

now, so that modern plumbing may be provided throughout, and replace work that belongs in the past. Aside from these changes, the Salem school really needs nothing beyond the continuous repairs made necessary by time and use."—(Daily Oregonian).

The Late Gen. Armstrong's Memo- randa.

Written and put away with his will to be
spread after his death.

"Now when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm, and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead and, perhaps, to say the things that I should wish known should I suddenly die.

I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died next.

I wish no monument or mark whatever over my grave, only a simple headstone—no Latin or whatever inscribed, only my name and date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without service or attempt at display—a soldier's funeral.

I hope there will be enough friends to see that the work of the school shall continue. Unless some shall make motions to it, it cannot go on.

A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in nothing Gen's vision. But what is continually asked anywhere is the last, simplest use of one's self and one's possessions—the best contribution of time, strength and talents. He who makes no such sacrifice is good to his pitied. He is a coward, because he knows nothing of God.

In the school, the great thing is not to quarrel or pull all together; to refrain from hate, to be wise and active; to be militarily and wisely seek the best good of all, and to get rid of anything which hampers progress into independence—where hands are outstretched, no matter how much knowledge or wisdom they may have. Coward-

nesses is worse than hatredness.

I wish no effort of a biography of myself made. Most friends might get up a great biography, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of a life would live long down—the hardy & true themselves—God only know. Trust his mercy. The chosen one's creed the better. 'Simply in the cross I cling' is enough for me.

I am most thankful for my parents, my Revolutionary, for war experiences, for college days at Williams, and for the old work at Hampton. Hampton has lived me to its most glory; along with it have come the clearest people of this country for my friends and helpers, and there, with a great chance for the winning simply for those who live by the war, and, indeed, by the those who were captured; and English work has been another great interest.

Yes, men have had the chance that I had. I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life—love, love, strength, guided in everything.

Peace is the greatest thing in the world. It keeps me near to God—my own peace has been most rich, satisfying, peaceful; yet it has been the best thing I have ever done. I think this is a mystery. But—what comfort is there in any but the peace we have?

I am most anxious to give a glimpse of the new world. How will it come? Perhaps fair and perfectly natural, in spirit. We ought not to lose sight. It is lovely.

The only good that comes of the thought of it is for my wife, I shall with and bless of their children. But they will be very about it all, and, in the end, stronger. They are my greatest comfort.

Hampton must not go down. But it, you will see from the fact, and all things of the land, and in fact, that it will nation.

The legacy of our old land here and of my students has been an independence—will it.

It goes to show one's best life—yet God and country bring ourselves alive work.

Take two last minutes."
HAMPTON, VA. W. C. ARMSTRONG.
NEW YORK'S EYE, 1890.