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CONTENTS:

LITERARY.
The Illumination of Research .................................................. 263
Sic Sint .................................................................................. 265
A Retrospect ........................................................................ 266
Asleep on the Campus ................................................................. 268
Ramble Amid Ruins ................................................................ 272

EDITORIALS.
A Word to Our Readers ............................................................... 276
To Our Alumni ........................................................................ 277

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.
Drifting .................................................................................. 282
The Sailor's Constancy .............................................................. 282

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When once the mind is led to feel
The joy of having light,
At wisdom's source it loves to kneel,
And make its vision bright.

To linger in some classic hall
Where muses love to sing,
And hear the message sent to all
Through prophet, priest, and king.

To glean from pages dim with age
The noblest thought of mind—
Through them converse with seer and sage,
And in them treasures find.

To search in each historic store
For what experience lends,
With ancient friends its mines explore,
And greet what it extends.
‘Twill tune our hearts to grateful lays,
And cast the wrong without;
‘Twill mould our minds for brighter rays,
Disperse the clouds of doubt.

As through the poet’s brilliant art
We view some distant race;
As nations scattered far apart
Seem talking face to face.

So let our minds illumined be
By each resplendent star,
While through each facile pen we see
Their beauty from afar.

‘Tis thus the anxious soul is taught
By lights of ages past,
‘Tis thus the humble heart is brought
To rest in peace at last.

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid."—Gray.

Contemplation sad to mortal man!
The thought of death, the grave—its woeful ban!
What fearful horror dark to man and maid!
"Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

Forever laid! everlasting sleep,
From which no more to wake, to toil, to weep;
Alas! no more to laugh, to smile—joys fade,
"Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

Farewell, dear friends, no converse in the grave
Shall cheer our hearts, give hope, or make us brave,
Death’s onward frightful march can n’er be stayed,
"Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

Forever laid! delusion wild and sad,
‘Tis the poet’s dream, how awful mad,
The narrow cell shall burst, the dead mount high
To meet the Lord descending from the sky.

A. J. H.
A child I was, long summers since,
   And frolicked in boyish joy;
And I thought as I looked at my playmates fair,
   "I'd made each one a boy."

A youth I became—my playmates grew, too—
   A bashful boy was I,
And I thought as I watched and loved them all,
   "I would'nt have made them so shy."

But now that I've grown older
   And found love's guiding star,
I thank the Lord that He saw fit
   To make them as they are.

[Lines suggested by a walk through Hollywood Cemetery.]

Far down the gloomy, western skies,
The sun along his journey lies,
Weary and worn and far from merry
I walk alone to the cemetery.

The city of the silent dead,
Adorn'd with charms that spring doth shed,
Points up its thousand pallid spires
To heaven's land of bless'd desires.

How often is thy silence marr'd
By thoughtless throngs, not e'en debarr'd
By gloom, or grief that o'er thee stays
To turn the crowds to other ways.

Thou mighty throng, oh! why so gay,
Dost not thou think of dying day,
When friends shall hear the solemn bell
Tolling out thy funeral knell?
Not all, sepulchral hills, that tread
The avenues about thy dead,
Profane thy holy, sacred ground,
So sad they are with grief profound.

Look, stranger! see beside yon tomb
That bending form press'd down by gloom,
A loving son with hopes forlorn
Sheds tear-drops for a mother gone.

Far down the grassy slope my vision strays
To find one more, alas, in sorrow's ways!
A form in black and torn by grief so deep,
O, mother, cease to break thy son's long sleep!

I walk'd away with heavy, stricken heart,
Pond'ring why friends on earth should part.
But look! again—O that my soul could fly
Far from this land where love's fond hope must die!

A solemn sight! Beside a lonely grave
A maiden stands, her dark-brown tresses wave,
And tear-drops fall down from her cheeks so white,
Her head hangs low, her heart beats slow—'tis night.

Beside her lover's grave she takes her stand,
How sacred to her heart that precious land!
She does not care to stay or care to go,
One word she speaks, and that is—nevermore!

O, dead, are ye not worn with so much sleep,
Shall Father Time his watch forever keep?
Calm be thy slumber till the day shall dawn,
Ushering in the resurrection morn.

A Retrospect.

When I reflect on stages past,
And see the shadows o'er me cast,
My life by countless foes harassed
I shrink, and yearn the fates to ask,
How I escaped them all.

A. J. H.
When tiny feet were wont to roam,
And I was loath to stay at home,
But oftentimes wandering sly and lone,
Mid dangers then to me unknown,
   The greatest risks I ran.

Soon childish dreams were hurled aside,
And life appeared an endless tide,
With crags and rocks and whirlpools wide,
Where I must sail without a guide:
   Oh, cruel fate of man!

My barque now rides the ocean wave,
Where sirens sing from many a cave,
And hell-hounds bark and demons rave—
From perils such what power can save?
   I ask the heavens above.

Enticed by music, maids, nay more,
Fain oft would I these caves explore,
I stop my barque so near the door
Where oh! not few have gone before,
   To ruin and despair.

Then comes a voice so sweet and old,
From one who knows each rock and shoal,
Spoken for every tempted soul
Who'd safely reach the distant goal—
   "Beware the tempter's charms."

The voice I hail with true delight,
I change my course from left to right,
And steer for regions ever bright,
I land where darkness does not blight,
   And safety reigns supreme.

And as through calmer seas I go,
The voice still comes in accents low,
When e'er I pause the way to know,
Or ask for strength when tempted so
   I cannot stand alone.
Oh, glorious voice, of thee I sing,
With praises let the welkin ring,
Till earth's remotest corners bring
Under the shadow of thy wing,
    Her storm-tossed and her tried!

I feel so sad for those who sail,
Tossed on by waves from every gale,
Upon those rocks with shriek and wail,
With truth to them an idle tale,
    Though told and told again.

Were some wrecked soul allowed to tell
The tortures of an endless hell,
Where all who fall must ever dwell,
I doubt if you'd for pleasure sell
    Your everlasting soul.

Fayette, W. Va., July 14, 1898.

Asleep on the Campus.

It is a lovely Sabbath afternoon in the early ides of June. Worn out by the dull routine of college life, which, broken only by the regular recurrence of the hallowed Sabbath, for nine long months has swayed my spirit, I wander forth, book in hand, from the cell that has been the scene of my midnight struggles out into the balmy air.

The sun shines brightly overhead. The birds twitter in the leafy boughs, while all around the now verdant grass nods to the gentle breath of heaven. It is an ideal Sabbath afternoon—one that tends to draw man's spirit away from base cares and struggles and lift him to a higher plane.

But not to me comes the sweet influence of the day of rest, for, reader, it is the time of final zams—that time that tries a college boy's soul, the time when one stroke of the pen may seal as honorable or disgraced the work of the year.

I throw myself under the trees. I watch the pleasure-seekers as they go wheeling or driving past. I listen to the
chirp of the birds and the prattle of innocent childhood, and
my heart instinctively reverts to the home that gave me birth—
sweet home, whose birds chirp merriest and whose sun shines
brightest.

And as I lie, trying to unravel, as youth will do, some of
the meshes of life's intricate network—now diving into the
past for some sweet memory, now peering into the future and
“nourishing a hope sublime,”—my reverie turns into a sleep
and I dream.

* * * * * * * * *

I stood on the roadway that leads to the Temple of Fame.
Far off in the distance it loomed up, massive and grand. Above
it floated a royal banner bearing the inscription, “Knowledge
is Power.”

At the beginning the roadway was one. But soon it
separated into many great ways, some leading directly to the
Temple, others going by more circuitous routes. All the
ways were crowded with dusty pilgrims. I noticed that in
each way they travelled in companies and these in squads, and
that each squad bore above its head a banner bearing an in-
scription.

It was all so strange, this army and this mob, that I ven-
tured to inquire of one of them what it all meant. “We are
pilgrims to the Temple of Fame,” he answered. “We are
those who are not content to travel in the old, worn way our
fathers trod, and we are taking this seemingly longer way in
order to see more and learn more, and especially in order to
fit ourselves by the journey for harder and longer marches in
later time.” “And who are those who hold about their
heads that hideous and peculiar image and beckon you on?”
I asked. “They are our professors, and the ‘image’ is the
ideal towards which they would have us strive,” he answered.

It all seemed so strange that I asked no more, but turned
my attention to the squads. And then the mystery unravelled.

In one squad, whose motto was, “The best of me is Dili-
gence,” I saw Emerson, with long auburn locks and noble
forehead, trudging industriously on. Much time he travelled,
and seldom did he stop at the sutler's stalls or in the inviting shade. His progress was slow but uniform. Each step was marked with blood and must have cost him much pain, but he seemed to rejoice in his suffering, and would not heed the calls of his acquaintances in other squads, who bade him stop and rest. I watched him as he passed the gateway of Public Opinion, and the entry made was, "He'll succeed;" and then as he entered the door of the great Temple, I heard the porter as he said to the guard, "Lead him to the chamber of those of the strong mind and weak body, and let him be companion to Pope, Milton, and Mrs. Browning." And the rest of his squad fared like him.

In another squad I noticed Frederick the Little. He stepped very lightly and his feet never sank from exertion; in fact he made no effort to keep pace with the before-mentioned squad, nor did he even notice his comrades. He seemed intent on only one thing—information. Here he observed a shrub, there a tree, and made a strict mental note of the leaves they had. He, too, passed the gateway of Public Opinion, and the entry made was, "Wonderful information—sure to enter." But the porter said to the guard of the door, "Lead him to the chamber of the compilers and schoolmen; they are just now discussing the color of Julius Cæsar's eyes. 'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers'—it will never come to him." And the rest of his squad fared like him.

In another squad I noticed Johnnie. No time spent he in worthless information; he sacrificed not his body to his mind. But I noticed that he was on speaking terms with all his companions, that he never shirked his journey, howsoever rough it might be, and that as he marched straight towards the goal he kept glancing upwards to his banner upon which was inscribed one word, "Character." And as he passed the gateway of Public Opinion his step was firm and his smile serene, and the entry made was, "A model man." "Go, place him," said the porter, "among those whose lights shine not far, but are the glory and happiness of their companions." And the rest of his squad fared like him.
There were other squads travelling at various paces and with various mottoes, but I cannot stop to mention them. What attracted my attention most was the "image" I mentioned above. I cannot describe him. I can only try to interpret him: Carried four classes, led in all. Spent three hours daily on each, eight in sleep, three in meals and exercise, one in toilet. Read all the magazines and daily papers and was familiar with classic literature. Led in all College organizations, wrote for the Messenger, led in society work. Spent much time in the city visiting the historic points, and for all this never failed to find time for social intercourse. Never looked tired.

I wandered through the spacious halls of the Temple and this is what I saw: In one place "Kelly" was leading blind Homer by the hand in the vain search for his birth-place, but the chase always ended in the birth-place of the Aryan race or in some mystic shrine of Hindoo religion.

I saw "Mich" black the boots of gruff old John Carlyle, and as he finished I heard him say, "I thank you," as away he sped in pursuit of one of "these forces of nature." When last I saw him he was conversing with Darwin, and the great evolutionist's eyes grew big with wonder and surprise as he listened to the undreamed-of doctrines.

Far off in the corner of philosophy I saw "Tommy" industriously (?) chewing a (tertium ?) quid, while poor old Aristotle, at whose feet the result was placed, looked on in amazement.

And there was "Polly," his feet planted firmly on "States' Rights" and Micklejohn's English grammar, ever and anon with courteous smile stopping the perusal of the original Shakespeare to cross a "t" or close an "i."

Then I wandered out into the open court. And as I stood I saw "Whiskers" mount a comet which "Tricky" had caught with his telescope, and rush off to "infinity" to find the point where the parabola returns upon itself.
I awoke with a start, and rubbed my eyes in amazement. Had I been dreaming, or was I in truth in the court of the Temple of Fame? The church bells chimed in the distance. The stars here and there peeped out overhead. And every moment some one shouted, "Going to church? "Do Jaspers ever live in the Temple of Fame?" I asked myself almost involuntarily. "I wonder what time they go to church there?" As I felt for my watch, my hand struck something lying upon my breast. I seized it eagerly, tightly, little doubting that it was some new wonder of the land I had just been visiting; when lo! image my surprise and disappointment at finding my open Math. book. And then I recovered from my stupor. It was all clear then. There before my eyes were those mystic curves; to-morrow they would be beyond my sight. I had not yet reached the Temple, but was only a poor pilgrim. From the real to the ideal, how short a journey, how impassable the road!

CHILTON.

Ramble Amid Ruins.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

A yearning for intimate association with the débris of a past age, a desire to revel in the faded beauty of centuries that have given birth to modern civilization, led three travellers from the martial music of a military camp to the land of Ponce de Leon. History has given a graphic account of ancient St. Augustine, with its gloomy castles, embattled towers, and dark dungeons. And yet there is strange pleasure—a weird sweetness—in visiting those places of which we have studied; of contrasting the modern with the ancient, and witnessing the triumph of man's progress over the stubborn resistance of nature.

We reached St. Augustine in the early morning—an ideal summer day. The Florida sun had lost its heat, and the cool breeze from the ocean was particularly refreshing. Hailing a carriage, we drove around the city, taking in every point of interest.
Our first impression was that the city was entirely owned by one man. Our guide, who seemed so thoroughly familiar with his duties, told us that each building painted yellow was owned by Mr. Flagler, the Standard oil magnate, and behold! nearly everything in sight was clothed in this oriental hue. The mansions of himself, his secretary, his lawyer, his physician, his minister, and his steward; churches, stores, stables, and business-houses were all the property of the man who had literally made modern St. Augustine.

We drove through the gates that marked the entrance to the ancient city. Tall gates of cochina, hard as flint, with large cupalos on each side, each containing four windows, from which the sturdy American watched with eagle eye the approach of the native red man. Upon entering these gates one is struck with the contrast between the ancient and modern—between these ancient gates and the hard macadamized streets of the modern city. These streets, however, preserve one characteristic of the ancient city. They are as narrow as the streets of the average Spanish town, making street-car facilities impossible, and rendering it impracticable for two good-sized vehicles to pass each other with ease.

One of the most imposing sights that holds the eye of the visitor is the Ponce de Leon Hotel. Surrounded by a perpetual ring of flowers, whose fragrance and beauty holds in magic spell the entranced admirer, its beautiful grounds, with peopled walks and grassy lawns, add to its picturesque beauty, and its handsome architecture harmonizes with its natural charms.

Rising above the Ponce de Leon, as a silent sentinel for righteousness, stands the marble mansion, Mr. Flagler's marble church. The Presbyterian denomination has indeed a lovely home in which to worship the God of beauty and love. The residence of St. Augustine's benefactor, clothed in purest white, bears amid the splendor the simple guise of home. Not all the grandeur of the Ponce de Leon; not all the wealth of his many mansions, nor all the splendor of his gorgeous palaces, could claim more taste than this residence, clothed in its simple beauty, and bearing the merited title of home.
Not pausing longer amid these scenes, we next visited by far the most interesting of all St. Augustine's ancient relics, old fort San Marco, standing as a monument to ancient military prowess, to ancient architectural genius, and ancient Spanish cruelty. What memories throng the mind of the visitor as he strolls among its ruins and débris! What weird phantoms throng the chambers of the mind as the ghosts of many centuries rise from the grave of past ages and call for the righting of wrongs, and the death of tyranny and oppression. The lonely sentinel of the fort is Sergeant W. G. Brown, chief ordnance sergeant, United States army, with the breast of his coat covered with medals of honor won in days of peace for faithful service and in the din of battle for acts of heroism. He bears upon his sleeves the stripes of eight separate enlistments, representing forty years of consecutive service. He is one of the most interesting characters it was ever my pleasure to meet. He is thoroughly conversant with every tragedy enacted within the walls of the fort; with every battle fought from its protecting battlements, and every romance connected with its history. He was very kind, taking pains to dwell upon all the minute of the fort's history.

It is the popular impression that St. Augustine was a walled city. This is not strictly true. The two rivers, making a juncture, form a peninsula, and thoroughly protect the city from the rear and the two flanks. The front was protected by a moat, which is faced by the old fort. The city was almost impregnable from external invasion, which was proved by its repulsion of all attacks.

Another interesting place is the old slave market, which brings before the mind customs long since abandoned.

In the dungeons of San Marco are left the relics of past scenes that have made history and formed the plots of many novels. The engraved cross still remains that stood at the head of the inquisition's victim. Holes driven deep in the flint-like cochina mark the spot where prisoners were riveted to the walls, and where the thumb-screw did its deadly torture.
One dungeon has recently been discovered many feet below the ground, where never a flicker of daylight pierces its deadly gloom.

In one of these dungeons was found the bones of a Spanish prince and princess, who fled from the wrath of dissatisfied royalty and suffered the royal displeasure.

In another was imprisoned Oceola, the famous Seminole chief; he who with a few hundred braves withstood for many weeks the 10,000 palefaces, who drove him from his native heath.

These and many more sights of like nature make the old fort famous and its massive grandeur more impressive.

Another interesting spot is St. George's place—a very narrow street, containing upon each side beautiful little gardens filled with fig trees, magnolias, and pomegranates. Passing through this street one would almost expect to see a pair of black eyes and a wealth of Spanish hair, but these adornments have long since passed away, leaving only the shell to tell the story of the storm.

With a sigh of regret the three Virginia soldiers left these scenes of ancient warfare and turned their eyes toward a more pertinent struggle, that of our present war with Spanish people.—B. M. Hartman.
A WORD TO OUR READERS.

This issue of the Messenger is far from being what we had hoped to make it. We are getting tired of writing fault-finding editorials, and yet we feel that a word of explanation to our readers is necessary, and in making an explanation we find ourselves forced to do a most distasteful thing—utter a wail of complaint. In a word, it is lack of support that has again defeated our purpose.

We had planned to make this number considerably larger than any we have gotten out for several months, and to make it strictly a poetry and fiction number. We thought there would be no trouble about this as the old cry, “Too busy to write,” which we hear so often during the winter is certainly not true of a great many of our students during the summer months, unless it is that their time is so much taken up with visits to some of our beautiful, blue-eyed Southern girls that they can give no thought to the Messenger. But even if it were true that they are so much occupied with these visits it seems that we ought to profit (?) by it; for to a poor, unsophisticated youth, like the present chief, one who has not been initiated into the sacred order of the Disciples of Cupid, it seems that their poetic souls would be so enraptured that their pent-up feelings would find expression in glad, new songs, in which the eyes of their love would be compared to the soft blue of our sunny Southern skies. Such has not been the case, however, and so the chief is forced, by the logic of the situation, to conclude that it was his dense ignorance of Cupid’s ways that led him to expect such results; or else that the moon, with all of her fabled powers to lend inspiration to the love-sick swain, has been hidden behind the dark clouds incident to our Dog Days’ season. But be that as it may, of one thing we are quite sure, and that is that the muses have been very barren this summer.
After we found we could not get out a creditable poetry and fiction number we thought to add a news department, giving some information as to the whereabouts and doings of the students this summer, but we found it was too late to gather these news items, and so we simply do the best we can, and give to our readers our entire supply of articles.

Only one of our department editors is represented. It was our intention to leave these out and to devote all of our space to poetry and fiction, but the Exchange Editor did not so understand it, and submitted his manuscript. We are glad now to have it.

We shall not yield to the strong temptation to discourse upon the discouragements that come to the editors when they find themselves so poorly supported by those who elect them to these positions. We shall content ourselves at present by simply expressing the hope that "there's a gude time a comin'."

We hope that with the coming of the fair co-eds. the Messenger will take a new lease on life and enter upon an era of unparalleld prosperity. If their coming will work this change (along with others it is expected to work) then from our hearts will we welcome them.

TO OUR ALUMNI. We believe that the crying need of our college magazines of to-day is more poetry and short stories—and we might add, better. We find no trouble whatever in getting all the essays and orations and debates that we need; in fact we get a great many more of them than we need and publish more of them than is good for our papers, but since this is largely the only class of articles submitted to us dire necessity compels us to use them.

It seems to us that the class of articles written for our college papers may be taken as a pretty true index to the class of work done in our colleges. Now we do not wish to be understood as objecting to stern, hard, real and often grinding work required of us; we think this necessary to the fullest and best
development of our powers. What we do wish, is to put in a plea for the development of our æsthetic natures as well. This we too often neglect entirely while in college, and leave our classic halls with all of the finer sensibilities dwarfed and deadened. We familiarize ourselves with the doings of the mighty warriors of the ages, but with the sweet singers of all time we fail to commune; in Mathematics we so train our minds that we can follow out a course of reasoning, but we fail to see the "poetry of Math.," and the music of the spheres falls flat upon our deafened ears; we wonder at the mighty power of Zeus as with his dread thunder-bolts he visits his wrath upon the heads of all offenders, but we fail to sit at the feet of the gentle Athena and there imbibe that love of the beautiful which so characterized the Greeks. We can never be said to be cultured, however much we may know Greek forms, syllogistic reasoning, chemical processes, etc., until we have learned to love the beautiful in nature and in art, and until our hearts are attuned to beat in sympathy with the hearts of the "divine spirits of all ages."

In order to this full development we must become more familiar with our best poets and novelists, and then we will not find so much difficulty in writing something besides heavy essays and biographical sketches.

Now the thing we wish especially to say to our alumni is this: We want to ask some of you to place before the students some incentive to write poetry and fiction. If some one would offer, say ten dollars as a prize for the best poem submitted to the editors of the Messenger during the College year, and another an equal sum for the best piece of fiction or dialect story, we believe it would do much to encourage the students to cultivate their æsthetic natures more.

We would suggest that the offer be made on condition that not less than five enter each contest, and that these contests be open to all of the students of the College. We hope to hear from some of our loyal alumni on these subjects, and to be able to announce these prizes at the opening of next session.
We wrote to two of our fellow-students who are now in General Lee's army, and asked them to write a story of life in the army. Both of them replied that they were unable to do it, but one of them, Lieutenant Hartman, sent us a piece he had written for the Richmond Dispatch, and told us we might publish that if we wished. The piece, Ramble Amid Ruins, gives an interesting account of a visit to the ancient city of St. Augustine, and we publish it for the benefit of our readers.
Way off here in his country home, the Exchange Editor turns almost with reluctance from the allurements of nature and takes up his pen. It reminds him so strongly of college labors that he almost shrinks from the task, but along with it there also comes the sweet recollection of the boys, and, yes, of the girls, who at this moment, perhaps, are frolicking in their many homes. To one and all, greeting!

The Editor has enjoyed many pleasant hours with the exchanges during the vacation. Some of them evidently suffered from the nearness of final examinations, others, seemingly gathering all their strength for the final effort, came forth voluminous and rich.

In view of the approaching birthday of our nation, we have the usual large number of fourth-of-July stories—some of considerable merit, some of no merit at all. We get rather tired of such as "How they Celebrate the Fourth at Possum Run," and "How the 'Fourth Panned Out' at Skinquarter Creek," purporting to be laid in the rural districts of our country. If a foreigner should get hold of some of our magazines, he would, doubtless, sum up Americans as "very honest and patriotic, but illiterate and puerile." Of course, country people are not up to the standard of their city friends, but such scenes as we have seen depicted could have occurred in our country only in the days where educated men were as scarce as Spaniards in Santiago. In fact, the whole thing—plot, language, and style—savors of the rural school-boy.

"The Lost Heir of the Starlings." This is the novel-like title of an original (?) story in the Amherst Monthly. The substance is this: A fisherman who had always lived alone, mar-
ried. One day he went on his accustomed trip. A storm came up. When the other fishermen came home he was missing. His wife died. Three weeks later he came back and found a vacant house. Immediately he left home, and ever since the house has been vacant.—Will college boys never tire of writing scenes which the ten-cent magazines have bored us with so long? O, give us "something new!" In the June number, however, we find two good stories, "How We Held Up the Archdeacon" and "An Italian Experience."

We were somewhat disappointed in the contents of the Wake Forest Student. "Our Southland" is almost the only contribution of merit in it—excepting, of course, the contributions from the professors. From any comment on these we must beg to be excused. Why cannot college magazines, "published by the students," relieve us of these?

We would like to make favorable comment on the Vanderbilt Observer, but as its Editors, in their wisdom, have abolished the exchange department, we suppose such is not desired—certainly not expected.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly is quite voluminous. We are sorry to say that we do not think the quality of its matter of the highest class. "How they Buried Sal" is a good story.

When we read the Bucknell Mirror we looked to see by whom it purports to be published. To our surprise we found "by an association of the students." Almost all its space is consumed by professors or alumni. Not a single article of merit by a student graces its pages.

What a relief it is to take up the Davidson College Monthly. Its poems are, on the whole, of unusual merit. We recognize in W. G. Perry an author of unusual ability for a college student. Below we produce his "Drifting:"
Drifting apart with mutual consent!
   No angry word or thought, no wounded heart,
No mocking, cutting taunt unkindly sent—
   Just drifting, slowly, carelessly apart.
Far better that it were an open strife,
   With mad, unreasoning words of fierce disdain;
Then could we go to him and say, "Our life,
   My friend, was fashioned not for pain;
Come, let us lay these idle words aside,
   And be the same old friends we were of yore."
But now there comes a vain and foolish pride,
   And when we would disclose our pain and pour
Into his ear our grief and vague unrest;
   It sneers, and turns it all to idle jest.

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"The tremulous needle may swerve from its path,
   Deflected by currents that roll,
But deep in its being a something it hath
   That turns it again to the pole.

"So, darling, may waver this wild heart of mine,
   And quiver while others allure,
But backward again where thy constant eyes shine,
   It turns to its fair cynosure."

—Ex.

And with this we close. Hoping that our mid-summer number may reach you all during the leisure hours of your vacation and may command a careful and candid opinion, and that you all may enter upon another year's usefulness inspired and aided by the sincere, if at times unhappy, remarks of the critic, we wish for all our exchanges a pleasant vacation, and lay down our pen, perhaps, never to take it up again as Exchange Editor of the MESSENGER.
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Next Session Begins September 23, 1897.

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