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**THE
MESSENGER
OF
RICHMOND COLLEGE**

Richmond, Va.

Published Monthly by the Philologist and Mu Sigma Rho Societies.

Vol. XX.

MARCH, 1894.

No. 6.

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Hausmann, Joseph

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XX.

MARCH, 1894.

No. 6.

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MY COAT-OF-ARMS.

I have a craze to noble be—
To point where hangeth on the wall
My scutcheon blazoned with degree
Of deed and pride and familie.

I never rode with lance at rest ;
I never sought the Holy Grail ;
I ne'er wore mail upon my breast,
Nor ladye's colors on my crest ;

I never held myself so high
I could not take my fellow's hand ;
No prince's favors e'er had I—
Or garter, medal, plume, or dye ;

I cannot boast a regal trace
Of blood, or wealth, or heart, or brain ;
I never saw my grandsire's face,
And I, maylike, shall end my race :

And yet I have a foolish craze
 To have a blazoned coat-of-arms—
 A shield upon whose convex plays
 The symbol that my heart upstays.

No guerdon from a king I ask
 To honor with its grace my field ;
 Nor lance, nor lion will I task—
 Bold signs—upon my targe to bask ;

No motto in a foreign tongue
 Shall flaunt its vagueness of device ;
 Nor native legend there be strung
 Like victor's chaplet graceful hung ;

No dubious likeness to the sign—
 Or high or low—another claims ;
 I only ask to name as mine
 A simple-made heraldic trine :

A circle,—gold,—a flower-crest :
 A circle—in its rim complete ;
 Of gold—the metal proven best ;
 And violets—flowerets modestest,—

Ay, gentle blooms of lowly birth,
 With tints that peer the heaven-hue,
 With odor of a love-sweet worth
 To link high heaven with humble earth.

The violets—they shall be but three,
 A clustered trio fondly near ;
 And these three violets—they shall be
 One each for Love, and Thee, and Me.

And Thou, Mine Own, alone mayst know
 (I care not if the world pass blind)
 The meaning of the shield I show,—
 And Thou canst well divine, I trow.

And thus, upon a cirque of gold
 Encrested with but violets three,
 I'd claim, a nobleman, to hold
 Rank high as any house, how old.

For Love dates back ere arms were known—
 And Love's own blood is in my veins ;
 And She—her woman's-face alone
 Outwealths the treasures of a throne ;

And then to win her—never knight,
With barb and lance and helm and heart,
Sought prize the like in tourney-fight,
Or won a hand so chastely-white.

And so, I claim a knightly deed ;
And pride ramps high within my heart ;
A dateless ancestry I plead :
A coat-of-arms hath Love decreed.

—L. R. HAMBERLIN.

Austin, Texas.

THE MARCH OF THE ANGLO-SAXON—HIS SUPREMACY.

Go back with me in imagination, over the space of twenty-four centuries. Let us look, for a moment, into the dark and shadowy ages of the past. Persia, in all her glory, was mistress of the world. She had pursued an almost uninterrupted career of conquest. The Median, Lydian, Babylonian, and Egyptian empires had all submitted to her sway, and it seemed that she had established an everlasting dominion over the nations of the earth. But not so. Persia, with all her pomp and splendor, was destined to suffer ignominious defeat at the hands of a small but valiant race of eastern Europe. Greece, rising with the fall of Persia, in her turn became mistress of the then known world ; and it seemed that she, too, had established a perpetual dominion. But Greece, that gave art and beauty to the world ; Greece, that produced a Demosthenes, a Homer, a Plato ; Greece, that had won the glorious fields of Marathon and Thermopylæ, was doomed to fall, almost without a struggle, before the victorious legions of the Roman Consul. Rome, the "Niobe of nations," rose under the wise and courageous rule of her consuls, and the valor and prowess of her soldiers, to be the foremost nation of antiquity. What could have withstood the furious onset of Roman soldiery, directed by

the genius of a Cæsar? Virgil, singing the long and illustrious glories of the Roman name, little dreamt that within a few brief centuries the sceptre of the Cæsars would be broken by the ruthless violence of an invader, and that the beloved Tiber would run red with the blood of its defenders. But such was the decree of fate, and the imperial city fell before the countless hordes of half-civilized barbarians that assailed her from all sides. Then followed a long night of a thousand years—the “Dark ages” of history. Then civilization bade the earth farewell for a season, and culture and refinement winged their way to other habitations more congenial to their nature. The star of empire moves westward. We have traced it in the rise and fall of three mighty empires. Where next shall it alight, when, and how? Now begins the history of the Saxon. How great the significance that he should come into notice at the time that Rome was falling! How surely, and step by step, he begins his march upward! The Saxon succeeded the Roman to the dominion of the world.

We are all familiar with the story of how Britain was left defenceless by the withdrawal of the Roman legions; how the Britons had to shift for themselves; how, in their distress, they invited the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles to help them fight their battles; and how they were themselves exterminated by them that came to save them. Then followed to the fair shores of Britain, band after band of the restless Saxons, who, having conquered the primitive inhabitants, fought among themselves, until the lordly Egbert united under his sole sway the whole of what then came to be known as England. Let us consider these Saxons for a moment; these fierce vikings from the moors of Denmark, and the dales of Northern Germany. This hardy race possessed many qualities to make them the masters of the world. Their love of freedom and of personal independence; their dauntless, courageous spirits, that never yield-

ed to man; that conservative patience; that indomitable tenacity of purpose, and calm, steady, persistent effort, which have won glorious battlefields in the past and are destined to win yet greater victories in the future—these characteristics exist in the English-speaking people to this day, and will continue to exist forever.

Alfred, the peerless, the good, whose name is the most illustrious in the annals of England's earlier sovereigns, now claims our attention. He won for himself imperishable fame by his justice, his wisdom, and his courage. Well might the Saxons cherish, in fondest remembrance, his hallowed name. With him begins their history, their literature, their greatness, and their glory. He it was who rescued his native land from the thralldom of the Dane, and it was in his reign that Englishmen began to acquire that maritime fame which has so distinguished them in modern times.

Thus, the affairs of merry England, so well established by the matchless Alfred, continued to prosper as never before, until the death of Edward the Confessor, who bequeathed his realm to the valiant Harold.

Now William of Normandy comes upon the scene, bringing untold woes and calamities upon Saxon England. The brave Saxons fought long and well at Hastings, for their freedom and their king. But 'twas in vain. The day declared for the invader, who, with triumphant course pushed his conquests northward, until the fall of Hereward, "the last of the old English," ensured a complete victory over the once-conquering race of Wessex. Then followed the amalgamation of the races, in which Saxon characteristics and the Saxon language did not disappear, but in the end gained a complete supremacy. What a goodly people was made by the union of these two races! How commendable the spirit that wrung from the unwilling King John the groundwork of English freedom, the cornerstone of the Saxon's temple of liberty, the glorious Magna Charta, in

the meadow of Runnymede, on that balmy day in June! And the same spirit that wrought the Magna Charta delivered England of the hateful tyranny of the Stuarts, and raised William of Orange to the throne.

The daring and adventurous natures of the Saxons which had caused them, in earlier days, to sail for the shores of Britain, now caused them to sail for the shining coasts of America; and the push and pluck of a Frobisher, a Drake, a Raleigh, explored the undeveloped wildernesses of the new continent, and planted flourishing colonies in Virginia and elsewhere, whence sprung our own sturdy stock that now lords it so splendidly among the nations of the earth.

And England fought for the colonies that had sprung from her own loins. In vain did the Catholics of France contend for the fair land of America. Montcalm was truly a great general; but a greater than he was the valiant leader of the victorious English. Wolfe, great glory be thine! Thy victory decided the fate of a continent. It had been decreed by fate that the Saxon should rule, undisputed master, in this new and goodly land.

The Americans possess all the good qualities of the English, with but few of their bad ones, and when England forgot to be true to herself, and imposed excessive taxes on her unrepresented, but hitherto loyal American subjects, they showed the determined courage of their natures by taking up victorious arms under the leadership of the good, the noble, the immortal Washington, who made one of the grandest, most effective stands for the freedom of an oppressed people that the world has ever seen.

America, that began so well, has never failed to produce men equal to any emergency threatening danger to the welfare of the nation, and the war of 1812 was not wanting in a Perry or a Lawrence to shed unfading lustre on the American name; nor was a Scott wanting in the war of '46 to push his conquests into the very heart of Mexico, and

with a small but courageous band, to successfully storm a seemingly impregnable line of breastworks, and to place the stars and stripes, bravely fluttering in the breezes of victory, over the proud capital of the ancient empire of the Montezumas.

Now followed years of plenty and prosperity, those preceding the fierce and bloody civil war. This was a most unhappy event in the history of our nation. The cause for which our fathers fought so long, so nobly, and so well is, alas, a *lost* cause. But, though the Southern arms suffered defeat, it was the defeat of the brave, and no dishonor stains their fair record; and though fate denied Lee victory, it gave him a glorious immortality; and to him was erected, by a grateful people, a beautiful monument which will forever stand in remembrance of one of the noblest men that ever lived in the tide of time.

The United States has accomplished a growth and progress, within the last few years, never before witnessed in the history of the world. No nation before ever rose to such a culminating height of power and grandeur in so short a time.

The Saxon is supreme. He is the acknowledged lord of the earth. His supremacy is due not to artificial ^{but to} natural causes, and is therefore of a permanent ^{only, v.} It can only end with time itself. Descended from the bold and daring Northmen, whose predominating traits were love of liberty and local self-government, can we wonder that he has surpassed all other peoples in the struggle for mastery? The last to accept Christianity, he has been its most earnest and effective advocate; and the pages of history have demonstrated no more suggestive fact than that those nations which have been the most zealous advocates of the Christian religion, and more especially of Protestantism, have made the most rapid strides in civilization. No, the splendid dominion of the Anglo-Saxon can never cease. It

cannot perish as did that of the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, for they were but pagans, bowing down before a multiplicity of false gods. The aged Socrates, presiding at the birth of Science, and discoursing on the immortality of the soul, was compelled to take the fatal hemlock, because he refused to acknowledge the existence of a hundred gods!

The Saxon is aggressive. He traverses with equal fearlessness and success the wilds and jungles of the dark continent, and the eternal snows of the abode of the Esquimau. He is king of the sea, and like the Doge of Venice, in days of yore, he claims it as his lawful right, and none dare dispute his claim. The sun sets not on his possessions. He has won from the unwilling Mexican the Lone Star State of Texas; he has set up an empire in the land of the Hindoo; he to-day is lifting from slavery and degradation the benighted inhabitants of Egypt, the once-famed kingdom of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. He holds Gibraltar, the key that unlocks the gateway of the Mediterranean; he has transformed the Japanese from a half-civilized to a civilized race, and within two decades made Japan thrice greater, than before, she had learned to be in five thousand years. He has twice saved Europe from the bondage of France, to be a Marlborough it was who tamed the pride of Louis, and a Wellington who taught Napoleon a lesson in the art of war, and transferred him from the sovereignty of Europe, to dwell a lonely exile on the island of St. Helena.

Continue, undaunted Saxon, thy irresistible march; and may thy influence, great and grand, ever be exerted for the betterment of mankind, the uplifting of the nations, and the spreading of good-will, peace, and fraternity throughout the world.

But it is in America that the Anglo-Saxon is destined to attain to the highest grade of civilization, power, and cul-

ture. Not that England is less, but that America is more. The United States possesses every variety of climate, from the frigid cold of the snow-clad hills of Maine to the eternal summer of Florida. We are a world within ourselves. The broad scope of our institutions, and the comprehensive administration of our government command the envy and admiration of the world; while the majestic grandeur of the Columbian Exposition has filled all peoples with wonder at our greatness and the splendid promise of our future. The American may well be thankful that providence has cast his lot on so goodly a land, and his bosom swell with pride when he reflects that he is a free-born citizen living under the best government that has existed since the creation of man.

Our women are fairer than those of Greece in her palmiest days; our men as fine of form as Apollo, physically possessing the fabled strength of Hercules, and intellectually, of the true followers of Minerva.

Whittier, who sang the triumphant song of the victorious Yankee, and the "Poet Priest," who chanted the mournful dirge of the lost cause, shall in the future be united into one, a greater than either, who will invoke the Muse to sing a song in glory of The Union, when the Blue and the Gray shall dwell together in ever increasing harmony, while the American eagle, conscious of his strength, shall bid defiance to the united world, and the Stars and Stripes float supreme over a free and patriotic people, the most blest among mankind.

W. F. DUNAWAY, JR.

DID SHAKESPEARE WRITE THE WORKS ATTRIBUTED TO HIM?

A very large number of our readers are not interested in this subject so far as the actors and theaters are concerned, as they have not the opportunity, and may not have the inclination to visit such places of amusement, but we rather suspect that nearly every reader, of whatever profession, certainly every college student, feels a deep interest in the great works of Shakespeare. They breathe the grandest conceptions of a poetic soul, and unveil the hidden mysteries of the human heart in a style and language never before equaled by mortal man. It is almost impossible at this day to find anyone, who reads at all, who will confess he has not dwelt, in silent meditation, at least, over these wonderful works, so rich in the beauties of our language and the exuberance of an overflowing soul; therefore it is no idle question we have propounded (or rather reproduced), and we shall briefly proceed to the issue.

Judge Nathaniel Holmes produced, a few years ago, a very elaborate and, certainly very ingenuous work to prove that Lord Bacon, and not Shakespeare was the author of the great plays. The real gist of his argument consists in the assertion that the young bard of Avon was not capable of the work, and that Lord Bacon was, especially as the latter was a splendid scholar and had access to the mysteries of the royal courts and councils portrayed in some of the pieces; that the young play-writer, who "knew little Latin and less Greek," could not have reproduced certain transactions and characters incident only to a classic age; that he was but the instrument through which Bacon reached the public ear and sight to correct royal errors, or to wreak courtly revenges.

This is certainly a plausible premise, and, if capable of being sustained, it would be a crushing blow to the fame of

a man who for centuries has occupied a niche where the proudest and greatest of the earth would be glad to rest, even for an hour. To attempt to blot out the name of Shakespeare from the grandest roll of the literary world, and write over it even the great and justly famed name of Lord Bacon, has set to work the best minds of our age in his defense, and, to us, they seem to have demolished the giant-like presumption of the literary Goliath with the small pebble of truth from the unerring sling of logical demonstration. Dr. Furness, recognized as one of the ablest critics of the day, in a recent conversation on this subject, proves that he has studied the question down to the bottom; he has read all the works on the issue, and comes to the palpable conclusion that the very errors of Shakespeare in dates, geography and classics, prove that a scholar like Bacon could not have made them; the author who "knew little Latin and less Greek" needed not to have known a great deal of either, in order to reproduce classic plays, as they had already been translated by those competent for the task, and their productions were accessible to all play-writers; that he had the envy and opposition of the leading play-writers of that time, who left no stone unturned to drive him from the field, and should there have been any collusion between him and Bacon, it could not have escaped discovery, and the slightest proof of it would have crushed him. In fact, no such charge was made at that time. Furthermore, the ablest scholars of our modern age have taken the trouble to analyze the style of the two writers. In Bacon's works they found about sixty per cent of words of classic derivation, while in Shakespeare they found about twenty, thus proving that the two authors wrote in an entirely different language, from a literary standpoint. These being undeniable and established facts, we need only recur to another premise, in support of Bacon, namely: that Shakespeare *could not* write thus, and as Bacon was

not mixed up in the theatrical opposition to Shakespeare, and as he was the ablest author of that period having access to court secrets, therefore Bacon wrote these plays. To this premise, Charles Pope, Esq., who was recognized not only as a fine actor, but as a very close student of playwrights, replied most emphatically: "*Bacon was wholly unable to write them; he did not possess by nature the deep poetic genius necessary for their production.*" Here we find a counter premise (not published, but elicited by conversation) from at least as good as, if not a better dramatic critic than was Judge Holmes, substantiated by producing the fact that "poets are born not made," and that Bacon being a philosopher, a logician and a deep thinker on material facts, never produced a poetic idea outside of the grand framework of demonstration. His production of these plays would have possessed all the elements of rigidity and strength of parallel and perpendicular proportions.

On the other hand, Shakespeare was a poet and nothing else, and his works are the richest legacy of pure poetry we have left to us in the English language. Being a poet, he claimed a poet's license and ignored facts, in a way that would have made Bacon crazy, had he, while living, been charged with it. The question as to Shakespeare's opportunities to write so much in connection with his profession as an actor, has been settled by the practical test of the author's age and the customs of that day. At that time gas was unknown, and everything was done in daylight that could be avoided at night; hence the theatres generally closed before dark, and as they were only opened two or three times a week, it left Shakespeare plenty of time, from the young age at which he commenced till his death, to do an immense amount of work as an author, and from his daily intercourse with the nobility, who at that date courted the stage, he could gather all the necessary facts of court life with which to color his characters; and

this, it must be confessed, is a strong reply, also, to the charge that Lord Bacon alone could have furnished certain incidents alluded to in the plays. When we want to know something about the specific gravity of iron, we should not consult a lawyer, nor when inquiring about the proper dose of a dangerous medicine would we go to a dry goods merchant, but to a doctor; so when we wanted to know something about Shakespeare and this issue, which a few years ago was discussed in all the newspapers of the land, we interviewed those who had made it a study and knew what they were talking about, and their verdict is, and we agree with them, that "Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's plays."

C. W. D.

HOW CAN WE SECURE A BETTER CLASS OF CONTRIBUTIONS?

This is a question of serious importance, and upon its proper solution depends the success of the mission of our college magazine, whose very name implies that it has a message to bear and a mission to perform. The question contained in the heading of this article implies that there is something serious the matter, and it is the purpose of this article to point out several defects that may be remedied; and if, by instigating this investigation and discussion as to the best means of securing a better class of literary contributions to the MESSENGER, an interest may be aroused in the importance of the radical changes which will be indicated as necessary to place our magazine on a higher literary plane, the writer will feel amply repaid for appearing in print on a subject that, considered apart from the bearing it may have on the future welfare and influence of the MESSENGER, is extremely distasteful to him.

I have for a considerable length of time been impressed with the scarcity, in our literary columns, of articles above

the mediocrity of merit ; and the fact that, of late, there have appeared articles which it does not take a profound critic to pronounce below even this low standard of excellence, is the primary cause of this effort to examine into the reasons for this vital deficiency, and suggest, if possible, adequate remedies.

First, let us consider the objects that should be held in constant view in the publication of a college paper. It should not be a money making scheme, but should be supported, as our magazine is, by the subscriptions and advertisements ; *and it is due to the subscribers to give them value received.* Such a paper as the MESSENGER should contain, above all else in importance, able literary articles, supplied by the students, alumni, faculty, and friends of the college, which should serve as models of thought and style. I name the sources in the order of their importance, placing the students first ; but this by no means excludes the others, and right here I would contradict the notion, which seems to be entertained by so many, that *all* or at least the larger part of the articles in a college magazine should be contributed by the students—if those offered by the students are not up to the proper standard, it is the duty of the editors to *reject* them, and supply, in their stead, contributions by prominent alumni, professors, or friends, the results of careful and intelligent preparation, which will be read with pleasure and profit. I do not mean that we should publish matter that will be of more interest to the outside world than to the students. Quite the reverse, for I have no patience with the notion, so often expressed in our exchange columns, that there can be too much of local interest in the contents of our paper ; out of every twenty-five names on the subscription list, about twenty-two are connected with Richmond College, and surely what is of local interest to the college is of interest to this large proportion of our readers. But to be more specific, the point I wish to make is that when a stu-

dent offers an article like one published in a recent issue of the MESSENGER, which, from a casual perusal, showed nine unmistakably faulty constructions, nineteen cases of bad punctuation, and one typographical error (all in the short space of four and one-half pages), there is something wrong with the editorial management that will send such an article to the printer without correction, and be so careless in examining the proof-sheets.

But you may say these are the faults of the printer. I deny this. It is the result of indifference or willful neglect on the part of the editors. If any one will carefully read the leading contribution to the literary department of January MESSENGER, he will discover a worse combination of far-fetched similes, mixed metaphors, illogical definitions, unanalyzable sentences, bad spelling and worse punctuation, than he can find in any magazine of the high standard we profess to maintain. For example the author says: "Pluck is that true *manly* courage which enables a *man* * * * * to *work* out his own destiny * * * * by *work*." "It is that inherent power that enables him to accomplish those results *concerning some of which we will speak later*." " * * * * Grover Cleveland, whom we all know, with the courage of his convictions, dares to do his duty." "Just *as* a ship, so *with* man; *his bark* is cast in the financial sea * * * * ; he looks not behind * * * * until at last the harbor is reached, when he may cast anchor and rest from his labors, *a model vessel and beacon light* to guide and influence others on their voyage." "What Columbus found, we need only to allude briefly to a land whose forests were groaning under their burdens of timber; * * * * *a climate and fertile soil, evidenced alike by the spontaneous growth of weeds and red men*." Not to mention such gross errors as the misquotation of Patrick Henry's famous exclamation, or the misspelling of "preferring" (twice) and "indispensable," the author speaks of "impregnable

clouds," takes delight in misplacing adverbial phrases, and punctuates so as to lend additional obscurity to sentences already too obscure for comprehension by the ordinary mind. How can our exchange editor, who seems to think it his duty to criticize, adversely or favorably, the contents of other publications, write one word against the make-up of even the worst of them, in the face of such glaring and vulnerable deficiencies as these?

The next longest contribution to January MESSENGER, although possessed of far more literary merit than the one I have just discussed, is much below the standard we should seek to maintain. The author says, "*Hamilton's career does not end with the constitution*;" he misspells "dreamt," and uses a word which I feel sure no one ever saw in print before: *potentious*—from the connection in which it was used, I think he meant "portentous." Two articles in February MESSENGER, which are very good in other respects, are greatly marred by the misspelling, in the first, of such common words as "borne," "combating," and "pursuit," and, in the second, of "noblest," "entreated," and "decent;" in the same issue, the words "gone" and "green" are interchanged in the poem published on page 190, and a word that does not belong there inserted on page 200; and here is a sample of the grammar, or rather the lack of it, that appears in the exchange columns: "The locals of *The Carolinian* are quite *as* amusing, and certainly more appreciable to the outside world, *than* the jokes appearing in many college papers."

I trust I will be pardoned for particularizing to such an extent. I might go still further in the enumeration of these deplorable mistakes that make up a veritable "Comedy of Errors"—for some of them are as comical as they are deplorable—but refrain from doing so, as those that have been pointed out sufficiently serve to illustrate the point I wish to make, namely, that more intelligent care should be used by

the editors in the selection of articles for publication, correcting or rejecting them without fear or favor, and reading *and correcting* the proof-sheets when they come from the printer. I have, during my college life, written several articles for the MESSENGER, and *I never saw the proof-sheets of a single one of them*, although efforts were made to see and correct them, and I do not think a single one of them finally appeared without one or more serious typographical errors; in one of them the printer made me quote Hamlet's ghost as saying, " * * * * and by day confined to *fast in fires*" (for "lasting fires"). When such blunders as this are allowed, what encouragement is offered to the self-respecting student to appear in print at all? What guarantee have I that when this article appears in print, some ridiculous mistake in spelling, punctuation, or grammar will not appear along with it that will destroy the force of everything I have tried to say with a view of eliminating these defects from our columns?

I have already written more than I ought on this subject. I hope for the editors, especially our newly elected Editor-in-Chief, that "some power" will "the giftie gi'e" them, to see themselves as others see them, and cause them to look upon their office, not as an honor simply, but as a trust imposed upon them by their fellow-students, in the execution of which it is impossible for them to use too much diligence.

W. D. DUKE.

IN A LIBRARY.

Tread softly here, as ye would tread
 In presence of the honored dead,
 With reverent step and low-bowed head.

* * * *

Here may we sit and converse hold
 With those whose names in ages old
 Where in the book of fame enrolled.

Here under poet's power intense
 We leave the world of sound and sense,
 Where mortals strive with problems dense.

And mount to realms where, fancy free,
 Above our poor humanity,
 Roams in a joyous ecstasy.

Or if through history's maze we tread,
 The hero, patriot, long since dead,
 Whose great heart for his country bled,

Seems once again to work and fight
 In superstitions' darkest night
 For God, his fellows, and the right.

Enough! mere words can never tell
 The influence of the grateful spell
 Which seems among these books to dwell.

THE TEMPORARY PROFESSOR.

By sudden death the chair of Greek in the young ladies college of B———was left vacant. The President applied himself diligently to the task of finding a suitable successor. But in permanently filling the position he knew that he must proceed with careful deliberation. Meanwhile someone must be found to temporarily perform the duties.

It was this problem that vexed him the most. No one who was capable and of sufficient age and respectability to warrant his admission to a college for women, could be found willing to accept the place for a brief time. He had written to all his friends, and even to his enemies, to say nothing of those of whom he had only heard. But all in vain. The good President was in despair. A week had already elapsed during which there had been no recitations in Greek. Some one *must* be found soon.

In a library on ——street, ——, two gentlemen were comfortably ensconced in large reading chairs smoking and chatting. One had passed what is commonly called the

prime of life, and could now safely be called elderly. His hair was nearly white, and this with the scant beard also well frosted made him seem at first glance older than he was. His face was thin, his cheeks and lip clean shaven, but there was in the clear cut of his features, the delicate mold of his nose, and above all in the bright snap of his eyes the sign of a quick, active intellect, a shrewd sense of humor and the keen intuitiveness of a man who had mingled much with men.

The other you would have said at once was his son and you would have been correct. The form, the face, the general bearing was that of his father. The eyes were darker and more brilliant, but age would take that out. The hair was fine and silky, and just a little scanty like his father's, only it was brown. Age would alter this too. Last of all he had a light mustache of creditable size and shape upon his upper lip. In this he was unlike his father. Of years he must have had some twenty-four.

Father and son were graduates of the same college, and had been members in their time of the same Fraternity. The younger had been out of college some three years and was recently admitted to the bar. The two had been discussing college days and college work in their respective experiences.

"Well, Richard," the older was just saying, "So far as I can see, you entered with about as much Latin and Greek as I graduated with. But, you young upstart, I'll take down any of the old humbugs (with a gesture toward the book cases) and have a tilt with you at translation and construction, and if I beat you, you shall buy me my next box of Havanas."

"I am agreeable, Sir," returned Richard, laughing.

"I beg of you don't use that abominable expression," exclaimed his father. "You young folks are becoming too careless in your use of language. Now what right have

you to make the unsupported and arbitrary statement that you are agreeable?"

"I agree with you and crave your pardon, Sir; we are careless, it's true. But what shall we read, Latin or Greek, Cicero, Tacitus, Plautus, Xenophon, Demosthenes or Æschylus?"

"Latin never was my *forte*," replied his father.

"Let us have some Æschylus, the grand Prometheus."

To those of us who have ground out the play line by line, and made laborious failures this contest would be uninteresting; to those who have not had this pleasure it would be—Greek. So suffice it to say that after an hour's rapid translation and sharp questioning, the elder man was forced to acknowledge himself defeated. As they leaned back in their chairs again after the trial, the father said:

"I got a letter the other day from a man whom I met by chance some years ago. He is now President of B—— college, young ladies you know. It seems that the Greek Professor unfortunately died in the middle of their term leaving the President and Trustees to find his successor. In the meantime they want some one to come temporarily and carry on the department. Well, he explained the situation and ended by saying that he knew me to be a gentleman of scholarly attainments and fond of classic study, etc., etc. (of course we understand the worth of all that talk), and that in short he should be most happy to have me take charge of the classes until some one could be found who would take the position permanently. If I wasn't quite so old, Richard—had not in fact reached the 'lean and slippered pantaloons' point, and was less strongly attached to my animal comforts—I should like nothing better than to plant myself in that bee-hive of girls."

"It seems to me, Sir, that you are viewing the obstacles through your magnifying spectacles. It's my opinion that it is not a bad idea."

"No, no, my time for all that has gone by," returned his father.

The two discussed the matter for nearly half an hour longer, and when they finally parted for the night they were laughing heartily. The name on the front door of this house on ——— street was Greyburn.

Three days after the scene in the library, the President was sitting disconsolately in his study, wondering in what direction he should renew his search, when he heard the crunching of a foot upon the broad gravel walk leading up to his door. Glancing out of his window he saw an elderly gentleman, well, though plainly dressed, approaching. There was an air of refinement and culture about his slight mold and keen face that made the good man ardently hope he might be an applicant for the troublesome position. But no, he was too well dressed, had too much the air of a gentleman of leisure to be applying for a place as teacher. In a moment the servant entered with a card. "Richard Greyburn," read the President.

"Show him in," he said to the servant.

"Ah, Sir," he exclaimed as the stranger entered, "I am very happy to meet you again, though I have no doubt our previous meeting has entirely escaped your memory."

"Not at all, not at all, sir," replied Mr. Greyburn warmly. "On the contrary, I recall distinctly the pleasant conversation we had on the steamer, and it was with pleasure that I received your letter."

"Ah, yes, my letter. You will excuse me I hope, Mr. Greyburn, for introducing a business matter so unceremoniously, but I really am very anxious about this, and should rest much easier if the affair was straightened out. May I ask if I am so fortunate as to have my letter considered favorably? If you will in fact accept of the position for the time being?" The good man had prolonged the sentence

as long as he dared, dreading to have his hopes dashed to the ground by the answer, and instinctively wishing, if he were to be disappointed, to put off the evil moment as far as possible.

Mr. Greyburn heard him through, divining his inward anxiety, and there was a roguish twinkle in his brown eyes as he replied :

“I have thought the matter over, and though I am rather old to take a sharp turn like this, still there is enough of the elixir of youth left in me to make me ready for a lark, (I look at this wholly in that light,) and so I have concluded to accept, if it still be your desire.”

In the fullness of his relief the President grasped the other's hand and shook it warmly.

“Thank you, sir, thank you!” he said, “and now come in and see my wife and have a bit of lunch, and then we will take a stroll about the college.”

A month had elapsed. The Senior Greek had just been dismissed. As the girls strolled along in knots to their rooms they were discussing the new Professor.

“I think he is just too lovely for anything,” declared one bright dashing young woman, whose tasteful apparel did full justice to her superb form. “Did you see the twinkle in his eyes behind the spectacles when he took out that Harper's and read the translation after Grace, ‘just as collateral’ you know? It was almost too bad, but it was certainly rich.”

“Yes,” said another, “I watched him and he seemed ready to burst with suppressed laughter.”

“He certainly is thorough and well up in his subject,” added a plain, studious looking girl.

“And he's oh, so good to you, when you don't know your lesson, not like that horrid old Wilcox; my! I didn't mean to say that because he's dead, but I do like Prof. Greyburn so much.” The speaker was a shy, timid little girl, who

seldom said so much as this, and who now seemed frightened at her own audacity.

"There! I meant to have asked him about that two hundredth line," exclaimed the girl who had first spoken. "I guess I can catch him yet."

"Isn't she beautiful," murmured the timid little girl, lost in admiration of the retreating figure.

She was indeed the heroine of the college. Fond of fun, bright in her studies, quick witted, and withal sweet-tempered and thoughtful of others, she was the favorite of college mates and Professors.

In the meantime the old Greek Professor was leaning back in his chair in the empty recitation room, his great gold spectacles lying on the desk before him and the tears streaming down his cheeks. But they were tears of hard and exhausting laughter. In this position he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and hurriedly drying his eyes, he thrust on his spectacles and sobered his face as far as possible, and when the young lady entered, was quietly picking up his books and making ready to depart.

"What can I do for Miss Pierpont?" he inquired with his pleasant tone of good fellowship. In fact the girls had noticed that his voice was unusually full and mellow for a man of his age and gray hairs. The young lady explained her difficulty, and it was duly disposed of. As they left the building together the Professor said, "Oh, by the way, I meant to have asked you to stop after the recitation, but I am getting very forgetful in my old age. I am glad you came back. I have been thinking that as I enjoy my pupils so much in the class room I should doubly enjoy meeting them socially, and so I have obtained the permission of the President to have a few of you to tea in my apartments at the hotel. I wanted to see you, both to extend you an invitation and to ask a favor. Would you think it too much

trouble to serve the tea for us and help me make it pleasant for the rest?"

"I should be delighted!" exclaimed Miss Pierpont. "What a lark that would be."

"That's just how I looked at it," returned the Professor, his face beaming with benevolent joy. "And now for the evening. Shall we say next Tuesday? That will be five days for maturing our plans. We won't say anything about it except to those who are invited, and then no one will feel hurt, and perhaps I can have the rest sometime. I can then count on you as my ally, can I, Miss Pierpont?"

"With all my heart, Professor," she replied, eagerly.

"That would be the *ne plus ultra* of happiness," returned the Professor, smiling.

"True for all that," was the laughing response.

"I wish it were," muttered the old gentleman under his breath as they parted.

Tuesday evening came at last. Miss Pierpont, in her capacity of helper, presented herself at the Professor's door a little earlier than the rest. The voice that answered her knock was like the Professor's, and yet different. Judge of her surprise when, on opening the door, she found herself face to face with a young, rather handsome, stylishly dressed man of slight stature.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she cried hastily, "I was told that this was Professor Greyburn's room."

"And so it is," replied the young man; "come in and I will call the Professor. Won't you take this chair?" he continued, politely drawing an easy rocker toward the open fire blazing on the hearth. "I am sure my father will be delighted with this unexpected pleasure, for it must be unexpected or he would certainly not have been absent."

"You are his son, then," said Miss Pierpont with evident interest, settling herself comfortably before the fire. "And

he hasn't told you anything about the tea party he is to have to-night?"

"Tea party," returned the young man. "Never a word have I heard of any tea party."

"That's strange," said the girl meditatively. "It must be he didn't want you to attend. Do you know," she continued after a moment's pause, "I am completely in love with your father, Mr. Greyburn."

"In that case," replied the young man, "I wish the boy was truly father of the man and not the man father of the boy."

She laughed, and, surveying him frankly, said in a matter of fact way: "You look very much like your father," and then they both blushed.

"I am sure my father must have entirely forgotten the party," he said, suddenly remembering his duty and glad to hide his embarrassment and perhaps some other feeling in flight. "He is getting very absent minded. I will go and call him," and he bowed himself out.

Left to herself, Miss Pierpont surveyed with approving eyes the Professor's apartments. They were two in number, large and high, opening into each other through a great arch in which was hung a thick Turkish portiere now drawn back, giving her the range of both rooms from her seat by the fire. The floors were covered with heavy rugs, the furniture was plain and rich, the pictures fine and choice. The whole gave the effect of wealth and refinement. The visitor wondered why a man of the position his rooms indicated should be teaching in B———. A few moments after his son had gone to seek him, the door opened and the old Professor hurried into the room, his face red, whether from shame or exertion it would have been hard to determine.

"My dear Miss Pierpont!" he burst out, grasping the hand she extended to him in both of his, "how can I apologize enough for my shameful negligence? I'm, indeed,

in my dotage. To think that, even for a moment, this, one of the greatest occasions of my life, should have slipped my mind!"

"Please say nothing more about it, Professor," interposed Miss Pierpont, as the old gentleman paused from sheer lack of breath. "I have not been waiting any time at all, and besides, I have had the pleasure of meeting your son, a privilege which you had evidently not intended to accord us."

"Indeed, no! the young rascal. Bursting in upon me when I least wanted him around. He begged hard after he discovered the plan to be allowed to attend, but, of course, I would not listen for a moment to anything of the kind. The idea of my imposing upon the President's kindness in allowing you young ladies to come to my rooms, by ringing in upon you my son—I beg your pardon, but the long-forgotten slang of my college days flashes out occasionally before I am aware of it,—it would be disgraceful! However, I had to promise him one thing before I could get out of his clutches, namely, that if I would not allow him to see you again, I should at least ask if he might have the pleasure of calling upon you while he is here."

"I should be delighted to have your son call, Professor," answered Miss Pierpont. Before she could say more there was a knock and the Professor hastened to admit a bevy of the invited young ladies, and the tea party was soon in full swing. If you have ever seen a number of girls freed for a time from the restraints of boarding school life, you can imagine what a jolly, noisy, happy party this was. If you have never had that privilege, I can only offer my sympathy.

The time for leaving came only too quickly and when the young ladies shook hands with the Professor, they unanimously voted it a complete success.

Several months had passed since the Professor's tea

party, during which young Greyburn, who, it seemed, was necessarily often in town, had repeatedly availed himself of the privilege granted by Miss Pierpont. He and his father were seldom seen together—in fact, the loafers about the hotel did not remember that they had ever seen them together.

The hours of the father and son differed. Much of the time he was away, but when in B—— he was invariably up later both night and morning than his father, who generally retired early.

The time had now arrived for the grand annual reception given by the college to its friends. It furnished a break in the monotony of the term, but it was one of those affairs that are superb in their grandeur and poverty of entertainment. One of the most popular of the gentlemen on this evening of which we write, seemed to be the old Greek Professor, who was chatting and laughing and promenading with many of the young ladies though, perhaps, with Miss Pierpont more often than any other. The time allotted by the authorities had about half expired when the Professor and Miss Pierpont, finding an alcove unoccupied, stepped into it to rest.

The tide of promenaders seemed to have ebbed for the moment and they were in comparative solitude. Their conversation had ceased as they sat down, but was renewed again by the Professor, almost abruptly.

“Miss Pierpont,” he said, looking her straight in the eyes, “you said to the young man whom you met at my room on the night of my tea party, that you were completely in love with me, the Professor.” While speaking he had been nervously unbuttoning the long coat that he wore. As he finished the sentence, standing up suddenly, he slipped it off revealing a dress suit beneath. Then placing his hands before his face parted them quickly, the one passing over his forehead, the other his chin. It was the work of a

moment and the transformation was instantaneous and complete. Young Richard Greyburn stood before her, quiet and self-contained save for the flash of his eyes. His voice was low, and the face bent toward her was full of eager inquiry as he continued:

“Are you still of the same mind, Kate?”

The eyes into which he was looking, that had grown round with wonder, fairly rippled over with laughter as she replied sedately:

“No, sir, I have transferred my affections to his *son*.” There was a quick something that prevented further utterance.

Some time later Miss Pierpont was seen by the company to be promenading with the son of the Greek Professor to whom she was just saying:

“But Dick, I don’t see how you ever did it.”

“O, I used to be quite an adept in comedy acting when I was in college,” he returned. “But it was hard work to keep it up and not give the thing away. Still it paid,” he added, pressing her arm closer.

It was with regret that the young ladies learned on the following day that Prof. Greyburn had yielded his position to its permanent occupant.

JOHN DUTTON.

ADVICE.

Ye students bright, who take delight,
 In following your sweet fancies,
 Think not of the maid of the hoe and spade,
 Nor of her who the german dances.
 But go to work—not like a Turk
 With “nargileh” or cigarette—
 And on text-books keep steady looks
 And honors then you’ll win, “I bet.”
 With Harris dig like a working pig
 For classic Grecian roots,
 Or with Gregory soar to legal lore

And delve in the Institutes.
 This counsel sage, from one whose age
 Might warrant such intrusion ;
 He knows full well the fatal spell
 Of youth's too bright illusion.
 'Tis an antidote to the blinding mote
 That blears the student's vision ;
 'Twill make him see, not the birds in the tree,
 But the priceless pearl of decision.
 Then down to the work ; the gifted can't shirk
 Without marring a noble career ;
 Toy not with flowers, nor linger in bowers,
 But rise to a loftier sphere. —SENEX.

**WILL THE COMING MAN FIND HIS RELIGION
 SUPPLANTED BY SCIENCE ?**

[Part of an address, delivered before the students of the several colleges of Richmond, by CHARLES H. WINSTON, LL. D.]

The phrase, the "Coming Man," is a popular one, often used lightly, and sometimes more seriously to describe the characteristics and the surroundings of the race as we look forward to its future, and strive to imagine what it will be when years and even centuries shall have brought their influences and their changes over it.

It is a perfectly natural and proper exercise of our imagination and our reasoning, thus to look forward, and to ask ourselves what man will be, and what will be his habits and modes of life in the far distant future. The only solution of such an enquiry lies in a survey of the past and a comparison of it with the present. The view forward is but the natural extension and counterpart of the view backward—the prospect of the retrospect. Omitting all reference to the so-called pre-historic times—the ages of stone, and of bronze, and of iron—and especially avoiding any mention of the theory that finds man as yet an undeveloped possibility among the lower animals, it is yet easy to see that since the beginning of history man has changed from age to age, and

his habits and modes of life have changed with him. Sometimes there has been retrogression, but, in the main, there has been progress and development.

Tennyson says:

“ Yet I doubt not, through the ages,
One increasing purpose runs ;
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the progress of the sums.”

But not to raise mooted questions, let us confine ourselves to that which we know, partly by personal knowledge and partly by indisputable history. Let us take the civilized world during the last one hundred years. Some of us can remember half of it, and can recall our own fathers' account of the other half.

Compare man in 1894 with man in 1794. I will not undertake to do it now ; it can easily be done, it has often been done, and we know how vast is the difference. Think of the varied and the important inventions and improvements that these one hundred years have brought: Railroads, steam-boats, telegraphs, telephones, electric-lights, photographs, electric-motors and many more. Improvements there have been in machinery of all sorts ; improvements in medicine and surgery, and in all the industries of life ; improvements in education ; improvements in religion even. Witness the Sunday School, the Missionary Society, the Young Peoples' Union, etc. There have been changes, at least if not improvements, in creed, and in religious service, which may occur to you, but which I have not time to enumerate.

The great World's Fair in Chicago, was a stupendous object lesson, teaching this truth. Apart from the *contrasts* that could be shown here and there—in fact almost everywhere—between the things of the present and those of the past (say for example in the matter of transportation) it is sufficient to observe that such a gathering itself of the world's

best products would have been absolutely impossible, almost inconceivable, a century ago. And, on the *religious* side, the religious congresses, and that strange Parliament of Religions were events wholly without precedent in the world's past history; things impossible, indeed, 'till this end of the nineteenth century. Now the question arises, will the rule of proportion work here? That is, will the changes in the next hundred years be as great, and so in the next, and the next?

And if we can find no reason to doubt that this will be true, then we see the tremendous import of the question, what will the coming man be, and do, and believe?

It is quite apart from our present purpose to inquire what inventions, as unsuspected now as any of these I have mentioned were one hundred years ago, will come in during the next one hundred years to answer to those that during this century have almost revolutionized our surroundings; or what will be the analogues in those days of the cardinal doctrines of science that have but recently given man his deeper insight into the workings of nature, and wrought a complete revolution in his views. Nor would it be worth our while to ask, who will be the Pasteur, the Joule, the Darwin, the Fulton, the Morse, the Edison, the Hertz of the next century, and what truths and inventions they will evolve.

But it is important to note that the most efficient *agent* in all these changes has been that which we call, collectively, *Science*. It is the progress in science that has been in the main, the origin and producing cause of most of the changes that this century has witnessed. This century, beyond all others, has seen the growth and the triumphs of science; and, looking to the future, we may anticipate that this growth and these triumphs will continue, perhaps with increasing power.

It is pertinent, therefore, to inquire what is the attitude of

science towards any phrase of man's life which may be under consideration. This evening, when we meet in religious assembly, and are surrounded by all the sacred associations of devotion, thoughts of religion are uppermost in our minds, and we ask ourselves, what bearing science will have upon *religion*, and what will be the final result when the "coming man" shall have come, and when, if ever, the present conflict between religion and science shall have ended.

Here I may profitably pause to define my terms—an indispensable procedure if we are to advance with assured steps.

What is Science? What is Religion? Science is but another name for "accurate, systematic and comprehensive knowledge." There are as many sciences, strictly speaking, as there are separate departments of knowledge. Astronomy, geology, physiology, botany, anatomy, psychology, isotology, theology, biblical science, and a score of others.

So, when we speak of the growth and progress of Science, we mean, simply, an increase of exact knowledge in some one or more directions. The term is often limited to knowledge of *material* things, the external nature, but I shall use it in its wider and more correct sense as given above.

Now, what is religion? In its ordinary sense it involves a knowledge of God, and of our relations to Him, and of the duties growing out of those relations; or, adopting a broader definition, it is "a recognition of, and allegiance in manner of life to some super-human power." "It is the knowledge, the worship, the love of God, with obedience to, and trust in Him." Religion, then, engages our whole nature. (1.) Our intellects are engaged, for we must *know* God and *understand* His ways and His will; must know ourselves, and our relations to God in all their widest application. (2.) Our *feelings* or emotions are also involved, for religion in its concrete form, is largely emotional, inas-

much as rightly to know God brings us to love Him, to fear Him, to trust Him, to worship Him, to be filled with patience, with joy, with hope, with peace, as, under varying conditions, we contemplate Him. (3.) Religion takes hold, too, upon our *wills*, regulates and controls our conduct, and finds in His will the supreme law of our life. So does religion grow out of, and fix its roots deep into our whole nature. To its view God is all in all, and knowledge, feeling and will must all be penetrated, pervaded, by Him and filled with His fullness. Not more fully does the material sun, rising in the east, take possession of earth, than does the idea of God, rising in the mind, at once dominate every faculty and take full possession of man's whole nature.

Science is mainly intellectual; it seeks only for *truth*. "What is truth?" it asks; "where does this truth belong?" "What principle is involved here?" To what *law* can these principles be reduced? When science has found a law it is content; it asks no more.

But religion, as we have seen, concerns the whole man. It seeks to know, that it may adore and worship; to understand, that it may obey; to see God as He is, that it may, in the end, be like Him.

Now, in considering the bearing of science and religion, it may be well to note that, at first sight, there seems to be a very marked difference, almost an antagonism between them. It is this: Religion lays great stress on *faith*; in fact it is by a familiar figure often called *faith*. Listen to the words of the Master: "Only believe;" "All things are possible to him that believeth," etc. Similar expressions occur in many cases of healing, and other instances. Science, on the other hand, avows that it is "slow to believe." It even says "don't believe anything if you can help it;" it calls for evidence, rejects mere authority, and maintains an attitude of general skepticism, or even agnosticism on all subjects; preferring a "suspense of judgement" in doubtful cases. It

delights to give both sides of a question, and weigh the evidence, and decide the exact probability *pro* and *con*. Its motto might be, "prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." These attitudes of mind seem, at first sight, quite opposed to each other. One says, "*believe*;" the other, "suspend judgement, and do not believe till the proposition is proven." Yet, the difference, on closer view, almost disappears.

Tennyson calls faith,

"The world's great altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

And yet he says :

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

The faith that religion calls for implies *evidence*; otherwise it would be mere credulity, or even worse. Abraham believed God (and it was counted to him for righteousness) when he promised him that He would make of him a great nation; but suppose that he had inferred and believed (without any promise to that effect) that he would *live* to see all this result; it would have been mere credulity. So the scientist exercises faith. He believes many things that to others seem absolutely incredible. He believes because he *has the evidence*. His hearers refuse to believe, because they do not know, or oftener are unprepared to appreciate the evidence.

Did you ever think what an amount of faith is involved in accepting some well-believed scientific truths? Take the distance from here to the Sun, or the velocity of light; why do you believe these? What an amount of faith, in so many people, and in so many complicated and difficult operations, enables anyone to believe that this earth was once in a melted, or even vaporous condition; or that all space is filled with the wonderful tenuous but solid ether, bearer of light heat and energy to the earth; or that the

smallest particle of matter visible in a microscope, (say a cube, the one hundred thousandth of an inch on a side) contains millions on millions, of molecules each one in continuous and rapid motion? Why do you believe an eclipse of the moon will occur on September 14th next, beginning at thirty-six minutes after 10 o'clock P. M? It is not a case of "faith and no faith," or even of "more faith and less faith;" but rather in the end, the amount, and especially the *kind* of *evidence* demanded to support the faith. Passing this by, then, it is evident that science, while not necessarily antagonistic to religion, impinges upon it at several points. Let us see:

(1.) As to Man,—his origin, history and the nature of his being; science *inquires into* these, religion is based upon them.

(2.) As to God—His nature and His laws; and, under this head, there are *two* sub-divisions; for we can know God only through His works, and through His word, that is through any special revelation that He may have given us.—So then, science has to do (*a*) with the works of God as revealing His character, His laws and His will, that is it has to do with what in a comprehensive way we call *nature*, in all its departments, and (*b*) with the *word* of God, or the Bible.

So we see science touches religion as to (1), Man, (2), Nature, and (3), the Bible.

Now it cannot be denied that, in regard to all three of these, science has (or rather the various sciences have), in recent years added much and most important light.

First, as to Man. Some scientific men after giving life-long attention to that particular subject have very decided views as to the origin of man, and the time he has existed on the earth; but these we need not mention here. New discoveries of facts and fossils may solve the question in the future; even "the missing link" may in some future time be found

and fitted to its place in the chain of evidence ; but let us pass that by and turn to what is indisputable. Man *as he appears in history* is studied more and better. Man *as an animal*, in all his minutest structure of nerve and fibre and cell, is scrutinized as never before, and the form and function of each part studied and discussed with ever increasing interest and success. The scalpel, the microscope, the dissection and vivisection of lower animals, and all the experimental resources of physics, chemistry, histology, anatomy and physiology, in the hands of thousands of tireless workers are daily and successfully brought to bear upon the problems of life and its manifestation in man.

And so as to his *spiritual nature*. Within my day there has been a complete revolution effected by science in the study of the whole inner man. The relation of mind to body, of thought and consciousness to physical changes in nerve and brain, has been laboriously worked at [and much new knowledge gained ; and his whole nature—thought, feeling and will—has been investigated by the experimental scientific method, with the richest results. Again, man as a *social being*, and man as a *religious being* have, in like manner, come to be objects of special, and most careful study. All this has had its bearing upon religion, and as it continues in the future, it will still be an important factor in man's religious life.

Then (2) as to *Nature* ; it is here that science has achieved its greatest triumphs and wrought its most important changes. Call over the list of the most prominent sciences, and see how each has advanced, and especially note how this advance affects, in the way we have noted, the religious idea.

Take astronomy. See how wonderfully it has progressed and how all its progress gives us new ideas as to the boundless immensity in space and in time of God's universe, the exact and wonderful action of all its laws, and the utter in-

significance of this little earth and all that dwell thereon. What different ideas of God must he have who thinks this world the centre of the universe, and the sun but a special contrivance for heating it, and the stars but glittering ornaments to the evening sky, from that which the modern astronomer has who counts his millions of worlds, to each of which this earth is as a grain of sand to the mountains!

So, too, with geology. What revelations has it made of the earth's past history; and how different are our views not only of the earth—its age, its origin, its growth, and history, but also of its great Creator himself, as we peruse these rocky pages that tell the wonderful story!

Take chemistry, or physics, or even meteorology, and learn how law and order reign everywhere, the same causes always producing the same effects, so that man is able to predict and to *explain*, as he calls it, the various phenomena of the material universe; and do you not at once see the bearing of this upon our idea of God and thus upon our religion?

Our devout ancestors attributed all that they could not understand—as thunder and lightning, comets, diseases, earthquakes, and the like—to the direct personal agency of God; and to many of them, the ordinary occurrences of life, the rising sun, the recurring seasons, the rain, the movements of the heavenly bodies, were likewise the results of special and immediate and ever-renewed exertions of His power. The scientist sees here only the operation under regular laws of forces, agencies and energies—due, of course, to the great First Cause, but working out their natural results.

I will not enlarge upon this view of the matter, but you see how important it is, especially when we enter the domain of Life and study the origin, the structure, the development of plants and of animals. Nor need we take those of highest rank of either class, as the oak or the

palm, the horse or the elephant. Go down to the lowest forms of life and study, as men are doing all over the world to-day, the germs, the bacteria, the bacilli, those unseen agents that produce cholera, and consumption, and typhoid fever, and hydrophobia, and fermentation, and plant growth; and try to understand something of these things, and see how your conceptions of nature and its workings will change and widen and enlarge. And how natural the enquiry: what will be the outcome when all this knowledge now so imperfectly known, shall, in the course of years, become perfected and applied?

As to the last point of contact of science with religion, namely, in respect to the *Bible*, I will pass it with but a word or two, not because it is of less importance, but because I cannot now give it the consideration its importance deserves.

It is to be expected that the Bible, as God's word (or whatever other book might claim to be a revelation from God), should encounter the closest scrutiny and investigation. *Biblical criticism* may be looked for from all quarters. Philology, ethnology, geology, and all the physical sciences may each one be expected to send its "search light" upon it. It has long been undergoing this scrutiny, and never more than now. What the result will be the "coming man" will know, and I need not, at this point, say anything in anticipation. Our views of the Bible *may*, in some respects, be changed, as, most undoubtedly, they have been changed in the recent past; and its relations to science, especially, may ultimately be put upon a better basis.

That science itself will change no scientific man will doubt. Seeking only the truth, with a mind free as far as possible from all bias or partiality, the scientist is ever glad to relinquish an old error, however long cherished, and to adopt a well-established new truth, whatever consequences

may follow its adoption. This readiness to exchange error for truth is the only *consistency* he claims. Would that all men could reach this high ideal which science presents us, and become thus honest, earnest, brave, yet humble seekers after the the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Now let us calmly look over the situation and draw our conclusions as rational people should do. What are the facts? Man has a religious nature. His reason tells him there *must be* a great First Cause of all the wonderful results that he finds about him; and of that First Cause he can learn something from His works—not much, it may be, yet something of His power and wisdom at least. Again, man must feel that he has relations and duties to this great First Cause; that, in a word, he is responsible to Him, and hence that it is incumbent on him to strive to know and to do His will. Moreover, he will be conscious, as he looks upon himself in this regard, that he has come short of some or of all the requirements that such a Being had a right to lay upon him. In a word, he feels himself a sinner towards God, and in need of some means of reconciliation and restoration to His favor. He prays; he worships; he repents; he seeks forgiveness; he needs and seeks religious comfort. Now let us ask: Will any progress in knowledge alter these facts? Will the finding of the missing link convince man that he has no soul, no spiritual nature? Will the discovery of the exact nature of protoplasm, and of the action of cell-walls, satisfy him that there was and is no First Cause of matter and life? Will the discovery, if ever made, of the exact connection of thought and feeling with the movement of the gray matter of the brain prove that there is no thought and feeling—nothing but matter and some properties and actions of matter like brittleness and cohesion and capillarity?

Let the astronomer make larger and yet larger telescopes,

more and more powerful spectroscopes, and his mathematical analysis be carried as far beyond that of Newton and Laplace as theirs was beyond that of the Chaldean shepherds, what then? Will the bounds of the universe be discovered? Will the throne of God be found, and be found vacant? Will any star be found where God's reign of law and order does not prevail, and where his creatures are not responsible to Him?

So with Geology. Let the long, long history of earth be brought out; let disputes as to glacial periods and the duration and bounds of eras, epochs and ages be settled, and every fossil known and classed—what then? Can we dig out of the earth any evidence that man is not a sinful being accountable to God for his sins? Can any record of man's release be found among the geologic strata?

Or take the science that bears most closely upon the studies of those who are preparing themselves to practice the healing act; take biology. Let us suppose Darwinism, or evolution rather, fully proven and established—what then? What essential doctrine of the gospel plan of salvation will be affected by it? Is God less a God because he works slowly, progressively, by regular laws? Is man not man because his remote ancestors were different from ourselves? Is the question of a revelation affected, or that of man's sinfulness, or of his need of an atonement? Let every doctrine of evolution be accepted, and the need for religion, and the suitability of Christianity to meet that need, stand substantially unaffected.

You will doubtless observe and perhaps will wonder at the fact that I have up to this moment spoken only of the coming man's need of *a* religion, without designating what that religion will be. In other words, I have not presented the claims of our own holy religion, the religion of our Bible, but have spoken of religion in general. But suppose you accept my thesis, and agree that the coming man

will need *some* religion, however far science may have advanced, or to whatever state of perfection his civilization may reach, then will come the grave question: *what* religion will it be? The world has many religions; Christianity is one of them. Some religions have perished, never to be revived, as that of the Druids, and the old Grecian and Roman cults; others are evidently destined to die with the people who hold them, or with the peculiar form of civilization that sustains them. But look over the record of the great "Parliament of Religions" and see the great religions of the world, and be ready to draw your conclusions. If the long-looked-for and long-prayed-for day shall ever come, when all mankind shall be of one faith, what faith will it be? Will it be Confucianism, that now numbers its eighty millions of adherents? Will it be Hinduism, with its two hundred millions? or Mahommedanism, with about an equal number? Or will it be Buddhism, which, larger than any other, embraces now one fourth the whole human race? Can there be doubt which of all the world's religions is destined to survive the scrutiny of science and the test of time? Christianity alone seems fitted for this grand position.

You see then, my friends, how, upon the very lowest grounds, without reference to divine interposition and divine help, that, in all probability, Christianity will survive all the conflicts that may try it, and stand finally the religion of the world.

This question, as to the religion of the coming man, is not, as you will observe, a purely speculative one; it is intensely practical; not merely for the race at large and for centuries yet to come, but for each one of us now. Especially for you who are in the morning of life, the "coming" men and women of the next generation, is it a question of the highest practical moment. What religion will *you* have? What effect will *your* science have upon *your* religion?

Will any of you fall into the fatal delusion that science is manly, high and noble and progressive, and worthy of the highest intellects (as is true), but that religion is weak and antiquated, and outgrown and unworthy of such intellects? Believe it not, my friends, believe it not! Realize the tremendous responsibilities that are at stake and deal honestly with yourselves.

Skepticism on any subject is not necessarily *wisdom*. There may be, and doubtless is, a fair and honest skepticism sometimes (and there are some controversialists who would do well to remember this); but, gentlemen, *we know* that, sometimes, there is a weak and shallow vanity or conceit at the bottom of the so-called skepticism of some. Imitate not I pray you the folly of those who seek thus to show their superior wisdom. The real lion may roar, but the ass in the lion's skin can only bray out his disgrace.

And let me add, do not be misled by the finding of "*difficulties*." You will find them everywhere. There are difficulties in accepting *gravitation*; in the molecular theory; in electricity, in light itself; yet we believe them. So in religion, you must not expect to find it free of them; nor must you be skeptical because you find them there.

Let us treat these matters with all seriousness. Let us feel that they are the most important of all the subjects we can think of. What question of science, of astronomy, of geology, of physiology, of philosophy, can compare with *these* in momentous interest? Is there a God, to whom I am responsible, whose law I have broken, but who offers me an atonement and has sent His Son to die that I might be saved from impending death? Oh! if these things are true how do all other truths fade away before them, and how do the duties that grow out of these truths transcend all others?

In conclusion let me advise my hearers to learn all the

science that they can, with proper diffidence and care, but with it to study and practically accept religion, without which life, even in this world is incomplete. And be assured that whatever heights science may reach it will not pull down God, and whatever depths it may fathom never will it alone lift up man to his true place. There is no antagonism, in any just sense, between science and religion, nor can one be, in any way, a substitute for the other. Let a man be ever so wise, in the knowledge of the world and of all that it contains, yet if he be not "wise toward God" his knowledge is fatally defective

Let us often ponder those weighty words, "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

May neither science, nor aught else, supplant religion—the true religion—with any of you, my dear student friends; but may the blessings of both be richly yours not only for this world, but for that which is to come.

MY BOOKS.

My books, my books, my kingdom mine !
 I have no need for love to pine ;
 I have no mistress but my books,
 They never give me frowning looks,
 Nor mock my heart when hopes decline.
 But women change sans cause or sign,
 And so I court the Muses Nine
 In my poor den, or shady nooks,
 My books, my books.

I love to see them line on line,
 In shabby coat or superfine.
 They are such friends—from bards to cooks,
 And speak with joy of babbling brooks,
 With peaceful woods that ever shine,
 Fill me up with Lethean wine,
 My books, my books !

S. J. ADAIR FITZGERALD.

Editorials.

We once asked the editor of a college magazine why there were no editorials in his journal. His laconic reply was that he did not care to show his ears.

We take a different view. The editor who does not write editorials is an anomalous functionary, and if, after accepting the office and attempting to perform the duties incident thereto, he sees his deformities as reflected in the mirror of public opinion, he should make room for some other, whose auricular appendages are less prominent and repulsive. Having laid down this proposition for ourself, we shall attempt to "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

In obedience to the injunction of the Greek sage, "Know thyself," let us briefly discuss our publication, THE MESSENGER, which has recently been the butt of much unfavorable criticism.

There are two classes of critics. When criticism has for its object admonition and instruction, it is judicious, helpful and welcome. We do not intend, however, to allow our equanimity to be disturbed by the senseless vaporings of those conceited cynics and hypercritical snobs who are blind alike to the merits of others and the faults of themselves. They are "men of words and not of deeds." They flourish in disagreeable numbers at colleges, and should they apply for admission at the gates of Paradise, Saint Peter would probably dismiss them with these words: "You can't come in; you are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe."

In the literary department of this issue will be found a timely article, which we were glad to accept, because we think it is of the first class of criticism described above.

We are obliged to the author of that article for even hoping that "the newly-elected Editor-in-Chief will use more diligence," etc. ; but we must say in defense of our predecessor, that, if no articles of merit were submitted to him, there was no room for discrimination ; in short, it was a case of "Hobson's choice." As to typographical errors, great care should be used, but the printer frequently makes these errors after the proof has been corrected. Again, Mr. Author, competent criticism presupposes wisdom, and if you will exercise your wisdom in enhancing the literary excellence of *THE MESSENGER*, you will have added to the other merits of your article, the priceless pearl of consistency.

The ideal college magazine is a thing very pleasant to speculate upon ; but at Richmond College, it is a practical impossibility. "You can't make a silk purse of a pig's ear," nor can you make a faultless magazine without contributions or other support, financial or otherwise, from students, professors or officers of the college. Especially is this true, where all the work of *all the departments* is done by *one editor*, as was the case with this issue. It may not be the usual or courteous thing for an editor to criticise his staff colleagues in public print ; but we consider this an instance that calls for heroic treatment. The associate editors should either perform their duties, or take their flags down from the mast-head, for they are sailing under false colors.

And now a word to contributors.

Do not choose such subjects as "A Trip to Petersburg," or "A Horseback Ride to Manchester." Though you may have never before seen the light outside of your native county, your readers have, and the details of these trips, spun out *ad nauseam usque*, neither immortalize the author nor add to the excellence of *THE MESSENGER*.

Ægesilaus, the Spartan king, when asked what should boys be taught, replied, "That which they will practice

when they become men." Accepting the dictum of the Grecian monarch as a truism, and as applicable to the present advanced state of learning, what department can be found of more practical advantage to him who wishes to learn the true application of the knowledge culled from other sources, than that which is afforded by his college periodical? True, the "maiden effort" of the youthful Carlyle or Irving may not "pass muster" at the editorial sanctum, or if, when inserted, he may be forced to hear sarcastic cuts at its inferiority, still let him strive the more earnestly, profit by the criticism, and remember:

"The fires will not hurt thee, their only design
Is thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine."

Many of the greatest literary lights have passed through trying ordeals, and it is a fact, not generally known, that the rejection of a manuscript led to the founding of the great Smithsonian Institute at Washington. We are not of that class of individuals who have such implicit confidence in the "inspiration of the moment." It is true that Dryden wrote his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" in the space of a few hours; Wordsworth his "Old Oaken Bucket" in an equally short time. Such instances are, however, few in comparison with those who have borne off the palm of celebrity by patient and persevering toil in the arena of literary composition. Tennyson was ten years in completing his "In Memoriam"; Gray was employed nearly as long upon his "Elegy," while numberless examples might be cited wherein a like circumspection was shown. Let us then, urge upon you the importance of giving special attention to original composition.

Be no longer deceived by the false impression, that all your time should be devoted to class studies, and do not content yourselves with the vain gratification of obtaining diplomas. We do not underrate the value of these testi-

monials of acquirements, but in obtaining them the objects of a collegiate education are not fully obtained.

The medal awarded to the author of the best literary article in *THE MESSENGER* is the highest literary honor of the college, and while you are aiming for the academic honors, why not also endeavor to obtain this? Even if you should fail to be the recipient of this medal, the improvement that you will make in writing for it will fully compensate for the disappointment, and, in after years, when you may have awakened, like Lord Byron, to find yourself famous, your *alma mater* will point, not to the medal, but to you, and say: "This is one of my jewels."

**HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, P H. D., L L. D.,
L. H. D.**

It is safe to say that no course of public lectures ever delivered at Richmond College created more interest, or attracted larger or more cultured audiences, than the series of "Studies in Shakespeare" recently given by Dr. Furness under the auspices of the Thomas Museum Lecture Endowment.

An admirer writes of Dr. Furness as follows:

As the result of untiring research, enduring enthusiasm, and close application to the main branch of his subject, Mr. Furness has achieved in his "Variorum Sheakespeare" fame for himself and his country, and has presented his contemporaries with an enduring accumulation of facts and ideas clustered by the masterhand of a true scholar. A British journal records a recent evidence of his appreciation in the place of Shakespeare's birth, as follows:

Stratford-on-Avon, "the birthplace, the home, and the grave of the bard" has been the scene of some interesting and important changes during the Shakespeare year. The sudden death of Mr. Charles Flower cast a heavy shade over his native town. The annual meeting of the Birthplace Trustees

was postponed, and when the meeting met a very cordial tribute was paid to the memory of Mr. Flower. It was one of his latest wishes that the next vacancy in the trusteeship should be offered to Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, one of the most learned and worthy of American authors, and the most earnest and generous of all modern Shakespearian critics. It has since been found that, according to English law, no "alien" can hold such a trust, and the proposal, which would have been carried *nem. con.*, was necessarily withdrawn.

The report proceeds :

The United States of America not only send over the largest number of pilgrims to the Shakespeare shrine at Stratford, but their literary contributions to Shakespearian lore are rapidly increasing. The unrivaled "Variorum Shakespeare" of Dr. Horace Howard Furness needs no special praise, and the plays now issued have long ago taken the highest rank as records and expositions of all that has been written about Shakespeare's plays. "The Tempest," the last volume issued, early last year, is certainly one of the best of the series, and has deservedly taken the highest place in all good libraries.

Mr. Furness was born in 1833, in Philadelphia, and is the son of the Rev. William H. Furness, D. D., who has published many works on religious subjects, and is equally well known as a preacher and a writer. Mr. Horace Howard Furness, on whom Ph. D. was conferred by the University of Halle, was graduated at Harvard in 1854, and was admitted to the bar in 1859. In the same year he joined "The Philadelphia Shakespeare Society," perhaps the oldest society in the world devoted to the study of Shakespeare, and became a "Shakespearian," as he says, "by being born to the inheritance of the finest dramas in the finest literature in the world. To seize this inheritance and to be initiated into this select circle one needs, in this country at least, merely to learn to read. The boundary passed, and Shakespeare is ours to the full extent of all our powers, capacities, talents, wisdom, learning. He will charm us in childhood, fascinate us in youth, and, to the last limit of life, whatever be the lessons which the world, with its joys and its sorrows, may teach us, we shall find that Shakespeare has anticipated them all. There are no heights or

depths of the human soul which Shakespeare has not reached or fathomed, and no length of days yet given to man has proved his wisdom shallow."

The London *Athenæum* says: "Mr. Furness * * * is the surest as well as the most indefatigable of commentators and editors. The position of his work is already monumental."

At a course of Readings of Shakespeare given during the past winter at Association Hall, Philadelphia, many were privileged to hear Mr. Furness, and after "Hamlet" the statement was made that on no occasion had the hall been more crowded, seats, aisles, galleries, platforms all being full, some hundreds more people being present than the hall could comfortably hold. Mr. Furness makes his winter home at a delightfully old-fashioned house in Philadelphia, and in summer-time lives at Wallingford, a suburb of his native city, in Delaware county, Pa. His library contains one of the most valuable collections of Shakespeariana in this country—certainly the most valuable private collection. An account of this library has been written by Mr. J. Parker Norris, who says: "Here, night after night, Mr. Furness works at his 'Variorum,' and few who behold the fruit of his labors in the completed volumes imagine the years of toil it has cost its editor. To him, however, it is a labor of love, and the satisfaction he experiences in doing his work repays him for it."

The likeness of Mr. Furness presented in this issue is from a photograph by Gutekunst, and was obtained through the kindness of Hon. John Wannamaker.

CALENDAR.

- MARCH 27.—Meeting of G. and H. Society.
 University Extension Lecture by Prof. Boatwright. Subject—
 Molière.
- “ 29.—Meeting of Magazine Club at Professor Winston’s.
- “ 30.—Examination in French Literature.
- APRIL 3.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Boatwright. Subject—
 The Great Pulpit Orators.
- “ 5.—Meeting of Magazine Club at Professor Pollard’s.
- “ 6.—Election of Final President and term officers in Mu Sigma
 Rho and Philologian Societies.
- “ 10.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Boatwright. Subject—
 Some Prose-Writers and a Poet.
- “ 13.—Public Debate of Philologian Society.
- “ 16.—Examination in Senior and Intermediate Mathematics.
- “ 20.—Contest for Joint Orator’s Medal.
- “ 21.—Base-ball game *vs.* University of North Carolina, at Chapel
 Hill.
- “ 25.—Examination in German Literature.
- “ 27.—Field Day.
- “ 28.—Base-ball game *vs.* Columbian University, at Island Park.
- “ —.—G. and H. Day. Trip to —.
- “ 30.—Examination in Greek History and Literature.



HON. CHARLES E. NICOL, 1872-'74.

MEMORABILIA.

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- MARCH 1, 2.—Thomas Endowment Lectures by Dr. H. H. Furness, of Philadelphia. Subjects—The Merchant of Venice ; Macbeth.
- “ 4.—Address by Charles H. Winston, LL. D. Subject—Will the Coming Man's Religion Be Supplanted by Science?
- “ 6.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Boatwright. Subject—Introduction to French Language, Life, and Literature. Meeting of Magazine Club at Prof. Harris's.
- “ 8, 9.—Thomas Endowment Lectures by Dr. Furness. Subject—Henry V. ; Hamlet.
- “ 13.—Meeting of G. & H. Society. University Extension Lecture by Prof. Boatwright. Subject—Corneille.
- “ 15.—Meeting of Magazine Club at Prof. Harrison's.
- “ 16.—Annual Public Debate of Mu Sigma Rho Society.
- “ 20.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Boatwright. Subject—Racine and His Critic.
- “ 22.—Meeting of Magazine Club at Prof. Puryear's.
- “ 23.—Base-ball game *vs.* Lehigh, at Island Park. Score—Lehigh, 7 ; Richmond College, 14.
- “ 24.—Address by Dr. John A. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky.
- “ 25.—Dedication of Grace Church ; sermon by Dr. Broadus.
- “ 26.—Easter Monday. No holiday.
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[The small number of local items in this issue is due to the fact that one of the local editors was away, and the other, who expected to write up this department for this issue, found himself unable to do so. Those readers, to whom it is as natural to turn to the stale-joke column as for sparks to fly upward, we refer to Bric-a-Brac. The witticisms in that department are not original, but are better on that account —E-IN-C.]

Locals.

Lectures and base-ball.

Daddy wouldn't buy me a *Tagger*.

Horseface slides bases on four balls.

Have you seen my little *Tagger*?—Joe.

A *bowwow* is the latest fad among the elite of the cottage.

And you say ye do, do ye?

Mr. S. wants to lick the man who invented *sausage gravy*.

A piece of campus scenery—Mr. De V. in his full (?) dress running gear.

“Why are Madam's scales like a treacherous Indian?”

“Because they *lie in weight*.”—*Face D*.

A noble son of the cottage first floor surprises us with the incredible statement that he has bought three cigarettes this season. Did he buy that *cheroot*?

Mr. W. was of the impression that no one was allowed to use the elevator unless he was over sixteen years of age, and having this in mind when he entered the elevator of a four-story building, answered “seventeen” to the boy who inquired what floor he wished to reach.

Geddes relates that George Ox, noticing the cocoanuts in market, is astonished at seeing potatoes with whiskers.

Any one doubting the veracity of the above statements may apply to Messrs. W. and H.

Professor: “What is a glacier?”

Mr. J.: “A boiling spring.”

Dr. C. H. Ryland, treasurer of the College, promptly paid Dr. H. H. Furness \$400 for his four Shakespearean readings. The Doctor, in forwarding receipt for the money, said: "Richmond College and its attentive and sympathetic audiences will always remain fair and green in my memory."

Dr. Ryland, on behalf of the Thomas Lecture Committee, furnished the ushers with badges of ribbon in the College colors, and after the lectures were over sent a note of thanks to the students who thus acted, complimenting them for their efficiency amid trying duties, and thanking them in the name of the College.

Dr. Furness has written nine volumes on Shakespeare's plays, giving as much as nine hundred pages, in two volumes, to Hamlet. The volumes cost \$400 each and are very handsome. The College owns Hamlet and Macbeth.

The College chapel contained on the occasion of the Furness Readings 937 seats. It is estimated that over 1,000 persons crowded the room, and a great many went away, unable to get in. Nothing draws like free readings in Shakespeare, especially when the readings are done in a masterly manner.

Mr. C. W. Dunstan, Jollification Manager, has received the following communication from the Faculty: The Faculty grants permission to have the Jollification, with the following provisos:

1st. That the program be submitted to and approved by the Chairman of the Faculty.

2nd. That the hours for practice be approved by the Chairman of the Faculty.

The Law class has chartered the steamer Pocahontas for a trip to Old Point and Norfolk, "and a high old time generally," on May 17th. The lawyers will probably banquet at the Hygeia, and at Rueger's on return.

TO MARALIE.

[After "Rosalie," with apologies to Mr. Tennyson.]

Break, break, break !
 But not o'er my love, oh sea,
 For malaria or chills and fever
 Might waft her to Heaven's glory.

Ah ! sad for me, careless lad,
 That I shout with joy in my play,
 (Be it poker or pool or billiards)
 Pa'll sing me no angel's lay.

Will this head of mine grow on
 As big as the fabled roe's nest,
 And my efforts to talk be greeted with
 " Oh ! give us a rest ! sweet rest ? "

Yet, though knowing my misery and sigh,
 And the lot of " Kentuck " in my soul,
 My Maralie points to the mirror and cries,
 " Oh ! what is the matter ? Behold ! "

Ah ! it can be no longer unknown,
 There are evident signs of a spree,
 No longer from thee can I hide it,
 I was " out with the boys," Maralie !

My sorrow's as deep as the ocean,
 But that " Kentuck " was resistless and GRAND !
 It gave me a turn like an earthquake
 When I found I had no more on hand.

Be it brandy, pure corn-juice, or " Red-eye,"
 Though Cæsar himself keeps the key,
 To the shores I'll descend and obtain it,
 E'en though opposed by Marc Antony.

I would ask thee to live truly happy
 With these arms and this breast as thy shield,
 But the " wheel " went against me last evening
 And ah me ! I got totally " peeled."

Now, I am sure that I never shall win thee,
 You should marry a count from Patee,
 But a word—if you want him to love thee
 Don't you let him fool round " *Kentucky*."

[The above is the soliloquy of one of the cottage revellers after a recent midnight "jag."]

Annual Public Debate of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

Public debates at Richmond College are always gala occasions. The one of the Mu Sigma Rho Society on the evening of Friday, March 16th, was no exception to the rule, and will pass down in the history of the "Mu Sig." as an occasion that reflected credit upon both the men who participated and the society which they represented.

An appreciative audience was in attendance, a large portion of which was of that class without which a public debate would not be a public debate, the fairer sex, when the participants, faultlessly attired in evening dress, entered the hall, followed by the College Guitar and Mandolin Club which furnished music for the occasion.

The stage had been tastefully arranged with palms and potted plants, lending charm to the occasion, and perhaps furnishing inspiration to the speakers as they sometimes left cold facts and soared high in their flights of oratory. After the prayer by Mr. R. W. Powers, Mr. J. R. Murdoch, President of the society, opened the exercises of the evening in his address of welcome. He referred to the work of the society in the past, the distinguished men gone from her halls and her present work, and assured the audience that it was always a great pleasure of the society to welcome its friends to its public occasions.

Mr. R. W. Hatcher, of Virginia was introduced as reader, and entertained his hearers with the selection, "Love in a Balloon."

Mr. J. P. Essex, of Missouri, the declaimer of the evening, gave an excellent rendition of "The Gladiator."

The question for debate was: "Should United States Senators be elected by popular vote?"

Messrs. E. M. Long and J. T. Lawrence represented the affirmative, while Messrs. H. T. Burnley and Minetree Folkes advocated the principles of the negative.

Mr. E. M. Long, the first speaker on the affirmative, spoke in his usual good style, bringing to light reasons for changing our system of electing Senators, and delivering a well prepared and rounded argument. Mr. H. T. Burnley was the first to speak upon the negative. This gentleman's speech showed careful study of the question in hand, and he gave to his hearers some very forcible reasons why we should adhere to the old system.

Mr. J. T. Lawrence ended the debate on the side of the affirmative. Besides his own views and reasons for deeming the change in question necessary, he quoted from men of prominence who have given deep thought to the question and scored several points in support of the affirmative.

Mr. Minetree Folkes, the last debater, represented the negative. In addition to the facts he cited, his argument was interspersed with humorous hits and extravaganzas which captivated his audience and elicited frequent applause. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, his speech was well received.

The selections rendered by the Guitar and Mandolin Club were pleasing features of the occasion. Whenever the club has appeared in public its efforts have been of a high order, and have met with much deserved praise.

The entire programme of the occasion was creditably carried out and made a very favorable impression upon the audience.

In a college in western Pennsylvania it is customary for the junior class to furnish music for the senior addresses. On a recent occasion, as the senior class was marching to the platform, headed by the President of the college, the juniors began—

“ See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leads on.”

—Ex.

THE MESSENGER is indebted to Miss Janet Harris for the interesting Campus notes in this issue.

Athletics.

THE BASE-BALL TEAM.

At this season of the year, when spring is approaching, as evidenced by the number of warm days that we have already enjoyed, the readers of THE MESSENGER will doubtless be interested in the struggles of the base-ball applicants for positions on the team of '94. As stated by a writer in the February number, the prospects of the team are indeed brilliant, which fact is demonstrated by the number and character of the applicants. But my object is not to dwell upon the prospects of the team, but to give our readers some idea of the progress of the men, and also to call the attention of the applicants themselves to some of their faults, with the hope that they may be stimulated to increase their efforts to overcome the same. However absurd it may appear at a casual glance, the fact remains that the players are more impressed by the criticisms in our college magazine than by a great amount of oral drilling. If any one thinks that he is too severely criticised in this article, the writer begs that he will believe that it is not the intention to give offense to any one, but to help the team by enabling the individual player to see his faults as others see them and to profit thereby.

Captain W. D. Duke may well congratulate himself that he has not to go through the trying ordeal of making up an entirely new team this year, but has quite a number of the team of '93 as a nucleus upon which to build. But the old men should not content themselves with the idea that they are certain of a place on the team, merely because they were on the team a year ago; that is quite a mistaken idea, as they will find out to their sorrow, unless they work hard to keep ahead of the new men. Work as they may, one or two of the old men are pretty certain to fall behind in the

race for positions. Be careful lest you join those who will be crowded out by new men !

But to come more directly to the purpose of this article, let us first look at the pitchers. Anthony and Nelson will be the principal twirlers, with Acree to fall back on, in case of necessity. Anthony relies mainly on his curves and headwork, and his trust is well placed ; for both are of an exceptionally high order. He does not belong to the class known as "cyclone twirlers," though at times he is quite "speedy." One of his most effective points is his variation of speed. Anthony undoubtedly has some very fine points, but he also has a few grievous faults. He does not seem to recognize the fact that a pitcher should do a great deal more than pitch. Sometimes he actually appears glued to his position. There are very few bunts that an active pitcher cannot field to first base in time to catch the runner. Yet, time and again he allows a bunted ball to roll down to the third baseman, when he himself should reach the ball and throw the runner out. He is quite active, when he tries to be, and he should use his activity to more advantage by starting for a ball more quickly. If he only set his mind to it, he could cover a great deal more ground than he does at present. He sometimes complains of the poor work of the other infielders ; his complaints would be much more reasonable, and would have much more effect, if he should set them a good example. He does not watch the bases as closely as he should. Quite often the runner manages to reach second, through no fault of the catcher or second baseman, but simply because Anthony does not hold him to first base as long as he might. If the opposing team starts to batting Anthony pretty hard, he does the worst thing possible in the case ; he puts the ball straight and hard over the centre of the plate, only to be driven into the outfield harder than it comes. This is a point to which too much care cannot be given. When a team gets

into a "streak of batting," they will strike at almost any ball thrown, with supreme confidence in their ability to drive it over the fence. At such a time, by all means, the ball should be kept away from the plate. Anthony's batting is quite above the average, but he follows it up by abominable baserunning. A pitcher is no more excusable for bad baserunning than any other member of the team. Hoping that the remembrance of these few points may be of some benefit to the rising young pitcher, "requiescat in pace."

Nelson evidently thinks that he has the most phenomenal catcher that has yet made his appearance on the diamond. At least this must be the opinion of any one who notices the persistency with which he sends balls—with about the speed they would receive, if shot from a cannon—right at the feet of his catcher. While such balls are very effective against the batter, they are death to the catcher, and, except when the catcher is at the backstop, should be used as little as possible. Nelson should practice varying his fast balls with slow ones; a pitcher, who can do this judiciously, is already far advanced on the road to fame. Nelson has terrific speed, and great things are in store for him, if he can learn to use it to the best advantage. But speed, by itself, is of very little use against good batters. He needs to be cautioned upon one more point—he throws to bases quite often, when there is no chance of catching the runner; worse than this, in the majority of cases he throws the ball on the ground, and with such speed, that even if it is caught, it cannot be handled advantageously by the baseman. There is such a thing as throwing to bases quickly, without trying to knock the baseman down. Nelson does not succeed in putting a great many dots in the basehit column, yet I consider him a very good batter, as he has the remarkable faculty of making long hits at critical times.

Frank Duke catches for Anthony and Lunsford performs

the same function for Nelson. It is quite fortunate that Duke catches for Anthony, for there are a few points at which Duke is very weak, and it so happens that Anthony does not, except to a small extent, use the balls that go to those points. But, in practice, Duke should have his pitcher throw a great many balls at those weak places. Duke is not nearly so careful as he should be about catching every ball. He seems to think that it is all right, so long as he catches the important ones. And just here he falls into error. He gets careless, and quite often drops the ball when there is a runner on first base, or drops the third strike when there is a runner on second or third. His throwing is usually accurate, though he does not get the ball off as quickly as he might, considering that he is not a hard thrower. I shall not be a bit surprised if Lunsford, the new man, proves himself a better catcher before the season is half over. He is naturally a better thrower, and, I think, a better backstop. It is true that Duke allows fewer balls to pass him; but then Duke has a much easier pitcher to catch, in fact, I have hardly seen a harder man to catch than Nelson, who pitches to Lunsford. Neither of the catchers is phenomenal in the batting line, though, as Duke has had more experience, he will probably do better work with the stick.

First base will more than likely be filled by the alternate pitcher, either of whom can fill the position admirably. Second base will be under the guardianship of Tupper. As he has been sick all the winter, and is now in the southern part of Georgia for his health, it is a little difficult to criticize his playing. But he is practicing all the time, and, if he comes up to his last year's form, his playing is certain to be good.

"Baby" Phillips has a "lead-pipe cinch" on third base. His sharp and snappy play is really delightful to behold. No amount of flattery or success makes him careless; he

goes into every play with his whole soul. Of course there may be too much even of a good thing, so this same snappy playing leads him into error. He is too apt to run forward to receive a swiftly-batted ball, a thing that a third baseman should not do. His throwing cannot be improved, nor, to any great extent, can his fielding, with the exception just mentioned. He is the best baserunner on the team; in fact, I do not know when it has been my privilege to see a better. His batting, even now of a very high order, is improving quite rapidly, so that, with any pitcher of ordinary ability, he will soon be able to place the ball very nearly in any direction he chooses.

Acree, at short stop, is quite a brilliant player, and is sure to "take in" anything that comes within his reach. He throws hard and accurately, and is a good batter and baserunner. He is, however, a little slow, nor does he do the amount of backing up other players that a shortstop should. He has yet to acquire that quality—necessary to an adept in the position—of being "all over the field at once."

The infield is so well taken care of by old men that most of the new men are applying for outfield positions. Captain Duke is trying both catchers in left field, with the hope that they may be able to alternate in the place. Lunsford makes an excellent fielder, but it is doubtful whether Frank Duke will come up to the standard. However, the next few weeks will enable the Captain to decide without much trouble. The Captain himself is thinking of playing centre field. The position could not be in better hands, for Bill Duke can hardly be unfavorably criticized as an outfielder—he never misses a fly, and his throwing is quick and accurate. But, in my humble opinion, it would be better for the team if he should play right field. This is the most important of the outfield positions, and the hardest to play. The right fielder, if he plays his position judiciously,

quite often has a chance to put out the runner to first base; but only a first-class fielder will make the play. Captain Duke is the safest batter on the team, and is quite a good baserunner. Turner, also an applicant for an outfield position, has not learned to take those balls (batted to short outfield) that he cannot quite reach. He invariably runs right up on them, and frequently allows them to bound past him. Unless he is sure of reaching the ball on the fly, he should stay back and take it on the bound, rather than run the risk of it's getting by him. Turner's throwing is quite poor, and may cause him to lose his place, though his batting and base running, in some measure, make up for this fault. Edmund Harrison is showing up quite well as an outfielder, is a beautiful thrower, and a heavy, though not reliable, batter. C. R. Burnett is not very sure on running catches, but he is a good batter and an excellent baserunner. This is certainly a team of batters, and for that reason, if for no other, ought to make a good record. The men need to get in a good deal of team work between now and the 23rd of this month, if they expect to win the game with Lehigh.

HENRY C. BURNETT, JR.

March 7th, 1894.

LEHIGH 7, RICHMOND 14.

The base-ball team met their first opponents on the 23rd, and came off victors. The visitors were the team of Lehigh University, Pennsylvania. Except a little ragged fielding in one or two instances, Richmond played a beautiful game. Lehigh played a very good fielding game, but they are rather weak in the box. McClung played a beautiful game, and were there several McClungs on the team, Lehigh would be very hard to beat. Anthony pitched excellently, striking out nine of the visitors. The batting of the home team was very fine, Phillips, Nelson, Burnett and

Johnson especially distinguishing themselves. Phillips and Nelson also fielded exceptionally well. We regret that lack of space and time prevents a more detailed report of the game. Below is the score :

LEHIGH.

PLAYERS.	POS.	A. B.	R.	IB.	P. O.	A.	E.
Wallace,	l. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Woodcock,	s. s.	4	0	1	1	2	2
Bray,	c. f.	2	2	1	0	1	0
Petriken,	2d b.	4	2	0	3	3	1
Thompson,	3d b.	4	0	1	3	3	3
Leshens,	r. f.	3	1	0	0	0	0
McClung,	c. & p.	3	0	1	7	2	0
Johnson,	1st b.	4	9	1	10	1	0
Dinan,	} p.	4	1	2	2	8	0
Jackson,							
Curley,	c.	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total,		32	7	7	27	20	6

RICHMOND.

PLAYERS.	POS.	A. B.	R.	IB.	P. O.	A.	E.
Phillips,	3 b.	6	4	3	4	2	0
Duke,	2 b.	5	3	0	2	3	1
Nelson,	1 b.	5	2	3	12	3	1
Harrison,	l. f.	5	0	0	0	0	1
Acree,	s. s.	5	1	2	0	1	3
Burnett,	r. f.	15	1	3	1	0	1
Turner,	c. f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Anthony,	p.	5	0	1	1	9	0
Johnson,	c.	5	2	3	7	3	1
Total,		44	14	16	27	21	8

Score by innings :	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Lehigh	2	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	2	7
Richmond.....	4	3	1	1	2	1	0	0	2	14

Summary: Earned runs—Lehigh 3; Richmond 9. Two-base hits—Acree, Thompson. Three-base hits—Nelson 2. Stolen bases—Lehigh 2; Richmond 5. Double plays—Lehigh 1; Richmond 2. Bases on called balls—Lehigh 3; Richmond 2. Struck out—By Jackson 1, McClung 3, Anthony 9. Passed balls—Burley 2, Lunsford 2. Umpire—F. W. Duke.

Manager Burnett has booked the following games, and is negotiating for a number of others :

Lehigh, March 23d, at Richmond.

University of North Carolina, April 21st, at Chapel Hill.

Columbian University, April 28th, at Richmond.

Georgetown College, May 2d, at Washington.

Wake Forest, May 4th, at Richmond.

Georgetown College, May 19th, at Richmond.

University of Virginia, May 26th, at Charlottesville.

FIELD DAY.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to hold the annual field-sports day this year on Friday, April 27th.

The contests to be offered are as follows :

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Mile run. | 6. Pole vault. |
| 2. 440 yards dash. | 7. Broad jump. |
| 3. 220 yards dash. | 8. High jump. |
| 4. 100 yards dash. | 9. Tennis. |
| 5. Hundle Race. | 10. Gymnasium drill. |
| 11. Throwing base-ball. | |

In addition to these, there will be such comic contests as the committee shall decide upon.

The "All-'round Medal" will be given, as usual, to the one showing the best general development, or the one receiving the largest number of points in the various contests. In contests 1, 2, 9, 10, the winners of first, second or third place will receive 25, 15, or 10 points; in contests 3 and 8 the numbers will be 20, 10, 6; and in contest 11 they will be 15, 8, 5.

In addition to the regulations heretofore observed, the following were agreed to :

1. No one shall receive a medal or prize a second time in any given contest, unless he breaks the College record.

2. Points for All-'round Medal are given without reference to previous records except in case of one who is competing a second time for this medal, in which case he must break his previous record.

3. A student whose record is discreditable shall be thrown out of the contest, but the committee may use its discretion in awarding second or third-rate points for All-'round Medal.

It will be noticed that in the above list of contests the milè walk has been omitted. This was done chiefly because the performances in this contest on previous occasions could hardly be called *walking*, and also because it is a contest in which very little interest is manifested, and which is very fatiguing to those who participate in it.

It has been very gratifying to notice the increasing interest in athletics in the college. The meetings of the Athletic Association have been larger and more enthusiastic this spring than ever before. We confidently expect, therefore, that the approaching Field Day will be the most successful one in the history of the College.

G. AND H. SOCIETY NOTES.

At the last meeting of the Geographical and Historical Society, Mr. J. Sallade read an instructive paper on Fredericksburg, Va. The formal establishment of this old town by act of the General Assembly dates back to 1727, though it had really been a town of considerable commercial importance prior to this, owing to its location at the headwaters of the Rappahannock. Its people were intensely patriotic; so much so, that an address of the same nature as the Declaration of Independence, was drafted at a meeting of citizens twenty-one days before the Mecklenburg Resolutions, and about a year before the Declaration itself.

Although the town commanded a great deal of trade from the surrounding country, and had many manufacturing

establishments, its inhabitants numbered only about 5,000 at the outbreak of the war, which was destined to make it famous. Mr. Sallade gave a lengthy and well-written account of the great battle fought in and around the town between the armies of Generals Lee and Burnside. This is a matter of history so well known to all that nothing need be said of it here.

Mr. C. L. Owens's paper on Nansemond was most interesting where it told of Lake Drummond, its discovery and romances connected with it. The chief industry of his county is trucking, while peanut raising and lumbering play an important part.

Mr. J. R. Murdoch's paper on Essex dealt to some extent with the early struggle for religious freedom. Vawter's church, built in 1731, is still standing and is used by the same denomination that built it. It is a rather amusing fact that Tappahannock was laid out on the same day and on the same plan as Philadelphia.

Mr. J. E. Johnston's paper on Peanut Culture contained much valuable information on raising and preparing for market this product, grown so successfully in his county, Isle of Wight.

At the next meeting Mr. Hurt will present a paper on Louisville, Ky., and Mr. Merkle, one on Norfolk county.

The holiday given annually to the Society for an excursion to some place of historical interest, will be some time in the very near future. The day has not yet been decided upon. Several trips have been suggested, one to Jamestown, another to Petersburg via City Point, etc. In any event, let a large number of students take advantage of this trip, and thus perpetuate the day.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES.

The series of University Extension lectures by Professors Harris, Boatwright and Winston, is still in progress. Prof. Harris has delivered six lectures on Greek Poetry, and Prof. Boatwright, three on French Literature in the Seventeenth Century. The latter has yet three others to deliver. The specific subject of Prof. Boatwright's first lecture was, Introduction to French Language, Life and Literature. In his second lecture he discussed The Great Corneille, dwelling at length on this author's great "epoch-making" play, The Cid, and in the third lecture he discussed Racine and his Critic. At the close of his second and third lectures the Professor, with the assistance of Mr. Peter Winston, showed by means of a magic lantern, several pictures of famous characters mentioned in his lecture. These lectures, though mainly didactic in their nature, are yet quite interesting.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

During the past month there has been a new interest manifested in some departments of Association work, while other departments have been neglected. As a result of Mr. Brockman's visit, the Mission Band has been reorganized, and some enthusiasm on the subject of Missions generally has been aroused. Mr. G. F. Hambleton is president of the Band, and one of the seven volunteers in College. Though there are few out-and-out volunteers, yet we have many men who have connected themselves with the Mission Band that they may learn their duty along this line.

Mr. J. H. Franklin, who was sent as our representative to the Detroit Convention, gave us, recently, a very interesting and instructive account of the proceedings of that great gathering of mission workers.

At a meeting of the Mission Band, our attention was directed to the number of valuable and attractive books on

missions which have been published recently, and a committee was appointed to see what could be done towards forming a mission library.

The committee appointed to investigate the advisability of having a Y. M. C. A. reading-room has been continued, with instructions to communicate further with the Faculty and the Trustees, to see if it is possible to secure the permanent possession of a room to be used for this purpose.

Some of our mission work in the neighborhood is progressing nicely, but at the Penitentiary there is a great need of workers. Indeed, it has been intimated that if more do not take part in the work, we will be denied the privilege of holding a Sunday school there.

We are expecting to have with us in the near future a young Japanese, who has been studying in one of the Northern colleges. This man's story and life are quite remarkable, and will excite for Shirad Korado great sympathy as he travels through the colleges of Virginia.

The Second International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

This, the greatest student convention which the world has ever known, and having as its object the greatest of all objects, was held in Detroit, Michigan, Febraary 28th to March 4th, 1894.

To give any adequate idea of this great gathering in an article of this kind would indeed be a hard task; consequently the writer, whose privilege it was to be a member of this convention, will have to be content to point out some of the most prominent features, together with his own impressions, of this great gathering.

The Student Volunteer Movement had its origin less than eight years ago at the Northfield Summer School, and since that time, under the direction of consecrated men,

has been wonderfully blest in having its numbers increased into the thousands and in extending its field of influence, until now it has entered more institutions of learning than any other movement, and has enrolled more than thirty-two hundred young men and women in the schools of the United States and Canada, whose purpose it is, if God permits, to become foreign missionaries.

The attendance at the second convention surpassed even the highest faith and hopes of the leaders in this movement. In this body of young men and women who had gathered from distant States and foreign lands "to plan for the speedy evangelization of the world" there were, it is thought, nearly sixteen hundred souls, many of whom were prominent missionaries in the most distant lands. In attendance were 1,187 students, representing 294 institutions of learning in the United States and Canada, and besides this number there were many whose names were not enrolled. In addition to the delegation of students there were present fifty missionaries from some of the darkest regions, fifty representatives of foreign mission boards and societies of America, besides a large number of Christian workers.

Is there not significance in the fact that this convention, more than twice as large as an student convention previously held, the greatest missionary gathering ever held on this continent, and, counting the attendance on the basis reckoned at London, more largely attended than that meeting in 1888, had as its aim "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation"? Does it not seem that the presence of so many students at a time when all the material conditions were peculiarly unfavorable for such a gathering is an indication that the student world is, in some degree at least, becoming aroused on the great question of missions?

The following are some of the prominent workers who were in attendance from the foreign field and who did much to add to the success of the meeting: Dr. Hudson

Taylor, founder of China Inland Mission (forty years there); Dr. W. B. Boggs, India; Rev. R. T. Bryan, Central China; Rev. F. G. Koan, Persia; Rev. Geo. A. Ford, Syria; Rev. H. W. Frost, Central China; Dr. A. P. Happer, China; Rev. Robert A. Hume, India; Rev. G. W. Knox, Japan; Rev. J. M. Lander, Brazil; Rev. J. McCarthy, China; Dr. D. McGilvary, Laos; Rev. A. Altmans, South Japan; Dr. A. F. Rose, Burmah; Rev. T. R. Sampson, Greece; Rev. R. Thackwell, India; Rev. Spencer Walton, Africa; Miss Geraldine Guinness, China; Dr. J. R. Goddard, China; Dr. Thomas S. Suleeba, Mesopotamia; Miss Gertrude Howe, Central China; Dr. James S. Dennis, Syria; Edward Marsden, a native of Alaska, and many others. A few of the other men of prominence present were Dr. A. T. Pierson, Dr. Judson Smith, Rev. H. P. Beach, Bishop Ninde, Dr. A. J. Gordon, J. R. Mott, R. E. Speer, Dr. S. H. Chester, Rev. W. R. Lambuth, and Dr. R. J. Willingham.

But let no one suppose that the greatness of this gathering consisted in numbers or in the prominence, in the eyes of the world, of many of those present. Its true greatness consisted in the deep spiritual power which controled the convention. Never has the writer seen speakers so anxious that the voice of man might not be heard, and that the voice of the Lord only might be known in that gathering. Those who addressed the convention seemed to feel that though it was a great privilege to be chosen to speak to that audience of young men and young women who had come to "hail the power of Jesus' name," at the same time they were filling positions of greatest responsibility, and that the guidance of the Holy Spirit was all-important. It was indeed the privilege of a lifetime to be permitted to listen to the words falling from the lips of consecrated men such as Hudson Taylor and others who seemed to be so full of the earnest desire to

spread His name, and who seemed to lose sight of self as they presented the terrible needs of those in utter darkness, and as they brought to the Christian people of America the wail which is going up from the perishing millions. The writer was especially impressed with some of these old servants of God who seemed to have come into such close contact with Christ and who put such absolute dependence in the word of God, trying to impress upon those looking forward to a life in the foreign field that the presence of the Holy Spirit and a thorough dependence upon the Word must be had before success could follow in work among the heathen. The fact was brought out most prominently that the *spiritual preparation* must by *no means* be neglected, and that the best kind of preparation is work at home. "Let no man suppose that he can lead souls to Christ in a land of darkness and superstition, if he can not bring men to the Saviour in a land of enlightenment."

The topics discussed were of such a character as would be especially interesting and helpful to those intending to go far hence. Some of them were as follows: "Paul, the Great Missionary Example;" "The Preparation of the Volunteer—Intellectual, Practical, Spiritual;" "The spiritual Need of China;" "Agencies and Instrumentalities for the Evangelization of the World."

In addition to the regular sessions of the convention there were sectional conferences, in which the needs of the various fields were discussed. There were also denominational meetings for the delegates. China seemed to be drawing the larger portion of workers. In the closing meeting of the convention, all who expected to sail within twelve months were requested to stand, state why they were going as missionaries, name the field of their choice and their reasons for selecting that field. About sixty stood, and of this number more than thirty had their faces turned towards China. The needs of China seemed to be brought

out more prominently than the needs of any other field, though in the very closing hours of the convention there came an appeal from India in the cablegram, "India needs a thousand spirit-filled volunteers."

It would be gratifying to be able in this article to go more into the details of this great gathering, telling more about the soul-stirring addresses, the work of the sectional conferences, the educational exhibit, the closing hours of the meetings, and the many other things which made life-long impressions upon the hearts of those present. But space prevents—even if they could be reproduced upon paper—and the writer feels that he has been able to touch only the borders, and has not given you a full view of the significance and work of that gathering, the object of which brought into assembly representatives from the most distant regions of the earth.

And now we ask, what has been accomplished? What are the fruits? What are the lessons of the convention? Time alone can tell. And yet there are, it seems, visible results, as well as indications of great possibilities. In this meeting thirty-one men offered themselves for service in the lands of darkness; and yet there was no undue pressure brought to bear upon the convention. No attempt was made to create excitement or to work upon the feelings, but there was something solid and practical throughout which will result far better than any excitement or emotional enthusiasm could have resulted. Such has been the character of the seed sown in the hearts of the students who have gone back to the schools of this land with a new love for missions, which must be felt by their fellow-students. A flood of missionary light with a flood of missionary interest has been let into many hearts who will try to give some of it to others. The fact was shown by the character of the convention that representative men of our schools are offering themselves, and that the schools are giving their best—

the lamb without blemish—to this great work. The lesson was taught, and emphasized, that the missionary must attend to the spiritual preparation and rely more and more upon the presence of the Holy Ghost.

As a result of the educational exhibit, many mission bands yet without libraries will supply themselves with a great deal of the best missionary literature, and this literature means light, and light upon this question means more money and more missionaries.

Men have gone from the convention feeling, not that the foreign field is so much to be shunned, but that it is to be counted a privilege to be chosen as one who shall take part in making disciples of all the nations.

So many we all count it, that whether we go or stay we may count all else as nothing, that His name may be glorified, and that the kingdoms now in darkness may be brought into the light of the Gospel.

JAS. H. FRANKLIN.

ON THE CAMPUS.

The campus has been much enlivened during the past month by the addition of many attractive visitors.

Miss Hardaway, a sister of one of our law students, spent several weeks on the campus with the families of Professors Harrison and Winston.

Mrs. J. H. Panton and little son, of Canada, have been spending a few days on the campus, being the guests of Mrs. Panton's brother, Professor Harrison.

Mrs. J. H. Harrison, of Amelia has also been visiting Professor Harrison.

Miss Mary Marshall Daniel, a charming young lady from Roanoke, and Miss Sadie Macon McComb, a daughter of

General McComb, of Gordonsville, spent several weeks with Miss Harris.

Miss Marshall paid the campus a flying visit, at the home of Miss Lizzie Puryear.

It is known to most of our readers that one of the leading features of the social life of the campus is the Magazine Club. It is composed of about twenty-five members, holds regular weekly meetings, and is in a very flourishing condition. The club has been fortunate this session in the selection of presidents—Mr. T. L. Hardaway for the first half session, and Mr. J. S. Harrison, the present incumbent—and under the leadership of these gentlemen the success of the club has been quite gratifying.

One of the daughters of our Chairman is a regular attendant upon the lectures of our Professor of Latin in his Senior class. It is also whispered around that another one of the campus girls has been brave enough to take the examinations in Intermediate Mathematics, and, in spite of the fact that she does not attend the lectures, stands among the foremost in the class.

Mr. Woolfolk, who has had quite a long spell of sickness, is now, much to the delight of his friends, convalescing. He is contemplating a trip to Colorado Springs, in order to fully recuperate. The best wishes of his campus friends attend him.

ALUMNI NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Charlie Waite, B. L. ('93), spent a few days at the college with his friends.

A. L. Moffett ('92) is attending the Baltimore Business College.

Tom Winston ('92) paid us a short visit.

H. T. Harris ('93) attended several Furness lectures, and had a "piece" each evening.

Frank Wiliams ('93) and Tom Gresham ('93), are taking law at Columbian University.

In the sad death of his brother, Mr. Cosby had the sympathy of all the boys.

J. P. Massey, B. A. ('87), is now Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology in the Medical College of Virginia. Mr. Massey made medicine in one year at the University of Virginia, notwithstanding an attack of pneumonia. He afterward attended Bellevue, New York, and took special courses at Gottingen, Vienna and Heidelberg. The Doctor has promised us an article on "Student Life in Germany."

JUDGE CHARLES E. NICOL.

The number of Richmond College men that have risen to positions of prominence and honor, to reflect credit not only upon themselves and their *alma mater*, but to adorn any sphere of life to which they may have been called, is large and constantly increasing. Without going abroad, we find that here in Richmond the judges of the Hustings, Chancery and Circuit Courts, the mayor of the city, a State senator and three members of the Legislature; the Professor of Anatomy, of Physiology, of Materia Medica, of Pathology and Bacteriology in the Medical College of Virginia, and a still larger number of the Faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons are Richmond College men. A large proportion of the members of the Legislature, recently in session, received their training here, and they were the brightest men in that body. Of these, the subject of this sketch,

Judge Charles E. Nicol, whose portrait we present with this issue, was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic forces. Though a young man, he was recently elected circuit judge over several of the ablest and most experienced judges in the State.

Mr. John S. Harwood, who has known Mr. Nicol for many years, and is now his deskmate in the House, is one of the warmest friends and admirers of Judge Nicol. They do not agree on all subjects, but they settle their differences when they vote and allow each other to entertain individual opinions without lessening their friendship. When Mr. Nicol was nominated for the circuit judgeship Mr. Harwood paid him the following compliment :

“I would not feel that I would be doing justice to my feelings were I not to say a word in commendation of my colleague and friend, Hon. Charles E. Nicol, in seconding his nomination for judge of the Eleventh circuit.

“Eighteen years ago I knew him as a student at Richmond College, and no man was more beloved and honored by professors and students alike. Many years have passed, but the man’s high character, studious habits, and Christian conduct made such impressions upon me as time and absence can never obliterate from the brightest pages of golden recollections.

“Pardon me for citing an incident in the life of Charles E. Nicol which shows the high conception of what he believes to be right. It was the custom among the students in moderate circumstances to contribute from \$8 to \$10 per month to the ‘Mess’ fund. A committee was selected from the students to purchase supplies, such as groceries, employ servants, etc. Charles E. Nicol was a member of this committee. At the close of the session some of the students were unable to pay their board, and consequently a bill of \$60 due one of our grocers remained unpaid.

“Charles E. Nicol was no more responsible for the pay-

ment of this indebtedness than one of you, yet five years after leaving college he sent his individual check for principal and interest, aggregating \$78. This is a small matter, but it shows the high character of the man.

“Charles E. Nicol is honored and respected by his people, and has greatly endeared himself by consulting their needs and remaining in touch with their interests. When hard work was to be done or when there was a demand for bold action he has always proven equal to the occasion. Like Snowdan’s Knight in Scott’s ‘Lady of the Lake,’ he goes out among his constituents and gathers their needs and wants from actual observation.

“He possesses a calm, quiet judgment, and a mind well stored with valuable information. He is as gentle as a woman, yet he can be stern when occasion demands it. Unostentatious, courteous, and cultured, his name will be a valuable acquisition to the distinguished judiciary of this State.

CLIPPINGS FROM COLLEGE CONTEMPORARIES.

One hundred and two members of the House of Representatives are college graduates.

The *Yale Lit* is the oldest monthly periodical in this country, and an election to an editorship is one of the highest literary honors to be gained at Yale.

A new rule in base-ball goes into effect this year. It is, that any player who, while attempting to bunt, makes a foul, shall have a strike called on him for each foul so made.

No college in all England publishes a college paper, while nearly 200 colleges in America publish periodical journals.

Professor—"Mr.—, a fool can ask a question that two wise men could not answer."

Junior—"Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk?"

The first college paper ever published in the United States came from Dartmouth College, with Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.

Mr. M.—"Joe Tough, speaking of dogs, how are you?
"Joe Tough," (intending otherwise)—Speaking of fools, I'm very well, I thank you."—*Ex.*

American colleges have been represented in the office of President of the United States as follows: William and Mary, 3; Harvard, 2; Princeton, Bowdoin, Union, Hampden-Sidney, Kenyon, University of North Carolina, West Point and Miami, each 1.

She—"Yes, love is blind."

He—"Is it? Then what is the use of keeping the gas burning?"—*Ex.*

The traditional "college fence" at Yale, which was removed to give place to Vanderbilt Hall, is to be rebuilt at the request of the undergraduates.—*Ex.*

The senior classes of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Williams, Amherst and Dartmouth wear the cap and gown.

The maiden sweet at seventeen
Bewails her chaperon,
And wonders if she'll e'er be found
Entirely alone.

This maiden fine at thirty-nine,
Is utterly alone.
And now she'd give her head to live
With one dear chap-her-own.—*Ex.*

The authorities at Harvard consider five hundred dollars a year an ample sum for a student to spend at that college. In the class of '91 were forty men who worked their way through, and twenty-five spent less than five hundred dollars. Three spent over three thousand dollars a year, but these were far from being the best scholars.—*Ex.*

THE SNOW.

There's a beautiful garden in heaven,
 And when gentle Zephyrus blows,
 From the lovely white flowers,
 Fall the petals in showers,
 And mortals on earth say, "It snows."

—*University Herald.*

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Case of kidnapping—young goat asleep.

The associated press—the lover's squeeze.

A courtship has two mates and no captain.

A tug is the only thing that has its tows behind.

No man fails who dies trying.

Patience and fortitude conquer all things.

Originality is naught but judicious imitation.

The greatest bone of contention on record—Adam's rib.

Every man has a show in life, but few of them find it a circus.

The most successful dentist must expect to run against a snag.—*Texas Siftings.*

The man who knows the least shows it the most.

The man who leans on his blessings cannot walk straight.

A mistake is apt to attract more attention to us than a virtue.

The easiest thing for a fool to do is to tell how little he knows.

A watch and a man to be any good must have some "go" to them.

The man goes to bed tired who spends the day looking for an easy place.

It is a singular fact that the blunt man is apt to make the most cutting remarks.

Some fiddlers can play a tune on one string, but it never makes anyone want to dance.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Much reading is like much eating—wholly useless without digestion.

Character, like boiled glue, depends upon its consistency for its value.

A whim is a fly that buzzes in the empty chamber of an exhausted brain.

When a barrel is full it usually gets bunged up. And this is the case with a man.

A scriptural quotation by disgusted law students—"Hang all the law and the prophets."

True worth never seeks credit for more than it is; but that is left for imitators and counterfeiters.

"Always be up at sunrise if you wish to have golden prospects."—*From the Koran.*

Lawyer—When were you born?

Witness—I can't tell you. You told me a while ago that I must only say what I knew myself, and not what I heard other people say. I didn't look at the almanac when I was born.—*Texas Siftings*.

“Did you know,” said Cholly, “that I have verwy frequently thought of lots of clevah things.”

“Then,” she replied, earnestly, “I should prefer that we become strangers.”

“Why?”

“Because I do not feel that it is wise for me to cultivate the society of one whose nature is so deceptive.”—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Lawyer—So your wife hit you with the flatiron and poker, did she, and you want damages? Ebenezer—Damages! Lawd, oh, no! I want 'bout ten t'ousand dollahs wuff of satisfaction, sah! I dun git all de damage I kin stand, sah!—*Boston Traveller*.

Mrs. Cumso—Oh, how my head aches! Mr. Cumso (absorbed in his hewspaper)—Why don't you have it pulled? Mrs. Cumso—It's my head, I said. Mr. Cumso (still absorbed)—Have it filled, then.—*Harpers*.

“I heard that your wife was drifting into infidelity, but I see she is going to church regularly again.” “Yes, she is going to church again.” “Did you argue with her?” “No, I bought her a new dress and a new bonnet.”—*New York Press*.

“We couldn't think of anything else to do at the club the other night, so we took a secret ballot to decide who was the smartest man in the crowd, who was the laziest and who was the stingiest. Brown was voted the stingiest, and Jones

the laziest." "Who was the smartest?" "That wasn't decided. Every man voted for himself."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Why should a man not starve on the desert of Arabia?
 Because of the sand which is there.
 How came the sandwiches there?
 The tribe of Ham was bred and mustered there.—*Ex.*

IN THE BUSINESS.

Tommie—Eh!—Mr. Snodkins, give me 10 cents. I saw you kiss my sister.

Mr. Snodkins—Well—ah—here's a quarter, but be sure you don't tell.

Tommie—That's all right. I'm used to keeping it quiet. That's \$5 I've earned this week.—*Nashville Mirror*.

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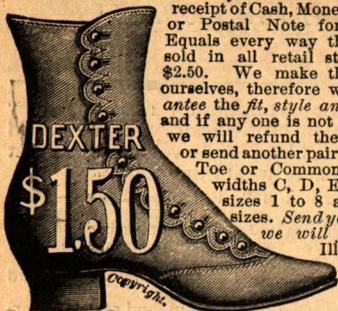
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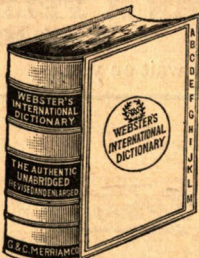
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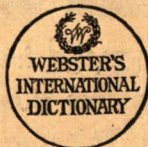
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