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The Messenger,

RICHMOND COLLEGE,

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MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXXI.

APRIL, 1905.

No. 7.

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Moonlight on the Sea.

BY F. M. SAYRE.

Calm is the night, the stars shine bright,
The placid sea is smooth and still,
The sails hang idly 'gainst the mast,
The vessel drifts at the current's will.

The peaceful ripples noiseless glide,
Kissing the ship as on they pass,
And as they gently from her slip
Become again quite smooth as glass.

The great moon rises from the deep—
Queen of the night, her soft white rays
A silvery, sparkling pathway trace,
A moonbeam on each wavelet plays.

The moonlight gleams upon the deck,
 The ship is bathed in floods of light,
 Save where the sails' great shadows veil
 A space with solemn pall of night.

My soul's a ship that drives or floats
 Hither and thither on life's sea,
 The calms and ripples and moonbeams bright
 Are signs of God's sweet peace to me.

And, though my soul at times be tossed,
 When tempests vex the smiling sea,
 There're days and nights of joy and peace,
 Of peace and sweet tranquility.

A Glimpse of Western Life.

J. B. WEBSTER.

IT was a sultry day in the month of August, 1885. The wind was like the breath of a furnace as it swept over the sun-burned Wyoming prairies. The odor of burning grass was the only scent that greeted the nostrils of a tired rider, as his pony jogged along over the trackless plain. He had been riding since early morning, and now, in the middle of the afternoon, he was nearing his destination. He felt that oppressive stillness of the lonely prairie, broken only by the occasional whirr of the grasshopper. It was at such times that the rider turned his mind to the serious questions of life. He was thinking of the years that lay before him, and was trying to decide how he could best use them, when a cry of pain came to his ear.

A few hundred yards ahead he saw a ravine, and, spurring his horse, rode hastily to the brow of the hill. He got there just in time to see a sorrel mustang, with a lady's saddle on its back, pass out of sight down the ravine. His experience

told him that the horse had probably stepped in a badger-hole, and in falling had thrown his rider. Another cry for help enabled him to locate definitely the spot where the accident had occurred, and he rode down the slope at a swift gallop. Throwing himself from his horse, he was soon tenderly supporting the form of a girl of eighteen, and inquiring how he could assist her. She was a true Western girl, and, instead of fainting as soon as help came (like the girls in stories), she pointed to her left arm, and said, "I fear it is broken just above the elbow." He made no reply, but carefully drew off her buck-skin riding glove, ripped the sleeve of her riding habit to the shoulder, and examined the place indicated. The arm was broken. He knew nothing of surgery, but his common sense told him he must protect the broken limb by splints. These he quickly made from the low bushes that were near at hand. His own flannel overshirt and handkerchief were converted into bandages and a sling.

During the fifteen minutes spent in setting the arm few words were spoken. Now that the pain was somewhat relieved, it was possible and necessary that some plan should be made to reach her home. He was the first to speak when the work was done.

"May I ask your father's name?"

"Father's name is John Reed. I think we are about six miles from my home. But I must know to whom I am indebted for this timely aid."

"Were it not for the fact that I know your father, and am on my way to see him with regard to the fall round-up, it would not matter who I am. You may as well know now, as later, that I am Robert Macdonald. It is more important that you should be gotten home as quickly and as easily as possible. 'Dutch' is gentle, and it seems best to put you on him. I will lead him, and we will soon be at your home."

"It is rather hard on you," she answered; "but that seems the only way out of our difficulty."

"If you feel strong enough, let us get out of here at once."

He gently raised her to her feet, and steadied the slender girlish form. Then he kneeled beside her, and, rising with her on his strong right arm, placed her on "Dutch," who stood where he had stopped, save for a few steps taken while he nibbled the brown buffalo grass.

Macdonald was a bright, genial fellow, and, now that the ice was broken, they chatted pleasantly as he walked beside "Dutch," who seemed to know where he was going, and did not need to be led after once being headed in the right direction. The time passed more pleasantly for "Mac," as his associates called him, than for the girl. She was in much pain, though she never betrayed it by word or action.

They reached the ranch just as the beautiful golden sunset was giving place to shades of night. Every one about the ranch was filled with excitement and fear. Miss Reed's horse had just been found grazing a short distance from the corral. He had run part of the way toward home, and leisurely grazed along the remainder. Their approach had been unnoticed until they had got near to the house. Her father, trembling with joy, came running to meet them.

"Oh! Ella, I am so thankful to see you alive! Are you hurt? How did it happen? You have never been thrown before?"

Then he recognized Macdonald, whom he had not noticed before, in his excitement, and, extending his hand, expressed to him his gratitude for the safe return of his daughter.

"Mac," with a confused manner, replied: "Oh, that's all right. Please don't say anything about it."

Every one about the ranch was overjoyed at Ella's safe return. She was a modest, unassuming girl, and, though almost reserved, was admired by all her father's ranch hands, particularly by Hugh Black, the foreman of the round-up gang. "Mac" noticed that the stalwart, handsome fellow was specially concerned, and that he eyed him a little sus-

piciously as he congratulated him on his good fortune in being of service to the girl.

While loving hands were taking care of Ella and supper was being prepared, Macdonald made the final arrangements with Mr. Reed for the round-up. The supper hour passed pleasantly, and Ella, made as comfortable as possible, awaiting the doctor's arrival, was the centre of attention. "Mac" had no chance to speak with her alone, but when he bade her "good night," and, at the same time, "good-bye," each felt a depth of emotion that neither had ever experienced before.

He rose early in the morning, and, after breakfast with the other cattle-men, set out for home. At the end of two busy months—months filled with long days in the saddle, sleepless nights of watching, and exciting stampedes—the round-up was over. With the men all out on the range, the life at the lonely ranch house was very quiet. Ella had much time to think of the manly views of life and the noble thoughts "Mac" had given expression to on that hot August afternoon, and her admiration grew from day to day. "Mac," during the long, weary hours of watching, talked with himself about her frank, yet modest, manner, her fortitude in bearing the pain, her gentle sympathy in response to his pet ideas and aspirations. He felt that she would be an inspiration to his life if he could know her better, and determined to see her again. He carried out his determination, and scarcely a fortnight passed during the following winter that "Mac" did not find his way across the country to the Reed ranch. At first they remained in the room with the crowd, but that afforded no opportunity to read together their favorite poets and philosophers, for they had early found that their literary tastes were very similar. The parlor, a room seldom opened, served as a retreat from the noisy crowd of ranch hands who cared nothing for reading. There they would sit by the hour and discuss the ideas suggested by the book or poem they were reading. Each felt the bond of sym-

pathy growing stronger. Neither betrayed by word the feelings that the heart cherished, yet there was a mutual understanding that those feelings existed. Black, meanwhile, did everything in his power to win Ella's affections by expensive presents and constant attention. She treated him politely and showed her appreciation of his kindness, yet gave him clearly to understand she did not love him.

In this manner the winter months passed pleasantly, and spring brought the round-up for branding. During these busy months Ella and "Mac" saw little of each other. "Mac" was trying to get his business in shape to go East to school before the fall round-up. The summer months sped by. They saw each other occasionally, yet "Mac," through an inexplicable false modesty, did not allow himself to give Ella definite knowledge of his love and desire to make her his wife when he had completed his education.

They parted the best of friends, exchanging good wishes. They had agreed to write to each other. He knew her letters would be the surest comfort to him when alone among strangers. She wished him to write all about what he was doing, that she might have something to think about beside the monotonous life of the ranch.

"Mac" had been gone two years, and his college duties had taken more and more of the time that he had been giving to writing long letters to Ella. The letters first grew shorter, then fewer in number. Hugh had continued his attentions, yet, feeling that his case was hopeless, he was only courteous in manner as he went about the ranch from day to day. As the length of time between "Mac's" letters increased, Hugh became more ardent in his suit.

One beautiful summer night Hugh and Ella were riding home from a dance at a neighboring ranch. They had danced together more than usual that evening, and he had formed a correct idea of the relationship between Ella and "Mac" from the replies she had made to his questions. She seemed

more inclined to confide in him than she had ever been before. They rode in silence for a few miles; then Hugh cleared his throat, and reined his horse nearer to Ella's, and, looking down into her face, said: "Ella, I have loved you since we first met. 'Mac' came before I dared speak my love for you. He was so entirely different from me, and seemed to be the kind of man you most admired, I felt it was useless for me to speak then, but I felt as deeply through it all as I do now. I do not wish to take any unfair advantage of 'Mac's' absence to tell you of my love. You gave me to understand during the last waltz that he had never asked you to marry him. Simply because he has kept his silence, I see no reason that I should keep mine longer." Placing his hand on the horn of her saddle, he said: "Ella, I love you—will always love you, come what may. Will you be mine? Can you give me now the love I have so earnestly sought these three long years?"

Ella's head was bowed. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, yet she did not see where her horse was going. She was thinking of the two men—first of "Mac," then of Hugh. She hesitated to make reply. By a strange coincidence, again her horse stepped into a badger-hole, and fell awkwardly to the ground, throwing his rider over his head. The arm broken before had never been strong, and this time snapped again. The pain was intense as Hugh raised her to a sitting posture and supported her with his knee. The arm was not broken this time so that it needed setting. After she had somewhat recovered from the shock, and he had improvised a sling from his large silk 'kerchief, he placed her on her horse, and they were soon at home.

The arm required weeks of careful nursing, during which time Hugh showed himself capable of the tenderest thoughtfulness.

It happened that Ella had just written "Mac," and the reply was longer coming than usual. She felt that "Mac" was growing away from her. He was developing intel-

lectually ; she was not. She knew that when his course was completed his ideas would be far beyond her own. She could never expect him to wish her to be his wife under those circumstances. On the other hand, Hugh's faithfulness appealed to her very sense of justice.

One day he spoke again. This time she slipped her hand into his, and said : " Hugh, I know you love me. You have proved it in every way you could. I'll try to make you happy."

Tears of joy filled his eyes. He raised the soft white hand to his lips and kissed it. For a long time they talked together of the future, and decided that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Two weeks was all the time necessary for the simple preparations, and the day before the one set for the wedding her father, returning from the town, brought a letter from " Mac." It was different from any she had gotten for months. It touched the old chords of sympathy, and once more they responded. She knew she loved him more than she did Hugh. The more she thought of it the worse she felt. She was unresponsive to Hugh's happiness. That night she scarcely closed her eyes, and more than once she gave vent to her pent-up feelings in a burst of tears. Toward morning she fell asleep from pure exhaustion. When she awoke she regained her normal state of mind by sheer force of will, but it was with a heavy heart that she went through the wedding ceremony. Hugh never once suspected the burden she bore. She continued to keep it hidden. Their home was like other ranch homes—plain, but happy. Household cares and bright-faced children crowded out the thought of her cross. Time blunted the sharpness of her pain, but never entirely healed the wound.

" Mac" is sitting in his room. He has just returned from supper in the mess-hall and thrown himself into the big cushioned chair to dream awhile before beginning his studies. The drudgery of college life was nearly at an end. In a few

weeks that piece of parchment for which he had so earnestly labored would soon be in his hand. How he would love to have Ella present on that occasion! How would she reply to his last letter? If she still loved him, as he believed she did, he would have her take a trip to the East and she would be present at the commencement exercises. How would she compare with the girls he had been mingling with during his college course? He was sure he would not be ashamed of her. Then the sweet intellectual face pushed aside these matter-of-fact ideas and took full possession of his soul. He felt her warm breath on his cheek as of yore, when together they read from the same poet. The light curls touched his face and set his being in a thrill. His room-mate comes in from the post-office. "Here, 'Mac,' is a letter from your Western girl."

Love's Varied Form.

BY G. C. S.

Love is a passion of varied form,
As mild as the zephyr, as fierce as the storm,
Often as blithesome and gay and as bright
As the lark as he soars in his heavenward flight,
Knowing no sorrow, pain, or care,
As free and as light as the mountain air;
And then as fierce as the hurricane's blast,
As it rustles in fury through rigging and mast,
Entangling lives in toil and strife—
A storm at sea on the sea of life;
And again it appears like the burning glow
Of Vulcan's fires in the earth below,
Though they burn with a blaze and furious roar,
The greater the heat the sooner 'tis o'er—
By its own fierce ardor the fire is doomed,
In the strength of its flame is itself consumed,

Leaving behind no sign nor trace,
 Save the dead, dry ashes that sigh in its place.
 But once again, in a nobler form,
 Proof against sorrow, fire, and storm,
 It laughs at obstacles thrown in its way,
 Gaining in strength each passing day,
 As the ocean rolls in its grandeur and pride,
 'Gainst the rock in its path that obstructs the tide;
 Scattered and broken, the task seems vain,
 But, gathering strength, it returns again,
 And hour by hour its resistless sway,
 Grain by grain, wears the rock away.

Edmund Pendleton.

BY G. B.

EDMUND PENDLETON was born in Caroline county, Va., September 9, 1721. His family was of English extraction. His grandfather was the first of the family to come to this country. They were industrious, honorable people, but of no distinction, nor were they of notable family connection. This son of the house, Edmund Pendleton, was to make his name famous. His father having died before his birth, his mother was left without means of giving her son an education.

At the age of fourteen Edmund entered the service of Benjamin Robinson, clerk of the court in Caroline county, as an apprentice. In 1737 he secured besides the position as clerk of the Vestry of the parish, and by this means he procured a little money, which he spent for books. He desired to become distinguished and wealthy, and, with this aim in view, he determined to become a successful lawyer. He cared little for general literature, but such books as pertained to his profession he read assiduously, thus acquiring an intimate knowledge of the law.

Pendleton was twice married, but not much is known concerning his wives. In 1741 he entered upon the practice of law, having undergone a rigid examination. He practiced in the courts of the county, and then in the General Court of the colony, from 1745 to 1774. He held the office of justice of the peace from 1751 to 1777, and was county lieutenant in 1774. During all these years Pendleton's influence in the colony had been growing, and he was held in esteem by men of all parties. He had been a member of the House of Burgesses since 1752, and had served on its most important committees.

When, in 1774, the news came of the closing of the port of Boston, the House of Burgesses proclaimed a fast, whereupon the Governor dissolved the Assembly. Some of the members, however, remained to discuss what was best to do, and, after careful consideration, they decided to call a convention of the prominent men of the colony. Pendleton was a member of this convention, and was appointed by it as a delegate to the Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia September 1, 1774. The country was now thoroughly aroused against Great Britain, but Pendleton steadfastly upheld the conservative side. He desired an adjustment of the trouble, and not separation from England. He used his influence on the side of moderation, in opposition to those who were so ardent for war, but he had no desire to curtail the liberties of the colony.

In 1773 Dabney Carr had brought about the organization of committees of correspondence in the several colonies, by means of which they might keep in touch with one another and be of mutual aid. Pendleton was a member of the first such committee established in Virginia. In 1775 he was made president of the Committee of Safety, which had charge of the affairs of the colony—a position for which he was well fitted on account of his acquaintance with the resources and finances of the colony. It was as the head of this

committee that Pendleton incurred the enmity of Patrick Henry by preferring Colonel Woodford for the command of the army sent against Dunmore at Norfolk, a position which Henry was especially anxious to secure. But this appointment was evidently prompted by Pendleton's opinion that Woodford was better fitted for the position, on account of his experience, and not by any enmity toward Henry.

During this critical period Pendleton was virtually the ruler of Virginia. He represented the executive, legislative, and judicial elements of the government. Dunmore having dissolved the House of Burgesses, and the Convention having been called, the Convention continued to govern in the place of the Assembly. Pendleton was president of the Convention of December, 1775, and of that of May, 1776, though there was considerable opposition to his election on the part of the more hot-headed members of the Convention, especially Patrick Henry and his followers. Pendleton, however, was admirably fitted for the position. In the knowledge of parliamentary law, gained by his long service in the House of Burgesses, and in his acquaintance, through long and diligent study, with the charters of the colonies, the statutes of the British Parliament bearing upon the colonies, and the acts of the Virginia House of Burgesses, he had no superior in the colony of Virginia. He was skillful in the dispatch of business. He had developed, by long practice, the capacity for public speaking, and his intellectual ability was of a solid and reliable order, though he was not a brilliant genius. Physically, too, he was suited to the position of president. He was tall and handsome, with a clear and ringing voice, and a manner polished and peculiarly self-possessed.

This Convention was a meeting of great importance. Its members were eager for a declaration of separation from Great Britain. Pendleton presided with wisdom and moderation, preventing violent discussions of the question of independence, and bringing to the consideration of the Conven-

tion other matters also of vital importance. He saw, however, that the time had come when some action must be taken, and, since he had come to feel that separation from England was inevitable, he was foremost in forming plans of resistance.

Pendleton prepared the resolutions which Thomas Nelson offered to the Convention, declaring the colony of Virginia free and independent, and authorizing the Virginia delegates in Congress to vote for a declaration promulgating the freedom of all the colonies. These resolutions also provided for the appointment of a committee to draw up a declaration of the rights of the people, and a plan of government for the colony, which had thereby declared itself the State of Virginia.

After long debate these resolutions were adopted, and their adoption was approved by the people of the State at large.

When the House of Delegates met under the new Constitution, in October, 1776, Pendleton was elected a member, and was made Speaker of the House.

In 1777 he was crippled by a fall from a horse, which unfitted him longer for the speakership, and he withdrew from the Legislature, to give his time to his profession.

As a jurist Pendleton was perhaps without an equal in the State. He was prominent in the general courts of the colony until they were abolished in 1774. In 1778 the Virginia Court of Appeals was established, and Pendleton was made its president. This position he held until his death, in 1803, having thus been for fifteen years the head of the judiciary of Virginia. He made a special study of previous cases of adjudication of all kinds. As a judge he rendered his decisions with fairness and justice, based upon an intimate knowledge of the law.

After the war, true to his conservative spirit, Pendleton favored the retention of English laws; but on this subject he was opposed by Jefferson, and Jefferson's views prevailed.

In 1788 the Virginia Convention met to consider the adoption of the Constitution drawn up by the Constitutional Convention of 1787, for the formation of a united federal government. All the States were watching to see what Virginia would do. Pendleton was a member of this Convention, and, in spite of his crippled condition, was chosen its president. The struggle was long and violent between the opposing factions of the body. Patrick Henry and George Mason particularly bitterly opposed the adoption of the Constitution, on the ground that it gave too much power to the Federal Government, and took too many privileges from the States. Madison, on the other hand, was the great advocate of its adoption, and he was ably upheld by Pendleton. Pendleton held that consolidated government with absolute power would be inadmissible; but this, he argued, the Constitution did not favor. It dealt with matters which concerned the States collectively, but did not interfere with their individual rights. Direct taxation by the Federal Government Pendleton approved. He admitted that there were in the Constitution seeds of disunion, but such defects he hoped would be remedied by amendment. He said that they could not hope to hit upon any perfect form of government, and that, moreover, Virginia ought to be willing to yield something to the opinions of the other States. With the judiciary Pendleton's opinions had great weight. The discussions of the Convention finally ended in the adoption of the Constitution.

The usefulness of Pendleton continued up to the time of his death (1803), at the age of eighty-two. From the time he was fourteen years old he had served the public continuously in some capacity, and, as a reward, on account of his faithfulness, and not by any seeking on his part, he had been chosen to fill almost every position of honor his State had in its power to confer upon him. In character Pendleton was of unimpeachable integrity. In disposition he was kind and amiable. But, in spite of these qualities, he met with opposi-

tion from some of the ablest men of his day. With Patrick Henry he was at variance on almost all questions. Jefferson's views, too, were often opposed to Pendleton's, but between them there was always the closest friendship, and Jefferson said of him: "Taken all in all, he was the ablest man in debate I ever met with."

Pendleton's great rival as a jurist was George Wythe, who, having neglected his opportunities and his education in his youth, in after life became one of the greatest of Virginia lawyers.

Pendleton's body lies in an unmarked grave in Caroline county, and his old home is in the hands of negroes. Few persons now living realize how truly great a man he was, and what an immeasurable influence he had upon the history of Virginia.

Interpretation.

BY DONALD.

In some books we should read between the lines,
 To fill the mystic gaps; for thus we link
 Stray fancies as we most prefer to think—
 Our mood to new analogy inclines,
 As fresh buds sprout on gnarled and rusty vines.
 We thrill with dread upon the perilous brink
 Of thoughts from which we naturally shrink,
 As from a fatal draught of poison wines.

We color poems with our own soul-tints,
 Interpret orbic bards from points of view
 We occupy ourselves, and catch the glints
 Of beauty as they seem most deftly true;
 And thus we journey through ideal scenes
 With avid Art, to find out what Life means.

How He Spent the Christmas.

BY CLARENCE CAMPBELL.

DR. STOCKTON was just finishing one of his intensely interesting lectures on torula and alcoholic fermentation, when the old college bell began to ring. This marked the end of the last period of class work for the fall term and the beginning of the Christmas holidays. It was something unusual for him to keep his men even a minute over time, for he was known throughout the whole school for his punctuality. But to-day, instead of his usual "That will do, gentlemen," he said: "Boys, I wish you a happy Christmas. None of you, I know, will have such a degraded and unmanly conception of the fit way of celebrating the birth of Him through whom we are so happy and blest as to make a beast of yourself over the fruit of torula. If you will take my recipe for a happy Christmas, imitate Him whose birth we are remembering, and thus bring brightness and gladness unto some life. Give a part of your time to some one who is worse off than you."

It was something unusual for a teacher in Middleboro College to speak to his class in such a plain heart-to-heart way. The boys, on bidding him a warm "good-bye" and making the old Science Hall ring with "Stockton, Stockton! Rah, rah, rah!" parted with cheerful and satisfied faces to their respective rooms.

Seemingly Dr. Stockton and his unaccustomed talk were forgotten, but he had struck a responsive chord in at least one boy's heart. This boy was Emery Belvin. Emery was a staunch fellow and a fair student, in his second year in college. He had made good marks in his classes, and was making what was called a "success." He was going home to spend the Christmas, and had long been anticipating the warm welcome to the home fireside and the living room of

the old farm-house back on the borders of Kentucky. He remembered, as he was packing his grip, and rehearsed in his mind the scenes of the last Christmas. It had been a pleasant one, but somehow he did not feel that the manner in which he had spent it would bring him this year the happiness that he was so much craving. Why was it that he had not been feeling right when he returned to college, and why did it take him so long to get straight again? Was there anything wrong? But he was already dreading the return to college. Was it true that he had been selfish during the holidays, and had not been really happy at all? Was there anything in what Dr. Stockton had said? What had he to give away to brighten anybody else's life? His father and mother were sacrificing much to send him to college, and he could buy no presents—hardly one for mother and little brother Tom. Dr. Stockton was not thinking of him when he spoke as he did.

On the train he enjoyed the fresh view of the country, which he had not seen for so long, and was all alive with anticipation of Christmas. His mind turned back to the words of Dr. Stockton, "Boys, I wish you a happy Christmas." Then his recipe for a happy Christmas. He could not get away from the idea that he had been selfish in the use of former holidays, and that such pleasures as he had enjoyed before would not bring him happiness this time. But what could he do? Whom could he help in any way? There were no poor families to whom he could lend a helping hand. If he were in the city he might find some waif with whom to divide his Christmas bounties, but everybody around him was quite as well off as he.

As the whistle blew and the old conductor, with a smile, called out "Owensboro," Emery took up his grip and bundles—he had done the Christmas shopping for the whole family—and, with a rather heavy heart, mounted the platform of the little country station. Jim, the hired boy, hailed him from a

safe distance as soon as the train moved off and old Bob had become quiet. Emery again picked up his belongings, and hastened over to grasp Jim's hand and ask about the home folks.

Soon old Bob was jogging merrily homeward at a gait faster than usual, for he seemed to realize that he must get Emery home before dark, and there were twelve miles of muddy road before him. Emery and Jim talked of the corn harvest, how much the killing hogs weighed, how old Sal and the white heifer were getting on, and of the many, many things that were so dear to them at the old home. After awhile it was Jim's turn to ask questions. Emery rehearsed to him even the most trivial matters of his college life. The more he went into details the more Jim seemed to be interested. Finally the thought popped into Emery's mind, "Now, why should not Jim go to college some day?" He sat silent for a few minutes, thinking. Jim had done well in his classes at the old log school, and then, when the graded school was begun, Jim and himself had had it "nip and tuck" during that first year and also the next, until Jim's father broke his leg, and he had to leave school to stay with him and work meantime to help pay the doctor's bills. Rheumatism had set in, and Jim's father had died during the ensuing winter. That was three years ago. Since then Jim had been working for the neighbors at various and sundry jobs on the farm. When he left for college the year before, Jim had been hired by Mr. Belvin to take Emery's place on his farm. He had proved a good worker and manager, and was now considered one of the best and most trustworthy hands in the neighborhood.

Presently Emery turned to Jim, and said: "Jim, how much money have you saved up since you got the doctor's bill paid off?"

"Mr. Belvin has eighty-five dollars of mine, and then at the end of the year he will owe me one hundred and twenty-

five more. I had to use twenty dollars of what I had left of my last year's wages to buy clothes and pay for that *Youth's Companion* and the books I bought last winter."

"Jim," said Emery, "what are you going to do with your money? You are saving a nice little sum every year"

"Well, Emery," Jim began, "I have been thinking about this, and as soon as I get enough I want to invest in some land over on the Ohio. You know, Emery, how we used to talk about the time when we should be able to go off to school together and learn to be lawyers or physicians or something of the sort. But times have changed now, and you will be the doctor, and I must be content to live as I always have, on a farm; but I do expect to have one of my own some day."

"But, Jim," Emery quickly said, "hadn't you *rather* be a lawyer or doctor than a farmer?"

"Why, Emery, of course I should. Don't you remember how I used to set my heart on being a lawyer like old Judge Allison?"

"Well, Jim, it is yet possible that you can do that very thing."

Then Emery told him of McGowan, who was not only paying his way through college, but supporting his sister and widowed mother besides, and of Fleet, who had come from Texas with only sufficient money to barely pay for his first year's schooling, but with the determination not to return home without his diploma.

Many an hour of that Christmas did Emery and Jim spend in a sunny corner of the barn-shed, or strolling over the pasture or down in the meadow, talking and planning. One of the boys was never seen without the other, and when seen they seemed to be entirely unconscious of anything about them, and always in the midst of a serious conversation. Late into the night Emery's mother could hear the low murmur of their voices. Something was in the air, but nobody could learn what it was. Mrs. Belvin doubtless could have found out for

the asking, for there was no secret which Emery did not feel that he could tell his mother with the utmost confidence. But Mrs. Belvin was always too discreet a mother to ask for the confidence which she knew that she was sure to receive in due time. The plans were not yet matured, so the secrecy and serious conversation still continued throughout the whole Christmas week. However, their countenances grew brighter, and a smile oftener played over their mouths as the week neared its end. The problem was being solved!

On January 1st Emery returned to Middleboro and Jim began preparations for the new year's crop, for Jim now had almost entire control of the farm. They both took up their work with new heart. Jim whistled more than usual at his work, and all realized that a change had come over him. He was happier, but more determined in his work. New books, too, more often found their way through the mail to him. Scarcely an evening passed that Jim did not sit for awhile, no matter how arduous had been the day's work, over one of those books, which he seemed to master with such phenomenal rapidity, for Jim had an unusual mind. Somehow the blues, or home-sickness, did not bother Emery this time as it did the year before at that dreaded beginning of six months of hard digging before another home-going. Why was it? The school work was got through with in less time, and he had time to take whole evenings off sometimes, writing letters to his father's hired boy. His intimate friends wondered what had come over him—he was a different fellow, somehow. He did even better work in his classes than he had done before, and yet he was always willing to spend a little while helping a fellow through a tough place. "And who was this Jim Wilson with whom he was carrying on such a voluminous correspondence?" Near the end of the session Emery informed his room-mate that he had better look out for another "old lady" for the ensuing year—that a friend from his home would be with him.

No sooner did Emery reach home for the vacation than he and Jim took Mr. and Mrs. Belvin into their confidence, and unfolded to them their plans—how Jim was to return to Middleboro with him the next fall, and how, during the summer following the next session, they hoped to go North and do agency work, thereby earning money for their expenses during the ensuing session. Mrs. Belvin was somewhat incredulous about the undertaking at first, but, having implicit confidence in both of the boys, she soon fell into full accord with their plans. During this vacation every day that it was too wet or rainy to work on the farm the boys spent in their room, Emery coaching Jim on his algebra and Latin.

On September 20th Emery, arm in arm with his "rat," walked briskly up the old college steps, and into the door of the president's office of Middleboro College. Never did two happier boys enter that door for matriculation. It was immediately whispered among the old fellows hanging around the door: "Who is that fellow with Belvin? He is a crack-a-jack looking fellow. I'll bet he'll make a daisy foot-ball player." Sure enough, Jim Wilson was a splendid looking man, with a strong and active body and an alert eye, the very marks of a prospective foot-ball player. Before many hours he had procured a foot-ball suit, and on the following afternoon appeared on the gridiron. Jim went at it with a vim, and when he hit the opposing line, "you bet" they felt it. This year he played left-half on the second team, and was put in as "sub." when Leftwich got knocked out in the game with William and Mary.

His extensive reading and the coaching that Emery had given him stood him in good stead in his class work. He easily entered the same classes that Emery had his first year. History he mastered thoroughly, being easily ranked first in his class. The idea of some day being a lawyer having been revived in his heart, he grasped with avidity anything that pertained in the least to law. His fond ambition and

confident hopes were not to be realized so easily, however. There were barriers in the way that were not to be removed so readily, and some unforeseen events to checker his seemingly smooth pathway. If studying and playing ball had been all that Jim had to do, he could count on success; but there was money to be earned or else no realization of his awakened ambitions.

As the session neared its close Jim and Emery began to lay plans for the summer. Territory was picked out, and the canvassing outfits were mastered; for, imitating McGowan, they were going to "sell views." But, alas!

Two weeks before the close of the session Emery received a telegram: "Father ill; come at once." A shadow had crossed their pathway! What might this mean? For six long days and nights Jim awaited the promised letter from Emery. Study was out of the question, although time was precious just before the final examinations. Sleep would not visit his pillow often until several of the "wee small hours of night" were past.

Emery was waiting. He could not bear to write Jim the worst. Then the country was quarantined, for Mr. Belvin's malady was none other than the dreadful scourge of yellow-fever that had been sweeping the Mississippi Valley. It had penetrated the interior, and cases were developing along the border every day.

Jim toiled on, accomplishing almost nothing. On the seventh day he happened to pick up the morning paper. The head-lines of the first column read: "Yellow-Fever Raging Along the Border—Forty-One Victims Reported." As his eye scanned the column it fell upon the names "Emery Belvin, Sr., Thomas Belvin." His heart leaped. Was this possible? Would Emery fall, too? Each morning he was up and down town to the *Gazette* office before light, to grasp the first paper offered for sale.

Examinations were gone through with in a perfunctory

manner, and only his thorough class work and monthly grades saved him from failure. The finals came and were gone, and no news. Neither the name of Emery nor Mrs. Belvin had appeared in the dreaded list so far. Was it possible that he could escape? The day for the departure with the view crowd arrived. There was no use to wait for Emery, and, with a heavy heart, Jim joined them, and hied away to the great city of Boston.

Time rolled on. Two weeks, three weeks, a month passed, and no news from Emery. What could it mean? Was Emery dead? Surely he would have written ere this had he been living. The clouds were darkening around Jim. Things were looking black. Not only was he overcome with sorrow and anxiety, but the wolf was at the door. Emery was to furnish the money for the expenses of the early part of the work. Now Emery was in Kentucky, perhaps dead, and he was in Massachusetts, with two dollars in his pocket and a week's board due. People were not so anxious to buy views as the G. A. had made out to him. Something had to be done.

Was this the situation he had expected when he had left the old farm and gone out into the alluring world? Was this the life that he had undertaken to live? Was he the same man that had been so light-hearted and happy six weeks ago at Middleboro? If he was the same man, this could not be the same world that he had been living in all the time. Such were some of the thoughts that chased themselves through Jim's throbbing head as he lay down to rest on one Saturday evening following the hardest week's work of his life. Here was Jim, friendless and alone in the world, a thousand miles from the place that he called his home. His money was all gone, his heart crushed with griefs, all of the plans so fondly and confidently made and cherished had turned to dismal darkness. He had made a manly effort to work and not give up, but success had fled and misfortune had come his way. He was a strong man,

but even the strongest must yield when all available resources have been exhausted. Darkness is the only word to express his situation—as he saw it. But God would not suffer such a spirit to die.

Sunday morning came and wearily he wandered forth, listlessly seeking he knew not what. Wandering aimlessly, as if by some unknown power, he was drawn into the post-office door. A faint ray of lost hope arose in his heart. In answer to his inquiry a letter was handed him—not a letter from the “Company,” either, for it was addressed by hand, and the writing was none other than that of Mrs. Belvin. O, what joy! but surely it was only to tell of Emery and the others’ deaths. He rushed through the crowd and around the corner, and in a moment’s time found himself in his room. His trembling hand tore open the envelope, and he read: “Father and Tom are gone. But, thank God, Emery is saved. His first question was of you. He asked that I send you some money, which you will find enclosed.”

This was enough; the darkness was breaking. The morrow was “blue Monday,” but that was not as bad as black Saturday. There were rays of light breaking into his soul. He started out with new hope and determination.

Days and weeks passed. Emery was growing stronger, and was able to get out on the farm for part of the day. Jim was working early and late with his sample case. But fabulous wealth did not roll in to him. Somehow, this must have been an off year for the “view business,” or else he was not cut out to sell views. By September 10th his pocket contained not the three hundred dollars necessary for his schooling at Middleboro, but only about fifty. He knew that he could do better than this back in Kentucky on the Belvin farm. So, meeting the other fellows that came out with him, he set out with them for Middleboro. It brought sadness to his heart not to be able to stay there, but he spent a short

time in his old room, packed his trunk, and boarded the train for Kentucky.

The meeting at the Belvin home was a sad one. Things seemed lonely and dark. But manfully the stout-hearted youths set to work to plan what might be done. Jim wanted Emery to rent him the farm, and return at once to Middleboro; but Emery did not have the ready money to go on, and, moreover, he told Jim frankly that he was not going back to school until both could go. However, for either to go any time in the near future meant that the farm had to pan out more than it had ever done before, for they had decided that the farm was their only resource for the needed money. They realized that this meant wise planning, hard work, and indomitable patience. But nothing can daunt the spirit of youth actuated by lofty ambition.

They plunged into nothing heedlessly, but after careful consideration it was decided to change the old *regime* of farming, and begin to work for money—not simply for a living, as was the aim of the average farmer. The first year did not result as they had hoped, but they had learned a few things, and had reason to be encouraged. The next year they took into partnership their next neighbor, who had been a life-long friend of both the boys. Their work was begun on a larger scale, both farms being utilized in the enterprise.

By the middle of the summer things were working so propitiously that, as September approached, the boys began to consider whether or not they might venture, on the prospect, to hope to return to Middleboro. By September 1st they had decided to go. Their partner, Joe Beadles, was to be married before they left, and, with his bride, live with Mrs. Belvin on the main farm. As far as finances were concerned, the future looked bright to our heroes. Their new enterprise was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, a success. With such a man as Joe Beadles to manage it, and with their help during the three busiest months, they could reasonably count on enough

“chink” to pay their school expenses, and perhaps save a small amount to fall back on when they should begin the practice of their profession.

Again, on September 20th, did two happy lads, now men, ascend the stone steps to the president's office of Middleboro College. This time it was amid shouts of welcome and hearty hand-shakes on the part of their old comrades of the class-room and ball-field. It is needless to tell how Emery became captain of the foot-ball team this year, and Jim succeeded him the next. The latter was the year that Middleboro tied the score with the University of Virginia.

Jim Wilson, entering Middleboro, as he did, two years later than Emery Belvin, consequently did not get his B. A. until two years after Emery Belvin got his. Yet he got his B. L. the same year that Emery got his M. D., for the law course was only two years and medicine four. They saw each other graduate, and started for the old home together.

Ere long they hung out their shingles side by side, in front of the same office, on the main thoroughfare of what is to-day the beautiful and prosperous city of Louisville. And there to-day you may see at No. 800 Main street the two signs, James Wilson, Attorney at Law, and Emery Belvin, M. D. Jim has far surpassed in reputation the famous old jurist, Judge Allison, and everybody in Louisville, as well as in Eastern Kentucky, knows Dr. Emery Belvin, either personally or by reputation.

Many a time, as they sit around their Christmas fires, surrounded by their happy families, they talk over that Christmas which cast a brightness over both their lives which has never waned or grown dim.

“Emery, I was the happiest man in Kentucky when you made me see that still there was a chance of my realizing the fondest ambition of my life.”

“No, Jim, I was the happiest man in Kentucky. ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’”

The Oasis in the Desert.

BY G. C. S.

The noon-day sun scorched the desert waste,
 Undisturbed was the air by a breath ;
 A wanderer roamed over the desolate strand,
 Pursued by the dread angel, Death.

The choking sand filled his parched throat,
 The rocks cut his weary feet,
 While the mirage lured him on to death
 From thirst and hunger and heat.

But what is that on the desert's edge
 That rouses his heart from despair ?
 'Tis the waving palms of an oasis
 That loom through the stifling air.

The spring and the shade cooled his burning brow,
 The date soon erased hunger's mark,
 And his heart was filled with gladness and hope,
 Where all before had been dark.

And thus was I in the past, love,
 For the desert was life's stormy sea,
 And the wanderer lone was my poor heart ;
 The oasis fair was thee.

Lotteries.

BY EDWARD W. RAWLS.

THE word "lottery" has no very definite meaning. It may be applied to many ways of winning prizes by lot, whether the object be for amusement, gambling, or public profit. In its best and most frequent application the word describes schemes of this nature which are conducted under

the supervision and guaranty of government, and the proceeds of which are devoted to public objects. Almost all modern States have, at some period of their history, employed lotteries as a means of revenue. But, though they supply a ready mode of replenishing the public treasury, they have always been found to exert a mischievous influence upon the people's morals. The poor are lured by them rather than the rich. The Government of England sanctioned lotteries for the repair of harbors in 1569, and the Virginia Company in 1612. In 1696 they were prohibited, as public nuisances.

In North America the lottery has been from the earliest settlement of the country a familiar means of raising funds. The Virginia Company derived a huge profit from English lotteries, and the influence of them extended gradually to the Eastern colonies. At first they were thought very little of. The ministers at Boston, however, denounced the lottery as "a cheat" and its agents as "pillagers of the people." Generally, however, lotteries enjoyed a fair reputation, and certainly were soon extensively employed throughout the country. The American Congress of 1776 instituted a national lottery. Jefferson and other statesmen were warm advocates of the scheme, and before 1820 fully seventy acts were passed by Congress authorizing lotteries for various public purposes. In May, 1773, an act was passed authorizing the trustees of William and Mary College to raise a sum of money by lottery. May, 1777, another act was passed, authorizing the trustees of Hampden-Sidney to raise a sum of money by lottery. In 1790 it was proposed to raise £200 by lottery for a church in Halifax county, and £750 for an Episcopal church in Petersburg.

In February, 1826, Jefferson presented to the Legislature a paper entitled "Thoughts on Lotteries," in which he distinguished between the good use and the bad use of lotteries.

In 1816 a lottery was proposed to raise a sum of money for the Dismal Swamp canal.

In 1833 a society was formed in Pennsylvania which advocated their suppression. It is to the efforts of this society that we should mainly attribute the action of most of the States in prohibiting the further establishment of lotteries.

There exist in some of the State Reports many cases where the provisions of the State statutes concerning lotteries have been construed by the courts. In Tennessee and Virginia the acts abolishing lotteries have been by express decisions pronounced constitutional.

In New York and Pennsylvania lotteries are declared to be public nuisances.

The last lottery permitted by Government was the Louisiana State Lottery.

On November 10, 1769, the General Assembly of Virginia passed another act prohibiting lotteries.

December 8, 1792, the Assembly passed still another act, prohibiting any person from putting up a lottery of blanks and prizes to be drawn or adventured for, or any prize or thing to be raffled or played for. And whoever did set up a lottery forfeited the whole sum of money proposed to be raised.

The money for Richmond Academy was intended to be raised by lottery. On the 29th of February, 1804, there came out in the *Virginia Gazette* this notice :

“ Scheme
of a
Lottery

To Build an Academy in the City of Richmond.

1 Prize—last drawn ticket, having a blank
to its number.....\$20,000.

15,000 tickets at 10 dollars each.

Prizes subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.”

This lottery fell through.

All lotteries are not worked on the same plan, but the lot-

tery authorized by the Virginia Legislature in 1752 is a fair example. On February 27, 1752, it was found necessary to raise a sum of money for the protection of the King's territories in the Virginia colony against the encroachment of the French, and the General Assembly decided that the easiest and most effectual way was by lottery. Seven men—John Robinson, Charles Carter, Peyton Randolph, London Carter, Carter Burwell, Benjamin Waller, and James Power—were appointed as managers and directors for preparing and delivering tickets, and to oversee the drawing of the lots. They caused books to be prepared, in which every leaf was divided or distinguished into three columns and upon the innermost of such columns were printed twenty-five thousand tickets, numbered one, two, three, and so onwards in arithmetical progression where the excess was to be one, until they arose to the number twenty-five thousand. Upon the middle column there was printed twenty-five thousand tickets of the same length, breadth, and form, and numbered in like manner; and upon the third or extreme column there was printed a third series of tickets, of the same form and number with those in the two other columns. Upon every such ticket, in the third or extreme column, was printed, besides the number, words to this effect, "Received of ———, for this ticket, one pound, one shilling, and sixpence, current money, which shall entitle the proprietor of the same to such prize as shall be drawn against the ticket." The managers appointed the necessary number of men to dispose of the tickets and to be receivers of the several sums of money. These men were required, upon receiving the above-mentioned sum for any of the tickets, to cut out of the extreme column of the book, indentwise, a ticket and deliver the same to the adventurer. On the day appointed for the closing of the lottery the books were returned to the managers, and then the tickets in the middle column of the book were likewise cut out, indentwise, and

carefully rolled up, being made fast with a thread of silk ; they were then put into a box prepared for this purpose, which was made in circular form, to turn on an axis. Then they were put into a strong box, locked with seven different locks, the keys to be kept by as many different managers, and sealed with a seal, until the tickets were all drawn. After this the manager had to prepare other books, in which every leaf was distinguished into two columns, and upon the innermost of these columns was printed two thousand and fifty, and upon the outermost of the two columns two thousand and fifty, of equal length and breadth as nearly as may be, joined by some flourish or device, through which the outermost tickets were cut indentwise, which tickets were not-numbered, but were written or printed upon in figures, thus :

Upon one of the said tickets.....	£2,000
Upon another.....	£1,000
Upon 4 others.....	£ 500
Upon 5 others.....	£ 200
Upon 6 others.....	£ 100
Upon 8 others.....	£ 150
Upon 15 others.....	£ 50
Upon 50 others.....	£ 20
Upon 150 others.....	£ 10
Upon 1,810 others	£ 5

These likewise were tied with a silken thread, put into a strong box, lettered " B," and locked with seven locks. On an appointed day the two boxes were taken into a room in the Capitol, the seven managers being present, of course, and the two innermost boxes were taken out. After shaking and mixing them well by turning the cylinder for fifteen minutes, a non-interested person was asked to draw a ticket from box "A," likewise from box " B." The numbers of the tickets were read aloud and recorded. After turning the box again for one-half a minute another ticket was drawn and

read out and recorded, and so the drawing, entering, and filing was continued, allowing half a minute for turning the wheels between the drawing of each ticket, until the whole number of tickets, or lots, contained in the boxes were drawn. Two days after the drawing the adventurers appeared and claimed their respective possessions.

Later lotteries were looked upon as a means of defrauding the honest and industrious. The Assembly thought that they had a manifest tendency to corrupt morals and impoverish families, and that they were productive of all manner of vice, idleness, and immorality.

“Locksley Hall.”

BY SAM. K. PHILLIPS.

“Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn :
 Leave me here, and when you want me sound upon the bugle
 horn.”

THIS, the first note of Tennyson's splendid poem, “Locksley Hall,” has a tone of sadness in it as it strikes upon our ears. We feel that the hero has something sad recalled to his mind, and desires to think and brood over it in unbroken solitude. The poet gives us a vivid picture of the hero, who really represents the poet himself, and of the thoughts that surge through his soul as he thinks of the past.

First we see him picturing old Locksley Hall, with its familiar scenes, the ocean and beach on which he loved to wander. He recalls his youthful ambition, as with his cousin Amy he walked the beach and moorland, or gazed at the ships sailing the great ocean. Then he tells us of his love for her, and of the happy days they spent together, conscious of each other's love.

Suddenly a different note strikes our ears—the cry of the

broken heart, the tone of the young life disappointed in its first love. Then all the moorland seemed dark and gloomy, and we hear the cry in his own words:

"O, the dreary, dreary moorland!
O, the barren, barren shore!"

Then, as the struggle in his heart becomes fiercer, his words become abusive, and he rails at his first love for becoming "puppet to a father's threat, servile to a shrewish tongue." He prophesies her shame and degradation, telling her that she will be dragged down to the level of the man she had married—that he cared for her only for material gain and the satisfaction of man's baser passions. Turning upon the causes that brought him all this sorrow, he curses the social life that encourages such marriages, the lies that turn the innocent heart, and the money that brings so much shame and sorrow and suffering.

Then for a moment he seems to gain in this his struggle. He realizes the madness of his words, and we hear him say:

"Am I mad to cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the
root."

But the gain is only brief, and he falls back feeling that never can he cast this great sorrow from his heart. Truly this struggle of the soul to tear out of its life the canker that is slowly sapping its best and noblest is a terrible one. One moment seemingly hopeless; the next, the sun still shining. Thus throughout the poem we can trace the struggle. One moment we see the hero controlled by all that is highest and noblest in him; the next wallowing in the very depths of his evil nature. In one breath we hear him say, "I am shamed in all my nature to have loved so slight a thing"; in the next, how different?

“Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with
mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.”

He seems to feel that in some distant land, far away from the old familiar scenes, he might find a solace. There he could “take some savage woman; she should rear his dusky race.” Then again he sees his folly and repents his evil words, until at last we see the hero a conqueror. He realizes that his heart is not changed for the worst, and that his young thoughts of love still linger in his bosom, and presses on with his battle-cry, “Forward!” Thus it is that he is able to say :

“Howsoever things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree
fall.

Come a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunder-bolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain, or hail, or fire, or snow,
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.”

To Rosalie.

BY J. G.

'Neath my feet the flowers are springing,
O'er my head the birds are singing,
All the verdant woodlands ringing
Praises to my Rosalie.

Here and there a pansy looming,
Or a violet, sweetly blooming,
Lifts its head so unassuming,
'Minding me of Rosalie.

Merrily the brook is flowing,
 And the south winds, gently blowing
 Through the chestnuts by it growing,
 Whisper of my Rosalie.

By my path the flowers are springing,
 O'er my head the birds are singing,
 All the summer woods are ringing
 With the name of Rosalie.

A Maiden's Dilemma.

BY L. L. S.

"I love him not!" the maiden cried;
 "I love him not—'tis vain.
 With *other* girls—not *me*," she sighed,
 "He strolls in lovers' lane."

The Dew-Drop's Message.

BY L. L. S.

The dew-drop, sparkling on the rose,
 Rebuketh you and me.
 Reflecting all the light it knows,
 It asks nought else to see.

A Million Dollars.

BY B. D. GAW.

"**Y**ES, sir, that's what I aim on, fur a fac', a mil-yun dollars," and Jake Crawford folded his arms and gazed complacently at the crowd grouped on the platform. A train had just rumbled away, and now they were waiting, with cus-

tomary patience, for the assortment of the mail, which would yield them a paper or two, and perhaps the market quotation of some commodity which they did not have for sale this season, but might another. In such a case the circular would be passed around with marked deference and interest, and then they would disperse in order, to meet again to welcome the coming of the next train.

"A mil-yun dollars!" ejaculated the post-master, clearing his mouth of tobacco with mock respect. "Ain't ye a leetle high, Jakey? Wouldn't ye better say cents? Cents would be a plumb steep job fur even them long legs o' yourn to climb. Call hit cents, Jakey, an' be sort o' reason'ble."

"No, sir; let the boy have his mil-yun," protested the blacksmith, who had a reputation for being absent from his shop. "I reckon his head's 'bout level on figgers. I seen him sidle up to Perkinses' gal arter meetin' las' Sunday, an' she's the high-flyin'es' team in these parts. I 'low a mil-yun's plenty low. But how ye goin' to get it, Jakey?"

"Mebbe hit's to be lyin' round on the platform, throwed off by the kyars," suggested a third, facetiously. "S'pose he'd 'low us a sort o' commisyun to pick hit up fur him," and he began to look about with ostentatious eagerness.

"Oh, ye c'n laff an' laff; I don't keer," said Jake, good-naturedly. "Hit's a milyun I aim fur—no mo', no less. Some fo'ks count on bein' multy-milyuners, but that's too much. 'Pears to me they's layin' up mo'n there's any need fur. But I mus' be movin' on. I *did* 'low on waitin' fur the mail, but hit's sort o' late to-day."

The post-master looked aggrieved. "Oh, if hit comes to that," he grumbled, "I reckon the mail *can* be opened up. But you are the mos' pesterin' fo'ks this away. When I was merchandisin' to Crozet fo'ks had time to talk, an' laff, an' trade news, an' they didn't count to read a letter 'fore 't was got. But down hyer fo'ks is goin' to be milyuners, an' they has to hus'le an' bus'le an' fuss'le. I do hope they won't git

their shoes afire." And, sniffing his disgust at such preposterous haste, the post-master shouldered the limp mail-bag and moved leisurely across the road to the unpainted building where he was merchandising. The blacksmith looked after him reflectively.

"I reckon he does look on us as mighty bus'lin' sort o' fo'ks," he remarked, complacently; "but that's the onlies' way to git on in this age o' competisyun. Up where he comes from they's pow'ful easy in gettin' roun', jes' pow'ful. I have heered o' one man who 'lowed his cabin to git half full o' snow 'fore he could make up his min' to shet the do'."

"Huh! mos' anybody up Crozet way is like that," spoke up a rough-looking farmer, scornfully. "A man I'm mindin' of wore his shoes three days on account o' the strings gittin' into hard knots an' bein' vexin' to untie, an' hit's a common thing for a first wife's fun'ral sermon to be preached arter the second one's done got merried. But I don't reckon that mail's opened up yet?"

"No, not yet," answered the blacksmith, comfortably; "'bout half an hour hit takes, commonly. An' hit's a right botherin' business. Every letter has to be read on the outside an' put to rights, an' one day las' week I heered there was forty letters an' papers an' things, all to one mail. But s'pose we all go over to the sto' an' wait. He's plumb glad to have fo'ks to talk with while he's openin' up the mail. He 'lows talkin' lif's his min' off the drudgery an' care of it."

With the exception of the blacksmith they dropped from the platform into the red dust of the street, the act necessitating the removal of their hands from their pockets. But as the disturbed dust rose in a soft red cloud, the hands returned to their customary haunts. Jake Crawford turned toward the road which led up the mountains. The blacksmith, whose rheumatism obliged his going down the steps, noticed the desertion, and called:

"Hey, there, Jakey; don't go for to leave us thataway.

Tell us mo' 'bout that milyun, an' the bes' way hit's to be got, an' the easies' trail up to hit. We all 'low we'd like to be mil-yuners, too, an' hit's selfish to keep all the p'int's to yo'se'f. Jes' come an' sot on the steps whilst the mail's bein' opened up, an' trot out the a, b, c's straight. We's keen's a fox houn' arter nickels, Jakey, but on milyuns we's green—jes' plumb green."

But Jake's good nature was proof against this raillery.

"Jes' sot puffec'ly still an' keep yo' eyes wide open," he called back, "an' when the milyun comes a-trottin' an' a-snortin', grab right holt an' hang on. That's the way. I've read as how every man has a chanct, an' I reckon yo' chanct'll come whilst yo' are sottin' plumb still. Seems like hit mus'. But I 'low I can't stop with ye now. I looked fur a man on the kyars, but he didn't come, an' now, if I wait fur the mail an' fur another train, hit's goin' take mo' time than I can spar."

"But mebbe yo' milyun will be a-runnin' an' cavortin' with ourn," warned the blacksmith. "They do say as milyuns keep mos'ly to main traveled roads."

"Wall, there'll be a plenty of ye sottin' to grab holt an' hang on fur me," responded Jake, cheerfully. "I'll give the grabbers a good commisyun. But I don't 'spect my milyun's a-neighborin' with yourn. I count hit's a-hidin' up in the mount'in, a-grinnin' an' a-waiting, an' if I sot, why, hit'll sot, too, an' 'tain't no ways likely one of us'll bump into 'tother."

He walked on rapidly, and by the time he had turned the first bend in the mountain road the influence of the station platform seemed waning, for the hands slipped from his pockets and he stood more erect. Then he commenced to whistle, and as he swung up the mountain side the slumbering light in his eyes began to awaken and glow, perhaps from the keener air of the increasing altitude, maybe from his own thoughts and what waited him ahead. Back there he had been one of a listless group; now he seemed more the sturdy

mountaineer, shiftless and unmethodical from training, but with ambition and latent possibilities ; a tall, ungainly young fellow, whose face was a mirror of good nature, and whose eyes could speak more eloquently than his tongue.

A huge boulder, such as an ordinary man would have passed, lay in his path, loosened from the mountain side by some unknown force. He rolled it aside easily, and sent it crashing into the undergrowth below. A butterfly had alighted just beyond, and he stepped aside to avoid crushing it.

Half way up the slope was a small cabin, occupied by a family of poor whites. A man was sitting on a stump in front of the porchless door, smoking. Two well-grown boys lay sleeping in the shadow of a tree.

On one side of the cabin was a tiny truck patch, broken into irregular outlines by stumps and girdled trees. Among these was the crouching form of a young woman, planting seeds. The water supply was evidently a spring somewhere in the edge of the forest, for, crossing the open space, was a worn-looking woman, bending under buckets that were heavy enough for a strong man. Jake looked at her with a sudden shadow on his face. Striding to her side, he took the buckets, in spite of her feeble protest.

"They's too heavy fur ye, Mrs. Childress," he said shortly.

Carrying them to the cabin, he placed them just within the door, the woman following closely, and with a timid glance toward her husband on the stump.

"I should think yo'd be afeared o' gittin' rooted to that sump, Bill," said Jake brusquely, as he passed the man. "I have heered that inanermate things root sort o' easy in hot weather like this."

A little farther on was another cabin, but more pretentious, and with vines covering the porch and twining about the windows and eaves. Jake approached it briskly, an eager light in his eyes. And evidently he was expected, for before

he reached the cabin a young woman came from a truck-patch somewhere, carrying a hoe in one hand and a package of seeds in the other. She was strong looking, and almost as tall as he, with the glow of health on her face, and just now the light of welcome in her eyes.

"I 'lowed yo' might be comin' by 'bout this time, Jake," she said, frankly. "I heered the train, an' then waited fur the mail to be opened up. Hit's toler'ble soon to-day, though."

"I didn't wait. 'Peared like they started out mo' triflin' nor common, an' I reckoned ye might be sort o' lookin'. The man didn't come."

"No?"

"But I don't reckon hit matters," went on Jake, reassuringly. "When he was up befo' he didn't talk like he was aimin' to pay much. He jes' see-sawed roun' an' roun', an' didn't come down squar' on nothin'. He's a bargain hunter, that's what he is. He 'lows to hol' me on his finger till I git weakened, an' then snap me up. He won't pay no milyun. But there's others that'll buy. That lan's got min'ral, an' min'ral is wuth money. Pap allers said if I held the lan' hit would fill my pockets some day."

"'Taint so much the pockets bein' filled as 'tis that we can live like fo'ks," said the girl wistfully, her eyes controlling his and seeming to sweep them both out into the great world beyond the mountains. "Fo'ks roun' here are mo' like dumb critters, or wuss; for the men smoke an' sleep an' go huntin', an' the wimmen ben' their backs a-diggin' an' a-totin'. They ain't no aim scasely 'cept vittles an' restin. Not a-meanin' you, Jake," quickly; "you are dif'runt from the men fo'ks roun' here, mo' gentle an' kin'ly an'—a' higher. You set sto' by weak things, an' he'p the wimme, an' ain't afeared to ben' yo' own back a-liftin' for othes. It's them things that set me to lovin' you at fust, Jake. I said to myse'f that you was a man to he'p climb up to some-

thing bigger, a-shoulderin' of the weak; an' that you wouldn't be forever a-sleepin' or a-draggin' down. I seen you tote them buckets for Mis' Childress," her voice growing tender, "an' hit made made my heart warm. You ain't a man to stan' still when they's things to climb, an' you knowin' 'em. An', Jake," wistfully, "I'd like to be climbin' alongside o' you an' he'pin'. Hit does seem like you an' me might git to what we aimed fur. An' a milyun dollars would make hit plumb shore."

A year before she had made the one trip of her life from the mountains; and while away had come in contact with a gracious, refined woman, in whose elegant house she had seen something of that toward which her dreams had soared perhaps, but of which she had had no conception in real life. She had only been there part of a day, with a friend, but her heart and eyes had drunk it all in, from the sweet graciousness of the hostess to the restful, refining influences of the perfect appointments; and she had gone away with her first wondering belief that life could be made as one would, and not necessarily be taken as it had come.

She had sought enlightenment from her friend, and the friend had said the woman was worth a million dollars, and that with a million dollars one could be anything, and do anything, and have anything. It was the mountain girl's first contact with vast wealth; though to her a hundred thousand, or fifty thousand, or five thousand, would have been the same misty symbol of limitless means. In her experience, unusual wealth had meant the buying of another cow or mule, or perhaps the building and setting aside of an addition to a cabin, to be called the spare-room, furnished with "cheers an' things, right from a sto'." But a million had been the sum named; so to her a million became the key which should unlock the future. Of course they could not be made educated and refined all in a moment; but with the appointments of beauty and luxury, music, books, and

ease, such as she had seen, she believed there was that in them which would compass the rest, and from her narrow experience of one extreme, and her brief glimpse of the other, she could not understand that it might be possible to cross the chasm without such a bridge.

So she confided her thoughts to Jake, and as usual he met her more than half way. He had had some such dreams himself, he declared, but they were vague and impractical. He was glad she had told him about the beautiful home and the million dollars. Now he would know what to do, and would surely get them for her. The mountain life *was* hard for a woman; he had always realized that, and had tried to make it easier for his mother, as he hoped to some day for her. But of course this beautiful life she had caught a glimpse of, and which could be had for a million dollars, was better than anything he had imagined. They would go out to it together, or—a note of inquiry in his voice—perhaps they might bring it to them. They both loved the mountains, and it would be hard to go away.

She caught eagerly at this. Yes, they did love the mountains, and it *would* be hard to go away. If a million dollars would buy the ideal life out there in the busy world, might it not buy the same up here in the mountains, where things were cheaper? With the spacious home, and the music and books and leisure, might they not reach the rest as surely here as elsewhere?

They talked and planned for an hour, and then Jake went on toward the fifty or more rocky acres which his father had said would one day fill his pockets. The land was worthless for farming, and even for grazing, and was almost ignored by the tax-gatherer; but to Jake it had been the lever which was to raise him to something he could scarce define himself. And from time to time he had been encouraged in the dream. Strangers had examined the land, and talked vaguely of minerals and corporations and big profits, and

deplored the fact that transportation was so inadequate and so expensive, and then had gone away without proposing anything definite. Only a few weeks before a man had come with plans for a corporation, in which Jake was to figure as a share-holder in return for his land; but by this time the vagueness of his ambition had disappeared, and he was as non-committal as the man, who had finally gone away, after arranging to come again.

Hints of big profits did not disturb Jake's equanimity now. His ambition had crystalized into the spacious home, and the books and music and leisure, which were to satisfy their longing. A million dollars was the sum needed, which the land must supply.

It was a week before the man came back, and then he was more vague and indefinite than ever in his proposals. Evidently he was waiting for Jake to become impatient, and, through his impatience, rash.

"You see, the transportation is likely to cost more than the whole plant would be worth," he said, defensively. "If it wasn't for that I would snap your land up at a big figure. The railroad's so far—"

"Then why 'd ye come?" interrupted Jake, bluntly. "You cert'ny don't want to go into a thing that won't pay."

"Oh, I'm not saying that," quickly. "I think it will pay, with good management. There's the manganese land I've been telling you about, on the lower side. It would be worth a fortune near a railroad, and the coal land, too, might—"

"Yes, the coal lan's vallyble; there ain't no doubt 'bout *that*," said Jake, his face flushing. "Pap allers said hit would fill my pockets some day. But I ain't much notion o' the manganese lan'. Pap never spoke o' that. I 'low hit's sort o' triffin'."

"Really?" and a sudden light came into the man's eyes. He did not think it necessary to say that he considered the

manganese land far more valuable than the coal land, and, indeed, that it was the only land of much market value in the vicinity. "Sort of trifling. Well, your father ought to have known. But what will you take for it, say cash?"

"Wall, I ain't give hit a thought," dubiously. "Hit's the coal I've been countin' on. I reckon I'd ruther sell both for straight out cash, though. That's something shore. But s'pose ye tell me mo' 'bout them corperations. How'd ye fix 'em, an' do they pay as much?"

"Well, that depends. If a man hasn't working capital, he can divide his business up into shares and sell as he finds necessary. Now, if your coal land was to be worked, a company could issue, say fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock, five thousand shares at a hundred dollars each. Enough could be sold to supply a working fund, and the profits divided according to the shares. If the plant proved valuable, stock would go up; and enough could be sold at any time to supply necessary funds. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I reckon so. Hit's jes' this way. If a man has prop'ty to sell he can fix his own price in stock, 'stead o' havin' to wait on somebody's offer. Like a hundred dollar mule; if a man can't git but forty dollar offers, he'd better make her a corperation."

"He might not be able to sell the stock," hazarded the man.

"S'pose he didn't. S'pose he only sol' fifty sheers; he'd have half the mule lef', an' the fifty dollars, wouldn't he?"

"Why—yes; but it isn't always advisable to put out too much stock, or to fix the price too high. It's apt to drag the sale."

"That so?" Jake looked at him curiously for a moment; then went on, reflectively: "When ye was up here t' other day ye spoke of a big corperation, an' 'lowed the mo' sheers was sol' the mo' money there'd be, an' the mo' work could be

done an' the mo' profits divided. Ain't that how ye said? I've been thinkin' a heap o' that corperation sense ye lef'."

"Why, yes—yes; I believe I did say something like that. But everything must have a limit."

"I s'pose so. But there's another pin't. If a man has prop'ty with a thousan' dollars—or say a milyun or bilyun—an' puts hit into sheers, he's wuth jes' that much, ain't he, whether he sells or no?"

"Yes, in a way—on paper."

"Jes' so, in stock. An' I've heered stock is safer nor straight money—not stole so easy. An' now ag'in, if that prop'ty ain't put into stock, he's wuth jes' the prop'ty, without no special sum to name?"

"Of course."

"Whereas," concluded Jake, sturdily, "if a man has prop'ty, an' wants to know how much 'tis, or if he wants to be wuth a special set sum, he'd bes' corperation his belongin's into stock sheers. That's all. An' now," briskly, "bout the deal. What'll ye give me, straight cash, fur that coal lan'?"

"Why, I—er—we haven't arranged about the manganese land yet."

"No, we ain't; that's a fac'. I'd plumb forgot, hit's so triflin': Wall, how much fur the manganese, fust? I'm aimin' to git the whole thing straightened up now."

"Will ten thousand suit you?"

Jake stared a little. Ten thousand for that small patch of waste land that only showed a few faint streaks of manganese. Why, it did not contain even the color of coal. But he only said:

"Yes, I reckon that's a fa'r price. I'll take the ten thousand."

"Very well," eagerly; "I will give you a check for it now, and get the matter off our hands."

"Jes' as you say. An' now 'bout the coal lan'. I know,

if the price's right, hit'll suit better to sell than to hol' fur somebody else."

The man laughed.

"No one else will buy," he declared. "The land is too far from a railroad. I can afford to give more than any one on account of its being so near the manganese land. I could work them more economically."

"That's a fac'." Jake waited expectantly a moment, then went on: "I'd ruther sell fur straight out cash, on account o'—wall, the fac' is," reddening, "I'm to be merried, an' I'm a needin' of a special set sum."

"Indeed!" The man beamed his congratulations. "Well, then in that case I'm willing to give you, say, five thousand dollars."

Jake laughed outright.

"I'm not a-jokin'," he said. "I want yo' bes' offer, sho' nuff."

"That is the very best offer I can make."

Jake's eyes widened. The man was evidently in earnest.

"But look here. Man alive! that coal lan's vallyble. My pap waited on hit all his life, an' then 'lowed 't would fill my pockets some day, an' I've been a-waitin' on hit too. Five thousan', an' ye jes' paid ten thousan' fur that triflin' manganese lan'."

"Well, I've an idea the manganese land is the more valuable of the two. At any rate, five thousand is all I care to offer for the coal property, and I'm not anxious to have it for that. But what do you consider it worth?"

"One—mil-yun—dollars!" The words were very emphatic and distinct. "Not one cent less, nor one cent mo'."

It was the man's turn to laugh.

"Why, that's preposterous," he declared. "The land wouldn't be worth a million right on a railroad. I honestly doubt if any one else would offer you five thousand."

"Then there's no use o' you an' me talkin' any mo',"

Jake said, turning away abruptly. "My figgers is straight one milyun, with no come down."

A few weeks later there was a sudden ripple of excitement along the mountain side. Wagon-loads of lumber were winding up the rough roads from the valley saw-mill to Jake Crawford's land near the summit. Generally they were content to build cabins with logs of their own cutting; and a real frame house, evidently to be very elaborate, built by one of their own number, was an event sufficiently startling to cause a general suspension of labor on the slope, and a going back and forth of curious neighbors to watch and make comments.

Jake had had a talk with the girl in the vine-covered cabin, and then had gone away for a week and conferred with architects and builders, coming back with plans and specifications, which they had looked over together and decided upon. And after the walls had gone up and the piazzas spread out in comfortable-looking curves and angles, and real professional painters and plumbers had come to further excite the wonder and admiration of the mountaineers, the girl herself went down to select furniture and decorations. After that they were quietly married, and went up to what was already called the "big house" to begin life together.

And yet there had been nothing so very remarkable. The ten thousand had done it all, and had purchased a horse and carriage, and some cows, and set out an apple and peach orchard, and otherwise improved the place. They had decided to "corperation" the coal land; and, against the lawyer's advice, Jake had insisted that the shares be issued at ten thousand dollars each. It would seem "mo' rich," he said, to have a few big shares than a lot of little ones; and, when assured they would not sell so easily, had answered that he did not care for them to sell; he and his wife had everything they wanted, and stock was safer to keep than money.

So the coal land became a corporation, with Jake as all its officers, and with a hundred shares at ten thousand dollars each, preferably not for sale. But an unfilled certificate was posted conspicuously in the post-office, so that people could see how the thing looked.

The question of transportation was immaterial, for the coal was not to be mined. Jake purchased a safe, in which he carefully locked his stock, only taking it out from time to time to look at or to show to friends. And knowing it to be there, he went to work contentedly and energetically among his fruit trees.

But, for all that, the million dollars served its purpose. The fame of it went beyond the slope, even down into the valley and on through its length and breadth. People the girl had only heard of by reputation called on her, and found in her something which made them call again; and she and Jake, through returning the calls, and through the books and music and pictures which began to gather in their mountain home, gradually attained to that which they had longed for in a dim, groping way.

To Thee.

BY A. W. T.

(Thoughts suggested by a violet.)

This gem of vernal breezes bland,
 How bright its azure beauty shone,
 When first thy soft and fairy hand
 Placed the slight stem within my own.

So rich the fragrance 'round bequeathed,
 By this fair flower, this modest shrine—
 I thought thou must have on it breathed
 With those sweet crimson lips of thine.

I placed the blossom next my heart,
And fondly hoped its death to stay,
But each hour saw its hue depart
Until it withered quite away.

Oh! how unlike my love for thee,
The blighting of this tiny flower!
Time gives it but intensity,
And years shall but increase its power.

For I have shrined thee in my heart,
Thou of all earth's sweet flowers most sweet;
And never thence canst thou depart
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

Both day and night thou art my thought,
Thy sweet, soft eyes I ever see;
My dreams are of thy image wrought,
And when I wake I think of thee.

Most lovely of created things!
My soul to thee through life is given;
And when that soul takes upward wings,
'Twill seek for thy bright form in heaven.

Life.

BY ALICE WHITING TAYLOR.

Life's but a flower,
That buds, and opes, and sweetly blooms,
Lasts for a season—but a day—
Then wastes its beauty and perfume.
'Tis gone! forgotten! passed away?
This is the end of life—mortality!

The Outside.

BY HAPPYROCK.

I HAD often heard of that class of students commonly know as "View Men," but not until a few months ago did I arrive at a knowledge of their manner of living. As it happened, one of my acquaintances was induced to take up that business last spring. Now, I suspected that Bob would find it a bit different from the description given by the traveling salesman, but I disliked to discourage him at the very start. So I told him that he would learn much from the work, and that if he only kept at it long enough he could not but come out successful. At any rate, that is what the View Man said, and I guess he knew.

Well, Bob got started all right. His father gave him enough money to get him to his territory and pay his board for a couple of weeks. In the meantime I was at home. Before long I got a letter from Bob. He was in pretty good spirits and hoped to do big things. But the queer thing was, how the letters came slower, until before the summer was out I hardly heard at all.

I'll let his diary tell the story. I saw it one day when I was visiting him after he got back. True, it is a little different from the story he tells, but that does not keep it from being interesting:

"MAYFIELD, June 18th.

"Thursday I began work here, and took five orders. This morning I took three good orders and two conditional ones. I am getting used to the business, and shall probably like it. I have gotten much valuable experience already. We are getting fine board, and are among pleasant people."

I guess Bob wrote that first letter about this time.

“JUNE 21st.

“I took several good orders this morning. I am getting to be more at home in the business, and hope to make a success of the summer's work. There was a shower to-day, which cooled things off.

“There are some good things about this business. First thing I know I shall be enjoying it. But, all the same, I shall be glad to get back home.”

“JUNE 25th.

“This morning I took an order from an old colored man who was born in Virginia. He was a respectful old fellow, and I enjoyed canvassing him. He liked the pictures about Mr. McKinley.

“I came in a little early; but this canvassing tires a fellow so. Anyway, I think I leave a good impression wherever I go.”

I wonder what kind of impression Bob meant? I think I shall ask him some day.

“JUNE 27th.

“Had a letter from home. They told me that Ben Wilkerson dropped dead Tuesday.

“This view business is not so fine after all. Here I am away from home, with nobody I know. I don't believe I shall sell views next summer. I must have a good offer if I do.”

The next time I heard from Bob he was in Wellington, Ohio. Instead of telling me how much he was doing, he took up the time and paper in describing the circumstances about him that would keep a failure from being a disgrace. I could imagine that *he* did not feel altogether jubilant, but somehow I could not help smiling.

But here are some other extracts from his diary:

" JULY 1st.

" This morning I resolved to get to work. I have too much before me not to do so. And before I came in I had six good orders. I visited ten houses in three hours."

" JULY 6th.

" Flunked yesterday. Went to Ceredo. Quit work to do so. This morning I sold five dollars' worth to a bar-keeper. He was seemingly not such a bad sort.

" It is mighty hard to work. I would not be sorry if I had never heard of the view business. At present I am hardly making expenses."

" JULY 29th.

" I feel more like a tramp than anything else. At home, on the farm, I can work day in and day out for a whole summer, but here I can't work. I would rather work a week on the farm than sell views one day."

Poor Bob! I guess he was finding out that things are not what they seem in the view business.

" CONWAY, O., August 3d.

" Moved again! Yes, and my next move will be towards home if I don't do something here. Why, last Sunday I slept till 10 o'clock to save breakfast, and when I got back from church I was ravenous. I cut my thumb pretty badly in trying to open some potted ham."

" AUGUST 10th.

" I feel blue to-night. I am not well. Then it is lonesome for a fellow here by himself. Undoubtedly this is the deadest town I was ever in. Yesterday I canvassed the longest block I ever saw, and did not get a single order. I did see one girl who seemed to be kind-hearted, but that was all."

Well, to make the story short, Bob soon came home. He

does not have much to say about his trip while he is at home. He says he came out "about even." But I happen to be on the inside. He may call a *minus* fifty even, but I would not.

I give him the last word :

" SEPTEMBER 7th.

" Yesterday I reached home, and found the folks all well. I have had a big summer, but I don't want any more like it. Moreover, I don't want anybody to ever say 'views' to me again. I know a few things.

" How I enjoy the old home ! "

Abiding Light.

BY COSBY M. ROBERTSON.

The low-descending sun has sunk
 And gilds the gloaming west,
 As twilight spreads her gentle shade
 And Nature goes to rest.

The cloudy squadron softly sails
 The Indian summer sky,
 And fainter grow their fleeting forms
 As darkness dims the eye.

The silver moon climbs on her course,
 All through the heavens alone,
 And gilds the scene with glory rare,
 A glory not her own.

So joyful days change into night,
 And dim life's winding path,
 The happy moments swiftly glide,
 And sorrow spreads her shaft.

'Tis then fond memory's genial glow,
 The ceaseless vestal flame,
 Brings light of other days gone by,
 And calms the throbbing brain.

'Till once again bright morn shall break
The binding chains of night,
And happy day shall dawn anew
And make our pathway bright.

If Japan Wins—Then What?

BY HARRY M. BOWLING.

AFTER about a year of war, Russia has lost Port Arthur and Mukden, and is now in the turmoil of a revolution. Thus she is assailed by foes from within and without. She has multitudes of men, but they are poor soldiers compared with the Japanese; she has the "unlimited resources" so much talked of, but is far from the field of action, with no connection therewith save one railroad and a long water route. Japan, on the other hand, is politically a unit; her resources are not boundless, but are considerable; her army is not innumerable, but is well trained, and can be increased to a million men; she is near the point of attack, and has abundant means of transportation; while her conduct of the war up to the present time has shown that, in military skill and science and the ability to make all other sciences subserve her ends, she is in the foremost rank of the nations of the world. In view of these facts, it seems that another Goliath will soon fall before a David.

As in every war, the non-combatants are deeply interested not only in the question who will win, but also what will be the result of his victory. There are various opinions as to the probable effect upon Japan and the world of her possible success. Some are troubled with gloomy visions of the so-called "yellow peril," fearing that a Japanese victory will give that country such ascendancy in the East as to make her supreme there over Western powers. They fear that, in order to maintain and increase her control in the Orient, she will

strengthen her influence over China, and, allying that country's forces with her own, will block the way of Western civilization.

This may be the result, but there is another more probable. Japan has a higher ambition than self-advancement to the disadvantage of her neighbors. Baron Kenetaro Kaneko, a graduate of Harvard University and a prominent Japanese, says that his country's desire is to introduce Western civilization into the East, and that the present situation provides her an opportunity to show the world how unselfish are her purposes. In the past Japan has shown her friendliness to Western civilization and advancement by opening her own ports to Western commerce and by using her influence over China to secure to foreigners the privilege of trading in Chinese ports and establishing factories in Chinese cities. If, therefore, Japan should win, it need not be feared that the East will be closed to all Occidental influences.

The increased power of Japan will doubtless prevent any further acquisition of Eastern territory by European powers, but the Asiatics have a right to a Monroe Doctrine of their own; and, while China will be closed as a sphere of political influence, it will be open to commerce and to all the influences that make for political, commercial, intellectual, and social advancement. Japan has shown her competency for leadership by her rapid progress in military, industrial, and other arts and sciences. She is also the fittest leader of the Chinese, for that conservative people will copy a new idea, art, or custom much more quickly from Orientals than from any other people. Besides her political and commercial influence, Japan would doubtless effect a change in Chinese society. In the Land of the Rising Sun a new light is breaking in the recognition of the moral worth and right social position of woman. Even the East dimly realizes that the uplift of woman is the uplift of the nation, and is beginning to free her from bondage and to recognize her as man's equ .

So Japanese influence in China will mean the emancipation of Chinese women.

But the greatest result of final Japanese victory will be the Christianization of the Mongolian races. Japan is fast accepting Christianity. Recently a Buddhist priest said, "In Tokyo there are seventy-five girls' schools, of which only one is Buddhist. Mark what I say—in forty years Japan will be Christian." The time may not be so near, but the end will doubtless come, and when it does, Japan the powerful, Japan the Oriental, Japan the Christian, will have before her "an open door and effectual" in the territory of her less progressive sisters.

In a Grove.

BY DONALD.

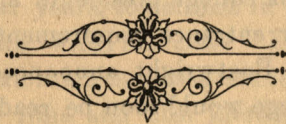
Here in this mossy nook, in mystic mood,
 I sit me down, while yet the sunlight streams
 Its richest flood of glory through the wood,
 And bathes the rippling grasses at my feet,
 To see if aught can yield me pleasant dreams,
 Or lead me to reflect on something sweet.

An oak tree shields me from the summer glare,
 And in this fresh, cool shade the silence weaves
 A dulcet rune soft as an angel's prayer;
 The orchards lose their pomp and ope their lips
 To add a strain, while lisp the siren leaves,
 And every breeze into the music dips.

So pale and tawny look the lilies there—
 Like thoughtless ghosts of some long-murdered flower;
 Methinks they'd have the sumac's blood, and stare
 With envy at the green fern's staunch backbone.
 Ah, lily frail! Thine is a soulful power,
 That lies in chastity, and that alone.

The rugged slope with poplar trees is lined—
The slope that to the cradled valley leads ;
Upon the roving, autumn-scented wind
The maples toss their crisping, scarlet plumes ;
The wild bee on the dreaming poppy feeds,
Then off he flies to plunder other blooms.

A flashing brook hides 'neath an alder screen,
Where busy bob-o-links contrived their nest ;
Undimmed by tears, on such a sylvan scene,
Heaven's blue eye must gaze with joyful glow,
Since it expresses love, and life, and rest—
For which all men are striving here below.



Editorial Comment.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS.

For the past twenty years colleges in New England and the Middle States have been perfecting a system of uniform entrance examinations. For half this time an Association of Southern Colleges and Preparatory Schools has been working towards the same end. In 1897 an effort was made, at a conference held at Richmond College, to establish uniform entrance requirements for admission to Virginia colleges; but the plan failed, largely on account of the opposition of the representatives of the University of Virginia. Washington and Lee University and the Randolph-Macon Woman's College entered the Southern Association, and adopted the standard entrance requirements of that organization. The other colleges continued to accept whom they pleased, each institution being a law unto itself. Last November the University of Virginia and Randolph-Macon College announced that they would join the Southern Association and adopt its entrance requirements. In January, 1905, President Alderman called a congress of Virginia college presidents at the University of Virginia, to consider entrance requirements for the Virginia colleges. President Boatwright announced to the Congress that Richmond College would soon be ready to take position alongside the four institutions already in the Southern Association. The Presidents of William and Mary, Hampden-Sidney, Roanoke, and Emory and Henry Colleges stated that their institutions would not be able to require the high standard of entrance enforced by the Southern Association, though some of them hoped to do so in a few years. The V. P. I., the V. M. I., and Fredericksburg College were not represented at the meeting. The Congress endorsed the work of the Southern Association, and made plans to render the work of the Association more effective in Virginia.

The chief objection to adopting in Virginia the entrance requirements of the Southern Association is that our academies and high schools are too few and too poorly equipped to prepare adequately all the students who ought to enter college. The arguments in favor of a reasonably high entrance test for colleges are obvious. The college and the high school have distinct fields of work, and it is for the advantage of the student that neither school should try to do the work of the other. If the college constantly steals away the best high school students before they have finished their high school course of study, the high school is crippled, and the college is cumbered with unprepared youth, who cannot do college work. It is a kindness to the unprepared student to delay his entrance into college, because if he comes ill prepared he is apt to drop out before the long delayed graduation, and his work is always less well done than it might have been. Uniform entrance requirements mean somewhat uniform preparation in those who enter college, and this insures steady and even advance of class work, with few laggards to worry the professor and detain the class. Coming to college well prepared, the diligent student can always win his degree in four years, sometimes in three, and usually remains to graduate with his class. Experience has shown that entrance examinations cause students to stay in college a longer average time and also increase the proportion of those who win degrees.

THE TRACK TEAM.

The track team which has been organized this year is a new feature of athletics in Richmond College. We have been needing a track team for some time, because there are a large number of students who take no part in either foot-ball or base-ball. They are members of the Athletic Association, and are interested in athletics, but because they

are unable to play ball, they are practically debarred from taking an active part in athletics. The track team gives them another opportunity to win honors for the College.

The prospects for a successful team are at present very good. The men are interested, and are willing to help make the team a success. We have already had communications with other colleges regarding athletic meets during the coming season, and the replies received are very assuring. Now there is but one obstacle in the way of putting a successful team on the field this season. If track athletics is to prosper in College, the track team must be made a permanent part of the Athletic Association and share the honors with the other College teams. Give the men of the track team the "R," and we will insure you a team that will bring honor to the Association and the College.

T. W. OZLIN.

**BASE-BALL
AND
COLLEGE SPIRIT.**

The defeat of our team at the hands of Randolph-Macon ought to make every college man think. In a kindly spirit we want to suggest several things to the team and to the student body. It is a coveted honor to win the "R," but the "R" is worth little unless the men are willing to sacrifice something in the way of time. The men ought to be out long enough to get practice, and the captain ought to be the first man out and the last man in. He ought to get the men down to work, or put them off.

If a man will not play regularly and do his best, let him get off and make room for some one who will. Let every man try for the place for which he is best fitted, and let the best man win, no matter who he is. The College demands the very best team this year, without regard to next year's captain and manager. Those places should go to the most deserving men, without regard to combines or organizations.

But there is another side to the whole affair. The student body, and not the team, wins most of the victories. We always have a number of cowardly critics, who slink in their rooms and talk about what ought to be done. It is very easy to become enthusiastic when the team is winning everything ; but they need stout-hearted supporters when they are facing defeat. Let every man be true to *alma mater*, and do his duty, whether on the diamond or on the bleacheries. The College has as much right to expect the student body to uphold the team as it has to expect the team to work for the College. Of course, this does not apply to the larger part of the student body, who are always faithful, but every man ought to feel that he has a part in the work.

After writing the above, an article appeared in the *News Leader* which should fire the blood of every man with a spark of College spirit. We append a part of the article :

“ Richmond College has a few strong, game, spirited fellows who try to hold up its athletic standards, but the student body seems to take no pride, and fails to support its base-ball and foot-ball teams. This was notorious last year. Richmond College needs to take a brace athletically.”



Campus Notes.

Dr. Whitsitt gave an able lecture in the College chapel on Thursday night, March 9th. His lecture was on Luther Rice, and it was indeed interesting.

The contest for the medal offered by the two Literary Societies was held on Friday night, March 31st. Mr. Powhatan W. James, of Culpeper county, representing the Philologian Society, was given first place.

Prof. J. A. Beam, of Bethel Hill, N. C., gave an interesting talk in the chapel on Monday morning, March 13th. Professor Beam is the president and founder of Bethel Hill Institute, and an able and successful educator.

On Wednesday morning, March 8th, Dr. James T. Dickinson, of Rochester, N. Y., delivered an address to the students and faculty on "Wordsworth and His Message to Men of To-Day." The address was very interesting, and was enjoyed by a large audience.

Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, gave an interesting talk on "All Round Development," in the chapel, on Monday morning, April 3d. His remarks were exceptionally interesting. All who heard him are anxious that he should come and speak to us again.

On Saturday, March 11th, Iota Chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha, was established in this College, and during the afternoon a delightful reception was given by the new Chapter to representatives from the six fraternities. On Monday night a "Heart" party was tendered to the new Chapter by the same men. The party was held in the Phi Sanna Delta hall. Zeta Tau Alpha is our first society, and we welcome it.

Notes Literary.

D. M. SIMMONS, Editor.

THE object of this article is to call the attention of college men to three articles in the *Literary Digest*. Any man who thinks will broaden his mind by reading them. If you have already read them, read them again; they are full of helpful suggestions. The first appears in the December 3d issue, and is entitled "The Young Writer's Freedom of Expression." It gives some helpful ideas on originality. The negro, in giving his recipe for cooking the rabbit, said that the first thing to do was to catch the rabbit. We need to adopt his recipe and first get a subject that some one is willing to read. For when a man selects a subject that no one will read, no matter how well it is written, or writes it so poorly that no one will be interested in it, his subject, or else his introduction, will back down the would-be reader, and his article is just about as useful as the gun that won't shoot or the whistle that won't blow, no matter what merit it may have. The original man, who has some individual personality, wants to express himself in his own way, and cannot write successfully otherwise. One critic may turn his work down, but, if it has merit, some one else will receive it for publication. This has been the experience of many original men. This article is full of helpful suggestions about the way to meet this trouble bravely and in our own way.

The next article is in the same issue of the paper, and is entitled "The Noble Cause of Pessimism." Most of us have a horror for the stupid pessimist, who can see only a glorious past in the days of his youth, whose last fading ray of light and beauty is now going down behind the western horizon, while gloomy darkness and despair are rapidly weighing him down. Most of us, also, love to call ourselves optimists, and to feel that the near future has many good things in store

for us; that we are standing just in the dawn of the most glorious period of the world's history, which will probably blend into the millennium. The man who holds this latter view will certainly be a most cheerful and successful man. His optimism enables him to take his own measure as to *how big* he is and *how much* he knows; while the view of the pessimist enables him to compare the great difficulties before him with his own strength, and thus to get a better measure of himself as to *how little* he is, and to get just a *little inkling* as to *how much he doesn't know*. Read the article, and see if pessimism does not really have a noble work in helping us to take our own measure better.

The last article we shall mention is in the issue of December 31st, and is entitled "Lyman Abbott's New Heresies." The mob that condemned Socrates to drink the hemlock was popular, the mob that condemned Jesus to be crucified was also popular, and no less popular was the mob that tried to bring Luther to the burning stake. All these mobs, as we call them, were collections from the leading citizens of their time, but now their very names are lost in oblivion, while their victims, who were then considered worthy of death, now stand forth in all of their majesty. The hemlock, the cross, and the burning stake, for legal punishment, are things of the past, but their business is carried on now in an up-to-date fashion, by repeating with tongue and pen the echoes of the Dark Ages, and calling the man who advances a new thought a heretic. We firmly believe that Lyman Abbott will be considered one of America's greatest men when all of these critics have been forgotten. If this proves true, it will only be a repetition of history. He is head and shoulders above the average man, and but few can appreciate all he says. But why not try to appreciate him now, instead of joining the mob of persecutors, which is so popular now, but which will be utterly forgotten when the world is still honoring Dr. Abbott. If the men who have hurled so many things at

Dr. Abbott were all of one creed, and had the legal guillotine and inquisition at their command, we can safely predict what would become of the Doctor. And more than that, we should be exceedingly careful not to let them know that we ourselves were of different creed. Lyman Abbott, like others who have been persecuted, has a conception of the truth that is infinitely higher than that of his persecutors; but still they use whatever they can command to kill him morally. What would the same feelings do for him physically if the guillotine was in fashion now, and they could command it equally well and be just as popular? Jesus told the Pharisees that their fathers had killed the prophets, and they were building their tombs. Every generation builds a monument to some great man that its ancestors had persecuted unwisely. Why will not men—college men at that—learn a lesson from history, and try to appreciate the ablest men of their times while they are alive, instead of killing them morally or physically, for the next generation to build their monuments, when there is no other reason for their persecution than the fact that their great minds and souls are too large to fit in the little circle prescribed by the mob?

Read the article, and see if it does not repeat an echo of the Dark Ages in modern style. We have selected it, along with the other two short articles, and you can read them all in a few minutes, and they will make you a broader man. They have been published several weeks, but their material makes them always fresh. If you read them, we will select others for our next issue, feeling that our time is well spent in doing so.

Exchange Department.

No moderately intelligent person is less likely to be qualified to pass an impartial judgment on a literary composition than a professional critic. This is the dictum of a noted book reviewer, and the reason assigned therefor is not that he has become cynical and pessimistic from much reading of execrable effusions, but that the continual effort to praise that which is at best only commonplace is fatal to discriminating taste.

A great deal that comes under the eye of the critic, while neither immoral nor grammatically faulty, is simply not "worth while." There is no sufficient reason for its existence, and the editor who accepts it for publication is to be criticised, rather than the author.

As we enter upon our duties as "Exchange" editor, it may be well to make some statement as to our *modus operandi*. Not being a professional, we suppose our term will expire before we have worn off our amateurish *naivete*. In the meantime we shall say what we think, without aiming to conform to any iron rules of criticism. If a piece appears to us to be worthless, we shall say so without compunctions of conscience. All that we ask is that a composition shall have some object, and that it shall approach the accomplishment of that object with reasonable approximation. Whether the object be æsthetic, didactic, or argumentative is, to us, a matter of indifference; but it follows, from the very nature of the case, that purely æsthetic composition requires much greater ability, and is to be judged much more stringently than that which has an ulterior object. Of course, we shall aim to detect ability to accomplish rather than to find faultless achievement. The school-boy's essay is not to be judged by such standards as the professional literature is supposed to measure up to.

The Southern Collegian, of Washington and Lee, affords us an article right along this line. "The Value of Criticism" appears to us to comply admirably with the requirements outlined above. The style is strong and graceful, and the treatment well considered. We hardly know whether to admire most the writer's literary ability or his critical powers. The same magazine contains a sweet poem entitled "When Mother's There." "The Monk of Ghanistam" and "Vesper Song" will do fairly well, though we are inclined to think a college magazine that can afford one creditable poem a month is to be congratulated.

The William and Mary Literary Magazine contains several carefully-prepared essays on literary themes. These were probably worked up for the English class, and corrected by the professor. The publication of such papers is to be encouraged, not only because it increases the educational value of the magazine, but because it insures interesting reading matter. Perhaps the English department has been allowed, in this case, rather more than its share of space, and, if a suggestion is permitted, it might be well for the History professor to arouse some of his young men to the point of writing a historical or biographical sketch. Our Williamsburg contemporary is very weak in the matter of fiction. We are not at all surprised that such a story as "The Way Provided" should emanate from Williamsburg—only that it originated in the college. Don't be afraid to get out an issue *sans* short stories. The art of writing fiction is not to be vulgarly cultivated.

"What Would Be the Significance of a Japanese Triumph in the Orient," in *The Journal*, Southwest Presbyterian University, is a timely subject, well handled. "Laughter in Your Eyes" is a poem of more than ordi-

nary merit. *The Journal's* editorial department, occupying some eight or ten pages, is admirably conducted.

"The Taming of a Shrew," in *The William Jewell Student*, is a very well-written humorous story, which goes to prove that "Petruchian" tactics do not always work. "Before the Bars" deserves great praise, but lacks originality.

We are glad to see our secondary schools forging to the front in the realm of journalism. The quality of their publications gives great promise for the future of our college magazines.

The author of "A Hero Unknown to Fame" bids fair to flourish as a writer of Sunday-school fiction. He tells us, in the *Locust Dale Reveille*, of a young fireman who leaped from a rapidly-moving train and stopped a runaway horse, also traveling at a high rate of speed. The horse happened to be drawing the daughter and the niece of the president of the railroad, who thereupon rewarded his heroism with a gold watch and a promotion to the position of engineer to succeed his begrimed superior, who opportunely resigned. We would suggest to this aspiring author that conformity to the best models would require that the hero should marry the two young ladies and succeed to the presidency of the railroad. The story is, nevertheless, very creditable.

Upon the whole, we would adopt for the March exchanges the classification which a certain country parson made of his flock—"Some of them is fairly good, some ain't so good, and some agin ain't so good as these."

We regret that the sudden departure of our predecessor in office renders it impossible for us to review or acknowledge some of our exchanges. We have had the pleasure

of perusing many excellent things in the following: *Gray Jacket*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Carolinian*, *The Pharos*, *Limestone Star*, *The Phœnix* (Swarthmore), *Palladium*, *Niagara Index*, *News Letter* (Johns Hopkins), *College of Charleston Magazine*, *Ouachita Ripples*, *Howard Collegian*, *Monroe College Monthly*, *Yankton Student*, *Cento*, *Howard Payne Monthly*, *Purple and White*, and the *High School Student* (Newport News).

Clippings.

Jehovah's Answer.

Goliath strode in pride across the field—

His spear and blazoned shield of size so vast
It seemed he need but at the Hebrew cast

A look, to bring the cry, "I yield!"

To Israel's God the shepherd lad appealed

To help him, not with fire or scathing blast,
But speed his seeming harmless pebble fast.

Jehovah answered, and the giant reeled.

Across the waters broad, great Russia strove

To play the tyrant on the pigmy Jap.

A God of justice is a God of love,

And Russia's mast-like spear we see him snap,
Her ships destroy, make red the frothy sea;

The Lord is God, and evermore shall be.

—*Dichter, in The Cento.*

"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.*

The Laughter in Your Eyes.

I love you, dear, for many things,
 Some few you may surmise,
 But most of all I love you for
 The laughter in your eyes.

And you are serious, too, I know,
 And sometimes very wise ;
 But through it all I love to see
 The laughter in your eyes.

When far away of you I dream,
 To you my spirit flies ;
 My soul is cheered remembering
 The laughter in your eyes.

It speaks to me of hidden joy,
 A soul where beauty lies ;
 I love to see the radiant light
 Of laughter in your eyes.

When Time and Change shall lay their hands
 Upon your mystic will,
 God grant their influence may not dim
 The laughter in your eyes.

—*The Virginian, in The Journal.*

One of our denominational weeklies gives the following news item: "Pastor S—— reported that his people *generally* remembered him at Christmas time. He received one new member since last report." We wish to extend to Brother S—— our condolence.

The same paper in another issue refers to the august assembly of Virginia Baptists as the "Gen. Ass." We take exception to that.

When Mother's There.

When Christmas comes with its treasured sums
Of all that is good and fair,
The greatest treasure, beyond all measure,
Is home—when mother's there.

On the lawns a drift, in the clouds a rift,
And soft the Christmas air,
But the sweetest dream in the sun's bright beam
Is home—when mother's there.

When years have borne us, experience torn us,
From the pride as youth we wear,
We deem as wealth a week of health,
At home—when mother's there.

And Christmas night, when the fire is bright,
We gather round her chair,
With the band unbroken, 'tis a priceless token,
The home—when mother's there.

And when days of toil, with ceaseless broil,
Bring nights of thought and prayer,
We remember with love, to the Throne above,
The home—where mother's there.

— *E. M. M., in Southern Collegian.*

The camel is said to have seven stomachs. He must feel like a walking bee-hive full of mad bees, if he ever has the colic.—*Ex.*

A country paper contains the following satisfactory announcement: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."—*Ex.*

Before the Bar.

Another night is settling down,
 Another day is gone,
 And ere another morning breaks
 My days on earth are done.
 Oh, that I'd known, ere 'twas too late,
 How Satan lays his snares
 And lures us with his tempting bait,
 And takes us unawares!

'Twas night; I stood before the bar,
 And drank till I was wild,
 Then staggered home—a frenzied fiend.
 Alas! My wife! My child!
 One maddened blow, the deed was done;
 And o'er them there I stood,
 And laughed to see their writhing form,
 All bruised and stained with blood.

Again, before *another* bar,
 I heard my sentence read;
 "For murder, John Devoe must hang,
 Till he is *dead*, DEAD, DEAD!
 And now, before an *iron* bar,
 A prisoner I stand;
 And would, to-night, that I were free
 From Satan's treacherous hand.

For soon before *another* bar,
 Where all must stand some day,
 Again I'll hear my sentence read,
 When I am turned away:
 "Depart from me, accursed one,
 Thy face is strange to Me;
 Thy name is not upon My book,
 There is no rest for thee."

Oh, that some power would break my bonds,
 And I again were free—
 Could I redeem my soul from death
 Or dark eternity?
 Ah, no! By Satan's hand enthralled,
 No future hope have I;
 And when I on the gallows hang,
 My *soul* with me shall *die*.

—*J. C. Stillions, in William Jewell Student.*