Foot-Ball and Love.

BY T. J. LEVY, '09.

Foot-ball and Love are strange compeers,
Foot-ball sheds blood, Love sheds tears,
Foot-ball uses pads,
Love uses darts;
Foot-ball breaks heads,
Love breaks hearts.
A Study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

BY JAMES EDWIN LODGE, '05.

It has been said that no sublimer productions ever come from the brush of the painter than those that are born of sorrow. Equally true it is that to such an inspiration may be ascribed some of the loftiest and most impassioned outpourings of the poet's soul. Mighty in its power to elevate and uplift, the chastening hand of sorrow is often able, as nothing else can do, to reveal, in all the glory of their beauty and strength, those highest and holiest attributes of man which declare him akin to God.

In all the realm of poetry there is no more beautiful example of the ennobling, spiritually uplifting power of sorrow than in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." This noble monument to the memory of his dearest friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, is an expression of such deep and sacred emotions as reveal the very inmost depths of the poet's being. Yea, from out of the darkness and gloom of the grave itself came the inspiration for a work of art, so rich in its nobility of sentiment, so wonderfully expressive of the great truths which pertain to the whole of humanity, as to establish its place forever in the lives and thoughts of men.

But "In Memoriam" stands for more than a loving tribute to the memory of the dead. It is a living account, in noble verse, of a mighty war of the spirit—the history of a despairing, sorrow-burdened soul, yearning for a knowledge of Truth, and grappling with the questions of honest doubt. Yes, "In Memoriam" stands for more than a mere dirge over a withered bud of early love, for it is a song of triumph as well. It is the triumphal song of Faith—a faith which had silenced forever the unholy voices of doubt and unbelief, nor weakened before the mystic veil of Death, but believed
where it could not prove. The awful intensity, which characterizes so vital a conflict, is breathed throughout the poem; each separate change in the inner life of the man is the outcome of an absorbing struggle within. And yet, after the first great tempest of grief has past, after the return of reason, and with it those hours of contemplative thought which inevitably follow in the wake of the storm, the whole trend of the poem is of one gradual uplift of the soul, near and nearer to God.

The first period was necessarily characterized chiefly by the expression of the overwhelming sense of grief which the poet experienced in the loss of so dear a friend. And it was a grief, so deep, so poignant, that it entered into the very fibre of his being and threatened to shut up the channels of the mind itself, unless it were to give vent to the inexorable sorrow which filled his soul. Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, such unrestrained and almost violent manifestation of a personal affliction would seem unnatural and overdrawn. But one must not fail to take into consideration the relationship of these two men, and to remember that Hallam and Tennyson were bound together by the closest and tenderest of human ties. Nobility of character and similarity of ideals, which early attracted Tennyson to Hallam, led to the formation of a friendship which afterwards ripened into more than brotherly love. Each became in truth the counterpart of the other, and their lives were so blended together that their pulses seemed to beat as one, and there was no joy, no sorrow, no hope, no fear, which they did not share in common. Tennyson speaks, with infinite pathos, of being "widowed" by his loss—a beautiful tribute to the exquisite harmony of these two souls. Nor is it difficult, in the light of this, to understand how such a crisis as the death of one so beloved, coming into the poet's life unlooked for and without warning, should have produced the unutterable chaos of mind and spirit that it did.
Certainly no other crisis could have wrought a change more complete, both in regard to Tennyson's own inward thoughts and feelings, and his relation to the outside universe as well. Every conception of his existence was reversed. Even the face of Nature was changed. The world, which before to him had seemed so bright and gay, so full of hope and promise of future good, became now transformed into an empty, meaningless abode, where only gloom prevailed. It is the same sad story of humanity! Living every day amid ten thousand sorrows and sufferings of others, which sooner or later must be the common lot of all, how oblivious is the individual man until there comes into his life the cross that must be borne by him. Thus was Tennyson, in the onward march to a future that seemed to be filled with brightness, halted, to bury the blasted hopes of youthful years, and face, as he had never faced before, those great problems of reality which deal with the fateful, the eternal.

In the beginning, as has been said, all thought and reason are drowned in "wild and wandering cries" of grief. The poet's loss seems at first more like a dream than real. The unexpected news of Arthur's death, ending forever the most cherished hopes of after years, brings the anguish of despair to his heart, and leaves his mind in a dazed, half-frenzied state. He knows not whither to turn for comfort; for him all earthly gladness has vanished, and the glory of life has gone. The future is one dark blank, holding nothing in store but a miserable existence, where friendship and love can abide no more. It is while brooding over such thoughts as these that he re-visits the places where, as companions, they had been wont to roam, but he finds no solace there. The "dark house," the "long, unlovely street," and deserted walks, where he and Arthur had held so many sweet communions together, become now but cruel shadows of the familiar scenes of yore. It is, as he describes, a period of "wild unrest," in which all the influences about him are but reminders of his sorrow.
Broken-hearted and crushed in spirit, he tries to face the awful fact that their companionship on earth is ended forever more. And, yet, he cannot be reconciled to so fearful a truth. He shrinks from the thought that this human friend of his, the one with whom he had walked and talked, has become "a spirit, and not a breathing voice." Even with the return of the ship, bearing Arthur’s remains, he says—were it possible to find it all untrue—"I should not feel it to be strange."

But such feverish thoughts as these, after once they have vanished, serve only to make the cup of bitterness more bitter still. For, after the last sad farewell to the earthly remains of Arthur, the poet realizes even more fully the sting of death. An awful sense of loneliness and utter desolation sweeps over his soul and leaves him prostrate, with the thought that now all earthly bonds are loosed and his loved companion has been removed forever beyond the touch of his hand and the sound of his voice. Contrasted with his present sorrow, come a thousand tender recollections of the past. Sweet memories of by-gone days that now will return no more, and the keener realization of loss that can ne’er be repaired, cause the great billows of grief to well up again in his bosom and the iron bands of stern reality to grow tighter around his heart. It was this sudden transition from life to death, and the removal of one beloved from all possibility of human intercourse, that brought to Tennyson, as ever it must, heart-ache and suffering which no earthly balm can heal. Who that has not experienced the same and longed

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

But the lapse of time brings with it a saner view of Arthur’s death. The poet becomes now, in a measure, resigned to the blight which he knows must forever remain upon his life. No longer does he look with dread upon the barren years to come, but rather “longs to prove” by them the
unchanging faithfulness of his love. With a calmer and braver spirit than before, he finds a certain hallowed pleasure in reviewing the pathway of their friendship and dwelling upon the sacred memories of the past. A new peace enters into his heart, and he begins to believe, with all the earnestness of his great soul, that, however dark the future may be, the mere fact that he has been so permitted to love in the past is sufficient cause for him to rejoice; for he says:

"I hold it true, whate’er befal,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

This great conviction, then, comes as a ray of hope shining through the blackness of his sullen despair, and marks the first important step in the upward progress of the soul.

Such a truth, when once it has taken hold upon his heart, becomes a source of comfort through even the darkest hour. Indeed, from this point onward, the poet’s grief is characterized less and less by that bitterness which had hitherto been an element of his sorrow. And, yet, this were but a beginning of the many fierce and vital struggles of the spirit which are yet to come. For, now that reason begins again her reign where once was but a chaos of unrestrained emotion, there follows a natural, overpowering longing of the mind to break through the bonds of the living present and enter into the realms beyond. So that the months of comparative calm which follow are marked by desperate and futile attempts on the part of the mind to fathom the mysterious problem of man’s existence, and to arrive at the true relation between temporal and eternal things.

Just preceding this period comes the first Christmas-tide after Arthur’s death. Those very Christmas bells whose gladsome peals, but one year before, had brought peace and good-will to the hearts of them both, seem now to roll once more upon the soul of the poet the all-enveloping shadow
of his former despair. In "vain pretense of gladness" he observes, as of old, the season whose every happy association opens anew the cruel wounds of his sorrow. Such a time brings home with spirit-crushing force the painful reality of Arthur's death, and the fact that the pathway of their friendship must be parted forevermore. All but overwhelmed by such heart-breaking thoughts as these, the poet is about to relapse into his former miserable state, when a new hope is born in his bosom. There is flashed upon him, all at once, an intimation of the higher and nobler conception of the meaning of death, and he sings,

"They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change."

Now it is that there steals into his heart the embryonic germ of that great trust, which, weak and undefined in its beginning, is to grow, and finally to rise, God-like in its triumph, above a hell of doubt and unbelief, until it has developed into all the beauty and strength of a perfect faith.

The light of this new hope flashes in upon the poet's soul and disperses, for a time, the impenetrable darkness of morbid gloom. With it every divine instinct of his nature is aroused in protest against the siren voice of doubt. For, he concludes, if it were not for the after-life, which is but a continuation of our earthly existence, in a changed and broader sphere, then all, even the purest and holiest ends to which man may aspire, would lose their sweetness, and

"'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws
To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease."

From this state of mind the poet lapses into a half-dreamy meditation upon the nature of the life beyond the grave. A thousand questioning thoughts take possession of his brain
and leave him filled with a certain vague fear, out of which is born the mournful cry,

"My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands."

Will the old love be preserved then unchanged, or will the riper experience and larger knowledge to which Arthur's spirit has become heir be an ever-widening gulf between? Surely there must be some vital thread which shall connect the mystic future with all the hallowed past. He muses upon the relation between the life of the living and the dead, and wonders if Arthur's spirit does not lovingly brood over him as he travels life's journey alone. He breathes the prayer that such may be the case, and that he may feel the presence of his friend near him 'mid all the trials and sorrows of an earthly existence. There is an intimation of a broader and nobler love, in which human frailties are overlooked, and an ever-growing conviction of the immortality of the soul.

This growing faith, divinely implanted in his bosom, is destined for a while to be withered and blighted by the myriad doubts which shall assail on every side, but not to die. For the period which follows, marked though it is by the most pitiful and futile attempts to solve in his own mind the profound problems of a universal experience, serves ultimately to prove to the poet, once and for all, the absolute inability of the human mind, either by reason or argument, to unfold the hidden laws and purposes of God. Man, with all the subtle analysis of which he is capable, with all his deepest thought and study—yea, even when he has reached the very limits of his finite knowledge—is but as

"An infant crying in the dark,
And with no language but a cry."

Thus does his troubled soul, groping once more amid the hopeless darkness of despair, battle with those momentous questions of the universe before which even the weightiest
theories of philosophy or the most splendid conceptions of science do but reveal their puny insignificance and shrivel into oblivion, to leave them forever unanswered and unknown. These are the crucial battles in man's life, upon whose outcome the angel cohorts may well await with bated breath. For defeat opens the downward pathway to all that is gross and material, while victory points ever upward as a guiding star to that immortal hope which has its birth in "the likest God within the soul." These are the trying hours, which are to turn the dawn of a new hope back into the night of despair, or bring it forward into the perfect light of day. For the poet they hold in store such a share of torture and anguish as to threaten, for a time, to utterly destroy the new peace in his heart, but which, instead, leaves it deeper and sweeter than before. For even as the oak of the forest, whose branches are swayed and tossed by the winds of some mighty tempest, becomes more enduring by reason of its conflict with the storm, so the poet's faith, by reason of its battle with doubt, became strengthened thereby. There is now the constant upward march to "higher things." Every thought of his friend is as of being in a nobler and wider sphere of usefulness than earthly environment could afford. Nor does he look any longer upon Arthur's death as the end of a life which was unfulfilled, but rather as the happy severing of the bonds of a mortal existence to enter into the glory of the immortal state beyond. More deeply imbedded with every passing hour becomes the overwhelming conviction of the absolute vanity and worthlessness of human fame and applause, and a burning desire to become a part of the great purposes of God in the accomplishment of the works that shall endure forever.

Another Christmas comes; but it is different from the last. Time, though it can in no way alter the deep-rooted springs of his sorrow, has the power, by long use, to dry up the scorching tears of his grief. The pain of loss, no less than ever
before, is more manfully borne when reconciled with the great aims and purposes of God. The oft-recurring visions of earthly happiness that might have been, though they sting for the moment, are powerless to permanently disturb the "low beginnings of content," which arise out of the poet's ever-strengthening belief in the riper and fuller life beyond the veil of death. Shall the old bitterness be revived, then? Ah! no. Like unto some mighty thunderbolt, the embodiment of all that he has experienced in his heart before now comes upon him with redoubled force and implants itself forever in the very depths of his soul. And he says, with even greater earnestness than before,

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
   Than never to have loved at all."

The hardest battles have been fought, the great body of the storm has overpast, only to leave the soul's hitherto uncertain pathway to the peace and security of faith more clearly defined than ever before.

Synonymous with, and as a result of, this increasing trust, comes the poet's constantly broadening conception of the relation which he bears to the world and his fellow-man. Slowly, step by step, the false barriers that have held him bound in the sordid seclusion of a personal grief are broken asunder; the heart unfolds to the vast amount of the good and beautiful which still remain in the world, and pulsates once more with "the mighty hopes that make us men." The forming of new friendships or the revival of old are no longer spurned. For, what if Arthur's spirit could speak in human words from its high abode? Would it not then exhort him to arouse himself from the fatal lethargy of soul, and to mingle once more with the living influences which surround the lives of men? And a voice from the tomb seems to answer his questioning appeal,

"Arise and get thee forth, and seek
   A friendship for the years to come."
Thus, though never for one moment would the sacred love of the past lose any of its sweetness by reason of the new, he says,

“My heart, though widowed, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.”

The recognition of this fact, then, while it takes away nothing from the deep exaltation of the years that are gone, gives a brighter coloring to those which are yet to be.

And now it is, when all the splendors of summer lend a glorious enchantment to the face of nature, that the poet’s heart yearns to seek once more the familiar scenes of college days. As he treads again within the classic walls, or strolls along the walks and beside the peaceful river, there is breathed from every loved spot of old a thousand tender memories that, crowding in upon the brain, seem as a living link between the present and the past. Surrounded by these sweet and hallowed influences of by-gone days, the poet lingers alone on the lawn to read, by the light of a summer’s moon, the sacred letters of the dead. And gradually, when all human life has been wrapt in sleep, there steals upon him a blissful trance, in which his own soul seems to be joined in blessed communion with that of his friend—

“So, word by word and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once, it seemed at last,
The living soul was flashed on mine.”

And then does his spirit, as if spurning for the moment the chains of its earthly abode, soar aloft to “empereal heights,” to mingle with the spirit of the dead. But at last, he says, the trance “was cancelled,” and, like a mighty hurricane, there sweeps over him once more that dark array of former doubts, as if seeking this one last, fiendish chance to conquer faith. But the struggle is not for long. Just one
fleeting moment does the poet forget the past; how that he has manfully faced them all before; how that, when they did torture him and threaten to crush out the holiest instincts of his being, he did each time rise above them. And there follows, with an irresistible power, the final and unalterable triumph of all, in which the “strong, heroic soul” is lifted forever above the siren whispers of hell into that purer atmosphere which breathes of God.

When Christmas comes again the poet has left the old home and the tender scenes so loved of yore. The pealing of the lonely bell at midnight brings with it a momentary sadness at the thought that this is “new, unhallowed ground.” But it is only for the moment. Then, thrilled with deep, exultant joy, he cries,

“Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.”

And with their ringing every vestige of that which may have before been selfish or unworthy in his grief is swept out of his soul forever. There flashes upon his inner mind a clearer vision than ever before of God’s eternal plan, and his heart goes out in silent, impassioned prayer for the dawning of the purer day which is to be.

“Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

This glorious Christmas carol, so full of fervent feeling, so significant of lofty purpose and high ideals, marks indeed the birth of that new era in the poet’s life, in which he breaks away forever from the false tenets of the past to turn his face “onward toward the good and upward toward the true.” Now the narrow, selfish element of his sorrow can warp his mind no more. He has shaken off that lifeless morbidness of grief which before had shut him in from all his kind and unmanned him for the great work of the world.
Nor is there a surer index of the ennobling, spiritually uplifting power of his sorrow than this turning aside from that which has been centered entirely in himself to live and do for his fellow-man. This is the Christ-like ideal, into which all the mighty changes that have wrought themselves out in his heart before have tended ultimately to develop. And this is the Christ-like ideal which must be the ultimate goal of man's purest and deepest trust, and the one to which it must finally attain to be reflected in all its resplendent beauty.

But it is in the remaining portion of the poem that the poet reaches the sublimest heights of his song. In it is found really the embodiment of all that has gone before. A majestic summary it might be called—in which are set forth those deep, ever-abiding convictions of the soul which can alone come from a right relation to God; the conviction that true knowledge does not destroy, but strengthens, faith; but that knowledge is not all—that there are times when both reason and argument must utterly fail and leave us to be guided alone by the God-implanted instincts of our being:

“If e’er when faith had fall’n asleep,
I heard a voice, “Believe no more,”
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep,”

“A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason’s colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, “I have felt.”

And the immutable belief that, whatever to man’s finite mind may appear to be the characteristic trend of the ages, there is back of all the infinite wisdom of God, whose hand guides the ever-changing course of events, and is working out through them His eternal plan.

“That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil co-operant to an’end.”
And that to man—the crowning work of all—has been given the high and holy privilege of becoming a living factor in all that shall further this blessed end. To him have been given the larger responsibilities and the endless life of the soul. And that it but remains for him to labor and to love, accepting through faith "the truths that never can be proved," and to strive ever onward and upward toward the fulfillment of the mission for which the world was created—

"And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole Creation moves."

If aught shall live, can "In Memoriam" die? And yet have not many noble works before it succumbed at last to the heartless tests of ages? What, then, were the distinguishing characteristics of those which, when all others have long been consigned to the dust of oblivion, shall live on forever to brighten the paths of men? Of what inherent quality must they be possessed to withstand all the changing seasons of time? May those endowed with even the richest beauty of form and finish hope by that alone to survive the ceaseless roll of years? Nay, but rather those in which there is found, foremost of all, that imperishable element of sincerity and truth which has never yet failed to find its responsive chord in the heart of man. But "In Memoriam" has them both; and it cannot die.

Which One Flirted?

BY E. W.

"What a beautiful view!" exclaimed Marie Kent, as she sank into a chair and gazed out of the window at the scenery beyond.

She had just arrived at Rosewood Inn, a beautiful summer resort in the country in Virginia, and, after changing her trav-
eling gown for one of lighter material, had stolen down into
the quiet and now deserted parlor to rest before meeting the
other guests at tea.

As she sat looking out upon the beautiful landscape, sud-
denly she heard footsteps on the piazza just outside, and the
sound of masculine voices floated through the open window.

"That's a pretty girl that's just come," said the first voice.

"I'm glad to hear it. You know I have another week to
stay, and I was just wishing for some girl to flirt with. I
have about run through the list here," came the answer, in a
deepest bass voice.

"Yes, and they are all crazy in the head about you.
Really, Wilburn, you are a heartless flirt; you make them
believe you are in love with them, and then drop them
entirely."

"Because I tell them they are pretty, and, perhaps, squeeze
their hands a little, am I necessarily in love? If they are so
unsophisticated as to believe so, they will have to stand the
consequences. What fellow wouldn't make soft speeches in
the moonlight?"

"Well, I hate to see that sweet little new girl flirted with,
but I guess she will be as bad off as the rest by the time the
week is over."

"Maybe not quite so long. For the last girl it took only
two days."

Marie cared to hear no more. She rose quietly and left
the room.

"What conceited things men are!" she thought. "I must
see this heart-smasher—the honorable Mr. Wilburn. But he
will find one heart as invulnerable as his own."

It was 7 o'clock. All the guests had assembled in the
parlors, awaiting the ringing of the supper bell. Marie
entered, and was presented to each in turn, smiling and bow-
ing graciously to all. Last of all, she was introduced to a
tall and rather handsome man. "Miss Kent, allow me to
present Mr. Wilburn."
“Charmed,” he said, with a would-be adoring look in his eyes, beneath which some girls would have blushed. Marie, however, met his eyes with a straightforward glance, murmured her pleasure, and turned away.

At the supper table Marie found herself directly opposite Mr. Wilburn. He devoted his entire attention to her, looking at her the whole time with that look of flattery which he knew how to assume. Hardly was supper over before he was by her side, and soon he had her in a secluded corner of the porch, where he kept her until all dispersed for the night.

Once in her room, Marie sat down to think. What course should she pursue? The man was, indeed, fascinating, but whatever happened she must not fall in love with him. She saw from his conduct that night that she could not play the indifferent; besides, what triumph would there be in not falling in love if she did not even give herself the chance?

The idea of his thinking she would be crazy about him in two days!

She had had men in love with her, and knew how to use her eyes as well as he. Perhaps he would be the one whose heart Cupid’s darts would wound. Of course, she would not lead him on (she did not believe in that). But if he should happen to fall in love she could not help it—other men had done the same. Then she would have her revenge.

It was 11 o’clock next morning. All the female part of the house were in the parlors—the older half gossiping or engaged in some kind of conversation; the younger busily engaged with fancy work, discussing beaux, parties, and other trivial subjects. Suddenly Wilburn walked in. All of the girls (for certainly the remark about them was true) looked up, but, ignoring all, he walked to Marie. “Let us go for a stroll down by the lake,” he said. As she smilingly complied, more than one girl’s nose went up into the air. And such remarks as “Her time next,” “The spider’s catching the fly,” were heard.
WHICH ONE FLIRTED?

In the days that followed Marie received quite a rush. Her whole time was spent either in walking with Mr. Wilburn, rowing with Mr. Wilburn, golfing with Mr. Wilburn, sitting in the hammock with Mr. Wilburn, or in some way spooning with Mr. Wilburn. There was one thing, however, she would not allow. He could not remark upon her looks. He could not say she was pretty, even if the moon were shining. And he could not say one word of love.

For five days this rush continued. At the end of the fifth Marie suddenly realized that she had lost her heart. When she discovered this fact she wept from sheer mortification. Why had she allowed herself to do such a silly thing? His prophecy had come true. Before the week was out, she, too, had succumbed to his charms—to the charms of a man who regarded women as mere playthings, as things with which to be amused. Her hope for a moment of triumph and revenge would never come. Whatever happened, he must never know.

The next morning, while passing out the dining-room, Marie turned to Mr. Brown, and said, "When shall we go for those ferns you were telling me about?"

"How would this morning do?" he asked, delightedly.

When they returned, late in the morning, they were met by Wilburn, who was waiting discontentedly on the porch. "Where have you been this whole long morning?" he asked.

"Into the loveliest place, gathering these," she answered, hastening into the hall.

"What's the hurry?" said he, following her. "Can't you take me there this afternoon? You know I love ferns, too."

"Awfully sorry, but I have an engagement with Mr. Brown," said she, running up the stairs.

During the next few days there was much gossip at the resort. Why had Miss Kent so suddenly transferred her affections to Mr. Brown? Some of the young ladies suggested that perhaps Mr. Wilburn had gone back on her,
That could not be, however. The conduct of that young gentleman proved otherwise. If that were true, would he have spent his whole time gazing anxiously up the road if she happened to be out, or glaring at Brown if she chanced to be talking to him.

"To think that the only girl I ever cared a rap about should treat me so," he said to himself one day.

His week was out. Another passed by, and still he had not left.

Suddenly his love-sickness seemed to have left him. He began once more on the list of girls and made love more furiously than ever—especially if Marie happened to be in either seeing or hearing distance.

This state of affairs lasted several days; but, in spite of Marie's gaiety, a close observer could see that the color had left her cheek and a wistful look had crept into her eye. Wilburn, too, had changed; a discontented expression was on his face, and, when no one was looking, many were the hopeless looks he cast at Marie.

At last he could stand it no longer. "I must find out if there is absolutely no hope," he thought.

His opportunity soon came. While roaming around one afternoon, having given himself up to those gloomy reflections which only those who have loved in vain know, he suddenly came upon her sitting on a bench by the lake, her face buried in her hands.

"What has darkened your sky, little girl?" he gently asked.

"Oh," said she, looking up in surprise, her eyes red from weeping. "I—I—my—my best friend is ill."

"You can't fool me like that. It is some love scrape you've had with that slow-poke Brown; but may I ask," said the, sitting beside her, "why you have cut me so dead lately?"

"I was not aware that I had."

"Well, you have. I have been wanting to tell you for two weeks how much I love—"
"Go no farther," said she. "You have no right to talk thus to me."

"No right? Indeed, I have a right, and I will say it. I love you."

"You shall not say it. You, the heart-smasher; you, the man whom every girl loves because you squeeze her hand; you who would have caught me in your net in two days—yes, I heard it all—you in love. Impossible! Besides, I can never fall in love with you."

"But—"

"Besides," she interrupted, trembling lest she betray her love, "when my friend is so ill, I cannot think about strangers."

"Certainly not," he said sadly, rising and walking away.

"I can't stand it any longer," he said desperately. "There is no hope, and I can't endure it here. I will leave to-morrow, though the train does leave at 7 o'clock, and I have to drive two hours to get to the depot. Anything is better than seeing that crazy Brown with her."

At 5 o'clock next morning he came down on the porch. A dense fog was in the air.

"Better hurry, sir," called the driver, "or we will miss the train."

Jumping into the carriage, he discovered that some one was also there, but in the dim light he could not distinguish who. After half an hour's drive the fog suddenly lifted.

"Miss Kent," he exclaimed, "where can you be going?"

She looked at him, also surprised.

"To see my sick friend," she answered, in an icy tone that discouraged further conversation.

They rode in silence. The driver stopped to water the horses.

"Whom have you there?" some one asked.

"Only a couple going to get married," he called back, as he dashed along.
He looked at her intently. Feeling his eyes upon her, she blushed furiously.

"Say, I'm awfully sorry this happened," he cried. "Of course, I see you are running away from me, and naturally suppose I am following you. Really, I knew nothing of your departure, and was running away from you, since I saw how unpleasant my presence was to you. I love you too hard to cause you pain needlessly."

She looked at him and saw the love-light in his eyes. This man was not the same she had overheard—he had changed; this was a true love affair. Now was the moment of triumph and revenge. Love, however, overcame such thoughts, and her heart yearned for him.

"I know it is hopeless," he continued. "I have your own words, 'I can never fall in love with you.'"

"Of course I can't, when I'm already in," she said blushing.

"Do you mean it?" he cried. "And—"

Of course, all Richmond College students, whether Seniors, Rats, or Co-eds., have had enough experience in such affairs to know what happened next.

---

**To a Mocking-Bird at Night.**

**ARTHUR DERIEUX DAVIDSON, '07.**

Singer of joy, when all is wrapt in night,  
Thy music sweet  
Peals from the bough, and all but thou  
Art asleep.

A starless night; 'tis still—'tis wondrous still,  
Dead silence reigns,  
Save for thy song, which floats along,  
In sad, sweet strains.
Weird is thy lay, and yet 'tis wildly sweet;
The sounds that be
Have caught thy notes and hushed their throats,
Attending thee.

What is the theme on which you dilate so?
Is it of love?
Dost serenade thy lovely mate,
Listening above?

Or does Eternal Goodness fill thy soul,
Inspire the chord?
And wouldst thou then teach graceless men
To praise the Lord?

Thou fearless one, that dares to sing at night,
Oh, come with me,
Lend me the note that thrills thy throat,
And teach me to praise in life's dark days,
Till the shadows flee.

---

Reserve Power.

BY POWHATAN W. JAMES.

It is a consciousness of reserve power that inspires self-confidence in nature, in a nation, in armies, and in the individual.

Nature, the mother and teacher of us all, by her handiwork, seems to show that she fully realizes the importance of preserving her surplus energy and laying in store a supply of power for future needs. With what jealous care has she husbanded the heat of the sun, locking it up in the coal beds, where her children may go and find the fuel for their foundries, their factories, and their firesides. Suppose she had scattered broadcast over the face of the earth the billions of tons of coal that lie in beds deep beneath the
surface; suppose she had placed in one great lake the countless barrels of oil that have been stored between impervious layers far in the ground. The primitive men would have had glorious pillars of fire beckoning them on, and a burning lake of oil to throw its red glare upon the heavens at midnight, lighting their pathway towards waste and ruin. Instead of doing this, Nature has filled to overflowing her coal bins and her oil tanks, keeping them under lock and key, till man, by means of his inventions, could make the best use of her savings.

Nothing better illustrates the wisdom of Nature than the way she reserves her power until the time of need. She places here and there the lakes, her reservoirs, to catch the water in time of flood and distribute it to the parched earth when drouth would work ruin. The water that the mountains wring from the clouds sinks into the ground, and, trickling down, down into the earth, is seemingly lost; but it is this wandering water that kindly Nature leads until it again finds the surface, there bubbling forth in crystal springs that make glad the hearts of men—springs whose water, joining its songs with that of the birds, and kissing the bending ferns and flowers, turns the wheels of mills as it passes onward to the sea.

The reserve power of a nation is an exponent of the strength of the nation.

In 1870, when the victorious Bismarck told the French people that German troops would be kept on French soil until the enormous war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs had been paid, it was the undreamed-of resource and elasticity of the French nation that made it possible for them to pay the mighty indemnity faster than German troops could be withdrawn from their sacred soil.

When our silver-haired chieftain, in unconquered dignity, rode old "Traveler" along the shattered ranks of his heartbroken followers at Appomattox, and stout-hearted men
broke down and wept for a noble cause, nobly fought and nobly lost, all the world might stand by and say failure; but 'twas not a failure, for those men, the mere remnant of what had been one of the grandest armies the sun ever shone upon, still carried within their bosoms hearts as stout and brave as any God ever let beat beneath torn and tattered and blood-stained uniforms. It took brave men to march with unfaaltering steps up the heights to the very muzzles of the belching guns at Gettysburg. It took men with dauntless courage to undergo the hardships of the trenches around Petersburg, and then, when spring-time came, meet the enemy with all their wonted zeal and valor; but it took heroes, when the supreme test came, to turn to the cheerless prospects of their ruined homes, made desolate and bare by the iron hand of war. The men who laid down their arms at Appomattox, and turned to what had once been their homes, but now were the burying-ground of their loved ones and their fortunes; who saw ruin staring them in the face, and who later had to undergo the horrible nightmare of reconstruction days, were heroes, heroes who plucked a glorious victory from the jaws of defeat. In 1865 the orphan wailed, the widow wept, the mother grew wrinkled, and the father turned gray. Now the poet can sing:

"Land of the South—imperial land,
How proud thy mountains rise;
How sweet the scenes on every hand,
How fair thy covering skies.
But not for this, O not for these,
I love thy fields to roam;
Thou hast a dearer spell for me,
Thou art my native home."

"The rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled to the sea;
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be."
But not for thy broad ocean streams,
Not for thy azure dome,
Sweet sunny South, I cling to thee—
Thou art my native home."

Henry W. Grady tells of a funeral he attended in Georgia not long after the Civil War. The subject of this funeral was a poor man, one of those one-gallused fellows, whose trousers strike him at one end under the arm-pits and at the other lack several inches of making connections with his shoe-tops. They buried him near a marble quarry, and yet the little slab which they placed at his head was of Vermont marble. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, yet the pine coffin in which they put him was made in Cincinnati. They buried him within reach of an iron mine, but the nails in his coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburg. The South furnished absolutely nothing for that funeral, except the corpse and the hole in the ground. They even buried him in a New York coat, a Boston pair of shoes, a pair of breeches from Chicago, and a shirt made in Cincinnati, leaving him absolutely nothing to carry into the next world with him to remind him of the country in which he lived, and for which he fought, except the chilled blood in his veins and the marrow in his bones.

Today, we have improved on that. Within one hundred yards of that grave is the largest marble-cutting establishment on earth. Near by, the shrill whistles of the cotton mills tell that lonely sleeper that they are contributing their part to the development of his beloved country, while the dust from the iron mines settles upon his tomb and the constant glare of the furnaces lights it up by night.

This is but a single instance to show that the South is rapidly taking her rightful place in the march of national progress. Day by day, we are becoming more and more Americans, and less and less Southerners; but our American-
ism, our nationalism, will not, it is to be hoped, carry us so far as to cause us to forget that our splendid heritage, the New South, was made possible for us by the heart's blood and suffering of our fathers, our mothers, our kinsmen, and our fellow Southerners. Our birthright is a gift from the reserve power which made their hearts so big.

Again, we all know the importance of the presence and successful operation of reserve forces in armies. Many of the decisive battles of the world have been won by the timely manoeuvring of these forces upon the field.

That picturesque leader of the Scots, Robert Bruce, well understood this principle. He knew that the mere semblance of reserves would oftentimes dismay the enemy, and hence, at the battle of Bannockburn, when the issue seemed most doubtful, he had a number of children and the camp followers of his army to form in line and march over the hill in sight of the already distressed English, who, taking these harmless children and women to be new reinforcements for the Scottish army, turned and fled, soon falling into disastrous rout, and the Scots had won from the largest army that ever marched out of England the greatest battle ever lost by the English.

At the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon had his headquarters upon a long hill. Stretching out in front and below this hill is a plain, through which flows a small stream, forming a lake to the right that was covered with several inches of ice. At the foot of this hill, and along the plain, the French army slumbered till 4 o'clock in the morning. Over these valiant men a motionless fog lay, like a white covering—or it might be a shroud, in anticipation of the thousands that ere night-fall would lie there stark and stiff in their last sleep. Opposite the position of the French army, the plain rises in a waving line of heights, the highest of which, Mt. Pratzen, forms the centre of the allied forces of Austrians and Russians. At length the sun rose slowly above the horizon, ting-
ing with gold the heights of Pratzen. The brilliant bursting of that fire-ball upon his vision made a profound impression upon Napoleon, which he never forgot. The order for battle is given. The two armies meet in a death grapple in the plain below, while the frightened fog, startled at the terrific shock of battle, flees in rolling masses up the mountain side, shot through and through with the brilliant rays of the morning sun. The struggle lasts all the forenoon, and thousands of Europe's bravest men lay in the dust ere the sun began his downward course. Napoleon calls into action his whole force, with the exception of four thousand cavalry, whom he keeps stationed upon the hill, in sight of the battle, throughout the day. Murat, the commander of these troops, pleads with Napoleon to let him lead them into battle, saying he can scarcely restrain them, so anxious are they to enter the fray. But that supreme war genius makes them wait, and wait, and wait, till their muscles are quivering and their nerves tingling. Not until the fortune of battle seems turning towards the enemy does he give the order to charge. Like a pent-up cyclone set free, this reserve force strikes the enemy and sweeps everything before it. The Austrians and Russians are put to flight, and, fleeing across the frozen lake, Marshall Soult turns his guns upon the ice, and thousands of men and horses go down to a watery grave made crimson by the stain of their own blood. And Austerlitz is won! How? Austerlitz is won by reserve power!

Now we have seen that Nature would teach us lessons of wisdom by the way she reserves her power. We have observed that the strength of a nation is to be calculated in terms of its reserve power. We know that the success of armies very often is dependent upon the presence and proper manipulation of these forces upon the field. Then let us see if a consciousness of reserve power in the individual does not, in a measure, insure his success, by giving him poise and greater confidence in his ability to meet the emergencies of the trying hour.
The huge boulder balanced upon the mountain side is powerful and dangerous because of the potential energy which lies within it. So, the individual is a marvel of unknown and unrealized potentialities, a human harp, with infinite possibilities of unawakened music, an eagle whose flight is checked only by the limits of his reserve power.

Ambitious youth sometimes grows weary of the long hours of toil and the burning of midnight oil. Yet these labors are valuable to the young, not for the list of facts which they learn, but for the increased and enlarged brain power, that throughout life will be a reserve force, which, like a chemical, may be used to dissolve the difficulties of the trying hour.

When Daniel Webster made his famous speech in reply to Hayne, he was asked how it was he managed to make that magnificent address upon such short notice. He replied that he had been working upon that speech for twenty years. He had no idea that he would ever be called upon to make that particular address, yet the material which entered it was being turned over and over by his magnificent brain for more than two decades.

History is full of striking examples where individuals have achieved success by using the reserve power within them. There is no better example of this than that given by the life of Marshal Massena, called by the French people "the favored child of Victory." No man could have won that title without genius, and Massena's genius consisted of his ability to call into use at the last moment his every energy and pluck victory from defeat. Usually he was dull and heavy, but the thundering roar of the cannon, as it echoed from hill to hill, seemed to stir his sleeping spirit, and with flashing eyes and trumpet voice, riding at the head of his troops with hat upon uplifted sword, he would lead his men to victory against fearful odds. He was greatest when all others were ready to surrender. The word "defeat" was not in his vocabulary; it was the reserve power in this man that
enabled him, by his matchless conduct and example, to make
twelve hundred men stand like a rock against the dashing
charge of ten thousand Austrians.

The sun of every man's career has its rising and its setting.
In the morning it tints with the roseate colors of youth the
eastern horizon of life, and pictures the day as filled with the
singing of birds, the babbling of brooks, and the sparkling
of dew. In the mid-day it shines with all its fierce splendor,
warming into being the best energies of strong and vigorous
manhood. In the evening of life, if the individual has this
reserve power, the sun of his career will not sink beneath
the horizon a sullen orb, but will pile the western sky with
banks of purple and crimson and gold.

The fortieth anniversary of the surrender at Appomattox
has recently been celebrated. There are some who will say
that our beloved General Lee was greatest at Chancellorsville;
there are some who will say he was greatest at Cold Harbor,
there are many who will say he was greatest at Appomattox;
but was he anywhere greater than at Lexington, when the
youths of the land came from afar to sit at the feet of Citizen
Lee and learn the lessons of the simple life? It was there he
called into use the reserve power of his great manly soul,
and by the eloquent language of his own example pointed
out to his countrymen the duties of peace as grandly as he
had led them in the works of war. It was the reserve power
acquired throughout his youth of labor and manhood of vig­
orous activities that filled his closing days with their peculiar
sweetness and crowned them with the united praises of a
re-united country. Of him Goldsmith would write:

"How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past."
AN ARTIST once had a glorious dream, in which he saw a picture so grand that he thought, should the picture be given to the world, his fame would be assured and his masterpiece accomplished. He took his brush and pigments and set to work. Long days and nights he toiled, barely snatching enough food and rest to keep his body alive. The work progressed, and day after day added beauty and grandeur to the picture, until at length 'twas complete. There it stood, with all its wealth of color and delicate beauty, the expression of genius and high artistic achievement. But somewhere, at some time in its growth, that picture would have seemed perfect to the untrained eye. It took the searching eye of the artist to see the stroke of the brush that was to be the crowning touch of all. Before that touch all was truly beautiful; but the perfect work required that crowning bit of paint. Then, and then only, could the worker sit and gaze with restful eyes upon his work.

When the Author of "All Wisdom" was painting the greatest picture ever dropped from the brush of artist, just such a touch He too found necessary. When God had painted His great picture, the world, and it stood out before Him in all its beauty, there yet remained one stroke of that Master-hand before the picture could be perfect. Was not the scene beautiful enough? What a wealth of contrast existed between ocean and snow-capped mountain peak! What wonders had that Master-hand accomplished in nature, what rare delicacy of color and character were portrayed in this picture! Yet the work was incomplete. The sun, king though he was, was only king by day, and how could the modest moon hold the power over all this wonderful kingdom. The stroke that was needed was the one
which would bring forth an earthly king over all this glory. And God, the Great Artist, made the stroke.

Now the picture was done, for the king was made, and man had become the crowning touch in all God's wonderful creation. Is not this something to think about? Our bodies and the soul they contain constitute God's masterpiece. Surely, then, they should always be guarded with the most tender care.

The great art galleries of the world are filled with the masterpieces of mortal artists, which are the wonder and admiration of all men. They are not mistreated; no dust clouds their perfect surface of beauty. And yet the masterpiece of the Immortal Artist is left to be racked and ruined by the dust of sin and dissipation! Is this right? Ah, no; and the shame of it all is of the lowest type. Give God's crowning work all the tender watchful care that human mind can conceive, and thus honor the Master Painter of the Universe.

---

My Mountain Home.

JOHN GLENN BARBE, '08.

Sweet memory of my home-hills,
Touched with radiance sublime,
How I glorièd in life's spring-time
Every highest peak to climb.

Where the sunlight lingered longest,
On the towering, swaying pines;
I surveyed the gleaming rivers,
Like an artist's silver lines.

Calm, majestic, clothed in forest,
Home of squirrels, birds, and bees,
Fed on nuts, and fruits, and flowers,
Of the vines and lofty trees.
Man, the monarch, climbs the mountains,
And from loftiest peak surveys
Hills and valleys far beneath him,
Lips and heart attuned to praise.

Praise for love and peace and plenty,
Romping boys and laughing girls,
Cheeks aglow with health and beauty,
Sparkling eyes and natural curls.

Who would push through crowded cities,
Mid disease, and dust, and noise,
Striving with his fellow-mortals,
Coveting wealth's fitful joys?

In the pathless woods is pleasure,
Walking mid the ferns and flowers,
Listening to the happy song birds,
Flitting through the leafy bowers.

Leaps my heart and soul with rapture,
When I hope that once again
I shall see the rugged landscape,
E'er I quit the walks of men.

John Amos Comenius.

BY JOHN THOMAS FITZGERALD, '06.

FIFTY years ago the name of Comenius was unknown, except to a few scholars. In 1892 the three hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated by a great international convention, held in America, at which time the Comenius Society was formed.

This eminent man, who may be called the "Father of modern education," was born March 28, 1592, according to some at Niwnitz, according to others at Comna, in Moravia. He studied at Herborn, and at Heidelberg, after which he
traveled in Holland and England. Returning to Moravia, he was appointed to a school of the Moravian Brethren, at Prerau, but his fervent piety and brilliant talents led to his becoming pastor of the Moravian Church at Fulnek. In 1621, when Fulnek was plundered by the Spaniards, Comenius lost nearly everything he had, and in 1624 he, as well as all other Protestant ministers, was banished from Moravia. He then entered upon what was destined to be a wonderful career. "He lost home and earthly goods, but found the world." Comenius, after leaving Moravia, settled first at Lissa, in Poland, where he was employed to teach in an old-established school of the Brethren. At this time he gave to the world his first great book, "Janua Linguarum Reserata," or "Gates of Languages Unlocked." This work was enthusiastically received, and was soon translated into a dozen or more languages.

Comenius then became greatly interested in the pansophic movement, the chief exponent of which at that time was Francis Bacon. Encouraged by the popularity of his first work, Comenius conceived the plan of writing a series of articles which would impart to the world universal knowledge. This enterprise necessitated both financial and intellectual support. He found scholars willing to co-operate with him, and also financial support in the person of a wealthy Dutch merchant, Van de Greer. When Lissa was plundered by the Poles, about 1657, Comenius’s home was destroyed and his work on Pansophia was lost. He never recovered from this shock. After leaving Lissa, he seems to have wandered about over Germany for some time, and then settled at Amsterdam, where he spent the remaining years of his life.

During the last few years of his life, Comenius became the victim of religious fanaticism, and expected the millenium to come in 1672. He died in 1671, aged 79 years, having, it may well be said, "served his generation according to the will of God."
Let us see some of the things he has done for humanity.

In his "Magna Didactica" he says there should be four schools: 1st. The mother's breast, for infancy. 2d. The common vernacular school, for children, to which all should be sent between the ages of six and twelve. 3d. The Latin school, or Gymnasium. 4th. Residence at a university, and traveling to complete the course. It will be seen, therefore, that the school systems of both Germany and America are organized in accordance with his plan.

Comenius attained the modern conception of the work of the elementary school: 1st. The equal education of both sexes, and of all classes, through the universal establishment of schools accessible to all. 2d. The elevation of the mother tongue to the first place, by introducing the study of history, geography, natural science, the training in mechanical arts, and the elements of economics and politics. 3d. A method of study according to nature—i.e., the constant use of the senses in perception, and the attempt to adapt instruction to the individual needs, tastes, and capacities of the pupils.

Comenius gave to the world some important principles of pedagogy: 1st. Rule the child by love, rather than by fear; resort to punishment only in case of moral offences. 2d. Use objects rather than words. (We are indebted to him for the illustrated text-book.) 3d. Dwell on that part of the textbook most interesting, and make the acquisition of knowledge a pleasure, rather than a task.

He advocated doing in connection with learning. So we see in his teachings the germ of the textile school.

This prophetic scholar, says Mr. Hannus, of Harvard, was the first to plead for the education of mankind for mankind's sake. So we see that he attained, even in the seventeenth century, the modern conception of the purpose of education.

Comenius was not appreciated in his own age. He was a visionary and a dreamer, according to the opinion of his con-
temporaries. The way of the benefactor is hard, especially when he lives three hundred years ahead of his age.

Comenius "walked about, slept, and took his meals in the seventeenth century, but lived in the twentieth."

When the Catholics were burning men at the stake for daring to think, and when the Protestants only lacked the power to do so, this lover of truth and liberty wrote his "Unum Necessarium," in which he proposed that all Protestants should unite, agreeing on only what was essential in Christianity.

He stood for the higher education of women when the rest of the world laughed at it.

Cotton Mather tells us that Comenius was called to, but declined the presidency of Harvard College. Professor Hannus, of that institution, says that if the good old Moravian Bishop could have been prevailed upon to come to Harvard, in all probability, America, and not Europe, would now be leading the world in education.

The Advantages of a Small College Over a University.

BY JAMES BENJAMIN WEBSTER, '06.

WHEN a young man completes his elementary education he must first decide whether he will at once enter upon a business career or set his face toward a higher education. Having decided upon the latter course, he must select the school that affords the very best training for his life work, whatever that may be. The large colleges and the universities have a halo about them that at once attracts the young man's attention. He has heard about them since he was a boy. Almost every periodical he reads contains something about these large institutions and their attractive life. The natural inclination of man is to go with the crowd.
On the other hand, the small college offers many advantages to the student, which are not so potent as those of the larger institution. In the first place, the majority of men who are seeking a college training are not wealthy; they must make their way through college, and then make their way in life afterward. It is difficult to begin business under a heavy load of debt, and succeed. The wealthy men set the pace of living in college life, as everywhere else. The poor try to copy after them. The small college seldom attracts the sons of wealthy families; and, as a result, the college course of four or five years is much cheaper in a small college than in a large university.

Although the college is one of the most democratic institutions in our democracy, wealth and family give the man who possesses them a great advantage over the man who has neither. Consequently, the positions of influence and leadership fall to these favored men; and this makes it more difficult for the ordinary man to get an opportunity to exercise and cultivate the power of leadership.

In an institution where the attendance is large there are, naturally, many men who are above the average in intellect and influence. As the moon dims the brightness of the stars, these brighter men overshadow the mediocre men. Some men make opportunities. More often opportunities make men. When the opportunities come men rise to them, and exercise talents that otherwise would never have been discovered. These opportunities are denied the average man in a large college.

To summarize, the large institutions tend to suppress the talents of the ordinary man, while the greater equality of the students in the small college affords more opportunities for the development of the individuality and initiative of the student. Our lives are influenced more by personal contact with men than by any other means. In
this respect the small college clearly offers advantages over the larger college. In the first place, the students of a small institution have more interests in common; they mingle together more, and consequently know one another more thoroughly. They mould one another's character.

The greatest good comes from the closer relationship between teachers and students. In a university, where the classes are so large and numerous, the teachers cannot know men individually, and, as a result, cannot adapt their method of teaching to the disposition of the student. The teacher's work becomes mechanical, and he is unable to impress his own personality upon the men. In a small college these relations can easily be adjusted, and the student is very much the gainer.

The smaller college develops the individuality that counts in the world.

A Tennessee Daisy.

BY PERCY SCOTT FLIPPIN, '06.

"CECIL, I am happier to see you than any man in the whole State of Tennessee," said Leslie Chadwick, with a smile, as he grasped the hand of Cecil Randolph on the campus of the University of the South.

"I am really here," said Cecil, and his expression indicated his dignified and serious manners.

"You will be a star on the athletic field, old boy; and I know the honors will come your way," Leslie said, slapping him on the shoulder.

"Well, Leslie, I shall not refuse any confidence that may be reposed in me, and I shall be, as far as possible, loyal to the institution."

Cecil and Leslie were boys together, and lived not many
miles apart on adjoining farms in the broad and fertile plain near the foot-hills of the Great Smoky Mountains. Leslie had moved to Chattanooga, so the boys were for several years separated. Cecil’s father, a cultured Southern gentleman, realizing his critical condition, had arranged for his life-long friend, the cashier of the bank at Knoxville, to administer on his estate without bond. This confidence was betrayed, and the defaulter absconded with some of the funds of the bank and all the cash to Captain Randolph’s credit. Mrs. Randolph was, consequently, dependent upon the farm alone for a livelihood for herself and her son.

Cecil realized that if the height of his ambition were ever reached, it would be by his own effort. But, never despairing, never giving up his ideal, he finally reached the University. The recollection of the struggle could not be dismissed, but it served as an incentive to faithful endeavor. College sports appealed very strongly to him, and much of his time was given to them, for he appreciated their beneficial results. He was not a prodigy in his classes, but his work was always most gratifying. He was highly respected by the faculty, and held in great esteem by the students for his honesty and purity of character.

Now, he was always courteous and polite, and occasionally it fell to his lot to manifest his extremely “nice manners,” but, besides a few such exhibitions of his gentlemanly bearing, he seldom was seen with ladies. His books came first, and, after devoting the proper time to them and to physical training, but little time remained for social functions. The law course at Harvard, which he was hoping to take, was continually upon his mind. The financial problem was always a serious one to him, and, on this account, his plans were quite indefinite, beyond the next commencement, at which time it was his earnest hope that he might receive his master’s degree.

At the beginning of his senior year, Miss Ellston, an attractive young lady of Nashville, came to spend several months
in the home of the professor of English, and especially to avail herself of the opportunities offered by the University library.

Jessamine Ellston was the only child in an aristocratic old Southern home, but she was an exception to most young women upon whom fortune thus smiles. To express her character and qualities, it is quite sufficient to say that she was a true Southern woman.

While in the library one day, Cecil was introduced to her. As they both appreciated the value of the library, it was not infrequent that they saw each other there. The result was a friendship which only such association can develop, and a congeniality of spirit, which literary pursuit will almost inevitably foster.

Cecil, true to his innate inclination and boyish determination, never lost his love for the mountains, but was still fond of braving every obstacle in his effort to reach the highest peak in sight. "What," thought he, "could do my soul as much good as a trip to Lookout Mountain?" As the question suggested itself, there came at the same time the thought that on the following Saturday the students would be given a holiday. A trip to the famous mountain would be an ideal way to spend the day. So, early in the morning, after the trip by rail to Chattanooga, and an hour's walk from the city, which he preferred to the electric car, Cecil wended his way to Lookout Point, which summit commands so charming a view of the winding Tennessee river and the surrounding country.

After the day, with only a few interruptions, had been quietly spent in ecstatic contemplation of that panorama of picturesque loveliness, he patiently waited for the sunset hour. But the enjoyment of the entrancing sight was to be shared with others. Much to his surprise, Leslie Chadwick was approaching with Miss Ellston and her friend, Miss Stevenson.

When near, Leslie said: "Mr. Randolph, you must not
think that Lookout Mountain belongs to you. Although pos-
session is nine points in law, still you are not sufficiently
versed in forensic combat to defend your position."

"So I shall have to follow the example of the gallant
Bragg, who here yielded to the superior numbers of Rosen-
crans," replied Cecil.

"Perhaps you may think it strange, but this is my first visit
to Lookout Mountain," said Miss Ellston. "No doubt one
might imagine that I do not appreciate the scenery of my
native State."

"I am sure," said Cecil, "that you appreciate such a sight,
and we shall agree to remain perfectly quiet while you com-
pose a short poem on the sunset."

"If the Muses should all tender their services, I fear that
my effort would be futile," replied Miss Ellston.

"I do not know how it affects others," said Leslie, "but
the power of expression deserts me whenever I am on such a
lofty height. If it can be avoided, I shall never attempt to
propose amid such surroundings."

"It is earnestly to be hoped," said Miss Ellston, "that the
trying ordeal may not fall to your lot upon a mountain peak;
for, should the attempt prove unsuccessful, suicide might be
the result."

Very reluctantly did the party leave so charming a sight,
and begin the descent. As Leslie was monopolizing Miss
Stevenson's time, it became necessary for Cecil to accompany
Miss Ellston.

The moon, in all her glory, arose over the eastern hills,
shedding her mellow, subdued light over the landscape. As
they talked, her plans were almost unconsciously disclosed.
There was no reason why he should be interested, but, still,
their ideas and purposes were exchanged.

"As you know Leslie Chadwick quite well," said Cecil, "he
has, perhaps, in the discussion of the class, mentioned the
financial difficulties of my family. With no feeling of ego-
tism, I must say that it has been a hard struggle, but the experience may prove beneficial to me in the future. Now, as you are the only one to whom I have even hinted at my perplexities, I hope that you will do me the kindness to respect the confidence thus reposed."

"I assure you, Mr. Randolph, I will not betray this confidence," replied Jessamine. "Mr. Chadwick, in discussing the members of the class, did hesitate at your name, and remarked that he knew your family. He spoke of your success under trying circumstances, and predicted a brilliant future for you."

Like most women, Jessamine, as her name might indicate, was fond of flowers. So, before reaching the city, she had, here and there along the road, plucked wild daisies, until she held a large bouquet of them.

As the party separated, Miss Jessamine handed Cecil a daisy, saying: "Mr. Randolph, we are very sorry to have disturbed your peaceful and serene contemplations of the afternoon, and I shall hope to redeem myself by the presentation of so valuable a gift as this souvenir of the memorable event."

In the pleasantry of the occasion, he accepted it very gracefully.

"Believe me, Miss Ellston, your gift bears the value of diamonds and the beauty of the Rose of Sharon, and will ever be prized for its relation to the giver as well as to the event."

They planned to repeat the trip, but, owing to the multiplicity of duties in the closing days of the Senior year, there was not found a suitable time.

Cecil received the well-earned degree, and, after two weeks' recuperation in the exhilarating air of his mountain home, with inexpressible joy, he packed his trunk for Harvard. His uncle in North Carolina, learning of his success at the University of the South, and of his ardent desire to complete his law studies, offered his assistance. Quite different from
most American institutions of learning, the session at the University of the South, owing to climatic conditions, is from March to December. But, notwithstanding the fact that he was nearly three months late, Cecil, by his legal qualifications and earnest work at Sewanee, was enabled to enter the Junior Class at Harvard. His physique, persistent determination, and legal trend of mind, despite the large student body, marked him as the object of the President's attention. His faithful efforts were crowned with success, and the highest honors of the law class were conferred on him.

His plans had, thus far, been so happily executed that no other city could have held out inducements sufficient to draw him from the early desire to begin the practice of law in New York.

His talents were recognized by the President of Harvard, who gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Andrew Hutchinson, a prominent attorney of that city. Mr. Hutchinson was very glad to have a young man, so well equipped, who could devote his time to the clients in the city, while he himself was occupied with the litigation and other legal business of the railroad for which he was counsel. So flattering an offer was a great surprise to Cecil, for he expected the letter to be only of service in giving him a formal introduction to the legal fraternity of New York. The practice of such a lawyer as he had for a partner brought him in contact with the most influential men of the city, and whenever he appeared in court his clear insight and manly bearing won the esteem of all.

Cecil's evenings were usually spent in his room. One evening, after a busy day, not caring to read, he decided to while away the time by arranging the articles in his trunk. The little box, which had always been used for mementoes, at such a time, quite naturally, attracted his attention. Even before opening it his thoughts returned to his boyhood days, for he remembered some of the relics so long preserved. On
opening the box, much to his surprise, he saw the daisy, which, out of mere jest, he had put there simply to keep his word with Jessamine Ellston.

"I wonder where she is?" he almost unconsciously said to himself. His college days, and especially those spent at Sewanee, were lived over again in his imagination.

"But why should I keep the flower?" thought he.

It seemed that he could not throw it away, although he was not the least sentimental.

"I will just keep it for the sake of the college days in far away Tennessee, if for nothing more," he said.

On the following afternoon, having finished the business of the day, and happening to be near Central Park, he decided to spend the remaining hour before dinner walking through the lower end of the popular resort. His business engagements had been such that the social side of life had been neglected. As he walked leisurely down the Mall on that October afternoon there was not a familiar face nor a friendly smile that greeted him. Cecil, strong in mental poise, and gifted in perfect self-control, was not given to morbidness nor moments of discouragement. While not sad nor disappointed, still he felt a sense of loneliness in the great metropolis. There was not one that he even knew of from Tennessee, whom he might consider a friend for the sake of that State which always occupied a high place in his affections and appealed very strongly to his patriotic impulses. Since leaving his native State, he had returned but once, and that was on the occasion of the death of his mother—that one who was his ideal of womanhood, that one at whose feet his heart had longed to lay the wealth and fame which he hoped would crown his untiring efforts in the busy city.

These reflections held sway in his thoughtful mind as he passed down the long steps, thence by the fountain into the rustic scenery which is really the charm of the whole park. Wandering through the caves, climbing over the ledges, pass-
ing through the shrubbery, one almost forgets the surging, care-worn millions but a short distance away. There was a responsiveness in it all to the frame of mind in which Cecil found himself.

The solitude of the place was suddenly interrupted, as voices near by announced the approach of others who had also found this retreat pleasant for an afternoon's stroll. In a bend of the narrow, winding path, Cecil came very abruptly face to face with a distinguished-looking gentleman and two ladies. Notwithstanding the shadowy spot, rendered thus by an overhanging ledge as well as by the twilight hour, he recognized in the lady nearest him the old friend of college days, and immediately she also recognized him.

"Is it possible! I was just in the act of passing you," said Jessamine, extending her hand to Cecil, and before he could reply she asked: "How long have you been in New York? You are a lawyer, I presume?"

Cecil Randolph was seldom agitated, and his self-possession was never known to forsake him, but at this moment he did feel somewhat excited, as the days at Sewanee, the trip to Lookout Mountain, and the discovery of the daisy the evening before flashed with lightning-like rapidity through his mind.

"I have been here a year, with Mr. Andrew Hutchinson, on lower Broadway. I assure you that even the sight of one from Tennessee, and especially from Sewanee, is an inspiration," said Cecil, with a smile.

He was again agreeably surprised to find the other lady to be Miss Stevenson, of Sewanee, who had recently married Dr. Bartlett, of New York. So, after a very cordial invitation, it was not with reluctance that he abandoned the walk and accompanied the party to the home of Dr. Bartlett, on Fifth avenue. In the course of the evening, Jessamine related to Cecil that it was in pursuance of a long-cherished desire that she was in New York. She found it pleasant to avail herself
of the musical and literary advantages of the city, and to
devote some time to contributions to the leading magazines.
It was quite natural that the brief, immortal college days
were the most interesting topic of conversation.

"It seems quite strange that Jessamine and myself should
have been discussing that trip to Lookout Mountain just
before meeting you," said Mrs. Bartlett.

"It was a striking coincidence," replied Cecil.

"That was my only trip to the mountain, and I still keep
a few of those daisies," said Jessamine.

Jessamine continued to write a few articles for magazines,
but was compelled to postpone the work on the novel which
had been recently begun, for it seemed that there was an
unusually large number of attractions that winter. Cecil
never raved over musical festivals and the literary features
of the city, but, for old acquaintance sake, he felt that it
would be the proper thing to take Miss Jessamine occasion­
ally. While with her one evening, led by an irresistible
impulse, he referred to the daisy and the recollections that it
had occasioned the very evening before the meeting in Cen­
tral Park.

The boulevard leading along the Hudson, up to the Grant
Mausoleum, furnishes a pleasant retreat from the din and con­
fusion of the city. "An hour there in an automobile with
Miss Jessamine," thought Cecil, "would be a fitting way to
close a few days of the week."

In the fall it was not strange that they should have pre­
ferred a walk through Central Park. It was October, and
as they talked, Cecil, stopping suddenly, remarked, "Can
you realize that it has been exactly one year to the day since
we met on this very spot?"

"It has really," said Jessamine.

"In commemoration of the happy occasion," said Cecil,
"we will sit here on this rock, which seems so inviting, and
recall some of the days at Sewanee."
After a while the surroundings and the recollections of the last few years seemed to turn them both into a somewhat pensive mood.

Then, at a moment when the stillness of the place reigned supreme, he broke the silence with the rehearsal of that "same old story."

It is unnecessary to state that Cecil has occasion to refer quite frequently to Lookout Mountain, as he and Jessamine talk over old times in Tennessee in their own home on Morning-Side Heights.
We are convinced that the consensus of opinion is favorable to the publishing of an Annual for the session of 1905-'06. The exceedingly attractive Annual of 1904-'05 has revived the interest of the students in such matters, and intensified their desire to repeat the custom of former years in issuing a similar publication at the close of each collegiate year.

The feasibility of undertaking such an enterprise was clearly demonstrated last session. Should the matter take, as we hope it will, definite shape, those upon whom the responsibility and privilege should fall would not be as greatly handicapped as were those who rendered the College a similar service the past session, but would be aided in their effort by reason of the fact that an Annual had been recently published.

We sincerely trust that so important a matter will not escape the attention of the student body.

In view of the encouraging outlook for the publication of an Annual, it would be unwise to delay the making of the requisite preliminary arrangements before the close of the fall term. We would earnestly suggest that action be taken immediately regarding the matter, so as to avoid any unnecessary detention by the publishers after the materials have been placed in their hands.

It is more difficult, in the multiplicity of duties of the spring term, to secure the co-operation of the students, than during the vigorous, happy days of the fall.

It would militate against, and probably defeat, the object we are seeking, to carelessly postpone this matter until the winter and spring terms.
It is our purpose to make The Messenger truly a college publication. In order to conserve this end, the enlistment of the interest of the entire student body becomes necessary. We hope that all who have had experience as writers, and also the Freshmen, will offer their productions. Contributions of short stories, poems, historical and literary essays, constitute the character of the material published. This is not so much a service that one renders to The Messenger, or to the College, as it is an opportunity for development and culture which is offered the student through the pages of this publication.

The writer wields an influence as potent, and sometimes more potent than the speaker. There are also many advantages in favor of the writer over the speaker. In both cases the power of expression is the source of influence. Some have not the gift of speaking, and cannot acquire it. To such, The Messenger should have much interest and significance.

We shall be very glad to receive contributions from those who have never attempted to write an article, as well as from experienced writers, and assure all that due consideration will be given to the matter submitted.

In addition to what has already been said regarding the value of the literary societies to the students, may we contribute our voice in the endorsement of that inestimable work which these organizations are accomplishing?

The difference between the student who avails himself of the development offered by the societies and the one who does not is very marked. There are often graduates of the College who are placed at a great disadvantage, simply because they neglected this excellent means of culture.
Now, there are some of the members of these organizations who, for various reasons, "cut the society." We fail to see the logic of such action. If the society stands for culture and development, then, surely, the members should not be so oblivious of that fact as to absolutely refuse to attend the regular meetings.

We sincerely hope that the societies will, this year, occupy a place in our attention and esteem second only to that of the College classes.
The Chi Epsilon Literary Society gives promise of having the brightest session in its history. All the co-eds. at College are enthusiastic members, and each one seems determined to do her very best to promote the welfare of the Society. Under the new President, Miss Helen Baker, the usual dead-level of conventional literary society programmes is blossoming into a most attractive originality, and the plans for future meetings are enthusiastically shared by all.

For the first time in its history, the Chi Epsilon Society offers this year a prize, to be given in June, to the one whom the majority decides upon as the most enthusiastic Chi Epsilonian—the one who has done her work with the most unflagging zeal and interest.

The members of the Society who did not return are greatly missed. These are Miss Florence Young, Miss Emily Waddill, Miss Lorena Mason, Miss Virginia Binford, Miss Alice Taylor, and Miss Lillian Cason. Miss Mason has a fine position on the staff of *The Times-Dispatch*. Miss Taylor teaches in the city, and, so far as we know, the other young ladies are studying other things than books this season.

The valuable additions to the Society this session are: Miss Leila Willis, Miss Peachey Harrison, Miss Minna Thalhimer, Miss Mattie Brown, Miss Bertha Knapp, Miss Noland Hubbard, Miss Elizabeth Willingham, and Miss Sadie Engelberg. With these added to its former members, the Society hopes to carve out for itself a name that shall some day equal that of Philologian or Mu Sigma Rho.

With the cool, bracing autumn days, tennis again finds great favor with the co-eds. The court is in fairly good con-
dition, and nearly every afternoon some of the girls may be seen enjoying the sport. The Co-ed. Tennis Club has been organized, and the membership includes the entire list of co-eds. At a meeting of the Club in the near future colors for the organization will be decided upon, and the Club established upon a more definite basis. There has been some talk, also, of a pennant, to be given by the Club for improvement, but no settled plans have yet been made.
The Young Men's Christian Association stands for all that is highest and best in college life. There is no enterprise which is conducive to college interests in which Association men are not taking a part. The Association is for all college men, and, as such, all men in college should know what the Association has done and is doing. If there be any in Richmond College who are not thus informed, to them is this article respectfully dedicated.

At the close of the session of 1904-'05 the Association raised $98.00 from its members and friends, which was used in sending five men to the Southern Students’ Conference, in Asheville, N. C. These men were selected by the Association and sent into the most beautiful mountain region east of the Rockies, where they came in contact with representative college men from all over the South, to say nothing of the inspiring leaders of the Conference. They were sent to get new ideas of Association work, to learn what other college Associations were doing, and to get a vision of the magnitude of the work. They have seen the vision, and are now trying to impart this to all members of the Association. Men will be sent to Asheville again in June—you may be the man sent.

Last session the Association decided that an Association building was necessary, if the best possible results were to be obtained. Several friends, members of the graduating class and others, donated the furniture in their rooms to a fund for this purpose. From this alone the Association has secured a nucleus of about $25.00 for this building fund. The Association does not expect to erect a $30,000 building in a few years, but we feel safe in saying that at some time in the future such a building will grace our campus.

The Association gave its annual reception in the College
refectory at the beginning of this session, and there all were delighted to find so many friends of the Association. Every man who had reached College by that time got a taste, at least, of good cheer, and all parted happily. The Association is anxious to see its halls as packed as was the refectory on that night, so it is proposed that something substantial for the body be served on one of these cold winter evenings. The Association, through its committees, was busy while the new men were coming in, meeting them at the trains, assisting them in matriculating, and in the selection of rooms and room-mates. As soon as these fellows had settled comfortably in their new quarters, other committee-men waited on them in behalf of Bible and Mission Study classes. These classes are now fully organized, and if you are not a member of at least one of these you are missing a fine opportunity of making a more complete man of yourself. The Y. M. C. A. of Richmond College counts itself more fortunate than most Associations in having members of the Faculty to teach its Bible classes.

So much for what the Association has done. Now a word for what it is planning to do. Briefly stated, the Association intends, first, to increase its enrollment to one hundred; second, to increase the enrollment of its Bible and Mission Study classes; third, to gain the sympathy and support of the entire student body; fourth, to send at least four delegates to the fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, in Nashville, Tenn., February 28th to March 4th; fifth, to send six men to the Southern Students’ Conference, in Asheville, in June; sixth, to deepen the spiritual lives of its members and uplift the moral standing of the College; seventh, to make contributions to foreign missions, National and State Executive Committees, and the building fund.

Thus the aim of the Association of Richmond College is high, but it aims at nothing in which the entire student body is not expected to take part. Identify yourself with some department of its work, and help lift the Association to a higher plane of usefulness in our College; for, as you help lift the Association, the Association will in turn lift you to a higher plane of usefulness among your fellow-men.

Dana Terry.
Very few of us know anything of our American painters and their work. In fact, many of us do not know that our country has produced any works of art worthy of mention. To this end, we would call the attention of our readers to a series of articles being published in *The American Illustrated Magazine*, entitled “The Story of American Painting.”

These articles are exceedingly interesting, and show us how the paintings of our artists are indicative of our national greatness; and how our landscape artists are great factors in the foreign influence of our country. We may look for even greater things from the coming generation of our artists.

How many men and women know what to read and how to read? Certainly not many, and, surprising as the statement may seem, among this number are found a great many college men and women. There are times when reading is far from being the rest needed by tired body and mind. Many a man has sought rest and quiet in his library with a book, and found afterward that he was just as cross and unrested as before. Probably the thing he needed most was a long walk in God’s pure air, or an hour spent under the beautiful star-sprinkled sky.

The September *Critic* has an excellent article along this very line, entitled “The Sane Reader.” Let us learn to be more like Thoreau, that great lover of both nature and books, and be able to say with him:

“Tell Shakespeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this drop of dew.
And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower—
I'll meet him shortly, when the sky is blue.”

The American citizen of to-day, if he will only keep his eyes open, will see how in nearly every field, his country is
outstripping the other nations. A very interesting article in *The Literary Digest*, for October 14th, says that the American popular magazine is way ahead of the English magazine, both in the character of its contents and in the class of its contributors.

Large numbers of well-educated and talented young men, who have inheritance enough to keep them in comfortable circumstances in London, find that the additional sum of money of a hundred or two pounds gives them all they need for what they call “a good time.” This they seek to obtain in the easiest way possible, and so they turn to the popular magazine. They are not after their livelihood; they are seeking money merely to satisfy their worldly desires, and necessarily their wares must be popular. Hence the unprincipled character of a great deal contained in the English magazine.

Our American writers work on a different basis altogether. Their life and happiness, in the truest sense, depend upon their contributions. They do not seek to “write down” to their readers, but rather to draw the reader up to them. This is a great thing to be said for our popular magazines, and we should feel proud of it, coming, as it does, from English sources.

Life in the twentieth century is, indeed, strenuous, and filled with many problems that worry and fret us from day to day. Probably what we might term “The Money Strain” is one of our greatest sources of trouble. “How to make both ends meet” is a serious question for most of us. We would call the attention of our readers to a good article on this subject in *The American Illustrated Magazine* for November.

Our College monthly is exactly what we make it. There is abundant talent in our College; but, if we do not show it in our publications, how is the public to know it? Let every student in the College face this question for himself.
The game between William and Mary and Richmond College, on October 21st, was a fine exhibition of football. We believe that our team made a creditable showing, although the score was against us.

We all feel that in Mr. Dunlop we have, by far, the best coach that Richmond has ever had. With his thorough training, we predict that this year the cup will find its way to Richmond College. Although the team is composed largely of new men, still there are evidences of marked improvement, and we believe that in a short time we shall be waiting confidently for our antagonists from Randolph-Macon and William and Mary.

Mr. Webster, the assistant coach, is doing splendid work with the second team. It is gratifying to see so many men on the field, anxiously seeking positions. We do not feel discouraged on account of the game at Annapolis with St. John's, on October 28th, although we did not score. The advantage was with our antagonist, and we are satisfied that the score was not more than 10. Our spirits are still high, and we believe that we shall win the championship games.

Rev. W. L. Ball, a former student of Richmond College, has accepted the call to West-View Baptist Church, of this city, and entered upon his work on the first Sunday in November. We are happy to welcome him to Richmond, and shall expect to see him quite often on the campus.

The address delivered by Dr. J. C. Metcalf, on Wednesday morning, October 25th, was greatly appreciated by the students. His subject was, "Why a student should read; what a student should read; when a student should read."

students of Richmond College, are taking courses at Crozer Theological Seminary.

It is of much interest to us to learn that C. P. Bailey is out of danger, and is expected to return to College in a few weeks.

We are glad to know that Mr. T. H. Nottingham is much improved and is able to be on the campus again.

Mr. S. H. Templeman, '05, is now a student in the Theological Department of Colgate University.

Messrs. L. L. Sutherland and P. P. Woodfin are teaching at Fork Union Academy.
we appreciate the delicate duty devolving upon us, of attempting to criticise or even to comment on the publications of the institutions which favor us with copies of their journals.

it would be a herculean task to give a minute recapitulation of the multifarious literature which passes under our scrutiny. to glean from this collection that which would be of most interest to the busy reader is conceived by us to cover the functions of our office.

the georgetown college journal, which is always attractive on both the exterior and interior, is one of the few which we wish to refer to. while not as bulky a magazine as would be expected from such an institution, still, what it does contain seems to be well-selected literature.

"a trick of the master" is an ingeniously planned and quite interesting story.

"the return of the feudal system" is a strong, clear article, showing the prevailing economic evils. the references to the middle ages are forceful and impressive. the parallels are very striking.

"graft," and its baleful influences, receive due consideration. the author, however, ends with a rather pessimistic view of the present age, and offers no possible recourse in the dilemma.

"the lambs" is a short story, combining the adventurous and the humorous.

the hollins quarterly, which it is always our delight to read, was as voluminous and artistic as usual. it is a typical college magazine, and the last number contained much upon which, owing to our limited space, we regret our inability to comment.
“Home Life in Colonial Days” shows conclusively that the author of this article was thoroughly familiar with the Colonial period of America. In her effort to make the reader forget his environment, and to put himself “heart to heart with the pioneers of America,” she has succeeded admirably.

“Julius Cæsar in History and in Shakespeare” demonstrates the author’s mastery of so broad a subject. The attention is held by the skilful and flowing style of the composition, as well as by the thought which it conveys.

“Jamestown the Dominant Factor in Colonial Virginia” brings to our attention much of interest in the early days of America. It is especially appropriate, in view of the Jamestown Exposition, which is now claiming our interest. We congratulate the writer on the happy style in which she relates such an epoch.

The remaining articles of this magazine are equally as worthy of more praise than we are able to bestow upon them, but space will not permit further comment.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following publications, which, for the reasons just assigned, cannot be reviewed: The News Letter, The Chisel, Yankton Student, Niagara Index, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Davidson College Magazine, The Pharos.

Clippings.

Miss Rosamond T.: “I believe all that talk about Kentucky blue-grass is a fake, anyhow. Dr. K. showed me a clump of grass out there he said was blue-grass, and it wasn’t blue at all; it was as green as any grass I’ve ever seen.”

Miss Bronston: “What color did you expect it to be?”

Miss R. T.: “Well, I never had seen any, but I always imagined it was a dark navy blue.”
Twilight.

A stream that seems a silverying link,
A heaven turning to saffron pink,
Roses that sway in the evening light,
Poppies that sleep in the dim twilight;
Insects quavering some plaintive note,
Moon-flow'rs opening in paleness remote,
Dew-drops that cling like chaste white pearls
To the damask petals a peony furls;
Darkness bars the gates of light,
And the land is clothed in grey twilight.

—Exchange.

Almost the Limit.

"He's rather close, I understand."
"Close. His uncle left him a fortune on condition that he take a wife and spend his honeymoon abroad."
"Well?"
"He went over and married a French girl, so as to save her passage money one way."—The Solemn Man.

Miss M. (speaking of the History lesson): "We are going to study the Battle of Lexington next."
Miss Embree: "I'm so glad. It always does me such lots of good to study about anything that took place in Kentucky."

Rose S. (dolefully): "Well, I don't care if they don't get my shoes here in time to have them exchanged. I'll send 'em back by telegraph and make mother pay it."

Annie C. (wonder stricken): "Oh! can you send shoes by telegraph?"

The best place for courting before marriage is a cozy corner, and after it in South Dakota.
Rules for Freshmen.

Don't use the front steps; they're not cradles for sucklings,
Nor the place to exhibit such pin-feathered ducklings.
Be meek and respectful, in manners polite,
Always take off your hat when a Junior's in sight.
Besides, here's a point that you'd better remember;
Hats off in the halls till the last of December.
Take heed to this rule— you infants, don't dare
Hopkins colors to carry, or men's derbies to wear.
Never cut recitations; on all days take care
That you're at prayers (Y. M. C. A.), in order that there
In prayerful devotion you steadfast persist
To atone for the fact that you even exist.

Florence: "Kate, do you mind my looking at your University of Virginia Corkscrews?"

Miss Pratt: "Anna, what's the subject of your essay?"
Miss W.: "Boyle."
Miss P.: "Boil? How funny! Boil what? Water?"

Innocent New Girl (hearing repeated references to V. P. I.): "Say, is there a frat. here called V. P. I.?

Miss Ferst (to Miss T., who had just gotten some liniment from Dr. Drake): "Remember, he told you not to use it eternally."

When a fad strikes a place the number of fools in town are soon on record.

Money is the "root" of all evil—and the lack of it a public "bark."

Freshman: "Why do they call the foot-ball a pigskin?"
Senior: "Because it's sometimes on the hog."
A Rum Sentiment.

Prof. Ballagh: "In the event of the ultimate death of China, what would Germany desire?"

Student: "Her bier."

Some women are so modest that it is very difficult for them to tell the naked truth.

A mathematical education doesn't help a man when it comes to making diagrams to show his wife why he didn't get home until 1 A. M.

Notice!
If You Want the Best
Plumbing, Tinning, Gas-Fitting,
Culverting, Furnaces, Ranges, Fire-Place Heaters,
Gas Stoves, and Gas Radiators in the City, see

16 Governor Street. F. S. DALTON & CO.
is published monthly by the two Literary Societies of Richmond College. Its aim is to encourage literary work in the College. Contributions are earnestly solicited from all students and alumni, and should be handed in by the first of the month.

The Subscription price is $1.00 per year; extra single copies to subscribers, 10 cents; single copies to non-subscribers, 15 cents.

Advertising Rates for the entire season: $25.00 per page; $15.00 per half-page; $5.00 per inch. One insertion, $1.00 per inch.

As it is mainly through the kindness of advertisers that The Messenger is published, The Messenger management kindly requests students and friends of the College to patronize those who patronize us. The advertisements have been procured with great care, and are most cheerfully recommended.

Address all literary communications to

PERCY S. FLIPPIN,
Editor-in-Chief.

All business communications to

J. B. WEBSTER,
Business Manager.