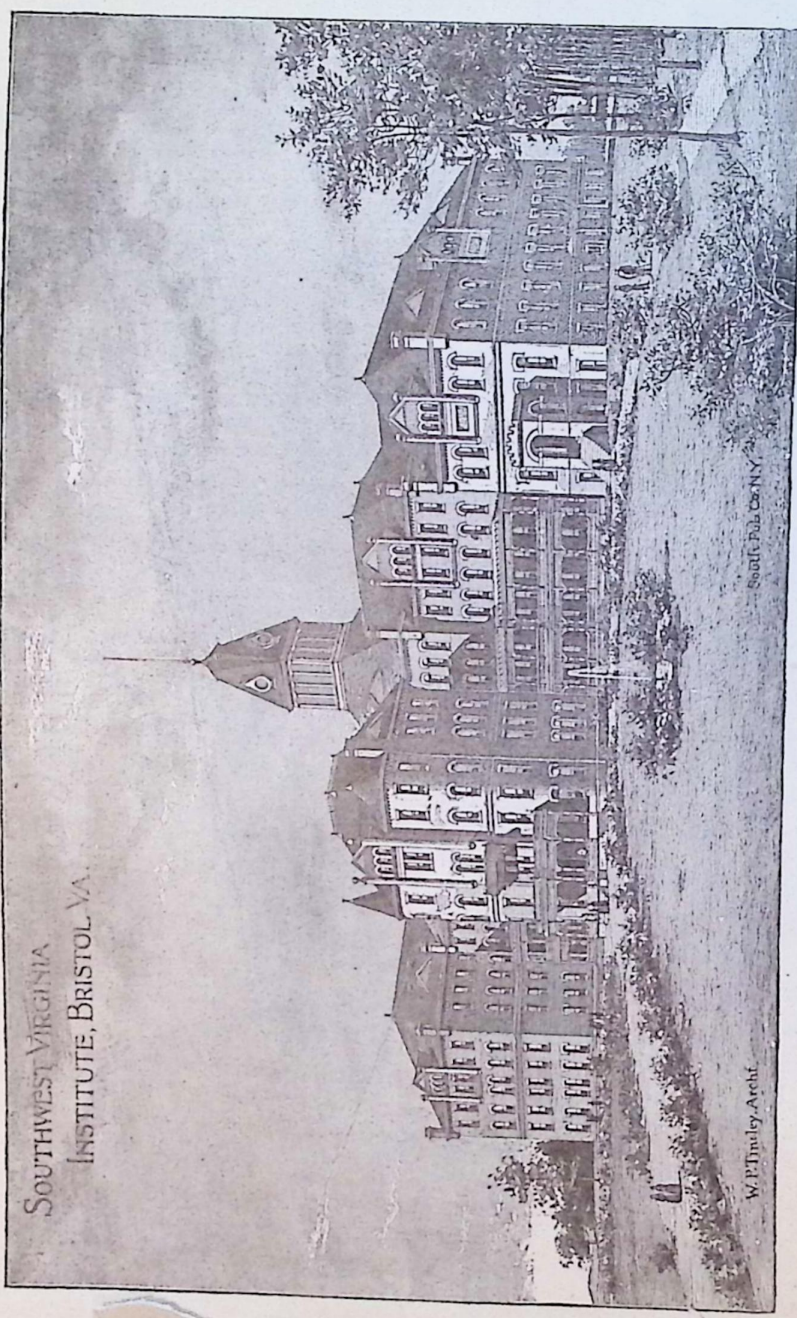


For life
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How awe-
eir conscious dignity!
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REGRET.

Oh, that word *Regret!*
There have been nights and morns when we have sighed:
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes;
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.

We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over: sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far,
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all who lose and wish they *might* forget,
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But Oh, this thread of gold!

We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

I.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

II.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this I mourn—but yet,
My happier days are not the days when I forget.
JEAN INGELOW.

SALUTATORY.

[Read before Harrisonian Literary Society by MISS KATE EASLEY, Tuesday Evening, May 31, 1892.]

"Peace be unto you, and to you and yours be all goodwill."

Of all salutations, ancient or modern, this old Jewish salutation seems most appropriate for greeting you this evening. It comes down to us after so many ages with none of its beauty abated, none of its savor lost. Why has this endured through all ages? Its permanency indicates great depth of feeling and earnestness. I can see those old Jewish patriarchs, their long beard and floating gabardines, their piercing eye and stately step. How awe-inspiring they look in their conscious dignity! But see! their whole appearance brightens

with good-will as one falls upon his brother's neck and pours forth this time-honored salutation.

The Grecian salutation was in conformity with the nature of that classical nation. Cold and calm as the marble which they wrought so skilfully, they greeted even dear friends with the simple phrase, "Be joyful," and passed on.

The noble and warlike Romans were as fervent in their loves as in their hates; after the tender greeting, "To you and to your house all peace," they further showed their good fellowship by a kiss. However, this latter custom was abandoned by the better classes; for when that most tiresome of all things, a tiresome acquaintance, met Horace on the Sacra Via and effusively addressed him, even he only grasped the hand of the great poet.

Thus we see that soon after the creation some form of salutation was found necessary. How great the importance of that necessity! One of the courtliest and truest gentlemen the world has ever produced, said: "Courtesy of speech, even though it veil churlishness of temper, is as a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown." So to-day our greeting is almost unchanged from that of ancient times; the same spirit pervades all.

The Germans, that people so poetic, so fervid, so tender, greet each other with the common-place question, "Wie befinden Sie sich?" which translated means, "How do you find yourself?" not our ideal of this great people truly, but the feeling beneath elevates the words.

The French manner on the other hand is fresh, lively, bright and shallow. After their careless "Bonjour" they tell you they are delighted, charmed beyond measure, so very, very happy to have met you, and are still happier to see the next chance acquaintance.

The Italians, too, who boast of their warm, genial climate and spend so much time in the open air, wish you "a hundred days full of sunshine."

But how cheering are our own salutations,

"Good morning" and "How do you do?" Often when we are weary and thoughts of home weigh us down, a voice calling merrily, "Good morning," or "How do you do?" restores our lost buoyancy.

Outward expressions of good will other than words have been greatly modified in modern times. Kissing, so indiscriminately used by the ancients, has been changed to a shake of the hand, which, though more formal, is more expressive of good will and respect, and perhaps more hearty.

In the days of chivalry the hat swept the ground and the head was in angle with the knees, whereas now a lady is honored simply by lifting the hat and a slight inclination of the head.

May my "good evening" to you be as hearty and cheering as the greeting heard in the halls this morning from those whose faces the thought of home, so soon to be visited, rendered radiant with delight. Dear school-mates, many of you will salute a new world when you have turned your back upon these familiar halls. Endeavor to exert an influence, in whatever circle fortune may place you, even by the manner of your greeting; let the hundred kindly greetings of these bright, hopeful voices stir you to deeds and aspirations higher and higher until, at last, we may all happily join in the stirring hallelujahs before the great white throne.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Variety is a principle running through all the natural world. Upon each object of creation is stamped that which is peculiar to it alone. Especially is this true of man; in the whole race there can be found no two persons exactly alike. Each one possesses a distinct individuality; yet this is often hard to distinguish. As one of our best American authors has said, "When we come to study the energies of man, we find ourselves dealing with a

double creature." One of these is his real, individual self; the other a fictitious counterpart.

We find this combination of the true and the false in almost all men; so susceptible is the mind to the different influences that surround it, that, like a tender young tree swayed hither and thither by the wind, it acts and responds as external forces incline it. Often that independent power, by which one should support and elevate himself, yields to those outward influences by which his life is overlaid with false appearances and moulded by the weight of external things. Often that in-born principle, which should always cling to its right of authority as judge, (however reverently and obediently one may listen to and follow the guidance of superior intelligence), yields to that weakness of human nature by which he assents to what he does not believe, does what he had not intended and appears what he is not.

When we find one whose character is firm enough to resist these influences, one that has strong faith in himself, a sufficient appreciation of his own inward resources, and a courage to assert himself, how extravagantly we pay homage to that one. All the great men and women whose names are so familiar to us and whom we so much admire, were those who did not strive to lay aside their true nature, but accepted their natural gifts with a contented heart, developed them, and dared to be just that for which they were designed.

Marked individuality is a characteristic of great minds. It is only a person of weak intellect,

"A barren spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts and imitations,"

who cannot perceive that his own natural resources, developed and brought into action, will make him more powerful than anything merely assumed.

Much more admirable are those persons who possess this trait of character than any mere imitators. That air of truthfulness to nature

charms us beyond anything else, and when there is high cultivation in connection with it, we admire almost to adoration. There is an indefinable gracefulness about this kind of beauty that far surpasses all others. Very beautiful is the sentiment of that one who said, "After all it is the loveliest thing for us to be just what God intended us," and how true it is, too; for the persons who charm us most are those who impress us as doing and being just what Nature intended them to do and be. These furnish us a beautiful example to follow, not by copying the exact details, however, but by adopting a spirit like that which animated them.

"Be what Nature intended you for and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing." This is not only true, but it is essential to our happiness, that we do that for which we are best fitted; for if we undertake anything and have not the requisite talents to aid us, disappointment will follow our efforts. It is our duty to use whatever gifts we have as worthily as it is in our power to use them, and even if we fail to attain what we wish, yet we shall have the approval of that voice within, which is, after all, one of the greatest sources of happiness. It is true that all are not equally gifted. Some are born to be poets, some to be great artists, and some to fill the highest places in life, while the genius of others seems to point out humbler spheres for them. "Degrees infinite of lustre" there will always be, yet the weakest among all has a gift peculiar to himself alone, which, however trivial it may seem, worthily used, will be a blessing to himself and his race forever.

D. P.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Many objects become dear to us because of associations connected with them. They serve as keys to unlock the casket of memory and awaken thoughts of the past and ourselves, but

they are none the less dear whether they recall the times when tears dimmed our eyes or those in which brightest joys inspired our souls. One that now appears conspicuous to me among many is an old apple tree that stands as a sentinel near the gate of the Institute lawn. Its huge trunk, all gnarled and tortuous, tells of many years through wind and storm. The questions have often occurred to me, Who planted this old apple tree? Was it some poet "born in the rude but good old times?"

But now I seem to hear the deep soliloquy from its own heart as it turns back to scenes of a hundred or more years ago, when it first found itself a modest little tree midst Nature's quiet scenes; and I, in fancy, try to picture some of its great experience that I would it might relate to me.

It was in such a quiet spot, among rolling hills which were covered with bramble and bushes, huge rocks here and there dividing them. Away to the south and east, the dreamy Blue Ridge arose in an undulating line, White Top standing out and overlooking them all. Toward the north, nearer but smaller mountains shut off all save the view of the jutting peaks of the outlying spurs of the Alleghanies; their deep violet shades contrasting with the green and brown of the pines and mountain oaks growing upon those nearer. Toward the west the two chains, apparently joining, formed irregular gaps from which the setting sun flashed forth his rays.

But these are the features which to the old tree seem unchanging; all else about it presents vast degrees of progress. The rise of the nation has been almost acted out in all its phases within the existence of this one tree. A lone hut with a few adventurous occupants, perhaps, marked the first step toward breaking the sublime silence of nature. But, with steady labor and sturdy growth, as the little tree grew year by year, the hills around began to show the care of man; fields of waving wheat replaced the thick forest and the matted arbutus; peaceful cattle grazed on the hills;

man sought the society and prosperity of man, and here and there the little homes multiplied, then more commodious dwellings arose. They found the springs of healthful mineral waters bubbling up from every hillside; deeper in the ravines rich veins of ore held stores of wealth for them, but there was no facility, no means of communication with the outside world except by long and fatiguing routes over dangerous ways. But this beautiful country was not destined to remain locked in by its rocky walls. These sturdy mountain folk soon found themselves coming in closer contact with the world. The ready spade, shovel and pickaxe, under the guidance of human strength, having found their way over the first marshes and brakes, followed the precipitous paths through the jagged gaps between the mountains, levelled the impeding hills, forged their way through the sides of the gigantic mounds of rock, bridging the intervening depressions and spanning the streams, till the steam locomotive, thundering and clattering around the circuitous curves, announced that the riches and fertility of the Valley were open to all, and that men heretofore so isolated in the midst of these should take active part in the nation's affairs. Many were induced to seek their fortunes here, and education and enterprise begun their work.

The old apple tree, perhaps, could not relate all these changes, since they have until late years taken place slowly here, but progress is being made every day.

And, too, it has other historic interest. Its very shade seems hallowed. We are told that under its boughs, long years ago, a few faithful followers assembled to discuss how they might best forward the cause of Christ. Their simple efforts may have lived; surely their hopes have been more than verified. None can tell what were their highest hopes, since the old tree in sacred silence merely nods approval to the assurance, "My word shall grow and prosper." But, could it speak, it would tell of the noise of hammer and saw from day

to day, till before it rose the modest gray church scarcely twenty yards from its shade. It watches her people as they enter her doors; it hears the songs of praise which rise as sweet incense from the altars of grateful hearts.

The little children were once wont to play in its shade. Many of them have, long since, gone forth into the world to fill places of honor and distinction. It whispers to me of one, a little brown-eyed maid who, not so long ago, as she tossed back her flying tresses, played at "keepin' house." Now, nearing noble womanhood, it still watches over her. She may live to great years, she may dwell in foreign lands, but no scenes of mirth, no cool shades of peace shall be able to efface the memory of those joyous days spent under the old apple tree.

Three years I have watched and loved the old tree. I shall not soon forget my first thoughts of it. It was when it wore the "sear and yellow leaf," but it did not seem to be dying and losing its beauty as many other trees. I thought it revelled in its brown and gold. The leaves lingered long, as did its fruit; and when they parted from the branches, whirled as feathers down upon the turf below, making flowers of gold in the carpet of green, I loved to linger in its shade and watch their farewell kisses. Its ripening fruit and its falling leaf whispered lessons so deep, so true, that they found an echo in my heart.

When chill November left its branches bare, it did not seem less interesting to me, for, high up in the topmost boughs, where the tender shoot had teemed in sweetest Spring flowers, were the deserted homes of the birds. They taught of mutual love and sweetest peace.

Soon the falling snow arrayed it in purest white. As I stood at my window and watched its outstretched arms receiving, one by one, the tiny flakes, it seemed to smile to me, "Though the robe is changed, I am the same through all changes"—yes, the same amidst perfumed flowers or glistening snow. Oft at evening I would watch its branches swaying in the sharp winds. I claimed it for my friend.

But the May sun and April showers soon transformed it into a glory of buds and blossoms. I scarcely knew how the change came till it was arrayed entire, the delicate pink buds bursting and filling the air with sweetest perfumes, to which was added the "murmuring of innumerable bees" busy in their search for the sweetest sweets. The merry birds were singing all day long as they peeped out from among the flowers. Scarcely a passer-by failed to note its peculiarly tinted blossoms and sweet odors. Its refreshing shade made it a pleasant resort for the girls, who clustered about the lawn as gay garden flowers.

How often it has heard the whispered confidences from friend to friend, when, if they told of sorrow, it sent a leaf tremblingly downward, or if in joy it gently swayed its branches expressive of gladness.

We shall soon part. Other scenes, other trees shall greet my morning view. Perhaps no more shall I rest beneath its protecting arms; but ever, even though the cruel axe should lay it low or the fierce winds despoil it, ever in my heart there shall live its gentle lessons, and the sweetness of its memory shall be as a spray of its own fragrant blossoms.

WEIGHTS AND WINGS, OR HINDRANCES AND HELPS IN EDUCATION.

That our country is overshadowed by a cloud of ignorance, one can discover at a glance.

For every effect, there must be an adequate cause. This illiteracy in our midst is an effect.

There is, then, a cause or a combination of causes producing this effect, and the study of these causes can not fail to be of interest to all who are concerned in the great work of the diffusion of knowledge. So the object of my essay to-day will be to try to penetrate and remove the causes, then the effects will disappear.

In order to heal a disease, a physician should not only be acquainted with the effects of the

malady, but also the cause producing those effects. So in educational progress: it is not sufficient to be informed with regard to the amount of illiteracy existing, but one must inquire into the causes of it, and the hindrances to progress, before he can apply the helps for the correction of the evil.

Of course, there are natural causes of ignorance, such as lack of mental capacity; but this discussion is prepared for only those that are capable of being educated.

What are the hindrances?

Poverty has caused many an ambitious youth to be brought up in obscurity, just as so many precious gems have been deprived of their lustre for the want of sufficient polishing. The shiftlessness of parents often causes this, and they deserve the censure of every one.

But what of their children?

They are doomed to a life of illiteracy, unless aided by the noble men and women all over our sunny land, who are blessing the world with their willing hearts and ready hands.

Then, mental indolence hinders so many from becoming scholars. Laziness is a kind of inertia, and in some cases resists almost any amount of force from without. Some allow it to become chronic, and are unable to overcome the desire for present ease, so they never put forth the exertion necessary for the acquisition of knowledge. These, whatever the opportunities afforded them by their parents, guardians or benefactors, will never gain any distinction, and will never become educated. The result is, instead of gaining some niche in the temple of fame, they pass on into the darkness of ignorance, nothing learned, nothing achieved.

The follies of some who are regarded as educated hinder others from pursuing the course of knowledge by creating in their minds prejudices against learning. Phrases from classic lore, which are so intermingled with all they say, confuse the minds of the less favored.

Certainly, the study of classics greatly affects the style of expression, the Greek giving its

peculiar flexibility, the Latin adding to its close terseness, and the French contributing its charming softness.

Now the proper use of these languages is to combine flexibility, terseness and softness in our own language, the English. It is, therefore, the abuse and not the use against which I offer my protest. Plain people rather prefer to keep their children at home than send them to school and have them converted into pedants, whose education would serve more as weights to clog them in their progress than as wings to mount above all difficulties. The idea created by many advocates of education in their earnest pleas for the culture of the youth is, that it is an exemption from all toil, a furlough for life from the field, the work-bench and the kitchen. Such teaching as this impedes advancement, filling the minds of the young people with false conceptions of real life and education. And what is the result? After they have merely tasted of education's sweets, they abandon the only pursuits for which they are by nature capable, and insist upon playing "the lady" and "the gentleman." Thus we see verified "A little learning is a dangerous thing." The girls go home from school dainty butterflies rather than trained busy-bees for extracting honey from the waysides of life and collecting it in the hive-home. If nature's models are to be regarded, they are less ornamental and far less useful than before.

The boys, after "having rubbed against the college walls," go home, cane in hand, "tooth pick shoes, playing the dude." They tie cravats and pull mustaches, seeming to have realized their highest ambition.

Alas for the progress of education when thus abused!

Now since we have viewed the gloomy side of the picture, let us for a moment ring down the curtain and change the scene. While our educational development is weighted down by many hindrances, we thank God that there are characteristic forces in our natures by which

we may overcome these weights and advance its cause.

God has given us the wings of ambition, the armor of energy, the support of common-sense and advantageous surroundings, and it remains with us whether we utilize them. He directs all and requires but the merest effort from man. Our lots have been cast in a land arousing the envy of the nations of the world, "the land of the free and home of the brave." The light of knowledge beams from the halls of colleges and academies upon almost every hill-top. Our people are so thoroughly enthused over education that the public schools are kept open from four to ten months of the year in every State of this glorious Union.

Christianity prevails throughout our land and sheds its hallowing influence upon the people around, thus tending to civilization, and civilization means education. Christianity and education walk hand in hand, both leading us higher and fitting us for greater good.

Not only are Christian denominations educating the rising ministry, most of whom are noble sons of no less noble sires, but there are benefactors of our race who are ever ready to invest in brains, and lend a helping hand to our deserving youths.

The children of poverty need not despair of equipping themselves fully, so long as these powerful auxiliaries exist. These benefactors would make great sacrifices on their behalf in order to have "more light" in the educational world.

Almost in every college we find an Aid Society established for the furtherance of some noble cause, or perhaps a Literary Society for the enlightenment of the mind.

Now, it remains with us whether we make our future bright and glorious or dark and dreary.

Let us hope that these weights or hindrances may be overcome by soaring wings and ever-increasing helps.

N. S. W.

LIFE AND ACTIVITY.

I sometimes think that from nature we can read the story of life. Morning, noon and evening have represented the three stages of human existence, and whatever reality there may be in these comparisons, they are indeed beautiful figures of Rhetoric. To be true to nature is to be natural, and to be natural is the greatest of all accomplishments. How natural to represent life as a day: youth the morning and old age the evening. In the morning we wonder what the day will bring forth; in the evening we grieve, or rejoice, at what time has revealed. So in youth, we live in a state of blissful hope and expectation, and in old age we quietly contemplate the joys or sorrows we have experienced in the past.

With profound interest we watch the man bowed down with years, as time plies the folds of darkness about him as silently and as mysteriously as the spider weaves his web in the night time. He is adrift upon the river of Time, and upon this same river this age is drifting towards the ruins of forgotten ages. However long this age may remain upon the stage of action, it must finally give way to that which is to come. In the present, we are making our own history; in the past we read the lives of individuals who lived in a former present; and as that was changed into the past these individuals left the stage of the living for those who came after them, and they too lived their allotted time and died; and thus all the ages from the creation down to the present time form one vast chain linked by the individual action of human beings.

Then let us not undervalue the time spent in studies of the past, and let us in the present strive to improve and ennoble our lives. Let us not be content merely with that which is required, but endeavor to gain all that is in the reach of human possibilities, so that the record we leave behind us may be a source of comfort and joy to those who come after us;

for just as the past lived for us, we must live for the future.

Though we do not have the choice as to whether we shall accept life or not, we can choose how we will live. We must work, for without work nothing can be accomplished; we must rest, for without this we cannot work. But let us find the golden mean, and fill that place for which our talents were given, and for which we were created, and then we can "approach our graves like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams," remembering that there is no real death—there is nothing but a change, a transition. While our physical frames decay, and return to the dust from which they sprang, our souls, no longer bounded by physical force, live in love.

When the shadows of night descend upon the earth, the flowers fold their petals and fall to sleep, and tired man goes to his rest, and travels quietly in the land of slumbers. So will be that last transition, which we call death. Whether it comes in childhood, or after four-score years, the shadows will surely come, carrying with them the gloom of separation, and the sadness of that last farewell to material things, but pointing us beyond the trivial affairs of this world, beyond the reach of human brain or help, to that day which will have no evening and will need no night to rest.

c. s.

FACES TO THE SUNRISE.

Morning is a type of vigor, brightness and new-born hopes. It is youth's fairest counterpart. But what is morning but the golden light of the sun spreading its radiance over the earth? The dim hours of dawn are like our first thoughts: shadowy, spectral; but soon truth, the bright sun, bursts forth in its splendor and we know, we see things as they are.

It is truly sublime; even more, it is inspiring to look upon the rising sun. The land-

scape bathed in its fresh light becomes a lovely picture. On every side new beauties are disclosed, as we glance from the tender grass and budding leaves to the clouds lying low in golden bands which soon evanesce into silvery mists. Like to these scenes are youth's fleeting hours. How infinitely wise that man does not first face the noonday sun! Could we imagine the callous and cynical nature of one who never knew childhood's innocence and the hopefulness of youth? It is true that we forget our first steps and lay aside childish fancies, as we near the meridian of life; but, change as one may, the early impressions leave upon his character their indelible stamp. Wordsworth says of them,

"Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

And, again, how wise that there is something implanted in man's nature that ever urges him to look forward! If I were asked to paint a picture that would most strikingly portray real, noble nature, it would be that of a youth lithe and strong eagerly inclining forward, about to place one foot upon a cloud, his outstretched right hand grasping the staff of hope, his face upturned, and a circlet of ambition about his pure brow.

We are accustomed to speak of life as a progression. The study of history and the sciences gives us the analogy; nature more practically teaches that there must be a movement, either backward or forward, in both the moral and physical world. The retrograde motion is, evidently, to grow worse. In order to go forward aright the face must be towards the very goal and lit with hopeful expectations of success. It is this that gives hue to the life of an individual.

Deep in the hearts of hundreds to-day are their dearest dreams burning as slow fires. They climb the highest mount of speculation, even as the inhabitant at the pole, anticipating the coming morn, climbs the highest cliff of his icied home in order to catch the first

bright rays that herald the rise of his northern sun.

Opposed to this class are those who are inclined to take a pessimistic view of the world in general. They persist in turning their faces toward the past, holding that the world is receding from goodness, purity and right. It is vain to try to substantiate such a doctrine in this progressive and enlightened age. We who appreciate our advantages have no time to consider such inconsistent views. It may seem strange to many that these absurd fancies are heard oftenest from those who are well endowed with worldly possessions, but it is true. Such persons strain their vision to the glare of the noonday sun, consequently life's minutest points are blurred.

We believe we are constantly facing the sunrise; neither is this the best possible world; the millenium may be near, but we are slow to admit that we are not still advancing in goodness, knowledge and truth.

Mark our ideals. They are not lost in the irrevocable past. Many do claim, as an ideal, some renowned character of the ages gone, but greater, by far, is the number who find their standards beyond themselves; but, be it as it may, that ideal is enveloped in a mist of novelty. It is a poor standard that admits of being reached. The majority of us see our ideals in the rising future; we can only approximate them; they rise with us. Each day a new hope is born, but evening sees the rise of another, a better one. One is reluctant to admit, even to himself, when the cherished aim is superseded by a nobler one, how much vigor and pleasure were mingled with the hope for the preceding one. It sinks in insignificance by the light of the newly-risen purpose.

Men speak of the golden age of the past; but the real golden age to us lies in the far-stretching future. We imagine ourselves facing the sunrise of its existence. We believe we see its first rays in the progress of the world. Invention, education and the possibilities to man

make us feel that what men have already accomplished is but "morn to more."

Theorists tell us of the marvelous probabilities facing men so persistently. We see, in fancy, the aerial train of cars mount aloft and soar, as the bird, whither it wills. We look forward to the time when mechanical inventions will entirely supply the place of manual labor. The changes daily taking place about us exhibit wonderful progress. It is, indeed, marvelous that the great singer's sweet song may be incased and preserved, and remain to charm the ear long after her body has mingled with the dust.

This is the character of our age and its progress. Its vices and misconceptions do mingle with its greatness; so must evil, through all time. But does any one who witnesses these changes dare say that the golden age of centuries ago can claim higher principles, nobler aims or greater glory? A fallen hero of the glory of Greece would acknowledge our claim. Rome was bounded by herself; her dominion established, she thought to remain at the zenith. In the dazzle of her splendor her censors knew not that another sun could rise to surpass her grandeur; they forgot hers could set.

The glories of the past in art, science and literature are recorded in glowing words; the future lies in panorama before us; our ideals join in the grand train of renown. Many of the projected schemes are mere speculations; many may be accomplished; great revolutions are taking place in every department of life. We are only atoms in the great universe; new suns rise, but ours descends with the age; the very close of our era marks the rise of a new generation, whose faces turn as persistently to their rising sun.

A moral question might here be asked. Does this ever-turning from the evening make life less true to the purpose in view? Surely not. Our original constitution is such that to progress we must look forward. Man's hope of a future life is the sun that ever makes clear the path before him; that rising, shines till

lost in the radiance of the Great City as he nears its gates.

Observing those about us, the effects of looking forward are plainly seen in the common affairs of life. One person, perhaps in affluence, looks only on the dark side of life. Another, who appears to the world as a special object of its jars and jeers, is always as bright as the morning; beyond the present difficulties life seems to hold out a new charm to him. The reflected rays of his rising hopes give a rosy hue to all his dreams. Success is generally the crown of his attempts.

The histories of great lives all point to a rising sun, toward which their energies ever tended. The heroes of the past, philosophers, scientists, warriors, statesmen, were ever facing their aims—their suns, which, bursting up in antiquity, pierced the deepest caverns of mystery and knowledge. Whether their names remain or not, their achievements have transferred them as constellations in our moral heavens, which ever encourage men to look through the mist of difficulties and up to their highest hopes.

There is encouragement to all. The merest fledgling, going forth in the world to meet responsibility, may—who can say that it does not?—trim the steady taper of perseverance, watchful of the morning hour when he, too, may flash upon the world a new ray of light.

It is nobler far to look forward in every condition. If we find that we looked in vain; if the sun that filled our day-dreams and night-visions was never destined to rise to view, after all our natures are so much better fitted to reach higher attainments because of the training.

Some poet has said:

“Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life’s sunny side,”

But it might be said that the grand aims of men have proved to them brighter suns, shining through all obstacles, than flickering pleasures could ever have been.

Of the tendencies of the age we have spoken;

but what is the general influence of looking forward upon the age and the nation? Many are crying out for something new. They cluster eagerly about the wiry-looking prognosticator who describes some new luminary that is about to rise, which he has prematurely named the “Solution of the Race Problem,” or “The Invention of the Age.” Many of these mooted questions do, indeed, keep those at the helm watching alternately the east and the west, but the wiser plan for all to follow would be only to await only the true problems which will, ere long, light up the eastern sky with golden streaks.

Our age is not simply one of theories and speculations. The theories advanced must be well authenticated before they find place in intellectual minds, notwithstanding we so constantly look forward to innovations.

We are greatly in advance of any other age of the world. We possess, added to the heritage of the ages, modern appliances and modern greatness. There are now no new lands to discover, no other great seas to explore; we cannot turn back to renew the splendor of a period that is past. What is the condition of the age? A people—a state of society more enlightened and free—nearer the true state, but still looking to the future for a higher perfection of man and his art.

There are, then, new suns yet to rise; while one is heralded another appears in view to the nation’s telescope.

By a common impulse the people of the day, following their great leaders, press on, facing the rise of a new event. What shall be its name?

J. E. W.

LIFE IS A MAGIC RING.

“Banished from man’s life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence.”

What is sweeter than an innocent babe whose young heart is all aglow with hope and happiness! His childhood is filled with joy and

pleasure, and his tender heart is free from every care. He is cared for and watched by a loving mother who, in a voice of sweetest tones, speaks gentle words and gives fond embraces to calm his so-called troubled breast.

As time speeds on sorrow and sadness are mingled with the brighter hues of life; and nevermore can he return to those joyful childhood days which form but one link in the great chain of life. He enters school, which seems filled with the hardest trials; but

“Troubles never last forever—
The darkest days will pass away.

These he does not wish to be enshrouded in black oblivion, but from time to time to be recalled as his happiest days. From this school he steps into the great school of life, prepared, or perhaps only partially prepared, for the great arena. His most pleasant days are past, and he makes many plans for the future, but “disappointments crowd each day,” and his brightest hopes are continually fading away. Amid all his cares and woes he has no one to speak a word of cheer and comfort to him. Perhaps the friends whom he has long trusted have deceived him, and he has no earthly friend to look to for help; and how he longs for and remembers the words of his dead mother.

In this almost despairing state he thinks of many ways by which he could be happier. He has his books, flowers, favorite walks and the trees under whose shades he has long been accustomed to sit; but all these are of little value. Many evenings had been spent skating on the frozen river, which wound a glittering band between the snow-clad hills, as the white moon shone down upon it from the cloudless skies. This gave pleasure only for the passing moments, and then life for him was but darkened solitude.

As time rolls by his life is constantly changing. He, with his happy companion, is seen strolling hither and thither amid the autumn flowers and quaint-clipped hedges of a garden, near which is a lovely mansion. His mind is

fully occupied in the support and care of those whom he loves most and whose footsteps will be placed in his; but he is happy once again. His work is lightened by the bright faces which greet him and the voices which speak fond words. Each one enters into his joys and alike shares his sorrows. But how soon can all joy be turned into the bitterest pain! The one he loves most is now taken away from him and his home is growing lonely, dark and chill. Often he visits the well cared-for grave beneath the hill, and with

“Patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings ‘she is not dead—
God keeps her through his eternal years.’”

Picture to yourself an old man of many winters comfortably seated in the oak-panelled, oak-floored apartment of his castle, with a huge, carved fireplace and deep emblazoned windows. The daylight outside has faded. The brilliant firelight reigns within. The surroundings seem all that could be wished for to give him happiness. But in this busy world of labor and care is there not danger of forgetting the aged one whose life is fast ebbing away? He has borne the noontide toil, and at evening he is calmly waiting for the summons which shall give him eternal day. Where are all the loved ones? Some have traveled to the silent abode, and others are taking his place in the action of time. He stands alone “like some pine smitten of the lightning in the field—alone of what was once the family circle.” Now this world has no charms for him; its brightest colors have vanished from his sight. He notices not the life and stir of this noisy universe, but lives over the past. The joyous boyhood days! How brightly they throw their rays over the hill of memory! Then comes the vision of days spent in happy toil and of nights when he lingered around the glowing fireside with his family. He advances some steps farther and is plunged into the remembrance of his grief and sadness. Age has completed the circuit for him. *Life is a magic ring.*

D. K. H.

VALEDICTOY.

[Read before the H. L. Society by MISS MATTIE KIN-
CANON, May 31, 1892.]

Why should I in mournful strains quell the feeling of rapt joy which pervades this anxious, listening host? Are there no pleasures without some pain, no joys except with sadness fraught? 'Tis true that every bitter has its sweet, and truer still, it seems to me, that pleasures emanate from sources which, to humanity's blind eyes, seem born of unalloyed gladness and purest sunshine, yet always come these never-failing thorns to mar a path of flowers.

Over the death of this, our happy school year, a melancholy dirge is heard, like the far, wild harp's weird and touching wail, and with its departure goes the enchanting vision of by-gone days, leaving but a shadow of their former loveliness. It has gone, and with it many a glorious throng of happy dreams.

But why repine; rather let the dead past bury its dead, and let us, brushing away the tear of sorrow and turning our hearts to notes of joyous hopefulness, hear again the stern commands of duty, which bid us "be up and doing, still achieving, still pursuing." As we go forth from these dear old halls of learning, rendering ever dearer to us memories that will be stored in the brightest chambers of loving hearts, let us realize that these privileges enjoyed render it doubly obligatory upon us to show that we have and mean to pursue an aim worthy the power with which we have been endowed by our beneficent Creator. It is not probable that we will ever electrify the world with any great display of genius, yet the one who performs well the small offices of life will never lack for opportunities to go up higher.

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

As the ambitious athlete is nerved to deeds of arduous effort by the presence of applauding throngs, so we will each remember in our struggles in the future that the eyes of these our comrades are upon us—that their hearts are full of love and sympathy for us.

Even now the tear of sorrow lurks in the eye beaming with joy; indeed, it is sad to think that amid this common joy one little word must be spoken which will mar the pleasure of these so tenderly bound together by the chords of love, whose path of life has been the same for a few brief, happy months, but now diverges to meet only in the dim hereafter. Another day, and all these joys are gone, like fleecy clouds before the noonday sun, with nothing but the remembrance of the past to color our future dreams; another day, and many miles will separate us from those we love so dear; no more will these classic walls resound with the music of our happy hearts; no more will we promenade the verdant lawn, pouring forth our hopes and fears to the one our hearts adore.

Turn whither I may, the objects which have daily greeted my view I now can see no more. To you, dear principal and teachers, whose exterior semblance speaks thy soul's immensity; you who have, with love and patience, instilled within us those great principles of truth and learning, to grow with our growth, strengthen with our strength, and finally bloom forth into the crowning virtues of pure womanhood; and to you, kind friends, within whose midst we have found a pleasant students' home, with whom full many a happy hour we have passed, which has shed a mystic joy over our toils and dreary tasks, I and my fellow-students speak to you a loving, and for some, perhaps, a long adieu.

REV. J. R. HARRISON.

[The history and character of Rev. J. R. HARRISON are well known. His name to us bears a renown only second to his Christian labors as founder of S. W. Va. Institute. The Harrisonian Literary Society was named for him. We had fully expected to publish the picture of Mr. Harrison, but the engraver disappointed us.—EDITOR.]

"Rev. J. R. Harrison is a simple-hearted, strong-minded, sturdy, unselfish minister of the New Testament. He needs no introduction to our readers. His life has been one of abounding and successful labors and ceaseless sacrifices. He has seen not less than 20,000 persons make confessions of Christ under his preaching. At the same time he has been constantly in the pastorate, and has almost all the while been closely identified with some denominational enterprise. If self-forgetful devotion to the cause of Christ and humanity is estimated at its real value he will, for his work's sake, receive most generous treatment as he goes preaching the gospel at his own charges, asking only that his friends shall be also the friends of the school which has been the crowning work of a long and valuable life."—*Religious Herald*.



SAMUEL D. JONES.

[We may presume to do what modesty causes our Principal reluctantly to give his consent to, in placing his picture before our readers, but we feel that it will add to both the interest and attractiveness of our magazine.—EDITOR.]

"Prof. Samuel D. Jones is the present head of the Faculty. He is a graduate of the Va. A. & M. College of the class of 1879, and surrendered an extensive and lucrative law practice to accept the position he now occupies. He is genial, wise, diligent, painstaking and level-headed, and is not likely to undertake anything which he will not do thoroughly and faithfully. His eminent fitness for the delicate and responsible duties of his position has been conspicuously shown in every detail of its management. He is supported by an able corps of teachers, and the school is doing magnificent work in every department."—*Religious Herald*.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE HARRISONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The much-worn secretary's book, and a few ideas obtained from those who have long since formed other societies, afford meagre data from which to write out the history of an organization; so, if imagination should play too fantastically, those who are acquainted with the real facts, I trust, will be lenient in their criticisms.

Our history is not long, but the work done is nobler because of indefatigable struggles and our present state consequent upon these endeavors.

It was in what is now one of the Institute parlors that a few girls met on the evening of November 22d, 1884, to form a Literary Society. Though they were few, their faces were earnest. As we now glance over the first roll we are led to follow, in thought, some of them in their worthy avocations to-day. We thank them that our first principles were so well formulated.

The name almost speaks for itself. To those who knew the great heart and the earnest labors of Rev. J. R. Harrison, in instituting a school for those young women who were thirsting for education, while unable to meet its expense, no other name seemed so fitting. As we read the loving benediction pronounced by him at the close of the letter in which he acknowledged the honor, we feel that it is being fulfilled in a sense, though it may never hope to rise in greatness "far above the name it wears."

SPECTEMUR AGENDO, our motto, is a fitting reminder of our responsibilities, that our name may be noble and our words full of learning, but our deeds will establish us for good or ill.

A glance into the work of the Society during some of the years between its organization and the present, gives us the impression that it was but a mere shadow of what it should have been; indeed, it was a surprise to me to find that the early work was almost in keeping with that of the present. The officers remain as in

the old constitution, President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, Monitor and Critic. Their programs consisted of readings, recitations, historical sketches, critical essays and debates, besides music, both vocal and instrumental. Really, we have no cause to think that the girls of '84 would have entertained a visitor less appreciatively than we could have done a few weeks ago, notwithstanding our Conservatory music, graduated English, and our attractive hall.

The Harrisonian Society has always had a full roll. This was due, perhaps, to several causes. The extremely small initiation fee made it a mere matter of "yes" or "no" as to whether one should become a member; and then the rules, sometimes, were not strictly enforced, making it possible for the most venturesome violator to remain in it without serious inroads being made upon her purse. But there were always a faithful few who "acted well their part," and made the Saturday evening's program an anticipation for even those who did not appreciate their own talents. These were ever ready to attend to the interesting programs, and their next-neighbor's room was spared that deranging process that makes you sometimes wonder if some people were not born for nuisances. So, if the Society failed during a long period to maintain its standard as an assemblage regulated by parliamentary usages, it was answering to the calling of a charitable institution. Its labors were not in vain. Those who worked won, and those who listened were benefited.

The greatest epoch in its existence was during the session of '90-'91. Before that time the Society, in fact, claimed nothing but a small library and its record book. During the summer of 1890 the Institute building was enlarged, and one-half of the fourth floor was given to the Society, a hall capable of seating over two hundred people. This step gave an impetus to the spirit of the Harrisonians; they began in earnest early in the session, and before the close they had a handsome carpet, nice

chairs, lights and the use of a piano. For the first time in its history the Society felt independent. The members endeavored to show their appreciation of the sympathy of its many friends by entering with renewed zeal into their literary work.

We find that early in its life attempts were made to establish a library. Entertainments, contributions from the members and solicitations to the friends of the young ladies, soon gave them a nucleus of a library. It is inscribed in the minutes of January 17th, 1885, that a vote of thanks was tendered to Miss Mary Smith for the donation of the first book to the library. After collecting about one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred volumes, there seems to have been a decline of interest in the work, and the plain little pine case appeared to wear an air of resignation as it sat demurely back in one corner of the Chapel, where it found its home since the Institute was much enlarged and the Society had moved its quarters to suit the changes.

Spasmodic outbursts of interest among the members resulted in an additional volume from time to time, whose bright colors tried to shame the very dust collecting on the fading covers next them. A few eager readers sought and found the volumes of worth therein, but the Library was not popular. This is about the sum of the Library's history until the past

year. It is just to our Principal to say that it is due to his own work and the encouragement given us that we can now point to a neatly-finished new case filled with new books. Dr. Mayo's lectures awakened the reading spirit, and the interest in and the work for the Library increased. Within the last five months about two hundred volumes were added.

It was in the year 1889 that the first edition of its semi-annual magazine, THE HARRISONIAN, came out. The staff consisted of Miss Louise Dickinson, editor; Miss Mittie Wood, associate editor; Miss Cora Adams, local editor; Miss Annie Farrar, business manager. The paper was solely under the auspices of the Society and in the hands of its editors. The gifted pen and fine management of its editor won for it universal favor. We now look forward to the day when it shall rank among the best College monthlies of the day.

There is a bright future before the Harrisonian Literary Society. Many of its devoted workers will, doubtless, cheer its late successes, but greater fame is dawning for it. When the school shall have sought new scenes and new walls, the Harrisonian Society shall remain as one of the connecting links between old and new Southwest Virginia Institute. May it grow in strength, and stand forth a worthy monument to him whose name it bears.

J. E. W.

EDITORIALS.

It is the same story of Commencement festivities, farewells and desolate halls, the same "vague unrest that fills our breast," as we wander over the wonted ways, vainly trying to convince ourselves that the session of '92 is past and gone *forever*. The girls we have loved and caressed, sharing their joys and their woes, are now far away. Shall we see them again? Ah! it is in our hearts to chide the fate that thus blesses and anon condemns us. But, among *school-girls* even, "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

To the public we offer our happy vacation greeting. THE HARRISONIAN may enter many new homes this year; to all it whispers "Peace," hoping it may win an honest approval. It speaks to you of one of the fairest daughters of education in our South-land. Now at the close of its eighth session it stands upon the threshold of a career that, by God's continued blessings, shall place it where few shall equal and none surpass it. We look back over the session just closed, and by mutual consent of Principal and teachers, heartily expressed, pronounce it one of rare and exceptional harmony, excellent progress and mild discipline. One cause has not effected this, nor two; it is the result of combined great facts. Taste forbids a list of eulogies prepared to meet the eye of those of whom we speak, or to attract the unknown public, but if one may speak for all, the parental though firm discipline of the Principal, with the hearty co-operation of earnest, true Christian teachers, and, if I may add, the general perseverance of noble girls, have made the session of '92 long to be remembered by more than a hundred hearts.

Our commencement accorded well with previous expectations. The Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning, May 29th, 1892, was delivered by Rev. R. R. Acree, of Roanoke, Va.

Earnest faces and tearful eyes, varied with looks, deep interest and bright smiles, as he spoke so impressively of "Christ the aim, and Christ the joy in life."

The program of the French and Elocution classes, combined with music, opened the commencement exercises proper Monday evening, the 30th. The French dramas were made intelligible to all in the audience by short analyses which were circulated, and all seemed highly pleased with this new feature of our exercises.

The recitations varied, humorous and pathetic. The young ladies reflected credit upon their able teacher, Prof. Reade. Miss St. John executed beautifully the "Spinning Song," made familiar to us by Mr. Perry in his concert given in February.

Tuesday morning the Art Hall was opened to the visitors. The special levee for the art pupils lasting from 11 till 1 o'clock.

Miss Leftwich and the young ladies attempted to offer some apologies for deficiencies in the arrangement of the pictures, being disappointed in some of their plans, but every one expressed great admiration for both the beautiful effect of the whole and the superior training of which the work gave evidence.

Miss Leftwich had on exhibition in the hall several of her fine pictures, one of which was admitted to the Salon at Paris last year. Her pupils have unrivalled advantages under such a skillful artist and experienced teacher.

The celebration of the H. L. Society was in order Tuesday evening. The exercises were of the usual nature. Miss Kate U. Easley gave the Salutatory, in which she told in a very charming way of the salutations of the different nations. Rev. Oscar Haywood, of Morristown, Tenn., spoke to the Society upon that most wonderful power of man, the Human Voice. He showed himself capable of wielding that power by his fine elocution. His words were forcible and well chosen. The Valedictory, a real farewell, touched the tender

chords in our hearts, so impressively delivered in Miss Kincanon's well-known voice.

Our Principal has a favorite motto (one not very agreeable to us in Commencement times), "Early to bed, etc.," consequently there were no after-chats when the exercises were over.

Wednesday morning consummated the most extravagant hopes for a fine day. The girls seemed as fresh as the bright sunlight that gladdened all around. We hardly realized how much of the gay season was gone, and how near we were to the morning of our past dreams, till the bright chorus burst forth in the morning invitation, "Awake! awake!"

The address by Dr. M. B. Wharton, of Norfolk, Va., was deeply interesting. So vividly did he picture the ruins of Pompeii to his hearers, and so strongly did he contrast and compare its past with our own time, truly the "Dead past *seemed* to speak to the living present."

After the address diplomas were awarded to the following named young ladies: Nannie S. Winston and Josie Weston, full diplomas; Inez Quisenberry and Carrie St. John, English diplomas; Martha Knight, Music diploma; Kate U. Easley, Fannie M. Hardy, Clara Kirn, Mattie E. Kincanon, Sarah E. Martin, Della C. Phipps, Inez E. Quisenberry, Hope Traver, Latin diplomas; Della C. Phipps, Mattie E. Kincanon, Carrie E. St. John, Hope Traver, Josephine E. Weston, Nannie S. Winston, Mathematics diplomas; Willie Adair, Lizzie B. Evans, Lizzie Virginia Price, Inez E. Quisenberry, Nannie S. Winston, Lelia A. Clark, Susie Price, Natural Science diplomas; Carrie E. St. John, Dora K. Hall, Lula T. Crouch, Inez E. Quisenberry, Della C. Phipps, Josephine E. Weston, Lelia A. Clark, Mental and Moral Science diplomas; Lida G. Davis, Jessie M. Davis, Nannie S. Winston, Clara Kirn, Myrtle K. Lockhart, Josephine E. Weston, Kate U. Easley, Susie Price, French diplomas; Nellie V. Apperson, Carrie A. Beattie, Jessie M. Davis, Dora K. Hall, Fannie M. Hardy, Susie Price, Della C. Phipps, English Language and Literature diplomas; Jessie M.

Davis, Lida G. Davis, Hope Traver, German diplomas; Kate U. Easley, Dora K. Hall, Florence V. Higginbotham, Mattie Kent, Sarah E. Martin, Kate M. Pack, Carrie E. St. John, Gracie D. Seay, Nannie S. Winston, Josephine E. Weston, Lenore B. Duke, History diplomas; Annie O. Mallory, Business diploma.

Eager and excited faces awaited the issue when Prof. Jones arose with the neat little white boxes, from which came the blue ribbons and the more important medals. Miss Lula Martin expressed by her happy smiles the honor she felt when her name was announced as the successful one for the Scholarship medal given by the Primary teacher. Mr. Jones presented to Miss Ella V. Pearson the medal for improvement in guitar, and to Miss Annie McNew one for excellence in guitar. The Excellence Music medal was awarded by Rev. Geo. Williams to Miss Lula Lucas; the Excellence Vocal medal to Miss Carrie St. John by Mr. Haywood. Rev. M. B. Wharton delivered the Scholarship medal to Miss Mattie Kincanon, and the Eoline Jones Composition medal to Miss Josie Weston.

So extended is the list of visitors to the Institute during Commencement, our space forbids its insertion. But of those whose presence gave us special delight were some of our old girls—Misses Laura Dickey, Annie Farrar, Amanda Barnes, Corrie Hurt, Ella Callahan and Charlotte St. John.

Such an idea as that Southwest Virginia Institute could *be* without Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones does not occur to the girls. But don't let us frighten you; for we hope that their names will remain inseparable from our school, if not always, for many years to come.

It seems sad to those who return to miss the familiar faces of their old teachers in the lecture-rooms and halls, but changes "must needs be" in life. Of those who will not return are Miss Wynn, Miss Georgiette Clark, Miss Drew,

Miss Lelia Clarke and Professor Abbitt. We will remember their kind instructions, and wish them many happy days.

Miss L. B. James, a graduate of Vassar College, will fill the chair of Professor of English Language and Literature and German. Miss James has made English her special study, taking, in addition to the full diploma of Vassar, the Post-Graduate course. She has had previous experience as a teacher.

Miss Yates' old pupils will welcome her back to her accustomed place in the Business Department.

Miss Nina B. Morriss, with her sweet and gentle ways, will, doubtless, be received as cordially in the capacity of teacher as she was formerly as a pupil. She fills Miss Wynn's place.

We will have for our Vocal teacher Mrs. Idá M. Newman. Mrs. Newman received training in Boston, also under Mr. Wm. Courtney, of New York. She is a graduate of the New York Vocal Institute. We have been assured that her beautiful voice and winning manners will claim for her a place of love in our hearts, though we may not forget those whom we knew before her.

The prospects for the coming year are flattering. The school will open at Glade Spring as formerly, but the swift progress on the new building promises its readiness for occupancy, at the longest, by the middle of the term.

Perhaps our friends are disappointed to find in our pages nothing more substantial than school-girl attempts. We were disappointed not to secure the *promised articles* from our professors.

If you know of one who has subscribed to but did not receive the HARRISONIAN, please send the name and address to Mrs. S. D. Jones.

EXCHANGES.

The exchange department, in our opinion, is one of the most important in the college paper. Not that this is invariably true, for sometimes it is woefully deficient. The purpose of a college magazine is to reflect the inner workings of the societies and school. The object of exchanging papers, it seems, would be to get an exchange of views on certain questions, and, if rivalry be considered a proper and effective incentive to good work, to give zest to those in the schools. But most of this in reality devolves upon the poor editors. If the students, for some reason not explained, fail to prepare matter for the paper, or if it is poor, they only wonder why their paper is not so good as that of some other college, or cajole the injured staff because they didn't send out a fine sheet signed "Ed.," "Business Manager," etc., showing themselves to be the learned prodigies that, *of course*, they are supposed to be. We have not carried out this opinion very fully this year, since we did not even have an exchange editor; but another year this addition, at least, should be made to the staff.

It is desirable that the exchange papers should be more generally circulated among the students for their comments.

It is embarrassing and unpleasant to censure severely the articles of the papers, but we approve just commendation and proper corrections, especially as in the instance of plagiarism which *The Messenger* recently exposed. The most natural thing, under the circumstances, for us to do is to wonder why some of our former exchanges have forsaken us. We miss since January numbers the *Roanoke Collegian*, the *Busy Bee*, *Emory and Henry Exponent* and the *Randolph-Macon Academy Journal*.

The *Semi-Annual*, of Hollins Institute, came promptly in February. We were glad to find that we had already answered to her "Please exchange." We do not wish to be called impertinent by the *Semi-Annual*, but much of her literary work seems to be done by her pro-

fessors. The histories of the two societies are interesting. The debate by the "Brownies" show that the little girls have already imbibed much of the spirit and style of their elder sisters.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is always welcomed to our table. The last number received was especially interesting. "Mr. Kipling's Representation of Children" is worth reading. "A Few Thoughts on Protection" one of our readers pronounced "one-sided," since, to use the words of the writer, he only used "one-half of the requisite data." The editor, perhaps, has adopted as his motto "Brevity is the soul of wit."

The *Commercial Student*, of the Southern Business University, Lynchburg, Virginia, is a new visitor to our table. It is gotten up in an excellent and thoroughly business-like manner. We hope to have it call again.

"Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself."

"Honesty of purpose does not count for much unless honesty of execution follows it. You may have both food and fuel, but you will not get your breakfast unless you light the fire and prepare the food."—NUGGETS OF GOLD, from the *Commercial Student*.

The *Messenger* possesses that most admirable faculty of sustaining its worth and consequent popularity. I would earnestly recommend it as a model to those magazines whose very appearance seem to indicate the labored efforts of their poor, *bald-headed* editors, who vainly endeavor to obtain the co-operation of those they represent.

We heartily endorse the views expressed by the editor in the March number concerning the study of English as compared with that of the Latin and Greek.

We are glad to hear the praises of our Southern poets sung by our Southern colleges.

From "The Poets of the South:"—"A distinguishing characteristic of the whole sectional group is the courtly and romantic flavor which pervades their verse. For many decades the feudal and provincial South was untouched by the materialism and disquiet rampant in the North. Disturbed by no inflow of foreign elements, she has loyally clung to her conservative thought, her sincere faiths and chivalrous instincts. And her bards have caught from the people a knightly admiration for Truth and Honor, a scorn of the spirit of grasping trade, a high-minded love of country."

LOCALS.

Vale!
 Au revoir!
 Adieu!
 Auf wiedersehen!
 Goodbye!!

Latin verb to take an examination: Crammo, quiveri, fizzle-i, flunetum.

Did you answer it—that note asking to call Monday evening?

"Oh! Miss Leftwich, you needn't expect me to learn all those *receptions* in the Grammar, I can't do it," said Miss M. K. D. But we didn't find her so opposed to the commencement reception.

"Don't you know, I didn't know it was Leap Year, but I am so glad it is, for I will have a chance to *repose* in good fashion now," said a wide-awake young lady recently.

February 22d dawned a day fair and pleasant, as is common to the season. There was much controversy on the porches, and in the halls a patriotic spirit seemed to pervade the surging tide of girls. Eager faces excitedly awaited the close of morning worship. — An outrage! They reluctantly sought the

lecture rooms, whispering in the key of "G." "No respect to the Father of our Country." Again at noon recess some still clung to the last end of a shattered hope. Others, in injured silence, cooled their ire with peach cream. Bell—two taps. With bated breath they await it. Mr. J., after a few preliminary remarks: "I have decided to give a half-holiday (applause) to any young lady—provided she will write on the slip of paper given her, at the table, the name, dates of birth and death, and home of 'The Father of our Country.'" Horrors!! General buzzing. "Was it George or Thomas Jefferson?" "Oh hush, I know, 1776." "Do tell me." "At Washington, of course." "Oh, did he die in 1886, or was it in 1881?"

The President found that the pencils were forgotten. Deeming the general manifestation sufficient, he recinded the proviso, advising if there *should* be one who was not exactly informed, that she ought, of course through gratitude would, look it up. The half holiday was duly celebrated.

Really, wonders will never cease. A new fact in history has been unearthed. Miss C. St. J. informs us that Napoleon conquered England in 1016, and who can disbelieve our English graduate?

One of the appreciable events of the session was the concert given on the evening of the 29th of February, by Edward Baxter Perry, the distinguished blind musician. Great pleasure was generally expressed by the audience. Those especially interested in music were enthusiastic in their applause, and seemed greatly encouraged by Mr. Perry's words concerning the cultivation of the art and its wonderful power of expression.

Will Miss L. B. D. please give us her candid opinion as to whether the foot soldiers really did walk on foot?

Miss S. M. E.—"Oh Minnie, I wonder when Prof. H. is going to let us scan."

Miss M. M. K. (With a wondering look at her friend's ignorance)—"Not until we go into Cicero, I suppose."

Dr. A. D. Mayo, of Boston, well known both in the North and South through his educational work, visited the Institute early in March and gave a series of lectures upon the object of his work. The young ladies of the Institute found that there was a humorous as well as a sober side to the question of education. Even the most indifferent students were interested in his spicy lectures. His lecture before the Harrisonian Literary Society on Books was especially interesting, and we are sure the good effects have been already seen, since many have manifested greater interest in our new library. Dr. Mayo visited the classrooms, and seemed interested and favorably impressed with the work of the school.

They were talking about "drinks." "Which do you like best," said Hattie T.

L. P.—"Oh, I don't know, perhaps claret ice, though I don't like to take it with young men. Is that the same you had to drink in Roanoke?"

H. T.—Yes it was, but, Lizzie, *we* had *two* glasses."

The Spring concert was given on the evening of the 25th of March. Quite a large and attentive audience was present. The program was not long enough to be tiresome. The friends of the Institute seemed doubly pleased when the Principal announced that the young ladies would receive their invited guests in the Institute parlors until 11 o'clock. Refreshments were provided, and all went merrily until, in the silence of her room, each girl realized that the long expected concert was over.

Miss K. C.—"Mlle. L., did you ask for the Imperative Subjunctive?"

Miss L. V. P.—“Doesn't she sing divinely? Just as I imagine Peggy would—Patti I mean, of course.” She corrected with a side-long glance, to see if any one had heard her.

No day of the year is hailed with more joy than our Easter Holiday. We enjoyed the Sunday service and the excellent sermon by Dr. McCown. Then the thought that there were no lessons for next day. On Monday the candy-pull kept us busy till dinner. Dinner being finished, there was a general rush for the lawn. Those who did not feel themselves too dignified for such sport, felt fully repaid for the search for the bright-colored Easter eggs.

Prof. A.—“Miss C., will you please tell me who was the son of Venus?”

“Aphrodite,” promptly responded Miss C.

Miss M. E. H. expressed a great wish to look like a little violet at the concert, and at the same time she announced that she had ordered a dozen and a-half Marshal Neil roses for the occasion.

The third week in April, Rev. Carter Helm Jones, of Knoxville, Tenn., conducted a series of meetings at the Baptist church. The girls economized time wonderfully, keeping up with their studies and attending the evening services, sometimes the inquiry meeting in the afternoon. Great interest was manifested. Never was the gospel more tenderly, entreatingly and forcibly presented to hearers. Our girls received great blessings, and many additions were made to the churches. Many hands were regretfully extended to bid him adieu on the day of his departure. The crowded galleries and the fluttering handkerchiefs, as he passed on his way home, showed that he had endeared himself to many hearts.

“Imagine my feelings, when I received a note the other day in class, bearing the friendly(?)

message, ‘You have lost your *beau*.’ My heart came up in my mouth, and almost fainting, I begged my informant to explain. Professor was looking at her, so, by way of doing, she simply laid her hand where the bow ought to have been, and by increasing the weight on my brain, she lifted the one from my heart.”

For those who love genuine fun, nothing is more pleasant than a jaunt on a May day, or, as we say, “a jolly picnic.”

On the morning of the 15th of May, just when we were worn out with study and living in dread of the inevitable final examinations, Mr. Jones, ever thoughtful of our pleasure, announced that we would take a day of rest. Accordingly, a merry party set out for Saltville early in the morning, a fine large hamper of picnic palatables close behind. The short ride of eight miles on the cars gave occasional glimpses of the wild scenery on either side. Landing at the picturesque little village of Saltville, which is situated on a verdant plain, walled in by high bluffs, we went out by the side of the river, where we rested and enjoyed a delightful repast. It was so refreshing there; far away from the common scenes, the fresh green leaves fluttering in the breezes above us, while the merry waters rippled on over their rocky course. We cannot attempt to describe the various amusements—the boat rides, fishing with no bait, searching for shells, etc., etc. The evening hours sped away. After taking fitting mementoes, the salt works were visited. We spent a short hour on the grassy lawn of the Hotel. When the 6 P. M. train steamed into Glade, a bright set of girls, and teachers as well, greeted those who were obliged to remain all day close in the grounds. We are not sure that they did not regret missing our best picnic of '92.

Miss E. V. J.'s Physiology Class.—“Miss S. F., where are the eyes situated?”

“Miss S. F.—“In the bony part of the cerebellum.”

Miss M. K. L.—“Oh, I got the loveliest letter to-day.”

Miss M. A. K.—“Who was it from?”

Miss M. K. L.—“I can't tell you.”

Miss M. A. K.—“You can at least tell me what sex.”

Miss M. K. L.—“Human sex, of course.”

Miss E. J.—“Miss M. L., what is the largest part of the human frame?”

Miss M. L.—“The brain, I believe.”

Friday evening May 20th, Miss Martha Knight, assisted by Misses Williams, Clark and Grant, gave a piano and vocal recital. Miss Knight acquitted herself creditably. After the rendition of the program, she received the congratulations of her many friends in her own sweet and graceful manner.

Miss K. U. E.—“Oh, have you cut your finger? It's real dangerous to let it bleed in that way.”

Miss S. M. B.—“Oh, no; I suppose not.”

Miss K. U. E.—“Yes, but it is; haven't you come to that in your Psychology yet?”

Miss M. M. K.—“Don't you think Mr. F. very ugly?”

Miss L. V. P.—“No-o; he is a perfect Venus by the side of Mr. J.”

Quite a merry crowd of girls left the Institute to attend the debate given by the Calliopean Society at Emory and Henry College April 8th, 1892. The arguments were interesting and the music fine. The inclement weather outside was forgotten amidst the pleasantries of the occasion.

Girls, aren't you glad that you are going back to S. W. V. I. next year? Just think of it—a fine horse-back ride three times a week. It has been decided by the Principal and Trustees that this feature will be added to the list of advantages next year, and any young lady

may have the use of a habit and horse three times each week if she desires.

In the Sunday-School Class: Teacher—“What is the sign of the rainbow?”

Miss L. V. P. No. 2.—“Fair weather.”

After Physiology examination: Miss L. B. D.—“Oh, I believe I got my paper right, but the brain bothered me.”

Miss M. M. K.—“Oh, it was awful! I said the most important part was the cerebellum, and that it was situated just over the *antebellum*.”

Miss L. B. D.—“Why, M., mine is wrong, then, for I said it was in the upper part of the cranium.”

Miss Clark, vocal teacher, petting little Saunders: “Oh, you are nothing but a little chatter-box—all the time chatting.”

Saunders—“Well, you ain't nuffin' but a music-box—all the time *music*ing.”

Miss E. F. wishes to go to the seminary to see the Graves.

Miss C. St. J.—“Oh, S., do you know whether or not Byron's Poems are in our library? I want to know how to finish this quotation from *Thanatopsis*.”

The annual debate of the Colonean Society of G. S. M. Academy took place on the evening of March 20th, at the Baptist Church. The arrangement of the plants presented quite an attractive appearance, but special note should be made concerning the spirited discussions. So forcibly were the arguments presented that only the opponents themselves seemed decided as to whether Hope or Memory was the sweeter.

Miss I. Q. (who doesn't like to be disturbed when she is engaged with her studies), remarked to her sisters, “You all just make a *reservoir* (rendezvous) of my room.”

Miss K. C. brightly remarked that to commit suicide would certainly be the last thing she would do.

Miss H. T.—“Don't you admire my calligula?”

Miss J. E. W. looked surprised.

Miss H. T.—“Oh, I suppose it is a calligola.”

At last Miss J. E. W. slowly replied, “I suppose you mean that calacanthus in your bouquet; that's all I see.”

It is with deep regret that we announce the mortal exit from the arena of active life of the time-honored G. G. of G. S. In our last issue we eulogized its sudden importance and high aspirations. After that time the venomous worm at its core silently drew its life, and, as a tender plant, it *succumbed*. A few feeble pulsations were seen after that, but the “Big Nine” mournfully made the coffin. Great excitement was felt when, near the day of the Commencement exercises of our neighboring Academy, an invitation came, addressed to that illustrious name. Its still corpse actually turned in its grave! But that was its last mortal effort. Copious tears are shed as we stand near the silent tomb; we place a wreath of morning-glories above the resting-place of our *Lamb-like* sister.

It is resolved that her memory be commemorated each year hereafter by a new inscription added to the many that now adorn our halls, walls, gallery columns, etc.

Obituary Journal and *Girls' Homes* will please copy.

PERSONALS.

It was pleasant to have the familiar faces of Misses Lucy Kirby and Cora Adams with us a few days in February.

Miss Ella Leftwich, teacher of Art and French, left, amidst the many farewells, on the

2d instant. On the 4th she will sail for Paris, where she will spend her vacation pursuing her studies in Art. We are glad to say to those who expect to return to the Institute that they will have the pleasure of hearing her cheery “*Bonjour*” next session.

Miss Mary Higginbotham, formerly a pupil here, spent a few days with her sister Florence in March.

We were glad to welcome, at different times during the session, friends from Sullins, Martha Washington and Jackson Institute.

Among the numerous visitors of this term, we recall the names of Rev. C. G. Merryman, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Thrasher and Miss Mary Easley, Pearisburg, Va.; Miss Hunt, Principal of Jackson Institute; Mr. Wm. Evans, Roanoke, Va.; Rev. C. H. Ryland, Richmond, Va.; Mr. T. G. Kindred, Washington.

We regret to hear of the continued ill-health of our former teacher, Miss Bertha R. Clark, of Hightstown, N. J.

We read some time ago from a letter to one of her friends here of the marriage of Miss Hattie Hawley, who was with us last year. Mr. W. P. Lowery figured second on this brilliant occasion. They are now residing at Forest, Miss.

We have heard indirectly of the marriage of Miss Attie Broaddus to Mr. Gay. We should be glad if Attie would inform us of her whereabouts.

Miss Olney Holt, of last session, was recently married at her home at Brookneal, Va., to Mr. J. T. Pringle.

The many friends of Miss Gertrude Massie were surprised to receive the announcement of her marriage to Mr. M. L. Conley, Lynchburg, Va., April —, 1892.

Mr. Harrison, after an absence of about six months, returned to be present at our closing exercises. Among the many arrivals none was more generally and warmly welcomed than his.

HARRISONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY
NOTES.

The literary work of the Society has been given more attention than formerly this session.

The treasurer reported the finances in good condition.

We did not have our usual public entertainment for the purpose of raising money this year. But it is meet that we express here our thanks to our Principal and the teachers for valuable assistance received through them.

All bills have been settled and the orator's expenses paid. The HARRISONIAN tenders thanks to the Society for the handsome allowance left in the treasury—10 cents!!

At the last session of the Society the following officers were chosen for the first term next year: Miss Sadie Easley, president; Miss Katherine Coles, vice-president; Miss Lizzie Evans, secretary; Miss Lula Crouch, treasurer; Miss Hope Traver, librarian.

The library of our Society is rapidly increasing in size. Although many of the more earnest Harrisonians had been working for this purpose before, it is to the influence of the lecture on books, or "What to Read and How to Read," delivered in the early spring by Dr. Mayo, that we owe the general awakening of a desire for reading. Since then the girls have been busily at work securing new books for the library. Each member pledged herself for at least one book, and nearly two hundred have already been brought in. But, do not forget, girls, that many more of you have promised to get books during the summer.

We take the opportunity of expressing our deep gratitude to the many friends who have aided in our undertaking, and we know they will never regret their kindness.

Our Society this year has been greatly favored in the possession of several fine musicians, both vocal and instrumental, among its

members. Through these we have been able to make our programs far more interesting to those younger members who are apt to consider the literary exercises tiresome.

Since our new stage has been erected in the Hall a marked change has taken place in the programs, tableaux and theatricals boldly coming to the front. The representations of "An Evening in Rome" was especially enjoyed. Statues of the Muses were displayed, so life-like that *one could hardly believe them to be cold marble.*

The selections were especially fine; one making us shiver at the tragedy disclosed, while another would convulse us with laughter; again we were enraptured by the beauty of the combinations. Not even Shakspeare daunted us, for there were Portia and Cleopatra with their attendants, Nerissa, Iris and Charmion.

Great was the enthusiasm, especially of the Tennessee girls, when it was decided that Mr. Haywood should be our Society orator in June, and many a precious thought was expended on the flowers which were to be presented, as we know how much he would appreciate them.

Our last meeting of the session was one that will long be remembered by all present. The program was rendered entirely by the graduates, and though we could not help feeling the sadness of the occasion, it was one which deserves the highest commendation. When it came to the farewell from Miss Weston we could no longer restrain our tears. It is with deep regret that we see her leave us with her fellow-graduates.

In answer to the many inquiries as to what books we need in our library, we reply we have none of the works of our later authors. Works on science, history, travel, biography, art, poetry, essays and education will be thankfully received; while our more juvenile members beg for fiction, specifying that they want the

works of Bulwer, Mrs. Alcott, Bjornsen, Mrs. Burnett, C. Bronte, George Cable, George McDonald, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Hale, Hawthorne, Victor Hugo, and others so numerous that our limited space forbids our mentioning them.

H. T.

The following was the program of Saturday evening, May 28th, 1892, by the graduating class:

Class introduced by Miss Quisenberry.	
Instrumental Solo.....	Polacca Brilliante Miss Knight.
Essay.....	The Pleasures of School Life Miss Winston.
Vocal Solo.....	He Loves But Me Miss St. John.
Farewell.....	Miss Weston.

THE PLEASURES OF SCHOOL LIFE.

(Essay read before the Society by Miss WINSTON.)

What can be more delightful than school-girl life! Yes, the life we have lived during the last nine months. Though many times we have become so weary of recitations, weary of examinations, and weary of the quiet humdrum, that we wished our school-days were over. Sometimes we thought it was so monotonous to remain always at school; to be away from home and mother, and to be deprived of so much enjoyment which we would have were we not compelled to be toiling over those stupid books.

It was hard to abide by every little rule, to receive punishment, sometimes when undeserved; but, girls, it was then that we were forming our habits, our characters, for life. What we are at school we will be through life. Seldom have we known this to fail. Success at school, success through life. It is here we make our mark; it is here we receive our standard, and it is here our highest ambition is awakened.

That our success through life depends upon our reputation at school may be well illustrated.

Suppose, after we leave this institution we wish to obtain some noble position in the great field of work, what would those who desired our service do? They would first seek our position in school by questioning our rank in classes and our moral standard, and then would reckon us accordingly. Not only this, but what greater pleasure can be afforded than to gain the highest esteem of our professors and to leave with them the fondest memories, in as much as we have been obedient at all times, and tried to please them in everything?

Not only do we wish to carry out the well-wishes of our professors and teachers, but of every class-mate and pupil. It is here that so many little circumstances occur in which we can manifest our character. By a kindly act, a pleasant "good morning," or a sweet smile, perhaps, we have made some heavy heart glad. It is here that we have met face to face with minds expanding, and, with no degree of envy, we have vied with them in seeking knowledge. Thus unawares we have tasted of the *cup* of knowledge, and as we drink deeper our thirst becomes stronger and stronger until it will be insatiable. The more we learn the more we desire to learn.

Some of our best friends are formed here, and it will be a source of pleasure through life to call to memory their pleasant faces. We will look back upon the happy hours we have spent together laughing and chatting, when our hearts were so light and gay. Then we will remember the air-castles we have built.

"I'll have a castle in the clouds
For my thoughts to live in,
When for earth they're too unreal
And too low for heaven."

Many of these castles have already fallen to the ground and crumbled into dust.

I do not say that our school-days are our happiest, but we look forward to the wide-stretching future with so many aspirations crowding into the heart. Our school-lives are merely first steps towards knowledge. In order to fathom this mysterious depth of learn-

ing it is necessary that we should make advancement by degrees.

The attainment of knowledge may be likened to a little brook that we see gradually widening and deepening into a large stream, and finally it winds its way into the broad ocean. Sometimes we became discouraged; our fondest hopes were blighted, and our every plan seemed to fade into the realms of nothingness and night; yet, with the inspiring motto, "There is no excellence without great labor," we pushed onward, hoping to obtain our reward. And through life let the example of a stammering Demosthenes, a blind Homer, a hen-pecked Socrates, an exiled Dante or a persecuted Galileo encourage us.

There is some gloom intermingled with the gayety of school life.

"Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Of course, school-days are not of all sunshine.

Now, this scene changes with some of us, and we leave the life of school-work to enter into the life of action. We go out praising our Alma Mater, and will ever cherish her as the noblest of institutions.

FAREWELL.

Dear friends, teachers, schoolmates, classmates and sister Harrisonians: Few, perhaps none of you, can appreciate fully my feelings to-night. My heart beats wildly as I attempt to utter a few words in adieu. My classmate has just pictured the joys and the rewards of school life. I look back over the brief season we have spent here, and, to me, it seems as a large garden or park through which I have quickly passed, only having time to pluck a modest senior bouquet as this which I hold. I stand to-night near the gate of my garden of school life, and now turn to look regretfully back, reluctant to bid my friends adieu, reluctant to leave my patient and faithful instruct-

ors, abashed and confused to face the serious world as I must in a few hours.

Before stepping beyond the gate I wish to express, though feebly as I may, my love, my gratitude to you all. To my honored Principal I would express my first, my deepest gratitude for the large part he has contributed to my bouquet. To him I owe my arborvitæ, the firm foundation upon which all the posies nestle so gently; nor yet can I say that there are no perfumed flowers here from your hand. Your very corrections, tenderly and mildly given, are yet upon my heart, bearing the deepest hue of the carnations. They shall not fade.

My dear teachers, you have contributed no less to my bouquet. While I scan it closely to note what particular flower it bears from you, it is hard to name them: Here the strong herb of knowledge, there the grand rose of truth; again, the clustering flowers of perseverance, and, harmonizing them all, the sweet elysium—your patience.

Making it larger still, here are the souvenirs of my loved school-mates: apple blossoms, forget-me-nots blue, daisies, pansies, poppies nodding to me; yet the sweet smiles and words, like innocent joys, placed them here. Here, amidst the whole I find the mignonette, representing the soothing touch and gentle words of our dear Matron. But I have not named my pinks, yes, ever-fragrant pinks—the bright face of Mrs. Jones. I find I have carefully placed them in the centre; could I say more?

Lastly, I mention my sweet briar—the Harrisonian Society. I have loved its work. The little trials and duties there encountered have seemed much as the pricking thorns in attempting to pull the rose, but its sweet odors perfumed the air about me. I shall forget the stings of the thorns, but the sweet fragrance of its pleasant memories shall remain to cheer coming solitary hours.

Now I come to the cord that binds them all. I falter, since it is in this I am the sole actor. It is by this that I hold these, your loving re-

membrances; but have I chosen the strong cord of a worthy character, firmly twisted and glazed by my earnest efforts and Christian duties? I would not turn your eyes to my many failures. Were I to allow it, tears of regret might now wither my bouquet.

Dear girls, in this garden fair loiter not ere you begin to gather flowers; hasten not as you go, for I find here the thorn of hasty pride—the withered leaf of neglect. The bright queen rose that I failed to reach yet haunts my dreams. Sing the merry song, but “gather the handfulls while you may.”

In behalf of the class I bid you God-speed. We must be going. While I am sad to leave you I am happy that there are some of those who gathered with me to go forth now to scatter and to sow with me. To them I give my heartiest cheer. To her who has walked hand in hand with me I give the hope of my heart. We go forth together; it must not be to part.

But I am at the gate. I am sorrowful to leave the lovely school-garden. For the past few days the voices of my many friends have echoed sobs; the very songs whispered farewells. For each one here I feel a tender tie; and may I ask that you will place for me in your life's bouquet a simple, blue forget-me-not?

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Cynthia Shumate, of Peterstown, W. Va., in June, 1887, took the diploma of English graduate. She also won the Scholarship medal that year. The following year she conducted the primary department in the Institute. After that time she taught successfully in other schools until December 30, 1891, when she was married to Mr. L. C. Wolf, of Peterstown, W. Va.

Miss Ella V. Jones, Campbell county, Va., took the diploma of full graduate at the close of the session of '88-'89. The next year she

filled very creditably the position of teacher of Mathematics and History in this Institute. Having decided to make teaching her vocation, she spent the session of '89-'90 at Vassar College, where she took special courses. In the fall of '91 she returned to the Southwest Virginia Institute to resume her duties, at the same time filling the more responsible position of Lady Principal. Often, perhaps, she has played the part of Dragon to many of her thoughtless charges, but her firmness and impartial action established her true worth. Her girls always knew where to find wise counsel. She will return to Southwest Virginia Institute.

Miss Nina B. Morriss, of Glade Spring, Va., was one of the Southwest Virginia Institute's first pupils. As a pupil she was ever to the front. She won a medal for improvement in music in 1886. The diploma of graduation was conferred upon her in June, 1890. Besides the literary diploma she took the diploma in music in the spring of 1891. She held the position of third teacher in music during the same session. For the past year she has been pursuing her studies in music at the New England Conservatory, Boston. The Institute will justly feel proud to add to her faculty, the next year, one so well qualified.

Miss Amanda Barnes, Tazewell county, Va., received the diploma of English graduate in June, 1891. She won the highest honors of the year, taking off the Scholarship medal, which had not been won since 1887. She taught in Tazewell county last winter. Perhaps the Institute may claim her another year.

Miss Cora Lee Adams, of Johnson City, Tenn., in the same year, '90-'91, completed the course of English graduate. Unlike her classmate, she found her element in the social world, and, after the gaities of one season, she has shown a preference for the society of *one*. We hear that the cards are out announcing her marriage at an early date. She has the best wishes of many friends, especially those of the Institute.

Miss Lucy V. Kirby, Bristol, Tenn., excellence medalist of 1890, received her diploma of graduate in music June, 1891. Few have attained a higher excellence in the execution of classic music. The old tunes are full of spirit and expression under her skillful touch.

Miss Mittie Rambo, of Glade Spring, Va., another of the music class of '91, is spending her time quietly in Glade Spring. Her highly cultivated talent will win for her distinction in the musical world. She has been successful in more than one contest for medals.

Of the session 1891-'92, just closed, we feel proud to send out Miss Josephine Weston, of Boykins, Va. She has faithfully and most creditably edited our college journal for two sessions, and wears gracefully the Eoline Jones Composition Medal. We can never hope to send out a sweeter flower, or a star that will shine more brightly through all the years to come.

Miss Nannie S. Winston, Adoniram, N. C., in the class of '91-'92, took the diploma of full graduate. Miss Winston evinced her abilities by completing the full course in the short period of two and a-half years, which has not been done by any other young lady thus far. She is anticipating a delightful season at her old home in the old North State, unless some of her devoted schoolmates succeed in claiming her a part of the time.

Miss Inez E. Quisenberry, Glade Spring, Va., has pursued her studies in Southwest Virginia Institute quite successfully for two years, taking at the end of session '92 her English diploma. Miss Quisenberry evinced qualities worthy of higher cultivation. Another year, and her teachers will be pleased to confer upon her the honor of full graduate, and we are not afraid to predict for her some of the *golden laurels*.

Of those going out from our Institute, none can claim greater distinction than Miss Carrie St. John, Chilhowie, Va. She has the diploma

of English graduate, '91-'92. Miss St. John came near winning the Scholarship medal this year. She enjoyed the distinction of being one of the finest musicians of the session. Her highly cultivated voice claimed for her the Excellence Vocal medal this year. We are sorry that she will not be with us again in the Institute, but feel sure that our honors will be well spoken wherever she may be.

The only graduate in music of this session was Miss Martha A. Knight, of Tarboro, N. C. North Carolina may justly feel honored by her two representatives of this year. No girl who has ever been at Southwest Virginia Institute was more generally loved than Miss Knight. She pursued other studies, but music was her forte. She was the successful contestant for the Excellence Music medal 1890-'91. A brilliant future is before her; we wish her success at the Conservatory next year.

ROANOKE ISLAND THE CRADLE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE IN AMERICA.

ROANOKE ISLAND AND THE WORLD'S FAIR—
VIRGINIA DARE.

It was a happy thought of Mrs. R. R. Cotten, of Pitt county, chairman of North Carolina's Exhibit of the Woman's Department at the World's Fair, that Virginia Dare should be represented by object lessons of her birth. Columbus came from Spain as the representative of Spain and the Latin race in 1492, and in 1584 Raleigh's colony came from England as representative of the Anglo-Saxon, the aggressive and robber race of men, and in the lapse of centuries the Saxon race, true to its instinct of dominion, supplanted all others and became the dominant race in America, sometimes by purchase, but generally by conquest. Virginia Dare by birth became the first fruits of the Anglo-Saxon colony, and to give greater

significance to the interesting event that signalized the first intermingling of the American and Anglican people, she was named Virginia after the Virgin Queen of England, who had just driven Philip of Spain from the empire of the sea. Virginia Dare was both the proto and herald of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, born on North Carolina soil, buried in North Carolina soil, and it is fit that this first birth should be commemorated by appropriate memorials at the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago.

And now, what memorials of the birth-place of Virginia Dare can the good ladies who have the matter in hand send to the World's Fair at Chicago? Roanoke Island is the historic cradle of our race in America. It was there that the first blood was shed in the war of races between the aborigines and the white race that has stained our history with injustice and massacre for over three hundred years. The remains of old Fort Raleigh are there, silent witnesses of primitive warfare. There is "Ballast Point," to which tradition points

as the place where Amias and Barlowe cast anchor after their perilous voyage, and where they threw over their ballast of stone. These and other objects of interest on the Island should be photographed for exhibition at Chicago. Mrs. Cotten has already suggested that a desk, made of native wood from old Fort Raleigh, where Virginia Dare was born, should be on exhibition at Chicago and used there for addresses. To this suggestion of our friend, we beg to add that 100,000 walking canes, plainly but handsomely mounted or handled, taken from the site of Virginia Dare's birth-place, and sold for one dollar apiece, would furnish revenue that would pay all the expenses of the North Carolina exhibit. To this we would add that a group photograph of ten of the most stalwart men on the Island be photographed for exhibition, for Roanoke Island has the most hale, hearty, robust and stalwart population we have ever seen, and we are sure that ten men could be selected who would kick the beam at an average of 250 pounds.—

Economist-Falcon.

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This School is located at Glade Spring, Va., on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, twenty-eight miles from the Tennessee line, in a section appropriately called the "Switzerland of America." For healthfulness and beauty of location it is unsurpassed. Churches of all denominations in the village. Enrollment of present session, 148.

Board, Tuition in English Language and Literature, Latin, German, French, Mathematics, Natural Science, Mental and Moral Science, History.....	\$155 00
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Business Course, including tuition in Stenography, Type-Writing and Book-Keeping.....	45 00
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Instrumental Music.....	30 00

Piano for Practice—Vocal, \$3.50; Instrumental, \$6.50 per full session.	
Drawing, Pencil or Crayon—Painting, either Water or Oil—China Painting, each.....	40 00
Elocution (Class Lessons) per term.....	20 00

The charge for Music embraces one period twice per week, with the usual practice hours. Pupils can take Piano, Harmony or Theory in this time, but pupils desiring to take more than one will be charged for each one taken.

Pupils will be permitted to board and take only the Business Course, with contingent charge, for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, and such of the Literary and Scientific Departments as she may select, at ten dollars per school.

Pupils taking the Literary and Scientific Departments may take any branch in the Business Course at fifteen dollars per school.

Pupils part Primary and part Academic will be charged at rates of Academic pupils.