

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

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## The Messenger, Vol. 25, No. 2

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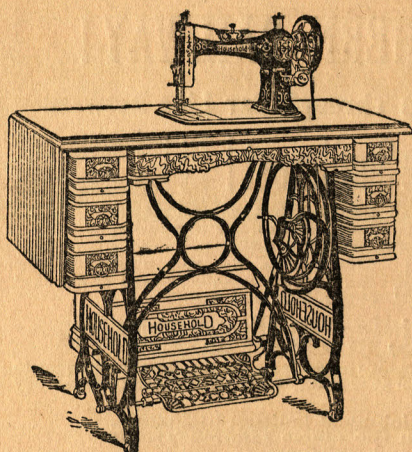
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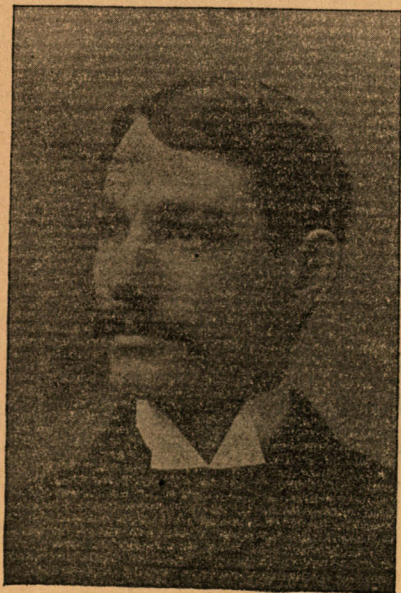
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# Richmond College Messenger.

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## "Inviolable Custom."

It was a lively season in the social circles of M——, one of our prosperous Southern cities. Entertainments, receptions, and balls followed one another in quick succession. I had not been accustomed to so much gayety in the little country town in Virginia which I called my home, but I left home saying I was going to "enjoy the winter in the South," and consequently I gave myself up fully to whatever pleasures came my way.

My cousin, at whose home I was spending the winter, was one of the belles of M——, so I found myself in the social whirl from the very first week of my visit.



One evening while at an informal reception at one of the most elegant homes in M—— I was introduced to Miss Helen McGregor, a beautiful brunette, tall and queenly in appearance and with a grace of movement that is rarely equalled. As I looked into those soft brown eyes, for the moment I was privileged to talk with her, I felt a peculiar sensation in my breast—something of an enlargement of the heart; and as I walked home with my cousin my thoughts were so fully occupied that I received a good scolding for being so absent-minded. I made due apology to my cousin but did not reveal to her the cause of my stupidity.

A few evenings later I was invited to tea at the home of another of M——'s social leaders, and to my great joy I found Miss Helen among the guests. My star was in the ascendancy that night. I had the pleasure of accompanying her to the table and during the course of the evening I was thrown much in her company. It is needless to say this was to me a very happy evening. I went home thinking Mrs. Lamar the most charming hostess I had ever seen; but now, as I look back upon that evening, I suspect it was rather Miss McGregor than Mrs. Lamar.

During the next few days my thoughts were often of Miss Helen. I could see her stately form, her great brown eyes—and the more I thought of her the worse my heart affection became. I resolved to ask permission to call on her, and acting upon this resolution I wrote at once. To my great delight she said she had no engagement for the evening and would be glad to see me.

I told my cousin where I was going and she said: "Well here, let me tell you, Jesse, Helen is a very popular girl, and it is very probable some other boy will call



during the evening, so I wish to inform you as to a custom universally observed in M———. If a boy calls on a girl and finds she has other company he expects the first comer to leave in a very few minutes."

"But I have an engagement with Miss Helen for the evening," I answered.

"That does not change matters in the least," she replied, "if another boy drops in you are expected to leave if you have not been there ten minutes. The custom is inviolable."

"I think the custom is abominable. I never heard of anything quite so unreasonable, though I have heard of many silly fashions," was my reply, as I pulled on my glove and started for the door.

On my way around to Miss Helen's I philosophized on customs, and I was almost mad enough to have written a satire on the one of which I had just heard. "But of course," I said to myself, "I cannot afford to disregard that which rules so many of my fellow-men—I only hope I will have no occasion to be bothered by this outlandish way they have in M———."

With these thoughts I rang the bell, and soon I found myself in the beautiful parlors of the McGregor home. Talking to Miss Helen I soon forgot all about the subject that had engaged my thoughts on the way around. I thought Miss Helen more beautiful than ever and I settled back to enjoy the evening to the fullest—when suddenly I heard the door-bell.

Quick as a flash I noticed what seemed to be a good way to escape being cheated out of an evening's pleasure. There were double parlors to the house and a door from each into the main hall. My plan was to go into the back parlor and wait until the new-comer was seated in



the front and then I would go out and come again. This, I thought, would work well, and "my friend the enemy" would be the one who would have to leave. I told my plan to Miss Helen and she very readily assented. I had no time to lose. I stepped into the back parlor and drew the sliding doors together behind me. Now I felt at ease. I thought of how I would soon rout this fellow who had broken in upon my evening so early, and I exulted in the thought.

I started to the hall ; but just as I was about to step out I heard steps approaching. Being alone in the back parlor and a stranger to all in the house except Miss Helen, I felt somewhat awkward, and glanced around to see if I could find any way to escape being seen. There was an old-time square piano in the room and I quickly crawled under this, hoping thereby to escape detection by the one coming down the hall and to be able soon to get out to execute my plan.

Imagine my position when an elderly gentleman came into the room and, making himself comfortable in a big arm-chair, begun to read his evening paper. In a few minutes a lady and two children came in. All made themselves comfortable and evidently came to spend the evening in here. "This, then, is the sitting-room," I thought, "and I am in a pretty plight. I wish that fellow in there was in the Philippines or some other sea-port as far away. 'Inviolable custom !' I despise the very thought ! A man having to conform to all of the confounded fool customs of the day is most too much. If I ever get out of this I'll show the next fellow that customs cannot govern me. I verily believe that most people of this day would poke their heads in the fire if only *custom, fashion*, said it was *the thing*. And I've been as big a



fool as any of them, but I've played fool for the last time."

My thoughts ran somewhat like this at first, but I soon had other things to think about. The two children, tired of sitting in chairs, commenced to play in the room. They were rolling marbles to each other and sometimes they came uncomfortably near to my hiding place. I did not want to have a scene and so I kept as still as I could in my cramped quarters; but I was sure the children were going to find me. Several times they seemed to look directly at me, but they were so much taken up with their play that to my great relief they never saw me.

I did not dare to move and my position grew to be almost unbearable. I was so cramped I thought I could not stand it longer. To add to my discomfort I could hear now and then a merry peal of laughter from the front parlor, where the disturber of my pleasure was enjoying an uninterrupted *tete-a-tete* with Miss Helen.

As the minutes passed my position seemed more and more serious. How was I to get out of all this? I waited and hoped.

At last I heard the door-bell again, and a moment later all of those in the back parlor were out in the hall. "It's now or never," thought I, so I crawled out and boldly went into the hall and commenced to put on my overcoat. No one seemed to notice me. They evidently thought I had come from the parlor if they did me the honor to think of me at all. I heard enough in going out to learn that some relatives had just come to visit the McGregors and in my heart I blessed them for their timely arrival.

When I saw Miss Helen again she asked why I had not acted on my plan that night. After making her



promise not to tell how this joke was turned on me, I told her of my experiences. She was "so sorry" I had been caught in such a box. She invited me to call again, and told me to leave it to her to arrange for interruptions thereafter. I did leave it to her and found her plans more successful than mine. I did not question her as to how she arranged, but I called often without ever being interrupted again.

PHI.

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### "The Father of Israel."

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WHEN one thoughtfully reads the history of the Jews, he is reminded of that passage in Genesis which reads: "That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heavens and as the sand upon the seashore, and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Upon analyzing this passage, it is found to be a triple blessing. First, "Thy great men—poets, prophets, sages, statesmen, teachers, and warriors shall be like the numberless stars, and shall shine down, shedding rays of inspiration upon the nations of every age, leading them in the paths of truth and righteousness." Second, "The multitude of thy children shall be as the grains of sand upon the seashore, which are numberless." Third, "All other nations that shall come in contact with thy children will be benefitted, that is, blessed." For they shall be the religious teachers of the world. They shall lead the nations out of the darkness of superstition and ignorance into the light of reason and truth. Yes, they shall lay the foundation of civilization and culture; for is not that religion?



Now it is evident that there must have been certain antecedent causes why this threefold blessing was bestowed upon Abraham. Of his early life Scripture says nothing or very little. It begins with the "call," when he was seventy-five years old. Manifestly there must have been previous events that caused the "call" to be extended to him. It surely could not have been a matter of chance or lot that he was preferred to others of his time. It was not by chance or cast of the die that Noah and his family alone of all the multitude were saved, but because he was a righteous man and walked in the ways of God. Likewise, in the early life of Abraham, there were events (of which the Bible makes no mention) by virtue of which the "call" was extended to him. For information, we must go to the Talmud, and there we find a history of his early life. He was a person of great sagacity, both for understanding all things and persuading his hearers, one not mistaken in his opinions; for which reason he began to have higher notions of virtue than others had, and he determined to renew and change the opinion all men happened then to have concerning God; for he was the first that ventured to publish this notion: That there was but one God, the creator of the universe, and as to other gods, if they contributed anything to the happiness of men, that each of them afforded it only according to his appointment and not by their own power. This, his opinion, he derived from the irregular phenomena that were visible both at land and at sea. If [said he] these bodies had power of their own, they would certainly take care of their own regular motions; but since they do not preserve such regularity, they make it plain that in so far as they co-operate to our advantage, they do it not of their



own ability, but as they are subservient to Him that commands them ; to whom alone we ought justly to offer our honor and thanksgiving. He further reasoned that the images of his father Terah, whether they be wooden, golden, or brazen, could not have strength, wisdom, love, pity, eternity, and all the qualities which his reason told him must inhere in a true God. His mind also revolted from human sacrifices which, in his opinion, were not only wrong but cruel, barbaric, and homicidal. Luther has truly said, "When the heart is full, the mouth must out with it." Abraham's heart was overflowing and he had to give expression to the feelings and beliefs with which it was filled.

In one of his satires, Juvenal writes: "*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum, si vis esse aliquid.*" [Dare something worthy of barren Gyaris and of prison, if you wish to be anything.] How deplorable that after a lapse of over two thousand years this saying, with equal force, holds true. How shameful ! that in one of the most enlightened countries of the nineteenth century, a similar event has occurred. Colonel Picquart, that true patriot and high-minded man, lies imprisoned in Cherche Midi, while Emile Zola is concealing himself in a foreign land, because they dared to hold up the truth to their nation. Need we wonder then that Abraham, who attempted to overthrow the existing religious beliefs, became a martyr ? Like the wise and good Socrates, he was brought to trial and condemned to death. But unlike the Greek sage, who met death in a cup of hemlock, he was to be burnt on the pyre. "And as he sat on it impatiently waiting for the flames to rise and consume him, his parents and friends implored him piteously to disavow his beliefs, and save himself from that hor-



rible death. But he was too firm in his convictions to accede to their prayers, and joyously awaited his end. But behold! in the curling smoke, to their bewilderment, they see him walking in a beautiful garden accompanied by divine beings." While this sounds romantic, the nucleus—that he passed through a severe trial—is highly probable, and it serves to explain the abruptness of the passage, "God said unto Abram go out," etc.

We cannot dwell upon his travels, trials, and covenants with his God, but must hasten to ascertain the cause of that magnificent and cheering promise of which we spoke above. We come to the "supreme trial" when a further and better opportunity was given him to vindicate how sublime and elevated, how perfect and pure was the faith he had in "El." He is ordered to do that very thing against which he so vigorously contended, and for which he suffered himself to be put on the pyre, namely, the offering of human sacrifices. Nor is it one of his own slaves that he is ordered to slay, but his only son, the son of his old age, whom he loved so dearly and on whose life the realization of all his cherished hopes and promises depended. Yet like the sturdy oak that withstands the terrific hurricane, did he withstand the promptings of his intense paternal feelings and the tireless and gigantic efforts of Satan, who was sent to make him disobey his God. It was for this reason that the place for an altar was made known to him only on the third day, the intervening time having been consumed by the "Evil Councillor." Schiller in that masterpiece, "William Tell," has attempted to portray the feelings of a father called upon to slay his child. See how Tell, that brave and skilled archer, writhes at the feet of the governor, imploring him to spare him the shot. How his heart agitates him and how his brawny



and trained arms fall powerless at his sides when he aims at his child's head. But Abraham, in spite of intense feelings, future hopes and prospects, in spite of reason itself, was willing to sacrifice his only hope, his only joy, the son of his old age! What imagination, however fertile it may be, can approach such a display of conflicting emotions? The heart of God was justly glad when he said: "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me. Therefore, have I sworn to myself that I will bless thee and multiply thy children as the stars of the heaven and as the sand upon the seashore, and thy children shall inherit the cities of the enemy."

But while we think of Abraham as the "father of the faithful," and as an example of blended piety and obedience, let us not forget his intellectual greatness, one of the most important qualities upon which the "call" was based. Consider how much original genius it requires to rise above prevalent superstitions and dogmas; how much courage and will power to repudiate them. It was a most difficult task for Luther to tear himself from some of the dogmas of the Middle Ages. Then how much more difficult must it have been for Abraham, born amid universal idolatry and degrading polytheism, to break through the strong walls of ignorance and superstition and find the light of truth. Consider for a moment the religion he founded, and compare it with the religion founded centuries later by Homer and a host of Greek and Roman philosophers. One can hardly study the theology of Homer without becoming entangled in the meshes of a barbaric mythology. His gods are but men of huge stature and vast strength, who must eat ambrosia and drink nectar to live. Their immortality is physical immortality only. Like men, they have passions, they



hate and love, wage war among themselves, intermarry, have favorites, are open to bribes, and, in fact, resemble men in every respect save in size, strength, and physical immortality. They created their gods from the standpoint of men, while Abraham looked upon man from the standpoint of God. Thus when we consider that he alone arrived at grander, loftier, and nobler conceptions of the Supreme Being than did all the Greek and Roman philosophers of three hundred years, we must necessarily conclude that he was as intellectually great as he was morally. We quote the following from Josephus: "For whereas the Egyptians were formerly addicted to different customs and despised one another's sacred rites, and were very angry one with another on that account. Abram conferred with each of them, and confuting the reasonings they made use of, every one for their own practices, demonstrated that such reasonings were vain and void of truth; whereupon he was admired by them in those conferences, as a very wise man and one of great sagacity, when he discoursed on every subject he undertook, and this not only in understanding it, but in persuading also other men to assent to him. He communicated to them arithmetic and delivered to them the science of astronomy." Nor are these the only qualities that are to be admired. He was also a magnanimous and brave man, hospitable to those whom he did not know to be Jehovah's angels. He most piteously interceded for the city in which his nephew dwelt; nobly granted him the choice of lands, bravely rescued him from his oppressors, loftily refusing remuneration for his services; yea, in every way a prince of the earth's foretime. Such, indeed, is the father of that race which is even to-day most bitterly despised and persecuted.

JOSIAH M.



## The Fading of a Flower.

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I sat on my favorite window seat late one afternoon in December, reclining on the downy pillows made by my "sisters and cousins," and was looking out of the west window of my room which opens on the college campus. Soon the daylight began to gently fade away, and as it did so the last sad rays of the setting sun were reflected to me in the most beautiful and delicate colors by the snow which had just fallen that morning. Finally the view before me softened into vague and formless shadows of approaching night—still I did not light my study lamp, nor stir from my comfortable seat. Soon the full moon arose and her pale beams entering through the window panes brought to mind the words of Poe :

"Ye glittering stars, how fair ye shine to-night !  
And oh, thou beauteous moon thy fairy light  
Is peeping through these iron bars so near me.  
How silent is the night—how clear and bright.  
I nothing hear—No, nor ought there is to hear me."

The enchantment of the surroundings seemed to steal me away from the thoughts of the morrow and to beguile me lotus-like into a drowsy, dreamy spell. I half listlessly saw grotesque figures moving in strange, entrancing mazes about the room, while I felt them weaving a mesh of silvery threads about me. I did not resist their mystic bonds, but yielded to the subtle charm of their weird witchery, and dreamed—

"Some dreams we have are nothing more than dreams,  
Unnatural and full of contradictions ;  
Yet others of our most romantic schemes,  
Are something more than fiction."



As I yielded to my mystic charmer I was led along through many strange and queer places, and finally I was conducted into a pretty home—where all was joy and gladness. I found within this home everything showing forth the refinement and good taste of the family. There was within this most beautiful home a perfect flower of maidenhood. In figure she was gracefully tall and “straight, but as lissom as a hazel wand.” Her hair was a dark brown, and of that hue which is the artist’s delight to paint, and her eyes were of a softer brown and sparkled with such a brilliancy that they would kindle a kindred brightness in the eyes of those who looked into the liquid depths of hers. All the year round the songs of the singing birds were echoed by her voice and her merry lilting was heard from morning until night. Her gladsome presence made light and joy in the home, and the world about her seemed all the brighter and more beautiful because she lived in it. Care-free and joyous, she lifted her pure eyes to father, mother, and sisters as they, at the close of the busy winter day were grouped about the reading-table, before which blazed a cheerful fire. The very atmosphere breathed of quiet contentment and the restful happiness of an ideal home.

My mystic charmer who was leading me whispered—“wait”—and smiled through a mist of tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

The circle of friends of this fair maiden included all those with whom she came in contact, for :

“None knew her but to love her,  
None named her but to praise.”

Into this circle came one with a regal presence, to her he seemed indeed a very demigod. His voice thrilled



her, his touch commanded her, his eyes wooed her, and with all of her young heart she loved him. Nor was he unworthy of this affection. They loved one another well, they loved as lovers never loved before. Well could they say in the words of Poe :

“Our love it is stronger by far than the love  
Of those who are older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we,  
For neither the angels in heaven above  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul,  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.”

And finally the day was set for their marriage. It was a pretty sight to see the almost childish delight and interest with which she made her preparations for the all-important day which was drawing near. She planned during the late hours of the night and during the early hours of the morning, and during the hours that intervened she dreamed of the dainty dress that she was to wear on this occasion. Oh! that the dream had ended here, gentle reader, and that I might leave you in sweet sympathy with the beautiful buoyant girl in all the fragrance and loveliness of her heaven-born soul, to wear the gown and enjoy and help make joyous an occasion upon which her young heart was bent.

The day of days at last had come when they should be made man and wife. It dawned fair and bright, and to no one did it seem brighter than the fair young bride. The birds seemed to rival one another in their sweet songs of praise, and the perfume of the flowers were more fragrant than usual, the roses were of a deeper red, and all nature seemed to have on a new garb. The bride at the proper time joyfully repaired to her room to prepare



for the solemn and sacred ceremony. When her toilet had been completed and she stood before the mirror, her full form reflected in it, she gave a smile of satisfaction that each part of her trousseau was adapted with a fitness to its place. And well might she admire herself as she stood there in her plain and simple white silk bridal dress—a very dream of loveliness and sweetness. She was now ready to go to the bridal altar with him she so dearly loved, when suddenly sounds of approaching feet were heard as if the person was in great haste. The bride thinking that something of unusual importance had happened, instantly sprang from before the mirror and rushed to the door. Nor was her supposition false, for before her stood her father, very pale, and trembling like a leaf. He had in his hand a message, which however he had not time to read, before his daughter, who had already learned his errand from his actions, gave one heart-rending shriek and fell into his arms in a swoon.

And when after a couple of days she was told that her lover was killed in an accident while the hack conveying him to the wedding was attempting to cross a railroad track in front of an express train; she clearly showed that her nervous system could not endure the shock. Fainting spells and hysterics at first shook her tender frame and these were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy. Thereafter she always walked in a reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. Her chief delight was to frequent the walks beside the silent stream in the lonely moonlight—just as they used to do in days of old. The skies were still bright above her head, but she could not see the beauty as she formerly did, the



birds were singing, but her voice was silent; there was no song in her heart. The flowers shed their perfume on the air, but to her the fragrance was gone.

By degrees her strength declined and finally after many days of sickness "the silver cord that bound her to existence was loosed." And thus in the dawn of life, just when life was dearest, sweetest, and seemed surest, "a wind blew out of the cloud chilling and killing" the fair young maiden whose life had been as a red rose in beauty and as a magnolia blossom pure.

Tender hands put her bridal gown upon her and laid her in a most beautiful white casket. On the morrow the companions of the maiden in life, and who were to have attended her on that fatal day, now bore her away to the church altar, where just a year previous she was to have been married. The music was soft and low and sweet. The minister pronounced those words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," with more than usual tenderness, for he was well acquainted with the particulars of this sad case of love. Then as tears silently fell from many eyes, they carried her to the cemetery and laid her beside him whom she so dearly loved while upon this earth. The maidens then gently strewed each grave with the choicest lilies, the flower that they both loved so much in life.

My mystic charmer touched me and whispered—"Dost thou remember?" and then continued, saying:

"Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,  
I've seen the fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away."

My charmer vanished and I awoke.



When I pondered over the dream it was alas too true,  
for the lovely character was none other than a most  
fondly cherished friend that I had known from childhood.  
Seemingly still in a dream I lit my lamp, picked up my  
book and tried to study, but vain was the attempt.

J. C. C. of Ohio.

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### A Secret.

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In meditation's tranquil hour,  
Oft comes the thought with moving power,  
I'm not alone, there are others,  
Whose lot in life makes us brothers.

Perhaps some lone event takes place,  
Along the path of time and space,  
That gives a common stamp to life  
And fills each heart with feelings rife.

Some shady glen, some quiet lake,  
Some flower fresh from by the wake  
May stir our hearts to agitation  
By reason of association.

What thoughts a flower may suggest,  
And cause emotions surge the breast !  
Only she can say—O gentle dove—  
Who knows the joy of conscious love.

Dear friend, shall I to thee impart  
The fondest secret of my heart ?  
Thou'lt keep it close I know, how well !  
So here my secret now I tell.

'Twas fall, the sun to bed had gone,  
There to rest till rosy morn,  
The ev'ning star with eager eye  
His watch was keeping closely by.



The stillness of the ev'ning air,  
And nature's glory ev'rywhere,  
Did seem to say: "I must take part,  
And share the joys that swell thy heart."

A-down the sloping lawn we trod,  
A-field we went for golden rod.  
'Twas her desire; softly said she—  
"Come, go and get some blooms with me."

Could I refuse? I did not dare,  
To tell the truth, I did not care;  
For by the flashing of her eyes  
A secret she had I did surmise.

Lovers we were in days of yore,  
Some fate I trow, and nothing more,  
Had caused the separation sad,  
And made us both a little mad.

By agreement firm and fast  
Her word alone could break, at last,  
Our spell. No right at all had I  
To hint the past or heave a sigh.

Along the road we slowly walk'd,  
About the grass, the trees we talk'd,  
Would she at this auspicious time  
The silence break with words sublime?

'Twas Cupid's work, he was not long.  
These are the words: "I did you wrong.  
My mind has changed—" but then, shall I  
Reveal her mind—far better die!

Suffice to say that this began  
A friendship sweet without a ban.  
How happy were those days, dear friend,  
Alas, that they should have an end!



'Twas fall; but 'tis winter now,  
The snow falls fast, winds blow, and how  
The pelting storm beats on the sod  
My cherish'd weed—the golden-rod !

And with our love 'tis even so,  
Upon our hearts lies deep the snow,  
'Twill never melt, 'twill deeper grow,  
I'll clasp her hand, no nevermore !

A. J. H.

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### Matches: A Christmas Story.

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WITH its accustomed regularity Christmas-Eve had come again. The city's pavements were thronged with sightseers and busy shoppers. Many-hued lights shot their brilliance into the night. Through frosted panes one spied the shopman's treasures and admired the artistic arrangements. Gaily chattering the crowd passed on, each one bent upon his own thoughts, speculating on the gifts the season would bear to them. Heedless, all regardless of the feeble cry that would arrest them—

“MATCHES ! MATCHES !”

Probably a thousand times that childish appeal had rung out. Nay, not rung out, for with the incessant cries the voice had grown weaker and weaker till now it could attract the attention of none.

In this small waif, standing shivering under the ghastly glare of the gas, one who questions how the *other half* lives might find some sort of answer. For this small element of society sought to gain that living this old world is said to owe every one of us, by selling matches. How little would have made him happy ! How much some have !



The pinchings of poverty rather make us question the divine balances that are struck. While one dwells on the heights another gropes his way through endless shadows of the depths. Thus the eternal equilibrium is sustained. Yet the shadow-spirits sometimes catch a gleam from the reflecting peaks, and clasping it to their yearning hearts are reconciled to their lot.

A large basket hung upon the child's arm, one end swagged. In the swagged end six packages of matches were tumbled close together. Staring hard at the icy pavement the boy was thinking where the morrow's meals were coming from. Early that morning he had invested his capital—twenty-five cents—in matches. He had gotten ten packages for his money and hoped to sell the whole lot at five cents a package, thereby doubling his modest pile. But not unlike many financiers his plans and hopes received some severe shocks, and he had lost heart at his little success. His pale face was turning blue from cold and hunger, the imploring eyes were dimmed with tears. One tear stole out upon his cheek only to be whisked away by the blast. He brushed his eyes with his worn coat sleeve. What troubled him most of all was that the doll he had picked out for his little sister must lay on the dealer's shelves all through that night instead of being snugly tucked in the little stocking. No sunny smile would be on Molly's face in the morning, for the Saint would miss her garret that year.

"Hello, Matches! How's business, old man?" aroused the lucifer vender from his mental dream, to find himself surrounded by a crowd of young fellows—students all, left overs, spending their Christmas in the city, while their more fortunate class-mates hurried home to gather round happy hearths.



"You look sad, old sport" continued the one who had first spoken—him whom the fellows fondly dubbed "Stumpy." One would have thought from the collegian's tone that the match-boy was a particular chum of his. No, the good-fellowship of the season filled "Stumpy's" young heart, and the ill-clad boy appealed to him.

"Yes, sir," said the child "biz is on de bum, can't youse help a fellow." This last with a quizzical glance around the group.

"You bet," they chorused. "How many you got."

The boy counted his store, not that he didn't know how much of his stock remained. Had he not counted them over a dozen times awaiting customers? While his chapped and dirt-stained fingers strayed over the packages the students took in his frail and care-worn stature and his tattered clothes.

"Six bundles I'm stuck fer, sir," said the child.

"All right, we'll take 'em. Come on." And "Stumpy," followed by his friends, led the boy to the entrance of a vacant store. "Now, fellows," he said, "you'll witness a performance by the greatest 'spieler' that ever struck this village."

With these words he broke open the packages, and arranging them in the basket, mounted an empty box. His comrades "tumbled to his game," as they said afterwards, and they ranged themselves around as the more curious from the passers-by closed in. "Stumpy" took the boy up on the box with him and proceeded to address the crowd after the manner of a street fakir.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "we haven't got any catch-*penny* contrivance, what we want is *nickels*; we have no fake, feast, fair, or festival; neither on the



inside have we the greatest aggregation of world-wonders ever shown under one canvas. But, kind hearers," and his voice lost its strident tone while a tenderness stole into it, "what we have here this peaceful Christmas-Eve is a poor little Arab, a street Arab, let us call him. A species of humanity often seen but seldom met. He was captured not many blocks from here by your most humble servant, and is brought to your attention, my good people, that you may assist in putting a little of the season's glow into his wan cheeks, and incidentally drop a few nickels into the treasury."

The half-bantering, half-pleading tone of the young fellow had attracted a small audience, and when "Stumpy" began to cry the matches at five cents a box he found many purchasers.

"MATCHES! MATCHES!" he cried, "all the stock of this curbstome bankrupt whom you see staring into your kind faces. This stock must bring him a merry Christmas. Who'll take a box? they're cheap at the price, only a nickel each. Don't be bashful, but shell out your coin and help the poor devil along."

In a short time the greater portion of the stock was disposed of. Whenever the buying slackened one of the students would rush up and purchase a box or two in order to boost the sale. Dainty maidens, rosy-cheeked and warmly clad, dug deep into the season's accumulated samples to fish out stray nickels and dimes, which they turned over to the child. Gentlemen, hurrying homeward, halted to hear the tale of distress, and quickly dropped in their contributions and sped on to escape the rigors of the winter.

In this way most of the stock was sold, and the students walked down the street with "Matches" in their



midst. Into a restaurant they went, and while the boy ate a few things, they planned how best to spend the money ; something over four dollars had been collected. "Matches" said little, but when he had satisfied his wolf-like appetite he began to express his appreciation.

"Youse guys is de finest out," said he, "down in de alley dey'll say I'm givin' 'em a jolly when I tells o' dis."

"Stow it, Matches, stow it," said the Parson, "the game is young, the game is young."

"Well, sir, you see," the boy continued, "I've got to get home to sis, she's waitin' for me, y' know." Then his face clouded in spite of the crust of grime.

"Wot t'ell," he exclaimed, "here I've eat dis fine grub, and de girl's doll—oh, my mudder."

"What now, Matches," said the Parson, "your money's not gone, by a dumb sight." The Parson always prided himself on how near he could come to swearing without crossing the border line.

"Matches" explained how he had hoped to buy a doll for his sister, in order that he might be her Santa Claus, and that was what grieved him so much.

They soon put his little mind at rest by hastening to the toy-store and buying the very doll he had picked out. Next a good stout pair of shoes and a pair of stockings were put on "Matches," and his basket was filled with holiday food.

He bid an affectionate farewell to his kind friends, and proud and happy trudged toward his home. He was dreaming again, but a bright picture was before him now. He saw a vision of a little flaxen-haired girl dragging untold treasures from an old, ragged stocking. Foremost of these was a pink-cheeked doll. He was



happy now, and his sleep that night was full of a little Santa Claus whom they called "Stumpy."

In the memories of the Christmas the boys spent in town, "Matches" occupies no remote corner. They speak of the lark they had, and tell of what the child ate and did.

Thus where we least expect to find sweet charity, there she is. Her gentle spirit hides behind rough exteriors and chooses various forms of expression. Let us trust these boys may ever have that loving touch of kindness and feeling for the misfortunes of their fellows, that their hearts may ever throb with the divine tenderness for the unfortunates of this life.

ALLAN D. JONES.

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### A Story?

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HE was a peculiar lad. His had been strange circumstances, and naturally they had had an effect.

He was born in Eastern South Carolina, was reared in a quiet go-to-church little village called Abbots. The place was named by his father, who, when a tot, came, with a widowed mother, from a hamlet of that name in Northern Scotland to seek a living in free America. To be brief, years of incessant struggle finally placed the father in easy circumstances; but too late—vitality was exhausted and he died.

Thus, at eight years of age, our little comrade was left alone save two sisters and a baby brother. Young lives, indeed, to be cast adrift in this heartless world, with no anchor save a small income, no rudder save sturdy Scotch blood in their veins.



Guardians assiduously began their education. In a few years the four were sent to Edgerton in the upper part of the State, for academy work. There Willard Mahone began boy life which gave him experience but cost a good deal. He went with bad boys at the school. Sat up late at night, played poker, smoked, drank, "cut" classes, and in all turned out to be a right rousing American boy. Soon it became evident that he must change base or be ruined. He manfully gave up his companions and prepared to leave.

During his stay in Edgerton, however, he had seen a little girl who was destined to play a considerable part in his little drama. She also was of Scotch descent. Had blonde hair, gray eyes, a splendid figure, and a sweet face. She always wore a blue military cap, and made a dear picture as she passed each morning on her way to school. Willard was at the window at the right time each day but her coy modesty would not let her look his way often. He left without having met her, but often he thought of her—though in the vaguest way, for he never imagined that he would see her again.

One morning in early autumn, Willard told his sisters and brother good-bye, took the train, and sped away off into the North. He realized nothing save that he was leaving evil chums and must do better now.

After days of a very tiring ride, he reached Au Train in Northern Michigan. There a tutor from his school, the "Knabe," met him, and piloted him to the registrar's office. His work began right away, and for months he progressed easily. The restraint was irksome though, and he longed for the spring when out-door exercise would be allowed him.



His admirable work in the first base-ball game against "Kent," the rival school, won the lasting affection of all the "Knabe" boys. From that time on whatever "M'oney" said was law and gospel. He was captain of the nine all the remaining time of his stay there. That he was popular and a favorite goes without saying.

No serious thought had yet come to him. Still he went on to college after he finished at "Knabe." At the close of his second year in "Lyle College," he was called home to see his sisters graduate. What joy filled his soul when he boarded the cars which were to bear him back to the scenes of old. He was then a well-grown boy. But that was all! He thought of college, boys, and fun; there, however, he quit thinking.

Edgerton was comparatively quiet that summer. But Willard was overjoyed at seeing his old friends. One day he was introduced to a brother of the little Scotch lass whom he remembered so well. The two boys grew to be good friends, and soon Willard was invited down to Irvine's home. Irvine Furman was the boy's name, and his sister's, Addie.

Willard wondered and wondered if Addie would look as she used to—if she would have the same blue cap, the same sweet face. He was chagrined to find her a grown-up young lady. He had forgotten that some time had passed, and did not know that she was a *debutante* the winter before. In place of the flaxen hair which used to flow in bewitching confusion, there it was in regal pomp in a knot on top of her head! Instead of the shy smile, there was an open-eyed, look-straight-at-you expression on her face! Where once he had seen a little mincing step, there was now a stately, graceful tread. At first the transition was rather trying.



He found it hard to forgive her for having robbed him of the bright little picture of former days. Ah! How many of us have pleasant little reminiscences cruelly crushed by revisiting the scenes in which they were enacted! The streets seem narrower, the houses smaller, the people older. We really wonder if we are not mistaken in thinking that events there were once so pleasant.

Addie was kind though, and it did not take many days for his youthful heart to lose itself. She rather liked the neatly-attired, freshly-brushed young collegian, and he gave the "fat hands," as he called the town boys, a rather heated pace that summer. He was amusing, you know, had lots of college ways and enthusiastic buoyancy. She readily drove, rode, danced, walked, or wheeled with him, just as her caprice would suggest.

Thus the vacation passed. One afternoon near its close, they were out driving. The rural scenery was beautiful. In the distance lay a long chain of the Blue Ridge. Nearer were uneven stretches of forest pine, intermingled with open clearings. The odor of ripening grain, birch bark, and browning foliage filled the air. The sun was shedding its last mellow glow over all. Willard felt that no longer could he restrain that all-devouring emotion which surged against the walls of his entire being. His very soul festered. He must gasp or cease to breathe! There she was sitting beside him, to all appearances satisfied, chatting away gayly. And that was truly all! He was a sensible fellow, by no means a "cad," yet he could not suppress nor extinguish the flame which devoured him. He *must* speak, though he be thought foolish as the amorous youths of old.

Turning the subject rather awkwardly, he said: "Miss Addie, we have been friendly for several weeks.



I have spent many pleasant hours with you, but now I am leaving. Would you think me unkind or brutish if I were to say something of how I feel toward you?"

There was probably a second of silence. Then she turned her face away and softly replied, "No, I shouldn't."

Willard felt his heart surge, the blood coursed rapidly, then became rigidly frozen. The landscape backed off, all the world seemed whirling. He struggled, regained his voice: "Well, let me say, then, that I love you."

She looked fully at him. A quiet smile played about her mouth. Willard leaned over and kissed her unre-sisting lips.

That is just as it was, just as such scenes are, and ever will be. Willard inhaled the intoxication of the moment with all the ardor of his buoyant nature. He was wild with delight. He could not even dare to think it all over again. He was afraid to move—he might be dreaming and did not wish to awake. Long afterwards he told Addie that she had never been so beautiful before, nor would she ever be so again, until she should be accorded a place among the angels in fairyland.

Reason predominated however, and after a week more of almost unalloyed happiness Willard returned to college, but what a change! His place at the "Tavern" table was vacant. The proprietor was sorry to lose so good a customer. The boys were inconsolable at the loss of his wit and good humor. No one could see quite so much fun in nothing, no one could drink quite so much beer and maintain equilibrium, as he. The boys plead in vain. Something about "work" and "hurry," they said was all that they could wring from him. He played ball no more, cut short his course, and was hastening with all speed so that he could soon read law,



get to business, and claim his love. All his letters to Addie were tending toward the consummation of such an event.

One day, however, in midwinter, he received a short note from her. She was visiting in New Orleans. It ran as follows :

“Your last letter makes me feel that it is due you to say that I can, and wish to be your friend, but no more.

Yrs.,

ADDIE.”

Willard lowered the curtains to his study window. Filled his pipe with a fragrant mixture, struck a match, lit the tobacco, and took up the letter again.

W. S. McN.

*(To be continued.)*

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### Resignation.

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In grief I cried to God.

My soul, bowed down, moaned out its piteous prayer.  
I swore an oath, if He would give me strength  
To bear my load of care,  
My faltering faith would ripen into love.

In pain I cried to God.

My body racked with tortures multiplied.  
I pledged my vow, if He would give me ease,  
And bid my pain to cease,  
My faltering faith would lead to perfect love.

But all in vain I've vowed !

Though grief and pain have ceased to make me mourn,  
In health and happiness there is a cloud  
Obscure 'twixt Him and me !

And faith and love alike are weaker grown.

\* \* \* \* \*



Then use the chast'ning rod  
To turn the current of my stubborn will !  
For I must learn that in creation's God  
There beats a Father's heart  
And lose my will in learning how to love.

B. MERCER HARTMAN.

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### Unselfish Love.

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NEVER had she sung before as she had that night. She had thrown her whole soul into what she sang and had rallied to her aid all the elements of her nature—her love, for she knew what it was to love, her pathos, her passion, her poetry, her religion—and the combination had been the perfection of melody. Unconsciously she had lifted her audience with her into the ethereal realms of divine harmony. She had spoken to them in a universal language, and, unmindful of herself, she had bared to them her tender soul in all its moral purity and passion. They had felt that union of spirits which is seldom experienced between artist and audience, but which is absolutely essential to perfect interpretation. She did not realize what she had done. She was one of the few of her profession who sing solely for the love of it, and how could she be expected to know that there were those of her hearers who had been lifted nearer to heaven by her singing. She did not know it—she was extremely unsophisticated—but one thing she did know and that was that she was unmistakably happy—not in the triumph of the hour, but in the refining influence of her own song.

The concert was over now and she began to feel that weakening reaction which invariably follows an emotional strain of any kind. She hastened to the dressing-



room and hurriedly donned her wraps. She felt a thrill pass over her whole being as she thought that in that vast throng there was one, perhaps, to whom her singing had meant more than it had to the rest. She knew that he would be waiting for her at the stage door as usual, and there he was, leaning against the wall with the collar of his great coat turned high up around his ears.

The human heart is a queer piece of mechanism and not always easy of comprehension. How strange that a few minutes before this very girl had listened callously to the applause of a multitude, and now at the sight of a single man she could feel her heart begin to beat more quickly and her whole frame trembled with the violence of suppressed emotion.

He took her little hand in his, and, slipping it through his arm, pressed it closely to his breast where she could feel the passionate throbbing of his heart against it. Neither of them spoke, nor was the silence broken during the drive from the Opera House to the Café. It was only when seated at a table in the far end of the hall that he forced himself to speak.

"You made a great hit to-night," he said bluntly; "you sang well."

Men always manage to say the wrong thing at the wrong time.

"Thank you," she said simply, "I was in better voice than usual to-night."

It is only the very inexperienced who betray their thoughts in words. Her tone was utterly indifferent, and she did not so much as raise her eyes from the table. She was leaning on one elbow with her rosy cheek resting in her palm. Her fur cape had fallen



back from her shoulders, revealing her snowy neck and arms. He could see the gentle heaving of her virgin bosom. At that moment he loved her better than his life, but his love was honest, not selfish.

At last he spoke again, and his keen gray eyes flashed fire. He was on the verge of the passionate outbreak which nature demanded, but he remembered his duty to her and he was restrained.

"Anita, listen," he said, "I cannot remain silent longer—would to God that I could—but it is impossible. I love you, though I know that I sin in doing so. Forgive me. And now from this hour the paths of our lives must grow wider and wider apart."

His speech was short and jerky, but she knew too well what he meant. She raised her great dark eyes upon him with infinite tenderness and said, "You are wrong, John. Why should our lives diverge? I understand your honest unselfishness, and love you but the more for it, but I am not quite so unselfish myself. Your interest is mine, not mine, yours. Together we shall be happy, separate, miserable."

"No, no, do not tempt me," he replied slowly, "I have thought it over carefully, and I have decided forever. I never intended to speak—the devil alone could have made me do what I have done—I have been a fool, but I will not be a villain. What would your great mother say if she knew that you loved me? What would your father say if he learned that he had for a son an ordinary violinist of the Opera House orchestra? No, I am not for you. Do not seek to persuade me further for it is useless. My mind is fixed, and cannot be altered. I love you—I will not ruin you. Marry in your own circle, be happy, forget me."



He had risen as he spoke these last words. He drew her cape around her shoulders, and, taking her hand, led her out into the night.

Standing on the edge of the sidewalk, he watched the carriage bearing his life away till it had vanished in the darkness. Then he turned and went into the world with a torn and bleeding heart, but he carried with him the knowledge that he had acted honestly. "To be wise and love exceeds man's might," had failed.

H. LEE MCBAIN.

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## A Child of Nature.

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### CHAPTER I.

"KEEP your eyes wide open as you go through the world, young gentlemen, and you will see many things you are not looking for." These were the Professor's words to a large class in mathematics a half decade or more ago, and all experience bears witness to the striking and no less truthful statement. It is not infrequently true that mathematical deductions suggest generalizations far more interesting, more tangible, and more profitable than the various combinations of letters and figures. And so this scribe soon found himself meditating upon the professorial injunction, philosophizing from premises discovered in mathematical research, and seeking also to establish for himself a scientific method of thought and action.

How it gladdens the heart of the earnest and conscientious student to make a discovery—to prove satisfactorily to himself the truth or falsity of any statement! There is all the joy awakened by a new-found jewel; all the proud confidences of rightful ownership. What



matters it that other eyes have gazed upon the same treasure? or that other men have once possessed it? Now it is *mine*, and this fact multiplies its value. But when to the joy of discovery there is added also the purpose to incarnate the new truth in one's own life, the heart is made to thrill with a new impetus, and life has a new meaning. With the light of those magic words falling round me, have I not discovered a new being? "Keep your eyes wide open!" It is far more difficult than to focus them on a single point—to look always in a single direction, oblivious of the men and measures and environments in which one is placed. And yet such were the words.

The solution of mathematical problems depends upon : (1) Lucidity of statement ; (2) unwavering persistency ; (3) accuracy in application. In proceeding, then, to obey the professorial injunction, these were the laws by which my introspective study was conducted. A lucid statement of one's own state of mind ! Who does not shrink from the very thought? But he who comprehends and masters self is greater than he that taketh a city, and so I enter heroically upon the study, soliloquizing thus : "Methinks I am living the life of a slave. I arise at the sound of a gong, and mechanically proceed to make my toilette, for in a student's apartment there is no one save himself to disarrange the scanty furnishings. The morning meal is a part of the day's proceedings, and tradition says must consume eleven minutes. And now begins that series of unhallowed and unwelcome sounds, for

' In the tower hangs a bell,  
In the eastern College tower ;  
And it never fails to tell  
There is duty *every hour*.'



Having been summoned to the class-room, I recite the text apportioned, and in turn receive a new assignment. Each day simply imitates the last, and prophecies the next succeeding. In the routine of student life have I passed my days so far, knowing little of the outside world and its many problems. My own occupation has been to study, and my goal the student's triumph. This work is dull and morbid in itself and has little charm to him who looks not to the future. These were the thoughts which racked the brain of a sleepless student far into the silent night. A troubled mind knows little rest, and so not many hours had passed before I was awake and sitting by my eastern window. "Keep your eyes wide open." These were the words which haunted me most when most I wished to lose them. But what if their meaning should be more fully tested? What if my vision should be extended to the great and beautiful world about me? What if my eyes should at times be closed to the chemical reactions in plant life, and see only the flowers in their innocent beauty? Be closed to the astronomical relations of heavenly bodies and gaze simply at their wondrous grandeur? Be closed to the sight of multiplied minerals in the mountain peak to feast upon its majestic splendor?

While thus I sat and wondered a soft note from the first songster reached my ear, and day began to dawn. The eastern horizon was lighted first, then the mellow hues shot further and further across the clouded sky, the colors deepening here and fading there, presenting ever changing and more beautiful scenes, until at last all gave way to the glorious sunrise. What a revelation! For an hour Nature had been painting wondrous pictures in the vaults of heaven—and yet half her children lay



asleeping. The man that can witness quietly the break of day, see the glad approach of the sun's bright heralds, watch the silent grandeur of the King of Day as he tarries on the eastern horizon to smile a blessing upon sleeping earth, then speeds joyfully away on his mission of life and light; the man, I say, who can gaze upon a scene like this and is not moved to a purer life and a nobler purpose is not the man for whom he was created. But was there not a silent voice from this heavenly vision calling me to still further revelations? I obeyed the fancied summons, and was soon wandering far from our classic halls into the western suburbs, feasting all the while upon the beauties of the early morning. Here a drooping daisy lifted its head to kiss the sunshine, there the wild rose opened wide its petals and gave out sweetest perfume, yonder a field of new-mown hay scintillated with ten million dew-drops. The cow-boy swung the pasture gate and led through his charge, the merry voices of farm hands rang out upon the morning air, and far back in town the shrieks of escaping steam were calling laborers to their toil. On and on, amid enchanting scenes, I wandered down the broad road leading close by a farm-house. The spacious lawn, simple architecture and broad veranda impressed me, and 'twas while lost in admiration of these that, lo! just over the front yard fence and gracefully reclining in a hammock I saw a subject fit for the world's best artist. Upon the grass hard by lay her broad-brimmed hat. She was dressed in a morning gown of simple beauty, her brown hair rolled gracefully back upon a high and classic forehead, she held a book in one hand, while the other fell carelessly over the hammock's side. With a hammock as her resting-place the green sward for a background and native



beauty as her sole adornment she seemed verily "A Child of Nature." For a moment I stood spell-bound. Her large and honest eyes met my own. "Pardon me," I said, recovering. She smiled, dropped her head, and continued reading. What a picture!

After the glorious revelations of this spring-time morning; this communion sweet with Nature and the God of Nature; this meeting, strange and pleasant, with a puzzling maiden—"tell me not in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream." I am a new, a strange, a better man. Work now will be a pleasant duty, and I hie myself to meet it. Thus thinking, I retraced my steps. Mine eyes were lifted once more from the things around me, and, looking intently through the vistas—

"I saw two clouds that morning  
Tinged by the rising sun,  
And in the dawn they floated on  
And mingled into one."

(*To be continued.*)

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### To Amy.

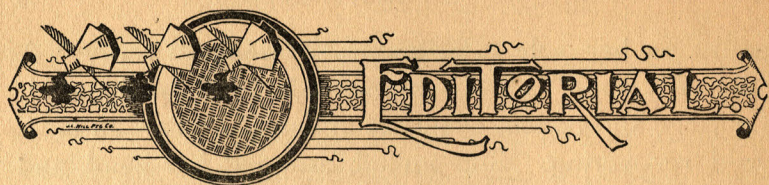
When thou wrapst me round with the thrall of thy grace,  
And stiflest my breath with thy mesmeric glance,  
My spirit divides me, and floating in space  
I gaze on the charms of thy fair countenance.

For thine is the power, to blossom the flower,  
By magic, a rose or a cold evening glory.  
To breathe in the flame 'till the red petals lower  
Or freeze it in frost 'till its petals are hoary.

Down in the cool dim depths of thy heart  
Is the haunt of my soul since you drew it from me,  
Will you hold it for e'er, with a charm, that thou art?  
Or will you forever be just *bonne Amie*?

R. C. L.





**GREETING.** To each one of our friends we extend a hearty Christmas greeting. We have tried to reach you with this issue just at Yule-tide. We hope when the great log flames in the chimney-place and the laugh and jest go round that you will not forget the **MESSENGER**. May the gentle muses visit you in this season of good cheer, and awaken in you some legend, some echo, or some dream whereby we may profit in the future.

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**CHRISTMAS NUMBER.** The **MESSENGER** appears this month in a new dress, and we have tried to make the contents better than usual. As to whether we have succeeded or not we shall allow our friends to decide. We have done the best we could with the material we had to select from. We were very much gratified to see so many more of the students submitting articles for this issue than is usual. Some of the pieces we can not use, others we may use later. To those whose articles are rejected allow us to say that this should not prevent your trying again, but it should rather cause you to try harder the next time to write a piece that will pass muster.

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**A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE WAR.** From the time when the Cuban question was first agitated our sympathies have been with the oppressed Cubans, but we hoped and believed that the question could be settled by diplomacy. We believed that the Spanish rule could be overthrown without resort to arms, and so regretted it when we



found that war was upon us. Although we regretted the fact of war, we nevertheless sympathized with its avowed purpose. If the diplomats were unable to put an end to the horrible persecutions and outrages perpetrated by the Spanish, we felt that the United States must interfere in the name of humanity, and force Spain from Cuba.

The sufferings of the *reconcentrados* beggared description, and so we felt no little enthusiasm in the war, now that it was upon us. Congress had declared to the world that we were entering upon war in the interest of humanity, and not for conquest. The people of the country accepting this statement entered upon the war with as much enthusiasm as could have been expected considering that our enemy was very much weaker than we were.

The war was brought to a speedy and successful close. Nothing remained to be done except the arranging as to the terms of peace. Commissioners were appointed by the two powers, and for several weeks they held sessions in Paris. They concluded their labors a few days ago.

If we felt enthusiastic at the beginning of the war, we feel chagrined at its close. Our commissioners, in our humble judgment, acted very unlike diplomats. They would simply state what they desired, and knowing the helplessness of Spain refused to hear any modifications. We can not but feel the justice of the statement of one of the Spanish commissioners when he said America acted as a "conscienceless giant."

We entered upon no war of conquest, and yet insist upon Spain's yielding to us all of the islands we seized except Cuba; and it is pretended that an independent



government is to be established there. In view of what we have seen we have very little faith in this pretence, and if the administration could carry out its wishes, we are not by any means sure but that Cuba would also come to us as a colony.

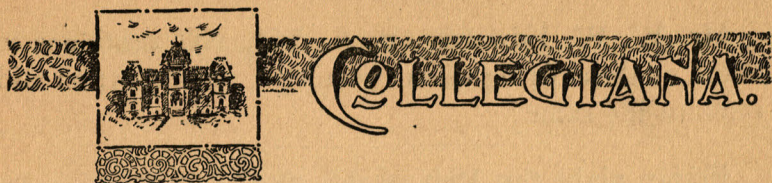
We can not help feeling that we have acted dishonestly as a nation, and that the declaration of no conquest was simply a trick of the politicians. We had an opportunity to show to the world that we love liberty for its own sake, and that we are willing, if need be, to fight to give it to the sorely oppressed ; but our greed has gotten the better of us, and we have set about to despoil a nation too weak to defend itself. We sincerely hope the treaty may not be ratified.

---

OUR Work has now begun on our Science Hall, SCIENCE HALL, and is being pushed rapidly. The foundations are pretty well laid and the walls are being raised. We understand the work is to be pushed as rapidly as possible, and the prospects are that before the session closes this beautiful building will be completed. It is being built on the south side of the campus, and just east of the Franklin-street entrance.







At last! The long expected has happened and our new science hall is actually under course of construction. All indications seem to point to a very handsome building which will be an ornament to Richmond as well as to our campus, and better still it will make itself "Useful as well as ornamental."

---

Foot-ball for this season is now a thing of the past and in its place Bandy is all the rage; in other words, Foot-ball has departed, Bandy has come in and instead of complaining of broken heads, 'twill now be a complaint of the shin.

---

Have you heard that new and touching song entitled "Just Break the News to Mother"?

---

"There was a mighty hunter before the Lord and his name was" Thraves.

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Judging from the number of our boys who throng Broad Street every afternoon the stores must be doing a rushing business with them(?) Evidently they have neglected our advice of the last number in which we warned them for various reasons not to let the affections of summer last too long.

---

Please ask Mr. W. S. McNiell when you see him if he has seen anything of Eulus lately?



Mr. W. W. Edwards (B. A. '97), still continues to make us these flying visits ; wonder if the attraction still remains the same ?

---

Friday night the 16th of this month promises to be one of unusual pleasure with us at the College. The occasion will be a "Musical" given by the very best talent in the city for the benefit of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society. Let every loyal Mu Sig. do as the scribe expects to—"bring his best girl"—if he has one.

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"The air biteth shrewdly," and the wind whisteth shrilly at this season of the year. We certainly do pity the inhabitants of the north side of the buildings and how we do hug ourselves that we have a southern position !

---

Rev. W. R. Gales delivered a very interesting address to the students in the chapel on Monday night the 12th.

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We are glad to see the interest being taken in the gymnasium this year ; at every class the room is quite full and the work is a real pleasure ; we cannot speak too highly of our new and competent instructor, Mr. Williams.

---

During the past month President Boatwright took a trip to New York for the purpose of purchasing some pieces of art with which to adorn our college museum. We are sure that his selections have been good and are anxious for their arrival, in order that we may have the pleasure of viewing and studying their beauty.

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The man who said that Senior Deutsch is a "snap" had evidently been imbibing too freely and knew not whereof he spake."



"Say Bill, did you ever marry that girl you were loving so hard last summer?"

"Nit."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Cause she married that other fellow."

---

Saturday evening the 10th, a delightful reception was tendered the Senior Law Class by Prof. Ernest Long. Nearly all the class availed themselves of the opportunity and passed a most pleasant evening being hospitably entertained by Prof. Long's charming bride, who was ably assisted by Miss Mattie Pollard, Miss Alma McNeill, Misses Juliet and Mary Waddill, Miss Josie Pollard, Miss Williams, of North Carolina, and Misses Marion and Julia Ryland.

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On Friday afternoon, November 25th, Miss Ethel Schmelz, of Hampton, was most charmingly entertained by Miss Lalla Pollard, whom she has been visiting for the past week.

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Examinations' most fatal evening has once more appeared, and no doubt will carry off its accustomed victims; we refer to skating.

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Wonder what the Ring Tum Phi thinks of our Editor-in-Chief; probably it forgot that he is an old V. M. I. man when it paid us a visit some time ago.

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We are glad to be able to say that Mr. N. H. Pope who has been suffering from an attack of malaria fever is now improving.

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Dr. J. R. Sampey, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, was in the city the 12th and made an interesting talk in the chapel that morning.

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Best wishes to all for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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PUNICA FIDES.

[Sympathetically inscribed to our heartbroken friend, Burnley.]

When I first to College came,  
I then did thirst for fame,  
To make myself a name  
Was my desire.

But, alas ! those visions bright  
Have faded out of sight,  
And now both day and night  
I long to die.

The reason this change of heart,  
This wishing for Death's dart,  
This longing to depart,  
Is quickly told.

Once a maiden I did love,  
Better than all else above  
This earth; she was a dove (?)  
Beyond compare.

I burned with the fire of youth,  
Baited by false words for truth,  
Acted just like a goose,  
A Ph——. D——.

She told me she suffered so  
When at last I had to go  
Away to Collegio  
Last Septem.



Oh ! she swore she would be true,  
That my love was all she knew,  
That her pleasures would be few,  
While I was gone.

Our letters flew thick and fast;  
Vows were faithfully passed;  
But such joys could not last,  
As you shall see.

Now, toll the sad bells slowly,  
Whisper the words lowly,  
When 'tis told how wholly  
I was sold.

One day a letter came  
Entwining with my name  
A life-long, tender flame  
Of mad devotion.

The next night she took a scoot  
With a bloody blank galoot  
Who had n'er press'd his suit  
Before that eve.

Then she wrote: " Dear, don't you fret,  
Just smoke a cigarette,  
And please do not forget  
To wish me well."

How I wish that war with Spain  
Would happen once again,  
So that I might be slain,  
And die a martyr.

Why callest thou me " Red Eyes,"  
I'st because much hard cries  
Do tend to stigmatize  
My optics ?



There's no hope, no cure, no calm,  
Nor even Jennie's balm  
Can make life seem a psalm  
To me, again.

When my epitaph you write,  
Fail not thereon to indite,  
"He has gone from the night  
Of dark despair."

J. F.—A. M.







After a most successful campaign, the foot-ball team has gone into winter quarters. After the heat of many battles they rest well. May they not suffer from cold or hunger !

---

The gymnasium is doing unusually fine work. The classes are thought to be larger than ever before. At 4:30 and 5:30 P. M. it is the centre of attraction. Instructor M. G. Williams thoroughly understands how to develop every muscle.

Gymnasium instruction is a very important part of one's college course. No student can afford to neglect it. A sound mind in a sound body is what we need.

---

The chilling blasts of winter have begun to blow, making it rather uncomfortable for out-door exercise. Yet not even angry Boreas can frighten some of our choice spirits from the campus.

Lawn-tennis still survives. The back-stops recently put up greatly add to the enjoyment of this game.

The Tennis Association has about thirty members. Among this number are many good players. We may expect that the honors awarded in this line of athletics will be warmly contested.

The interest in tennis at this institution has been steadily growing every year. The boys anticipate a pleasant time when they have the privilege of playing with the *co-eds*.



Basket-ball is being practiced with a vim. The boys are taking more interest in this sport than ever before. After the intermediate examinations, they expect to organize the best team we have ever had. This game affords a fine exercise—second only to foot-ball.

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The Athletic Editor wishes to all the athletes of '98 and '99 a most happy Christmas. You have won the olive wreath. May Yule-tide joy add lustre to your victory!

---

“ You do not know  
That this is so,”  
The city cousin said;  
“ You wrote upon  
Those eggs in fun  
The time when they were laid.”

The packing stopped,  
The farmer hopped  
Out from his dusty crates.  
He said: “ By gosh !  
It is no bosh,  
I feed my hens on dates.”

P.





# EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Shakespeare says :

“The worthiness of praise distains his worth  
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth.”

And surely none of us can doubt the truth of this statement on the part of the great English poet. A certain amount of self-confidence is always necessary to the success of any undertaking, but nothing disgusts us quite so quickly as self-praise. We are afraid that our Hampden-Sydney friends overlooked this very apparent fact in a conspicuous editorial in the last issue of their magazine. We quote from the article as follows: “We have no intentions of disparaging any of the weak rivals of the *Kaleidoscope*—abuse has been and always will be a bad weapon to wield in a matter of argument, but we do invite and challenge a comparison. We ask you to compare the issue of last year with any college annual issued in this State or in the South. That it is equal to and in some cases superior to *Corks and Curls*, the *Calyx* and the *Spinster*—any others do not bear consideration.” It is not a question of our being “miffed” at their cruel oversight of our own annual, for, of course, we realize what a poor showing our modest *Spider* would make beside their finished and artistic publication, but it is merely a desire to see justice shown that prompts this article. The writer of the extract quoted surely could not have seen the last issue of the *Cap and Gown* when he invited a comparison between his own juvenile attempt and what is considered by people who know to be the best annual gotten out in the country. We would



suggest that he procure a copy. Aside from the protruding egotism of this editorial, the magazine was a very creditable production. Among the striking features noted was the selection of the clippings, which displayed remarkably good taste.

---

We read with pleasure the November issue of the *Red and Blue* from the University of Pennsylvania. An essay on the Fiction and Poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson proved to be very instructive as well as interesting. A number of short stories well written and carefully planned added much to the interest of the magazine. This is one of the few college periodicals of the country which makes any attempt at illustrations—a thing which can not fail to please.

---

The Kiss of Death is the title of an exceedingly well written story in *The Gray Jacket*. The subject is an oddly chosen one for a college journal, but so cleverly has the author of the piece handled it that we are almost tempted to believe that he writes from experience. At least he shows a deep insight into human nature, and we cannot fail to admire his genius, even if some of us reject a part of his philosophy, which has a decided vein of skepticism running through it.

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We are glad to make the acquaintance of a new friend in the *R. M. A. Journal*. For a first issue it is remarkably creditable, and we wish it all success in all its future undertakings.



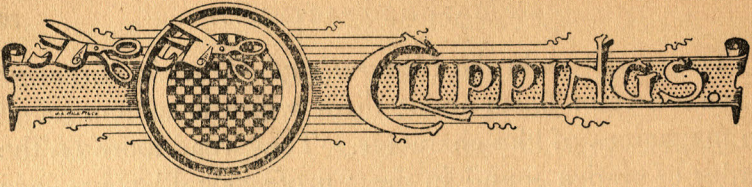
The storiottes in the *University of Virginia Magazine* have a certain finish about them which is seldom found in magazines of like character. They read more on the order of stories found in the "professional" magazines of the country.

---

We cannot pass over the *Vassar Miscellany* without some word of comment. As usual its literary merit is unsurpassed. Among the striking articles are, Pygmalion, a poem ; The Relation of Poetry to Civilization, and Coaching.







### FLAGGING PATRIOTISM.

"Here, take my flag," said the man from Yale,  
To his Vassar cousin fair,  
"'Tis a jolly flag of truest blue;  
You'll be proud to have it there."

"The red's the only shade on earth,"  
The Harvard fellow said.  
Cornell chimed in, "That's right, old chap,  
I swear by white and red."

On Yale she turned her eyes of blue,  
Her red lips smiled as well;  
The flush that stained her snow-white brow  
Was loyal to Cornell.

"My flag's red, white, and blue," she said,  
"So there need be no fuss!  
To show there's no partiality,  
I'll mark the flag just 'U. S.'"

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

---

This life is like the instant flash of light  
That through the lens upon the plate  
Spontaneous prints a picture, dark or bright,  
E'erlasting in the Book of Fate.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

---

### FROST-BITTEN.

I sent my lady violets blue,  
And then with lover's art  
I begged her, if she loved me true,  
To wear them o'er her heart.



And if she would not say me yea,  
 But bade me not despair,  
 I prayed her send hope's cheering ray,  
 And wear them in her hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

I met my lady yester e'en,  
 The wind blew chill and rough,  
 She wore my flowers—but, cruel queen,  
 She'd pinned them on her muff!

—*Ex.*

He came to see her stormy nights,  
 When he had nowhere else to go;  
 She liked to see him at such times,  
 And so she called him her rain-beau.

—*Ex.*

#### MUSINGS OF A SPIRIT.

H. W. H.

What means yon sad and solemn throng,  
 That follows close the shrouded bier?  
 The tender words, the parting look,  
 E'en watered with the silent tear?  
 Can that cold piece of silent clay,  
 Which once entombed my 'pentant soul,  
 Be but the object of their outward grief?  
 Look! here and there along the way  
 Sweet flowers are strewn, whose scented breath  
 Methinks would be more fitting incense  
 To the quick than dead. For virtue  
 Dwells not in the bones of man,  
 But in the breast. Why chant the solemn dirge  
 O'er this poor unresponsive clay?  
 There is no heart-string there to play upon;  
 Why sacrifice one little hard-wept tear?  
 There runs no living stream within that form  
 To longer need such 'freshing showers.  
 Oh, fraud of frauds and robbery bold!  
 Ye owed me this when once I lived;



But selfish misers that ye were  
I might have perished for their lack  
Before ye gave me. And now,  
As if 'twould well atone for such neglect,  
This pittance do ye render to my bones,  
Which in your minds no sooner covered than forgot.  
Oh that each mortal soul might see  
Himself the victim of such heartless form,  
That he might better know what duty is,  
And where sweet charity of love begins.

—*R. M. A. Journal.*

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