Vol. XXVII.

The Messenger.

Richmond College.

No. 1.

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To a Butterfly.

BY E. B. K.

Whence comest thou? Art thou born of earth,
So fragile, fair, and feathery wrought?
Or hast thou in love's brain found birth,
A child of beauty and of thought?
Or art thou, waft through summer skies,
An earth-blow'd bloom of paradise?

---

A Race with Death.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

My entire life has been spent in the wilds of the far
West, and a full share of the dangers and hardships
incident to such a career have fallen to my lot; but the
narrowest escape from death I ever had was in the following
adventure, which happened to me in the early part of the
year '79, on the trail leading from Lost River Mining Camp,
over Long Ridge Mountain, to Betterville, a distance of
twenty good miles.

We had remained at the Lost River Camp for the winter,
in order to protect the mining property, and a tiresome and
lonesome job it was, too. The weather was intensely cold,
and the snow lay three feet deep on the level, drifting in
places to a much greater depth. Occasionally a violent storm
would sweep down the valley and keep us closely housed for
several days at a time, but, on the whole, we got along fairly well, passing the time in reading and hunting.

The company had left four of us at the mine to guard the machinery until work should be resumed in the spring, and everything that was movable had been packed in the basement of the "Big Y" storage building. We four—Sampson, Long, Jarvis, and myself—slept right above, and a tough time would any one have had in attempting to remove that machinery, for in those days we knew how to shoot, and didn’t mind using our repeaters when the occasion called for it.

It was rather a lonely job, in spite of the fact that each of us made it as pleasant as possible for the others. I could sing a little, and the rest were all musical, especially Jarvis, who played the violin very sweetly. Jarvis was a whole-souled, rollicking fellow, and his singing, his music, and his innumerable jokes kept us laughing half the time. In this manner many an hour was passed pleasantly, together with the telling of stories around the fire. Some of the yarns which were spun would have put even Gulliver to shame, and Baron Munchausen, I am sure, would have hidden his head in disgrace.

Our work was light, for our only duty was to keep watch over the machinery and see that none of it was stolen by straggling bands of Indians. We never had but one occasion to use our repeaters in driving off these miscreants; after that they left us severely alone.

In the early winter the single telegraph wire which we had used was blown down by an unusually high wind, and after that we were without communication with Betterville and the outside world, except through the mail-man, who brought us our mail and the newspapers twice a month. Eagerly we awaited his arrival at the end of every two weeks, and it was not often that Old Joe disappointed us. He made the trip from Betterville on skees, a kind of snow-shoe, formed of a
A RACE WITH DEATH.

long thin piece of seasoned wood, and slightly turned up at the end. Joe was a Norwegian, and the skees that he used he had brought with him from Norway.

The speed that the old man attained with them over the frozen snow was remarkable, and every other Tuesday we would see him start from the top of the ridge, and, using a long pole to guide himself with, leap down the mountain side at lightning speed. Down the steep trail he would come like a flash, skimming as lightly over the earth as a swallow. Then, leaving the trail, he would take a short cut down the side, and, leaping a cliff full twenty feet high, he would glide swiftly across the short distance that lay between the camp and the foot of the ridge, and come to a stop with the most sweeping of circles at the door.

Joe was a jolly old fellow, and promised us that if we would learn to use the skees he would make us each a pair. But the others said ordinary snow-shoes were good enough for them, so I was the only one who took Joe at his word. In time I became quite skillful in their use, and greatly enjoyed myself when gliding over the snow.

I tried to get Jarvis to learn, but, in his funny, obstinate way, he refused “to trust his neck on any such things,” so I had to go about by myself.

At last I became so proficient that Old Joe would let me meet him at the mountain top, and together we would race to camp. I shall never forget the exhilarating thrill—half joy and half fear—that passed over me the first time I made the attempt. It was a two-mile run to camp, but I made it safely, even following old Joe over the cliff. My hair stood on end when I made the leap, but I followed the old man’s directions, and no harm resulted.

Soon I became so fond of it that rarely a day passed but that I made my way up the Ridge and enjoyed the glorious slide to camp.

Near the summit, and almost blocking the trail, was
stacked a great pile of lumber, which had been left there the November before by the miners. Often on the trip down to camp I would stop there and enjoy the beautiful mountain scenery all around me. Sometimes I would go up before day and watch from this pile of timber the sun rise—and a thrilling scene it was too, one that made my very soul leap for joy. First the sky would flush a tender red, and one by one the stars would fade away as the blush grew deeper. But the crowning moment came when the sun lifted himself from behind the towering sierras and flooded the peaks and valleys with his golden light—the snowy, broken heights flashing in a wealth of fire. I have traveled in the Alps and the Himalayas, but nowhere have I seen any scenery which could surpass the beauty and majestic grandeur of this sun-rise in the Sierra Nevadas.

Frequently I had wondered what kept the stack in position, for it was piled very high; yet it seemed secure enough, and I gave myself no further concern about it. Sometimes, though, I could not help thinking of what would happen if this great mass were to break away and go crashing down the incline. It would mean certain death for any one on the trail at the time.

Things went on as usual for a month or more and nothing out-of-the-way happened.

One Tuesday—Joe's Tuesday as we called it—during the first week in March, I fastened on my skees and started up the Ridge to meet Old Joe, as I had been doing for some time past. When I reached the great pile of lumber I noticed that it was leaning a little more than usual, but I did not stop to examine it and hurried on to the summit. There I waited for some little while, but Joe was late and I tired of waiting; so I concluded I would coast down to the lumber pile and wait there for the old man.

Climbing out upon a projecting timber, about seven or eight feet from the ground, I stretched out and waited. I
had been lying there for some time, when suddenly I was startled by a terrific yell. Looking back, I saw Joe frantically waving to me. I could not imagine what was the matter, but conceive my horror when I heard several pieces of lumber falling, and, turning, perceived the whole left end moving slowly down the grade, while the right was swaying and its timbers were crashing and breaking as the strain began to bear upon it. With a shout I leaped to the ground and fastened on my skees in a flash. It was too late to skirt the ends, and, with a wild prayer in my heart, I sprang down the mountain side, as the swaying mass behind me toppled over with a tearing groan and started on its mad career.

When the final crash came, tons upon tons of snow and giant rocks were loosened, and, as I fled for my life down the slope, this mighty mass came roaring on behind. My only hope lay in beating the avalanche to the plain below. On, on, I fled, but I had not gone far before I knew that it was gaining on me! I was flying, but this vast monster was the faster! The race was on!

I leaned but slightly on my guiding pole, and I flew down the mountain at a speed which made me dizzy. It would have been death to leave the trail at the rate I was going, and I dared not slacken my pace for an instant, for I would have been crushed and buried. My only hope was the plain! I was straining every nerve, but almost at my heels, and gathering impetus every foot of the way, came the avalanche. Its roar was terrible and increased every second. With compressed lips and rigid limbs I flew onward. Down, down, down, stretched the trail before me, and behind me was death!

Glancing up for a second, I saw the boys on the roof of the "Big Y." They were making signals to me, but I could not answer. I lowered my eyes and sped onward. Ah! I would have given worlds to have been with them in the valley!

As I looked over my shoulder and saw the grinding mass
gaining upon me—almost on me—a cold sweat came over me.

One slip—one mistake—and I would be ground to death under the tons of debris.

Before me was the cliff, only a quarter-mile distant. If I could reach it I was saved! I made every effort to increase my speed—the long skees were barely skimming the snow as they bore me onward in a flight as swift as the eagle’s, but steadily the avalanche gained on me.

The boys had ceased waving and stood motionless on the roof, watching the race with death. Nearer came the grim monster behind me, but a hundred feet away was life! Pebbles and jagged fragments were flying about my feet—it was now or never. With one last supreme effort I leaned forward, and then, as the cliff was reached, I gathered myself for the leap.

Over I went, and a thrill of exultation and relief passed over me as I landed safely on the level slope below, and swerved quickly to the left. I was saved! Hardly had I left the line of the trail, when the huge mass swept by and onward, strewing itself along the plain until its flight was checked.

As soon as I could I stopped; then I fell, half-fainting, on the snow. Jarvis was the first of the boys to reach me.

“Davis, you are crying,” he laughed, as he picked me up.

“Jarvis,” I said, “you’re a liar.”

Right as a Controlling Principle.

BY J. W. KINCHELOE.

EVERY age in the world’s history has been characterized by striking aspects. Every name handed down to us in the annals of the past has for us its peculiar interest. Every character known to have figured in the history of
human affairs carries with it the stain of evil acts or the glory of illustrious deeds.

It is no less true that from time immemorial there have been major and minor principles, which, in the experience of men, have served as operative causes. These principles might be divided and sub-divided until they seemed to be many, but this is unnecessary, for in reality there are but two. Then, if there are but two main principles that have served as operative causes to make men what they have been and man’s history what it is, the question naturally arises as to what these principles are. The first is the principle of right; the second is wrong, or right’s deadly antagonist.

That these principles exist needs no better proof than statistics showing them to have been associated with man under every environment and at every stage of his career. Right and wrong have colored the history of every nation and permeated the literature of every age. I shall not attempt, however, to discuss the conception of right and wrong that has characterized the men or nations of the past. Sufficient to say, since the gateway to the Garden of Eden was blocked by the angel, whose flaming sword flashed in every direction, and it was said to man, “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,” it has been man’s lot to receive from the past and to contribute to the succeeding generation these principles as operative in his life.

Ethical theories and discussions are for superior minds, but the “plain man’s view” is the privilege of all. It is of this view, practical in nature, that I propose to avail myself in this discussion. I shall not dwell at large upon the principles to which I have referred, but simply take the side of right, with a view to disclosing its vital interest to man.

Wrong, as we are aware, has its devotees, its worshippers, wages its wars, celebrates its festivals, and rejoices in its apparent victories, but at the same time hurls its subjects to destruction.
On the other hand, right, against which wrong arrays itself, flaunts high its white-winged banner, the harbinger of peace and guarantee of eternal prosperity. Right heralds not the news of victory, boasts not of achievement, nor is it guilty of display of power; but, as a controlling principle, its motto is success and its aim the good of man.

Right, as it obtains in the life of man, builds character—not that character stained with innocent blood, not that character tinged with rapine and robbery, not that character blackened by fraud and deceit, not that character dwarfed by immorality and the gratification of unholy desires; but rather that character which gives man worth, distinction, eminence, influence, and power—that character which makes man what the great Creative Intelligence designed him to be.

No character is what it ought to be unless it has for its basal stone the principle of right, and no man need strive to build for himself that which is called character, an enduring structure, save when he allows his motives to be controlled by right as the highest incentive, humbles himself, kneels and worships at its shrine.

We honor the names and strive to perpetuate the memory of those men who have left their impress upon the world. We refer to them as the world’s benefactors; we refer to them as lights in history; we refer to them as examples after whom we would do well to pattern. But seldom do we stop to ask what made them such. Was it superior advantages, or profounder intellects? These had to do with it in a measure, but the real foundation of those fruitful lives was the great underlying principle which was allowed to assert its authority—the principle of right, by which their motives were prompted, their desires governed, and their actions controlled.

On the battle-fields of Europe Napoleon won for himself a reputation as a military genius that eclipsed the world, and yet he was not truly great, for, when through pride and
ambition Napoleon divorced Empress Josephine, he violated the law of right and wrought a stain upon his name that not even the glory of Austerlitz or Marengo could obliterate. But contrast, if you will, Napoleon with our own military genius of the Revolution. At Valley Forge and Yorktown Washington won for himself a name, but that name was only a part of the man. In the sphere of private life, by strict adherence to the laws of right and justice, Washington combined those virtues which are essential to true greatness, and placed his name where oblivion will never shroud its splendor.

The heart that throbs under the force of such a principle must of necessity become great. The life whose warp and woof are constructed from the virtues that emanate from such a principle is destined to thwart the plans, defeat the designs, and to rise in stupendous grandeur above the mightiest efforts of its antagonist.

Right, as a controlling principle, not only gives force of character to the individual, but, as it obtains in the lives of individuals, it tends to promote national character and to give national power. The nation guided by its laws and quickened by its impulses stands upon the only foundation that is firm, and alone is able to withstand the shock of anarchy and rebellion.

Turn your eyes upon ancient Athens. Behold her pride, her wealth, her power, her grandeur, her glory, as she stood the pride of the ancient world! Where is she now, and what is the cause? Let history answer. Athens lives, but only in literature, history, and a language that is dead. Her people became corrupt, she lost her national character, and her downfall followed. She forfeited her foundation through lust for gold and empire, and, when the idea of right which once permeated the realm of Athenian society had vanished, Athens was no more.

And where is Rome, called by her citizens the "Eternal
City, the home of the hero and the patriot, in whose archives there yet remain records of knighthood, gallantry, and patriotism unsurpassed in the annals of time? Is there a more striking example of the decay of empires to be found, marked by ruin, tradition, or history, than that which the once powerful Rome now exhibits. As the result of a failure to recognize that principle by which men, nations, and empires are made great, the foundation of Rome was drenched in blood. Rome was great in power, magnificent in wealth, sublime in beauty, but she was lacking in an adequate conception of right as a stimulus for her citizens. Rome survives the wreck of time, it is true, but only as she arrays herself in priestly garments and takes refuge behind her so-called Church.

We who are citizens of this great American Republic look with pride and joy over its past history. We turn our eyes toward the future and try to divine our coming station, but rather than America become the world's power through such means as were used by Rome in her establishment, let our present power wane, our past achievements be forgotten, our history forever lost, and the fair names of those whom we delight to call great pass into oblivion "unhallowed and unsung."

But let us look for a moment at the Anglo-Saxon race. We see her flags flying in every sea, her civilization extending to every part of the earth, and her influences going out to enlighten the world. Is there a cause for this? There is. Has she a foundation? We believe she has. The cause is the principle for which she has ever stood—the principle of right, and the same we are proud to recognize as her foundation. Let the faults of Englishmen or Americans be what they may, it cannot be questioned that, as a race, they have cherished the highest ideals the world has ever known; and, if in these achievements they have outstripped all other nations, we are forced to affirm that these achievements are
due to that principle which our best men have firmly supported.

But, notwithstanding all this, there are yet those who persist in taking the pessimistic view of the experience of those men who have championed the cause of right, and who claim for them failures and wasted lives. What shall we say of such men? It would seem that they stand on dangerous ground. Examine, if you will, the record of the men who have seemed to fail in their struggle for right. You will find their apparent failures to constitute their greatest victories and grandest achievements.

Say that Galileo's life was wasted when he sacrificed it for a scientific truth? Not so, for while Galileo yielded the life spark, yet he lives in history and in the hearts of scientific men as he could never have lived under other circumstances; and, in his death, the truth Galileo suffered to establish was made more emphatic. No more could we say that Bunyan's was a wasted life, when the very truth for which he gave his freedom became more pronounced by the production of his prison life. John Bunyan lives in a thousand hearts to-day, where, under other circumstances, he would not have lived in one. And, though he seemed to fail, yet Bunyan's was one of the grandest victories known to the truth-loving and truth-seeking world.

Right may seem to fail, but that is all. It ever has wielded, it does, and will continue to wield its subduing power. No victory is complete unless won from a point of right, and no man or nation can be forever crushed while, as a ground of action, the principle of right is observed. You may crush the life where right controls, but the name by which that life is known will blossom as the rose through coming ages. Let those scorn and ignore it who will, and seek its eradication from human society, but experience, statistics, and revelation affirm that it will still continue, and like "truth crushed to the earth will rise again." Right—
who knows its power, save him who, in violation of its laws, groans under the burden of defeat; or who can estimate its uplifting force, until, actuated by it, one has reached the exalted station to which it raises men? The life that is built upon such a principle is to society a gem; the attainments reached under the guidance of such a principle are those alone to be desired, and in the heart that throbs under the influence of such a principle there sympathy resides and power sets up its throne.

We speak of beauty—beauty of the flower, beauty of the song, beauty of the valley, beauty of the hills, beauty of the mountains, beauty of the stars of heaven; but is there anything that equals the beauty of a human life? Beauty—what is it? It has been wisely said that Young stated, with admirable precision, the true theory of beauty in those lines:

"Objects are but the occasions, ours the exploit.
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which Nature's admirable picture draws
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm
Earth were a rude, uncolored chaos still.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image man admires."

So it is with life. It can be made beautiful, but only when man appropriates the given means. Life is what it ought to be when its every fibre has its source in a perfect foundation. When the very essence of a life emanates from a perfect principle by which that life is controlled, then, and only then, can that life be called beautiful.

Right, as the governing principle of a life, tends not only to make that life more beautiful, but it is the key to true success. No man has ever attained to true eminence and distinction except under the influence of noble impulses; and no man will ever reach the zenith of man's power until he has allowed his life to become absorbed by those virtues
whose lineage can be traced to the mother of principles. Luther, Knox, Wycliffe, and Gladstone have all contributed to the blessings of the race. Theirs was true success; theirs was a work that lives after them; theirs were lives indicative of power; but their achievements were due to a profound love of truth and the principle of right, which served to impel them onward in their career.

To the youth of the rising generation the fields are open—the field of politics, with its advantages and temptations; the field of patriotism, with its perils, its wounds, its scars, its titles, its pensions, and its promised honors; the field of undiscovered truth, with its advantages for research; the field of literature, with its waiting libraries and countless themes; the field of science, with its prospects of grand discoveries and mighty scientific conquests; but the men who are to achieve that success which is destined to survive them—the men who are to cut their niches highest in the waiting walls of their respective fields—will be the men whose stepping-stones are hewn from that principle upon which true success depends.

Like truth, to which in nature it is so closely related, right, as the foundation for a life, is in beauty unsurpassed; in power, it is heaven-born; as an ideal, it is supreme of the universe.

Who can look out upon the civilized world, however clouded may be his vision, and fail to see the works wrought by this principle, when it has become the bed-rock of man's moral structure? Institutions of learning bespeak its power; hospitals, asylums, and charitable institutions of all kinds stand as monuments to its sublimity, and its effect upon home and society marks its eternal grandeur.

Let no pessimistic dreamer
Attempt to penetrate the veil;
To prophesy of ages
When the power of right will fail.
Right's star of hope is risen;  
Its gleam is seen afar—  
Upon every stage of action  
Men have felt its mighty power.

Right has struggled for existence;  
It has seen its weakest day.  
Men have rallied to its standard;  
Soon its power the world will sway.

O, right! ideal of the universe. If I may imagine thee personified, and address thee as more than a principle, thou being able, withhold not thyself within the veil; be no longer to me a mystery, but open thou the door of thy imperial temple, and let me, when once within its sacred precinct, behold thy wondrous form; that form unseen as yet by human eye, but under whose influence the noblest men—Christians, statesmen, and patriots—have dared to die.

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How Can I, Lord?

BY E. B. KENNA.

How can I, Lord, forget your love  
When every breeze that sighs above  
Is fraught with perfumes, sweet and rare,  
To breathe to you an endless prayer?  
How can I, Lord, forget your wrath  
When, written on the planet's path  
Through endless space, with pen of light,  
I read your name upon the night?  
How can I, Lord? But yet I do,  
Despite the breezes pray to you,  
Despite the word athwart the blue,  
Forget, O God—I do, I do.
How can I, Lord, forget your power
When in the heart of every flower,
So dainty, sweet, and fair of hue,
I read a mystic word of you?
How can I, Lord, for mercy hope,
When in these darkened ways I grope?
How can I hope your love to win,
Deep groveling in the filth of sin?
How can I, Lord? But yet I do;
A worthless word, a heart untrue,
Are all, O God, I bring to you—
But hope for mercy, Lord, I do.

L. R. Hamberlin.

LAST summer when it was announced that Mr. L. R. Hamberlin, of the University of Texas, had been chosen Professor of Expression at Richmond College, there was universal satisfaction among those who knew him. Mr. Hamberlin is an elocutionist of very marked ability, and the Committee on Instruction could not have made a better selection. Those who were at all interested in the work of The Messenger were especially gratified at the selection of Mr. Hamberlin, remembering, as they did, his untiring energy and devotion to that magazine during his studentship at Richmond College, as well as subsequently. As one looks back over the issues of The Messenger in ’91–’92, in almost every one is to be found some beautiful bits of inspired verse from the pen of this gifted man. The following is from the February issue of that year:

FAR, FAR TO THE SOUTH.

Far, far to the South, to the dear land of dream,
My heart slips away like a sloop on the stream;
I float as a bark to a haven of bloom,
And harbor me there 'midst the flowers of doom.
The flowers of doom!—aye the poppies are there,
The satin-weft poppies, soft-scenting the air.

They loll in the light like a cloud of perfume,
They gleam, as they swing, like the silk in the loom;
Oh, rare on their stems that uprise through the grass,
They sway, and they lean on the breezes that pass;
The breezes grow drunken and dazed with perfume,
And linger, caressing the blossoms of doom.

And there, 'midst the color and odor, is she,
The stateliest blossom and sweetest to me!
And I, like the breezes, grow faint and remain—
To look, and to sigh, and to love, and feel pain.
O flower so perfect, the poppies die soon;
What fate will be yours in the glare of the noon?

Mr. Hamberlin has published more than one volume of beautiful verse. Among them are "Lyrics," "Songs," "Lilts," "Rhymes," and "Verses." He excels in poetry, but is no less an author of prose, possessing a bright, pure, and appealing style, with a strong individuality.

Graduating from Richmond College in 1892, he accepted a position in the University of Texas as Adjunct Professor of English and Expression. Here he remained for seven years, having married, in 1898, Miss Lillian Wilson, of Richmond.

In 1899, owing to ill health, he resigned his position at the University of Texas and went to Harvard, where he thought to recuperate; but, growing steadily worse, was forced to return to Richmond. Here he regained his health sufficiently to resume his work, and was chosen, as already mentioned, to the Professorship of Expression at Richmond College. Later in the summer, however, he was offered the Assistant Professorship of Oratory at Vanderbilt University, and, resigning from his position at the College, he accepted the offer. It was with sincere regret that the College was thus forced to lose him.
THAT LOVELIER LIGHT.

BY MacB.

Just as the mellow light of autumn moon,
Shimmering in the misty skies of night
Bedims a myriad of stars, whose lesser light
Gleams softly in a radiance not their own;
And, stealing ghost-like 'mid the silent forms
Of night,
Enshrouds the slumbering earth in silver sheen,
And, waking darkness from its dreary dream,
Bathes earth's deep mysteries in light.

So doth that lovelier light of love divine;
Reflected in thy soul's blest purity,
Scatter its radiance o'er life's troubled sea,
Obscure the flickering lights of sense and mind;
And, lulling into deep, unconscious sleep
The surging billows of an aimless life,
It chases skulking shadows from the strife,
And drops its heav'n-wrought mantle o'er that deep.

A HEART'S RECOMPENSE.

OUR rough gray walls enclosed the little garden of paradise. Without and beyond was the world's bleak wilderness. Within were the manifold beauties of Nature.
Where the light of the summer sun held sway countless rare and beautiful plants raised their slender forms, and, basking in its genial rays, blossomed and blushed at its kiss. But where the drooping branches of the willow trees threw a shadow o'er the earth, and the dull dark ivy crept noiselessly over the cold stone walls, a luxuriant growth of tangled green outspread itself, and held from view many a secret recess. Over this lovely paradise a solitary maiden reigned supreme. Never from its hallowed precincts did she roam, but, ever watchful of beauties all about her, she would nurse and tend them all the day, or, stealing softly 'mid the wild and tangled growth, would hide herself in some dark spot and rest. Each lovely specimen did she know by name, nor did the tiniest bud appear upon the humblest without the knowing of its ever-loving mistress. Her soul was happy when, with deft and tender fingers, she had loosened the soil about the roots of some pure darling, and the blossom turned its face to hers and smiled the smile of love. And when she noticed that the heat of noonday sun had parched the petals of some loved one, she would bend low over it, caress it with her bosom, and water it with the tears of her affection.

One day a stranger made appearance in the garden, catching the ever-watchful eye of the maiden. It raised its graceful form above the heads of those about it, spreading out its broad, flat leaves from a tall and slender trunk. Then the maiden thought to see it blossom at her touch, but for the first time in her life the blossom lingered. Each morning, rising from her bed among the roses, she would hasten to her new-found love, and there, from rising sun till twilight's fall, would croon and fondle it in her effort to make it bloom; but all in vain. Meanwhile the earth was hardening round the other plants, and, deprived of their accustomed moisture, in solitude and sorrow, one by one, they withered and died. Yet the maiden seemed oblivious of it all, so occupied was she with her new-found idol. And then the plant began to
put forth thorns to prick the lips and bosom of the maiden. But the maiden loved to death. And, when she found her love was all in vain, she looked about her on the desolation which that love had wrought. Then she stole away in sorrow, and, with bleeding lips and hands and breast, lay down to die. Full many hearts had died for her, but she—for only one.

M.

A DREAM.

BY E. B. KENNA.

As one who, banished from his native land,
When dreaming of the happy days gone by,
Can hear the sough of breezes, songs of birds,
And see the golden glory of the sun
That made his home an earthly heaven for him,
So I can see you now. And as the dream
Brought sorrow to the exile’s heart, and told
Him of the joys that he had lost, so I am sad.

I see you sitting in the light
That gilds the town and stream; and in your eyes
I see a pain that hurts my heart. Your lips
Are closed, and silent all are you and sad.
Ah, if I could but slip my arm about
Your waist and draw you close to me, I know
That in your eyes a wondrous light would drive
Away all thoughts of gloom. Your closed lips,
As buds a rose bloom at the dawn of spring,
Would blossom to my kiss, and silence give.
Within our hearts the birds would carol forth,
And flowers would bloom, and, twining rosy wreath
To deck our brows, the god of love would send
The frost-king in our bosoms far away,
And in the genial warmth and bliss of love
Our hearts would live in summer robes alway.
'Tis often-time my fancy sadly turns
From things of earth and thoughts of lighter vein,
To roam in that strange realm where dimly burns
The Light of Reason, and many a strain
Of ethereal music lures me on to crave
Knowledge of that which lies beyond the grave.

It is not far—that strange, sweet other Shore,
Which smiles beneath an all Eternal Light—
'Tis just beyond the breakers' sullen roar,
Where gloomy hang the shades of solemn Night,
And murm'ring from the River of the Dead
Arise and smite my trembling soul with dread.

Sometimes it seems to me so close at hand,
That oft I think I catch the snowy gleam
Of angels standing on the golden strand,
Close down beside the shore of Shadow Stream;
But waiting there to welcome loved ones fond,
To rest so blissful in the Sweet Beyond.

I love this world, and yet I do not fear,
But rather wait the coming of that hour
When I shall journey hence to one more dear,
And know at last the mystery of Death's pow'r—
When I shall cross you star-lit depths of space
And greet again my loved ones face to face!

The grave is dark, and deep the shadows seem,
Yet all the gloom which is but proves the Light,
For Death's grim form is lurking in between,
And this it is that causes all the Night;
But like the cloud, ere long 'twill pass us by,
And we shall understand beyond the sky.
A CHINESE "POE'S RAVEN."

There is nothing new in the world," is an old adage, and it would seem to be verified in the following Chinese poem, a translation of which has been published in The Bookman. This poem, which was written about 100 B. C., by one Kia Yi, they claim, bears a striking resemblance to Poe's "Raven":

"One day, when the sun was declining, a funiao flew into my room, and, perching in the corner, where I was wont to sit, appeared to be quite at home.

"This strange, uncanny thing coming to associate with me, I wondered what might be the reason. Opening a book to seek a solution of the mystery, the oracle responded: 'When a wild bird enters a dwelling it portends the human occupant must go forth.'

"I returned, then, to interrogate the bird itself: 'If I am to go forth, pray tell me whither? If to better fortune, announce it to me; if to deeper calamity, make known the worst and shorten my suspense.'

"The bird raised its head and flapped its wings; its mouth could not articulate a word, but it heaved a sigh, and I ventured to interpret its meaning: 'All things,' it seemed to say, 'are revolving in a whirlpool of change. They go and return, but their transformations no words can express. Good often springs from ill, and evil lurks in the midst of good. Joy and sorrow meet at the same gate: woe and weal together dwell.'"

"To HAVE AND TO HOLD," by Mary Johnston; "The Redemption of David Corson," by Charles F. Goss, and "The Reign of Law," by James Lane Allen, are to-day the three...
best-selling books in this country. "To Have and To Hold" has reached its two hundred and fiftieth thousand.

During the past year some of the most popular and widely-read novels have been dramatized, such as "Quo Vadis," "Ben Hur," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Rupert of Hentzau," "Janice Meredith," "Richard Carvel," and "The Choir Invisible."

"Justice to the Jew" is the title of a recent book from the pen of Madison C. Peters, the talented editor of The Book World. This book, forty thousand copies of which have already been sold, promises to occupy a unique place in a field little used for literary effort. It tells the thrilling story of what the Jew has done for the world, and will prove instructive to Jews and Gentiles alike.

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Songs and Fantasies.—By J. H. Booton and E. L. Quarles.

The Sentinel Publishing Company recently issued a small volume of verse, entitled "Songs and Fantasies," which is the joint work of two of Virginia's talented sons. One of them, Mr. Edwin Latham Quarles, we are proud to acknowledge as one of Richmond College's youngest alumni, he having been a student here for two years, beginning in 1896-'97. The volume is delightfully bound in electric blue buckram, is nicely illustrated, and reflects no little credit upon its publishers. We have to acknowledge ourselves entirely lacking in those qualities which go to make up a poetic critic. We can only dare assert what tickles our fancy or stirs our soul or soothes our weary spirit, for all of which we are indebted to Mr. Quarles in his charming contributions to this volume.

In "I Dreamed of Thee" we feel that same passionate
throb which animates the poetry of Ella Wheeler Wilcox—a subtle, indescribable something, which only such poetry can arouse. "To a White Rose" runs as follows:

Within your life alone, sweet rose, I trace
The purity, the gentleness, and grace
Of her upon whose bosom once you slept,
Beneath the arbor where the moonbeams crept.

Your dreamy breath, that mingled with her own
Last night, grows faint. Your life shall soon have flown;
But with your dying breath, I pray you, tell
My heart what feelings in her bosom dwell.

Surely we can do naught but clap our hands at the accomplishment of our old class-mate, and wish him success in the gift with which God has so richly endowed him.

THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON.—By Charles Frederick Goss.

Those of us who have kept abreast with the fiction which has been published during the last few years cannot fail to have noticed a marked preference which has bent authors toward the historic novel. The result of this tendency has been the placing on the market, within the last three years, such well-known and widely-read books as "Hugh Wynne," "The Battle of the Strong," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," "Prisoners of Hope," "To Have and To Hold," and a numerous host of others of more or less prominence. Within the last six months have been produced, by well-known authors, two novels which may accurately be styled religious novels. They are "The Redemption of David Corson" and "The Reign of Law," both of which may be said to have become almost instantaneously popular with the novel-reading public, having already been issued in more than a dozen editions, and both
of them ranking to-day among the best-selling books of the country. A prominent critical literary journal, taking note of this fact, ventured the prediction that the historic novel of the last few years has found a successor in the religious novel, with "The Redemption of David Corson" as its initiate. This is by no means the assertion that "The Redemption of David Corson" is the first religious novel to have been written, but merely that its publication marks the *entree* of an era of religious novels which will be analogous to the run of the historic novels which have recently been placed upon the market.

I cannot say how much of truth may lie in this probable prophecy, but, however that may be, it is none the less true that in "The Redemption of David Corson," by Charles Frederick Goss, one of the strongest books of the day has been given us. I regret to be unable to give an accurate and exhaustive analysis of this truly great book. It is a simple story of the natural strugglings of a great soul, delightfully portrayed and brightened with dramatic color sufficient to give it tone and life-likeness.

The story, in short, is as follows: David Corson, coming into the world with the curse of illegitimacy upon his brow, is carefully raised by a God-fearing, if erring, mother in the faith of a Quaker. He becomes a minister in the unpretentious village of his childhood, ignorant alike of his own origin and of the world about him. But the great spirit within him begins to work upon his mind—he becomes dissatisfied with his simple life, and, falling in love with the wife of a strolling quack who happens upon his path, he bursts the bonds which bind him, and embarks upon a voyage of sin and wickedness. His life, from the moment he leaves the moorings of his old home, is one of desperation. Deceiving the woman he loves into believing her first marriage unlawful, he lives with her in co-habitation for more than a year, when she discovers the truth and leaves him. Always led on by the
same reckless spirit, he becomes, successively, the murderer of his wife's husband, the proprietor of a gambling hell, a drunkard, and an infidel. But his fate is not yet sealed. Hurrying one night in desperation toward the East river, in New York, bent on ending his miserable and worthless existence, he is attracted by the sound of street preaching, and, listening a moment, he recognizes the preacher as a man who had been converted under him three years ago in his native village. His atonement is made. He returns to his home, where he finds his deserted mistress is married, and again devotes his life to the service of God.

The story is full of intense, pulsing action, replete in gems of purest thought, and the whole woven into a unity in charming style. The essence of the book, and doubtless the author's central thought, is summed up in an expression he puts into the mouth of his hero after his redemption. He says: "There is another courage in my heart now, and it is the courage of a veteran who has bared the breast to the foe! I know not by what strange alchemy these diverse elements of evil can have become absorbed and incorporated into the newer and better life, but I do know, and nothing can make me doubt it, that while I am not so good, yet am I better; while I am not so pure, yet am I purer." And again: "It is only when we know nothing of life that we feel able to interpret it."

It is not the theory that a man should steep himself in iniquity, with the end in view that he might better preach against it; but his doctrine is that that man can most successfully baffle against the forces and sins of the world about him who himself has tasted the bitter cup of its pleasures and has drained its dregs in sorrow.

From the beginning to the end of the book one's soul is wrung with sympathy for the central figure in his life of adversities. Scarceley one of us but has felt those same desperate longings which racked his spirit and tore his soul.
Scarcely one of us but has experienced his doubts, and has felt at times a wild desire to burst the shackles which bind us to the dictates of an hypocritical social organism. And scarcely one of us who has not dipped his hands in some less degree, or at least stained his mind with the sins of his undoing. He at once reflects the image of many of our secret crimes and mirrors the ideal we would some day like to reach. In reading such a book one cannot but feel drawn nearer to the object of his being.
It was with profound regret that the resignation of Mr. G. T. Lumpkin as editor-in-chief of The Messenger was, of necessity, accepted. In Mr. Lumpkin's decision not to return to College this session the College in general, and The Messenger in particular, has lost an able man.

There are men who go forth from Richmond College—and it is so with all schools—of whose success we are never confident. They seemed to have signally failed to develop those qualities of leadership and manhood which are, without doubt, the only guides to the goal of life. With such we are ever loath to part. We are impressed with the feeling that their preparation for life is but partially completed, and that they are about to attempt to interpret something of which they are absolutely ignorant. But, on the other hand, there are men whose college course has meant more to them
than the simple absorption of so much bookishness, who are something above and beyond mere repositories of knowledge. It is the departure of these that we can never sincerely regret, except from a sentimental point of view, for we are confident that they are setting out thoroughly equipped with those qualifications which make the voyage of life worth attempting and its goal the haven of success. During their sojourn with us here, on the very threshold of their life-work, they have not failed to improve their opportunities, and the development has been true manhood. Theirs has been a broadening of mental grasp, a sensitizing of accuracy, a creation of self-dependence and intellectual poise. Such a man is Mr. Lumpkin. And when we see this broadening process which has moulded and shaped the characters of some of those about us, while others—and, alas! the vast majority—have been content either to let slip entirely the glorious opportunities which have opened all about them, or to go on in their school-boy fashion, happy in the knowledge that "cum causal takes the subjunctive," and that "the square on the hypothenuse equals the sum of the squares on the other two sides"—then it is that we are brought face to face with the question of what our college course should mean to us.

Is knowledge, as such, to be our aim? By no means. How often have we heard that doctrine preached against! Knowledge in itself is worthless, except so far as its acquisition broadens the intellect and its application gives us a firmer grasp upon the great life problem. It is not so much our stock of knowledge which measures the success of our college course as our capability. Then why are there so many of us who are willing to let the magnificent opportunities which lie about us be bounded, at least for us, by the covers of the text-book and the manuscript of an occasional required essay? What the college should aim to do is to develop men—not intellectual drones—men, pulsing with intellectual life, and endowed with the muscular activity
necessary to make that pulsation felt in the world in which we live. It is this broader and nobler view of a college education which has led to the formation of literary societies, to the systematizing of college athletics, and the establishment of gymnasiums, and to the publication of student periodicals; and these various departments of college life should have become such integral factors in the making of men that not one of them could be moved without entailing a loss equal to the removal of any chair in the college curriculum. And yet where shall we find this Utopian school? Perhaps nowhere. But the consciousness of the impossibility of absolute Utopianism should in no sense lessen the energy with which we strive toward it. Let us take advantage of the opportunities offered to develop our bodies, and our ability to express our thoughts, both in speaking and in writing.

Does The Messenger take the place in the college life which it should? How many of us are able to clothe even our better thoughts in language suitable for publication? How do we expect to be counted men without that ability? How else can that ability be secured than by training? What better training than that offered by a college magazine? For our own good primarily, and then for the good of the college, let us each do his best in all the departments of college life.

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM L. WILSON.

The death of no man of the year, perhaps, has called forth such a volume of sympathy and genuine sorrow as that of William L. Wilson, President of Washington and Lee University. In his demise not only the University of which he was president, but the nation itself, and educational interests throughout the land, have suffered inestimable loss. With his brilliant career as statesman and scholar we are all more or less familiar. He thrice represented his native State (West Virginia) in Congress, where he was chairman of the
celebrated Ways and Means Committee. He was author of the well-known Wilson Bill, and during Mr. Cleveland's second term was a member of his Cabinet. In 1896 he retired from active political life, and was made President of Washington and Lee University in 1897, which position he held until his death. Mr. Wilson was perhaps the best-known man in the Southland, and was regarded by all as an able thinker and scholar. His loss is universally mourned.
FOOT-BALL.

The Foot Ball team of 1900 bids fair to establish a record equally as good as that of any past session, and one which will make the teams of the future work hard to keep up. While somewhat deficient in weight, under the able coaching of Mr. E. B. Kenna, of Georgetown University, the team has pulled itself together, and is now doing excellent work on the gridiron. It is a matter of universal regret that Mr. Cammack was compelled to resign as captain, but the team and the College in general feel that they have a captain in Mr. B. West Tabb, who is fully equal to the task of carrying the red and blue on to victory.

As we expected, we lost the first game of the season to the University of Virginia, and even the score was not so bad when everything is taken into consideration. Those who saw the game say that the boys played well.

On the 15th of October the team met a strong team from Randolph-Macon, and defeated them by a score of 5 to 0. The game could not be called a well-played one by any means, the boys showing up neither to their own satisfaction nor that of Coach Kenna. Kicking was the feature of the game from start to finish. Toward its close there was a general rally, resulting in some good team work.

Again, on the 20th, Fredericksburg College was downed by a score of 11 to 0. The visiting team was a light one, but played clean, fast ball. But for the im-
A moderate amount of fumbling, which kept the score down, the game was nicely and smoothly played.

The foot-ball season is scarcely half gone, and if the team continues to improve, as the indications are, Richmond College will have reason to be proud of her foot-ball team of 1900.

The fourteenth course of the Thomas Lectures began October 25th in the Assembly Hall. A steadily-increasing crowd gathered from night to night to hear these interesting lectures on "Life and Letters," by Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie. The theme of Thursday evening's lecture was "Literature and Life," and on Friday "The Essay and Criticism." He spoke Monday night on "Nature and Culture," and Tuesday on "Life and Letters in America." Dr. Mabie is a lecturer and literary critic of wide reputation. He graduated at Williams College and Columbia University, and is now associate editor of The Outlook. He has published "Essays on Nature and Culture," "My Study Fire," and quite a number of others of a critical and literary nature.

Friday, October 5th, the Mu Sigma Rho Society elected the following officers for the fall term: Robert N. Pollard, president; A. T. Woodward, vice-president; J. P. McCabe, censor; C. H. Dunaway, recording secretary; W. W. Gaines, corresponding secretary; C. H. Sinclair, treasurer; J. W. Durham, chaplain; H. L. MacBain, sergeant-at-arms; G. W. Fogg, hall manager.

On the same night the following officers were elected by the Philologian Society: R. A. McFarland, president; R. O. Norris, vice-president; L. W. Smith, censor; L. B. Cox, secretary; O. W. Anderton, treasurer; W. Russell Owen, critic; A. MacElroy, chaplain; S. D. Frazer, sergeant-at-arms; Rock and Matthews, hall managers.

A Bryan, Stevenson, and Lamb Democratic Club was
organized by a large body of students a few nights ago. The following officers were elected: B. Mercer Hartman, of Richmond, president; John S. Eggleston, of Richmond, vice-president; W. Russell Owen, of Berkley, secretary; J. P. McCabe, of Bedford, treasurer. The following committees were appointed: On Transfers of Voting Precincts: De Shields, of Westmoreland; Rew, of Accomac, and Williams, of Appomattox. On Arrangement for a Mass-Meeting: Eggleston, of Richmond; Cammack, of Orange, and Deans, of Isle of Wight. The meeting was addressed upon the issues of the campaign by the president and Messrs. Eggleston and McCabe.

Friday evening, September 23rd, was the occasion of the reunion of the Philologian Society. At the appointed hour the hall was crowded with students and visitors. In the absence of the president, Mr. Shepard, the society was called to order by the vice-president, Mr. S. T. Mathews, who, after a few remarks, introduced the following speakers in their order: Mr. M. O. Sowers, reader; Mr. T. V. McCaul, declaimer, and Mr. W. P. Powell, orator. The society was also favored with addresses from Professors Boatwright, Mitchell, Pollard, and Hunter.

The session of 1900-'01 at Richmond College opened with flattering prospects on the 20th of September. That evening a reception was tendered the new students, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, Dr. W. E. Hatcher presiding, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson welcoming the students to the city, and Dr. I. M. Mercer representing the churches of Richmond. After the exercises refreshments were served by the Committee on Entertainment, in their usual charming manner.

The new men are taking to tennis rapidly, and, while some of them have not learned yet that they are to play the ball over the net instead of the backstop, they need only a little
time and practice. Quite a number of the old men also are on the courts each afternoon. The Tennis Association elected the following officers for the session: C. H. Dunaway, president; T. E. Carney, vice-president; L. H. Walton, secretary, and Parke P. Deans, treasurer.

Quite a number of the boys are enjoying the Richmond Lyceum Course this session. This is a splendid opportunity of hearing the best lecturers in America. On October 8th Dr. D. J. Stafford opened the course. His subject, "Macbeth," was well handled, to the instruction and entertainment of an immense audience. Ernest Seton-Thompson, the second lecturer, spoke on "Personality of Wild Animals."

On Saturday evening, September 22d, the Mu Sigma Rho Society gave its annual reunion reception. Mr. H. Lee MacBain presided, welcoming the new students in behalf of the society. Dr. Pollard, of the Chair of English, and Prof. Hamberlin, of Vanderbilt University, made delightful addresses. The program was followed by an informal reception to the new students and invited guests.

Last month two of the old students decided it was best for man not to live alone. They are J. W. T. McNeil, who married Miss Goodloe, of Gordonsville, and J. D. Gwaltney, who married Miss Quisenbury, of Richmond.

Miss Louise Hardesty, the winner of the Mathematics Prize, '00, is teaching at the School for Young Ladies in Winchester, while Archie Harlow is officiating in the same capacity in West Virginia.

Quite a number of the old boys are at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary this session. Among them are J. L. Hart, J. D. Gwaltney, J. T. Bowden, and S. W. Sowell.

J. E. Hicks, '00, and J. W. T. McNeil, '99, represent Richmond College at the Chicago University.
ON THE CAMPUS.

Dr. Breasted, of Chicago University, who delivered the Thomas Lectures a few years ago, has been appointed by the German Emperor to compile a lexicon on Egyptology.

W. Gordon Williams, who held the position of Instructor in Physical Culture last session, is filling a similar one at the University of Wisconsin.

Josiah Moses, '00, recently published two very fine articles in the *Jewish South*. He writes that he is very much pleased at Clarke University.

Prof. F. W. Duke, acting Professor of Mathematics for 1899–1900, is Professor of Mathematics at Hollins Institute this session.

John W. Morgan, '99, was on the campus a few days ago, on his way to Crozer Theological Seminary.

Marshall B. Booker, who took law here last session, is the editor of a weekly paper in Halifax county.

J. Alfred Garrett, '99, has accepted a flourishing pastorate in Winston, N. C.

A. J. Hall, '99, has left for Crozer Theological Seminary.

A. Paul Bagby, '99, is teaching at St. Albans.
LAW CLASS OF 1901.

The Law Class of this year is fully up to the standard. This in itself is a compliment. In numbers it compares favorably with other sessions, and in personnel also it can bear with credit comparison with its predecessors. It is a studious body; a dignified class. During lecture hours a stranger would be impressed by the absence of anything diverting, and the concentration of each mind upon the lecture. It is a cultured class, and is composed of promising material.

The class met for organization on Wednesday evening, October 17th. Mr. John S. Eggleston, temporary chairman, presided. There had been a good deal of generous rivalry for the offices, but, the sense of the majority being once ascertained, each nominee received unanimous election.

Mr. John S. Eggleston was elected president for the session, Mr. Robert N. Pollard vice-president, and Mr. Blake B. Woodson secretary.

At a called meeting of the class, held Friday evening, October 19th, the following letter, addressed to the Law Class of Washington and Lee University, and the accompanying resolution, were adopted—viz.:

To the Law Class of Washington and Lee University:

Having received intelligence of the death, at Lexington, Va., of Hon. William L. Wilson, president of Washington and Lee University, and appreciating that his decease is a loss not only to the institution over which he presided, but to his country, to his State, and to the cause of education in general, and deeming it not inappropriate to join with you
in what we consider a common loss, we, the Law Class of Richmond College, extend to you our fraternal sympathy in the loss of this great man.

Be it Resolved, That the above letter be forwarded to the Law Class of Washington and Lee University; that a copy be entered upon our minutes, and that a copy be published in The Messenger.

THE CLASS OF 1900.

The number which graduated in law at Richmond College last June was sixteen. Surely it is not too much to say that no finer class was ever graduated since the establishment of the Law School in the College, for, of the sixteen of these graduates who went up against the State Board, fifteen came out with credit to their alma mater, scoring another victory for the Crimson and Blue. Most of these men are now practicing law in various parts of Virginia, and, almost without exception, success has crowned their short career, and for many of them those who are in a position to know have already begun to predict brilliant careers at the bar or in the sphere of politics. The interest which encircles the members of this class has led us to ascertain the exact occupation of each at present.

Mr. Harold S. Bloomberg, who was one of the editors of The Videlicet of '00, is Editor of The Jewish South, published in Richmond.

Messrs. H. W. Brunk and Carlyle Broaddus are soliciting agents in California.

Mr. Fletcher C. Campbell, who was vice-president of the class of '00, and is an M. A. of Randolph-Macon, is Professor of Mathematics at Nolley's School.

Mr. Abner Carey Goode, of Richmond, who was Business Manager of The Videlicet of '00, is practicing law in Richmond.
Mr. H. W. Goodwin has also settled in Richmond, and is reported to have built up one of the best practices of any member of the class.

Mr. Frederick Washington Coleman has opened an office in Caroline county, and is reported to be doing well.

Mr. William H. Griffith has entered the law office of a well-known lawyer of Page county, and is practicing in Luray, Va.

Mr. A. D. Jones, president of the class of '00, has entered the bar at Newport News, and is already attorney for one of the leading real estate firms in that city.

Mr. J. S. McIlwaine, who is the only member of the class who has not yet gone up against the State Board, is traveling for the American Book Company.

Mr. John Leslie Morris is practicing in Richmond.

Mr. J. C. Page, who was historian of the class of '00, is also practicing in Richmond.

Mr. Willis C. Pulliam, who was one of the prize-winners last year, has gone in partnership with his father, a well-known lawyer in Manchester, they having opened offices in both Richmond and Manchester.

Mr. John B. Welsh, who was probably the brightest member of the class, is practicing law in Richmond.

Messrs. D. M. White and W. A. Wilroy have also established themselves in the capital city, and are building up for themselves an excellent practice.
COLLEGE LITERATURE.

In the various fields of usefulness to which our college men are aspiring, opportunities of superior character are offered. Especially is this true in the field of literature. And for this reason we feel that the supporters of our college papers should aim at high-grade productions. Of course, we recognize the disadvantages under which most students labor when writing for their magazines, but we are persuaded that by a little more time, patience, and energy better results could be secured. Care should be exercised in selecting subjects, and, when the subject has been chosen, an effort should be put forth to do it justice. We are particularly struck by the number of students who make attempts at writing verse. Occasionally their efforts are crowned with success; but the great trouble is, they too often select subjects which are abused. We have an ample sufficiency of poetry on girls and flowers, and why not pray the muse to lead us beyond the things which need rest? Changes do us good, and especially are we benefitted when occasionally we change from the ridiculous to the more sublime.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Among the few college magazines received by this department we notice particularly the Wake Forest Student. The editor and his staff are starting out well, and deserve great credit for the excellence that characterizes their first issue of the year. We are glad to find the Student backed up by men who write so well. Such men reflect credit upon themselves and honor upon the college they represent. It seems to
the editor that sweethearts left behind should wear college colors for such lads with a sense of delight, and though they wait long, yet wait with a buoyant hope.

We notice in the first number of *The Chronicle* several short poems, which deserve favorable comment. "The Soul Quenched" and "Only a Rat" are far above the average productions published in college magazines, and we are gratified to know that some of our would-be poets are being led by the muse toward loftier heights.

Good taste should be exercised in everything, and especially in literary work. We become more thoroughly convinced of this fact each month as we examine the magazines of our sister colleges. The *Davidson College Magazine* is a splendid work, containing many well-written productions, and yet, strange to say, the editor has allowed one rash act to interfere with its completeness. Just why "When I Stay at Evening" should have headed the first page in that splendid magazine we cannot understand. The poem contains sufficient sentiment for the position it occupies, but hardly enough poetry. Wouldn't it be better to let such selections fall among the tid-bits?

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**CLIPPINGS.**

**EXTRACT FROM "ONLY A RAT."**

"Boys, be kind to the rat: you were rats yourself
   Not many months gone by,
And you suffered the same home-longing he
   Now suffers with tearful eye.

You were grateful yourself when some cheerful word
   Was spoken in friendly tone;
So remember those days, and do all that you can
   For the rat who feels strangely alone."
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

There's no truth in the idea that hazing does good
To the boy just arrived at school;
It will harden his heart and greatly increase
The hardships of disciplined rule.

Just a little encouragement given the boy
Will drive all his sadness away,
And the clouds of despair will give place to content
By the few cheerful words that you say."

—The Chronicle.

Encouragement to literary aspirants may be found in the following:

The editors of The Academy had Scott's "Ivanhoe" type-written in a dozen copies, and sent one to each of the leading London publishers, changing, however, the title to "When John was King," and altering every name, offering it as the work of a new and unknown author, although every word, except the names, were Sir Walter Scott's. The publishers all rejected it as not worth publication.

The Academy published all their letters of rejection, and none of them suspected the story to be "Ivanhoe." One critic went so far as to say that the account of the tournament was inferior to Scott’s. Another said the author was "evidently immature, and probably would do better in his next effort." It shows what the criticism of the day is worth. It also shows how little Scott is read.

Our aspiring writers should take heart from this joke on the London publishers, and, when manuscripts are returned, let the fate of "Ivanhoe" be remembered.—Ex.

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