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The Messenger, RICHMOND COLLEGE,

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MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXXI.

NOV.-DEC., 1904.

Nos. 2 & 3.

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The • Messenger.

VOL. XXXI.

NOV.-DEC., 1904.

Nos. 2 & 3.

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A Prayer.

BY G. C. S.

Lord, if there's an undiscovered gift in me,
As yet an undeveloped faculty—
A power for good I've failed to use—
Then ope my eyes, lest I should lose
Bright opportunities to allay
A little of human woe; or that I may,
'Neath Thy all-potent guidance, lift
Obscuring clouds that, lowering, drift
O'er some despondent soul. Shall I in languor pass
Through all life's winding ways, oblivious of the mass
Of wrongs that could be set to right;
Content, inactive, where, had I the might
Thou'st given so free to be abused
By those who wish it but to be misused,
Who knows but I could work some lasting good
To human-kind, that in coming ages would

Redound unto Thy glory. If I am not to be
Thy poor instrumentality
To soften sorrow or add to cheer,
Then tell me, Lord, why am I here?

Christmas Customs and Their Origin.

BY F. M. SAYRE.

“Lo! now is come our joyful’st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
How all our neighbors’ chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak’t meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.”

— *Wither, in Christmas Carol.*

FEW people, indeed, realize that this Christmas of nineteen hundred and four will be celebrated almost exactly as Christmas was celebrated in the Middle Ages, many centuries ago. It is true; nevertheless Christmas is the oldest holiday in our calendar, and most of the customs connected with its celebration are also of very ancient date.

The earliest celebrations of Christmas probably assumed many of the characteristics of the Roman feast of the Saturnalia, which occurred about the same time in the year as the Christmas feast. Then as Christianity gradually replaced the other forms of religion, so Christmas replaced the corresponding pagan feasts, but not without retaining many of the pagan customs associated with their celebration. Thus the vast majority of our Christmas customs have a pagan origin. Two popular observances belonging to Christmas are more especially derived from the religions of our pagan ancestors—

the hanging up of the mistletoe and the burning of the yule-log.

The Druids regarded mistletoe with the utmost veneration, though their reverence was restricted to that which grew upon the oak, the favorite tree of their divinity Tutanés, who appears to have been the same as the Phœnician god Baal, or the sun, which so many ancient nations worshiped under various names. On the day of their sacred anniversary, which occurred at the period of winter solstice, the mistletoe was gathered by the priests with much ceremony, who in turn gave sprays of the sacred plant to the worshipers. These sprays were hung over the doors of their houses as a shelter to the woodland sprites during the season of frost and cold. The custom was, of course, kept up after the introduction of Christianity, and is still retained in a modified form. Mistletoe has never been used as a decoration for churches, as it was considered a heathenish and profane plant, as having been of such distinction among the Druids. However, it was and is still a popular decoration for dwellings. The custom of kissing a maiden who is caught under the mistletoe is of Scandinavian origin, and seems to have been introduced into England during the fifteenth century.

The custom of using evergreens as decorations is also pagan and very ancient. It seems to be derived from the Roman custom of ornamenting temples and dwellings with green boughs at their feast of the Saturnalia. On this account many ecclesiastical councils prohibited the members of the early Church from following the custom; but in process of time, this, like many other pagan customs, was introduced into and incorporated with the ceremonies of the Church, partly because it made Christianity less hard to introduce, and partly because these old customs prevailed in spite of the protests of the early fathers, who, seeing that they could not entirely abolish them, often tried and did modify their nature to suit the doctrines of the Church. However, it is evident

that the use of evergreen for ornamentation is almost intuitive in human nature, as almost all races have done so. It is, therefore, a feeling of natural religion, and not to be traced to any particular race or form of worship.

The burning of the yule-log is an ancient Christmas ceremony, transmitted to us from our Scandinavian ancestors, who, at their feast of Juul, at the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bon-fires in honor of their god, Thor. The removal of the ponderous log from the forest to the great fireplace in the baronial hall was the most joyous of all the ceremonies observed at Christmas in feudal times. The venerable log, destined to crackle a welcome to all comers, was drawn in triumph from its resting-place in the forest, and each wayfarer raised his hat as it passed by, for he well knew that it was full of good promises, and that its flame would burn out many old wrongs and animosities. So the yule-log was worthily honored, and the ancient bards welcomed its entrance with their minstrelsy. The custom has never been as popular here as it is in England.

Probably nowhere is Christmas more joyfully welcomed than in England. There we find all the ancient customs still kept up, and Christmas the greatest holiday of the year. In the Middle Ages, an officer, called the Lord of Misrule, was appointed to superintend the revels, and in Scotland there was a similar officer, entitled the Abbot of Unreason. His reign lasted from Halloween to Candlemas (February 2d), during which time he presided over all merry-making. Games, music, bobbing for apples, dancing, and many other amusements were his specialty. Many Christian preachers remonstrated with their flocks for paying too much attention to the festive character of the holiday and too little to the solemn aspect. Too many liberties were taken, and the office was finally abolished by Parliament in 1555.

Another popular English institution is the Christmas carol. This custom goes back to the time when "Gloria in Excelsis,"

that hymn so aptly described as the first Christmas carol, was sung as a part of the Church service, probably about 100 A. D. The singing of Christmas carols by singers going from house to house, singing and getting money in return, became very popular in England during the fifteenth century. Christmas plays and festivities flourished under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, but in 1647 Parliament, moved by Puritan influences, ordained that the Feast of the Nativity should have neither religious nor secular observance. Out of the old miracle plays, however, came many carols, which will live and be sung many years hence.

In feudal times the Christmas feast was as important in the celebration as it is now. There were certain favorite dishes for the Christmas feast which are still popular. Others are not now heard of. The boar's head, which is so often mentioned in the old minstrels, was the principal meat, and there are many myths and legends associated with it. Yule cakes, mince pies, and plum pudding also played an important part in the feast, and the modern Christmas dinner still includes many of these old favorites.

The Christmas tree is a modern innovation in England, and it is to Germany that we go for its origin. This seems quite natural, when we remember how much interest the Germans take in the pleasure of their children. From Germany we get the kindergarten, children's books, toys, and many other things for their pleasure and benefit, and in the same way they have provided for the child's enjoyment of Christmas by giving Santa Claus and the Christmas tree.

The Christmas tree is an ancient usage in Germany, and is probably a remnant of the splendid and fanciful pageants of the Middle Ages. Very early it is mentioned in German songs and folk-lore, but it was not introduced into England until the middle of the nineteenth century. Since then, however, it has become very popular.

Santa Claus and Saint Nicholas are English names for a

personage whom the Germans call Krishkinkle, a corruption of Christ-kindlein, or the infant Christ, who is supposed to descend the chimney with gifts for all good children. If, however, the child has been naughty, a birch rod is placed in its stocking by another personage, called Pelsnuchol, or Nicholas with the Fur, in allusion to the dress of skins which he is supposed to wear. The legends of Saint Nicholas of Myra also seem to be connected with this myth. Saint Nicholas was an early Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, Asia Minor, noted for his piety and charity. His feast day falls on December 6th, and it has long been the custom in Germany and other European countries to keep Saint Nicholas eve by placing gifts in the stockings of children. This custom has evidently been transferred to Christmas eve, and the transferred saint is called Santa Claus, from the Dutch, Sant Nicolaus. Our modern idea of Saint Nicholas, therefore, is evidently derived from both of these old German legends. The custom of giving presents at Christmas is founded on the pagan custom of giving New Year's gifts, with which in these times it is blended.

The real origin of all Christmas customs, however, is simply the outcome of man's desire to express his happiness over the birth of the Saviour, for Christmas, after all, is not a great secular holiday, but a religious feast, to commemorate the incarnation of the Messiah.

Sonnets.

BY E. Q.

Is there no shaded place to spend the years ?

No hiding-spot to shun this giant's throng ?

Must Gain push me through marts where men are strong,
And force his burly fingers in my ears,
Stilling the voice of human joys and fears ?

Must he break through my dream, where love is long,
 And bind me, deaf me, blind me, like the throng
 That hear no birds nor reckon of woman tears?
 O, God, are there not men enough to hold
 The place of lord and serf unwearily?
 To deal and take the traffic's minted gold?
 Would Duty judge my living false to Thee
 Were he to come and find that I'd grown old,
 Wrapped in a dream that held my Love and me?

He need not come with words, as in the days
 When love was young. He need not have a care
 To each time that tangled in my hair
 Are skeins of golden light; that many Mays
 Might aisle with lily blooms the garden ways,
 Yet bring no whiteness like this hand, so fair
 It is. Were he to come with lips that bear,
 Instead, long hours of kisses, and upraise
 My head, and, softly as the dusk-wind blows,
 Place round my hair the kisses, as a band,
 A crown; and, slowly as the dusk-wind goes,
 Stroke with his own the fingers of this hand—
 Came he as comes the dusk-wind to the rose,
 With silent love my heart would understand.

The Control of the Backward Races by the More Advanced Nations.

[The speech delivered by Mr. D. M. Simmons in Raleigh on Thanksgiving night, on the occasion of the Wake Forest-Richmond College debate.]

IN this age, no nation can be called advanced unless its Constitution forbids arbitrary control and political oppression of every kind, and unless its citizens are allowed to enjoy liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Therefore, the national control exercised by any advanced nation of to-day could not

be autocratic, but would reach its maximum in its guarantee of liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and would embrace anything from that down to the smallest influence that it exercises. In respect to the United States, this would mean an influence somewhat between the greatest control that our National Government exercises over the State of New York and the least influence that she exercises over a South American republic or a South Sea island, either by the Monroe Doctrine or by her influence on international laws. And the same applies to all other advanced nations. Therefore, the affirmative feels called upon to prove that the advanced nations are justifiable, both in exercising what control they already have over backward races, and in assuming such further control as will benefit the world; and, further, to show that such control has and will continue to benefit the world. On the other hand, the negative is called upon to prove that the advanced nations are not justifiable in retaining their present control or in assuming any further control over backward races, but that each nation, like an oyster, should remain in its own shell, and there work out its own salvation with fear and trembling.

Since every nation has had to resort to war in its dealings with other peoples, this question can be, in a measure, determined by its effect on warfare. Therefore, let us consider the number, character, purpose, and results of wars according to the doctrines of this question. First, in the consideration of the number of wars, let us take the United States for example. She began with thirteen States in 1789, and has increased to her present dimensions in 115 years. She received only a very small per cent. of her territory by means of war, and that was by short wars with Spain and Mexico, and she has held her territory together with only one civil war and a little guerilla warfare. Her peace has been so universal that three-fourths of our population have never seen her army on the war-path or her fields devastated by war. But,

strange to say, our people were born and reared on the very hills and plains that only a few centuries ago were one continual battle-field. And what brought about the difference? Why, it came, of course, because the territory that was *then* occupied by a backward race is *now* controlled by an advanced nation. In the Hawaiian Islands, or wherever else the United States has controlled, there warfare has practically been unknown and peace has reigned supreme. Practically the same thing has been true with England, France, and Germany. I have mentioned four of the most advanced nations, and, in proportion to the population they control, they have less bloodshed than backward races, and have done infinitely more for the spread of peace. This proves that a nation that is thoroughly modern and advanced will largely do away with warfare wherever it controls.

Along beside the horrors of the tomahawk and scalping-knife at Jamestown, Schenectady, and in Custer's last fight; along beside the cruelties of the Turks in Armenia and the Boxers in China; along beside the destruction of men, women, and children by scalping them alive, burning them at the stake, scalding them in water, or cooking and eating them in the presence of their friends; along beside such savage cruelties as these, which the Indians have practiced in our own country, and would now be practicing but for the fact that an advanced nation controls them—along beside these let us put the action of General Grant at Appomattox. Is the world benefited because General Lee's soldiers were allowed to keep their horses and go to their homes on parole, to become again citizens of the republic, instead of sending them, and their wives and children, to the scalping knife, the burning stake, or the cannibals' meat market? And the civilized world answers, yes. Well, the United States, by its control, has taught the Indians and the Hawaiians this, and is now teaching the Filipinos and Porto Ricans the same thing. And the same

is true of England, Germany, and France, in India, Africa, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific. There are millions of people living to-day who, without some advanced nation's control, would long ago have been tortured to death. Is the world benefited because people are allowed to live. If so, an advanced nation benefits the world, by changing the character of its wars. For the backward race war has no purpose. The savage has no boundary lines to defend, nor moral nor political rights to fight for. His greatest object is revenge and he fights because his ideal life is to hunt and to fight. Such was the record of the Indians. Let us compare these with the purposes of the wars of the nation that now occupies the same territory. The Revolutionary War was for political rights; 1812, to protect our seamen; the Mexican, to defend our boundary line; the Civil War, to keep the nation together; the Spanish, to free Cuba. Have the purposes of the wars of the United States been such as would benefit the world more than the purposes of the wars of the Indians? If so, since wars must come, backward races should be controlled, in order that their purpose may be for the benefit of the world. And, finally, the results of wars that are controlled by advanced nations are such as the emancipation of slaves, the overthrow of tyrants, and the freeing of Cuba. Have such results benefited the world more than the wars of backward races? Every one knows they have. These things prove, with regard to warfare, that whatever effect it may have had on the political affairs of the world, every phase of it favors the affirmative of this question.

Every race under the sun is controlled in some measure by the advanced nations. The most backward races are subject to the most advanced, and the advanced are mutual checks upon each other. Therefore, whatever the political condition of the world is to-day, it is largely the outcome of the control of advanced nations. My opponents may mention a hundred evil influences that will accompany the control of ad-

vanced nations, and we can mention a thousand good ones. But the only fair way to get the comparative value of the two is to secure the resultant, after the two have worked side by side. For the last five or six centuries the most advanced nations have been engaged in getting control of the world, and the world has progressed in proportion to the amount of control they have exercised. During the last five or six decades the entire world has been in some measure controlled by the advanced nations, and there have been the greatest strides in progress that the world has ever known. This proves that, against every evil that the negative can show to be a result of the control of advanced nations, there is placed enough of good to more than overcome it, and thus to make the resultant benefit the world; and, therefore, since the negative can't show that the resultant is either zero or on the side of the evil, because they can't show either that the world has been at a stand-still or gone backward, all of their arguments about evil influences will simply be castles in the air, with no ladder to climb up to them, because they are all counter-balanced by a greater amount of good, and the world has been, and will continue to be, benefited by the resultant of all such forces.

Next we come to the practical side of the question. The negative is not only impracticable, but it is the next thing to inconceivable. I had just about as soon try to think of a stick with just one end to it as to try to conceive of the wisdom or the justice that would require the United States to release her control over her Indian reservations, and allow them to kill our people, and thus force our army to slaughter them in our own defence.

To think of the United States giving up its control of Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and its protectorate over Cuba; to think of England's giving up her colonies that she has so wonderfully developed, in India, Africa, and Australia—to think of these things is almost impossible. To

bring such a thing about is positively impossible, because the sentiment that causes the civilized world to put forth its best effort to control the best interests of backward races for the world's benefit finds expression in the noblest and best that is in mankind, and while this sentiment remains backward races will be controlled, and the negative will not only be impracticable, but impossible.

On the other hand, the fact that both England and the United States have met and successfully dealt with every conceivable phase of the backward race problem, from the advanced nation's standpoint, within the last century, and that the result of their work has unquestionably benefited the world, proves conclusively to all thinking men that the affirmative is both possible and practical, and will prevail.

The word "liberty" is so precious to every American that both sides will want to use it. But it is axiomatic that there can be no liberty without self-restraint. Therefore it is impossible to give any race liberty unless you can give them self-restraint. To be removed from all government restraint does not in any sense give liberty. The San Francisco gold-seekers at one time had no government restraint, and could not go to sleep with the least assurance that they would not be found dead, with their money gone. What kind of liberty did they have? To sail away from the Philippines, and allow them to develop an autocratic government, based on their traditions and superstitions, is in no sense giving them independence, because they have no self-restraint, and, therefore, cannot have freedom. If freedom could be given, received, and used, just as you could give a friend a book and he receive and use it, then the negative might have a point here, but, since there can be no freedom until self-restraint is developed, you can no more give a backward race independence than you can give a June bug a watermelon, because they can no more receive or use independence than a June bug can a watermelon. And, since backward races have no self-restraint, all

this noise about advanced nations taking away their freedom is fudge, because they have none to take away. Wherever they have freedom they have it as a result of the control of some advanced nation, and if that were withdrawn, as the negative would have it done, then their freedom would be taken away. The freedom of the affirmative will result from controlling the Filipinos and developing their self-restraint and liberty, which is the only freedom worthy of the name. The freedom of the negative is only a license by which the Filipinos could develop an autocratic government, if we were not to control them. Therefore, it is the genuine freedom, that all Americans love, that the affirmative stands for, and wishes to develop in backward races, by controlling justly and wisely.

The negative wants to give us the doctrines that all men are born free and equal and that all just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed. But, in the first place, they can't prove that these are universal principles of right. Because, if they are universal principles of right, there must be a terrestrial citizenship, in which every man on the earth is a citizen, having acquired this citizenship, not on account of race, color, education, civilization, or wealth, but solely on account of the fact that he happened to be born on the earth, instead of on Mars or Jupiter. Now, if such a universal citizenship as this exists, and is based on such universal doctrines as these, then every man on this earth has equal rights in this citizenship, provided he can prove that he was born on the earth and didn't drop from Mars. Then, if these things are true, no man, no race, no nation, has a right, either moral or political, to interfere with the affairs of another. And if this is true, Jehovah made a mistake when He commanded Joshua to cross the Jordan and level the walls of Jericho, and Columbus was divinely called to do a wrong thing when he discovered America. It was wrong for the United States to get Florida, the Louisiana and Gadsden

purchases, the cession from Mexico, and Alaska. It was further wrong for us to control Porto Rico and the Philippines. We had no right to acknowledge Cuba's independence. It is wrong for us to deprive a single negro of his vote, because he was born into the citizenship of this country, the equal with every white man, and has just as much right to take the white man's vote as the white man has to take his. It is positively wrong to take the Indian, who was born a citizen of this country, and guard him on a reservation with a standing army.

If these principles are true, Roosevelt has a perfect right to his position on the negro question, and negroes should vote and hold office without discrimination. But there are very few instances where these principles have been put into effect universally. Roosevelt can deal with the Southern negro on the principle that all men are born free and equal, but even his magnanimous mind cannot think of the Filipinos being sufficiently able to govern themselves without his appointing a few of his political friends to superintend the job.

Many a good Southern man thinks that these principles should be applied to the Filipinos; but what kind of a feeling will there be away down in such a man's heart if you tell him that the negro was born his equal, and should be equal with him in voting and office-holding? Most men are willing to apply them sometimes, but no one, so far as I know, is willing to apply them under all circumstances. Consequently they are not universal principles of right, and very little of the political affairs of the world has been fashioned by them, but, instead, the world's politics has been shaped in direct opposition to them. Therefore, since they are opposed to the actions of the most advanced nations, and are opposed to Jehovah in the cases of Joshua and Columbus, we are forced to decide that they are not universal principles of right. The question then arises, Is there such a universal principle, and on which side of this question will it be found?

I think I can show you that there is such a universal principle, and that it unmistakably favors the affirmative, and that it does it in accordance with the will of a Divine Creator, and in accordance with all that is best and noblest in mankind.

Such a principle is the very foundation-stone of Puritan theocracy, and finds expression in such phrases as, "we be brethren" and "every man is his brother's keeper." Such a principle will resolve itself back to the beginning of the human race, when an all-wise God knew that some brothers in that primitive family would go ahead of the others, and that the time would soon come that, instead of all being born free and equal, they would differ so much from one another that some would be servants of servants and others kings of kings. Therefore, at the very beginning, God made every man his brother's keeper, and committed to his charge the work of helping mankind, wherever he was found, no matter what changes time or climate had made on his complexion or brain; and every Divine revelation on the subject reiterates the charge and shows that it is a universal principle. The diversity of peoples that need to be helped out from so many different religious superstitions and traditions may require every conceivable means to bring about this result. Therefore, the God who knows the means best suited to every end, in perfect harmony with this principle, can send Joshua across the Jordan and Columbus across the Atlantic. And, again, it is in full harmony with all that is best and noblest in mankind that we should control the Indian, even with the bayonet, rather than for him to kill us or we to kill him.

It is in harmony with this principle that the United States acquired most of her territory. Very little of it consented to be controlled by her, but she assumed control, and has wonderfully benefited the world by leading forward backward races. It is in harmony with this principle that we could fight for our oppressed brethren in Cuba. Such a principle

calls upon us to be governors, statesmen, and even policemen, for Porto Rico and the Philippines, until they are able to assume these responsible positions for themselves. This principle teaches us that the negro was born into the universal brotherhood of man, but that he was not born into a citizenship of any kind. It further teaches us to control and educate him, until he is able to acquire American citizenship and the right to vote. It is on this principle that the advanced nations have so wonderfully developed the world. Therefore, in the face of these facts, we claim that the advanced nations have a moral and political right to control backward races, and that it is in harmony with the revelation of God and with all that is best and noblest in mankind.

The people of Africa are waiting to be trained into peaceful industrial pursuits of life, and they are now simply plastic for the training. Some even sell themselves into the white man's slavery to avoid being eaten or sacrificed. Many of the men who chased Stanley down the Congo are now piloting the white man's boat up the same stream. Many of the cannibals of ten years ago are now farmers, carpenters, and masons.

How immense is the opportunity to benefit the world if there were no backward races to help except those of Africa. But there are millions of others who have made no advancement, and millions more who have made very little, and it is these that the advanced nations are called upon to help; and if we turn a deaf ear to the wailing cry for help that comes from darkest Africa and from the islands of the sea, there is a God in Heaven who will hear, and will bring us to account for the neglect of our duty.

Sympathy.

BY J. H. G.

"Twas evening, and the sable crows in silence winged their flight
To havens 'mid the lowering woods, for shelter through the night.
And as they found among the pines their much-desired rest
My troubled soul found refuge in a sympathetic breast.

Sweet Mary, so sincere and tender, strolled that day with me
Beside the rushing, murmuring James, that flowed by rapidly,
And as we watched the golden leaves so gently float away
My gloomy thoughts departed, this Indian summer's day.

The placid moon stole from a dark and frowning eastern cloud,
And o'er the hills and sleeping vales let fall its silvery shroud ;
And as the blood-red stream threw halos on the sun's fast-fading
glow
Her soul echoed my untold thoughts and banished untold woe.

Romagnol Blood.

[Translated from the French of "De Amicis."]

BY JULIAN LICHTENSTEIN.

THIS evening the house of the Ferruccios was quieter than usual. The father, who kept a little haberdashery, had gone to Forli to make some purchases, with his wife and little daughter, Guigina, who had accompanied him, as she was to have an operation performed on her eyes. They were to return the following evening. Midnight had struck. The charwoman had left after dinner, so there remained in the house only the paralyzed grandmother and Ferruccio, a boy of twelve.

The house had one story (*rez de chaussee*), and was situated on the high road a gunshot from the village of Forli, a town of Romagnol. Alongside of the cottage stood, in ruins, an

old deserted house, which fire had devastated two months previously. On the walls one could yet read the sign of a hostelry.

Behind the cottage was a little garden, surrounded by a hedge, with a little rustic gate. The door of the shop also served as a door of common entrance, and opened upon the high road. On all sides stretched out the solitary country—great fields, with rows of mulberry trees.

It was raining, the wind roaring. Ferruccio and his grandmother were still up in the dining-room. A room filled with old furniture separated this room from the garden.

Ferruccio had not come in until 11 o'clock, after being out for many hours, during which his grandmother anxiously awaited him, confined to her arm-chair, in which she passed the day and sometimes the entire night. A painful sigh escaped her.

The wind lashed the rain against the window-panes. The night was black, impenetrable. Ferruccio had come in tired, worn out, his jacket torn, his forehead bruised by the striking of a rock. His playmates had rock-battled—first, just for fun, and, finally, they came to blows—this always happens—and, to cap the climax, Ferruccio had gambled, lost all of his money, and his cap had gotten into a ditch.

The kitchen was lighted by a little oil lamp placed on the edge of a table near the arm-chair. The grandmother immediately saw the pitiable state of her little grandson, and, from his half-avowal, divined his misfortune. He then confessed everything, and, as she loved Ferruccio with all her soul, she began to cry.

“Oh, no!” she said, after a long silence, “you do not love your poor old grandmother. If you did, you would not act like this during the absence of your parents. You have left me alone all day. You do not even pity me. Take care, Ferruccio; you are taking a bad road, which leads to a sad end! I have seen children commence as you, and finish by

becoming criminals. They first began by staying away from home, fighting with their comrades, losing their money, then little by little from stones to knives, from play to vices, and from vices to robbery!"

Ferruccio listened, standing a few steps from his grandmother, leaning against the sideboard, his chin on his hand, his eyebrows frowning, still boiling with anger from the quarrel. His curly chestnut hair shadowed his brow, his great blue eyes being motionless.

"From gambling to robbery," repeated his grandmother, continuing to cry. "Ferruccio, think of Mozzoni, that vagabond of the village, who, twenty years old, has been twice to prison. He caused his mother to die of grief; that I know. In despair, his father fled to Switzerland. Think of him who brought his father to shame, and even now is seen only in company with the greatest rogues and villains in the country. One day he will go to the galleys! Ah! well I knew him as a child, this Mozzoni; he started like you! And you, perhaps, will bring your father and mother to the sad end of his parents."

Ferruccio remained silent. He did not have a bad heart. On the contrary, his escapades were rather from a superabundance of life and audacity, which is naturally bad. His father was too easy with him; but, knowing that he was capable at the bottom of noble sentiments, grand actions, and generous on occasion, he gave him free rein, waiting until he could be reasonable with himself.

Ferruccio was good, but obstinate, and of a difficult character; his heart struggled with regret at having displeased his grandmother, but he did not open his mouth to say these good words that would have pardoned him: "Yes, I have been wrong. I will not do it again; I promise it. Will you forgive?"

"Ah! my child," continued the old woman, "you do not speak a word of repentance! You must see to what a

state I am reduced—only fit to be buried. Have you the heart to make the mother of your mother cry? So old and poor. Your poor grandmother, who has always loved you so much, who rocked you entire nights when you were little, who deprived herself of food to carry you in her arms! I always said, ‘This child will be my consolation,’ and now, on the contrary, you will make me die uneasy. I would willingly give the rest of my days to see you good and obedient as formerly. Do you not remember, Ferruccio, when I took you to church? You filled my pockets with pebbles and herbs, and I carried you home asleep in my arms. You loved your grandmother then! And, now that I am paralyzed and have need of your affection as the air I breathe, to think that I have nothing—no one in the world to care for me, poor and half dead as I am!”

Ferruccio was about to throw himself into the arms of his grandmother, conquered by his emotion, when he seemed to hear a slight noise, a creaking in the next room. He thought it was the shutters, moved by the wind. He listened.

The rain was thundering down. The noise commenced again. The grandmother heard it. “What was that?” she demanded, a little troubled.

“The rain,” murmured the child.

“Ferruccio,” said the old woman, drying her eyes, “promise me that you will be good and will not make your old grandmother cry.”

A new noise interrupted her.

“But it is not the rain,” she cried, turning pale; “go see!” Then she added, hurriedly, “No, remain here,” and she took Ferruccio’s hand in hers.

They remained thus, with bated breath. Only the noise of the beating rain could be heard. They suddenly shuddered, for they thought they heard a noise in the next room.

“Who is there?” demanded Ferruccio, panting.

No one answered.

"Who is there?" repeated the child, cold with fear. But he had hardly pronounced these three words when the grandmother and her grandson uttered a cry of terror.

Two men rushed into the room. One seized the child and placed his hand over its mouth; the other clasped the old woman by the throat. The first said: "Be silent, if you do not wish to die!" The second, "Hush!" and he raised a knife. Both wore black masks. For a moment only their pantings could be heard, while outside the rain fell with greater violence.

The grandmother was dazed with fear, and her eyes were protruding.

The man who held the child said in his ear: "Where does your father keep his gold?"

The child responded, in a low voice, his teeth chattering, "Yonder * * * in the sideboard."

"Come with me," said the man. He dragged Ferruccio into the little room, holding him by his throat. On the floor was a dark lantern.

"Where is the sideboard?" he demanded.

The child pointed with his finger.

Then, to assure himself of the child, the man threw him on his knees before the sideboard, and held him so he could choke him if he called. He held his knife between his teeth, took from his pocket a "jimmy," slipped it into the lock, and broke it open, while the other robber still held the old woman, half fainting, her head reversed, and her mouth open.

The latter demanded in a low voice, "Have you found it?" His companion responded, "I have," and he added, "See to the door—"

The one who held the old woman ran to the door. Seeing no one, he called into the little room, with a voice as sharp as a whistle, "Come!"

The other man, who was still holding Ferruccio, showed a knife to the child and to the old woman, who had opened her

eyes, saying to them: "Not a sound, or I will kill you!" And through the holes of the mask his eyes fixed threateningly on both.

At this moment, far away on the high road, could be heard the singing of people as they came.

The robber turned rapidly to the door, and at this brisk movement his mask fell off.

"Mozzoni!" cried the old woman.

"Mandite!" hissed the recognized robber, "you must die!"

With knife raised, he turned on the old woman, who fainted.

The assassin struck the blow.

But by a rapid movement, with a desperate cry, Ferruccio had thrown himself on his grandmother, and had covered her. The assassin, in fleeing, knocked against the table, upsetting the lamp, which went out. The child slid from his grandmother to his knees, remained thus, his arm encircling her waist and his head on her bosom.

A little while elapsed—darkness. The song of the peasants had died away in the distance. The old woman regained consciousness.

"Ferruccio!" she called, in a voice hardly intelligible.

"Grandmother!" responded the child.

The old woman made an effort to speak, but terror paralyzed her tongue.

She remained a moment silent, trembling all over. Then she could but articulate: "Are they here?"

"No."

"They have not killed me," murmured the old woman, in a choked voice.

"No, you are saved," said Ferruccio, feebly, "dear grandmother. They have taken the money, but papa had taken almost all with him."

The grandmother breathed easy.

"Grandmother," said Ferruccio, kneeling and holding her waist; "dear grandmother, you love me, don't you?"

"Ferruccio! my poor boy," she replied, putting her hand on his head; "are you afraid? Light the lamp. No, remain in darkness; I am still afraid."

"Grandmother," said the child, "I have always been bad to you."

"No, Ferruccio, no; do not say that. I will think of it no more. I have forgotten all. I love you so much."

"I have always grieved you," continued the child, in a trembling voice and with an effort; "but I love you so much. You will pardon me? Pardon me, grandmother!"

"Yes, my child, I pardon you; I pardon you with all my heart. Get up, my dear. I will not scold you any more; you are good—you are so good! Light the lamp. Have courage; raise yourself, Ferruccio."

"Thanks, grandmother," said the child, in a voice always weaker. "At present I am content. You will remember me, grandmother; will you not?"

"My Ferruccio," exclaimed the old woman, stupefied and uneasy, putting her hands upon his shoulders and bending her head to see his face.

"Do not forget me," murmured the child, in a voice which seemed a sigh. "Give a kiss to mamma—to papa—to Guigina. Good-bye, grandmother."

"In the name of Heaven, what's the matter?" cried the grandmother, palpitating with anxiety, as the head of the child fell on her knees. Then she cried, with all her force, in despair: "Ferruccio! Ferruccio! Ferruccio! My child! My love! Angel of Paradise! Help!"

Ferruccio did not respond. The little hero, the saviour of the mother of his mother, struck by a blow of the knife in the back, had returned to God his beautiful and his courageous soul.

Butterflies.

BY E. Q.

Flitting about in the warm summer air,
Nectar to sip and satin to wear,
Never a thought but to feast and be fair—

Butterflies !

Sometimes, you know, maidens are so.

Kissing each flower that blooms in the lea,
Winning as many rare sweets as the bee,
Yet not a drop of their honey we see—

Butterflies !

Sometimes, you know, maidens are so

Quaint little heads—not a morsel of sense—
O, but their beautiful wings are immense—
This is the way they get—over your fence—

Butterflies !

Sometimes, you know, maidens are so.

To ———.

BY L. L. S.

Here's to brown eyes—glistening ;
Ruby lips—whispering ;
Keen ears—listening,

To words of love.

Here's to the beautiful, the good, the true ;
Here's to her whom *best* I love—

Here's to *you*.

Gregory the Great and Roman Missions.

BY W. D. BREMNER.

GREGORY the Great was born about 540. He belonged to a very prominent family. His father, Gordianus, was a wealthy Roman senator, descended from a Pope, and described as a religious man. Gregory's mother, Silvia, has obtained a name in the calendar of saints. His early training is spoken of by his biographer, John the Deacon, as being that of a saint among saints. He had the advantage of a liberal education. It is said he was proficient in grammar, rhetoric, and logic; but he was unacquainted with Oriental literature, was ignorant of Greek, and knew little of the Church fathers. His attainments were, then, of a commonplace description, and, considering his opportunities, they were far below what they might have been.

He was trained for the legal profession, and was obviously successful, though little is said about it, for he was, about his thirtieth year, appointed by the Emperor, Justin II., to the position of prætor urbanus. This post he held for three years, discharging his duty with great pomp and magnificence. After his father's death (the date of which is unknown), he became impressed with a sense of the transitoriness of all earthly things, and, retiring from public life, gave up his whole fortune to pious uses, building six monasteries in Sicily and one in Rome. In the last, which was dedicated by him to St. Andrew, he embraced the Benedictine rule, and divided his time between the works of charity and the exercises of fasting, meditation, and prayer. About 580 he was appointed abbot of the monastery, and shortly afterwards was ordained as one of the seven deacons of Rome by Pope Benedict I.

In 582 Pope Pelagius II. sent him to Constantinople as Papal representative at the Imperial court. There he remained for three years, doing the work as faithfully as he

could. His biographer tells us that secular affairs did not, however, occupy him entirely, and states that Gregory found continual refuge from them in the society of many of his brother monks, "retiring to their society from the constant storm of business as to a safe port, bound by their example as by an anchor cable to the placid shore of prayer."

He threw himself with great zeal into the monastic life. He lived in a cruelly ascetic way. Yet he seems to have enjoyed it thoroughly, and regretted that circumstances forced him from it. He says, in the preface to his Dialogues: "My unhappy mind remembers what it was in the monastery; how it soared above the vicissitudes of fleeting things, because it thought only of things celestial; and, though retained in the body, transcended through contemplation the enclosures of the flesh; while even of death, which to almost all men appears as a penalty, it was enamoured as being the entrance into life and the reward of its labor. But now, by reason of the pastoral care, it has to bear with secular business, and after so fair a vision of rest is fouled by terrestrial dust, I ponder on what I endure; I ponder on what I have lost. For, lo, I am shaken by the waves of a great sea, and in the ship of my mind am dashed by the storms of a strong tempest; and when I recall the condition of my former life, I sigh as one who saw with reverted eyes the shore that he has left behind."

In such a strain Gregory frets because of his misfortune in having to leave the monastery. There may be some pretence about such a sad refrain, for it is difficult to understand how a man with Christian earnestness could so wish. Perhaps it was the evil effects of the monastery that made him feel thus; for, whatever good monasticism did in some men that happened under its influence, it must have been, by its very nature, a hot-bed of selfishness.

Gregory, as a monk, was so devoted that he wrecked himself physically, and more than once was near death's door in

consequence. His interest in monks and monasteries was life-long. After he was made Pope one of the first things he did was to set himself to reforming abuses into which monasticism had fallen.

Dr. H. C. Vedder, Professor of Church History in Crozer, in speaking of this phase, says: "Europe was filled with tramp monks, who, detached from their monasteries, wandered about the country, subject to no authority, notorious for their profligacy, and bringing great scandal on the faith. Gregory enforced a rigid discipline. The civil authorities were required to arrest all vagrant monks and return them to their monasteries, unless they had written dispensation from their abbots. He also made the novitiate to all orders two years, and limited the age at which members could be received to eighteen years. He used the whole of his influence to reform the internal abuses of monastic institutions, and to make the vow of chastity mean something."

Pope Pelagius died on the 8th of February, 590, and Gregory was asked to fill the vacant chair. He refused. He was probably sincere in this, though he may have ached thus to comply with the approved custom.

A law of the Emperor Leo (469), directed against canvassing for bishoprics, had been set down as a rule, that no one ought to be ordained except greatly against his will—"he ought to be sought out, to be forced; when asked, he should recede; when invited, he should fly." It may be that Gregory felt himself unable for the position, for circumstances were unfavorable. Rome was at this time in the utmost straits. Italy lay almost prostrate under the Lombard invasion; the feeble ex-arch at Ravenna had confessed his inability to protect the subjects of his Eastern master; an overflow of the Tiber at the time aggravated the general alarm and misery, and inundation had destroyed the wheat, thus making food scarce. Famine and distress within the city produced a climax of distress.

Finally he consented to accept the office, received the imperial confirmation, and monasticism had for the first time ascended the throne. Once in the position, Gregory devoted himself to his work with an earnestness that commends itself. It is difficult to see, as the historians claim, that Gregory's reticence was the outcome of his humility. His whole after-life conflicts with such a view. As a monk, he thought himself contaminated when he took part in concerns of men; as a Pope, he acted as though he had the supreme right to intermeddle in all the affairs all over the kingdom, or, rather, all over Christendom.

His life was ever, in a measure, monastic. He lived with his clergy under strict rules. His life was never good during his pontificate. He said of himself, referring to his health: "I am daily dying, but never die."

Whatever may be said of the peculiarities of his character, he is, as Pope, without a precedent in devotedness. Never did so active a man before or since occupy the Papal chair. His work, for convenience sake, may be divided into three parts*: (1) As Christian Bishop, (2) as Patriarch of the West, (3) as virtual Sovereign of Rome.

1. *As Christian Bishop.* Already there was a well-organized system of ecclesiastical divisions. Gregory appointed "the stations," the churches in which were to be celebrated the more solemn services of the Church during Lent and at the four great festivals. On these days Gregory, as Pope, proceeded in state to some of the churches, and was received with obsequious ceremony. Till the last days of his life he officiated in the ceremony of High Mass, which continued above three hours.

Gregory was a systematizer. He organized and completed the ritual of the Church, making it more elaborate and magnificent. He defined the model of the Roman liturgy,

*This scheme of division is taken directly from Milman.

arranged the calendar of saints, the order of processions, the service of the priest and deacons, the variety and change of sacerdotal garments, and the distribution of the parishes. He set himself against the practice of simony, forbidding all clergy to exact or accept fee or reward for the functions of their office. He instituted the Septiform Litany. It was so called from being appointed by him to be sung by the inhabitants of Rome divided into seven companies—viz., of clergy, of laymen, of monks, of virgins, of matrons, of widows, of poor people, and children. These, starting from seven different churches, were to chant through the streets of Rome, and meet at last for common supplication in the Church of the Blessed Virgin.

For the cultivation of church singing, he instituted a school in Rome called "The Orphanage." Of this institution, John, the Deacon, gives the following account: "He founded a school of singers, endowed it with some farms, and built for it two habitations, one under the steps of the basilica of St. Peter the Apostle, the other under the houses of the Lateran Palace. There, to the present day, his couch, on which he used to recline when singing, and his whip, with which he menaced the boys, together with his original antiphonary, are preserved with fitting reverence." There were song schools in Rome before the time of Gregory, so likely his object was only to improve and reform church music. Of the exact nature of the reforms there is much dispute. He introduced a new chant, which bears his name. From this school, at Rome, some educated singers were sent to England to assist Augustine.

As administrator of the Papal patrimony Gregory was active and vigilant. Into all the regulations of the estates he seems to have gone with detailed exactness. The revenue obtained from these estates was distributed with considerable discretion. Sicily had escaped war, and from her corn-fields, where were the chief Papal estates, came the supply which

fed the poor. The clergy's share was distributed four times a year. The first day in every month there was a distribution to the poor. Let it be said here that Gregory was ever thoughtful for this class. He is said to have always sent out meat to the poor before sitting down to a meal.

2. *Patriarch of the West.* When Gregory became Pontiff many of the Western churches were without pastors, some of them having been sold into slavery. Where possible, and it was wise to do so, he had these reinstated.

He was severe with the bishops, and his rigid discipline caused many of them to resign. Among these were some of the most prominent, such as Demetrius, of Naples; Agatho, of Liprois; Paul, of Daclea; and Andreas, of Tarentum. His own nuncio at Constantinople, Laurentius, the arch-deacon, he recalled and deposed. He urged bishops to imitate St. Augustine in banishing from their homes even such female relatives as the canons allow.

In countries of the West beyond the limits of the Empire, no less than within those limits, he lost no opportunity of extending the influence of the Roman See and of advancing and consolidating the Church. It was during the time of Gregory that the Arian-Gothic kingdom of Spain was finally converted to Roman Catholicism, and this he looked upon as one of the greatest events of his pontificate. Recarred, the Visigothic King of Spain, had renounced Arianism in 589. Gregory, through Leander, Bishop of Seville, learned of it, and manifested a deep interest in the royal convert. He wrote three letters of instruction to Leander, and afterwards wrote to Recarred in a tone of warm congratulation, exhorting him to chastity and mercy. And thus, principally through his interest and kindness, he won for himself the good will of the King and for the Church of Rome a triumph in Spain.

He tried to suppress the remains of the Donatist factions in Africa. He kept up a correspondence, lasting through sev-

eral years, with Dominicus, Bishop of Carthage, and Columbus, of Numidia, urging them to hold synods for the correction of abuses and for the suppression of Donatism. But the claims of the Roman See were not acknowledged in Africa, as Gregory fully expected they would. To this apathy he alludes in one of his letters, and encourages Columbus by reminding him that the good must ever be exposed to the hatred of the wicked. He had recourse also to the civil arm, desiring those who were faithful to fight against the enemies of the Church, to repress the attempts of heretics, and subdue their proud necks to the yoke of rectitude. His attempts to suppress Donatism were utterly unavailing. It died only when Christianity died in North Africa.

The question suggests itself here: "How far did Gregory approve of persecution?" Despite the fact that tolerance was advocated during all this period of the Church's history, we find him in some cases a persecutor. He encouraged the Catholic rulers of the Franks to use force in their dominions. In the Papal possessions in Italy he ordered the Manicheans to be recalled to the faith by vigorous persecution; and elsewhere the peasants on his estates to be recovered from heathenism, if freemen, by exactions and imprisonments, and, if slaves, by "blows and torments."

His conduct towards the Jews was, on the whole, mild. He condemned the forcible means of baptism that was resorted to in Gaul. He did not scruple, however, to try the milder method of bribery—when certain Jewish tenants of Church property were told if they embraced Christianity their rents would be lowered. He denied them the possession of slaves, except on certain conditions, and in no case was a Jew allowed to hold a Christian serf. Gregory endeavored to check the European slave trade, which was chiefly in the hands of Jews, but his efforts were by no means successful. The Jews were allowed to retain their synagogues, but forbidden to build new ones.

Over the Church in Ireland, which was not at this time bound by any close tie to the Roman See, Gregory endeavored to extend his influence. In 592 he wrote a long letter to the bishops of that country, in which he exhorts them to be very courageous, and commends them for their patience under suffering. This correspondence with the bishops he continued for some time, and some historians claim that Gregory had much to do with keeping the Irish Church as orthodox as it was.

But Gregory was not content with influencing and reforming the existing churches. He wished also to extend its sway; and the most memorable year in Gregory's pontificate was 596, in which was inaugurated his famous mission to England. This is the greatest event of his age. This marked the foundation of the Christianity of our Teutonic ancestors, as distinct from the earlier conversions of the Celtic inhabitants of the British islands. During his monastic period he had shown a deep interest in the Angles and Saxons, and he intended to go in person to evangelize these heathen invaders of Britain, but was not permitted. When he became Pontiff, and thus was in a position to act, he sent others to represent him. Augustine, a monk of St. Andrew's, was selected as the head of the mission, and he, with some others, went to Britain. They were met and warmly welcomed by King Ethelbert, who was not opposed to Christianity, having married a Christian woman, Bertha, a daughter of King Charibert, of Paris, with whom Gregory was friendly. The monks were given a residence in Canterbury. Converts were made by throngs. Gregory was ever interested in this mission, and his best writings—those that show his best judgment and enlightenment—were replies to questions asked him by Augustine concerning difficulties that arose in the newly-formed church. Gregory also wrote to the Bishop of Arles, desiring him to assist Augustine.

Afterwards, to the Abbot Miletus, whom he had sent to

Britain, he addressed a letter of import with reference to heathen temples and heathen usages. Idols were to be destroyed, but temples preserved, and, on being consecrated, were to be used for Christian service. In a letter to King Ethelbert, he exhorts him to perseverance in his new faith. Gregory showed unwearied zeal in superintending this mission, and its final result was the Christianity of our English ancestors, and the eventual dependence of the whole Church of these islands on the See of Rome.

In the East, Gregory could not wield the influence that he did in the West, and this was evidently the bane of his life. His endeavor to bring glory to the Roman See caused an ecclesiastical battle that lasted through his career. An Eastern Synod, held at Constantinople in 588, had conferred the title Universal Bishop on the Patriarch, John the Faster, and his successors. John, of course, claimed his right to the title, basing his claim on the fact that Constantinople was the residence of the court and the imperial metropolis. He said he was, therefore, at the head of the ecclesiastics of the empire, and, to Gregory's displeasure, persisted in styling himself Universal Bishop and Universal Patriarch. The Emperor Maurice concurred in this recognition. The Western patriarch was too proud to concede to his rival such a title, and too inconsistent to claim it himself, and described himself as "the servant of the servants of God." It is unmistakeably clear that his opposition to John was dictated by official jealousy, and not by any abstract objection to the dignity of the Universal Bishop, for he himself, as the successor of Peter, virtually claimed that position, and he in that position wished to be recognized with all it could claim. Fearing that he would be deprived of ecclesiastical precedence, he acted as one demented, and the most humiliating page in the history of Roman prelacy is that which describes the exultation of Gregory when he heard of the murder of Maurice, the friend of John

the Easter. The Emperor and his five sons were butchered by Phocas. The story is too long to be given with any detail here; suffice it to say that Gregory, when he heard of the cruelty, wrote the inhuman usurper in a congratulatory letter: "Glory to God in the highest. * * * Let the whole community exult in your benignant deeds." Gibbon is right when he says: "The joyful applause with which he [Gregory] salutes the fortune of the assassin has sullied, with indelible disgrace, the character of the saint."

3. *Virtual Sovereign of Rome.* Gregory was forced to such a position. As stated before, it was a critical time in the history of Rome when he began his pontificate. The virtual sovereignty fell to him, as abdicated by the neglect or powerlessness of its rightful owner. He must assume it, or leave the city and the people to anarchy.

Gregory's first care was to supply food to the famishing people. This was chiefly furnished from Sicily and from the estates of the Church.

But it was the Lombard invasion that compelled Gregory to take a more active part in the affairs of Italy. Before his accession the Lombards had conquered nearly all Italy, except the exarchate of Ravenna, and had committed ravages even there. In 594 the Exarch Romanus, in violation of a treaty with Agiluph, the Lombard king, had seized an opportunity of invading his territory and carrying the booty to Ravenna. Agiluph, in return, invaded the exarchate, approaching the very gates of Rome. In 595 Gregory obtained some relief through his friend Theodolinda, the Christian queen of Agiluph. She was a Bavarian princess, bred up in Trinitarian belief, and to her Gregory appeals to show her Christianity by her love for peace. Great would be her everlasting reward if she would stay the war. Gregory's Dialogues were addressed to this queen. He impressed her with the wonder-working power of the Roman clergy, of the orthodox monks, and bishops of Italy. He employed the influence which he

had obtained with Theodolinda to promote the interests of the Church, with the result that the whole nation of the Lombards, with Agiluph, their king, became Christian. What a glorious way of defeating an enemy!

In 600 a truce was made with the Lombards. Agiluph restored the wealth which he had plundered from the churches, and, so far as he could, made amends for the evil he had done when in a hostile attitude.

This victory of Gregory over the Lombards was also a triumph over the Emperor Maurice, who was safe in his palace at Constantinople, but looked with some degree of jealousy on the proceedings of Gregory, while the feeble and insolent Romanus affected to despise the weakness of the victor.

The Pope, however, always acknowledged himself a loyal subject of the Emperor. In 593 his zeal for monastic life brought him into temporary conflict with the Emperor. Maurice had issued an edict forbidding soldiers to become monks during their period of service, which edict the Pope was required to publish in the West. Gregory, though strongly disapproving, did not dare resist the publication of the edict. He sent, through Theodorus, the court physician, a letter in which his language is that of supplication rather than remonstrance—the expostulation of a subject—in which he pathetically remonstrates against the edict: “I confess, my sovereign, that I am struck with terror at this edict, by which heaven is closed against so many; and that which before was lawful is prohibited to some. Many, indeed, may lead a religious life in a secular habit, but the most of men cannot be saved before God but by leaving all they have. What am I who thus addresses my sovereign? Dust and a worm. * * * And now I have on both sides discharged my duty; on the one, I have yielded obedience to the Emperor, and, on the other, spoken my mind with openness and firmness.”

Gregory died in March, 604, sixteen months after the acces-

sion of Phocas. He was buried in the Basilica of St. Peter's.

Vedder says: "Next to Augustine, the Roman Church reckons Gregory as the greatest of its ancient fathers and theologians. He was a systematizer. He had not the original mind of Augustine, and little in his works can be called his own contribution to theology, yet his services to Roman theology were great. He owed much to Augustine and Jerome, especially to the former, whom he follows closely in doctrine of the Divine decrees, the nature of sin, and salvation. He surpasses his master in the honor paid to sacraments, in the infallibility of the Church, in the definiteness of his eschatology."

Killen says that Gregory was "besotted with superstition," and there is a great deal in his writing that would partially justify the statement. His Dialogues are full of weird descriptions and fanciful stories regarding angels, devils, martyrs, hell, and such subjects, that can only be explained on the ground that he was an imaginative fanatic.

He is chiefly responsible for the doctrine of purgatorial fire and masses for the dead. Men were, according to him, taken to an incipient hell for a short time and returned to reveal its secrets. Burial in churches began about this time. It was a special privilege, and Gregory dwells on the advantage of being thus constantly suggested to the prayers of friends and relatives for the repose of the soul. But that which was a blessing to the blessed was a curse to the wicked. The sacred soil refused to receive them. They were seized by devils and carried off. But oblations were effective after death.

Gregory's superstition showed itself again in the use he made of relics. He was a great admirer of them himself, for in this no doubt he was sincere, and aroused an extraordinary interest in them that did a great deal to advance the sway of the Church. People came long distances to receive little mementoes. When he presented a missionary with some alleged particles of wood of the cross he thought it a gift of

unspeakable value. The unlettered, who came long distances, looked with wonder, and acknowledged the western patriarchate as the mother and mistress of all the churches. Rome was still queen.

Relic worship began in a sound religious feeling of reverence, love, and gratitude, but now rushed into all kinds of superstitious and idolatrous excess. It had outgrown its possible usefulness, but was now fostered because the head of the Church was its sincerest devotee. The Roman Catholic historians find a justification of relic worship in three facts of the New Testament—viz., Matthew ix., 20; Acts v., 14-15; Acts xix., 11-12.

His works are quite voluminous. Eight hundred and thirty-eight letters, addressed to persons of various positions, and touching upon quite a large range of subjects, have been preserved. His best judgment is shown in these letters. The bulk of testimony regarding his other writings is unfavorable. His most celebrated work, his exposition of Job, is spoken of by Barneby thus: "Gregory showed himself utterly incompetent as a critical expositor of the Bible."

Gregory's greatness was not his ability as a theologian or thinker. He was a laborious and earnest preacher. His influence was felt in all circles. He had an unsullied reputation as a saint; a pleasing, flattering style of letter-writing; was careful and diligent, a professional systematizer, sensuous in worship—these and like traits all contributed to his weight in the community, and won for him the name of great.

In personal appearance Gregory has been described by his biographer as being handsome. He was of medium size, and had a striking face—large eyes, slender nose, and rather prominent chin; his countenance was mild. His hands were good, with tapering fingers, well adapted for writing. He always dressed plainly.

Much has been said of the character of Gregory, and the historians express directly opposite views. Somewhat the

same sentiment as already quoted from Vedder is stated by Milman, who says: "Gregory, not from his station alone, but by the acknowledgment of the admiring world, was intellectually, as well as spiritually, the great model of his age. He was proficient in the arts and sciences cultivated at that time. The vast volumes of his writings show his indefatigable powers; their popularity and authority, his ability to clothe those thoughts and those reasonings in language which would awaken and command the general mind."

Barneby says: "We find him, when occasion required, exalting mercy above sacrifice. He was singularly kind and benevolent, as well as just; and even his zeal for the full rigor of monastic discipline was tempered with much gentleness and allowance for infirmity. If again with singleness of main purpose was combined at times the astuteness of the diplomatist, and a certain degree of politic insincerity in addressing potentates, his aims were never personal or selfish."

Gregorious, who also gives to Gregory the benefit of every doubt, says: "Never has a Pope more highly understood his mission, or more actively and successfully fulfilled it. His care and correspondence embraced all the countries of Christendom. Never has any Pontiff left behind a greater mass of writings than he who has been named the last of the Fathers, nor has any greater or more noble spirit ever filled St. Peter's chair."

Gibbon's opinion of Gregory is different to any of the foregoing. He says: "His virtues and even his faults, a singular mixture of simplicity and cunning, of pride and humility, of sense and superstition, were happily suited to his station and to the temper of his times." And again: "The credulity of the prudence of Gregory was always disposed to confirm the truths of religion by the evidence of ghosts, miracles, and resurrections; and posterity has paid to his memory the same tribute which he freely granted to the virtue of his own or the preceding generation. The celestial honors

have been liberally bestowed by the authority of the Popes, but Gregory is the last of their own order whom they have presumed to inscribe in the calendar of saints."

Killen goes still further than Gibbon, and says of Gregory: "False religion hardens the heart as well as enfeebles the intellect; and this distinguished prelate is a melancholy specimen of its debasing influence. He wanted neither warmth of affection nor vigor of mind; but his understanding was prostrated and all his kindlier feelings disappeared when he was under the spell of the demon of superstition. He considered an attempt to remove the primacy from Rome as a sin not to be forgiven; he regarded the Emperor Maurice, who appeared to be not indisposed to encourage the project, as the very incarnation of iniquity; and he hailed the miscreant Phocas, by whom the hated Prince was put to death, as a deliverer from Heaven. No wonder that such a man was suspected as an enemy to the cultivation of general literature, and that he has been accused, though unjustly, of the destruction of the Palatine library."

From such a contradiction of opinion it is difficult to draw satisfactory conclusions as to the character of Gregory. One thing is certain: his highest ideal was the ascendancy of the Roman hierarchy. It ought not to surprise us, then, if at times truth suffered at the expense of what he conceived to be truth, and the claims of a common humanity to the demands of what he regarded as a higher love.

His character in itself shows so many inconsistencies that Gibbon best described it as "a singular mixture." That he did much good for the Church none has ventured to gainsay, and, taken on the whole, perhaps none of Rome's prelates has any better right to the title of "great" than Gregory I.

Beauty.

BY J. M.

"That soul in the eyes, that is worth all the rest of loveliness."—

Lalla Rookh.

Seek I for beauty in the wealth of hair,
Whose golden tresses crown thy shapely head,
Or on thy Juno's forehead, passing fair,
Which fades and wrinkles when thy youth is dead?

What charms for me hath thy blush-mantled cheek,
Whose bloom will wither with the passing years?
Thine eyes, such "speechless messengers," that speak,
Will wash their witching lustre out with tears.

Thy voice, so rich, so musical, so sweet,
That, whispering love's vows into my ear,
Would cast me down in slavery at thy feet,
Shall croak a harsher tune ere many a year.

Thy form—a model for the sculptor's art—
Whose every graceful motion breathes a charm,
I see, ere half a century depart,
Bent, crippled, clinging to another's arm.

Think not to blind me with the mask of youth—
A flimsy veil through which a fool may see;
Too oft experience the olden truth
Repeats: "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

It is thy soul that Heaven hath endued
With charms more lasting, loveliness more real;
That tinsel show and surface-beauty, brewed
In Nature's rouge-pot, never can conceal;

Thy soul, that would transform a homely face,
And clothe with beauty what had else been plain;
To which each passing year shall add a grace,
And show thy loveliness is not all vain.

Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson.

BY L. L. S.

[Notes taken from a speech delivered by Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge at the unveiling of Jackson's statue in the Capitol Square.]

GETHE once said, "In the world are many echoes, but few voices." Truly we may say that Jackson was one of the few voices. In attempting to speak of this immortal hero, I feel utterly at a loss for words, for what can be said that is not already familiar to you? Therefore, I dare not hope to bring forth one new fact in regard to his career. Not only is every important event in the life of our beloved chieftain familiar to you all, but what lesson to be drawn from his example has not been impressively enforced by those whose genius, patriotism, and piety have qualified them to speak in terms worthy of their noble theme. I only hope to recall to your minds a few of the facts and lessons of his life.

The cause, so dear to his heart, to which all of his valor was given, for which all of his sacrifices were made, for which he gave his life's blood—and greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his cause—was not destined to triumph. Just here, perhaps, we learn one of the most salutary lessons of this wonderful history. Doubtless all men who have given their love and labor to any cause fervently desire to be the witnesses of its triumph. Nor do I deny that success makes the pulse of enterprise beat faster and fuller. Like the touch of some goddess, it transforms the still marble into breathing life. But yet, all history, sacred and profane, is filled with illustrations of the truth that success, and especially contemporary success, is not the test of merit. Has not popular applause ascended like incense before tyrants, who surrendered their lives to the basest and most degrading passions? Have not reproach, persecution, poverty, and

defeat been the companions of great men in all ages, who have given their lives to great causes?

Other things being equal, the tribute of our admiration is more due to him who, in spite of disaster, pursues the cause that he has espoused, than to him who requires the stimulus of the applause of an admiring public. Defeat is the discipline that trains the truly heroic soul to further and better endeavors. And, if these last fail, and he can do battle no more, he can lay down his armor, confident that others will put it on, and, in God's good time, vindicate the truth in the behalf of which he has not vainly spent his life.

Do you ask, then, what has become of the principles for which Jackson died? I reply that a form of government may change, a policy may perish, but a principle can never die. Circumstances may so change as to make the application of the principle no longer possible, but its innate vitality is not affected thereby. The people of the South maintained, as their fathers did before them, that certain principles were necessary for the perpetuation of the Union according to its original Constitution. Rather than surrender their convictions, they took up arms to defend them. The appeal was vain. They accepted defeat, with its consequences, just as they would have accepted victory. After their defeat they swore to maintain the Government as it was then constituted. Nor will they again attempt to assert their views of State sovereignty by an appeal to the sword. But for our country to be a Union in *fact* as well as in *word*—such a Union as its founders intended there should be—*each* State must stand on an equal basis, bound together in one great fraternal Union, with one heart pulsating through the entire frame, as the tides throb through the bosom of the sea. There must be such a jealous regard for each other's rights that when the interest or honor of one is assailed all the rest, feeling the wound, even as the body feels the pain inflicted on one of its members, will kindle with just resentment at the outrage,

because an injury done to a part is but an indignity offered the whole. And enthroned above this Union there must be not a Cæsar, but the Constitution in its old supremacy.

In the first memorial discourse that was delivered after the death of Jackson the question was asked, "How did it happen that a man, who so recently was known to but a small circle, and to them only as a laborious, pains-taking, humble-minded professor in a Military Institute, in so brief a space of time gathered around his name so much of the glory which encircles the name of Napoleon, and so much of the love that enshrines the name of Washington?" I shall endeavor to answer these questions as briefly as I may.

Jackson was the incarnation of those heroic qualities which fit their possessor to lead and command men. There is a natural element in humanity that constrains it to honor that which is strong, adventurous, and indomitable. The men who possess decision, fortitude, inflexibility, and determination, combined with a gentleness that throws a softened charm over the sterner attributes, are the leaders whom the people welcome with open arms. Jackson possessed all of these. Underlying all, however, was that supreme spirit of combativeness, the foundation of all success. It is a fancy of some heated brain that Jackson did not love fighting. War was horrible in his eyes, it is true, from the enormous public and private misery that it caused, but he none the less loved the conflict of opposing forces. In battle, Jackson the compassionate Christian became Jackson the veritable bulldog. To fight to the finish was his unfaltering resolve. He never allowed an enemy to rest, but attacked him whenever it was possible, and pressed on until all opposition was broken down and the day gained. He seemed to know the enemy's plans almost by intuition. The rapidity of Jackson's marches in the Valley campaign and in the expedition to the rear of General Pope was wonderful, but there was something still more striking in the energy which sug-

gested these movements. The difference between enterprise and foolhardiness is that between calculation and chance. The former was Jackson's policy. His military movements were based on close calculation, and it may be truly said of him that he deserved victory.

The fatal misconception of Hooker at Chancellorsville, when he thought that Jackson was in full retreat toward Richmond, cost the Federals the victory in the great battle that followed, and but afforded one more proof of the soundness of Napoleon's maxim, that "the first necessity of a general is to study the character of his opponent." General Hooker ought to have known that to retreat without a battle was no part of the military philosophy of Stonewall Jackson, and that a soldier who had flanked General McClellan and had gotten in the rear of General Pope would probably try the same strategy against General Hooker. I would like to cite you an instance of his combativeness. After receiving his fatal wound at Chancellorsville, while pale with anguish and faint with loss of blood, he was informed by one of his generals that the men under his command had been thrown into such confusion that he feared he could not hold his ground. Then the voice, which was growing tremulous and low, thrilled the heart of that officer with the old authoritative tone, as he uttered his final order: "General, you *must* keep your men together and hold your ground."

Another explanation of the universal regard with which his memory is hallowed brings us to a higher plane and enables us to contemplate a still nobler phase of his character. His was the greatness that comes without being sought for its own sake, the unconscious greatness that comes from self-sacrifice and supreme devotion to duty. Duty is an altar from which a vestal flame is ever ascending to the skies, and he who stands nearest that flame catches most of its radiance, and, in that light, is himself made luminous forever. The day after the first battle of Manassas, and before the history

of that event had reached Lexington in authentic form, rumor had gathered a crowd around the post-office, awaiting, with intense interest, the opening of the mail. In its distribution the first letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White. It was from General Jackson. Recognizing at a glance the well-known superscription, the Doctor exclaimed to those around him, "Now we shall have all the facts." This was the bulletin :

"My Dear Pastor,—In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday-school. Inclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige,

"Yours, faithfully,

"THOMAS J. JACKSON."

Not a *word* about the conflict which had electrified a nation, nor an allusion to the splendid part he had taken in it—not a reference to himself, beyond the fact that it had been to him a fatiguing day's service. And yet that was the day ever memorable in his history—memorable in all history—when he received the name that was to supplant the name his parents gave him—Stonewall Jackson.

The letter just quoted, written to his pastor in Lexington on the day following that great battle, gives the key-note to his character. Nor was he ever the herald of his own fame; never, save by the conscientious discharge of duty, did he aid in the dissemination of that fame.

But this universal regard for his memory rests upon foundations that lie still deeper in the human heart. At the mention of his name another idea, inseparably associated with it, invariably asserts its place in the mental portrait that all men acquainted with his history have formed of him, and this is the sincerity, the purity, and the elevation of his character as a servant of the Most High God. I do not

agree with those who ascribe all that was admirable in the character of Jackson, all that was splendid in his career, to his religious faith. He was distinguished before faith became an element in his life. Faith was only the complement of his other noble qualities, rounding out his character into full manhood. Thus he gave to the world an illustration of the power that results from the union of the loftiest human attributes and unfaltering faith in God. To attempt, therefore, to portray the life of Jackson, while leaving out the religious element, would be like undertaking to describe Switzerland without mentioning the Alps, or to give the history of the American Revolution without taking into account Washington. Thomas Carlyle said: "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. * * * The *thing* a man does practically lay to heart concerning his vital relation to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, *that* is in all cases the primary thing for him, and determines all the rest." It was surely the primary fact in the history of Jackson.

It is refreshing to note at this day, when scientific men are discrediting prophecy, denying miracle, and silencing prayer, that he whose studies had lain almost exclusively in the realm of the exact sciences was a firm believer in the supernatural, and prayed without ceasing to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Well did he know that there is a celestial as well as a terrestrial side to man's nature, and that, although the temple of the body has its foundations in the dust, it is covered by a dome which opens upward to the sky and the sunlight of heaven, through which the Creator discloses Himself as the goal of the soul's aspirations.

It was in the noontide of his glory that Jackson fell. But what a pall of darkness shrouded all the land in that hour! If any illustration were needed of the hold he had acquired on the hearts of his people, on the hearts of the good and brave and true throughout all the civilized world, it would be

found in the universal lament that arose when it was announced that Jackson was dead. The military authorities shrouded him in the white, red, and blue flag of the Confederacy; the citizens decked his bier with the white, red, and blue flowers of spring, until they rose high above it, a radiant floral pyramid; but the people everywhere embalmed him in their hearts with a love sweeter than all the fragrance of spring, and immortal as the verdure of the trees under which he now rests by the river of life.

On his death-bed, a few hours before the end, he said to his wife: "I know you would gladly give your life for me, but I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad; I hope I shall recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayers to use the petition, 'Thy will be done.'" "It will be infinite gain," he said, "to be translated to Heaven and be with Jesus." When his wife announced to him finally, with tears, that his last moments were approaching, he murmured calmly, "Very good, very good; it is all right." He then sent kind messages to all of his friends, and requested that he might be buried in "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." Then his mind began to wander. His thoughts reverted to the battle-field of Saturday. He imagined himself in the heat of battle once more, and gave his orders as of old. This excitement soon passed away. His features again became serene, and he murmured, with a smile, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Thus Jackson died. And we may catch even now, as a voice from beyond the grave, his clear, ringing tones, sounding to us through the years that have passed: "What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. We must think of the living and those who are to come after us, and see that, by God's blessing, we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed."

Immortality.

BY JULIAN LICHTENSTEIN.

Manhood ! indeed, thou art so frail
Thy greatest deeds and thoughts all fail.
Remember, ye are as the leaf,
And as the leaf so shall ye cease.

With bounteous spring the leaves show,
And in the sweetest peace they grow.
When young, so mortals raised in calm,
Never thinking of future harm.

When autumn falls, and winds grow chill,
The leaves are yet beautiful still.
Though beauteous, they are sighing,
For they know that they are dying.

At last they all wither and fall.
More leaves again answer spring's call.
As the leaves, our bodies thus depart,
While in our place others start.

The tree has survived this strife ;
The tree which gave the leaves their life.
Their souls have returned whence they came,
To Heaven, where life is no bane.

Athletics as a Factor in Modern College Life.

BY "JACQUES."

A GREAT deal has been said and written recently in regard to athletics. The paragrapher and caricaturist on the daily paper has gotten in his deadly work ; the perpetual joker has gotten off his annual squib, comparing the number of foot-ball casualties rather favorably with the number of killed and wounded in the Russo-Japanese war. And

we, having duly laughed at these annual witticisms, and having applauded to the full the genuine cleverness with which he has succeeded in putting the old wine, so to speak, in new bottles, are now, doubtless, prepared to consider calmly the real importance of athletics to the modern college. It is an indisputable fact that athletics is one of the greatest, if not the greatest factor in modern college life; that this fact is recognized by the presidents and faculties of the various colleges is shown by the renewed encouragement given by them to athletics each year. We cannot but feel that there are some very good reasons for their actions if those men, whose life-work and whose ambition in life is to promote the best interests of the institutions with which they are connected, give such hearty encouragement to this branch of college life. And these reasons, the writer thinks, may be broadly set down as follows:

(1) Athletics is one of the best and most far-reaching methods of advertisement a college can have.

(2) Athletics, rightly managed, and under proper supervision, is the greatest aid a student can have toward doing well that which he has set out to do.

(3) Athletics is promotive, more than any other one thing, of a proper degree of college spirit.

(1) Looked at from strictly mercenary motives, athletics is undoubtedly one of the best forms of advertisement a college can have, in that the college that puts out strong athletic teams is kept constantly before the public. As small boys, our first introduction to the various colleges is through our athletic teams. We pick out our favorite teams and follow their records with much interest and youthful enthusiasm. As we grow up we feel that we are in some way connected with that institution whose teams we have always supported; there is bred in us a certain feeling that we are a part of it; there springs up within us that indefinable feeling of loyalty to and love for the institution which we call *college spirit*; and

we feel that it would be treachery of the vilest sort to think of going elsewhere when we are prepared for college. As a result, there is scattered around, and working for a particular college, a number of young men, who as yet have never been to any college, but who feel for their cherished institution all the enthusiasm of the under-graduate and the deep affection of the alumnus.

Another feature of the advertisement is the newspaper "write ups." When a big game is played, the whole pages given over to illustrations and graphic accounts of the game, the team's record, and its *personnel* are worth more to a college than hundreds of insertions, in the advertising columns, of a few dry statements of the courses offered, the time of opening, and whom to write to for any further information that may be desired.

(2) Let us look, for a few moments, at another phase of the case—the invaluable assistance which athletics, "rightly managed and under proper supervision," affords the student in his work. The writer takes particular pains to emphasize that athletics must be rightly managed and under proper supervision; for athletics, as is the case with all other good things, if abused, or if not rightly managed, becomes an un-mixed evil, and, to see that it is rightly managed, is the duty of the authorities of the several colleges.

Take, for an example, foot-ball, which meets with greater opposition than any other form of athletic sport. Of course, a man who goes into a foot-ball scrimmage without having been properly trained is, to use a strong expression, "looking for trouble," and generally succeeds in finding it. This is, in fact, the way in which the casualty list is so greatly augmented. For, if we look at the list of those seriously injured, we find that, almost without exception, they are men playing on scrub teams—men who had not trained, and who, had they attempted any other form of violent physical exercise, would undoubtedly have come to grief.

In the case of colleges, however, there is the trainer or coach, whose duty and interest it is to look after the physical condition of his men, and to see that no man goes into a scrimmage until he has gotten himself in the proper physical condition. Granted, then, that athletics, in our colleges, is under proper supervision, let us look at the manifold advantages accruing to the student who participates in athletic games. It is well known that a man cannot do the same amount or the same grade of mental work when he is in poor physical condition that he can when in good condition. Not only does athletics develop the mind indirectly by developing the body, but it does so directly. The age of brute strength in athletics is a thing of the past, and the age of "head work" is upon us. The man who uses his head is the man who makes a place on the team of to-day.

Both base-ball and foot-ball, and, in fact, nearly every form of athletic games, are great factors in the development of the mind, in that they teach one to think and act quickly. Take, for instance, the playing of Tipton, the West Point centre. No more brilliant piece of "head work" has ever been seen on a foot-ball field than was shown by him in the annual West Point-Annapolis game of this year.

Take, again, the captain of a team, the quarter-back in foot-ball, or the pitcher in base-ball, each is, in a way, the general of his particular team. To be a successful captain, a successful quarter-back or pitcher, one must use his head continuously; must be always alert for the weak spot on the opposing team, and ever ready to turn to his own advantage any and all circumstances that may arise.

It follows, logically, that if a game serves to bring out such qualities in a man, those qualities will be shown in the classroom and in after life.

(3) Athletics is, more than any other thing, promotive of college spirit. The one thing around which all the students of a college can and will rally is its athletic teams. Two

men may sit next each other in a class-room for months without ever experiencing that "fellow feeling which makes all mankind akin"; but let them sit upon the bleacheries together for an hour or so, watching their team struggling for victory, yelling themselves hoarse in their efforts to cheer them on, and those men will feel that they have, indeed, something in common, and that something is *college spirit*, or, as it is called in after life, love for *alma mater*.

Again, the man on the bleacheries realizes fully the sacrifices the man on the field is making, and experiences fully that large feeling of brotherhood and of admiration, and feels that it is his pleasure, as well as his duty, to render his most loyal support to the man who is making a sacrifice to advance his college along this particular line.

In no other situation in life is that feeling which prevails between the members of an athletic team felt to its fullest extent. Each and every man feels that he is an integral part of a human machine, run for the honor of his college, and depending on him for the very best that is in him. He knows, further, that unless he gives his best the team as a whole—the machine—will fall short of what it is capable of doing. His feelings toward other members of the team are most fraternal. He feels that theirs is a common motive, that they are working for the same end, and, with this end in view, they will lay aside any and all petty feelings and jealousies, and labor, each with the best that is in him, to achieve that goal for which they strive.

The writer was once greatly impressed by the meeting of two men who had played on a big team together several years ago. It was like witnessing the re-union of two old veterans who had gone through the war together. One of them told the writer afterwards that after a man had played a whole season, shoulder to shoulder with a team of men, all working for the same end, living together and traveling together,

that there was a feeling of brotherhood between them that nothing could efface.

In conclusion, the writer would touch upon the degree of college spirit generated in the members of a team on account of their close association, and especially in traveling around together. They are the representatives of their college in a certain line. They know that by their actions, both as athletes and as gentlemen, will their college be judged, and, knowing this, there is bred in them a spirit of loyalty and affection for their college which is not, and cannot be, felt by the great body of students at large. And any of my readers who will take the trouble to observe it will notice that, almost without exception, the most loyal *alumni* of every college are those men who have represented their *alma mater* in her contests on the athletic field.

TO M——.

BY JULIAN LICHTENSTEIN.

Once more to look upon thy face so sweet!
Once more to feel my heart thrill at thy sight!
So surely come delights with softness tinged
From lutes divine. Limpid strains mingle with
The pureness of the soul in harmony.
The heart of hearts, the heart of God, to light
Has come. Where reason fails, love points the way,
And shows from whence all goodness, love—descends.
My eyes, so rapt, upon thy beauty gaze.
Eyes defying painters; laughing, sparkling,
Then deep in the depths of melancholy.
A nose not large nor small, shapely, refined;
Lips carved of carmine, over milky pearls;
Her hair, tresses of brown and sunset gold.
'Tis she, the one, the only one, that is
For me, whose soul knows peace only with thee.

Beloved! wilt thou leave me to my fate?
Thou art my guiding star to truth and light!
My love is selfish, yet I love so much
That of its flowing fount the world could drink.
Thou art gone! Gone! Whither, I know not that!
Thy image remains on my memory
Engraved. There it will remain—yet—through life's
Darkest gloom, when the golden sun is hid,
Wilt thy image stand forth as lightning gleams
Which open the dark, heavy clouds to light;
So wilt thy image, like the lightning,
Ope my sad melancholy soul to light
Forever.

President Roosevelt's Hold on the American People.

BY R. E. ANKERS.

THE recent Presidential election was a surprise, it is safe to say, to almost every one. Even the most sanguine of Mr. Roosevelt's friends, while claiming his election by a handsome majority, did not predict such gratifying returns. Supporter and opponent seem almost equally astonished at the turn of affairs. Indeed, even that all-wise individual, who can always say, after the results are known, "I told you so," or "I knew it," has betaken himself to his hiding-place, leaving the mass of the people to determine the forces which wrought out such results.

In seeking to explain the enormous majority given to the Administration party, many arguments have been advanced. Some have contended that the prosperous condition of the country was a powerful factor in piling up the almost unprecedented preponderance of Republican votes. This argument, however, cannot wholly account for the increase in Mr. Roosevelt's majority of the popular vote over that of Mr. McKinley. Others affirm that it was a triumph of the known

quantity over the unknown, and it is not unlikely that this factor played some part in shaping the vote of the people, though the similarity of the platforms of the two leading parties would have seemed to indicate no striking change in the policy of the nation in the event of the success of the defeated candidate. Others yet have declared that the landslide was due to the indifference of the Democrats; though it is highly probable that the total vote cast will be found to be absolutely greater than in former years, and relatively as great as well. Another argument advanced is the promptness of the American people to differentiate the man and the President, it being alleged that many did not admire Mr. Roosevelt as a man, but were pleased with him as a President. This distinction, however, is hard to draw, and the great bulk of the nation, one may safely assert, made no such differentiation. According to the general opinion, the President himself failed in trying to distinguish the man from the President in connection with the settlement of the coal strike in Pennsylvania.

After all these arguments have been produced, and due credit given them, the vital force has been left out—the element of personal popularity. Despite the criticism heaped upon his head, and the condemnation of many of his acts, Mr. Roosevelt stands high in the favor of the American people. In fact, few of our executives have had a warmer affection in the hearts of our citizens than has he. The declaration of the Massachusetts woman that “Mr. McKinley was nearly as good a President as Mr. Roosevelt is” exemplifies the feeling existing in many sections for the present Chief Magistrate. His policy has tended to exasperate the Southerners, we are told, yet in other quarters the people almost make him their idol. The returns, in such States as Missouri and Massachusetts, where the popular gubernatorial candidates were elected, demonstrate the personal popularity of Mr. Roosevelt.

After all, the explanation of the President's popularity is hard to get at, yet there seems to be something in his character or personality—something indefinable, if you will—which acts like a magnet. His friends can abuse him at times, and their estrangement vanishes in a little while. For want of a better name, we might denominate that indefinable element, which so appeals to the affections of the people, his advocacy of the "strenuous life." Ours is a busy age. Commercialism is the spur which constantly urges us on. The "strenuous life" appeals quite strongly to the mass of our citizens—particularly to the young men of the land. Mr. Roosevelt's rapid rise by diligent application incites our young men to renewed activity and the realization of their loftiest ideals. Whether the advocacy of the "strenuous life," in the light of our present tendencies, is a desirable thing, would furnish matter for more mature consideration, yet there can be little doubt that such a plea strikes a responsive chord in the youth of our land to-day.

The manner in which the President was criticised by his political opponents has served to increase his popularity very materially. Criticism, properly directed, may exert a wholesome influence, but the kind resorted to by the leading Democratic newspapers was not calculated to aid Mr. Parker and his followers. On the contrary, the biting personalities occurring in such papers as the *New York World* made many Republican votes. The criticism indulged in was of the sort to raise up friends for Mr. Roosevelt. In many instances the attacks were wholly unjustifiable and unworthy of the leaders of a great political party. The utterances from their lips wrought untold injury upon themselves and their cause.

Now, at last, we are told that Mr. Roosevelt has been a much misunderstood and maligned man. The assurance has been given that, down deep in his heart of hearts, the President really loves and never intended to offend the South. This declaration will be watched with intense interest by all

Southerners. With increased confidence in his ability and integrity, the whole nation awaits the outcome of the term of service to be entered upon March 4, 1905.

The Rhythm of the Snow.

[With apologies to Poe.]

BY COSBY MINOR ROBERTSON.

See the soft and gentle snow—
Mellow snow!
What a world of beauty's seen
From out my cottage door!
See it sparkle, sparkle, sparkle,
In the icy, chilly light!
As the upper heavens darkle,
Robbed of their pure azure bright,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of rhythmic rhyme,
As it plays in quick confusion
Upon my cottage door.

See the soft and peaceful snow—
Pearly snow!
How it plays in restless beauty
Upon my cottage door.
See it sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle
In the quiet, gentle light,
While all heaven seems to twinkle
In its festive, airy flight;
How it floats, how it floats,
Intermingling, how it sports,
Gamb'ling wildly as it falls
Upon my cottage door.

See the soft and floating snow—
Flighty snow!
In its wild, transcendent beauty
Playing on my cottage door.

See it sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle
 In the quiet, peaceful light,
 While all heaven seems to twinkle
 In its crystalline delight.
 How it snows, how it snows,
 How jubilant it grows,
 As the airy crystals float
 In at my cottage door.

The Ideal College Student.

BY "RASTUS."

WHO is the ideal college student? Is it the man who wears a Black coat, a White West Scott, a Brown tie, Kidd gloves, a Dunn overcoat, or any other thing a Brazilian Taylor could devise? Is it the man who can prove to Dr. Mitchell satisfactorily that even if Cleveland Quarles, it is still a process of development to let Benjamin Harris Turner man out of office? Is it the man whom Greek Will Harris as long as he stays at college? Is it the man who Gaines much by studying Math? Is it the man who can master all the problems of Trickey physics? Is it the man who is Handy enough to turn a French Boatwright up a German Brooke? Is it the man who can Hunter chemical analysis for Sugar-Cane Wright quickly? Is it the man who Woodward off the troublesome study of English? If so, Curry Wood, if he could. Is it the law student, who studies the Minor details, and who feels also that there' (S)nead of studies—Ernest, Long, and faithful—to understand its great principles? Is it the Wood and Coleman? Is it the Young lady dressed in Hughes as Gay as a Byrd, a real Peachy, and as Happy as the Martin that sings in our Shady Bowers, and such a one as May only the Goodwin, since on the campus no Pleasant Oaks Soyers will allow to stand to protect them from the sun,

and where every Cason hand is exceedingly doubtful? Is it the distant view agent Quiller, who becomes Terry-fied because there is Miles between him and his girl? Is it the politician, who can move men with his victory, and who can at any Price Stringfellow men like Catfish?

We may Carver way through all of these, and Bragg about our results, but at best, the Mason will have left out one side of his Wall. If all of these, though useful in their places, could be summed up and found equal to two Legs of the tripod that holds the student up to the ideal, the third leg, without which it will not stand, may be summed up in being able to think and to Wright one's thoughts. We sometimes have to appear as Brothers of wisdom, and by our actions to say that if the truths that Lodge in our massive brains should happen to Leake out we would send forth James rivers of knowledge; but when we are asked why we have not Ritenour articles for THE MESSENGER there is a sudden Hurshfelt, and our silence seems to say that it was all right for Webster and Johnson to give the world their best thoughts in their dictionaries, but our extensive wisdom is a secret for our own use. Owen to this situation, Tilman lowers the ideal, may each one of us Beaman enough to write and submit our thoughts; for, no matter Howell these things I have mentioned compare with the Gardener's Young sweet corn or with the more Hardy Cropp of corn and wheat that we Carter way to the Miller, of different Mills, to prepare for the Barnes or for the Baker to make Graham bread, to Wright seems to be the Cobb and Straws, the Chaney round the neck, the Barbe fence, and the Habel for the horse, and the Ankers for the ship. May the Wise head of the Dearman, which this Hood Fitz, cause him to cease to be a Sayre and not a doer, Wade and wanting, and may it be to him a Payne that will Waite and not be Dunaway with until he will Marshall his Hann to Wright a Booker two, or, at least,

an article for THE MESSENGER. Whether gent Tyler Jew, Talman or Shorty, if he Watts not that the neglect of this leaves a Hays before him, we may as well give him the Raines, to Ryder Walker long the Sands of time, hoping that it Wood be his Luck, either by Hough or Shue, to leave some footprints there, but wondering Woody do it.

But let us all do it. There are smaller bands on the campus now, for Flippen the Ratter, let our's use the pen, and let it no longer be the case that some of our students are as hard to get to writing as their names are to fit in an article like this, and that others' names will fit in much better than their writing fits in a publication. Oh, for the time when, in every nominating speech, we may hear it boldly said that we have enjoyed the articles from his pen.

Applied Quotations.

Gardner: "Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books."

T. B. Taylor: "Then he will talk. Good gods! how he will talk!"

Lichtenstein: "The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, with loads of learned lumber in his head."

Bradley: "I should think your tongue had broken its chain."

Simmons: "Wit does not take the place of knowledge. When we seek after wit we discover only foolishness."

Gravatt: "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

W. V. Thraves: "Ah! happy years! Once more, who would not be a boy?"

Fitzgerald: "Govern well thy appetite, lest Sin surprise thee, and her black attendant, Death."

Brooke: "Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."

Coleman: "I am not in the roll of common men."

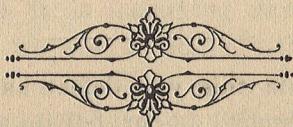
Templeman : " Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity."

Watlington : " He had a face like a benediction."

Kahle : " One of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die."

L. W. Smith : " Genius must be born, and never can be taught."

Moncure : " Comb down his hair. Look ! look ! It stands upright."



Editorial Comment.

UNDER NEW EDITORSHIP.

With this issue **THE MESSENGER** is in the hands of a new editor-in-chief. We realize our inefficiency all the more when we look back upon the very excellent work of our predecessor. We feel that a plea for support is not out of place here. We must have the co-operation of the student body in order to make **THE MESSENGER** what it should be. We have now in college men who can write, if they only will. The fact is to be deplored that for several years now **THE MESSENGER** has not attained the high mark of excellence that it once held. This has been due not to any inefficiency on the part of the editors, nor to any incapability on the part of the students to produce good articles, but solely to the lack of enthusiasm, which has been characteristic of the College at large. Let us begin an era of intense interest in **THE MESSENGER**. Let each one of us strive earnestly for its welfare. Let each one of us feel that **THE MESSENGER** is of, for, and by him, and that its success or failure depends upon him.

THE WAKE FOREST DEBATE.

Again this year defeat has been the fate of Richmond in our debate with Wake Forest. Three debates have been held between these two colleges for the silver cup which is offered by the Chamber of Commerce of Raleigh. Year before last Richmond won, but last year and this year we have lost. Certain it is that we must win next year. To accomplish this we must get up enthusiasm, and, in our humble judgment, unless more interest is taken in this debate next year than has been the case this year, it should be discontinued. On the night before our debaters left for Raleigh one of the students remarked that until that night he did not even know that Richmond College was to hold a debate with

Wake Forest. It is true that most of us were not so bad as that, but, at the same time, this is a fair illustration of the lack of interest in this contest. It would, indeed, surprise us if we could just see with what enthusiasm this debate is hailed by the students of Wake Forest. On the night of the debate in Raleigh the Academy of Music was filled to overflowing, in the face of a twenty-five cents admission fee. This is the kind of enthusiasm we need, and, unless we can arouse it, in the name of the College, let the Wake Forest debate be done away with.

We give elsewhere notes which we have,
 at an expense of a good deal of time, col-
 lated for the benefit of our readers. We
 present them under the heads of "Notes Literary" and
 "Notes Dramatic and Musical." The former we remem-
 ber to have headed a page in THE MESSENGER of some
 three years back; the latter is an innovation of the
 writer's. The value of notes on the literature of the hour
 is hardly to be questioned. As regards the dramatic
 notes, inasmuch as it is something new under the sun—
 at least so far as we are concerned—there may arise in
 the minds of some of us doubt as to the propriety of such
 notes. We are aware that there are some of our readers—and,
 we are happy to say, few in number—who will take no interest
 whatever in any information we may laboriously glean concern-
 ing things operatic and dramatic. From these few the *re in se*
 will forever seal a few pages of the magazine; and, since
 after all it is a matter of taste, we may not dispute with them
 if they will obtain neither pleasure nor enlightenment from
 the reading. But, on the other hand, we are certain that the
 vast majority of our readers will hail our innovation with
 delight, and will peruse the notes with equal pleasure and
 profit. The *hoi polloi* we feel are in one accord with our
 humble selves, and it is to their palates that we serve this

last dish—the dessert of the magazine. They, like we, take pleasure in reading that a certain new opera has been performed; that such and such an actor is a *pro tem*. “Hamlet” or a successful “Othello”; that this actress has *realized* the almost impossible character of “Imogen,” or that this other has, in “Hedda Gabler,” created a *role* that, with its appealing life-likeness, touched the corpse of feeling of an entire audience and secured a deafening tribute of well-merited praise to the performer. It is for these, we repeat, that we pen the notes; the rest may, without taking the least offence, pass by, with the Levite, on the other side.

**A MATTER OF
REGRET.**

We regret very much that we could not give our exchanges a proper criticism in this issue. As we have stated elsewhere, the exchanges were handed us at an hour that precluded any such proper treatment. We promise that our next number will see a more meritorious survey of the magazines that come to our table.

Along the line of criticism of exchanges, we would like to say that we shall not be offended at any adverse sentiment that our exchanges may see fit to express concerning our own periodical. We fully realize our own deficiencies, and shall thankfully listen to any suggestions and helpful criticisms that may come from without. And when we further criticise our friends on their lack of poetry, or, it may be, of short stories, we do so with a full knowledge of the moat in our own eye. So let your *critiques* pour forth. As we criticise, so shall we be criticised.

❧ Notes Literary. ❧

Professor Metnikoff, the eminent biologist, takes an optimistic view of the possibilities of science in his "Nature of Man."

In the *Westminster Review* there is a very readable article on Prosper Merimee. Senior French students will recollect the beautiful tale of "Colomba."

After a lapse of a quarter of a century, Grove's "Dictionary of Music" is being republished in a revised edition. Macmillan Company are the publishers.

Elaborate holiday editions of the classics are prominent in the windows of Richmond book-stores. The Christmas edition of Eugene Field's Poems is especially attractive.

Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son" has just been issued in book form. We had the pleasure of reading it as a serial in *Everybody's*. It is not to be compared with "The Eternal City."

Messrs. Holt & Co. have just issued a handy volume edition of that best of English novels, "Tom Jones." The abridgment, however, has cut the story down to about its original length.

Mathilda Blind's "Life of George Eliot," after the dust of twenty years, again comes from the press. Additions and corrections have been made, chiefly from the new facts gleaned from Herbert Spenser's autobiography.

Henry Seton Merriman publishes a book which deals with the fate of the Dauphin, the little son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. "The Last Hope" is the name of this historical novel.

Dr. Josiah Royce, who recently lectured here, has brought

out a little volume of essays on "Spenser's Contributions to the Concept of Evolution." In the same volume is a personal reminiscence of the great philosopher, from the pen of James Collier, for nineteen years associated with him in his work, as assistant and private secretary.

"Mark Twain" pays the "Visionary of Domremy" a glowing tribute in the December *Harper's*. He champions Joan just as did the great French Socialist orator, Jaures, not long ago, when Paul Deroulede attacked the character of the Purcells. The piece is seriously written, and in every part bears witness of Mr. Clemens's fervid imagination.

Sir Walter Besant's "London in the Time of the Tudors" is a book that would prove a valuable acquisition to our College library. Students of Elizabethan literature and life can here see vividly the current of life, the restless activity of the great capital in those stirring times. The strength and weakness of Elizabeth's character are laid out before us, but the writer draws no conclusion, no general estimate of the character of the "Virgin Queen."

In the "Food of the Gods," Mr. H. G. Wells takes another vision into the realm of the impossible—or, rather, it is here the inconceivable. He has departed from the seemingly real, as in "The Country of the Blind," and other stories that we read in *The Strand*, and has wandered off into a story at whose probability the mind revolts. He should curb his imagination, or, at least, should guide his Pegasus into more pleasing paths.

"The Pagan's Progress," by Gouverneur Morris, deals with the origin of the ideal love in the human heart. Sunrise, a cave-man and a pagan—a being differentiated out of the common run of men, is brought to a conception of the undying human soul through the loss of the woman he loved—first, at the hands of a rival, and, later, through death. The

writer surrounds his story with a halo of poetic sentiment that was unheard of in the age when men were busied in the attainment of security from beasts and their fellow savages.

Baba Premanand Bharatti, a Brahman, now living in Boston, has written a history of the *universe* from its birth to its dissolution. He has condensed an infinity into a volume—a kind of *geni* in a sunken bottle, as we read of in the “Arabian Nights.” Great is Baba Bharatti, of universal attainments! Curiously enough, this book issues from the “Hub of the Universe,” where, no doubt, Baba is lionized and *feted* by the *elite*. However, after Wallace’s demonstration that the earth is the centre of the universe, (?) we can well give credence to Boston’s claim.

Readers and admirers of Taine’s “History of English Literature” ought to hail with pleasure this third and final volume of Professor Saintsbury’s “History of Criticism.” The literature, says the Edinburgher (who, by the way, has obtained the epithet of “The Corsair,” because of his iconoclasm with regard to great reputations), “is one of the most brilliantly written of its class, one of the most interesting, perhaps *the* history of literature that has most of literature itself. * * * Nothing interferes to save the critic from his theory. He has constructed for himself on that theory an ideal Englishman, with big feet (because the soil of our country is marshy and soft), with respect for authority (as is shown by English boys calling their father ‘Governor’), Protestant, melancholy, with several other attributes. The ideal Englishman is further moulded, tooled, typed, by race, time, *milieu*; and he becomes Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, Byron. And the literature of Byron, Pope, Shakespeare, and Chaucer has to deliver itself in a concatenation accordingly.” Those of us who have read Taine see here the true Englishman, with ire aroused, going at the great Frenchman with gloves off. However, the criticism is just, we believe.

Notes Dramatic and Musical.

The great violinist Ysaye is at the present writing playing in Philadelphia.

Campanari sang to an appreciative audience at the Academy on December 20th.

Miss H. A. Guerber's "Stories of Popular Operas" has just come from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co.

Vladimir de Pachmann, Russian eccentric, egotist, and pianist, has already played to New York audiences.

Miss Olga Nethersole gained but provisional praise from Londoners in her rendering of "The Flute of Pan."

Madame Szumonowska, a pupil of Paderewski, is booked for a concert at the Academy of Music January 11th.

The New York Philharmonic Society is to continue its policy of engaging guest conductors for its sixteen concerts this season.

Madame Nordica is to sing the part of "Kundry" in "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan. This is her first appearance in that *role*.

We of Richmond, with but a very scant number of concerts, can hardly realize the annual treat that Berliners get with their 800 concerts a season!

The Richmond College Dramatic Club is to produce the always famous and ever delightful comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" in the latter part of February.

Other musicians to make concert tours this season are Eugen d'Albert, Josef Hofmann, Rafael Joseffy, and Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, our leading woman pianist.

It is estimated that there were 8,541 visitors to the Bayreuth Wagner festival this season. Of all foreign countries,

the United States sent the largest number of representatives, New York City alone having 174 of her prominent citizens present.

Sir Charles Wyndham makes his appearance on the American stage after an absence of fifteen years. He recently performed "David Garrick" at the Lyceum, and his acting gained the approval and applause of dramatic critics in the metropolis.

In the "L'Escalade," Maurice Donnay deals entertainingly with the so-called scientific attitude towards love. Parisian critics, and especially the *Figaro*, praise it for its beauty and sincerity, and the author for his interesting and subtle treatment of the theme.

Paderewski is to tour the United States on his return from Australia. He will land at San Francisco some time this month, and will give fifty concerts in the larger cities. While the chance is a slim one, we hope much that he may be induced to pay the "Queen City of the South" a visit.

Nance O'Neill's acting has aroused much criticism *pro* and *con* among New Yorkers. After a starring tour around the world, this actress has come to New York to play in *repertoire* Sudermann's "Magda" and "Fires of St. John," Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," and Aldrich's "Judith of Bethuliah." Her "Magda" especially elicited much favorable comment.

Recently Daniel Frohmann announced that he is to bring over here the youthful boy prodigy, Desider Vecsey. The greatest of living drawers of the bow, Joachim, has awarded him unstinted praise. Already we read that the twelve-year-old has been guaranteed a tithe of a million dollars. Truly, musicians are not like poets—doomed to woes of a garret and a supperless sleep!

Play-goers in New York have had a treat recently at the Lyric. Madame Rejane has given her hearers a repertory of

famous French comedies. Among these was "La Passerelle," which we of Richmond had the pleasure of seeing produced by Bettina Gerard and Max Figman. The name, however, was "The Marriage of Kitty," and it was simply an adaptation of the French comedy.

To Verdi's "Aida" belongs the honor of having opened up the Grand Opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House. The first performance was given to a packed house November 21st. Herr Conried announces that almost all the operas produced in recent years in the metropolis are to be revived this winter. The novelties are Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" and Richard Strauss's "Die Fledermaus." Of course the old masterpieces are to be sung. Messrs. Franko, Vigna, and Hertz are the able directors for the season.

The waning interest in "Parsifal" is well shown by the constantly-diminishing box receipts. The journals state that during its production in English at the New York Theatre the audience numbered fewer at each performance. Whether this decreased popularity is due to the fact that the opera is no longer confined to the visions of the aristocratic New Yorkers, or to the fact that "Parsifal," like all other fads—provided it is a fad—has seen its day, and must now yield to other heralded productions, we are not in a position to say. Suffice it to say that public interest in the great music-drama has much abated, no matter the cause.

Henry W. Savage, to whom the musical world owes so much, has successfully brought out and performed an English version of the opera. The first performance was given in Boston on October 17th, and thereafter, for sixteen successive nights, the "Hub of the Universe" saw enacted and re-enacted the tragedy of Parsifal and the Holy Grail.

Mr. Savage has secured Alois Pennarini, of Hamburg, to sing the title *role*. The acquisition of one so well acquainted with the Beyreuth stage ought to do much to make this English version a success.



Y. M. C. A.



It is encouraging to those interested in the Y. M. C. A. work of the College to know that there is a larger enrollment of students as members of the Association than ever before, at least so far as can be known. There is a larger number engaged in the mission study and Bible classes than any previous year in the history of Richmond College. There are at least four volunteers for foreign mission work. Last year there were but two. There is encouragement all along the line, and the indications are that the year will be an exceptionally good one.

On the last day of November and the first day of this month a Bible Institute was held, and, as a result, Christian work in the College has received an impetus. The Institute was planned and largely worked out by the College State Secretary, F. A. Brown, who has given himself unreservedly to his work. Delegates were present from Randolph-Macon, the two medical colleges of this city, and the Union Theological Seminary. It was intended that the meetings should be held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, but these were too small, and so all the meetings were held in the chapel.

The opening address was made by Lester McLean, International Secretary for Bible Study. His subject, "The Advanced Movement for Bible Study in North America"—proved instructive and inspiring.

In the afternoon Prof. R. E. Gaines gave an address on "The Fundamental Principles of Bible Teaching." This was a clear-cut, forceful expression of one who could well speak with authority on such a subject.

At the same meeting John Moncure gave an interesting talk on "Richmond College as a Field for Bible Study." This, to say the least, was very helpful.

In the evening Mr. Coulter, State Secretary of Y. M. C. A.

work, gave an earnest and practical address on "Bible Study as a Method of Evangelism."

The next afternoon Rev. W. C. Taylor, of Petersburg, Va., spoke eloquently on "The Bible as a Power in National Life." Following this was a "Conference on Methods of Bible Study," when several papers were read by delegates present, and these were briefly discussed, Mr. McLean leading the discussion.

Mr. Brown gave a very practical talk on "Morning Watch," showing its necessity in the life of the Christian student.

That evening Prof. J. G. McAllister, of the Union Theological Seminary, gave a very carefully-prepared lecture on "How the Bible has Come to Us."

Mr. Haddon S. Watkins, tenor singer of the Grace-Street Baptist Church, sang a solo, which was much appreciated.

Several members of the Y. M. C. A. attended the conference of Eastern Theological Seminaries at the Union Theological Seminary on December 2d and 3d.

It is expected that special meetings will be held some time early in the new year. It is hoped that all the members of the Y. M. C. A. will do their best to make the most of the opportunity.

The regular weekly service of the Y. M. C. A. is held on Wednesday evening at 7:30, in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. All students are most cordially invited to attend. The meeting belongs to any one student as much as to any other.



Exchange Department.

THE MESSENGER extends its heartiest Christmas greetings to all of its exchanges. May they continue to shower into our editorial lap the usual monthly allowance of college literature. We assure them that they will always receive the most critical attention from us. Further, we will give an excuse why we are unable in this issue to treat each magazine with the care and space it deserves. Just as we go to press our exchange table is loaded by a fellow officer on the staff with some two dozen or so magazines, all attractive in appearance and individually demanding careful perusal. But it will be impossible, in the two or three hours we have given us in which to criticise them, for us to grant them the attention they severally need.

The November *University of Virginia Magazine* is up to its usual high standard of excellence, and is, without doubt, the best of our exchanges. Essay, short story, poetry, all find expression here, and are of unusual merit, especially the verse. "Isabe of Opequon," by J. W. Wayland, is a well-conceived little story, and the two articles on Tennyson are the results of much study and research. We compliment the University on the merit of their periodical. Mr. James's exchange department is well-nigh our ideal of what every such department ought to be.

Our friends in Ashland have gotten out quite a creditable magazine. "The Woggle-Bug Club" is something original. With their permission we shall establish a like organization in *alma mater*, of course giving them the credit of the suggestion. The October *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is a credit to the students of whom Dr. A. C. W. boasted last year.

The *Georgetown College Journal* is certainly handsome if viewed from the standpoint of excellence in typography. Its literary value is, however, small—by no means what we would expect from our friends in the Capital City. The issue we refer to is that for October.

We always hail with delight the *William and Mary Literary Magazine*. We are sorry that time is lacking to digest this appetizing morsel, but we assure them that if a later perusal be in order we shall make it a post-Christmas dish.

The November *William Jewell Student* is hardly deserving of any great praise, we are sorry to write.

Of the *Hollins Quarterly* we can conscientiously say that its rare (quarterly) appearance is a cause of regret to the writer. Our salutations, fair daughters of Hollins. We place the mistletoe over your heads, and then——

The matter in the *College of Charleston Magazine* is rather disappointing, both as to quantity and quality. There is a total lack of poetry in the October issue.

The *Limestone Star* for October was weighed with the *College of Charleston Magazine*, and, like that, was found wanting. There is here, also, no poetry, and, what appears from a cursory glance, poor prose. Get a move on you, South Carolinians!

Did we speak slightly of the Palmetto State? Well, if we did, we recant every word, for the *Palmetto* redeems the reputation of South Carolina. In every way it is an excellent magazine, but, we fear, falls far below, in point of beauty, the prettiness that *must* prevail among the editors. Instead of using mistletoe this time, we will hold the palmetto branch in one hand, and with the other—well, merely extend a right-hand of fellowship to the fair staff.

We have at hand both the October and November numbers of the *Winthrop College Journal*. Like the *Palmetto*, it is a worthy representative of college activity in South Carolina. All we can say is that there is one thing that would be more welcome than the magazine, and that is a sight of the editoresses.

The Newport News *High School Student* is an effort that would be a credit to any similar institution. We welcome the paper to our table.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* comes as a message from one whom we have long missed and from whom we have heard little.

The October *Emory and Henry Era* is a readable issue. The little snatches, like "An Armed Combat" and "Be Sunny," while admirable as flashing bits of humor, can hardly be expected to fill up space that real poetry ought to occupy.

The *Buff and Blue* is always greeted with pleasure. The matter is not too plentiful, it is true, but, nevertheless, we delight in digesting it. Where are your poets, Gallaudet?

The *Pharos*, like the light-house of old, sheds its beams over a dreary waste of waters. But no, we take this back; for the light scintillates on the crystalline surface of a frozen sea. But we are getting mixed up in our metaphors, and so had better stop ere it be inferred that we are frozen up. So here goes for the next.

How we envy those students at Troy, Ala. Think of having female officers in your literary society, who, to judge by their pictures, are a fair type of Alabama's fair sex. What a spur to eloquence would it be, what a cue for passion would we have in addressing such an audience! The *Palladium*, however, does not bear witness of any such incentive—the more's the pity. How-

ever, the journal is just in its inception, and has our wishes for a rapid and complete literary development.

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* is a newsy daily, and its editorials are up to date. It hails from Seattle, Wash.

The Chisel needs no introduction at our hands. Ever attractive, the December number is of great literary value. Why don't you send a few invitations with your magazine?

The Yankton *Student* comes, evidently, from the garden spot of the Dakotas. Increase the distance between your magazine covers!

The Critic is the neatest little paper we have seen in a long time. It is similar to the Newport News *High School Student*, being published by the pupils of the High School at Lynchburg.

The *Ouachita Ripples* has rippled all the way from Arkadelphia, way down in Arkansas. Our compliments.

The Hermonite is of little literary value. It appears to be rather a news pamphlet than a magazine. Still, a merry Christmas!

This completes the list of magazines that have come into our hands for review. If any have been missed, we beg your pardon and assure you that it was totally unintentional. Again, a merry Christmas to you all, and another appearance on our table!

Clippings.

Dear Old College Days.

Like music of some half-forgotten song
 Heard in a happy, happy long ago,
 Whose melody has lingered liquid, low—
 Whose sweetness with the long years grows more strong;
 Like some rare painting's glorious gleaming glow,
 On which the long years' lights and shadows throng,
 To which the tones and tints of age belong—
 Where Time's weird witchery bids beauty blow
 And bloom in mellow richness every year;
 Like fragrant flavor of age-ripened wine,
 In cob-webbed cask stored in some cellar's hold—
 So do the years with happy memories twine
 Our college days, and when we're growing old
 In Memory's heart of hearts they grow more dear.

—*J. Miller Leake, in Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

Sing a song of foot-ball.
 Don't it make you smile?
 Two and twenty players
 Struggling in a pile;
 When the pile is opened
 Hear those awful groans;
 Boys begin to creep out,
 Looking for their bones.
 Section there of noses,
 Patches here of hair,
 But they made a touch-down
 And little do they care.

—*Ex.*

Some men are born bald, some achieve baldness, and some acquire it by marriage.—*Ex.*

The Brook.

From under the mill-wheel it glides along,
 The purling brook with a rippling song,
 Past a field of tasselled corn,
 By a cabin, deserted, forlorn ;
 Kissed by a low-hanging willow tree,
 Smiling and whirling with dimpling glee,
 Lapping the roots of a sycamore—
 A tiny cascade with mimic roar ;
 Proudly bearing a red columbine,
 Gently torn from the hanging vine.
 In the cool shadows, quiet it glides,
 A crest of foam gently o'er rides,
 Out of the shadows, into the sun,
 In the broad river ; its course is run.

—*Mary Chandler, in the Hollins Quarterly.*

Before and After.

BEFORE EXAMS.

“O Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.”

AFTER EXAMS.

“The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
 For we forgot, for we forgot.”

—*Ex.*

“Wanted—A belt for the waste of time. A sheet for the bed of the ocean. A barber for the face of the earth. New shoes for the foot of the Rockies. False teeth for the mouth of the Mississippi.”—*Ex.*

“Good boys love their sisters ;
 So good have I grown
 That I love other boys' sisters
 Better than my own.

—*Ex.*

The Call of the Sea.

I heard the voice of my mother, the sea,
 Calling, "Child, child of my love, come to me,
 And rest in my bosom so calm and free."
 So she spoke; and the wind sighed o'er the lea.
 I heeded not the call of the sea.
 And as the gentle wind sighed soft o'er the lea,
 Once more she called in tender tones to me,
 "Child, art thou coming to thine own dear sea?"

Then, weary of life, its toil and tears,
 And seeing the folly of earlier years,
 I called and answered unto the sea,
 Softly, tenderly, as she had to me,
 "Aye, aye, mother mine, I am coming now,
 Swiftly, silently as shadows pass, I trow,
 Coming to thee, to leave thee, no never,
 But rest in thy bosom forever and ever."

—*Margaret Cheetham, in the High School Student.*

A Recipe for Courtship.

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,
 Two or three balls and two or three treats,
 Two or three serenades given as a lure,
 Two or three oaths how much they'll endure;
 Two or three messengers sent in one day,
 Two or three times led out from the play,
 Two or three soft speeches made by the way,
 Two or three tickets for two or three times,
 Two or three notes written all in rhymes,
 Two or three months keeping strictly to these rules
 Can never fail making a couple of fools.

—*Ex.*

College girls never graduate in a hurry—they take it by degrees.—*Ex.*

"No Go."

A bashful swain once loved a maid,
 But couldn't, to save him, speak,
 Though he sent her Huyler's and took her to drive
 And called three nights in a week.

The maiden guessed the state of affairs,
 As maidens sometimes do;
 And she said to herself, "I'll help him along,
 Since he doesn't know how to woo."

So when he came down to see her that night
 They sat on the sofa together;
 For a while they talked about abstract things,
 Perchance they mentioned the weather.

Then: "What a darling scarf-pin!
 But isn't it small?" said she;
 And the maiden bent near, oh, very near,
 The tiny pin to see.

A soft curl fell and caressed his face,
 Her cheek was warm and red;
 And then—and then—do you know what came next?
 "You tickled my nose," he said.

—*The Palmetto.*

An Armed Combat.

"Surrender, Beatrice," I cried,
 For my heart was sorely wounded.
 "I suppose I must," she said,
 "For I see I am surrounded."

—*X., in Emory and Henry Era.*

"A fool not only can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer, but not infrequently he identifies himself in that way."—*Eæ.*

"Be Sunny."

Jim Dumps once loved a pretty girl—
She kept poor Jimmie in a whirl.
He asked her, "May I kiss you once?"
"Why, no," she said, "you stupid dunce."
At this reply his eyes grew dim.
"Use force," she cried—he's Sunny Jim.

—*Emory and Henry Era.*

"Think you not," said the Senior to the maiden fair,
"my mustache is becoming?" The maiden answered, as
his eyes she met, "It may be coming, but it's not here
yet."—*Ex.*

During an exhibition of fireworks little Margaret
seemed to be very nervous, particularly when a rocket
was sent off. After one went up unusually high, she
began to cry, and, when her mother asked what was the
matter, she sobbed, "Oh, mamma, I'm afraid they'll hurt
the Lord."—*Ex.*



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Address all literary communications to

FRED. G. POLLARD,
Editor-in-Chief.

All business communications to

D. J. CARVER,
Business Manager.