addison and Steele and Lamb and Carlyle and Renan and Ruskin. He could not begrudge one moment given to Dante and Milton and Pope and Dryden and Cowper and Byron and Burns and Wordsworth and Longfellow and Bryant and Whittier and Tennyson. The clergyman should devote time to his theological treatises; the lawyer should have a well-thumbed Blackstone and Kent. The physician cannot study his medical works too closely; the statesman and political economist must each give careful study to the masters of his art. But he does respectfully submit that he believes that no one can call himself a well-informed or a well-educated man who is not in some degree acquainted with the works of the great masters of fiction.

There is a picture which I presume a great many of you have seen. It is Sam Weller introducing Dickens' characters to Mr. Pickwick. Any one at all familiar with Dickens will recognize many of them at a glance. Were you to meet Mr.
Pickwick in the street would you need an introduction? Would you not know Mr. Micawber should you meet him in Australia? How would it be with Sarah Gamp, or Peggotty, or Little Nell? Would you not like to take Tiny Tim in your arms and say, “God bless him”? What is true of them is true of all the great characters of fiction. Do you not think of Jane Eyre, and Colonel Newcomb, and Henry Esmond, and Becky Sharp, and Major Dobbins, and Meg Merrilies, and Fergus McIvor, and Sydney Carton, and Natty Bumpo, and Rip Van Winkle, and Ichabod Crane as having lived and moved and had a being?

I have little sympathy for the goody-goody books that are written with the one intention of teaching children to be good, and general fail of their purpose because they are so plainly written with that end in view. But how is it with the books we have just been considering? Can any one read the great majority of them and not feel better for what he has read? Can any one better instruct their children in “whatsoever things are good and true, and lovely and of good report” than by putting into their hands the very class of books we have under consideration? Would you teach your boy to be a gentleman, where can you give them a better example than Colonel Newcomb or Henry Esmond? Would you teach him the inevitable end of a selfish life, where can you find it better set forth than in Romola? Tito was not such a bad fellow to start with, but his course was just what selfishness indulged in will lead to. Listen to Tom Hughes’ sermon to boys on true moral courage with which he closes the account of Tom Brown’s fight at Rugby.

“As to fighting, keep out of it if you can by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should come, that you have to say no to a challenge to fight, say no if you can, only take care that you make it clear to yourself why you say no. Its proof of the highest courage if done from Christian motives. Its quite right and justifiable if done from aversion to physical pain and danger; but don’t say no because you fear a licking,
and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out, and don't give in while you can stand and see."

So I say read fiction, and teach your children to love good novels. What can you do better for their moral and intellectual training than to put into their hands Robinson Crusoe, and Pilgrim's Progress, and Paul and Virginia, and Undine, the Vicar of Wakefield, and Christmas Carols, Tom Brown at Rugby, and Tom Brown at Oxford. Whatevsoever tends to put pure and noble thoughts into their minds tends to make them better men and women. The book that satisfies one is the book of some use, and surely there are some characters in fiction that we deem it a privilege to have known. We live with them, feel with them, and are made nobler and purer because of the grand example which they afford us—the Christ-life transmitted through them to his children.

G. A. Hanson.

Editorial.

The college magazine is one of the most important factors of college education; and by it, as the exponent of its literary genius, the standard of the institution from which it emanates is frequently judged. How important then, it is that its reputation should be jealously guarded.

Among other things, a certain class of jokes should be relegated to the forgotten past. Nothing should encumber the pages of the "Local" which is unworthy the dignity of a college journal. Among this class of nuisances two are most prominent: the antiquated joke, which, with a mere change of names, has done faithful service for several decades; the other, that airy allusion which, intelligible to only a few, is meaningless to the many. College wit should be worth repeating.

Many reforms are necessary in college journalism. How are these reforms to be effected? In looking over the various college magazines, one becomes deeply impressed with the manifest lack of college spirit therein exhibited by those who should be most deeply interested in its welfare.
The college student has opportunities of exercising that same narrowness and selfishness which will afterwards characterize him as a sordid, grasping man; and opportunities of displaying those qualities which afterward mark him as the broad-minded, public-spirited citizen. The young man who, lacking the college spirit to subscribe for his college paper, borrows from his neighbor, will never be of much use to anyone but himself, unless a very radical change is effected in him. The young man so engrossed in his individual enterprises that he can find no time to contribute a good article to his magazine, has failed to appreciate the full significance of college life.

The support of the student body is necessary to the success of the magazine. It belongs to them, not to the editor or business manager; they are simply the medium through which the work is done. The editor can only publish such matter as is submitted to him; the manager can only avail himself of the resources placed at his command.

PROFESSOR SMALL'S LECTURE.

The course of lectures of Richmond College, on the “Thomas Foundation,” for ’96 was delivered by Prof. Abion W. Small, of Chicago. His subject was Sociology. The lectures were scholarly, attractive, and much enjoyed by all. His last division of the subject, the Redemption of Cities, deserves special attention. In our general reform he pointed out the fact that we must look to the cities, as they are the centres of population and progress, and the country will take care of itself.

Professor Small emphasized the fact that we must build broad and high. Said he, let us build broad and high in American thought the edifice of our national Parthenon and Pantheon, in which shall be immortalized for our inspiration all that is good and worthy in the eyes of God and man in the deeds and character of our common country. He pointed to the future of American cities with the most optimistic of prophecies, saying “that the brightest pages in history shall fill the blank reserved for the next generation’s record.”
During the month of March the students and friends of the College were favored by a lecture from Prof. Mitchell Carroll, on the "Study of Classical Literature in Translation." The scholarly young professor made prominent the fact that all true scholarship is based upon nothing less than a transfusion of our life and thought into the life and thought of the author whom we are studying. The lecture was a most finished one, and gave evidence of cultivated thought and a thorough knowledge of the classics.

One of the best and most practical of the instructive course of lectures delivered by members of the College faculty was that of Professor Hunter, on "Chemistry and the Arts."

Professor Hunter called attention to the fact that since the States began to recognize the advantages to be gained by the application of chemical knowledge to the industrial pursuits, and since the establishment of the first technical school in 1795, this fact has become so impressed on the world that to-day every civilized country has more or less such schools engaged in training men in those scientific principles directly bearing on the arts and industries. The lecturer then used a number of illustrations to show the practical uses of chemistry, even as already developed, but reminded us that this wonderful science was as yet in its infancy. We regret that lack of space forbids a more extended notice.
“Mumps.”
“Measles.”
“Irregular examinations.”

Prof. (to Mr. N—y): “What is elision?”
Mr. N—y: “Slipping out of a letter.”

Quickest method of raising a “Pudding” beard.
Get the mumps under it.

Does any one know why, not many days ago, Messrs. Bach—ld—r and Rand were kept in Latin two periods?

Some one who attended the oratorical contest expressed a desire to know who put Mr. A.’s speech to music for him.

Mr. Chestnut (in Law Class): “When does the Judge get most unhappy?”
“When he gets Gay.”

Mr. Iota (to Mr. H.): “What are you reading?”
Mr. H—: “Forsyth’s Cicero” (Cicero).
Mr. Iota: “O, yes. Its a fine novel; I have read it.”

“When Laura smiles ’tis summer-time,”
A poet doth express;
Would then she smile this way awhile,
And make our coal bill less.”

While this has been the most prosperous session of the College, still it has been quite trying on the students who have been afflicted with mumps, measles, and leap-year proposals. Those who escaped the first two were victims of the nauseous effects of the latter,
How dear to my heart is the hope of a sheepskin,  
When fond expectation presents it to view;  
But visions of Minor and Greenleaf and Miller  
Have caused me to fear I shall never get through.

The following lines, found on the fly-leaf of a "Cæsar" in the female college of this city, show the advantages of "Higher Education" for girls:

Boybus kissibus  
Sweeti girlorum  
Girlibus likibus  
Wanti somorum.

"The plants that enjoy a meeting: Tulips."—Chisel.
"Suppose you make it four, and charge result to us."—Messenger.
"We might if we were not afraid of being caught by a thorn."—Chisel.

But there cometh a time (vacation) when the thorn shall give place to the rose, and then?

The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society held its regular annual public debate on Friday night the 3d instant. The debaters were Messrs. C. A. Ashby, of Culpeper; J. E. Hicks, of Tennessee; B. M. Hartman, of Richmond, and E. C. Folkes, of Richmond. The reader of the evening was Mr. W. E. Gibson, of Loudoun; the declaimer was Mr. Ernest Mosby, of this city. The speeches were especially commendable, and the occasion was pronounced a success by all.

The annual public debate of the Philologian Literary Society took place Friday night, March 27th. The programme was as follows: Reader, Mr. John J. Hurt, of Powhatan; Declaimer, Mr. A. J. Hall, of Culpeper; Debaters, Messrs. R. W. Neathery, of Halifax; E. T. Higgason, of Hanover; R. S. Monds, of Richmond, and J. W. T. McNeill, of Franklin. Owing to the sickness of Mr. Higgason, his speech was read by Mr. E. W. Provence, of Florida. All present were highly entertained, and were sorry when it drew to a close.
We are glad to present the following from the pen of Dr. Pollard. This careful distinction between a co-ordinating relative clause, and a restrictive relative clause, was made before his Intermediate English class; and, at the request of some of the members of the class, he kindly consented to give it to the readers of the Messenger.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CO-ORDINATING RELATIVE CLAUSE, AND A RESTRICTIVE RELATIVE CLAUSE.

1. The co-ordinating relative clause assumes that the antecedent is known, and only gives an additional fact about the antecedent; as, “The ferryman, who was in his boat a few minutes ago, has suddenly disappeared.” Here the ferryman is not pointed out or described, but it is assumed that he is known, and the relative clause only lets you know an additional fact about him, viz., that he “was in his boat a few minutes ago.” A restrictive relative clause, on the other hand, assumes that the antecedent is not known, and is to be pointed out or described. For example: “The ferryman that was in his boat a few minutes ago has suddenly disappeared.” Here it is assumed that there are more than one ferryman, and it is desired to let hearer or reader know which ferryman is referred to; and this object is accomplished by saying he “was in his boat a few minutes ago.”

2. A co-ordinating relative clause is always equal to “and he,” or “and she,” or “and it,” or “and they.” For example: “The ferryman, who was in his boat a few minutes ago, has suddenly disappeared,” is equivalent to, “The ferryman—and he was in his boat a few minutes ago—has suddenly disappeared.” Whereas the restrictive relative clause is simply equal to the ordinary adjective describing, pointing out, or limiting a noun.

3. The co-ordinating relative clause implies no division of the antecedent, whereas the restrictive relative clause implies a division of the antecedent into at least two parts. For example: “Our horses, which were in the yard a few moments
ago, are now running up and down the road.” Here no division of “our horses” is made, but it is implied that all the horses we have “were in the yard a few moments ago,” and “are now running up and down the road.” But when I say, “Our horses that were in the yard a few moments ago,” I divide “our horses” into two classes: those that were in the yard, and those that were not, and confine my statement about the “running up and down the road” entirely to those that “were in the yard.”

4. Co-ordinating relative clauses should, in writing and printing, be set off by commas from the rest of the sentence. For example: “Our horses, which were in the yard a few moments ago, are now running up and down the road.” Whereas a restrictive relative clause should not be separated by commas from the rest of the sentence. For example: “Our horses that were in the yard a few moments ago are now running up and down the road.”

5. The proper relatives in co-ordinating relative clauses are “who” and “which”—“who” when the reference is to persons, “which” when the reference is to things. The preferable relative in a restrictive relative clause is “that,” unless there be some special reason to depart from the rule. For example: “that,” besides being a relative, is also a demonstrative, and at times a conjunction. Therefore a single sentence might present a disagreeable recurrence of the word, unless its relative use were avoided.

Let no one suppose that the distinction treated above is of little practical value. The truth is that a disregard of the distinction opens the way for the worst fault language can have, viz., ambiguity. For example: if I say, “The youngest boy who has learned to dance is James,” who can tell whether I mean that James is the youngest boy (in the neighborhood, or school, or family), and he has learned to dance; or that, of the particular boys that have learned to dance, James is the youngest. Perhaps you say: “By tone in speaking, and by punctuation in writing, the sense might be indicated.” So it might,
perhaps; but let us be assured that no man that relied upon
tone or punctuation to do for him what language is able to do
ever became a good speaker or a good writer. If, however, I
say, “The youngest boy that has learned to dance is James,”
the sentence could have but one meaning, viz., that of the
boys that have learned to dance James is the youngest. Take
another illustration of ambiguity: “The cat which you despise
so much is a very useful animal.” Who can tell whether the
sentence intends to declare that cats generally are despised,
and that cats generally are very useful; or that a particular
cat despised by the person addressed is a very useful animal.
But “The cat that you despise is a very useful animal” could
have the latter sense alone. If any person should desire to
look further into this subject, he may consult Bain’s Higher
English Grammar, pages 35–37, 41–44; Bain’s Composition
Grammar, pages 63–70; Meiklejohn’s English Grammar,
pages 26–27; Genung’s Rhetoric, pages 127–128; and Clark’s

JOHN POLLARD.

CAMPUS NOTES.

On the evening of March 28th Professor Carroll entertained
a number of the Greek students.

Professor Pollard spent Easter at Hollins, where he went to
lecture before the faculty and students of that institution.

We are glad to see little Frederick Boatwright running
about on the campus again, after being confined to the house
awhile with measles.

Miss Maud Pollard has returned from a visit to Roanoke.

Miss Benedict, of Brooklyn, and Miss Nicoll, of Washing­
ton, spent a few days on the campus, visiting at the home of
Professor Carroll.

We congratulate Professor and Mrs. Winston on the recent
sweet advent (little Miss Nannie Steger Montague) into the
circle of their affection and of their joys.
GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Since the last issue of the Messenger there have been two meetings of the Society. On the 24th of March the subject was "The British Provinces; Their Value and How Acquired."

Mr. W. E. Gibson read a paper on "Canada and British Guiana, the Two British Lands in America." His paper was full of valuable information, as well as intensely interesting.

Owing to overwork, both Messrs. Quisenberry and Scruggs were unable to prepare their papers.

Mr. Sullivan was then announced. He read a good paper on "The Islands of the Sea that are Now Under the British Government."

On April 2d the Society was called to order by Pres. F. W. Boatwright.

Unfortunately, Messrs. Dodd and Neathery being sick, the Society had to dispense with the reading of papers. The time was profitably taken up discussing plans relating to our proposed excursion to Williamsburg and Chesapeake bay. This will be on May 1st. We sincerely hope that all of the students will go, as the prospects are for a general good time. The students of the Woman's College will accompany us.
The report submitted by Mr. John J. Hurt, the retiring president of the Richmond College Young Men's Christian Association, at the fourteenth anniversary of the organization, showed that a fine year's work had been done along all lines undertaken by this band of Christian students. The Association and its officers could hardly have been paid a higher compliment than that of President Boatwright, of the College, when he said:

"You have taken all the burden of discipline out of my hands, for discipline has not been necessary. Your work has not been heralded abroad, but it has been very effective, nevertheless. The denominational college seeks to build up character first, then intellect. By your noble Christian example and by your personal efforts you have helped the College to make prominent this essential quality in every well-rounded man."

Mr. Hurt has made a zealous and efficient president, and has a worthy successor in Mr. H. M. Fugate, who is one of the most gifted, as well as most consecrated, young men at College.

REPORT ON LAST YEAR'S WORK.

In his report for last year Mr. Hurt says: "The year through which we have just passed has been one of the most prosperous in the history of our Association. The guiding hand of the Holy Spirit seems to have directed all our efforts, and we have been permitted to see the work of the Lord prospering in our hands. Never before have the students of the College been more closely bound together by the ties of Christian fellowship; never before have they more cordially cooperated in every movement looking to the edification and in-
creased efficiency of fellow-students. The various committees of the Association have been active in persevering, as attested by the following statements and statistics:

“Richmond College, next to the University of Virginia, had the largest delegation from our State to the Southern Students’ Conference, held June 14th to 22d, at Knoxville. This gathering of representative Christian students of the South, to discuss methods of work, we believe, has proved, through your delegates, a great blessing to our Association, and accounts in large measure for the success of our work during the past year. It was during the session of this conference that God called one of our most promising students to preach His Gospel in foreign lands.

RECEPTION OF NEW STUDENTS.

“It has become apparent that especial effort should be made by the Association to reach and influence new students before they enter college. With this object in view, the efficient chairman of the Reception Committee (Brother M. A. Martin) last summer secured from the president of the College names of all prospective students, and a letter was written to each one of these by some member of his committee, offering to meet each young man at the train and render him all needed assistance after reaching the College. The invitation was generally accepted, and the new students of 1895–’96 on alighting from the train in Richmond were greeted first by a Christian student from the College in which he was to matriculate. This work has received the hearty commendation and approval of the College authorities.

“The means employed to reach the new students made a favorable impression, and most of them consented readily to become members of the Association and enlist in its work.

BIBLE AND MISSION CLASSES.

“The interest in concerted study of the Scriptures has not grown in proportion to other branches of our work. Brother C. E. Stuart and his committee have made an earnest effort to
enlist every Christian student in one of these classes. Most of the resident students are enrolled, but their attendance is not regular. There are four classes in College, each meeting once a week, and conducted by one of the students. The courses of study this session have been 'Studies in the Life of Christ,' 'Studies in the Life of Daniel,' and two classes pursuing 'Studies in the Life and Epistles of Paul.'

"The Mission Band has continued its weekly meetings under the wise leadership of Brother W. E. Gibson. Within the last year the band has secured a valuable library of choice books, and has contributed $26.50 to foreign missions. The work of this band has been the crown of our rejoicing. God has blessed it far more than we were able to expect. In years to come, some of us will remember as the happiest moments of our college life these twilight meetings when we met together and studied and talked with God about the coming of His kingdom. Not every one of us has been called to go far hence, but many have heard the still, small voice, speaking in no uncertain tones, saying: 'Prepare ye the way.' The course of study this session has embraced a comprehensive view of 'India,' 'The Religions of the World,' 'The Bible and Missions.' We were also much benefited by a course of lectures delivered in December by Rev. E. Y. Mullins on 'The Missionary Interpretation of Christianity.' As the result of a clearer insight into the foreign-mission question, two of our most promising fellow-students have felt called of God to carry the message to foreign lands. They expect to graduate next year, take a seminary course, and then offer themselves to the Foreign Mission Board.

MEMBERSHIP AND FINANCES.

"The report of the Membership Committee will show the total number of members enrolled to be seventy-three, of which seventy are active and three associate. This is an increase of fifteen members over last year. Owing to the fact that a majority of our students board in the city, we cannot have the
active co-operation of a large number. We would urge all, however, to identify themselves with the Association and co-operate, as far as may be possible, with its promoters. Your treasurer's report will show the total amount realized during the year from dues and special collections to be $108.05; also, a present indebtedness of $3.80."

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Continuing, President Hurt says that in addition to regular services conducted at various mission points in the city, weekly services have been held at our regular stations—Soldiers’ Home, State Penitentiary, and City Almshouse—and tells in detail about these services and those who conducted them. The attendance at the College prayer-meetings has been good. The report concludes:

"The most joyous feature of this year's work was the series of protracted services in the College chapel, conducted by Dr. W. E. Hatcher. His simple and earnest presentation of the truth from day to day touched the hearts of all who heard him, and four of our students were led to put on the new life, lukewarm Christians renewed their vows, and a large number expressed their intention to lead better lives. Much of the success of this meeting was due to the efforts of President Boatwright, who led the students in active, personal work. Not only during this meeting, but in all our deliberations and in all our efforts we have found him a most helpful counsellor and cordial supporter."

As touching the Association's future, your retiring president begs to submit the following recommendations:

1. That the annual dues be increased to $1 a year.
2. That a committee of three be appointed to confer with President Boatwright in regard to permanent quarters for the Association.
3. That there be more regular and systematic study of the Word of God by each member.
4. That a committee of two be appointed to consider the advisability of asking one of the professors to lecture in the chapel each Saturday evening on the Sunday-school lesson for the day following, such lectures being open to all students, professors, and their families.

**THIS YEAR'S COMMITTEES.**

The following are the standing committees of the Association for this year:

**Bible Study**—W. B. Daughtry (chairman) and E. W. Provence.


**Religious Meetings**—J. T. Bowden (chairman) and A. J. Hall.

**Finance**—R. R. Hoskins and D. M. Taylor.

**Intercollegiate Relations**—O. L. Owens.

**Soldiers' Home**—R. D. Quisenberry (chairman), P. E. Lewis, and J. P. Scruggs.

**Almshouse**—S. L. Morgan, W. C. Hurst, and E. T. Poulson.

**Penitentiary**—J. W. Morgan (chairman), R. S. Garnett, and J. B. France.

**Southern Students' Conference**—John J. Hurt (chairman), W. E. Gibson, and M. A. Martin.
Oscar L. Owens, Editor.

FIELD-DAY.

The annual Field-Day was held on Friday, April 17th, and all collegiate duties were suspended out of respect to the celebration. The weather was very favorable, though a trifle too warm, and all in all the day was crowned with success. From the dome of the big college building floated the crimson and blue flag, and every long-haired student wore on his coat the college colors. The fair sex was also well represented, and were adorned with the colors they adore, while they sat sweltering 'neath the sun and cheered their favorites on to victory.

The celebration was under the direct charge of a Committee on Arrangements, composed of Mr. Oscar L. Owens (chairman), D. M. Taylor, J. W. T. McNeill, B. W. Montgomery, and C. A. Ashby. The officers of the day were Messrs. B. W. Montgomery, chief marshal; J. H. Binford, clerk of the course, and Jacob Salade, announcer.

THE DAY'S EVENTS.

The following events then occurred in quick succession:

Tennis—Prize—(1), gold medal, given by Mr. E. M. Long; (2), racket, by Harris, Flippen & Co. Bagby won, and Bates took the second prize.

Mile Run—Gold Medal, given by Mr. Harry Smith. N. J. Allen won. Time, 5 minutes, 29 seconds.

Ball Throwing—Gold fountain-pen, given by Hunter & Co. Ellyson won, throwing the ball 120½ yards. He was followed by White, who threw 116½ yards.

Putting the Shot—One dozen photos, given by Foster & Co. Ellyson won, putting the shot 35 feet 9½ inches.

One Hundred Yards Dash—Gold medal, given by Mr. Charles H. Epps. White won, followed closely by Ellyson. Time, 10½ seconds.
Elephant Race—Book-rack, given by Sydnor & Hundley. Rea and Provence being the first pair, took the prize.

Broad Jump—Sweater, given by Burke & Co. This is an average of a running jump and a stationary jump. Ellyson won, averaging 13 feet and 2 inches.

GYMNASIUM CLASS.

The Gymnasium exhibition was given with exercises in wands, bells, and clubs, and was conducted by Mr. O. L. Owens. At the conclusion of the morning drill the best ten were selected—Messrs. Provence, Richardson, Bowden, Pulliam, Lee, McEwen, Johnson, Poulson, Sutton, and Scruggs—to enter the prize drill. The drill was concluded in the afternoon. Messrs. Scruggs and Provence capturing the medals.

Other events followed in this order:

High Kick—One pair shoes, given by Dabney & Saunders. Rea won, averaging, stationary and running kick, 7 feet and 5 inches. Frayser came second, averaging 7 feet 4 inches.

Apple-Eating Contest—Cane, given by J. A. Morris. Rea won.

High Jump—Silk umbrella, given by Cohen & Co. Hoskins won, averaging, for stationary and running jumps, 4 feet 9 inches. Rea came second, averaging 4 feet 7 inches.

Hurdle—Two hundred and twenty yards, one dozen photos, given by Homier & Clark. White won, with Ellyson and Rea tied for second place. Time, 31½ seconds.

Indian-Club Race—One pair bicycle shoes, given by J. R. Goode & Son. Won by Sutton.

Pole Vault—Gold medal, given by Mr. Charles H. Phillips. Hoskins won the prize, clearing the pole at 7 feet 10 inches.

The sham boxing-match between Hurt and Fugate was the next event, and proved quite a feature. After sparring for a few moments they were sponged down and awarded an apple apiece.

Shoe Race—One pair bicycle shoes, given by Taylor & Brown. Won by Mr. Davis.
CLOSING EXERCISES.

At the conclusion of the contests the closing exercises were held, and Mr. B. F. Johnson, the founder of the College gymnasium, introduced as the orator of the day Mr. Marion L. Dawson, who made an address on "Athletics in Our Colleges." Mr. Dawson spoke of the importance of this branch of physical education, gave the boys some sound advice, congratulated the Athletic Association upon its success, and spoke a few words of consolation to the disappointed contestants, as well as of cheer to the winners.

Mr. Johnson then delivered the medals and prizes. Mr. Henry K. Ellyson, Jr., received the gold medal awarded to the best all-round athlete by the Athletic Association, and also the bunch of roses for the most popular contestant.

The judges were Messrs. Thompson and Ward, Physical Directors of Randolph-Macon College and the Norfolk Y. M. C. A., respectively, and Mr. Brown, also of Randolph-Macon, whose decisions gave general satisfaction.

BASE-BALL.

The first game of the season was played with the Richmond League Team on March 28th. The "Spiders" fully realized the strong opponents they had to face, and suffice to say, that although the score was somewhat large, yet it was expected. Things looked a little bad for the Spiders when the Richmond team sent eleven men across the "rubber" in the first three innings. For the following three innings our boys got ginger into themselves, and did not allow their opponents a single run, but in the seventh and eighth innings the Richmonds added eight more runs, making in all a score of nineteen. On the other hand, the Spiders made their only runs in the first three innings, when they sent five men across the plate.

The playing in general of the Spiders was good; they were, however, somewhat deficient in their hitting. It must be remembered that "Mark" Anthony was to have pitched this
ATHLETICS.

game, and that "Puss" Ellyson was to play left field, having a mashed hand as a result of experimenting with a bicycle. But "Mark," just before the game, tells Captain McNeill that his arm is not in condition, and he can do nothing but "lob" them over the plate. It was necessary, then, that "Puss" should pitch, and, considering that he had had absolutely no practice, he pitched a superb game, striking out nine of the Richmonds and only allowing the mighty pennant winners seventeen hits. Appended is the score:

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J. B. K.

BASKET-BALL.

This game, though recently introduced in connection with the Gymnasium, has already received recognition by the mass of students, and is fast gaining a permanent place among our college sports. The game is of such a nature as to promote grace and agility in the body, and at the same time serves as an excellent means of recreation.

A match game between the Y. M. C. A. Easter Lilies and our first team, on April 4th, resulted in a score of 8 to 2 in favor of Richmond College.
Exchange Department.

ROBERT A. HUTCHISON, Editor.

We have watched with deepest interest the growth and development of the William and Mary Monthly. Although its experience in college journalism is bounded by a period of less than six years this magazine is one of the best in the State, and is a credit to the institution from which it emanates. Every issue is pregnant with matter of general interest to college-men. The February Exchange Department is especially good. The Alumni Department is also an attractive feature.

The Gray Jacket contains several interesting articles. The editorials, however, are entirely too long. The humorous predilections of the "funny man" betray themselves in Mosquitoes.

The current issue of Emory Phoenix is in every sense a college magazine. Class History, if properly written (as in this case), might be a desirable innovation. Class Prophesy is also very good. The Exchange Department is in keeping with the general character of the paper.

We have this criticism, however, to make on the Locals. Many of the jokes are so local in their nature that no one can appreciate them except the few who happen to be acquainted with the surrounding circumstances. This, unfortunately, is no rare weakness of local editors. The magazine which wishes to uphold the dignity of college journalism must contain matter which can be generally read and appreciated.

Greeting lies once more before us. We find some excellent things in this quarterly (we regret it is not monthly). The periodicals emanating from the institutions of female culture compare very favorably with the productions of "the lords of creation."
Side by Side betokens true literary ability, but surely the Earhampite need not devote the whole issue to one subject.

After floundering through the interminable "trash" of several dozen vapid effusions from colleges that ought to know (and do) better, it is with a sigh of relief that we hail the advent of Nassau Lit. Evolution not Revolution is well worth reading. An Unfinished Biography points a doubtful moral. The editorials, as usual, are thoughtful and well written. In the language of a quondam exchange editor, "the Lit. is a magazine of which any college might well be proud."

For Trinity Archive we have nothing but words of heartiest commendation. The current issue contains seven well-written biographies, with engravings:

From the same State comes Wake Forest Student, one of our most readable exchanges. Limited space forbids further notice except to mention The Romantic School of French Literature of the Nineteenth Century, an able article which no student of literature can afford not to read.

Saint John's Collegian would be a disgrace to a third-rate academy, yet the legend stares us in the face: Published by the Senior Classes of Saint John's College. Do the seniors study English? Has composition no place in the college curriculum? In Search of an Innocent Wife is a wretchedly written story, whose immoral tone is such that modesty would forbid its mention, did not justice impel the rebuke.

Tennessee University Magazine presents a very neat appearance. For Freedom's Cause is indicative of poetic genius. The essays of this number are conspicuous by their absence. No college journal can afford to abrogate all solid literature.

The space allotted to literature in Niagara Index is very meagre; but the editorials are very good. To the novice in college literature, we commend especially the Puerile in Writing.
The *Vidette* is a very interesting little magazine, published by the cadets of Newport News Military Academy. This is the second issue of what we hope will prove a long series. The *Vidette* has our best wishes.

Nearly a full page of the *Southern Collegian* is dedicated to abuse of the *Messenger*; while barely half a page is devoted to the other periodicals combined. What could be the enormity of the offence that we should have received such a disproportionately large share of censorious attention from a journal usually so dignified as the *Collegian*? Always willing to learn, we devoted ourselves to a careful study of the pages of our mentor, that we, too, might attain to the “lofty ideal.” But we fear we are incorrigible. We could never bring ourselves to adopt such a stereotyped death-bed scene as, “Come, Jack. ’Tis getting cold, oh, God, so cold. Kiss me, Jack. Her curly head falls back,” etc. It loses its pathos when the same author uses it so frequently.

Doubtless we are wrong, but in spite of the illustrious example before us, we are still opposed to one or two men writing up a whole issue. If three poems by one poet do not exhaust the writer, its very fatiguing to the reader.

It must be right—the queen can do no evil—but it does seem so odd that a magazine that has so much to write (we having “little to write about” might be excused) should find it necessary to devote two editorial departments even to Polk Miller.

The publication of a magazine’s depleted financial condition might shame the students into liquidating, but we have always had a pride about this—a false pride, of course.

We fear our case is hopeless indeed.

Limited space permits only the acknowledgment of the receipt of the following: *Blue and Gold, Agnetian Monthly, the Wabash, Yankton Student, Bucknell Mirror, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Occident, McMicken Review, Baylor Literary, Dickensonian, Villanova, Miami Student, Wheaton College Record, and Guilford Collegian.*