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VOL. XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 4.

Editor-in-Chief,
WALTER ERNEST GIBSON.

Associate Editors.

LITERARY.

HENLY MITCHELL FUGATE, *Mu Sigma Rho.* JOHN EDWARD JOHNSON, *Philologist.*

COLLEGIANA.

WALTER SCOTT MCNEILL, *Mu Sigma Rho.* CHAS. EDWIN STUART, *Philologist.*

EXCHANGES.

WORTLEY FULLER RUDD, *Philologist.*

ATHLETICS.

B. MERCER HARTMAN, *Mu Sigma Rho.*

ALUMNI.

MITCHELL CARROLL, M. A. PH. D.

Business Managers,

JOHN JETER HURT, *Philologist.*

BENJ. H. WEST, *Ass't, Mu Sigma Rho.*

Prof. Henry Herbert Harris, D.D., LL.D.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Henry Herbert Harris was born December 17, 1837, in Louisa county, Va. He inherited Welsh, Scotch, and English blood. At the age of fifteen he made a profession of religion. To an older sister he was indebted for his early education. He entered Richmond College in 1854, and graduated in 1856. After teaching a year in Louisa county, he spent three years at the University of Virginia, taking his M. A. in 1860. He then taught in Albemarle Female Institute a year.

In 1861 he joined the Confederate army, and soon become sergeant of the University Volunteers in the Fifty-ninth Virginia Regiment. On the disbanding of his company January, 1862, he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary

at Greenville, S. C. After one month he re-enlisted in the field artillery under Stonewall Jackson. In 1863 he was made first lieutenant of First Regiment of Engineers, and served in this position till Lee's surrender.

After teaching again in Albemarle Female Institute for a year, he served, in 1866, on the alumni committee which urged the Virginia Baptist General Association to reopen Richmond College. He became Professor of Greek and German in the College at once, dropping the German in 1873, and retaining the Greek till his removal to Louisville in 1895. He was chairman of the College Faculty from 1885-'89.

While connected with Richmond College, he was ordained July 4, 1869, and was pastor of the New Bridge church, near Seven Pines, for one year. In 1878 he travelled extensively in Europe and the Orient, and in 1889 in Mexico.

He was editor of the *Journal of Education of Virginia*, 1873-'76; of the *Foreign Mission Journal*, 1876-'78 and 1884-'86; associate editor of the *Religious Herald*, 1880-'84; writer of the expositions of the Sunday-school lessons in the *Baptist Teacher*, 1890-'97; member of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, 1876-'95, and its president, 1886-'95.

He was Professor of Polemic Theology and Biblical Introduction in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., from June, 1895, to the time of his death.

His death occurred at Lynchburg, Va., February 4, 1897.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

I.

BY PROF. C. H. WINSTON.

I have been asked to write a brief memorial of Prof. H. H. Harris as a member of the Faculty of Richmond College. I esteem it an honor and a privilege to do so, for while he was a many-sided man, and made his influence felt in many directions, there was no other position held by him that he filled so long and so usefully, and no work done by him that will endure

so long and bring such lasting honor to his name as that which he did as professor in Richmond College.

My acquaintance with him as professor began soon after his appointment, upon the reorganization of the College in 1866, to the chair of Greek. I was then a member of the Board of Trustees of the College, and I well remember in what esteem he was held by my associates on the Board. In 1873 I became a member of the Faculty, and until 1895—that is, for twenty-two years—we worked side by side, and sat in council together over the interests of the College. What a privilege that was! How I have consciously missed it during these intervening months, and how inexpressible the sadness that comes over me in the vain attempt to realize that it is now gone forever!

Professor Harris had the advantage of being an alumnus of the College. He was the only alumnus in the Faculty for fifteen years. He knew, as perhaps no one else knew, the history of the institution, its aims, its founders, its alumni, its reverses, its successes, its ideals, its noble work, its inner life and spirit. Being in closest touch with all the denominational movements in the State, he knew the place and value of the College in denominational prosperity and growth. As a result Professor Harris loved the College as few others loved it—he loved it with all his soul, earnestly but quietly, with a steady, undeviating affection that showed itself not so much in words as in deeds, not in empty professions, but in unremitting efforts for its welfare. The College and its interests entered into his very being, and became a part of himself. His best endeavors were in its behalf, and all his splendid gifts and attainments, his honors and distinctions, were freely laid at its feet. Its success was his success, its reverses his reverses. Whatever affected it affected him, and every fluctuation of its interests awakened an answering wave of emotion in his heart.

Loving the College and all that belonged to it, Professor Harris always evinced a sincere appreciation of his colleagues in the Faculty. His bearing towards them was ever respectful, considerate, and courteous. He always recognized the co-

equality of the professors, as it then existed, and the supremacy of each in his own department. But more than this, he was especially unselfish and liberal in all his relations to them, taking often, and generally taking at his own instance, the least desirable portion in any allotment of places or privileges, and generally accepting for himself the lion's share only of the work that was to be distributed. As counsellor and friend he was wise and patient, sympathetic and true. His advice was rarely sought in vain, nor was it given without painstaking and careful consideration of the case in all its bearings. It cost him something to give advice, and it was worth something when given. It would be difficult to estimate the care and thought and labor that he freely gave to others in relation to interests not his own. As to College matters, such was the soundness of his judgment, the scope and accuracy of his knowledge of everything in any way pertaining to its history, such his recognized prudence, conservatism, and practical wisdom, that his clear opinion on any question rarely failed to carry with it conviction and acceptance.

Professor Harris was a "wise master-builder." He did not build upon the sand, nor put his materials together hastily and at random. He planned well. And he took time and pains to make his plans. Whenever he brought forward a scheme of any kind it was sure to be after much and careful deliberation, investigation and study. He would have it all written out in full and in proper shape for adoption. The work and care and pains involved in such cases were often enormous, and yet, whatever the cost, he was not willing to present anything that was not as perfect as he could make it. He had a genius for planning, a fine constructive ability, and it was constantly called into exercise. Sometimes it was a programme to be made; a schedule of recitations to be worked out; an important report to be prepared; a house to be built; some improvement in studies, degrees, messing system, or advertising to be perfected. No man could do these things so thoroughly and so well as Professor Harris, and few

such measures failed to receive suggestion, origination, and final shape from him. Instances many come up, but the fact is too notorious to need either proof or illustration, that the great planner and originator and perfecter of most of the changes and improvements in the history of the College for nearly thirty years was the clear-headed, cool, thoughtful, untiring man who seemed ever to have the College and its interests in mind, and to whom in all its affairs men instinctively turned for light and guidance.

Professor Harris had an almost unequalled capacity for work. He could do so many things, not only well, but better than any of those about him could do them, that the demands which almost naturally came upon him would have overwhelmed most men even of unusual powers.

He *studied*, not Greek only, but literature and science and especially the Bible. He *taught* very laboriously, sparing not himself for the sake of his classes. He *wrote* frequently, when duty or a chance to do good seemed to require it. He *preached* sometimes and *lectured* often when occasion demanded, and always with careful preparation and with credit to himself and the College. Much of the general work of the College, not specifically belonging to any one, came to his share. He was in the habit of declaring that so long as he was doing some compensated work outside of the College, as in editing the *Foreign Mission Journal*, or preparing the lessons for the *Sunday-School Teacher*, he could not decline, on the plea of lack of time, to do any College work that was put upon him.

But really he desired no such plea, for in very deed he loved to work. He could not fail to see that in reference to much of the work going on about him, he could do it better than most others, better perhaps than any of those into whose hands it was likely to fall, and so, in the interest of the work, he undertook it and did it. This was the story repeated over and over. Of the work that he did for his church and the denomination, on boards and societies and com-

mittees, it is not mine to speak, and no one perhaps could speak of it justly. It was great in amount, and in value inestimable. Add this to the total of his college work and the grand aggregate rises almost past comprehension before us. He worked for God and for humanity; worked often in weariness and pain and sickness, yet in self-forgetfulness he worked on to the end, when at last he could rest from his labors, and his works should follow him.

And now if we may sum up all in a few sentences, I feel justified in repeating here what I have often said elsewhere, that during all the years of Professor Harris' connection with the Faculty he was, in fact, and without reference to his official relations, the tower of strength, the main stay, the central force, the most important and valuable factor in the life and work of the College. I know that it may possibly seem invidious thus to speak comparatively of men engaged in the same work and inspired by the same high motives. But in the noble rivalry as to who should best serve the College and promote its interests, most if not all of us will freely award the palm to H. H. Harris. The College will always honor his memory, and though in the passing years other benefactors may arise, and other noble workmen, inspired by his example, may achieve yet higher success for her, yet never will she forget her good and great and noble and devoted son—the counsellor, the organizer, the planner, the worker, the teacher, who gave himself with all his powers to her, and thought no service hard that she required, and no labor heavy that was endured for her.

II.

BY PROF. MITCHELL CARROLL.

Early impressions are the strongest. In the storm-and-stress period of dawning manhood one frequently becomes forgetful of the influences of home, of parents, of early teachers. But when the student himself becomes a teacher, when he feels the

responsibility of directing the plastic minds of youth to the pursuit of higher things, then he realizes more fully than ever before the formative influences exerted on his career by those instructors who first gave him insight into, and quickened a love for, his favorite intellectual pursuits. With such thoughts as these in mind, I esteem it a privilege to pay a tribute to the memory of a beloved teacher and a good man, H. H. Harris.

Professor Harris's lifework was teaching, and he has left his impress upon his students. They will not soon forget how luminous he made even the Greek alphabet seem; how his clear vision lighted up the dark places in the study of the Greek verb; how his cogent explanation and lucid statement removed the difficulties in the proper turning of a phrase from Greek into English, or from English into Greek. In his treatment of Greek literature, he was, perhaps, at his best in the interpretation of those works which treat of human life and its problems—the drama and the Platonic dialogues. Frequently the text-book would be laid aside and he would talk to us—talk of the excellences of the Greek genius, talk of the Socratic conception of the relation of virtue and knowledge, talk of the Platonic doctrine of the immortality of the soul. At such times profound impressions were made.

In styling Professor Harris "Socrates" his students showed a real appreciation of his method of imparting instruction. He did not regard his students as receptacles standing empty and motionless before him, waiting to be filled with facts, but as living organisms, whose latent power must be made potential. It was his constant endeavor to transform the possible man into the actual man. His method of teaching was distinctively Socratic. He would, by his rare faculty of asking questions, draw out the pretentious student in such a way as to make him aware of his ignorance, and then by stimulating his mental processes he would lead the student on step by step to a proper reconstruction of his knowledge. The salient attributes of his art as a teacher were his power to quicken interest and

arouse attention, his remarkable gift of simplification, his aptness in illustration, his faculty of drawing out what the student knew, his insistence upon the mastery of details, and his power to stimulate the desire for higher things. Being himself never satisfied with anything less than perfection, he inspired his students with his own high ideals. And none, not even the careless and the plodding, could fail to catch something of his spirit. To his seniors he often remarked that they had made only a beginning in the mastery of Greek, thus filling them with a noble ambition to pursue their studies under circumstances the most favorable.

In his personal relations with his students he knew how to win their confidence. To confer with him was ever to be stirred to greater effort. Many of us, as students, recall how at times he would take us into his confidence, when we came to him beset with difficulties and discouraged; how he would tell us of struggles of his own, show us the human side of his nature, cause us to go from his presence cheered and hopeful, ready and willing to do our best. Of him one thing may be said without question, "No college teacher was ever more beloved."

Nor did his interest in his students cease with their college course. With what fatherly concern did he follow his old pupils in the more serious toils of later life! He watched with keen interest their progress at the university or the seminary, in the pulpit, at the bar, in the teacher's chair. His parting words to me the last time I saw him before entering upon my duties here, were about as follows: "Carroll, my students after graduating under me at Richmond have gone to the Hopkins, to Louisville, to Crozer, and elsewhere. Never has a single one of them failed. If they had I would have skinned them. And if any men who graduate under you at Richmond College fail, *I'll skin you.*"

This incident illustrates one of those marked characteristics of his nature that impressed his students—its intensity. He loved

intensely, thought intensely, felt intensely. Possessing such a temperament, he could not be other than outspoken. The boy with an earnest desire to do well, however great a plodder he might be, always met with encouragement at his hands; but he could not brook indifference. Being intense himself, he desired to see in others that intensity of purpose, which is essential to the attainment of the best results.

Other attributes of his nature that excited emulation were his absolute honesty, in thought as well as in action, and his love of truth. Whatever he did, he did thoroughly, and his devotion to the little things gave completeness and finish to all his work. The mainspring of his nature was love of truth; the chief motive of his conduct, a noble ambition under all circumstances to do what was right. He has said that his sister (now Mrs. Gordon), who directed his early studies, taught him two lessons: (1), To speak the truth, and (2), to know some things thoroughly.

The intellectual characteristics that impressed his students were his power of close analysis, his vivid imagination, his lucid expression. All his old students remember how gifted he was in getting at the core of a difficulty, how then skillfully marshalling the facts necessary to his purpose, he would state the problem and give the arguments for and against, in the clearest of terms and with the most vivid of pictures.

I have reserved for the last the supreme quality of his nature, the charm of which at once hallowed his intellect and inspired his heart, a quality that eludes analysis—his deep spirituality. This imaginative, spiritual element was the vitalizing element in his well-rounded character. This took possession of his whole being and transformed him day by day into the likeness of his Master; and so the scholar and the man, the head and the heart, his life and his learning became blended into one—blended into a personality, rich in its possessions, pure in its impulses, noble in its ideals—a personality that sought expression and found it in his work, a work that was but the fulfill-

ment of himself. All his students and friends know what that work was—that labor of love for others, that toil in the midst of suffering for the good of humanity.

But now he has left us, and the hearts of scores of students all over this land are bowed in sorrow. Farewell! teacher, friend, counsellor. A long farewell! Nobly have you lived, and worthily have you wrought, and the choicest fruits of your labors will abide in the lives of your students.

III.

BY SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAM F. FOX.

H. Herbert Harris came as a student to Richmond College in the fall of 1854. We took the same classes, and so I was thrown constantly with him. In those days we had the curriculum system under which there was, perhaps, a greater unity of feeling between members of the same class, working together in every study, than is possible under the departmental system where the opportunities for intercourse are less frequent.

As I recall the characteristics of our little class of five—the steady diligence of George W. Morris, the brilliancy of William Bernard Meredith, the ready apprehension and broad grasp of John C. Long—I think of Harris as the quiet, steady student: always appreciative and always prepared, because he made attention to his college work his first duty. There was no ostentation, however, in this, but he seemed to walk under the unconscious influence of the idea that he had come to the College to gain in knowledge and training all that it could give. He seemed to be impelled, not so much by a sense of duty as by a delight in his work, and under the idea that some mission had been entrusted to him, to which he must be faithful. Study was not a task, but an unceasing pleasure. He loved his work, and in its very performance received the blessing he sought. Modest, apt, diligent, patient, thorough,

he naturally took high rank with both professors and fellow-students.

The qualities that make up high character were no less marked in him. Honest, faithful work; strict integrity; a kindly helpful disposition; pure and upright motives; the highest ends by the best means—these were the characteristics that commanded the respect and confidence and love of his associates.

I do not remember that the social elements were strongly developed. He was not unmindful, however, of the courtesies of social life, and frequently engaged in social pleasures with his fellow-students or with his acquaintances in the city; but his dominant idea was that he was at College for the work to be done and for the benefit to be secured.

At the time of his entrance into College there was but one debating society—the *Mu Sigma Rho*. In its proceedings he was an active participant, and not only in its debates but in its business management his influence was distinctly felt.

He entered upon no duty in a slipshod, indifferent way. He must be active in whatever he undertook, or he must retire. Neutrality was no part of his nature. What his hand found to do he did with his might—not with bluster and noise, but with modesty, quietness, and an unobtrusive energy that was all the more effective.

His course as a Christian was marked by steady, earnest piety. He was a regular attendant at the prayer-meetings of the students, and took part in the exercises. His influence upon others was a constant benediction.

So he passed through his College course, enjoying the confidence and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. So were laid the foundations of that wide influence which he exerted in later life.

His student life at the College closed in the summer of 1856. It was a proud day for our class when, on the pulpit of the First Baptist church, we received from the President, Rev. Robert Ryland, our diplomas certifying that we were Bachelors

of Art. We had worked steadily and faithfully, and now the joy of success had come. We had won the highest honor that the College conferred.

I did not meet Harris again till we met fifteen months later at the University of Virginia. The attachments formed at the College were gladly renewed, and for two years more we trod the same path. Here he exhibited the same traits of character that he had shown at the College—the same sterling integrity, the same exalted character, the same devotion to his work, the same high ideals, the same steady progress towards their attainment. Step by step he mastered the subjects of instruction, and at the end of three years received the Master's Degree, the crowning honor of this peerless school.

In every department of Christian work he was an active participant, whether for the development of the individual Christian or for the establishment everywhere of the Christian faith. It is very interesting to watch the development of the man during these years of student life as he grappled with the problems of science, language, and morals, and to mark the firm grasp with which he held the underlying principles. A splendid equipment for the life of usefulness that lay before him.

I did not come into intimate relations with him again till after his appointment to a professorship in the College. To this work he came doubly equipped. His literary training had given him broad and thorough culture. His four or five years' struggle with the problems of life, especially during that period of war that called into exercise all the manly qualities of his nature, gave him a knowledge of men and of the means of influencing and controlling them that was invaluable to him in his work.

For several years I was associated with him in the editorial management of the *Educational Journal*. It was a period of conflicting opinions—a period during which the public-school question, with its far-reaching problems, was agitating the State. He met these with a breadth and fairness which showed

that he was actuated by a sincere desire to forward the real interests of the Commonwealth. Every educational interest was a subject of thought, and was considered in the spirit of the philosopher and the statesman.

As an alumnus of the College he has been active in forwarding its interests. As a member of its Faculty and an alumnus of the institution he stood in a dual relation to the College. A knowledge of its inner workings enabled him to see its needs, and the means by which they could best be supplied. His position as an alumnus brought him into the most cordial relations with these foster-children of the College. The wisdom of his suggestions and the confidence he inspired often influenced them to adopt measures of the highest advantage to their *Alma Mater*. No one strove more earnestly than he to keep bright the attachment of the alumni to their foster-mother, realizing that to them was in large degree committed her reputation and her success. He was rarely absent from the gatherings of the alumni—never when it could be prevented, and he always exercised his characteristic quiet energy in making them successful and delightful.

From these gatherings and from his accustomed walks we shall miss him. We shall miss his wise counsels, his friendly admonitions, his pleasant talks, his stimulating intercourse, his bright example. But we shall find a sad joy in recalling the pleasant intercourse of the past, in remembering his kindly deeds, his unobtrusive usefulness, his whole life redolent of the highest Christian manhood. Ours is the sorrow; but his the joy—his the happiness of meeting his reward, and of being “partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.”

IV.

BY GEORGE RICE HOVEY, D. D.

It gives me unfeigned pleasure to add my tribute of respect to the memory of him whom all honor. I write as one outside of the charmed circles that have felt the impress of Dr. Harris

most strongly—as one educated in a somewhat different intellectual atmosphere and acquainted with another set of teachers. A point of view so different from that of the pupil or life-long friend in itself gives a certain value to what is written, however familiar it may be.

In my New England home the name of H. H. Harris was well known. His reputation extended over the whole country. But it was not the reputation of a specialist in Greek. It may be doubted whether he made any contributions to the knowledge of Greek which attracted the attention of scholars. He could not narrow himself enough to become a specialist in Greek philology or Greek literature. His supreme interest was in human life, and that which would directly affect it in its highest aspects. Articles on classical subjects from such a master of English style would have been welcome in any educational journal in the land. But he was indifferent to such a reputation as might be gained by work of this kind. In his view intellectual ability was not given him for its own sake or for his fame. His power meant to him not the possibility of enlarging in some infinitesimal degree the range of knowledge accessible to the specialist and the scholar. It meant the possibility of raising men's ideals of life, of helping them to a higher manhood, of contributing to the welfare of his students, his denomination, the people of his State, and of the world.

His, then, is not a reputation for pure scholarship, but for applied scholarship—for scholarship applied to human life, scholarship a means, not an end. His work in the *Baptist Teacher* made his name a household word with the most active and devout Baptists throughout the country. Next to John A. Broadus, he was the representative Baptist scholar of the South. Had his whole time been devoted to biblical study, it is easy to imagine him standing not next to, but side by side with Dr. Broadus as biblical scholar and teacher. His notes on the Sunday-school lessons were scholarly, and something more. In one of the driest kinds of composition and least adapted to literary treatment, he was interesting and attractive.

There was both meat and flavor in his comments. There was truth in clear, concise, telling language, easily remembered by scores of thousands of teachers, and transmitted each week to hundreds of thousands of pupils.

It detracts nothing from the honor due to the other professors who were performing their tasks with equal fidelity, to say that Dr. Harris comprised all that was known of Richmond College to multitudes of intelligent religious people in many parts of the country.

When I came nearer and saw him at the College, still he made the same impression. To me he was its central figure, its brightest ornament. One of my first thoughts as I heard him lecture on some classical theme, was that the spirit of Socrates, Plato, Thucydides had taken possession of the speaker, and had transformed even his appearance. It seemed as if a veritable philosopher of ancient Athens stood before us. His full gray beard and heavy eyebrows, the shape of his head and face more than once reminded me of those masters of old. On the campus, too, he was often seen entering into the life of the students. Genial he was, and full of humor, but receiving from all a respect which prevented undue familiarity. Any public occasion seemed incomplete unless he was present. In some respects other professors were more prominent; in politics, Dr. Puryear; in State educational affairs, Professor Winston; in other matters, one professor or another. But for varied usefulness, for general capacity and willingness to work in the College as well as in the denomination throughout the country, Dr. Harris seemed to stand pre-eminent among his associates.

Perhaps one who has never been his pupil should not venture to speak of him as a teacher. Yet from what I heard of him from his students, from what I occasionally saw of him in the lecture-hall or the Bible class-room, from what I felt of his personality in social intercourse, I came to regard him as the equal of any teacher I had ever known. Students at Brown University for many years looked upon Ezekiel G. Robinson

and John L. Lincoln as their master teachers. H. H. Harris would not suffer by comparison with either one. Though each of the Brown professors possibly excelled Dr. Harris in some particular, he seemed to possess in large measure a greater number of the qualities needful to a teacher than either of them. He was remarkably symmetrical, most strongly developed in the most vital elements of a teacher's character and power, and proportionally strong elsewhere. A man with such genial humor, such clearness of discrimination and vigor of mental action, with such skill in questioning, such ideals of scholarship, with such powers of exposition and illustration, with such a delicate literary sense, with such a genuine interest in the welfare of men, such tenderness of feelings and strength of religious convictions, such a man must have been in the very front rank of his profession, one of the truly great teachers of the land.

V.

BY DR. H. A. TUPPER.

Doctor Harris was a true man and a true friend. So true was he that he was unconscious of it—consciousness being, as Carlyle says, the test of imperfection. Whoever heard him profess friendship, except by acts, oftentimes extremely delicate, yet palpable enough to indicate their origin? He read and was read as to character without the translation of words. Words are poor things for love. Deeds are the language of great, good hearts. Even thought of sentiment mars it; language almost destroys it, though Max Müller says thought and speech are identical. The language of commonly fibred spirits is not verbal any more than the open vial is the vehicle of the aroma of Araby. The eye, the touch, the act, the common sentiment, and nature itself is its own best language.

When Kirk White said that a friend was "*rara avis*," he used the phrase in the sense in which the Scripture was represented in the olden time as "precious." Only a good man can

be a friend; can know the preciousness of true friendship. The great Friend of humanity indicated His friendship by entering into its life, and suffering with and for it. So a great friend of this Friend showed his friendship by so entering into His experience that he could say: "I am crucified with Christ." Many of the pains and burdens of our departed brother were not his own. He had so entered into the lives of persons and institutions that their needs and trials and aims and yearnings became his own, whether they were personal, educational, ecclesiastic, philanthropic, or missionary. Signs of distress in his eyes, in his subdued tones of voice, often indicated vicarious burdens he was bearing. It was not the consciousness of superiority which made him willing to do the work of others, it was the joy he had in bearing other's burdens. He had tasted the depths of what human nature, sustained by divine grace, is capable in having ease in toil, light in darkness, peace in conflict, joy in sorrow, life in death. He believed that it was not only given to him of the Master to believe in Him, but to suffer for His sake. Had he lived in the days of the Lord he would have rejoiced to suffer shame for His name.

The friendship of Herbert Harris was not only tender and loving, it was candid and nervy. He was never in danger of the recoil of the loss of confidence in him by flattering assent, even by silence, to error or evil in a friend. With Pauline manliness, he would withstand even "Peter to his face." His friendship was heroic. He fought many a battle which was never sung, never whispered into the ear of the nearest confidant. He lived under the eye of Him who said, "I will guide thee with mine eye." That sufficed for comfort and compensation. Yet he was one of the humblest of men. Phillips Brooks says: "Humility is a fruit of ambition. The soul that aspires after the true and good and absolute and infinite and everlasting and divine, soon finds itself on its face in the sackcloth of dust and ashes." None was more sensible of his own limitations, and more appreciative of the gifts and merits of others. Of the doctrine of thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, he

was a good impersonation. His true friendship was based upon his true and Christian character, which was as beautiful as it was strong. Think of him in the light of Grecian architecture, which he so exquisitely described. He was of an order composite of the plain, strong Doric of integrity and of the ornate Corinthian. Think of him in the light of his loved mathematics. He was the precision of the straight line and the beauty of the complete circle. Think of him in the light of the carpenter's Son who was the model of his life. He was ever up-building for the causes he loved, and for the great end of his being at the expense of his own present self. For all this was not for himself, but for another. The building up of a pure, broad Christian system of education of which he was an acknowledged and masterful leader, the support of the time-honored institution for the universality of the gospel, of which cause he was a most patient, intelligent, and powerful and influential advocate and promoter, investing in the work his brain and energy and love and wisdom and material means, and leaving as a memorial of his zeal and ability, a classic on missions; all this and more was for Him who loved him and died for him. May not the high distinction given to one of old be given to this hero of faith and now glorified saint: "He was called the friend of God."

ABSTRACTS OF ADDRESSES.

We give below abstracts of the addresses delivered at the funeral services of Professor Harris, in the Grace-street tabernacle, Sunday afternoon, February 7th.

I.

BY DR. WILLIAM E. HATCHER.

The following is the portion of Dr. Hatcher's address bearing on the usefulness of Professor Harris as a Sunday-school teacher, a relation in which many of his old students affectionately remember him:

"But when I review the history of his relations with the

Grace-street church, I do not hesitate to say that his highest and most enduring service while in our midst was as a Sunday-school teacher. He was a teacher with a heavenly commission written on his heart. Those who knew Professor Harris most intimately understood that he was pre-eminently a teacher. Other things he could do, and some of them he did with exceptional skill, but his kingdom was the class-room, and his chair was his throne. In other positions he might be self-conscious and tremulous, but he reigned without a fear before his students. There he was sure of his footing, nerved by that throbbing power which comes of conscious readiness, and ever quick in commanding his richest resources.

"I covet the power to portray Professor Harris as a teacher; but it is denied me. Nature was prodigal of her wealth in his making. He brought with him into life a taste for knowledge, and he was a student from his cradle to his death. His inquisitiveness was quenchless, and was coupled with a most powerful faculty for acquiring. He had an insatiable thirst for learning, and he drank it like water. His acquirements were very rich—he knew a great deal and knew concerning many things. He did not know everything—he did not try to know everything—and was not ashamed to confess his ignorance of things which he did not know. Into some departments of human knowledge he did not peer, and upon some of the fields of knowledge which he passed he bestowed only a glance, and yet, by his extraordinary capacity for appropriating, he possibly gathered more by a look than some ever got by a life.

"A striking characteristic of his learning was its accuracy and thoroughness. He had the scholars's eye, and saw his subject under the light of the student's lamp. His intellectual drill had been complete and his power to acquire brought to the highest perfection, and to this he added the utmost strength in retention. What he got he held, and held subject to orders.

"As essential to the best use of his rich possessions, Professor Harris had the genius to teach—that divine aptness which makes teaching a passion and a necessity. He would have

been a teacher if he had never seen a book or known a letter of the alphabet. Nothing is more inherent and God-given than this aptness to teach. If a man has it, he has it; and if he has it not, let him go to other things. Neither art nor method can prove a substitute for what nature has denied. But our brother added to his inborn power the highest art and the best methods, and this left only one thing in order for his full equipment for his task. That was the power to draw to himself his students, and that was his crowning charm as a teacher. His students became his constituents, and that without any effort on his part. They were disciples, and knew his voice and followed him.

“This, feebly told, was Professor Harris as a teacher, and you are prepared to know what it meant for him, with all his accomplishments, to take the Bible in hand, of which he had been a life-long student, and of which for years he was the chosen teacher for our Baptist brotherhood in America, and sit down on Sunday morning to teach a large company of ingenuous youth. He knew the Bible; knew it as few did; knew all that its critics could say against, and knew the answer to every evil word in their hostile lips; knew its language, its meaning, and its powers; knew it by the test of his own experience, and believed in it with the undivided ardor of his soul. Who can estimate the reach and force of his labors in that Bible class of students? During the quarter of a century in which he did this service for his Lord, hundreds of the College students sat at his feet and received the impress of his work. Some were led by it to the cross, some were rebuked for evil living and turned to better things, some were lifted to new views of duty, and all felt the thrill of truth as it fell from his lips. Scattered are these men, never to assemble again in the dear old room where they used to meet, but their thoughts will revert sadly enough to the old spot to-day, and to their dead teacher they will pay the tender tribute of their tears.”

II.

BY DR. R. J. WILLINGHAM.

Dr. Harris needs no eulogy, least of all in Richmond, where his life speaks in stronger terms than anything I can say—a life that presents to us some lessons beautiful and strong, well worthy of the consideration of the living.

Dr. Harris lived for others. Blessed with fine mental faculties and with a great heart, he used all his powers for the good of others. He was the friend of his students, and soon won their love, and the boys, developed into grown men, continued to love their faithful teacher. But his helpful spirit blessed not only the hundreds of young men who came in contact with him, but also all within the reach of his influence, in his city and State, in other States, and even the missionaries, whom he so much loved, in far distant mission lands. He lived for others. He loved God and loved men. The nobility of his character found expression in attributing the same nobility to others, and endeavoring to develop the noble in men.

He was a natural leader among men. His brethren trusted and loved him, and hence they delighted to follow him. He exerted a wonderful influence. At a recent session of the Southern Baptist Convention a prominent brother, from across the Mississippi, remarked, "There is no other man among us who exercises the influence that H. H. Harris does."

All of what I have now said goes to explain why he was so efficient in connection with our Foreign Mission work. He was a member of the Board for nineteen years—for nine years was its wise, prudent, and faithful president. We mourn his loss all through our land to-day, and as in the weeks to come, across the seas the sad news will go to far-distant lands, many loving hearts will weep to hear, "Dr. Harris is dead."

III.

BY DR. W. H. WHITSITT.

In recent years death has frequently visited our Seminary. Williams, Riggan, Boyce, Manly, Broadus, have one by one

been called away, and now Harris has been taken from us. Broadus and Harris were alike in many respects—in their capacity to teach, in their habits of mind, in their methods of work. Both came from the same State; both were educated at the same University; both had felt the impress of the great teacher, Gessner Harrison. Dr. Harris loved Virginia, and when he became ill he turned his steps to his native State, in the hope that in its bounds he would find relief. In the Faculty of the Seminary he at once took high rank; the love and regard of the students he at once won by his scholarship and teaching power and deep spirituality. His work at the Seminary, though short in its duration, was the greatest work of his life, because he was permitted thereby to put his impress on preachers of the gospel. The Faculty at Louisville has never had a discordant element in it. Dr. Harris by his tact and wisdom helped to maintain the harmony and strengthen the hearty spirit of co-operation he found existing there. Not only was the Seminary blessed by his sojourn in Louisville, but also the church of which he was a member, the large Sunday-school class he taught, the Baptist pastors of the city, the mission work, and all with whom he came in contact.

RESOLUTIONS

I. ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY OF RICHMOND COLLEGE, FEB. 4, 1897.

The death of Henry Herbert Harris has this day been officially announced to the Faculty of Richmond College. No event in the history of any individual life could more justly demand an expression from them. And, therefore, in meeting assembled, they adopt the following paper, and order it to be spread upon their records, and a copy to be sent to the bereaved family.

H. H. Harris rendered long service to Richmond College. He was appointed a professor in 1866, and continued his connection with the institution until June, 1895. The labors of these twenty-nine years were fully doubled by the intensity

and diligence he threw into his work. Professor Harris deserves lasting remembrance also for the varied service he performed. Though his superior capacities were mainly concentrated upon the professorship of the Greek language and literature, yet no interest of the College escaped his watchful eye, and no task, however shunned by others, long awaited the touch of his helpful hand. Besides the regular studies connected with the chair of Greek, he taught, at times, both German and Philosophy, while he was always fertile in plans for bringing before the public the needs and merits of the College, and for promoting the general cause of education. He filled, for three years, the Chairmanship of the Faculty, and in other years he served as treasurer.

Professor Harris should be held in enduring remembrance also for the exceptional abilities he brought with him to the performance of every work he undertook. He was conservative in spirit, patient in investigation, sound in judgment, clear in statement, accurate and ripe in scholarship. And these qualities were not "lamps put under a bushel," but on a lamp-stand that they might give "light unto all." They shone in occasional pulpit ministrations, in the public prints, and especially in the lecture-room, where many successive classes of young men caught the radiance, to be in turn reflected on other minds. But perhaps Professor Harris' most memorable service was, after all, the exercise of his pre-eminent gifts as a teacher. For one occupying a position like that in which his life was spent, teaching power is more than ability, is more than extensive scholarship. In instructing the hundreds of young men that have passed through these halls, many professors have done well, but we are tempted to say that Professor Harris excelled all others. Of course when he came before his classes his profound learning helped him; but to that he added a clear insight, a skillful analysis, an abounding enthusiasm that were mainly potential in lifting him to high rank among the teachers of our country.

The services above enumerated a man as conscientious as

Professor Harris might have regarded as growing out of his official relations, but there were other responsibilities to the assuming of which he could have been prompted only by unselfish love. He led the young men in their Bible study, he attended frequently their missionary meetings for prayer. He was their friend and counsellor in all their difficulties and in all their aspirations, and every one of them felt the potency of that religious influence which emanated from his life.

The Faculty of Richmond College mourn the death of Professor Harris. They grieve for the death as a loss to the Theological Seminary in which he was a teacher, to the denomination with which he was connected, to the cause of education and religion everywhere. But they rejoice also that his character was so pure, his career so useful, his aims so exalted, and his end so triumphant.

C. H. WINSTON,
W. D. THOMAS,
JOHN POLLARD.

II. ADOPTED BY THE STUDENTS OF RICHMOND COLLEGE, FEB. 4, 1897.

God in his all-wise providence has seen fit to take to himself our former Professor of Greek, H. H. Harris.

In our sorrow at his death we affectionately remember his constant and loving devotion to his students, his abiding interest in their welfare, his inspiring and elevating influence as a man and as a teacher.

It is, therefore, most fitting that we pay a tribute of respect to the memory of him to whose faithful and efficient instruction and wise counsel and steadfast friendship we are so greatly indebted. Therefore, be it

1. *Resolved*, That we, the students of Richmond College, hereby express our lasting appreciation of his noble and unselfish life, the fruits of which will abide in the lives of his students.

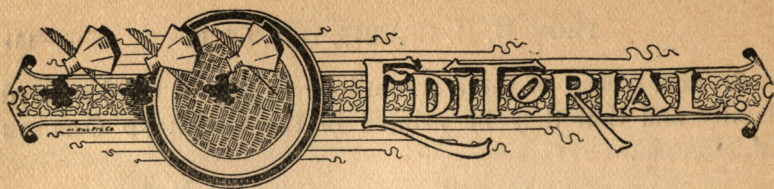
2. That we attend the funeral services in a body.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and that they be printed in the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

J. E. JOHNSON,
R. E. LOVING,
R. S. GARNETT.

Lack of space forbids the publication of resolutions adopted by the Alumni Association, and by the Mu Sigma Rho Society, the Philologian Society, and the fraternities of the College.





**THE
ARBITRATION
TREATY.**

We rejoice to see the two leading nations of the earth trying to perfect arrangements whereby they may settle all of their differences without recourse to arms. As we study the history of the world we find many wars have been fought, in which thousands of men and millions of property have perished, over disputes of a very trivial nature, and it shows a decided advance in Christian civilization to see two great peoples attempting to arrange for all disputes to be submitted to arbitration. Doubtless the other leading nations will take similar action if the Anglo-American treaty is ratified, and this makes us all the more desirous of seeing this treaty favorably passed upon by the United States Senate.

Many objections have been made to the treaty as it was presented to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and we must confess some of them appear to us entirely unworthy of consideration. While we dislike to impugn the motives of any of our senators, and while we believe they should carefully consider all matters brought before them in order that they may guard the best interests of our people, yet it appears to an observer that some of those who are opposing this measure are actuated by sinister motives. There are two classes who seem to oppose it. One class appears to oppose it in order to "get even" with the President and Mr. Olney. It is true, we think, that the administration has not shown the proper spirit in dealing with Congress; and especially we think Mr. Olney's allowing himself to be interviewed by a press reporter, on the question of the power of recognizing the independence of a new state, was very impolitic. However the American people will not submit to their representatives opposing a measure, so universally demanded, for the simple purpose of avenging wrongs, real or imaginary, which they have suffered at the

hands of the administration; and if it be true that any of our senators are actuated by such a motive they are unworthy the high positions they hold. The other class of opponents comprises those people who think that if England wants a thing we should not desire it. They seem to think it their duty to oppose England in everything; and it often appears that with a large class of our politicians this opposition is their entire stock in trade. Lack of space forbids us giving further consideration to these now.

We wish briefly to set forth what seem to be the leading provisions of this treaty without any attempt to discuss them, for they seem to us to be so just and equitable as to need no discussion.

First, it is provided that all claims for less than \$500,000 shall be submitted to a board of three arbitrators, composed of a "jurist of repute" appointed by each of the disputants; these two to select the third member of the board within two months; if they disagree at the end of that time, the Supreme Court of the United States and the Judiciary Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain shall name the umpire, and in case they too fail to agree, the King of Sweden and Norway will be asked to appoint one. The award of a majority of this board shall be final. Next, in all larger money claims and all other disputes, except boundary claims, a board constituted as above is to be appointed, and if they are unanimous in their award, their action shall be final; if not, either power may, within six months, demand a review. In this event a tribunal of five shall be appointed, two to be named by each government, and the fifth to be selected as was the third one above mentioned. All territorial claims are to be tried by a jury of six, three of whom shall be appointed by the President from the United States Supreme Court, and three by the Queen from the British Supreme Court of Judicature, or members of the Judiciary Committee of the Privy Council. A unanimous or a five to one vote shall be final; if the majority is smaller, either party may, within three months, protest. But the treaty expressly provides that if this fails, "there shall be no

recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers has been invited by one or both of the high contracting parties."

We repeat, that these terms seem to be as fair as any we could ask, and we hope to see this treaty ratified by our Senate without further delay.

PROF. H. H. A deep sadness comes over us when we
HARRIS. reflect that our warm friend and beloved former teacher has passed away from earth. Professor Harris was a graduate of the College, and some years after his graduation, returning to his *Alma Mater*, he devoted the best part of his useful life in her services. For twenty-nine years he taught in these halls.

We esteem it a great privilege that it was our good fortune to be his pupil. We soon learned to love him. He was a man with a great heart full of sympathy for his students. With a gigantic mind amply stored with varied knowledge, with unusual tact for imparting information to others, with a deep and abiding interest in all the affairs of student life, he bound every pupil to himself with chords of love which death cannot sever. He was pre-eminently a teacher. He knew when to be gentle, and when to be austere; when to assist, and when to decline aid; when to speak, and when to be silent; when to praise, and when to censure.

He is gone, but his influence will never die. His life has impressed itself upon hundreds of other lives, and all of them are better for having known him. Many are the hearts made sad by the news of his death.

VALEDICTORY With the preparation of this issue of the
REMARKS. MESSENGER complete, we lay aside the editorial pen. A year ago the honor of editing this magazine was conferred upon us, and since that time varied have been our experiences, and hardly need it be said pleasant and profitable. It is a pleasure to serve in a capacity of honor

where one is heartily supported by those who honor him. It is profitable to have the responsibility of examining and correcting literary matter which is subjected to close criticism by representative men of many institutions of learning. The burden of responsibility has often come upon us, and there have been times of discouragements, but at other times sympathy and practical aid have lightened the labor, and given additional value to the work done.

It has been our aim to publish a magazine of equal rank with those of other institutions; we have striven to encourage college journalism in general; we have endeavored to give our influence toward the pursuit of excellence in literary attainments, while, as we have advanced in experience, we have tried to improve the attractiveness and literary value of our own publication. We have also had in mind our readers, especially those whose interests are in any way connected with the institution, and have endeavored to give them something which might not be considered mere trash.

The success of the MESSENGER during the past year, if success it has attained, is in no little measure due to the valuable assistance of associates and co-operative contributors. In this, our final editorial, we desire to thank them for their great aid.

We let fall the burden of care and responsibility upon a worthy successor, and at the same time we bequeath him a rare privilege for self-improvement and for winning a good name. We feel confident that under his guiding hand these pages will speak lofty sentiments.

Though hereafter it will not be our privilege to actively participate in the publication of the MESSENGER, yet our interest in its success will ever abide. We predict for the future praiseworthy achievements, but in order that this may be, let Richmond College students not depend entirely upon the editor, but rally to his support. It is our earnest wish that there may never be any backward movement, but continual advancement towards maximum success.

In the March number the Alumni Department of the MESSENGER will contain a sketch of the early history of the College by Dr. Robert Ryland, its first president, and this will be followed in succeeding numbers by a series of historical sketches from prominent alumni, treating of the College in its *ante bellum* days.

In the series of character sketches of this issue, Prof. C. H. Winston, for many years his colleague, considers Professor Harris in his varied usefulness as a member of the Faculty; Prof. Mitchell Carroll, a former student, and his successor in the chair of Greek, pays a loving tribute to an honored teacher; Superintendent W. F. Fox, who was a fellow-student at Richmond College and at the University of Virginia, tells of his student days and of his many services to the College as an alumnus; Dr. G. R. Hovey, formerly of Massachusetts, now of Richmond, estimates his standing and usefulness as one of the foremost Baptist scholars of the South; and Dr. H. A. Tupper, for many years associated with him in the foreign mission work, treats of his character as a man and as a friend.



DE LAMARTINE.

Alphonse Marie Louis de Pratde Lamartine was born at Macon, on the Loire, the capital of the department Laône-et-Loire. The date of his birth is probably the 21st of October, 1791, though it is sometimes ascribed either to the year immediately before or the one immediately after this date. He came of a good family, his mother in particular being a woman of unusual worth, who herself gave Alphonse the greater part of his schooling. He was afterwards sent to a college at Belly.

At the age of twenty, shortly after leaving college, Lamartine started on a tour of Italy which lasted two years or more. Being of an ardent royal family, he very naturally on his return to France entered the army of the House of Bourbon, and was soon afterwards, during the Hundred Days, forced to spend a period of exile in Switzerland and Savoy. Then after having passed some time in Paris, Lamartine in 1818 revisited Italy.

For some time the young man had been engaged in the composition of a volume of poetry, and this he published on his return to France, under the title of Poetical Meditations. The book had such marvelous popularity that Lamartine very soon found himself famous as a poet.

About this time Lamartine left the army and entered upon his career as a politician. His first positions under the government were in the diplomatic service and as a member of the legation he spent three years at Naples, then five in Florence, and then was engaged on a mission to Leopold of Saxe Coburg.

At intervals, during all this time, the young poet had been publishing more verses, among them being a new series of Meditations and The Last Canto of Childe Harold, written in imitation of Byron, and others of such worth as to gain for him admission to the French Academy. After eighteen months spent in travelling in regal splendor through the orient,

he published in rapid succession books in both prose and verse: "Memories of the Orient," "Jocelyn," "The Fall of an Angel," and a "History of the Griondins."

Some years before the appearance of this last-named book, Lamartine had been elected to the Legislature of France, and was thus afforded an opportunity to distinguish himself in still another role. His speeches before this body and before general audiences were gaining him a reputation as an orator gifted with much more than ordinary eloquence. In 1847 he published his history, interspersed with many revolutionary ideas, and by this work gained additional popularity. Next year, 1848, the Revolution came, when Louis Philippe fled from France, leaving a vacant throne behind him, and then our popular orator rose to an additional eminence in his country. By his matchless eloquence and by his early and daring advocacy of a provisional form of government, Lamartine succeeded in gaining the adoption of that government and in securing for himself the chief place in it. His office was only that of Minister of Foreign Affairs, but his power was that of a dictator.

During his period of political eminence, Lamartine signalized himself by several feats of extraordinary eloquence and intrepidity. It is generally admitted that, by quelling at such imminent peril to himself that mob of fanatical Red Republicans who wished him to adopt the red flag as the banner of France, he saved his country from another Reign of Terror.

But though his superb eloquence and some few acts of statesmanlike ability enabled him to tide over several such trying crises, they could not long sustain him in his difficult position. His own inexperience in the routine affairs of government, the unpractical nature of his colleagues, and of the constitution which they tried to uphold, and the turbulence of the Parisian mob in a few months proved fatal to his political life, and Lamartine soon became again a private citizen. The rapidity of his rise to power had been unparalleled, and his fall was equally sudden.

Lamartine had never been either very rich or very frugal, and during his short enjoyment of power he had incurred some very heavy debts. In order to settle these, he now set vigorously to work with his pen and produced volume after volume in a seemingly endless stream. The list includes a series of confidences, so-called, a sort of autobiography, entitled "Raphael," "Histories of the Revolution of 1848," "Of the Restoration of Turkey and of Russia," besides many biographical and miscellaneous works. In 1858 a public subscription was started for his benefit. For the next five years he employed himself in editing a complete edition of his works in forty-one magnificent volumes. And then his powers failed him. The public taste had changed, and no longer appreciated his work; and all the efforts that the poor old man could make could not gain him a position either of comfort or of independence. But, happily, in his time of need the empire came to his relief, and voted him, for the rest of his life, the interest from \$100,000. For two years Lamartine enjoyed this bounty, and then on the 1st of March, in 1869, he died.

Personally, Lamartine was a very amiable and even estimable man, the chief faults of his character being vanity and a great fondness for theatrical effect. This latter quality, together with his fertile imagination, makes his historical works almost wholly untrustworthy. As an historian, he belongs rather to the rhetorical school than to either the philosophical or the documentary.

The chief characteristics of Lamartine's poetry are charming delicacy and grace. His poems sometimes lack vigor. There is a thread of meditation stretching throughout almost the whole range of his poetry, which makes it rather monotonous when read continuously. One of his best known elegies, "The Lake," ranks among the masterpieces of French literature. Its versification is harmonious, its sentiments refined and delicate, its imagery admirably chosen, and its language most graceful. His chief long poems are "Jocelyn" and "The

Fall of an Angel." The former was once immensely popular, and was translated into many foreign tongues. The latter, while it shows the influence of Byron on its author, is his most ambitious work. It is less regulated by scrupulous delicacy than most of his poetry.

As a prose writer, Lamartine was very fertile. The characteristics of his descriptive and miscellaneous prose are not very different from those of his poetry. He is always sentimental, but very frequently, as in "Graziella," he expresses his sentiment most gracefully.

Lamartine's chief present reputation is for his poetry, but even in this his grandeur has been almost obscured by Victor Hugo, and the vigorous and brilliant writers of his school. And yet in his own day one of the most remarkable of all great Frenchmen was Alphonse de Lamartine.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

In this progressive and active age, there is a great demand for men of thought. The triumph of mind over matter, the rapid strides of science, and the increased facilities for obtaining knowledge, make it absolutely necessary for a man to think, or else while others hurry on to pluck from the temple of intellect the laurels of fame, the slothful man will be left far behind. Life is a great race course, and men are the racers. They press forward towards a common goal; they are striving for a common prize.

"All dream of some querdon, life's labor to bless,
All winning that querdon have named it, 'Success.'"

He who puts forth the greatest effort, who exercises every faculty, and seizes every golden opportunity, will win this querdon. When we think of what the mind of man is capable—that it can search out the secrets of Nature, and think God's thoughts after him; that it can devise schemes to command the billows of the deep, and to snatch from the clouds the lightnings, and make them the messengers of his thoughts,

our hearts cannot fail to throb with gratitude to Him who gave the mind, to Him who is "the giver of every good and perfect gift."

All men desire power, and this thirst for power has been the cause of both evil and good to the world, of evil when its chief end was that of selfish ambition, of good when its aim was the elevation of humanity. Napoleon, Alexander, and Cæsar lived, held the reigns of power, and died cursed by their millions. Their lives exemplify the powers of mind unworthily utilized. But when man uses his mind to sift out from the ashes of error the seeds of truth, to reveal the mysteries of science, and leave these truths as an undying legacy to coming generations, then is it a power felt and appreciated by his fellow-men, and then will he receive the true and lasting applause of admiring multitudes. The triumphs of intellect derive their lustre not from the evil, but from the good that they have done.

From time immemorial intellectual endowments have been crowned with bays of honor, and on account of the power and exalted character of intellect, men have worshipped at its shrine with an almost Eastern idolatry. Men of more than an average endowment of intellect have been regarded as superior beings. The multitudes have looked upon them with wonder. With reverent hands, the world at large has crowned intellect with its richest honors. Its pathway has been strewn with flowers; its brow has worn the loftiest plume; it has held the mightiest scepter of power, and sat upon the proudest throne. Evidence is everywhere found in the universe proclaiming the worth and power of the human intellect. It is the superiority of knowledge that makes the vast difference between civilized and savage nations, and forms the principal difference between men as they appear in society. An educated man is to an illiterate man just what one that can see is to one that is blind. The former has light by which to guide his feet, the latter has to grope his way through life in darkness and obscurity.

In every society, the man of intelligence must govern the ignorant man. There is no exception to this law. It is the natural sequence of mind over matter. The man who is illiterate naturally looks upon the surrounding world with a narrow view. He is unable to appreciate what is noble and beautiful in literature, art, and science. Confined as he is to this narrow domain, his inclinations cannot be really refined. The man of knowledge soars beyond these narrow limits, appreciates the merits of literature and science, and delights to sow the seeds of learning that his fellow-men may be edified thereby. As Lord Brougham says: "He quietly advances along his pathway, laboring steadily until he has opened to light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice."

But as in all other things, so in knowledge; there is no excellence without great labor. Knowledge does not place her jewelled crown upon the brow of the slothful. Away with all dreams of superiority, if you are not determined to dig after knowledge as men dig after concealed gold. But when once obtained how infinite is her power! There is nothing so potential for the elevation of man in the social scale as knowledge. What raised Franklin from the humble position of a printer's boy, and gave him a place among the first of diplomatists, philosophers, and statesmen? What raised Sherman from the shoemaker's bench to a seat in the Continental Congress? What raised Simpson from the weaver's loom to a place among the first of mathematicians? What placed Herschel, the poor fifer's boy, in the glorious galaxy of astronomers? What raised Johnson, Goldsmith, and Coleridge from positions of poverty into the high circles of literary distinction? The answer will echo from the voiceless silence of the tomb, and from the heart of living men, "Knowledge."

Why is it that the stars and stripes float proudly o'er the seas, and our country holds the foremost position among the nations of the earth? It is on account of the intelligence and patriotism of her sons, who in the great crises of her history

lifted up their voices in Freedom's cause, as well as of those who *now* in the halcyon days of peace, legislate for her welfare. We have only to look back in her history a few decades to see Patrick Henry, when, with the rose of heaven on his cheek and the fire of liberty flashing from his eye, he said: "Give me liberty or give me death." And our hearts swell with pride when we think of Washington, Lafayette, and our own beloved Lee. Such men as these will live as long as the human heart shall anywhere pant, or human tongue anywhere plead for liberty, and although—

"In the blank silence of the narrow tomb, the clay may rest that wrapped their narrow birth;
Still all unconquered by that silent doom, the spirit of their thought shall walk the earth, in glory and in light."

The power of knowledge can be felt even though its possessor does not come in personal contact with his fellow-men. Some men of a secluded and studious life have sent forth from their closet or cloister rays of light that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms just as the moon, far removed from the earth, and shining upon it with a serene and sober light, causes those ebbings and flowings that incessantly disturb the world of waters.

The triumph of mind is shown in many ways. Its triumph over the forces of Nature is one so great that it is revolutionizing the world. It is the trained and disciplined intellect that rules the world of science, literature, and art. The mind of man is ever active, ever pushing into wider fields of research. It is the power that gives him his dominion over Nature, and the key that unlocks the storehouse of creation, and opens to him the treasures of the universe. As the mind of man gains ascendancy over the forces of Nature and obtains mastery of the arts and sciences, from thence may we date the increase in the wealth and prosperity of nations. "For thousands of years," says Strong, "the sun of knowledge was below the world's horizon, and only the very top of the social pyramid could catch his beams." But now since the invention of the printing

press, books have become cheaper, a new era has dawned upon those who were in the darkness, and the golden beams of the sun of knowledge have chased down the sides of that pyramid the black shadows of ignorance. Electricity does the writing and talking and annihilates space. Steam and iron are made to do the work of nerves and muscles.

In consideration of these facts, how full of meaning is the adage, "Knowledge is Power." The possession of knowledge opens to us avenues of pleasure before unthought of. Happiness is the great aim of life, and there are no pleasures so pure as mental pleasures. Knowledge places its possessor above the perplexities and vexations that constantly harass the illiterate. Diogenes the Cynic when asked what advantage he gained from his laborious philosophical researches said, "If I gain no other benefit, this alone is sufficient compensation that I am enabled to bear with equanimity every kind of fortune." Every man has before him a future, and a future full of destiny. Every man who would make old age as tranquil and as joyous as youth should stow away matter for future reflection as he journeys along life's pathway. Pursue knowledge, O man, thou, who hast in thy heart the fire of noble aspiration, and you will not only raise yourself above the smiles and frowns of fortune, but also you will be an honor to God and a blessing to humanity.

Pursue "that prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust."

Moreover, knowledge is power, because it is durable, it survives the wrecks of time. The more unworthy powers of man—ambition, wealth, and the power of the hand—have been overwhelmed by the storms of the ages. I appeal to history for proof that such powers cannot last. Troy once thought so, yet the land of Priam lives only in song. Thebes once thought so, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her monuments are as the dust. So thought the countries of Leonidas and

Demosthenes, yet Sparta is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile Ottoman. So thought Rome in the glory of the Augustan age, when she stood on those "seven hills" and legislated for the world, but all her splendor and magnificence have flown away. Her eagles no longer scream over the rich plains of Europe. They have returned to their old haunt between the Alps, the Adriatic, and the Mediterranean.

But the brilliant minds of that age have transmitted their power to us through the many years that have passed. Virgil's tale of Aneas is as sweet now as it was in the days of Augustus. The writings of Socrates and other Grecian philosophers are felt even at the present day, and all men praise and admire those master minds. All things material *must* pass away, but "the images of men's minds," says Bacon, "remain in books exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation." The hand that traced the charter of Independence is indeed motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained that charter are hushed, but the lofty minds that conceived, resolved, and maintained it—

"These shall resist the empire of decay—

When time is over, and worlds have passed away

Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,

But that which warmed it once *can never die.*"

W. M. S.

PINDAR.

Pindar, the last of the masters of Greek lyric poetry, was the greatest of them all. Others might surpass him in some special quality, but in range of power and loftiness of inspiration none could be compared to Pindar. Such was the verdict of antiquity, in whose hands were the materials for forming a just estimate. The class of composition which has come down to us, was regarded by the Alexandrian critics as the most characteristic of his productions, and upon his songs of victory are based our estimate of Pindar's poetry, and the position assigned him in Greek literature.

Not much is known concerning his life. He belonged to one of the noblest families in all Greece, that of the Ægeidæ, and received special honors from the priests of Apollo at Delphi. Most probably he was born in the year 522 B. C. at Thebes; and appropriately enough for one who was to sing of victories won in the national games of Hellas, he was born in the month Munychion, during the celebration of the Pythian games. He survived the year 452 B. C., but the time of his death cannot be fixed. His father was said to have been a flute-player, and the tale that bees distilled honey on his lips was told over and over again of poets and philosophers. Of course, he had elaborate training in his youth, and it is said that early in life he went to Athens and studied under Lasos of Hermione. But we need not mention others whose names are associated with Pindar's as having been tutors to him, for in his poems he has little to say of training and much about native endowment, which to him as an aristocrat, was largely hereditary.

The forty-four odes of victory represent a type of poetry which Pindar received from predecessors; Simonides, thirty-four years his senior, having been the first to win fame in this kind of composition. It is difficult for us now to appreciate the ode of victory, for we cannot form a just conception of the festivals which called forth these odes. "The Olympian," the greatest of them all, was a spectacle of extraordinary brilliancy. The sacred precinct of Olympia, richly adorned with the most splendid works of art, was a focus of Panhellenic religion. Here was the ancient altar of Zeus, and the sacred precinct of Pelopion. Hard by stood the magnificent temple of Zeus, richly adorned without with sculpture, and containing the statue of Olympian Zeus, forty feet high, and wrought in ivory and gold by Phidias, and inspired by these words of Homer: "The son of Cronus spake, and nodded his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head, and he shook great Olympus." There were also temples of other gods in the Altis. Just east of this was the

stadium, an oblong enclosure for the foot-races, as well as for boxing, wrestling, leaping, etc. It is computed that upwards of forty thousand spectators could have seen the contests from the neighboring slopes. At this festival all parts of Hellas were represented by their foremost men, the foremost in athletic prowess, the foremost in music, poetry, and eloquence, the foremost in wealth and power. And now the whole festival was profoundly penetrated with religious feeling. What must have been the pride and joy of a victor in one of those contests! He was a distinguished man from that moment to the end of his life. He had shed lustre on his native city, and was sure of such honors as it could bestow. His name was enrolled at Olympia. Go where he might throughout Hellas, the title which he had won (*ὀλυμπιονίκης*) sufficed to procure him more than respectful welcome. This permanent renown had its counterpart in the permanent value attached to odes of victory like Pindar's. An epinikion by Pindar was an abiding monument, an heirloom for the victor, his family, and his city. Thus the ode in which Pindar celebrated the victory of the Rhodian Diagoras is said to have been copied in letters of gold, and deposited in the temple of Athena at Lindus in Rhodes.

An ode of Pindar, says an English scholar, is composed of various elements, which are nowhere else so blended in literature, and which in the actual life of Hellas were nowhere so vividly brought together as at Olympia. First, we mention splendor, a reflex in Pindar's opulent and brilliant language of the material splendor which Olympia could show in so many forms. Again, as Olympia, with its monuments and associations, reminded the Greeks of their connection with the heroes honored there, so Pindar, in his odes, brought vividly before their minds the kinship of the present with the glorious past. He passes, as a rule, lightly and briefly over the details of the victory itself, and then links on his theme to some heroic legend which often occupies the bulk of the ode. Towards the end he returns again to his immediate theme. These

legends serve to invest the particular victory with a general significance, and to raise our thought from the latest victor to one who strove and won in far-off days. They lend an ideal charm to a triumph of which the interest would otherwise be mainly local or personal. As at Olympia the philosopher and statesman might urge lessons of wisdom, Pindar wove into the texture of his odes of victory precepts of religion or ethical maxims. The festival brought together at Olympia Greeks from all parts of the Hellenic world, so Pindar in his imagination sweeps rapidly over the entire area of Hellas. How spacious a fancy appears in his figurative description of a man whose hospitalities were unstinted and continual: "Far as to the Phasis was his voyage in summer days, and in the winter to the shores of Nile."

Many critics have failed to recognize in Pindar the consummate artist that he is now admitted to be. Horace saw in the swollen mountain torrent, dashing headlong over obstacles and clearing its way by its own force, a fit comparison to the genius of Pindar, which scorned all restraints of traditional rule, rushes onward without premeditation or pause, and wins its triumph by the sheer vehemence of masterful inspiration. But we may briefly notice three things out of several which demanded the artist's thought and tact. As the ode was not usually long, there had to be a symmetrical adjustment of material, so that proem, central part, and end might be rightly proportioned to each other. Then there had to be some link with which the myth could be furnished by the family of the victor, or by his city, or by some circumstance of the victory itself. Secondly, he had to decide the musical mode to which the poem should be set. This determined the metre. Now, all these things must, of course, affect the complexion of his dialect. Thus it is clear that in composing an epinikion, he was an artist working under manifold demands on observance of rule and tradition. The most careful thought, the nicest precaution, were required at every step.

We have already spoken of Pindar's selection of a musical

measure for his poems. There was always a chorus who sang the ode and accompanied in certain parts with dancing. And although Pindar was a most wonderful master of words, yet the music gave an additional charm and harmony to the poem. The power of poetry is inseparable in his thought from the power of music, and both are symbolized in the lyre, "Joint possession of Apollo and the Muses." Hear his invocation of the lyre in the first Pythian: "O golden lyre, joint-possession of Apollo and the dark-haired Muses, thou at whose bidding the dancer's step begins the festal dance, thou whose signs the singers obey when thy guiding notes raise the prelude of the choral song! Thou canst quench even the thunderbolt, whose spear is of perennial fire; and the eagle, king of birds, slumbers on the sceptre of Zeus, suffering his swift wings to droop at his sides; for thou has sent a mist of darkness on his arched head, a gentle seal upon his eyes, and he heaves his back with the rippling breath of sleep, spell-bound by thy trembling strains. Yea, the violent god of war forgets the cruel sharpness of his spears and yields his melting soul to slumber, for thy shafts subdue the minds of the immortals by virtue of the art which is from Leto's son and the deep-bosomed Muses."

Lastly, let us consider Pindar's position in Greek literature. Greek poetry was epic, lyric, dramatic. We should not then think it strange to find in Pindar, the great lyric master, resemblances to epos as well as tendencies which culminated in the drama. Several of his odes, the fourth Pythian in particular, approach the epic in style, while the setting which he gives to his legends and his vivid sympathy with heroic action, called forth by the struggles of the present, were features which reached their final development in the Attic Drama. His method differs from epic in that he brings out particular moments of the story with a vividness far surpassing that of epic narrative, and also in the swiftness with which he glides over those parts which it does not suit him to elaborate. Professor Jebb defines his position in the development of Greek poetry thus: "For the history of Greek literature

Pindar has the relative interest of showing the epic heroes under a new light—neither that far-off though clear light as of a fair sunset, which the lay of the minstrel shed around them in the palace of Alcinous, nor yet that searching sunshine of noontide, which fell upon them in the theatre of Dionysus.”

R. E. LOVING.

A PRINCESS OF THE NILE.

On one winter afternoon as I sat reading in the library, this experience which I now relate befell me. For some time I had been making a study of the hieroglyphics on the mummy case, which stands in the southeastern corner of the building, and had spent much time making vain attempts at reading the story of its inmate. On this afternoon I had been poring over an account of ancient Egypt, and as the light faded from my page and the shadows of evening crept in, I was aroused from a reverie into which I had fallen by a voice, most melodious, abstractedly humming a song.

The song was not altogether new to me, as I had often heard it in Egypt when an *Howadji* on the Nile, sung by the boatmen as they warped their craft up stream. They told me it was as old as the river. It is a dreamy song, sung to a tune, weird and enchanting—

“O lonely Lotus blooming by the Nile’s sloven tide,
O exquisitely rare and frailly devised one, oh bride
Of the River God, raise your deep-colored eyes,
And give me one glance that the gods highly prize.”

I listened entranced as the voice floated out upon the hushed stillness of the room. I noted its richness of tone, and stirred from my chair to see from whence came this heavenly music, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the charming singer. I glanced toward the mummy case, and a vision of loveliness met my view that held my gaze a willing captive.

I arose from my seat, and, approaching the strange visitor, assisted her from her narrow dwelling. I was as much abashed by her beauty as I had been charmed by her voice. She was

richly dressed, wearing about her waist a beautifully-hued sash, passed twice around and tied in front; ear-rings of elegant taste, in the shape of serpents; sandals made from the papyrus stalk. Her hair fell in a continuous stream around her finely cut face and head, and was bound by a fillet, in the figure of a vulture. On her fingers were beautiful rings that shed their scintillating light about the dark corner where we stood.

"Oh! fair one," I said, "tell me from whence thou camest?"

A sweet expression, mingled with a smile, stole over her face. "I came, as you saw, from out of this," she said, pointing to the stiff wooden case, bedaubed with many colored paints and hieroglyphics.

"And you were singing just now?" I asked.

"Yes, I was singing the old boat song of the Nile. I will tell you a story of the song, and in this you will hear my history."

I told her how charmed I would be to hear the story. We took a seat on the Japanese chair which stands in that corner of the library.

"I was a Priestess of the Nile," she said, "and the song I have heard sung by the boatmen as they warped craft up the river, by the House of the Holy Ones, at Thebes. 'Tis now but a sad remembrance of the past. I sometimes sing to pass the weary time away, for it is weary, the years are never-ceasing and are as lasting as the pyramids. Yes, it is tiresome, but I await that time when I shall be released from the embrace of that awful case, and shall be free again. Free as I was in those old Nile days, when we, of the House of the Upper Nile, dwelt in peaceful quiet, and made sacrifices to AMMON, Lord of Heaven.

"I was of the House of Pharoah, and a Princess. By the command of my father, at the age of eighteen, I entered the House of the Holy Ones at Thebes. This command was given me because when my father desired to give my hand in marriage to the Prince of the Blue Lake Country, I refused; and when questioned, gave as a reason that there was a member of

the Court, the keeper of the Seven Seals, a youth of great beauty, to whom I had given my love. We were soon to have asked my father's consent to our marriage. O Remelin! My Remelin! Thou art still waiting for me. Wait on, fair one, your Princess soon shall come.

"My father sent me up to Thebes, and bade the Chief Priest guard me closely. However, I did not leave my home till I had seen Remelin, and he, when acquainted with my great misfortune, sorrowed deeply, and said I must surely do as my father desired about the marriage. I read the sorrow of his loving heart. Brave soul, he gave no thought to himself, but only hoped to save me from Thebes. He said he would rather I should be lost to him, than be forever shut in that priestly prison. I told him that he failed to understand me, for I had rather be shut in my last tomb than marry any other than himself. He kissed me good-bye; told me to keep a cheerful heart, for he would soon attempt in some manner to obtain my release.

"I travelled up the Nile, and entered the House of the Holy Ones. The place was not as bad as my imagination had pictured it. They were all very kind to me and gave me a great many liberties. I had access to the lovely rose-garden, whose flowered walks stretched to the river's sodden marge. I loved to sit and watch the boats drift downwards with the tide; to hear the boatmen sing as their crafts slipped by. I used to dream of Remelin sitting by my side.

"One evening as I sat in my accustomed seat by the river, I heard a voice—a voice that made all the gladness of my soul rush coursing through my veins, and fiercely press against my temples. So great was my joy I could scarcely still my beating heart to hear the song the singer sung as he came—

" 'O lovely Lotus blooming by the Nile's sloven tide,
Oh list to the song I sing as I glide,
For the River God envies my wooing his bride,
I hear him creeping, come down with the tide.' "

"There was no mistaking the voice, and as the craft swung in

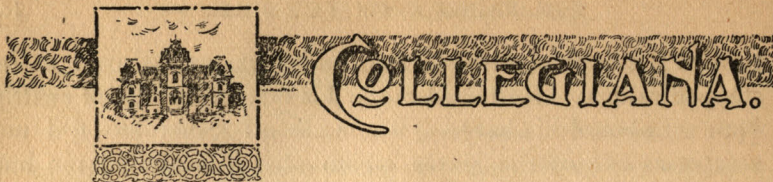
toward the bank, I rushed down and met my beloved as he stepped ashore. He raised me in his strong arms, and swiftly bore me aboard his barge. We made all speed but did not escape, as one of the slaves which always attended me had given the alarm, and the Chief Priest ordered us pursued. Down with the current we flew, fast rowed the boatmen, swiftly followed the pursuers, and close upon us. Remelin urged his slaves to do their utmost, encouraging them with promises of great reward if they should win in this race. On we sped, like a gleam of light we slipped o'er the bosom of the sullen river. Our pursuers gain upon us, we exhort our men and try to cheer them on. Remelin suggests that we sing that old song the rowers knew so well, and with my head upon his shoulder and his arm around me, we sung—

“ ‘O lovely Lotus blooming by the Nile’s sloven tide,
 O list to our song as so swiftly we glide,
 And RA, Lord of Mercy guide my boat and my bride,
 The earth’s dearest treasure, my boat and my bride.
 “ ‘The earth’s dearest treasure,
 ’Tis love beyond measure
 The earth’s dearest treasure
 I give to my bride.’

“ As we sang the song, the craft of the pursuers steadily overtook us and soon appeared only a few rods distant. Should we be captured it was death, and death most horrible. I took a ring from off my finger, and gave half of the poison it contained to Remelin, and kept the rest, saying when we should be overtaken we would have gone on another journey from which there is no returning. *May Osiris deal gently with our* _____ ”

Just here the voice of the Princess was lost to my ears, and I felt the hand of some one laid on my arm, and a voice said, “Excuse me, sir, but it is time to close the building.” Looking up I saw the smiling face of “Chris,” and realized I must have been day-dreaming.

ALLAN D. JONES.



EDITORS, W. S. McNEILL AND C. E. STUART.

By joint action of the student body, it was decided to organize an Annual Association for the purpose of publishing, at the close of each session, a college annual. Ours will be called the *Spider*, and will make its initial appearance about June 1, 1897. Several attempts have been made heretofore to get out a publication of this kind, but each has met its failure, so it behooves every earnest student who respects the welfare of Richmond College, to put forth his best effort in this particular line.

The officers of the association are: G. N. Skipwith, president; W. S. McNeill, vice-president; A. D. Jones, secretary; B. M. Hartman, treasurer, and these, together with Professor Mitchell Carroll, Messrs. E. M. Long and J. J. Hurt, constitute the Advisory Board.

Every organization in college is entitled to an editor. The following gentlemen have been chosen by their respective organizations as editors: E. R. Chesterman, Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity; W. F. Rudd, Phi Gamma Delta; H. L. Norfleet, Kappa Alpha; O. L. Owens, Mu Sigma Rho Society; C. G. McDaniel, Philologist; R. E. Loving, Greek Club; H. M. Fugate, Y. M. C. A.; W. D. Duke, Athletic Association; E. W. Provence, Glee Club; C. M. Dean, Williams Law Association, and John E. Johnson, Historical and Geographical Society. Best wishes and success to the *Spider*.

Warmer weather indicates the approach of the base-ball season. One of the good things in store for us is a lively and victorious season on the diamond.

Professor Mitchell, who is a very enthusiastic student of history, is succeeding wonderfully well in arousing a like spirit among the students. For the purpose of carrying on this work, Professor Mitchell has suggested a trip to Europe this summer. He has thought the trip out thoroughly, and has arranged one that will be of inestimable value to any man. A sufficient number of students to make the trip a certainty have signified their intention of going; quite a number of others are making arrangements to go if it shall be possible. Having the unusual privilege of the benefits of Professor Mitchell's wide and extensive reading is far above the cost of such a trip.

The second half-session opened Tuesday evening, February 2d, with appropriate exercises in the chapel. President Boatwright read a report of the work for the past half-session, and made announcements for the next term. Two lectures were delivered on "Education." Professor Mitchell represented the Schools of Language, while Professor Winston spoke for the Scientific Department. The fact that we have professors who are regular in their class work, and yet at any time can come before an audience and convincingly show that they are thinking and have opinions on matters which are vitally important to our world to-day, is well worthy of the consideration of thoughtful young men who are now preparing for future usefulness. After the chapel exercises an informal reception was tendered the Faculty, students, and friends by the ladies of the campus. Hot chocolate was served in a most pleasing way in the Library Hall. The inclement weather did not prevent a pleasant evening.

The Jollification Committee has been appointed, and is now at work arranging for an entertainment to be given March 12th. Mr. E. W. Provence is business manager; W. S. McNeill, stage manager; A. D. Jones, chairman of committee.

It is with pleasure that we see a number of new students in for the second term.

We extend our sympathies to Mr. J. W. T. McNeil, who was called home January 27th by the death of a sister.

Through the kindness of friends, the College will have for the next two years a Chair devoted to the study of the English Bible. Dr. H. A. Tupper has been elected professor, and has entered upon his duties. A large number of students have matriculated for the course.

The Philologian Literary Society celebrated its Annual Public Debate on the evening of January 15th. A large and cultivated audience greeted the speakers, some of whom made their first appearance before the Richmond public. The president, Mr. J. W. T. McNeil, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the audience. Messrs. Seay and W. F. Rudd, declaimer and reader, respectively, rendered their selections in a very pleasing manner. The question for consideration was: *Resolved*, That heredity is more influential in the intellectual and moral development of man than environment. Messrs. Devault and Cawthon then presented, in clear and forceful language, the claims of the affirmative. Messrs. Stafford and Gwaltney were the elected speakers of the negative, but Mr. Stafford was too unwell to be present, which left Mr. Gwaltney alone to uphold the other side, which he did in a very successful manner.

The librarian, Dr. Ryland, informs us that the number of books entered in the Accessions Catalogue is 12,494. Of these one hundred and sixteen volumes have come in since last June. There are enough books awaiting entry to run the total number of volumes over the 12,500 mark. We can say that in no library are books kept cleaner and nicer than in ours. It is a treat to have delightful privileges of the hall open nearly the whole of every day.

The prospects seem fair for getting the College Bill for damages through Congress at this session. Speaker Reed has been its enemy, and says he will continue to fight it, but once

before the House, the chances for its passage are good. The bill is no "grab," but a just one growing out of the occupation of the main building by negro troops, and great injury to the property during its occupancy. The apparatus was destroyed, and all the books of the library carted away to the Federal camps and hospitals around the city. This was in 1865. We hope that justice will be done us.

John E. Johnson, B. A. ('96) of the Philologian Society, has been elected editor-in-chief of the MESSENGER for the ensuing year. Let us co-operate with him in making his work a grand success.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Written upon the death of a little sister.]

A gentle zephyr from above,
Composed of joy and peace and love;
A precious flower it brought to earth,
And filled our hearts with untold mirth.

When first its beauty met our gaze,
We spoke in highest terms of praise;
No other flower half so rare
Had ever made its advent there.

We put it in the choicest place;
'Twas watered with the dews of grace;
To it we gave the best of care,
It seemed to grow more sweet and fair.

It makes my heart within me swell,
What I shall here attempt to tell;
And tears flow down my burning cheek,
When of that flow'r I try to speak.

From that sweet flow'r, as all well knew,
Around my heart the tendrils grew.
Its life was all wrapt up in mine,
I loved it with a love divine.

Too soon alas ! the cold winds came,
Upon my flow'r they laid their claim;
They chilled it with their ice-cold breath,
Then came the cruel monster death.

Tho' feeling sad, as men do feel,
A certain joy doth o'er me steal;
I think of heaven, the Gard'ner there
Who loves and cares for flowers rare.

Methinks I see it at this hour
Kissed by the sunshine and the show'r
Of heavenly bliss and joys untold,
Forever sheltered from the cold.

To thee, dear one, so sweet, so fair
The lily's glory can't compare,
And all the flowers of the field
Combined could not such fragrance yield.

Oh ! precious one, ev'n while I write
I feel your presence, and to-night
In dreams I hope with you to be,
And heaven on earth I then shall see.

G. C. S.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

W. B. DAUGHTRY.

A regular meeting of the Society was held December 15, 1896. At this meeting two papers were read—the first “Britain about 500 A. D.,” by Mr. W. S. McNeill, of South Carolina; and the other, “Map of Britain in the Seventh Century,” by Mr. E. W. Province, of Florida. Both papers were well executed and well read.

The next meeting came on January 15, 1897. A paper, “Map of Britain in the Eighth Century,” was read by Mr. E. T. Poulson, of Accomac county, Va. Egbert, after making an extensive conquest, was styled “King of the English.” English prose looks back to Alfred as its father. Alfred was the guiding light of his age.

“The three great problems before the American people to-day are—first, the assimilation of the foreign element in the North; second, the education of the negro in the South; and third, the nationalization of the whites in the South.”—*Professor Mitchell.*

A very interesting feature has been added to the programme of the Society. The current topics of the day will be introduced by a committee appointed for that purpose. The committee is known as the “Look-Out Committee.”

Mr. John E. Johnson, of Isle of Wight county, Va., was elected editor of the *Annual*, and Mr. Henry Martin, of Caroline county, Va., was elected a member of the Society at last meeting. The Society at this meeting moved into its new hall. The hall is spacious, quiet, and well furnished. The Society will enter upon the second half-session with new zest and zeal. A beautiful gavel was presented by Mr. A. P. Wilson, of Baltimore.



EDITOR, B. MERCER HARTMAN.

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;
In the spring the 'students' fancy lightly turns to'"—ball and glove.

Now that the examinations are over, and the germ of hope is materializing in our hearts, let us give a little serious thought to our ball team. Have you placed your application? Are you talking base-ball? Are you learning the yell? If not, "it is high time for you to wake out of your slumber."

We need, perhaps, more than any other thing to consider *our* position toward athletics. It is *our* team that we wish to see victorious. Some of us have the idea that two or three large-hearted, college-spirited students are capable of organizing and properly conducting a first-class ball team, but such is not the case. What we need, and what is essential to success is concerted action. However willing the manager may be, however capable he may be, he cannot be successful without *our* assistance. It seems little to ask, that every student give his aid, in every way possible, to athletics, and yet how true it is that a great number are willing to shift this responsibility upon the few, who can, under the circumstances, do neither themselves justice nor the College credit. We have some A1 ball players; we have a manager eminently fitted for his position, and with the proper amount of interest manifested on the part of the students, there are no reasons why we should not be victorious in the struggle.

The gymnasium work has been resumed, and the present conditions are very favorable.

Tennis continues as popular as ever, and the suggestion as to a tennis team is assuming a definite shape.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association, Prof. R. E. Gaines was unanimously elected president. Professor Gaines has always been a loyal champion of athletics, and one of our acknowledged leaders. In accepting the presidency he practically assures the future usefulness of the Association. Among other things, the Association arranged for the jollification on the 12th of March, and took steps looking to the organization of an athletic track team.





The GREEK DRAMA is the centre of study for the Greek Club for the second half-session, and the following programme for the various monthly meetings has been arranged:

February 13th :

1. The Theatre of Dionysus Professor Carroll.
2. Æschylus Mr. Daughtry.

March 13th :

1. Sophocles Mr. Hall.
2. A Study of the "Antigone" Mr. McDaniel.

April 10th :

1. Euripides Mr. Hurt.
2. A Study of the "Alcestis" Mr. Edwards.

May 8th :

1. Greek and Roman Comedy Professor Carroll.
2. Aristophanes Mr. Stuart.

Besides the regular programme, Mr. Kaufman will report on a series of articles that have appeared in the *Forum*, on "Recent Excavations in Greece," and other members of the Club will read brief reports of other articles in the current numbers of the magazines bearing on matters Hellenic.



The twenty-first annual convention of the Virginia Young Men's Christian Associations will be held in Petersburg, February 24th-28th. A very interesting programme has been arranged, and a treat is in store for all who attend. We are not able to give the full programme here, but we wish to call special attention to the fact that Dr. C. I. Scofield, of Northfield, Mass., is to give five Bible studies. *Men* speaks editorially of him as follows: "Dr. Scofield is one of the strongest Bible students in this country. His addresses and Bible readings at the Secretaries' Conference and Association conventions everywhere, are of that strength and character which command the fullest attention of every man privileged to listen to him. He is not a theorist, nor does he dote about questions, but of all men, he desires to teach the truth that it may be used to help men to a clean Christian life, and that they may be inspired to engage in Christ's service. Dr. Scofield's history is full of interest. After serving in the Confederate army throughout the war, he studied law. The evidence of his legal training can be seen in the clear-cut, forceful arguments, and evidences in each lesson, article, and address that comes from him. * * * Mr. D. L. Moody, who always has his eyes open for men of strength and large force, found Dr. Scofield, and laid his hand upon him for his church at East Northfield, Mr. Moody's home."

The students of Richmond College and their friends of Richmond are now enjoying the privilege of hearing very able discussions on "Evidences of Christianity." This is a series of sermons in the chapel each Thursday evening. The speakers have been wisely chosen from among the leading Christian workers of Virginia. The opening discourse was by Rev. F. C. McConnell, of Lynchburg, a very forceful and eloquent

speaker. Subject: "The Scriptural Evidence." The second, by Rev. M. B. Wharton, of Norfolk, whose arguments were strikingly forceful, interspersed with pathetic illustrations. His subject: "Resurrection, All-Sufficient Evidence." The third sermon was by Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, a man of wide renown and unquestionable ability. His theme: "Historical Evidences." Dr. Hatcher, of Richmond, is to deliver the fourth, which is the last of the series. Theme: "Experimental Evidences." No doubt but that it will be a great treat, coming from a man of such wide experience.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENTS

EDITOR, WORTLEY F. RUDD.

With this issue we send "Midwinter" greetings to our exchanges.

Since our last issue the landmarks in our history have been *Christmas Holidays* and *Intermediate Examinations*, the former bringing their accustomed pleasures, and the latter—only pain.

During this time our exchange table has been well supplied, and we find that the January issues are, for the most part, filled with good literature.

Slowly but surely our colleges are realizing that college publications must attain to at least some degree of worth as contributions to literature, before they can accomplish the desired end.

The *Baylor Literary* for January contains a poem, "The Awakening," and three articles, "The Influence of Books," "Annie Laurie," and "Shakespeare's Women," which, by their literary merit, place this publication at the head of our exchanges for January. The story, "Annie Laurie," is delightful, and we venture to predict for its author true success.

The *Davidson Monthly* contains two short poems and a story entitled "Fauchonette," which give evidence of some real talent among its contributors. This is an attractive looking paper, and we always welcome it to our table.

The December issue of the *Cadet* is decidedly meager in all of its departments. With such an attractive dress should be associated more solid matter than this issue contains.

The literary department of the *Georgian* is well filled this month, but the articles are not as worthy as they should be.

The *Bidette*, published by the Military Academy at Newport News (Va.), is a creditable paper. We are glad to note that academies are launching into journalism. Much success to all such enterprises.

The *Illini*, published weekly at the University of Illinois, comes to us regularly, and is an up-to-date paper.

We occasionally find a good joke in the Humorous department of the *St. John's Collegian*. We think, however, that this paper devotes too many pages to such a small number of jokes.

The *Atlantis* contains several good poems—as does also the *Miami Student*.

In the Editorial department of the *Lawrentian* we find an able article on the “Aims of a College Education.” The position taken by the writer is plausible, but when he says that “the training” in modern education is overestimated, he lays himself open to criticism, inasmuch as many of our foremost teachers maintain that *mental development* is the primary, and the *acquisition of facts* the secondary aim of a college education. We take the liberty of quoting a very forcible line from this article: “No honor that can be gained can add to a *student*. His greatest honor is what he is.”

The holiday number of the *Washington Jeffersonian* is the best issue of that paper that we have ever seen. Such a paper makes the heart of the Exchange Editor glad.

We always welcome the *University of Virginia Magazine*, and it easily ranks among the first of our exchanges.

Among the exchanges we note with pleasure the appearance of the *Blue and Gold*. This is the first copy of this paper that has come to us, but we trust that henceforth its appearance will be regular.

The *Seminary Magazine* is, as usual, filled with good reading. The poem, "The Old Home," is specially good.

The University of West Virginia does not issue as good a paper as it should. All the departments are rather meagre.

The *Guilford Collegian* is always good. It easily took first place among our October exchanges, and every issue since then has contained instructive matter.

The *Trinity Archive* for January contains but one short poem. This is a good paper, but no college publication can ever attain to pre-eminence among its contemporaries, unless its pages be interspersed with real poetry.

This phase of the student's talent must be cultivated, and the college paper is the means by which this may be accomplished.

Eyes were made to droop,
Cheeks were made to blush,
Hair was made to crimp and curl,
Lips were made—oh ! hush.—*Ex.*

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone ;
A chaperone she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own.—*Ex.*

The lady patrons of the cars
Indorse this observation ;
The men they meet there are not of
The rising generation.

—*The Georgian.*

Be loyal. A student who simply pores over his books, and takes no interest in college life, is a drawback to his college.—*Exchange.*

DEATH.

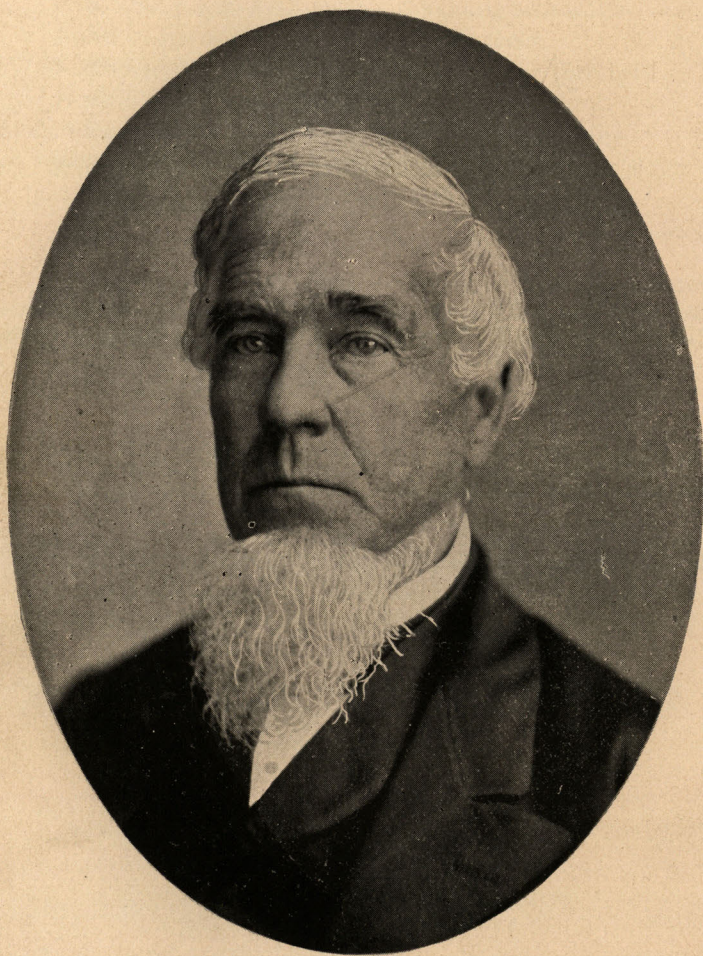
Where meet the Bounded and the Boundless Good,
A weary soul that earth's deep anguish knew,
Faint in the falling shadows dimly stood,
And prayed the gates to let him enter through.
A thin white hand scarce visible with might
Turned the vast hinges, and he walked alone
From Man the Mote to God the Infinite,
Comrade of Truth and heir of the unknown.

—Selected.

We note with pleasure that in many of our exchanges there are "Fraternity Notes," and we would be glad to see this feature introduced in all the papers published at colleges in which there are fraternities.

We desire to make mention of the following papers, which we cannot discuss at length: *William and Mary Monthly*, the *Earlhamite*, *Butler Collegian*, the *Phoenix*, *Georgetown Journal*, *Niagara Index*, *University Cynic*, *Roanoke Collegian*, and others.





Dr. ROBERT RYLAND.