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The State where honeysuckles bloom,
Where roses scatter soft perfume,
Is the State that gave me birth;
Where the days are bright as the month of June,
And sweeter far than the sweetest tune;
Such times, alas! flit all too soon
In the noblest spot on earth.

A State of universal fame,
Of brilliant deeds and unstained name,
Free from all strife and care;
Where the sunbeams dance and the skies are blue,
Where hearts are loyal, bold and true,
And the grass the greenest that ever grew—
A land beyond compare.

A State of heroes born and bred,
Where brave men fought and martyrs bled
For what they thought was right;
Where all the winters are short and mild,
And everyone goes about with a smile,
From the towering man to the tottering child,
In this Garden of Delight.
RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

A State of ancient lore and glory,
Renowned alike in song and story
For valor and for duty;
Idyllic in its native charm,
Its breezes soft and peaceful calm,
Together with its climate warm,
Are each a thing of beauty.

Hans an' der Sun—Brer Simms' Funeral.

BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

HANS an' der sun one day. En' one day he wer' trompin' down de road en' de sun cum' up 'hin' 'im en' say:
"Hans!"

En' Hans he know who 'twas, en' he smile roun' en' till him howdy. 'N nen he say no mo' fer lil' while, en' Hans he smile down in he palate, kase he know what are comin'.

"Hans," de sun say pres'ny, "how de worl' treatin' yer?"
"Er, torble, suh," Hans ansuh kinder poky like. Den de sun look all round de worl', sorter red, en' growl out:
"Who dat dun trouble you, honey? Whar he? I ain' see' 'im."
"Tain—tain nobody troublin' me, suh," he say. "Tain nobody, suh, leas' ways I'se fixted 'im! Yaz, suh! I's fixted 'im. Didn't y'u see me, suh? Sho' y'u dun see me yother day at Brer Simms' fun'ral."

"Yaz, suh, I'se dyar right wid de ban'. Right long er dat ole stuck-up drum-majjor. En' I'wus keepin' up wid 'im en' watchin' 'im thro dat ar cane er his erroun', en' I ca' see fer nuthin' how he keep frum hittin' hissef in front, kase he stick out so far. En' dat gol' ball on de, en' when he twis' de cane ain mis' he haid er inch! Naw, suh, ain' mis' he haid er inch!

"Pres'y I's watchin' 'im, en' I notis dat dere was one er dem strings loose what are tied all 'round de stick, en' I holler en' tell
him so. De ban' hit make so much fuss he ca' heah. So I ketch hol' er his coat tail en' make him look eroun'!

"'Go'way, y'u lil' nigger!' he say.

"T's s'prised at him.

"'Who!' I say, 'Me? Y'u—y'u—y'u nigger yo'sef. Dat ain' no way ter treat er culled gemmen when he wan'ner tell y'u yo' string dun cum' loose!' En' I p'ints at de loose string hanging down.

"'N nen he—whu—whu—what y'u t'ink dat nigger do? He ain' got no mo' mannahs dan er frawg!'

"He look lak he get madder den evah."

"'Go'way, y'u lil' brack nigger!' he holler at me.

"But he ca' make me go 'way 'thout stoppin', so I tag 'long 'hin' him er pesterin' him, 'cause, I low ter mysef, 'I's gwine get even wid dat nigger!

"So I keep er hollerin' at 'im en' a worryin' 'im fer 'twill we git mos' haf way ter de cem-tery.

"All dis time he twirl he stick en' shake it en' twis' it hard es he cud, he so 'fraid de folks see him fussin' wid me. En' he so busy thinkin' 'bout me dat he ain' stud'n 'bout nobody yelse, ner de ban', ner de fun'rel, ner nuthin'.

"So pres'ny he keep goin' long er twis'in' he cane, en' I reckon de fellers dat wus blowin' de hawns was mos' all blowed out, en' de fellers dat was beatin' de drum ca' hardly play no mo', 'case he ain' tole um too stop fer so long—nen all uf er sudden de string whut hed cum' unwind' strung long on de groun' er seen'd en'—he ole big foot step on hit!

"'En', plang! de stick went down on de groun', en' de gol' haid bent mos' clean off.

"I jis' kick up en' laf. De ole drum-majjor, he jump roun' en' grab up de stick en' gib me de hat'fullest look I ever see, en—en—en—dyar he stop!

"'Yaz, zuh! he stop right dyar in de middle er de pussession en' styar at me lak' I was er ghos'! En' he mouf cum' open, en' he de skurdest lookin' nigger I evah see. Skeered me too, lookin' at me lak dat, so I kinder aidge offen ter one side.

"'En' den I see, suh! I see he wan' lookin' at me er tall, jes' styarin' back at de pussession!
"Law! I sey, en' looks ter see whut he so 'cited 'bout en—en, suh, dyar wan' no pussession!

"Naw, suh, not er single hoss, ner mule, ner dawg!

"Dyar was de hull street es empty lak 'twan no fun'rel.

"'Hyar!' I say, 'tain no use waitin' hyar!' En I lit out down de street lookin' fer de res' er de pussession. Den I heah er better an' hyar he cum' arter me, jis' tyarin' up de groun'!

"Lor', but I did run dat day! Y'u ain' see me run yit, suh, twill dat drum-majjor git 'hin' me. I's gone, suh, I is. I ca' hardly run I so skeered, en' I hear him tyarin' down on me.

"'Lawd hab mercy!' I say ter mysef, when all er suddin' I heah him fall—en' I's safe! 'Case jis' den I turn de cornder en' dyar wus de pussission all broke up en' jumble up tergether, en' de folks wus all in er crowd 'roun' sumpin'.

"I run into de crowd en' twis' eroun' en' git outen de way er de drum-majjor.

"Hyar he cum' er pantin' en' er gallopin' like he er crazy man. An' he stick was broke, an' he coat wus tore, an' he eye was full er mud. Law, he did look er sight!

"He ain' stop fer nuthin', an' he took er holler en' yell out, an' everybody looked roun' en' got outen de way fas' es dey cud.

"En' den I see sumpin' dat skeered me white!

"De crowd open en' de drum-majjor cum' tarin' thru right up ter de middle—en' den I see him stop an' stan' up kinder trem'ly, en' fall down on de groun'! Kase dyar befo' de very box he cum' frum was Brer Simms.

"Yaz, zuh! Brer Simms cum' too life ergin. Hit's er fac', en' I ain' stay long ter look, but I lef' dat place en' went down ter de spring en' set down, feelin' kinder loose-jinted.

"Yaz, zuh! When Brer Simms cum' ter die ergin, 'tain' me ner de drum-majjor gwine ter march in de pussession!"
Midnight Thoughts.

BY CHARLES L. STILLWELL.

Beneath the silvery willows,
Along the silvery bay,
A silvery moon is gilding
The silvery, silvery spray.

From a silvery boat that’s gliding
The silvery waters o’er;
A silvery song is floating
To the silvery, silvery shore.

The silvery midnight murmurs
Almost lull me to sleep,
As alone I sit and listen
To the roaring of the deep.

The far-off booming thunder
From blackest midnight screen,
And fiercest darts of lightning
Add luster to the scene.

The mocking birds’ sweet warble
Above the music soars,
And fills my heart with yearnings
As it from heaven pours.

The rippling of the silvery waves,
So sweet to me their voices,
That this must be my dream of dreams,
My choice of golden choices.
The Identification of Satan, Beelzebub and Belial with the Seven Deadly Sins.

BY WALTER R. D. MONCURE, '09.

THE Seven Deadly Sins can be recognized in the writings of two of the most important English poets, Spenser and Milton. In the former’s poem, “Faerie Queene,” the Seven Deadly Sins are personified; in the latter’s poem, “Paradise Lost,” they are real spirits belonging to the Hierarchy of Hell.

St. Augustine, probably through the influence of his master Ambrose, attempted to Christianize the old Platonic list of virtues and evils. Wisdom, Fortitude and Philanthropy were called by the Ancients “The Three Cardinal Virtues.” Augustine assimilated these with the triad of Christian graces: Faith, Hope, and Love. As an antithesis to the triad of graces he formulated a list of the worst possible sins which he calls The Seven Deadly Sins—namely, Pride, Deceit, Idleness, Gluttony, Lust, Avarice, and Revenge. The notion of the middle ages was that those who were guilty of harboring any one of these vices were condemned to eternal torment, unless they should pass through a formal ecclesiastical penance. Spenser in his “Faerie Queene,” Book I., Canto IV., represents a Young Knight led into a region of vice by “false” Duessa, where everything was bright and beautiful to the eye, but when examined all appeared to be nothing but sham, the essence of Vanity, as Solomon would put it, if he were writing on this subject.

In “Paradise Lost” we find the pure and simple demons whose chief characteristics can be picked out from the table of the Seven Deadly Sins—for one, Revenge, for another, Slothfulness, etc. The difference between the archdemons in “Paradise Lost” and the personification of the vices in “Faerie Queene” is that in the former they are believed to be real existing spirits, while in the latter it is only a personification of the cardinal evils mainly to teach a lesson.
Satan, as we find him in "Paradise Lost," stands for overweening pride, through which he caused a third of the Angels of Heaven to fall. A better expression than overweening pride is that found in Macbeth "Overvaulting ambition." But in order to place him among the Seven Sins, "Pride" will suffice. He showed his pride in the first place by being unwilling to be subservient to a superior and by continually working on his own conceit until he conscientiously believed he could successfully contend with the Almighty. The result was, as set forth in Book I. of "Paradise Lost," the casting out from Heaven of Satan and his accomplices into space. Nine days they fell through Chaos, finally landing into the sulphurous pool of Hell. But after a nine days' sleep caused by the stun of the dreadful fall Satan awoke, but not one iota changed in determination. He was just as relentless in his pride as the day upon which he first formed his plan to war against the God of Heaven. He turned to his chief compere and awoke him, and in the conversation ensuing he used these words:

"To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

Beyond the characterization of the vice for which Satan stood and that with which the Queen of the House of Pride stood in Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (Book I., Canto IV.) the two cannot be consistently compared. Satan is willing to win his power and dominion by the sweat of the brow and the blistering of his hands if the need be. He was willing to trust himself to the region of darkness and chaos and risk the ire of the Almighty by entering the new created world for the highest and supreme place in Hell. On the other hand, the Queen of the House of Pride has just mysteriously formed a court of her own and surrounded herself with the Seven Deadly Sins as servants. Her kingdom is represented as one of pomp and French Court manners, where she, Pride, rules with loftiness of air and dresses in clothes that rival the sun in brightness.

"A maiden Queen that shone, as Titan's ray,
In glistening gold and peerless precious stone,
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying herself, that too exceeding shone."

Beelzebub is the chief of Satan’s compeers, the first one to whom Satan spoke when he recovered from his narcotic nine days’ fall in the sulphurous pool. Milton did not adopt the Beelzebub of the Bible, who was identical with Satan, but made him a different personality next in rank (Matt., Chap. XII., verses 24-25). Each of the archdemons in “Paradise Lost” represent some evil or vice. The theory is that all of the false gods are contrivances of these demons to divert man from the true religion. For example, Beelzebub, representing deceit, was worshiped by the ancient Canaanites and Phœnicians; Moloch, representing revenge and cruelty, was also a god of the Phœnicians. In identifying Beelzebub with one of the Deadly Sins as personified by Spenser, we have to judge first from Milton’s short description of his personal appearance:

“Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom, Satan except, none higher sat, with grave Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed As pillar of state; deep on his front engraven Deliberation sat, and public care; And princely counsel in his face yet shone, Majestic, though in ruin; sage he stood, With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look Drew audience and attention still as night Or summer’s noon-tide air, while thus he spake.”

Here is a description of a shrewd and subtle politician, who carries in his head innumerable devices to deceive the rabble. An unprincipled man, who works by deceit alone, can perform wonders with the masses by posing. Sometimes gray hairs give them the reverence of the people, and they, through their contemptible deceit, impose upon it. Again, a dignified or handsome appearance or personal magnetism might give one the advantage to impose upon his
neighbors. So this is the picture drawn by Milton of Beelzebub. By this evidence alone we could not draw any definite conclusion of what kind of person morally Beelzebub was, except that he bore the delineation of a statesman. But on considering Beelzebub’s speech in the first parliament assembled in Hell, which was considering what course should be adopted in opposing Heaven, we can draw a final conclusion what his major characteristic was. He starts out by complimenting the whole crowd for the purpose of winning their good will. “Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven, Ethereal Virtues!” ** Then with ridicule and sarcasm he places the arguments of Moloch, that Heaven should be hampered with arms, and Belial, that they should assimilate themselves to Hell and have an easy time, etc., in a ridiculous and untenable position. But he set forth a scheme of his own in these words:

“There is a place,  
Another world, the happy seat,  
Of some new race called Man, about this time  
To be created like to us **.  
“Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn,  
How endued, and their power,  
And where their weakness; how (at) tempted best,  
By force or subtlety.”

After reading this “devilish counsel” of his we are thoroughly convinced that deceit is his all-consuming vice, and that his every move and action is impelled by it. The world is the battle ground for him, and the weakness of man shall be the means through which the fallen angels shall get their revenge. He was the author of the plot to deceive Eve. In Spenser’s “Faerie Queene” we find him in the person of Duessa, a woman, who had led a Young Knight off with her to the palace of pride by her art, deceit. She is next to the Queene in rank, who is a daughter of Pluto and Proserpina. She is always spoken of throughout the fourth Canto as the “False Duessa.” In one place she is called a “seeming lady fair, a gentle husher,” signifying that she lived in a “seeming” or deceiving mode all the time. Just as all fraud has turned out with trouble, since
that to which Eve and Adam succumbed in the garden, so in this case the Knight was compelled to fight a duel. Duessa not only planned the scheme to entrap the Knight, as Beelzebub did with Adam and Eve, but she carried it out, while, on the other hand, Satan carried out Beelzebub's scheme.

We find between Belial in "Paradise Lost" and Idleness in "The Faerie Queene" a similarity but not a parallel. In fact, with none of the characters compared can a parallel be drawn. Belial presents a person "graceful and humane; a fairer person lost not heaven. He seemed for dignity composed and high exploits: * * * but to nobler deeds. Timorous and slothful, yet he pleased the ear." On the other hand, Idleness is represented as riding on a mule in the lead of Queen Pride's train:

"Sluggish idleness, the nurse of sin,
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Arrayed in habit black, and amis thin:
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin,
And in his hand his portress still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read,
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drowned in sleep, and most of his daies dead:
Scare could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the way was very evil lead,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went or else astray."

Belial represents the man that loves luxurious ease while "Slothful Idleness" represents the man that loves perpetual sleep and inertia. Belial's plan, which he presented before the great Parliament of Hell, was that they should become assimilated to Hell and be satisfied with living a passive and self-indulgent life where fate had cast them.

"Our purer essence than will ever come
Their noxious vapour; or inured, not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conformed
    In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
The horror will grow mild, this darkness, light."

The characters of these two persons, both representing the same vice, but entirely different in personal appearance, can be seen today in legions around us. There is the good-natured sport, who is exquisite in conversation and entertaining a crowd, such as Belial was able to do. We all like him, but we dub him as utterly worthless and no account. On the other hand, there is the idle man with no personal attraction at all; maybe he is tipsy half his time, and therefore suffers with a lethargic distemper. A concrete expression for each one of these men can be given; the man of Belial's type stands for luxurious idleness; the man for idleness' type stands for slothful idleness.

Abram J. Ryan, Poet.

BY SYDNEY J. LODGE, '10.

Abram J. Ryan, commonly known in literary circles as "Father Ryan," owing to the fact that he was a Catholic priest, was born at Norfolk, Va., somewhere between the years 1834 and 1836. Very little is known of his early life, there being some dispute as to the statement concerning the time and place of his birth.

Beginning with his eighth year, however, we can trace his career without fear of erring. At this time Abram went, in company with his parents, to St. Louis and attended school in that city. Unlimited success attended his efforts as a student. It soon became apparent that his was to be no ordinary career. His mind absorbed whatever was assigned him, and his nature cried loud for knowledge.

Besides displaying such a wonderful intellect, young Ryan bore himself in such a modest and obedient manner that he soon came
to be held in high and affectionate esteem by companions and teach-
ers alike.

But love and zeal for knowledge was not the only trait mani-
fested by Ryan at this early period. His character was strong and
pure; his disposition serene and beautiful. A deep love and pro-
found reverence for all things spiritual characterized his youth-
ful days. It was not long before friends realized that in Abram
the Catholic creed had a future promoter and leader of which the
denomination should some day be justly proud.

Having completed his preparatory studies, Abram was sent to
an ecclesiastical seminary, located at Niagara, New York. The
strength and nobleness of his character was demonstrated by this
event. He had always lived at home prior to this time, and his
love for home and parents was very beautiful. His mother especi-
ally seemed to hold the greater part of his affections, and all
through life the fire of his love for her grew more intense rather
than diminished. His departure from home for the seminary,
therefore, was a great trial to him. The ties of home were strong,
very strong, but the call of God was stronger, and to the latter he
yielded.

Father Ryan was ordained priest soon after having finished his
work at the seminary, which course he completed with high honors.
The missionary field first attracted him, and here he labored for
some years; how long we cannot say, for the next time we hear of
him he was a chaplain in the Confederate army. In this capacity
he served till the close of the Civil War.

Soon after he went to Augusta, Georgia, where he founded the
Banner of the South. This paper wielded a potent influence
over the Southern people, and it became very popular, but unfor-
tunately it lived but a space of five years, Father Ryan being then
obliged to discontinue its publication.

From Augusta he moved to Mobile, Alabama. Here he was
appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church in 1870. In 1883 he was
excused from his duties by the Bishop in order that he might tour
the country, lecturing in behalf of the interests of the Southern
people, who were so dear to his heart.

While on this tour Father Ryan not only made speeches of cheer
to the sons and daughters of the "Lost Cause," but at odd moments, when not otherwise engaged, composed many of those glorious, immortal poems which did more than human tongue could have hoped to accomplish toward gaining the lasting love and reverence of the Southern people.

As the years passed Father Ryan came to realize that his days were numbered. His health had been poor for years, and finally a very noticeable change took place, and from that time he gradually weakened. Father Ryan was not afraid of death, but he had work to finish before the end came. Therefore he gave up his tour and retired to a monastery in Louisville, Ky., with the idea of completing a work on the *Life of Christ*, on which he was at that time engaged.

Death came, however, sooner than he anticipated, yet it found him prepared and willing to go. No despondency or gloom attended his last days on earth. He did not look upon the sadness of leaving this world, but only upon the joy of entering the Great Beyond, where he was to receive his reward. Thus he died quietly and peacefully on the 23d of April, 1886. That day the South lost one of her most sincere, loyal and honored sons.

---

**Fido.**

**BY ———, '08.**

*T* was that plaguey poodle! Hang the pup!

The cigar puffed angrily and the white teeth bit savagely into the little end.

Of course he was certain he liked her better than any other girl he had ever known. And she suited him better. She was musical. And he liked music; it was essential to his existence. And her expression pleased his ear, her choice of compositions suited his taste, her interpretation always met his conceptions of the meaning, and her voice chorded well with his.

She was literary, too, and he knew he could never be happy with a woman who did not love books. She admired Carlyle with
him, she could appreciate Browning; they read Keats together and discussed Scott's novels.

Besides, there was the grace of figure, the elegance of feature, the charm of conversation, the frankness of manner. These for the more definable attractions. But beyond all these was that intangible, invisible, indefinable and incomprehensible something that would have made him love her even if she had possessed none of these qualities.

But that poodle! that everlasting, inevitable, ever-present, obnoxious poodle! Seven-and-twenty years, with the last five spent in bachelor quarters with only cigars and law books for companions, had not tended to quicken his sympathy with troublesome pets. A cat he might have forgiven, for, at worst, a cat is only a harmless nuisance. But a poodle—and that poodle. Dogs were all right in their place, but their place was not in the parlor.

Of course he had had to treat the brute civilly. He had had to admire its eyes (which he could not see). Once he had been forced to touch its fur, or wool, or hair, or whatever it was, that it had. By tremendous self-control he had restrained the toe of his patent leather while the dog stood in front of him and barked. She had laughed heartily, girlishly, delightedly, bewitchingly, and he had forced a sickly smile. Again, when their favorite duet had been interrupted with a lugubrious third-tenor he had laughed a half-hearted, no-hearted laugh.

But the time had come when it must be settled, one way or the other. It was not certain that he was having things all his own way. Others were not blind to her charms. But even if there had been no one else he had reached the point where he must speak.

But that poodle! Of course a poodle won't live always. But there will always be plenty of others. True, she might change. Girls of two-and-twenty sometimes outgrow worse things than poodle-loves. But that would be taking chances.

The truth was he loved the girl and he hated her poodle, but he was ashamed to tell her he loved her and then ask her to give up the pup.

He looked at his watch. It was time to go, and he had not decided what to do. He must trust to intuition or instinct, or what-
ever it is that guides a man when he does not know what he wants to do.

In the parlor he found her in a bewitching combination of airy muslin and filmy lace and snowy neck and arms, with a pink June rose on her bosom.

The poodle was not in the room. He sat down by her and began to talk, at first nervously, watching the door. But her conversation drew his thoughts to subjects more agreeable. He began to forget himself in the spell of her presence.

They went to the piano. One touch on the keys, and he felt no mortal man could withstand her music. But he half turned when he seemed to hear a soft “pat-pat” in the hall.

They were talking again—now of books. Then his heart began to burn, and he turned the conversation to a more personal subject. The pink of her cheeks, the light of her eyes, the music of her voice, and the richness of soul her words betrayed possessed him fully. He was about to speak. Then once more that instinctive glance at the door. Then he drew his lip firm and set his heel down hard on his squeamishness. Ten thousand poodles should not separate them. And he said:

“Miss Louise—.”

But what he said after that is none of your business nor mine. And what she said is none of your business nor mine.

After an hour. They have wandered back to common-place subjects again. Then Louise—

“Oh, George!” and there is a faint blush, for the name is new on her lips, “don’t you know”—and there is a tremor of pain in her voice—“don’t you know Fido is dead. The car struck him yesterday. I got Jack to bury him in the garden. I loved him so much, you know. I never intend to let another poodle take his place.” There were twin dew drops in those eyes.

And George? Oh! I don’t know what he said. He doesn’t either. No matter.
Finis Amoris.

BY WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG, ’07.

To-day I sit me sad and lone,
'Mid all the summer sounds,
While rustling winds still softly moan
In corn-field’s leafy bounds,—
To-day I sit me sad and lone.

And lonely, 'mid the summer’s balm
For hearts of burdened care,
When nature smiles in peaceful calm,
Profusely everywhere,
On lily pond and desert palm.

To-day I sit me lone to ponder,—
I see that life is love—
Whether infinity dwells out yonder,
Or rather there above,
Where worlds and thoughts celestial wander.

Observe yon cat-bird in the tops
Of the trees as he hops and sings,
And carols and sings, and sings and hops,
Among the wild, free things,—
It seems as tho’ he never stops.

A stone I hurled, a stone, that’s all,
And silent is the song,—
Before my feet red-riven fall,
The melodies I long
To catch upon the wind’s void pall.
THE GREAT, GOOD MAN.

A dead thing hold I here in hand;
The zephyrs, husht and still,
Haunt me over sea and land—
Accusing breath—I kill
The life of love—these songs demand.

A dead thing is the heart deprived
Of love that life does give,—
Where quickened hope, ambition thrived,
No life is there to live,
When love is dead, from this derived.

And countless flashes of the soul,
Or aspiration's fire
Are quenched to blackened embers cold
In doubt,—slime, quirking mire,
Where love, life agony, died untold.

The Great, Good Man.

BY J. F. G., ’10.

Gibeon was besieged. Adoni-zedec, king of Jerusalem, had united forces with the kings of Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish, and Eglon against the Gibeonites, because the latter had made peace with the army of Israel under Joshua. Ai had just been captured by Joshua's forces. This, too, provoked the wrath of the Ammonites, the enemies of God and truth, and they united against Gibeon. Thus oppressed, the Gibeonites appealed to Joshua for help. He came up from the Valley of Gilgal, attacked his enemies, driving them before him with great destruction. The Ammonites rallied and, although Joshua saw the destruction wrought upon them by the hail-stones of Jehovah and the spears and arrows from Israel's ranks, yet he knew that if night overtook them the day would likely be lost and Gibeon destroyed. The servant of God knew that the sun must not set until the foes of
God's people were defeated. He felt that time was short, until God told him what to do. Then that truthful spy, who spoke in faith concerning the land of promise when others doubted, said, as he directed his eyes toward the heavens: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

The battle then went on for the period of almost a day, and neither sun nor moon nor stars moved in their courses until the foes of truth were vanquished, until Israel triumphed and Gibeon was saved. Joshua then returned in fear and reverence for Jehovah's name back unto Gilgal.

This was in Palestine more than thirty centuries ago.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

In far away Manchuria upon a seat of stone, which had been covered with the blood of many a victim, sat a Chinese youth. The sun was but an hour high above the Khinghan Mountains. When its last red edge should sink beneath the distant blue ridge, he was to die. The laws of Manchuria and the customs handed down from remotest ages demanded it.

This was the law that claimed the life of Ping Tu, the boy before us: "If any one shall refuse to pray unto the moon once, each day for five days before it is full, and five days after, he shall be stoned to death. He shall, however, be brought before the king and given chance to save himself if he promises to obey the law. If not, he shall be stoned to death at sundown on the fifth day after his sentence by the king."

Ping Tu, from his earliest childhood, had never obeyed this law. When his father first began to take him out upon the ridge west of his house, where he always prayed unto the moon in the evening, the son paid little attention to the worship. When the father crossed his legs beneath him, folded his arms across his breast and gazed into the west or east or upwards, which ever way he thought the moon might be, and offered up his prayer, the son sat thinking with eyes turned toward the western hills. But his mind was not upon the moon god, but was wondering at the beauty of the Khinghan Mountains, wondering at the greatness of the space that seemed beyond, above and about them, thinking that some day he would tell the people that unless the moon did more for them to
make them happier he would not worship it when he became a man. Whenever he thought about doing this, he thought the sky seemed prettier, and sometimes he thought the clouds that floated slowly by had in them a big man with a kind face. He would tell his father about this, and then the father would try to tell him about the Manchurian law. But the boy kept on in his way until he began to believe that the moon was no god at all, but that the good man's face upon the cloud was God. He often saw his shadow on the clouds. He knew there was a good, strong, wise Chinaman some where.

He often went into the woods to see if he could find the good man. He called to him, and asked him who was God, the moon or the man who made the shadow upon the clouds that he saw so often. He could not think the moon was, for it did not shine more than half the time. He would much rather think the sun was, but even that was not sufficient. No; he believed that somewhere there was a good, wise man, a Chinaman who loved everybody and made all things for them. With this thought in mind he often went out upon the hills and called for the good man to come; other times he would walk up and down the little stream south of their house calling for the wise Chinaman to come. After becoming tired he would lie down under some over-shadowing rock or tree and wonder why the man whom he believed so good and great did not come and tell him how to be good and happy. While in such thoughts he would fall asleep to dream that the good man would come by and put his hand upon his head and say, "I have come to you, Ping Tu." He sometimes thought that the good, wise man must live beyond the Khinghan Mountains, for when he was watching the sun set he thought some good man must have painted the sky to make it so beautiful. He resolved that some day he would go over the mountains and see.

As Ping Tu neared his fifteenth year, the age at which all became responsible to Manchurian law, his father became very much worried. He loved his son, for, although he would not obey in worshipping the moon, in all things else he tried to please his parents. He would often sit with legs crossed upon the ground before his father and tell him that the moon was no god, but instead
there lived a good, strong, wise Chinaman who was God, and one day would come, and then everybody would have plenty to eat, and things to keep them warm. The father half believed, but, whether or not, he could not help loving the son whose life was so full of joyous acts and words for others. But Ping would soon have to answer the demands of law. Each day for one week before his fifteenth birthday his father took him out to the spot where he prayed. But as the father looked up and prayed the son watched the ants at his feet. He wondered if they knew of a great, good, wise man. He wondered if they prayed to the moon to escape death from their king, or to escape being thrown into a den of lizards, scorpions, snakes, and spiders. Their lively movements to Ping Tu said they had no such fear. Then the boy's heart was firm again, and he felt that he was right.

While the son sat with bowed head the father took it as a sign that he was thinking of obeying him, and would leave him thus while he returned home. Then the boy sat long and silent. He watched the grasshoppers as they jumped past his feet, and paused a moment. In his mind he asked them where was the all-good man. They but wriggled their hair-like horns and stood them straight up. At first Ping Tu took this to mean the moon. But then he called aloud to that man in whom he trusted and asked if he were right. Something made his heart easy. He watched the birds go by that came from beyond the mountains. The gentle flutter of their wings, the chirping of their lively notes, the easy ways they seemed to rise and descend as they sped across the sky seemed to him to say that under them was a great man's power. And then he felt better. On his way home the path seemed smoother than it did when he came out there with his father. The gravel did not hurt his feet; the moss seemed softer, the flowers sweeter, the breezes gentler. He felt that the good man was with him all the way. And then he knew that he was right, and would tell his father so when he got home.

He had resolved in his youth to go beyond the mountains and see if there he might find the know-all, good man, as he had now come to call him. So one day he started out. It was farther than he thought, yet he went on until he reached the top of the moun-
tains and looked toward the west. It was just sunset, and he watched the sun go down behind the distant plains. He had not yet seen his good man, whom he felt he could call his friend. It was too late to return home, so he made a bed of brush and lay down. He watched the stars thick above him, he watched the shooting stars streak across the sky, he looked long at the band of light that stretched across from one side of the sky to the other and filled with stars, set close together, and then he knew that all these things were as great as the moon, so he dared not worship that. Presently the moon came up. He watched it. There he thought he saw a man's face; he had not noticed that before. But he looked at it. No; it did not look like a good Chinaman's face. It was not round; its chin stuck out too far, its eyes were too large, and then its expression wore more of a grin than of a pitying, helping, loving countenance, such as he felt sure the good man had. Finally he fell asleep, his hands folded across his breast in reverent worship of a being that he knew of from the voice that spoke within, yet whom he had not yet found, and of whom he could learn nothing from other people. He dreamed again. He thought he was standing on the mountain looking toward the west, longing for his good man. It was dark. Suddenly there shot upward from the western horizon a bright shooting star. It paused, and, not bursting, like others usually did, it sank back again below the horizon. The whole earth seemed lighted by its brilliance. Just as it sank back Ping Tu awoke. He did not know at first that it was a dream, for he felt that he soon was to see the good man, and he felt that the light meant that he was coming from the west.

When morning came, he sat awhile thinking. He watched the sun rise. Ah! It was beautiful; but rather than think it was a god he felt that it was one of the big lamps the good man had made for the people of Manchuria. He thanked him for it, and felt that his thanks were received. After waiting around awhile he gathered many new flowers and carried them home to show his father the beautiful things which the good man had planted up on the mountain. He had not found the man, but he felt that he had the flowers from which he got the paints with which he painted
the sunset. So he determined to watch the next evening, and as the different colors appeared in the west, see if he could see the hand of the All-good man. He watched, but in vain.

The days quickly passed and he reached his fifteenth birthday, but his father kept the fact a secret, for he began partly to want to accept what he said, but, most of all, to love the son whose life was so sweet and beautiful and innocent.

But as the months passed by Ping Tu felt that the idea that he had gotten about that great man that did all things for people made the crops grow, the rain to come, the breezes to blow, the rains to descend, the birds to sing, the grass to grow, and flowers to bloom so sweetly, must be told to other boys also. He long ago had talked to his sister as they played and walked about the desert south of the stream below their house. She had accepted his idea, but always held a dread of the old Manchurian law. She knew no king had power to change a sacred law.

So the boy began to tell his comrades. Some were glad to hear of it, some cared nothing one way or another, and some were sad, for all loved the lovable boy, but some were sorry, for they knew that the law would claim its victim. These tried to persuade him that he was wrong, not because they believed him wrong, for most all felt a gentle voice speaking to them whenever Ping Tu was with them; but because they loved their good friend and did not wish to see him slain upon the awful rock seat. But the young man kept on. He always had a band about him. They were never wild then, but all sat spell-bound whenever Ping Tu talked to them of the great, good Chinaman who loved all boys and helped them, even when they did not know it.

At last the news spread to the king that there was a young man in the land who never prayed unto the moon, but who believed that some great Chinaman was God, and prayed to him. This partly pleased the king at first, for he thought this youth had him in mind and was offering prayers to him as the one who did good to all the people of the land. At least he must send and have the young man brought to his court. When the messengers came from the king to Ping Tu's home the father then knew that all was lost. He had managed to keep him secret for five years, but had found
he would not change his ideas, so knew that removal meant death. Yet he dared not murmur, for such would have meant death to him also.

The boy was carried away and the next day brought before the king. There was no trial. He was simply asked if he prayed unto the moon. He answered no. Then, in spite of all that the law threatened, he stood firm; for he still believed that, somehow, the good Chinaman would come and help him.

The king was touched by Ping Tu’s manly bearing and his courage. He half wished that he might release him; but he thought of the sacred unbroken customs of his ancestors, and these held him. So after asking the boy before him of his guilt he said to him: “My son, you have disobeyed the laws of a sacred nation. Therefore, by the laws of Manchuria, which are as unalterable as the course of the sun, you must die. Five days from now at sun-down you shall be stoned to death. Until that time you are to sit upon the seat in which you shall be killed. With but a jug of water by you, you shall be unguarded. But if you leave the seat it shall be considered that you take back your ideas, and you may go free, and no questions shall be asked. Go take your place upon your bloody seat and think. I hope you will repent. Here is your jug of water.”

So saying he dismissed Ping, who went straight to his post and sat upon the seat that had felt the jar of many a stroke that brought death to its occupant.

Then the severest trial came. He sat waiting for the day to come. His father came and begged his boy to save his life; his mother came and brought him fruits and tried to get him to eat. But he would not, for if he did it was an agreement to change his opinion. His sister came and stayed with him all the time. She often went and held the jug for him to drink; then she too drank from it, after which she would go and sit before him. All day long she sat and pleaded with those strong sister-eyes—eyes that had gazed but eighteen winters upon the snows of Khinghan Mountains. Little did she know what sorrow those eyes sent into her brother’s soul.
The days passed like so many years. And Ping Tu waited for the good Chinaman to come and help. At last the execution day came. All the people for miles around came to see the boy, whose name had spread through the whole land. They stood and sat upon the grass and stones around the boy, asking questions of each other and wondering if the boy would save his life at the last moment. In a half circle on one side stood the six men whose duty it was to obey the death-dealing command, each with a heavy stone by his side. ’Tis almost sundown; that glowing disc stood what, in our minds is an hour high, above the Khinghan Mountains. The six stern executioners rise, the king bids all the people rise, for it is a serious time. The king speaks, “My son, truth has been corrupted with falsehood by what you have done and said. The cause of truth and Manchurian laws demand your death. The king bids you farewell.” He then sat down, and the people also. Not another word is spoken. For it is the custom that if the prisoner repents one minute before the sun has set he shall spared. He is given this solemn hour in which to think.

They watch; they wait and watch the sun, and then the boy. Once he looked up. The people thought he was looking for the moon, but he was praying unto the good Chinaman. Then all turn unto the sun as though to count the moments that pass. But time goes slow. What makes the time seem so long? The sun seems not to move. What was like five hours upon other days went by and yet the sun seems no lower down. Men begin to look at each other, yet no one spoke. What seemed like four hours more elapsed, and yet the sun stood still. The king, sitting before Ping Tu, was pale. At last he set up a stick pointing at the sun and sent a man to a distant point and back to measure time that way. The soldier went two miles and returned, knowing surely that an hour must have elapsed in that time. Yet when he looked at his stick pointing to the sun it was just as it was pointed. The sun had not lowered one degree. Then the king knew that it was not his imagination, but that the sun had stopped in his course. He trembled, fearing even to speak. At last he rose up. “Back, ye executioners,” he said. “Ping Tu’s God has come. He has saved
THE GREAT, GOOD MAN. 27

him; he has **stopped the sun in his course.** Come, turn him loose, and hasten to my **palace, where you shall prepare a banquet this night.**"

Ping Tu was then released, and ere they reached the palace the sun went down. Then there was a great rejoicing at the banquet, yet all was peace. Throughout the whole realm there were many ignorant men calling unto that good Chinaman to come and help. All were filled with love to Ping Tu’s God.

This went on for many years. Ping Tu tried to teach the people of the new God. At last he died and the people soon began to worship him. For they thought he was the good Chinaman himself. Here began the ancestral worship of the Chinese. This was in Manchuria.

After the day the sun stood still, an account of it was written upon a cliff on the south bank of the Amur river, and a picture also of the sun. Then there was made a law that every twenty-five years a feast should be held and another picture made in honor of Ping Tu, who was buried in this cliff:

The man who discovered these marks and read the inscription says there are one hundred and thirty-four suns carved upon the rock. Counting one for every twenty-five years, this would take us back to about fourteen hundred and forty-three years before Christ. Joshua lived about nine years before that, but since it has been some time since a figure has been carved upon the rock, we may easily assume that it has been nine years.

When Joshua made the sun stop it was a little past mid-day. It stood still nearly twelve hours. Manchuria is nearly five thousand miles east of Palestine, so it could easily have been three or four hours later in the day there. One or two o’clock in Palestine could easily have been four in Manchuria. Thus, while Joshua was saved in Palestine, in a distant land across the deserts and mountains of Asia was saved a Chinese youth, who, though ignorant of his name, yet had prayed to and received answer from an invisible God. Although he thought Him a great, good Chinaman, yet he attributed to Him the characteristics of Israel’s God, and sought to do His will, even though death were the penalty.
The Influence of "Physical Defect" and Habit upon Some of the Great Geniuses.

BY SADIE HELLSTERN, '10.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven,"

So says Milton, and to none is the truth more applicable than to the poet himself.

A martyr for the cause of freedom, he gave his whole life for the issue; and, therefore, in the prime of manhood, when most great geniuses are just launching their vessels upon the waves of life, Milton ceased from active duties, closed his eyes to the very existence of evil and sin among the race of men, and turned them inward to study his inmost soul and reflect its doctrines.

To us to-day, in our age of science and investigation, "to be blind among our enemies" would be not only intolerable, but would be deemed an unjust dispensation of Providence. Such, however, was not the conception of Milton. His period of blindness was one of sweetest reflections and greatest sublimity.

Consider his earliest productions, his lyrics, and his famous ode, and at once are obvious the ideals and conceptions of a poet, a poet among men; but not those ideals of a noble hero who sees the glories of nature only by reflection and meditation.

Such sublime and lofty ideals are portrayed in "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Lost." Here we see a noble soul, not a pessimist, a cynic, or a scoffer, but a hero reconciled to his doom.

"Though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed
Where other senses want not their delights—
At home, in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eyesight exposes, daily, men abroad."
What is the obvious lesson evolved from so noble an echo of the soul? At once there comes to us the thought that the “physical defect” blindness, as great a physical misfortune as mortal man can endure, has in itself many spiritual solaces.

This defect has not caused our poet to become morbid or misanthropic, but has rather caused him to renew his faith and strengthen his spiritual ideals.

What a contrast between the conceptions of Milton and those of Byron, who likewise was the victim of a “physical defect.” “He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot, the deformity of which the beggars in the street mimicked.”

This defect, practically an imperceptible one, by no means so great as that under which Milton labored, caused the poet the greatest discomfiture. He became the sensitive, morbid, misanthropic, and defiant youth. Never once do his lines voice a noble echo of the soul; they rather proclaim the passions of an ardent revolutionist and a scoffer; of a pessimist, ignoring all faith and virtue in mankind, and of a magician evoking the aid of supernatural and metaphysical destinies. Never in Byron’s lines are the capabilities of mankind emphasized; never is virtue given its due consideration, but his verse tends ever to decrease our abhorrence of vice.

His “physical defect,” the club-foot, fostered his sensitive nature; caused him to ignore his fellow-men; partly to embrace “the paths of an exile,” and to be eternally at war with whatever was conducive to beneficial results.

How different is his conception of Lucifer from that of Milton. Byron portrays the revolutionary and defiant characteristics of Lucifer to the will of the Creator to be noble, magnanimous, and commendable; any sense of obedience, submission or gratitude on the part of Lucifer to the will of the Almighty is deemed base, ignoble, and contemptible. Byron, on account of his misanthropic nature, produced by his “physical defect,” constantly emphasizes the insignificance of man, and his condition of subjection.

On the other hand, Milton’s Lucifer believes and trembles before the sublimity of the eternal and the majestic nature of mankind. His state of revolution and defiance is not that of Byron’s
Lucifer—it is rather subordinated to the glory of mankind and spiritual forces. His verse, in direct contrast to Byron's, voices the glory of mankind, his sublime position, and sanctions his spirit of reverence and humiliation to higher powers of "universal law."

From the works of one is deducible the spirit of antagonism and misanthropy; from the lines of the other is evolved the spirit of devotion and reverence, and the philosophic truth that this world is the best of all possible worlds, and that no change could be devised.

Once more in the England of the eighteenth century do we see the victim of a "physical defect"—Alexander Pope, the cynic.

As a result of his deformity, he closed his eyes to the very existence of good in mankind and in the world; he saw only the ills of life. His personality exemplifies the real pessimist and scoffer; and thus the inevitable result—his work is characterized by the spirit of cynicism; no spiritual ideals adorn his pages; they are void of all that savours of purity and sweetness of the emotions; there only the "dull, cold" intellect survives, but not that sweet spirit of sympathy and devotion.

"To people who are unacquainted with real calamity, nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy"; and after experiencing such we at once consider William Cowper.

We would not be justified in placing Cowper in the category of the raving maniacs. There was a spirit of insanity in his life, it is true, but not that violent insanity which we to-day are accustomed to consider. His was rather a spirit of diffidence, reserve, and serious melancholy. Though some of his poems do portray a spirit of natural humor, they likewise are deeply pathetic; and, as a result of his serious melancholy, his sympathies were enlisted with nature, with the trivialities of life, and with the commonplace, "average man."

The pathological students of to-day are riveting their minds upon those geniuses who were not merely the victims of some "physical defect," but rather the slave of some habit.

Coleridge at once looms up before us. A dreamer among men and a visionary poet, he labored under the influence of the bane-
ful drug, opium, and thereby permitted his philosophic and transcendental mind to become obsessed by visions and dreams.

His poems are not characterized by any supremely great intellectual problems, yet we know that Coleridge was a philosopher and critical individual. How, then, can this absence of intellectual and philosophic truth be accounted for? By the influence of opium. It caused our poet to become a visionary and spiritual dreamer; and hence his lines portray the characteristics of the opium fiend, rather than those traits of a critical and transcendental mind.

Is not the same likewise true of the poetry of Burns and of Poe? Neither of these poets was the victim of a habit in the sense that Coleridge or DeQuincey was, yet both nourished a thirst for alcoholic liquors.

By no means can there be deduced from the poems of Burns the spirit of a wild and dissolute temperament; but it cannot be denied that his verse is at times passionate and dithyrambic.

Such is likewise true of Poe. Alcohol may have satiated his sensual appetite, but in doing this it quenched his spiritual instincts. His "bells" do not peal from his soul, but are rather the echo of his mind. Alcohol has caused our poet to ignore his spiritual instincts and has characterized his verse, as that of Burns, by a dithyrambic spirit.

What a marked contrast between the productions of these geniuses whom we have briefly considered and those of pure and wholesome personalities!

It is not a wholly justifiable or advisable course for us to pursue, in characterizing the work of any of the great geniuses, to say that the productions of this artist is characterized by its author's idiosyncracy, or that work by its composer's obsession and whim; and this one by its originator's "physical defect." Pathologists have not been able to determine whether it is habit, whim, or "physical defect" that is accountable for the prevalent characteristics in the productions of the artists.

But do not common sense and our spiritual instincts tell us that those poets who have not alienated their conscience from their reason; who have not been obsessed by any whim; who have throughout life not been addicted to the constant use of any drug;
who have not been the victims of any "physical defects"; but who possessed healthy bodies and sane minds have promulgated the greatest spiritual doctrines to the world?

America, with its Longfellow; England, with its Wordsworth, its Tennyson, and its Browning, exemplify the sane and healthy-minded geniuses. It is here in the productions of these moral and sane temperaments that we derive the antidote for our ills and morbid natures; it is here that we are comforted; and, from the perpetual monuments of these spiritual personalities, we imbibe all that savours of purity, devotion, truth, and morality.

It is not for us to decide whether or not our work is to be characterized by that spirit which our "physical defect" produces upon us, or whether it is to be the reflection of that pain and sorrow which we experience. All of us know that pain and sorrow have their functions in the world; and it is only through pain and sorrow that the sympathies of man are elicited for his fellow-man; but it does rest with us to determine that whatever we perform shall be characterized by a spirit of purity, sanity, and morality; and if any of us should in time to come be the victims of habit or "physical defect," then let us temper our lives and surcharge our work with spirit which Carlyle, the victim of a "physical defect," has so nobly expressed: "There is in man a higher sense than love of happiness; he can do without happiness and find instead blessedness."
Now have the autumn days come, and a peaceful calm has settled over the face of all nature. The cool wind rustles through the ripened foliage with a new meaning—telling of the frost and snow that is soon to follow. Off on the distant horizon a mystic haze seems gathered as a warning of the storms soon to come. All through the night and day can be heard overhead and under foot the loud chirp of the katydid, and the cricket singing of the summer days gone, in which they have gathered their winter's food. The air is musical with the sound of wild geese, ducks, and numberless birds wending their way to the sunny lanes and rice fields of the South, where they will chirp in bright sunshine until the storms and ice of winter are past, and then they will come back to cheer the heart of the Northern farmer. Down across the field can be heard morning and evening the plaintive call of the bob-white as the hen calls the young covey together from feeding in the cornfields. In the woods the yap yap of the squirrel tells us he is cutting the ripest nuts to see if the crop is good, and the rabbit limps along, through brush and briar, just out of reach of the hounds. All day long on the hills and in the valleys the continual bang! bang! of the hunter's gun is heard, indicating that the hunting season is here, and the farmer is taking his vacation. See him as he comes home at night, his pouch filled with various kinds of small game, or a fine turkey over his shoulder.

Over the face of all nature is a restful calm like that which rests upon the face of serene old age. All the world seems at peace with the Creator again, so like that peace of the aged after a well-spent life. Soon will the bright hues of the leaves change to brown, and then drop to mold with those of the years agone, like the old man who is soon to die and join the ranks of his ancestors in the city of departed spirits. The trees will stand through the storms of
winter, awaiting the resurrection of the spring; so the body of man slumbers through the dark night of death awaiting the high call to eternity. The life of man and inanimate nature are one, and no life is complete unless in attune with the great mother heart of nature.

Moral Obligation to the Law.

VIRGINIUS C. FROST, '10.

The law, in a legal sense, has two objects: the protection of the law-abiding against the lawless, and the infliction of punishment upon the law-breakers. Therefore every man or woman owes to the law a moral obligation.

The liberties and the rights of the law concern every man, woman, and child in so much that one protects and the other is to be protected. No act that encroaches upon the status of the community is to be endured; no class that disregards and invades its diction is to be tolerated.

There is a life worth living now, as it was in the days when there was no law in a legal sense. That life is the life that recognizes the authority of the law and the obligation to it, the honest, generous, and pure life in its esteem for an ideal—the law.

There is a battle worth fighting to-day, as it was when right conquered wrong, and that is the fight for purity and justice. To make our country free in fact as well as in name; to burst asunder those bands of iniquity and corruption that hinder the law in its justice and to clean our community of political, racial degradation. Nor shall our labor be in vain or the regard of our endeavors fail us. For high in the firmament of man's destiny is set the star of obedience and loyalty to the ideal; and in the coming years that pass into decades and centuries its bright light shall shine.
What Will "You" Do?

By D. N. D., '09.

All men are created equal. The sage who uncovered this aphorism did not maintain that equality should continue through life. It was evident that some would unavoidably fall at their own mercy; that some, by virtue of adverse circumstances, could never hope to develop their possibilities, while others with opportunities and a strict regard for advancement would utilize them wisely and ultimately reach the acme of ambition. It must be realized that living matter does not remain stable. It is continually changing as the physical conditions vary. So is it with man. The brain is influenced by opportunity and will-power. Success or failure is in proportion to the exertion of the will-power in taking advantage of or neglecting opportunities.

College life is one of opportunities. As one special phase is being treated the boy who fails to enter college must be excluded from this category. This does not mean that he has not the ability of the fellow who enters, but that he lacks the opportunity. How sad such a case is! How humiliating to the more fortunate! How they respect and sympathize with him! To those who can, but fail to enter college there is no hope nor sympathy. Colleges are for definite purposes, viz., to train the individual for greater service and larger usefulness. But how often is the mark missed! And why? Because the student is the clay and the college is the potter. The fault may lie in both or either. Some colleges are more conducive to thorough education than others. In the selection of a college lies an important step which is becoming yearly more and more noticeable. It is environment. The old idea of education comprising Latin, Greek, and mathematics is being supplanted by the elective system plus wholesome atmosphere. To those who have entered Richmond College a word of congratulation is in order. You have done wisely in selecting a college giving unexcelled advantages. It possesses a curriculum second to none in the country, and is situated so as to tap the influences representing commercial, social, political, and religious life. When one thinks of
what these mean to a plastic youth, the advantage is obvious. It is located in a sympathetic community, where the people come to its support whenever necessary; located in a city of historic prestige, which gives a setting peculiar to itself. The very atmosphere incites noble and philanthropic ideals and offers a clearer interpretation of events long past. In a city of cultural attainments, where leading movements meet in convention and radiate uplifting influences, which a student ingrafts into his character, increasing his sympathies and enlarging his vision. The very fact that it is located in Richmond adds to its advantages. Life in this centrally-located city means an education in itself. Richmond College can boast of having a corps of teachers who are always interested in the student body in the class-room and on the field. This is not true of all colleges, but where it is true it is a valuable asset to an institution of learning. The students take an interest in one another and administer aid to each other whenever needed. The alumni have established a worthy reputation for alma mater, and wherever you go her name is exalted.

Now great things are expected of you, not only in your homes, but among those who are interested in the College.

The opportunities for improving your faculties and starting you in life are many. You are in a position to thrive as a plant under favorable circumstances. Richmond College has proved herself supreme. Now the question is, What will you, the new and old students, do?
Changes in the Faculty.

We regret exceedingly to part with any of our professors, but we are glad in the knowledge that while we lose two, we gain five, and we, as an organ and voice of the student body, extend a warm welcome in our midst to Dr. W. P. Dickey, who takes the place of Dr. W. L. Foushee, now in the Law Faculty; Dr. H. A. van Landingham, associate with Dr. J. C. Metcalf in the English Department; Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, succeeding Dr. Mitchell in the chair of History and Political Economy; Dr. R. E. Loving, who takes charge of the chair of Physics, the same having been divided, Dr. Winston taking the Astronomy class, and Mr. E. W. Ligon, who will assist Dr. Gaines in the Department of Mathematics. While a new professor must necessarily be in a slightly difficult position on account of his not knowing any of his advanced students' personal abilities or qualifications, we feel we voice the sentiment of the student body when we say that we extend to you our hands in fellowship, and when we do we also mean we pledge you our best efforts and co-operation in the work before us. We trust we may meet on the same ground of fellowship, harmony, and sympathy as we did with your predecessors.
Dr. S. C. Mitchell.

We were all very loath to part with Dr. S. C. Mitchell for one year as a "loan" to Brown University; and when we learned of his decision to accept the presidency of the University of South Carolina, while, even then, we regretted to part with him, we rejoiced that he was called to this higher, and, we may say, greater work, but we could not realize at that time how much we would miss his kindly face on the campus, his friendly greeting, and his words of encouragement and cheer to the discouraged. We leave it to a more eloquent pen to set forth his service as teacher and friend among us; we cannot refrain, however, from raising our feeble voice in praise of him. He had the utmost confidence in the boys, and in him they found a ready ear and a counsellor in time of trouble. He fostered the university spirit, the spirit of inquiry, and the spirit of truth, and we will, in the not far distant future, look back to our college days and be glad that ours was the privilege of sitting under such a man, along with our other professors. Richmond College is the loser, but we rejoice that South Carolina is to secure such a man to direct the first college of her Commonwealth, and we heartily congratulate her on her choice. We part with Dr. Mitchell high in our esteem, high in our affections, and with our hearts' best wishes following him. We shall follow him with pleasure in his successes to come, and shall retain a claim on him as our "teacher."

Hon. A. J. Montague.

We also regret exceedingly the loss of Hon. A. J. Montague, who has been with the Law School since 1906. Professor Montague has proven a marked success as head of this department, and we are sorry to have to part with him, but on account of his increasing practice he was unable to continue with us. Though Mr. Montague is no longer the nominal head of the Law Department, we still regard and find in him an ardent friend and supporter of his former department and the college.
The Honor System.

For the benefit of the new men, we think it our duty as well as privilege to say a word about the “honor system” here at college. To be brief, every student is nominally put on his honor not to be dishonest in any way, shape or form, either in recitation or on examination. Every student is considered honest, his word is taken, and his acts are unquestioned until he is found to be otherwise. Since this matter is practically put in the hands of the student body, on recitations, tests, and examinations, the teachers do not use their efforts to watch the students, very often being absent from the room for half an hour at a time, and it is in the hands of the students whether this system shall be a success or a failure. If a student is dishonest on a test or examination, the system fails, so far as he is concerned. If a student sees another student cheating on examination or test and does not either report him to another student or take steps to prevent it, then the whole system falls through. Every individual student of the college has the honor and integrity of the student body to uphold. When that student fails to do so, it is through him or her that the honor is slurred.

Let each one of us feel we are a unit of the whole; that it is our honor, the honor of our class, the honor of our college, that we are holding up, and we personally are responsible for it.

Athletics.

As the fall has now come, with it comes foot-ball and kindred sports, and although the subject is quite a worn one in these pages, for the benefit of the new students we feel constrained to say a few words. The athletic spirit in Richmond College has been one of growth from year to year, and it is this spirit that, in a large measure, binds the alumni to their alma mater, and as the years roll by the old students return to tell the tales of how things were in their time, of their victories, and their defeats. Now one of the ways to show that one is proud of his or her college is to stand by it—and how, one might ask. We only come before the public eye as a college on commencement, in literary contests and in athletic
contests. We all know commencement only comes once a year; literary contests perhaps twice in a session; but we are before the public from fifteen to twenty and twenty-five times per session in athletic contests. Therefore, those of us who show our love for the college, for her reputation, for her honor, show the same by our loyal support of these. It is not our intention or desire to make a plea for athletics in these columns, for in this day and time that part of the question has been decided, and in the affirmative. Then, again, all of us cannot be on the team, squad, or represent the college as a chief factor, but we can stand as a unit behind those that do, supporting them in whatsoever they do, with voices and purses, and particularly with our voices. For does not their victory reflect honor on us? When the foot-ball team has a successful season we go home and among our friends and boast of it. Shame on the man who boasts of a thing towards which he has contributed nothing, not even rooting! Let us bear in mind that when our teams are beaten we are beaten, and when they win with the help of our support we win also. Let us pay particular attention to the rooting proposition. This year we are happy in our choice of a chief rooter in S. J. Lodge, our next season’s base-ball captain. He is doing commendable work, and has gotten out a most attractive booklet of songs and yells. Each student has been presented with one, and let us get together and shame a man, if there be such a one here, who has a book and does not use it.

Contributions.

The Messenger is always glad to receive contributions from the students, and especially the new ones. The fact that a person has never written before is no reason why one should not try to. Don’t be afraid to make your maiden venture, for all articles submitted will receive our careful consideration, and we will be glad to offer suggestions now and then to the new writers. “Come, give us a taste of your quality.”
Thursday, September 24th, marked the opening of what we are certain will prove to be the most successful session in the history of the College. The enrollment is larger than last year at this time, there being more co-eds. on the campus two weeks after college opened than at any time during the whole of last session.

On Thursday night in the chapel addresses of welcome were made to the new men by the Faculty and Mayor Richardson.

On Friday night a reception was tendered the student body by the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho literary societies, at which prominent alumni of both organizations made addresses on behalf of their respective societies, Dr. W. C. James speaking for the Philologian and Mr. J. G. Pollard for the Mu Sigma Rho. Both societies were likewise represented by an orator and a declaimer from each, after which refreshments were served in the society rooms.

Football started in earnest the day college opened, a large squad reporting for practice.

On Saturday, October 3d, Maryland Agricultural was defeated by the large score of 22 to 0, but on the following Saturday our old rivals, the Yellow Jackets, known to the vulgar as the “Biblets,” with colors and yells “swooped down like a wolf on the fold,” and when the smoke of the battle was over we had suffered defeat to the tune of 16 to 0. Our men were not in condition, our line showing up especially bad, being for the most part green men. But cheer up, everybody, for this was only an exhibition game and Richmond College never quits. Coach Dunlap is not a man to despair, and we predict that before the season is over Mrs. Harris will be bewailing the loss of boxes and barrels from the Refectory, which will disappear, to be used in celebrating the victories of the team of 1908. Let’s get together and rally at the call of that noble chieftain, “Lanky” Lodge, and show the team by our support that we are with them, sink or swim, win or lose.
The volume of foot-ball songs and yells "compiled by Sydney J. Lodge, '10," is exciting universal admiration throughout the College, and he deserves all the commendation we can give him for his good work along this line. His book was pronounced by President Boatwright to be the best piece of student enterprise which Richmond College has witnessed in many a day. A copy was presented to every matriculate of the College, and it is a pity that one cannot be given to every alumnus and friend of the College as well.

We are glad to welcome back in our midst that human radiator of sunshine and happiness, Miss Julia Peachy Harrison, who is with us again in the double capacity of matriculate of the College and assistant to Professor Bingham in the chemical laboratory. Her thesis, written on the occasion of her application for the degree of M. A., in 1907, has been accepted by the leading chemical journal of Germany, and will shortly be published.

The "Convocation," the first of a series of eight, held in the Chapel on Tuesday, October 13th, from 11:20 to 12:20 o'clock, was productive of great and good results. Primarily, it brought the whole student body together for the first time this session and gave us a chance to see just what we look like "bunched," as Professor Dickey expressed it, and, further, it put the Faculty and student body in closer touch with one another, as the general good fellowship revealed. Besides, it gave many of the men, especially the members of the law classes, a chance to see what a nice-looking bunch of co-eds. we have this session, and last, but not the least thought of, a brief respite from study.

The exercises opened with the singing of "Old Red and Blue" by the entire student body, led by "Long" Knight, and such a thunderous volume of sound, when the "Ray! Ray! Ray!" burst forth at the end of the song, has never before been heard in the old Chapel. Yells were then given for the Faculty, individually and collectively, for "Sugar" Wright, captain of the foot-ball team, and for "Lanky" Lodge, the chief rooter, who was too hoarse from his exertions at the Randolph-Macon game to lead the cheering at
this gathering. However, Knight proved to be a worthy substitute, and is without doubt the man to lead the rooting next spring while Lodge is leading the base-ball team to victory.

President Boatwright in a few words explained the purpose of this series of "Convocations," after which all joined in the singing of "America."

Addresses were then made by Professor Metcalf on "The Amenities of College Life," by Professor Gaines on "The Honor System," and by Dr. Charles H. Ryland on "The Uses of the Library." Professor Dickey then spoke a few words on "College Spirit," after which the gathering dispersed, everyone feeling in a better and in a happier frame of mind.

A meeting of The Messenger staff was held Thursday evening, October 15th, at which plans were formulated looking forward to the placing of the magazine on a better literary and financial basis than heretofore. We have with us this year Professor Van Landingham, of Mercer University, who was actively connected with the Mercerian, the monthly organ of the students of that university, and to whom its success is chiefly due. He will cooperate with the staff for the coming year, and we congratulate ourselves on having so able a helper from the Faculty.

Now is the time to send in your subscription to The Messenger. Don't be satisfied with reading the copy belonging to someone else. That is not helping your college paper, nor will the person who is a subscriber relish the idea of paying for your reading matter. It is not fair either to him, to your college, or to yourself. Get busy and address your communications to the Business Manager, care of the Book Store.
Miss J. P. Harrison (B. A., '06; M. A., '07) has returned for a Bachelor of Science degree in '09.

R. N. Daniel (M. A., '08) is teaching Latin at Fork Union Academy.

Rev. P. B. Watlington (Bishop) has entered the Theological Department at Colgate University.

W. G. Payne (M. A., '08) is the principal of Stanleyton High School.

Miss R. L. Lovenstein (M. A., '08) has entered the Medical Department at Johns Hopkins University, and after graduating will return to do work in the slums of this city.

G. T. Waite (M. A., '08) is pursuing his studies at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

B. H. Turner (B. A., '07) is teaching history and Latin at Roanoke High School.

A. Y. Maynard (B. A., '08) is principal of Clarksville High School.

J. B. Miller (LL. B., '08) expects to practice law in West Virginia.

E. M. Louthan (M. A., '08) is teaching at Cluster Springs Academy.

E. W. Hudgins (LL. B., '08) is practicing law at Chase City, Va.

J. F. Cropp (B. A., '08) has entered Crozer Theological Seminary, and has also classes at University of Pennsylvania.

W. O. Crockett and W. N. Mountjoy have entered partnership to practice law in this city.

F. B. Clarke (M. A., '08) is principal of Dunnsville High School.

T. H. Binford (M. A., '08) has entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

J. Boatwright (LL. B., '08) is practicing law at Dillwyn.