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THE
MESSENGER
OR
RICHMOND COLLEGE
Richmond, Va.

Published Monthly by the Philologist and Mu Sigma Rho Literary Societies.

Vol. XXIV.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 6.

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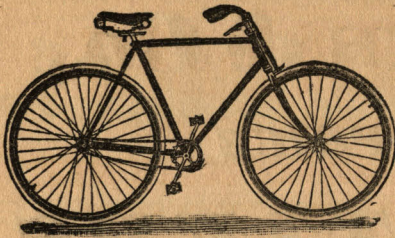
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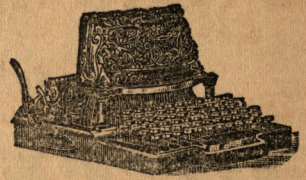
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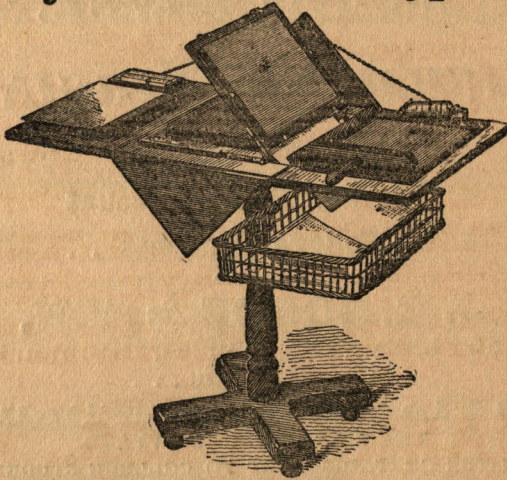
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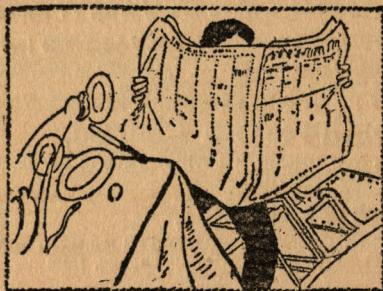
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My Sweetheart's Eyes.

Mid the Heavens at darkest night,
A thousand suns do shine ;
Each centre of a system bright,
Perhaps more vast than mine.

Yet all these rolling orbs of fire
That shine forth with their might,
While brightening up the darkness dire
To me give little light.

One orb, one sun removes the blight
Of darkness from my soul,
Affording me the steady light
Which helps me to my goal.

That orb, that sun belongs to me ;
Is nearest of them all ;
Gives life to man and beast and tree
That happens in its thrall.

Likewise is there for me on earth
 But one pair shining eyes ;
 Within the wealth of their full worth
 My spirit ever lies.

There are other eyes which round me shine,
 All colors, soft and bright ;
 Their flashing glances I decline
 And turn to mine for light.

Like a beacon to the mariner,
 They save me from the shoals,
 And are the suns which light so clear
 My pathway to life's goals.

From out the power of those sweet eyes
 I do not care to roam ;
 But will remain by my sweet prize
 Till I am gathered home.

BRINNE.

Little Frisk.

SOMETIME ago, while hastening down the street to fulfil an important engagement, I heard a window raised just above me and a sweet feminine voice exclaim in hurried tones, "Frisk! you Frisk! come back here this minute, sir! don't you hear, come back, sir!" and then a moment later in tones of distress, "I declare that's the worst little dog I ever saw; he'll certainly get lost if he goes on the streets."

Hearing all this rumpus just above me, naturally I looked first towards the window at the fair one in distress, next down the street; and at the second glance the situation was clear. A little white terrier had escaped from the house and was greatly enjoying his liberty, though very much at the expense of his pretty mistress, who was leaning far out of the window and following him with agonized looks.

Now here's where the writer became mixed up with the story: Frisk's mistress happened to catch my glance, and

there must have been an expression of sympathy portrayed in it, which gave her hope, for instantly she addressed me beseechingly, "Won't you please sir drive Frisk home if you go anywhere near him, but please don't storm at him, for he's a very sensitive little fellow." What else could a man do but break his neck after Frisk—especially when his owner was young and so pretty and in such distress?

There is an old saying which advises us to "look before you leap," but no time was now given me for thinking of old saws. If a man has ever tried to drive a strange little dog home—and that, too, without being harsh to him, and when that little dog is enjoying an unwonted degree of liberty, having every street, corner, alley, and doorway open to him—that man has seen trouble.

Not thinking of all these things, however, and only conscious that *her* eyes were anxiously following me, off I started after Frisk, who was by this time half a square ahead. I began to whistle, but of course Frisk paid no attention to me, so intent was he upon his voyage of discovery, and when he had come to the first corner, after pausing in meditation a few seconds, off he ran down the cross street. As soon as I turned the corner I began to run after him, but to my dismay, when I had almost overtaken him, he too began to run and soon turned the next corner, all the while going farther and farther from his home.

In the middle of this square my troubles thickened. Across the street was a stout middle-aged lady, and behind her walked an immense mastiff, carrying in his mouth a roll of paper which she had given him. Frisk trotted over to the mastiff, and he immediately dropped the papers and together they formed a mutual admiration society, the terrier admiring the mastiff for his great size, the mastiff admiring the terrier for his lack of size. Presently the lady turned around and seeing that her dog had dropped his bundle, she called out, "Bruno, pick that up, sir! pick it up, I say!" But Bruno didn't pick. She then came up to them, struck at Frisk with her umbrella, and talked to Bruno until he obeyed her, after which they

again started down the street, but with little Frisk right at their heels. In a few moments Bruno again dropped his parcel, and again the M. A. S. was called to order. This time the lady, turning, happened to see me across the way, with an amused expression on my face, and she immediately flushed up. I suppose she was angry because I had seen the lack of authority she had over her dog and because my dog was the cause of it. Anyhow she said, very icily, "Sir, will you be so good as to call your dog?" Of course I couldn't explain the circumstances, but whistle and call as I would Frisk paid no attention. Finally her ladyship came back and struck Frisk real hard, saying at the same time, "You nasty little beast! if that man hasn't any control over you, he should not take you on the street; take that for better manners!" I didn't say anything, but thought that manners might apply to people as well as to dogs.

Frisk sent up a terrible howl and ran around the next corner as only a dog can run, and his pursuer was in no angelic frame of mind, for he was thinking of his engagement; he knew not how far the "nasty little beast" might go; he had been asked not to use harsh language to Frisk, and had already suffered one indignity on his account; above all things, it was a very sultry afternoon, and he wore a high collar.

Nevertheless Frisk didn't seem to appreciate these things, but kept in a steady trot, pausing now and then to nose into something that happened to strike his dog's fancy. Finally, after following him for four more squares (for I didn't like to drop the pursuit, having once started), I saw him run up a short flight of steps and into a house, the doors of which opened almost on the street. "Now's my chance," thought I, and followed him quickly. To my surprise both doors were wide open, and looking in I saw Frisk just going into a room on the right. Everything was quiet, and not seeing or hearing anyone, it occurred to me to slip into that room, catch Frisk, and out again without disturbing the household. No sooner thought than done, into the hall I tipped, but when I came to the threshold I suddenly stopped, because there, with

her back half turned to me, stood a tall young lady, gracefully posing before a long mirror. Catching a glimpse in the mirror of some one moving, she wheeled around, and, partly from confusion at being thus caught, partly from fright at being so close to a strange man, she screamed and then did the most natural thing in the world—fainted. Of course I went instantly to her rescue and caught her as she was falling, but alas for me, her scream seemed to have awakened the whole house, for in a moment her sister, mother, brother, and father rushed into the room. The old man seeing his daughter thus held fainting in the arms of an entire stranger, called to his son and together they grabbed me; the old lady ran to the 'phone and sent for the patrol-wagon, while the little sister fell to beating Frisk. In a few moments the mother administered restoratives to her daughter and soon revived her; and, while the young lady was *coming to*, I endeavored to explain, and after some little trouble did so satisfactorily. But about this time the patrol rattled up and a second explanation had to be given. The family forgave me, and we began to look for Frisk, the cause of all our trouble; we soon found him crouching, shaking under a sofa. I lost no time in dragging him out, and, after many more humble apologies, I started triumphantly homeward with Frisk tucked safely under my arm.

Arrived at our destination I rang the bell and it was answered by the fair one herself, who seemed overjoyed to see us—or rather Frisk—and the radiance on her face was enough to pay me for all my troubles. She thanked me and invited me to call. I replied by handing her a card and saying that nothing could give me more pleasure.

By way of finishing the story, let me say that I did call, and, after a time, called often. After I had known her some time I told her of the troubles Frisk had caused me, and it might be true to say, "She loved me for the troubles I had passed, I loved her that she did pity them."

B. L.

Struggles for Religious Liberty in Virginia.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

THE annals of Virginia are thrilling records of struggles and triumphs. For the student of modern history, Virginia's institutions and monuments, her mountains and valleys furnish fields of investigation second to none, both in resource and attractiveness. Eminent historians have chronicled the physical sufferings and civil oppressions of her settlers from 1607 to 1865; inspired pens have described the exploits and achievements of her soldiers and statesmen; while almost every landmark, if endowed with the power of speech, could testify to the fortitude and heroism of the host of unknown. It is not strange, then, that every American boasts, and every historian commends, the brilliant record of the mother State. But while we delight in the many evidences of her civil greatness already recorded, yet until recently one fundamental and pervasive factor in Virginia's history has received almost no attention. I refer to her efforts to establish perfect religious freedom.

To attempt to write a history of Germany without mention of the Reformation is not more futile than to attempt to write a history of Virginia without an adequate narration of the long and heroic struggles leading to religious liberty. The reason why this portion of Virginia's history has been neglected is not entirely obscure. Religion is of the heart, rather than of the body; of the unseen rather than of the seen. The State may be termed a body, the Church its soul. It is only natural, then, that the conflicts, reverses, and triumphs of the Church, though in many cases bearing upon and influencing civil decisions, should attract far less attention than those of the State. If we could write a history of Virginia which recorded faithfully the motives, the desires, the thoughts, and doctrines of her people, as well as the external manifestations of these attributes, then might we boast a history more complete and more valuable than any ever yet produced. The status of a

nation's religion is the thermometer by which that nation's civilization may be registered, and the yearly records of a nation's advancement in religious deeds and doctrines are the mile-stones that mark its progress in culture, refinement, and cosmical conceptions.

It is the purpose of this paper to narrate, within its brief province, some of the early persecutions of the Church in Virginia and her struggles for liberty of conscience and action. As the daughter of England, Virginia inherited her customs, her language, her laws. She was founded upon the principles of mother England, and thus became heir to the mistaken connection of Church and State. The government in Virginia was instructed to be administered "as near to the common laws of England and the equity thereof as may be," and in regard to religious matters, to provide that "the service of God and the Christian faith be preached, planted, and used according to the doctrines and religion now professed and established within our realm of England."* And thus the mother country committed herself to an erroneous doctrine by making religion a thing of law rather than of conscience. She provided for a series of persecutions bitter almost unto death, and yet only severe enough to bring out the perfection of Virginia heroism; only dark enough to make the dawn of religious freedom a more typical symbol of the time when conflicts and oppression shall yield to the day of eternal sunshine.

Every charter granted to the colony stipulated that the Church of England should be established, and ordered punishment to be inflicted upon those who obeyed not its doctrines. The Assembly, among its first acts, provided (1) for the erection of houses of worship; (2) for the imposition of penalties upon those who absented themselves from divine service; (3) for conformity to the canons of England; (4) for the payment of the salaries of ministers; (5) for the punishment of ministers unfaithful to the duties of their churches.† Acts II. to XIV., inclusive, of the General Assembly for

* Instructions for the Colonies of Virginia.

† Acts of the Assembly, I., II., III., V., VII.

1631-'32 convey the distinct idea that the religious conduct of citizens must be regulated by law rather than by conscience; that the minister is a public officer and responsible to the State for the right discharge of his duties. It is not to be wondered that a people who regarded religion as a thing of the heart, and in the exercise of religion considered the Scriptures their only law-book, should rebel against such judicial declarations. "There is no form of tyranny so revolting to the feelings of human nature as that which is exercised over the mind of man; and no species of mental tyranny so odious as that which seeks to enslave the conscience in matters of religion." If the faith once delivered unto the saints was of the heart, we are not disappointed when, in later years, legislative halls and statute-books were found inadequate to contain and unable to direct it. Long ages before denominationalism had been conceived the Apostle had declared that "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." This bit of leaven had been working nearly sixteen centuries, and its effects were becoming quite manifest. The conflict of Church and State in Virginia was not a new one in history. America was only the soil to receive the transplanted vine. Virginia did not originate the problem, but through the persistent efforts of conscientious citizens and liberty-loving statesmen Virginia brought the problem to a happy solution.

To say that liberty of conscience and action was granted as the result of efforts put forth by any one denomination would be unjust, and yet conservative historians do not hesitate to declare the Baptists to have instigated and (materially aided by the Presbyterians) persistently advocated the movements for religious freedom. At the earliest appearance of the Baptists in Virginia they were considered by those in authority as far beneath their notice. In some places, however, their preaching moved so mightily upon the hearts of men as to confound their antagonists, who sought diligently for means to intercept them.* The intense earnestness and partial successes of the Baptists encouraged others to take part in the movement.

*Beale's Semple, 28 seq.

Ministers of the Gospel had been frequently arrested and called upon to answer the charge of "disturbing the peace." The first trials and imprisonments recorded are those of John Waller, Lewis Craig, and James Childs, in the county of Spotsylvania, June 4, 1768. Here and now were begun persecutions which no pen can describe, no churchman defend, no historian deny.

Realizing the inconsistency, under then existing laws, of imposing trials and inflicting punishments upon so-called "dissenters," it was enacted in 1662, that "whereas many schismatical persons, out of their averseness to the orthodox established religion, or out of the new-fangled conceits of their own heretical inventions, refuse to have their children baptized; be it therefore enacted, that all persons that, in the contempt of the divine sacrament of baptism, shall refuse, when they may carry their child to a lawful minister in that county, to have them baptized, shall be amerced two thousand pounds of tobacco—half to the informer and half to the public."* This act was the opening wedge for tyrannies as unjust as they were severe, and almost as cruel as the mind of man could devise. Men and women were fined for not attending church; members of the House of Burgesses were expelled for their religious opinions; ministers were arrested and imprisoned—some being insulted and whipped, while others were incarcerated—for "preaching the Gospel in other manner than according to the Liturgy of the Church of England."† In Culpeper James Ireland was arrested and subjected to grievous insults by the officers of the law. Subsequently Saunders, Craig, Maxwell, and others were imprisoned in the same county. The old jail wherein these Pauline imitators were launched was torn down some years since, but the lock and key are now exhibited as valuable relics in the museum of Richmond College. The county records of Spotsylvania, Orange, Caroline, Fauquier, Chesterfield, and Lunenburg also testify to the unjust persecutions of an innocent people, while the jails in many sections of the Old Dominion have been

* Laws of Virginia, II., 165. † Curry's Struggles and Triumphs, 35-6.

made to echo and re-echo with the eloquent preaching of a dauntless ministry.

The increasing enmity towards England immediately preceding the Revolution and the civil differences then pending seem to have been favorable circumstances for those endeavoring to throw off the yoke of religious as well as civil oppression. The cause of the "dissenters" was strengthened by the inconsistency of the clergy and the growing dissatisfaction of the people with State control of religious duties. The first effort of the "dissenters" to throw off the shackles of tyranny was made to secure liberty of preaching. After repeated endeavors they secured finally, by the kind assistance of Patrick Henry, *the license of certain places*. Petitions were sent by the Baptists to the General Assembly in 1775, that the Establishment should be abolished, and that they might have the privilege of preaching to the army.* The second request was granted and marked the first step towards religious freedom. Flushed with the success of this movement, they were emboldened to make yet greater attempts, not only to secure a general license, but to entirely overthrow the Establishment—the recognized source of all their oppression.

It is a matter of just pride for the churches of Virginia that at this opportune time the sympathies and eloquence of some of the Commonwealth's ablest statesmen were enlisted in their behalf. Lovers of civil liberty hold in devoted remembrance the names of Henry, Madison, and Jefferson because of their services to the State; lovers of soul liberty honor them also for their efforts in behalf of the Church. It cannot be doubted that these men were staunch advocates of the separation of Church and State, and that their influences were used to this end. In the earliest production of his pen now extant, Patrick Henry declares that "much learning hath been displayed to show the necessity of establishing one church in England, but these reasonings do not reach the case of this colony."† Madison closes one of his letters to a personal friend with this appeal: "So I must beg you to pity me and pray for liberty of

* House Journal, 17. † Henry's Henry, I., 113.

conscience to all."* And Jefferson becomes author of the immortal statute of Virginia declaring that "all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and the same shall in nowise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities." †

In 1776 the attention of the Assembly was drawn to numerous petitions from many sections praying for equal religious freedom to all. These reports were referred to a special committee of seventeen, which, "after desperate contests, brought in a resolution advocating freedom of religious opinion and worship, exempting dissenters from all levies, taxes, and impositions whatever for the support of the Established Church." ‡ This bill, however, reserved for future determination the question of a general assessment for the support of religious teachers of the various denominations, and advocated the *suspension only* of acts providing for the salaries of ministers. This suspension was debated from session to session until 1779, when there was a definite repeal of all laws providing for the salaries of ministers.

Dr. Hawks, the historian of the Establishment, and the bitter antagonist of the "dissenters" on all occasions, says that "now the question was settled against the system of a general assessment, and the Establishment was finally put down." § The incidental issues leading to perfect religious freedom were pressed in the General Assembly with unwavering interest until 1785, when, although the main principles of the bill had been enacted before, the bill *in toto* for establishing religious freedom became a law. The galling yoke of oppression was thus lifted entirely from the necks of a progressive and conscientious people; the "hill of difficulty" had given way to paths of pleasantness and peace, and once again was fulfilled the Messianic prophecy, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." J. J. H.

* Life and Times of Madison, I., 44. † Beale's Semples, 505.

‡ House Journal of 1776, p. 62. § Life and Times of Madison, I., 174.

A Simple Inscription.

IN childhood I wandered frequently in the woods on the outskirts of the little town in which I was raised, and when the weather was fine spent many hours in the unkept cemetery, where some two generations ago the villagers, as they had one by one laid down the burden of life were buried, and around whose graves the children of many families had played.

These graves, though now sadly neglected, had been carefully marked with rather handsome stones, bearing in many instances, besides the regular inscriptions, flattering epitaphs.

From early childhood I had been accustomed to read and re-read these, many of which had been so disfigured that it required much work and sometimes more skill than I had to make intelligible the scattering words. However, by the time I was fifteen I had become familiar with the greater part of them, and consequently knew quite a good deal about the lives of those who were now sleeping quietly beneath the unkept sod, and whose dirge for many years had been the untiring sough of the pines.

The inscription that interested me most I found upon an arch of stone which had formerly united the tombstones of two graves placed side by side, but had been broken off and seemingly for years had lain between the graves almost covered with turf and moss.

Upon the tombstones proper I found the following: On the one, "Robert Forrest, born July 3, 1790, died December 24, 1848;" and on the other, "Rachel Armitage, born September 26, 1792, died January 2, 1852." On the stone arch was this simple line, "Friends? Yes, more than Friends."

As soon as I found this line I became very much interested. That their names signified no relationship between them; that their graves were thus joined together; and more than all, this strange inscription—what did it all mean? Many times I had asked father and mother for a solution of the mystery, but neither they nor any of the neighbors could tell me what I

wanted to know, and so for several years I could simply allow my imagination to frame solutions, none of which however satisfied me.

Even after I was grown and had left the paternal roof, I never went back home without going for a short time to this favorite haunt of my childhood; and there, upon the ground made sacred by the ashes of many generations, I held communion with the spirit of quiet and absolute content which ruled, and as I listened to the gentle murmur of the brook and the soft cooing of the dove in the tree overhead, it came to me as if by inspiration that here must brood the spirits of noble dead. This grew upon me, and the desire to know the full meaning of the simple inscription became intense.

Three years ago I began visiting the Soldiers' Home in Richmond, and spent many hours hearing those for whom war was not a mere fancy, but the sternest reality, tell of their exploits in battle, and frequently I prevailed on some of them to talk about their home life before they had heard the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon.

During these visits I learned that among the veterans was a man named Forrest, and at once sought an opportunity to talk to him, for I thought it possible that he could help me find out what I wanted to know. I can never forget the first time I saw him. He was one of the oldest comrades in the Home, but as he walked back and forth under the shade trees his step was firm and his carriage erect.

One of the inmates with whom I was familiar introduced me to him, and as he took my hand his searching and yet kindly steel-gray eyes lighted when he said, "You were raised in S——, I believe; so was I." My heart gave a great bound, for I now felt that I had found some one who knew the people in whom I had become so much interested, and was probably related to the Robert Forrest who had died many years ago.

I told him that I was raised in S——, and that for many years I had sought in vain for some one who could tell me about the people that had lived there in the thirties. I told him of my walks in the woods round about the town, and of

the unkept cemetery, and especially about the two tombstones and the broken arch with its simple inscription.

Before I had finished I noticed that his expression had become as tender as a woman's, and soon his eyes were bedimmed with tears which gathered slowly and made their way down his wrinkled cheeks, as he said, "Yes, Robert was my only brother, and Rachel the noblest woman that God ever made." "Tell me all about them," I begged, "for years I've wondered why they were buried together, and what the inscription on the arch means."

He did not speak again for some time, but seemed almost overwhelmed by the flood of memories which I had awakened, and I reproached myself that I had caused him so much pain. Finally, calming himself as much as possible, he said, "It is sacred ground, and I feel almost that I profane their love to speak of it to a stranger even after so many years, but since as a child you became interested in them and still desire to know their history, perhaps I do no wrong to tell you."

"Robert was much older than I, a manly, intelligent fellow with a loving and tender heart. He and Rachel Armitage played together as children, nor were they ever happy when separated, this being infrequent, inasmuch as our home was just across the road from the Armitage home. At the village school they were desk-mates, used the same books, divided sweetmeats, and went to and from school together, all in such a natural way that no one seemed to notice it. Early in life they formed tastes for the same kind of reading, and by the time they were old enough to be sent from home to school, they had become familiar with what was best in the most carefully selected libraries in the village.

"This going away to school separated them for the first time, and had it not been that they were fully determined to prepare themselves for the work that they had chosen, the parting would have given both of them pain, but as it was, on the day set for leaving, their hearts were glad that fortune had been so kind as to give them this opportunity for making their lives broader and worth more to the world.

“He entered the University of Virginia for an academic course preparatory to a course in medicine, while she went North to fit herself for the work of a trained nurse.

“They were at school six years, and during this time their correspondence was regular and thoroughly helpful to both. I think you will agree with me when I read you a note from Rob. to her and one she sent him,” and the old man drew from his note-book two yellow slips of paper, handling them very carefully, “these I found among their papers years after they had passed to the *fair beyond*.”

Here is what he read me :

DEAR RACHEL,—Somehow you give me strength to do my work better. To think of your strong and yet tender nature makes me a better man. It's a kind hand that has cast our lots together for so many years, and I am glad that now, although many miles separate us, our aims and sympathies are still one. I feel the influence of your life in every hour of mine. I look forward with unspeakable pleasure to the time when our work will be broader, and yet I am content to spend these years in careful preparation.

Sincerely,

ROB.

I looked over his shoulder as he read the next, which was written in a clear, running hand ; it was as follows :

DEAR ROBERT,—My life is full of sunshine, and I know that it is because I always feel sure that you care for me. I am sure that the world would be better were there more friends like you.

The suffering that I see here in the hospital does not harden, but rather awakens what there may be of kindness in my heart.

Just one year more and we will be together again ; doesn't the future look bright for us?

Fondly,

RACHEL.

When the old man had carefully folded the letters and replaced them in his note-book, he continued : “Yes, they were away six years, and when they came back again, prepared for the noblest work in life, my heart was made glad to see that their friendship had not changed in the least, except that it had strengthened just in proportion as their characters had developed. It required but a single glance to see that they were perfectly happy in each other.

“For a year they remained in S—— doing just enough work to keep their “*hands in*,” as the neighbors said, and at

the end of that time Robert received an appointment as resident physician in a large hospital in New York, with instructions to select the most competent nurse that he could find to take charge of a new training-school which was connected with the hospital. He was conscientious when he asked Rachel to take charge of the work, for he knew that she was fully qualified for the task.

“For twenty years they worked together, and during this time came at regular intervals to visit us in S——. These visits were looked forward to with eagerness by all the neighborhood for both of them had won distinction in their chosen work.

“When the Mexican war broke out many of us from S—— volunteered, and as a result of the war all the old families of the town were broken up and new settlers came in, that is why no one could tell you about the Forrests and Armitages.

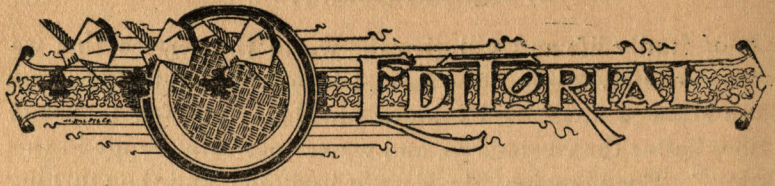
“Robert offered his services to his country, and gave valuable medical aid to the sick and wounded. While stationed in New Orleans he contracted yellow fever which proved fatal, and I was detailed to take his body home.

“After the war I settled in St. Louis, and did not come east again until I received a telegram four years after, announcing the death of Rachel Armitage; who, after Robert’s death, had continued at her post of duty in the training-school. I came home simply to have her body buried beside Robert, and as I stood there on that calm summer afternoon, and heard the clods falling upon the casket which contained all that the earth could claim of this noble woman—” And here the old man broke down completely. I waited several minutes, thinking that he would resume his talk, but finding that he had forgotten that I was present, I did not have the heart to disturb him for some time.

When he had become composed, and seemed to be musing on what he had just told me, I said, “Mr. Forrest, why did they never marry?” “Ah! that is just what I asked him once, and the answer was simply this, ‘Our lives have been given up to service; neither of us can assume the responsibili-

ties of family life and still give the world the service that we believe ourselves best fitted for. I love Rachel as truly as ever man loved woman, and I know she loves me ten thousand times better than I deserve, and we are perfectly happy in this love.'” For a moment Mr. Forrest hesitated, and then turning to me he said, “My son, that was the only perfectly unselfish love I have ever seen.”





BASE-BALL. Early last fall we began to look around to see what base-ball players were in College, and to try to determine what were the prospects for a successful season in '98. We found that a number of our best '97 players had returned, and that there was a lot of good timber among the new men. The more we watched the practice in the early spring the brighter the prospects became, and all who take any interest in base-ball were rejoiced, for we fully expected to equal our brilliant '97 record on the diamond this spring. " 'But there's many a slip,' hath the proverb well said," and we have found, to our sorrow, that this is true in college athletics as well as in other walks of life. The only weak point seemed to be in the box, and that we thought would be all right in a short time, as we were expecting every week to hear that our great left-handed twirler of last season had started for College. He fully expected to come in the fall, but was kept at home by sickness, which became so prolonged that he never came at all. This left us with some fairly good pitchers, but they were men of little experience in the box, and, on that account, we did not wish to send out a team.

But there is another reason that weighed with us in coming to the conclusion we did in regard to our team. At the close of the foot-ball season we found that instead of our games bringing money into our treasury, they had added right considerably to our indebtedness, and so we were hampered in this respect. Some of the students made a very commendable effort to liquidate these debts, and were helped by some members of the Faculty. But there was not the hearty response from *all* that the cause should have inspired, and that would have insured success.

While we are discussing this question we feel like speaking very plainly of some very great discouragements that always

confront those who try to do anything for athletics in the College. Probably the greatest of all is the apparent lack of *any interest whatever* in athletics, on the part of a majority of our students. Not one-half of them ever join the Athletic Association, and when we have a contest on our home grounds it is only the faithful Gideon's band who attend the game; and thus lend moral and financial support to those who do battle for the Crimson and Blue. At all other schools of which we know anything, when their athletic teams play on the home grounds the students turn out *en masse* to incite them to do their best, and to turn shekels into the treasury, wherewith to defray the legitimate expenses of the game.

Then another thing that has always grieved us is that the authorities of the College seemingly fail to appreciate the great help good athletics is to any school, and consequently do not render the support they can so well afford to give, and can so illy afford to withhold.

We might mention other drawbacks, but will save enough ammunition for another shot later. We hesitated to speak of some of these things anyway, but we know of no other means of reaching all to whom these words are addressed so readily as through the MESSENGER. But then the editor would be willing to be blamed for "speaking out in meetin'," if the result would be a determination on the part of *all* at the College that never again shall the opportunity be given for any one to speak in the same vein.

It is too late to do anything for this season, but it is not too early to begin to work for next. Let us have a strong, healthy, deep-rooted College spirit. Let us make a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and never again shall we find ourselves without representatives on the gridiron or on the diamond, and the Crimson and Blue will again wave triumphantly over many a hard-fought field.

OUR DUTY. We hoped up to the very last that some way might be found by which war with Spain could be averted, but such was not to be. War is now upon us and

our duty can not be in doubt. Let us present a solid front to the enemy, and it will not be long before the temple of Janus will again be closed. What we do, let us do quickly; every interest demands that we endeavor to bring the war to a speedy end. There can be no doubt of the ultimate success of our arms, and we can see no reason why the war should be a prolonged one.

In times of peace we have our party differences and sectional animosities; but now when a foreign foe confronts us it is our duty to lay aside all of these disagreements and prejudices, to bury all jealousies, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of our common flag. In political matters we are wholly at variance with Mr. McKinley, but we have found ourselves in hearty sympathy with him in his Cuban policy, and we have rejoiced to see with what unanimity Congress has supported him in most of his recommendations.

It will be an inspiring sight to see the troops from the North and those from the South marching side by side commanded by the gallant Fitz Lee, as now seems to be probable. But under whatever generals our men are to fight we are sure that those from all sections will be found to be intrepid heroes, looking the danger in the face with unshaken constancy, and opposing the enemy with invincible fortitude.

PHILOLOGIAN DEBATE. The day after the March MESSENGER came out the editor-in-chief found himself in a regular hornets nest. Every Philologist he met was ready to go at his throat because such a short notice had been given to their public debate, while two pages had been assigned to that of the Mu Sigma Rho. We think it proper to explain how this was. The Philologist debate came on the same day we went to press and we wrote an announcement of it in the *future* tense; but the printer, through mistaken kindness, changed it to the past. In the proof we changed it back, but still the printer would have it in the past. We are very sorry it should have occurred this way, but hope this explanation will be satisfactory.



COLLEGIANA.

The Annual Contest for the Joint Orator's medal of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies was held in the College chapel on the evening of Friday, April 15th. The contestants and subjects were as follows:

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| Edward T. Poulson | Thomas Jefferson. |
| George P. Bagby | Virginia and Virginians. |
| O. L. Owens | The Women of the South. |
| J. D. Gwaltney | The Confederate Flag. |
| Wm. Smith | A Plea for Cuba. |
| K. W. Cawthon | The Union of the States. |

The winner in this annual contest not only receives a handsome \$25 gold medal, but has the privilege of representing Richmond College in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest of Virginia. The contest was decided by a committee of judges consisting of Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, J. Allison Hodges, M. D., and the Rev. Drs. J. Wm. Jones, W. A. Barr, and Donald Guthrie. They awarded the medal to Mr. George P. Bagby, and their announcement was received with almost universal applause.

This is Mr. Bagby's first year at Richmond College, and he was introduced to his audience as youthful, learned, and eloquent. He came here from Baltimore, but is a native of King and Queen county, Virginia, his father being the Rev. Dr. Alfred Bagby of this city.

The Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest of Virginia is to take place in the College chapel on the evening of the 6th of May. The committee is making extensive preparations, not only for the contest, but also for a reception to be held immediately after it, and it is expected that this will be one of the most notable affairs of the kind ever held at Richmond College.

The Public Debate of the Philologian Literary Society was held as announced in our last issue, on the evening of March

18th. It was followed by a reception that was one of the most splendid of the various receptions ever tendered at the College. It was held in the Jeter Memorial Hall, which easily accommodated the members of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Societies, the Faculty and most of the student body with their lady friends, and a number of other guests. A large number of the ladies and gentlemen were in evening dress, and the whole affair was a *bon ton* success.

The pleasure it afforded every one present was largely due to the labors of the committee, Messrs. W. L. Prince, W. F. Rudd, and R. O. Norris. Their plans were delightfully carried out by the ladies who received: Mrs. Boatwright, and Misses Sydnor, Irene and Daisy Winston, Emma Harris, Ryland, Griffin, Cowardin, Myrtle Lynn; and by those who served refreshments: Miss Van Buren, and a host of charming lassies.

The matter, photographs, and sketches for the Annual are now all in the hands of the printer, and we are assured that by the 30th of May, the '98 *Spider* will be out.

It will contain many historic notes of great interest to every true friend of the College, accounts of the various organizations and clubs, and with the jolly jokes which we doubt not will light up its pages, will at least compare favorably with that of last year, and in the expectation of the editors, surpass it in very many respects. The Alumni department, under the energetic management of Mr. Evan R. Chesterman, will be especially attractive. It will contain photographs, with brief sketches of the lives of many of the distinguished alumni of our institution.

The annual excursion of the Geographical and Historical Society was given to Yorktown on Thursday the 14th inst. The weather was very inclement, and kept back many who otherwise would have gone. After going by Southern Railway to West Point, the party was joined by a large number from the male and female academies of that place, including Professor Broadus and the Rev. R. H. Bowden, an alumnus

of this College. The steamer Plymouth was awaiting the party at West Point, and two hours after she was boarded reached Yorktown.

The excursionists spread rapidly through the sleepy little town, ferreting out every place of interest. The noble monument was visited by all, while many went to Governor Nelson's home and Temple Farm. Governor Nelson was the first to direct his cannon against Yorktown, and feeling assured that his fine house had been occupied by prominent British officials, he offered his cannoneers \$25 for every ball they would put in it. Some of the shells are yet to be seen in the old home, which still bears witness of its former splendor.

The breast-works, chiefly of the civil war, which surround the town, were viewed with interest.

From Yorktown the Plymouth steamed to the mouth of York River, giving a fine view of Chesapeake Bay, and then returning landed at Gloucester Point, which the fierce Tarleton held in vain for Lord Cornwallis.

Thence the party returned to West Point and by train home.

Among the pleasing features of the trip was a charming address by Judge Farrar, or, as he is ordinarily known, "Johnnie Reb."

Especial thanks must be given to Captain C. W. Westbury, the efficient and generous agent of the Southern Railway, for his extreme kindness and skill in arranging all the details for the comfort and pleasure of the excursionists.

Friday, May 6th, has been fixed upon as Field-Day. Just two weeks remain for the preparations on the part of the committee of arrangements and the contestants. The committee has already accomplished most of its work, for, with the exception of several details, the arrangements for the day are already made.

Friday, April 1st, being the regular night for the election of officers of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, after a somewhat heated contest, the following were chosen: President, R. L. Williams;

Vice-President, G. T. Lumpkin; Censor, L. B. Lloyd; Recording Secretary, J. D. Mitchell; Corresponding Secretary, W. C. Pulliam; Treasurer, B. Lankford; Final President, W. B. Daughtry.

Our fellow-student, Mr. C. K. Hening, who met with the unfortunate accident of breaking a limb on the 9th inst. is still confined at the Virginia Hospital. The doctor reports that he is improving and doing in every respect as well as could be expected, as his recovery is necessarily slow.

At the first regular meeting this month the Philologian Society elected officers for the ensuing term. A great deal of interest was manifested in some of the contests. The following were elected: President, George W. Clarke; Vice-President, Robert W. Neathery; Censor, J. W. Cammack; Recording Secretary, Robert O. Norris; Treasurer, Goodwin Frazer. William L. Prince, of Sussex, was elected Final President.

Mr. Byron W. King, the well-known elocutionist and orator, paid us a visit one morning this month and conducted the exercises in the chapel for us. He was heard with much pleasure.

A Broken Dream.

To J. R. S.

Way out in our mountain region
 From the quaint old county of Giles
 Came a youth, so runs the legend,
 With his bright face wreathed in smiles.

He came to our world renowned College
 To toil for honor and fame,
 He possessed a store of knowledge
 Of the county from which he came.

At school he labored earnestly
 And had nearly reached his goal
 When a maiden chanced coquettishly
 To win him, heart and soul.

Like all the boys from his county
 Who to the "Big City" did stray,
 He thought he possessed a bounty
 Of beauty, and all young hearts could slay.

So with this bright-eyed maid divine
 He in the summer fragrance roamed,
 To old historic Seven Pines
 Amid heroic soldiers' tombs.

But here his patriotic queen,
 So hard on the Federal foe,
 Saw gallantly strolling o'er the green
 A dear old Southern hero.

One arm he had, a wooden leg,
 And one eye that he cast upon her,
 But the "Rebel lass" care never a peg,
 For *he* was the *soul* of honor.

Not e'en a farewell word she said
 To the handsome youth she'd flattered,
 But her heart at the Hero's shrine she laid,
 And the youth's fond dream was shattered.

Now can the Giles boys think the same
 When they read in this sad story
 How all their beauty, wealth, and fame,
 Could not compete with a Hero's glory?

M. I. B. W.

Our Professors.

Who steers the ship at R. C. V.,
 A college known from sea to sea,
 And steers it too right skilfully?
 Boaty.

Who tells us oft of heat and light,
 And of the stars that shine by night,
 And how to rule the world aright?
 Tricky.

Who loves Miss *Anna Lytical*,
 And thinks it very critical,
 To be some less susceptible?

Whiskers.

Who gives us rocks their names to find,
 To classify and name the kind,
 From the Blue Ridge to Palestine?

Rufe.

Who show us how to think aright,
 And makes our Phil. a great delight,
 But acts the monkey "Out of Sight?"

Tommy.

Who loves to *Parley-vous* so much;
 And glories in his teaching Dutch,
 And hates to see a *trans* so much?

Woodsy.

Who is the greatest man in school,
 To assign lessons by the rule,
 That man can endure as the mule?

Mitch.

Who says, "Now gentlemen, get the new
 For no other edition'll do,"
 E'en though the old's better of the two?

Polly.

Who loves *λύω, λύεις, λυει*,
 And if he can will make you try
 To love the Greek too, by and by?

Kelly.

Who gives to each a pet nickname,
 But love them dearly all the same,
 And would defamers badly lame?

The Students.

[The writer of these lines wishes it to be stated that they were suggested to him by some verses read some years ago, about the professors in another school. He has no copy of those verses and cannot say how closely he may have followed them, and for fear that in some places they may be very much alike he desires this explanation to be made.—EDS.]



It is no little degree of pleasure we receive in reviewing the condition of athletics in our College at the present time. To those of us who have watched carefully the steady growth in all the departments of this division of college life, it is indeed gratifying to know that one has not flourished to the detriment of another, but that each is making steady progress to a more stable existence.

We fully realize that foot-ball and base-ball are the most popular sports in the athletic world, but if these alone constituted college athletics the field would be narrow indeed.

GYMNASIUM.

Our gymnasium has been equipped with modern apparatus, and as a result, the per cent. of attendance at the class drill has been materially increased.

TENNIS.

All honor is due to the indefatigable energy of a few students who have succeeded in perfecting the organization of a Tennis Association. Tennis has always taken a first rank in athletics in the College, but never has the interest grown more rapidly than it has this year, and we attribute this unprecedented success to its systematic management.

BASKET-BALL.

Our basket-ball team this year was the best the College has yet been able to organize. They gave us the privilege of witnessing a number of interesting contests with visiting teams and played altogether a successful season.

BASE-BALL.

Why did you not have a base-ball team this year? This question has been asked repeatedly by friends of the College, and for the benefit of all interested I will attempt an explanation. We have more men in College this year who can play

good ball than for years past, but owing to the fact that among this great and goodly number not one was able to twirl the sphere in a manner satisfactory to maintain the brilliant record we have made, we decided to give the material a thorough dressing for next year and not lower our standard by placing a weak battery in the field.

We have two well-organized and thoroughly-equipped teams which play upon the campus. From these teams the best players are selected, and we meet a few visiting teams, but no regular schedule is arranged. Our two teams, "The Irishmen" and "Invincibles" are under the captainship of Mr. W. S. McNeill and A. Paul Bagby. The ability of these two gentlemen in training base-ball teams is thoroughly recognized by the students, and we predict that the full benefit derived from this great work will be manifest only to the best advantage when we organize next year.

FIELD-DAY.

The all-absorbing topic now is Field-Day, which will be May 6th. The Field-Day Committee has been very earnestly engaged in preparing a programme of interesting events, and the entries in each have been unusually large. Many new and doubtless highly interesting features have been introduced, and all look forward with delight to this occasion. One of the most exciting events will be the bicycle tournament. This is the first time we have ever had it, and it promises to be one of the closest of all the contests. There are some half dozen young knights of the "bike," each anxious that his girl shall be crowned queen and receive the handsome bunch of roses to be given to the winner. Each rider will wear the colors of the young lady for whom he rides.

Our limited space forbids us giving a full list of events, but we are sure the day will be enjoyed by all present. A grandstand will be erected upon the campus which will add much to the comfort of our visiting friends. Promising you a full account of Field Day in the next issue I declare the game finished. Score —————

R. L. WILLIAMS.



YFCA NOTES.

On Saturday evening, April 9th, was held the annual business meeting of the Association. This is always one of the most interesting meetings of the session, as we then hear the reports of the various officers and committees and thereby gain a clearer idea of the work of the year.

President J. E. Johnson read a very interesting and inspiring report of the past year's work. He told us of many ways in which the work of the Association has been advanced and become more effective than ever before. Mr. Johnson has made a most faithful and efficient officer, untiring in his efforts to promote Christian work in the College.

Next we heard with pleasure the reports of the various committees; many of the reports showed marked progress in the departments they presented. We wish to mention especially the increased interest in Bible and Mission study, shown both by an increased number engaged in the studies and by the increase in the average attendance. Then too the reports from the various mission stations were very cheering. We commend the fidelity of the committees of the past year to those who are to take up the work for the ensuing year.

Next came the election of officers for the next term. Following is the result: President, Arthur J. Hall; Vice-President, George T. Lumpkin; Recording Secretary, Thomas E. Spencer; Corresponding Secretary, James W. Durham; Treasurer, Fred. W. Moore.

We were glad to have Mr. S. K. McKee, the General Secretary of the city association, with us on that occasion.

The Southern Students' Conference will be held at Asheville this summer instead of at Knoxville as heretofore. Let us all work together to secure a good delegation. Richmond College should have at least six good men at this meeting, and President Hall and his committee are working to that end. Let all of us do our part.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENTS

To read and criticise the magazines which come to the Exchange Department of the MESSENGER is truly a task to be envied, because it brings one in contact with the students of the various institutions, gives him a peep into their thoughts and feelings, and thus makes him more cosmopolitan.

But while the novelty and pleasure of the task thus attracts, it brings with it a burden of labor and care. And in entering upon his new duty, the Exchange Editor wishes to say that his chief desire is *to be fair*. To be fair, we must be candid, and, while it will always give us pleasure to add a word of deserved praise, we shall not hesitate, if candor demands it, to dip our pen into the "red ink" of harsh criticism.

The first exchange which claims our attention is the *Emory Phoenix*. This being the "Class Three" number, it is full of good matter of the type we would expect. "Princeton University" is quite interesting on account of the light which it throws upon Princeton life as it is and not as it is *described* in catalogues, etc. An editorial on "The War Craze" is strong and clear, but we think, a little unfair to the newspapers. We commend to the thought of the editor an article in the April *Review of Reviews* upon that subject. As time has shown this editorial is quite short-sighted, a very common but none the less grievous fault with all of us.

In the *Vidette*, a quarterly of Newport News Military Academy, "Corporations and Millionaires as seen by a Pauper," is worthy of notice and careful thought.

The next we note is the *Vanderbilt Observer*, attractive in appearance, and very interesting on account of the variety and quality of its contents. Under the head "Wheat and Chaff" we find some strong articles. The Kentucky Legislature comes

in for a share of bitter criticism. Truly, great has been the decline of this department of our government since the days when Henry was a candidate for election to our State Legislature, and the unknown Randolph served in Congress. This, we think, is an argument in favor of a change in the method prescribed by our fathers for the election of Senators.

“Hark to the song that nature gives,
 The hackneyed mood and phrase heed ne'er,
 In every soul of man there lives
 Some word of truth the world should hear.

Give to our world some cheery word
 From thy glad heart of happy youth,
 Give us thy soul's sweet song unheard,
 The whisper of eternal truth.”

We clip the above from a poem, “Ad Juvenes Poetas,” in the *University of Virginia Magazine*. The March issue of this journal is very attractive in appearance and interesting in contents. “A Moonshine Raid” is the only poor piece in it. So far as we can see, it has neither plot nor point. It should have found the waste-basket.

“The Grape-vine Swing,” in the *University of Tennessee Magazine*, we like. It is true to life, well told and quite pathetic. “A Sheet of Paper,” tells quite well the power of the pen. We are sorry to say its editorials are not up to the standard set by the literary department.

Next comes a “Woman's Number” of the *Illini*. Right well does it fulfill its mission, “to show what the women can do.”

In the *Georgian*, from the University of Georgia, we find an entertaining magazine. In the April issue we note “My Childhood Faith,” a sweet poem and true to life. “Milton,” an essay, is a compact and well-written article. We would like to see more of this class of literature in our magazines. Almost

any one can put together clippings from encyclopædias and interest us by giving information, but to delineate character and work out the ruling influences of a man's life is the task of an artist, and should be the aspiration of each student.

Notwithstanding the rather prosy appearance of the *Georgetown College Journal*, we find in it one of the best magazines that come to our desk. "March," a poem, is appropriate. "Armand Cardinal Duc De Richelieu," seems well written, and "Georgetown of Last Century" strikes into a vein well worthy our examination: the gain of numbers and renown at the loss of thoroughness, which characterises nearly all our schools.

The *Mercerian* contains some good articles, but the fiction is poor. Fiction is an essential part of an up-to-date and interesting magazine, but poor fiction is surpassed in utter worthlessness only by poor poetry.

To criticise the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* either favorably or adversely would perhaps be useless, considering all the good things that are continually being said about it. It is a credit to the institution. "The Grave of Love" we think excellent.

"An Evening with Franklin," in the *College of Charleston Magazine*, is quite original. The author gives "Poor Richard" some good hits, but certainly he must have meant his syllogism about "all that glitters is not gold" as a joke.

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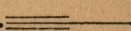
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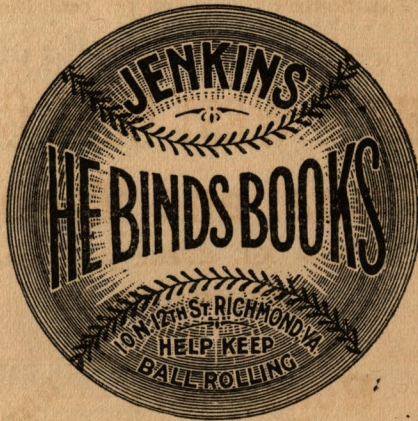
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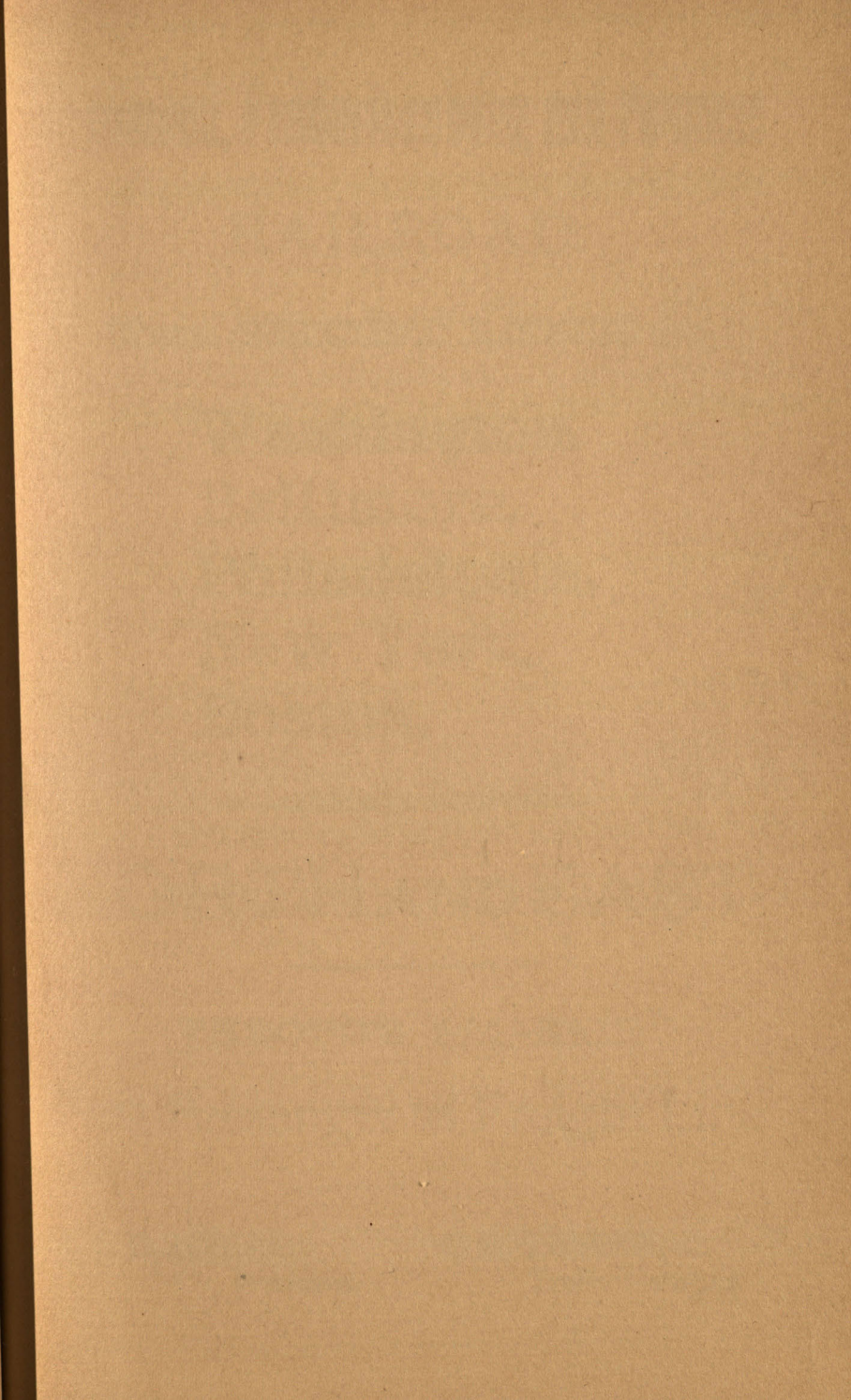
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NEXT SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 23, 1897.

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