

MESSENGER

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St. Stephen's Messenger.

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MAY, 1907.

No. 4.

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It was with a feeling of sincere regret that the students heard from Dr. Harris himself that he had tendered to the Trustees his resignation from the Wardenship of the College. Those who have witnessed the whole of Dr. Harris' administration are well aware of the critical period at which he entered upon his duties here. We all have seen the impaired condition of his health, especially during the last year; and sympathy has deepened into sorrow that this is in a large measure the cause of the step which the Warden has felt it his duty to take. Although the intimate friendly relations which have obtained between the Warden and the students—no less through Dr. Harris' open and kindly attitude than because of the size of the institution—must be discontinued, it is needless to say that, whithersoever he may go, Dr. Harris will always be attended by the kindest interest and best wishes of those who have known him as their Warden.

Realizing that this is the final opportunity of expressing ourselves in these columns with that freedom and frankness which have characterized our previous editorial comment, we have yielded to the temptation that has been assailing our pen and shall speak freely of a condition of affairs which has existed within our personal experience at least four years, and which seems a deplorable evil. For when we look at the scholastic side of the life in any college or university, there seem to be two great centres of interest and activity—the laboratories and the library. Passing the former without comment—*necessitati veniam damus*—we may ask in regard to the latter, Is it adequate for that liberal education which should be the product of the four year college course? It does not seem that we can answer this question with any thing like an unconditioned affirmative.

Wherein, then, is the deficiency? The various reference shelves are comparatively well supplied. Each department has placed at the disposal (?) of the students, it seems fair to say, a judiciously selected and sufficient amount of reference and supplementary material for any undergraduate course—far more in fact than is used. But the reason for this last statement is not far to seek. Are the books at the disposal of the students? Yes, two hours out of twenty-four, if they can be found.

In the first place, the regular library hours seem to cover that part of the day when most students should be, and generally are, if not in the lecture-room, engaged in athletic practice; and while this arrangement conserves great quiet and tranquility in the library, it scarcely conduces to the filling out of the skeleton of classroom work and lecture notes with the flesh and blood of reference and collateral reading—in other words, to that process by which it would seem that we are supposed to acquire a “liberal education.” When the hour comes in which the average student turns his thoughts to work, the doors of the great storehouse of knowledge—that which in so great part makes us what we are, a college—are firmly fastened, and the darkness which prevails within is not without its effect on the intellectual well-being of those who long to have conditions improved. In short, during the students' working hours the library is closed and his most useful implements are beyond his reach!

In the second place, we said above, *if the books can be found*. We do not presume to criticise the work of superintendence; we would sooner suppose that Dean Swift's “Battle of the Books” is realistic, and that books may be animated. Their migrations certainly stir one's—imagination!

The present issue of the MESSENGER completes the work of the present editorial board; and perhaps the only satisfaction we can feel is that we have at least given the MESSENGER another year of life.

Notwithstanding the fact that, like other periodicals of its kind, our paper is said to be “published by the students,” we cannot deny that it is very far from representing the best endeavors of the student body. Undoubtedly a paper that does this must always remain an ideal, with all the marks of unattainability which characterize any standard of perfection. But certain it is that, if the students of St. Stephen's would once realize the importance to the College, and indirectly to each and every student, of a publication which should less inadequately manifest the capacities which a college education should develop, they might very much more nearly approximate the ideal. Even those who partially realize this obligation are sometimes restrained in their efforts by a false sense of pride: an article submitted and not accepted—even though it be the first attempt—seems to convince some men, especially the younger men, that they are not appreciated. Even approximate perfection is seldom attained to save by diligent and conscientious practice. When the younger men come to realize this and put it in practice, the prospects for the MESSENGER will be very much brightened; the task of the editorial board will be made much easier when they can feel that they have the active sympathy of their fellow students.

We are sorry to say that none of the alumni have seen fit to criticise our efforts through the columns of the MESSENGER itself; yet we have received from a few of them many kind and helpful suggestions, as well as very gratifying words of approval. Here too is plenty of room for improvement: the alumni might be very much less reticent about expressing their opinions and thereby stimulate a greater interest on the part of the undergraduates. We should have a right to expect from them, it would seem, not only an increased number of subscriptions but also a more interested attitude toward the MESSENGER.

To the newly elected Board of Editors we hand over the work with the sincerest wish that they may carry it on successfully, profiting by our shortcomings and reflecting greater credit on themselves and their Alma Mater than we may hope to have done. But most of all do we wish them the hearty and good-willed co-operation of their fellow students, that their task may be lightened, as well as crowned with success.

Sea-Cradle Lullaby.



ALL away, baby, to dream-land,
 Upon the great ocean of sleep;
 Your snowy white bed is a billow,
 So sail away baby—sleep!

The waves on the big blue waters
 Are cradles, both snug and deep;
 And in them the little foam babies
 Are rocking, rocking to sleep.

Soon stars in the heavens come peeping,
 And then settle on each little bed,
 Like your own little guardian angel
 Keeping watch o'er pretty one's head.

Then rock, rock-a-bye, my baby,
 While the sea-cradles toss to and fro,
 And the little stars up in the heavens
 Twinkle down on their sisters below.

Soon the moon a light will send streaming
 Right along each cradle row,
 To see each little star keeping
 It's rock-a-bye watch below.

So mother comes in at midnight
 To see baby safe and warm,
 And the guardian angel keeps watching
 Till the sun peeps in at dawn.

Then rock, rock-a-bye, my baby,
 While the sea cradles toss to and fro,
 And the little stars up in the heavens
 Twinkle down on their sisters below.

"O."

The Valley of the James.



SOME of the readers of the MESSENGER may purpose to visit the Jamestown Exposition, next summer, they may be interested in a trip which I made through that region, during the Easter vacation.

There are several ways of reaching the Exposition Grounds. One may go by rail through Washington and Richmond to Newport News or Old Point Comfort, and then across the James; or he may go by rail to Washington, and sail down the Potomac; or by rail to Baltimore, and take a boat down the Chesapeake; or by rail to Cape Charles, and then cross the Chesapeake and the James; or he may do as I did, take the Old Dominion Line, and go directly from New York to Norfolk. The last is the cheapest and most convenient. The charge of fourteen dollars for the round trip includes not only transportation, but dinner, stateroom and breakfast when going down, dinner, stateroom, breakfast and lunch on the return trip. The boats leave Pier 26, foot of Beach street, every afternoon, except Sunday, at 3 o'clock, and are due in Norfolk the next morning at 10:30. Norfolk, which I made my headquarters for three days, has several good hotels. The largest and best is the Monticello, from which several of the trolleys start. The Atlantic, the Lorraine, the Burgess and others furnish good accommodations. My first excursion was to Virginia Beach, a pleasant summer resort, 18 miles away on the Atlantic. There is one large hotel, the Princess Anne, and numerous cottages. One of the cottages was occupied by Bishop Beverly D. Tucker, who published that interesting article on the Colonial Churches in a recent number of the Churchman. The temperature at Virginia Beach was delightful, after the 90 degrees of heat that I encountered at Norfolk. I returned by way of Cape Henry, another ocean resort, conspicuous for two lighthouses, which seemed to be equipped for wireless telegraphy.

Most people know that we intend to celebrate, this summer, the 300th anniversary of the founding of the first *English* colony in the United States, which occurred at Jamestown, Va., May 13th, 1607. But many who are unacquainted with the country have a vague idea that the Exposition is to be held at Jamestown itself. This is a mistake. Jamestown lies on an island in the James River nearly half way up to Richmond. As the island is mostly private property with only

two or three houses on it, there is no place there to entertain the thousands who would wish to visit the spot, or ground on which to erect the buildings required for the Exposition. The site selected is on the south side of the James River, near its mouth, opposite Fortress Monroe, facing Hampton Roads, where the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac was fought, easily accessible from Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News, and Old Point Comfort. Extensive piers built by the Government furnish facilities for the landing of excursion boats, and trolley cars run from Norfolk. I took a car to Pine Beach, an old ground for excursions and picnic parties, just alongside the fair grounds. The natives call it Piney Beach, evidently believing with the ancient Romans that every word should have as many syllables as it has separate vowels and diphthongs. There is a large hotel here, and another within the enclosure called the Inside Inn. The fence which encloses two sides of the grounds is made of woven wire and covered with the honeysuckle, crimson Rambler, and trumpet creeper vines. When these are in blossom it will be very attractive.

Within the enclosure I found a somewhat chaotic state of affairs. Much had to be done before the Exposition opened on the 26th of April. But most of the buildings were completed and the streets were laid out so that one could get a good idea of its appearance when in proper order. A board walk, to be lighted by electricity at night, extends along the water front. Just back of that lie the houses built by the several states. Some of the States failed to make appropriations for this purpose, but I noticed that houses had been built by Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Illinois, Missouri, and a few others. Farther back are the Administration Building, the Auditorium and Convention Hall, Mother's and Children's Building and the large structures in which there will be the usual exhibits made by the Government, or in which History and Historic Art, Education and Social Economy, Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Machinery and Transportation, Mines and Metallurgy, Food Products, Horticulture and Agriculture will be exploited. There will be a Life Saving Station where they will rescue a shipwrecked sailor every day at a certain hour, a Phillippine village, and a special building in which the negroes make their exhibits, for which the Government appropriated \$100,000. Grouped around the States Exhibit Building are several

pretty cottages called the Craft buildings for Textiles, Pottery, a Model School, Hospital, Iron Shop, Copper, Silver and Wood Shops. The grounds in front of them are very attractive. There are, of course, numerous restaurants within the fair grounds, as the Pocahontas Inn and the Little Hungary Restaurant—*absit omen*. The side shows are placed along the War Path, a street which takes the place of the Midway, the Trail, and the Pike of other fairs. Here one may see the Swiss Village, the Earthquake at San Francisco, the horse that thinks, and other curiosities intended to relieve the mind of the wearied sight-seer and extract money from his pocket.

I spent two hours and a half at the Exposition grounds, Thursday morning. After lunching at my hotel in Norfolk, I crossed the ferry to Portsmouth. It has many broad, well-shaded streets, and seems a desirable place of residence. Trinity Church is a venerable colonial structure, first built in 1769. I saw on its organ a silver plate in memory of Miss Louisiana Wilson, who was for 56 years the organist of the church. A marvellous record!

One who goes to Portsmouth should not fail to visit the navy yards. It has two dry docks in use, and a third nearly completed. I found there several torpedo boats, one submarine cruiser, the Adder, two double-turreted monitors, the Florida and Texas, the last of the single-turreted monitors, the Canonicus, which saw service at the battle of Fort Fisher and bears the scars of honorable warfare, two training ships, roofed over, the Franklin and Richmond, several cruisers, as the Cleveland, Texas, and San Francisco, the grand old battleship Minnesota, and most interesting of all, the Olympia, Dewey's flagship at the battle of Manila Bay. After my experience at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, last summer, I was a little cautious about the terms that I applied to warships. There I called a cruiser a battleship. The officer, pitying my ignorance, informed me that that was not a battleship; it was not built to fight, but was intended to destroy commerce and run away as soon as it caught sight of a battleship of the enemy.

Thursday evening, by invitation of the rector, I administered the communion in St. Paul's Church, Norfolk, where I also preached Good Friday morning to a congregation of about 200. I considered it a privilege to officiate in this old colonial church, which was originally built in 1739, which still retains in its side wall a cannon ball fired from a British warship in 1776, and which has in its vestry room the chair in which John Hancock sat when he signed the Declaration of Independence. Its walls are covered with ivy, and its cemetery

contains ancient monuments, one of which dates back 230 years. In the evening I crossed over to Berkeley and attended service at St. Thomas's Church.

Saturday morning, while I was breakfasting at the hotel, a big, pompous man stalked in. He had a voice like a fog horn, and informed the assembled company that he was a Methodist minister from New York; that he had expected to be married the Tuesday before, but the lady was not ready. As he had money to burn, and had intended to take this trip, he concluded to make his wedding tour alone. Just then he espied me, and remarked, "I see that you wear the same kind of clothes that I do. Six years ago, I noticed that the Bishops wore these clerical clothes. I thought they might be useful, so I put them on, and have worn them ever since. You and I put on the garb of sanctity to cover a multitude of sins." I said, "You may; I don't." He then informed us that he had buried his wife a year and a half ago, and had lost three of his four children. I said to myself what Horace said when he had his interview with the bore on the Appian way, "*Felices! Nunc ego resto. Confice.*" After breakfast, I took the trolley to go to Lambert's Point. Soon the car stopped to take on a passenger, and I heard this awful voice behind me. He told the conductor that he had money to burn, that he was going to buy a house for his wife and himself, and questioned him about the houses that we passed on the way. When we reached Lambert's Point, he left the car to look at real estate. I stayed in and rode back to the city. "*Sic me servavit Apollo.*"

While at Norfolk I found time to attend service at Christ Church and St. Luke's, to go out to Ocean View and Willoughby Spit, and to visit the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth. There being no more worlds to conquer on the south side of the James, I crossed over, Saturday evening, to the north shore. The distance is a little over eleven miles. That vast expanse of water will furnish an admirable field for the great naval display which will take place next summer, when warships from all the civilized nations of earth will gather together to do honor to our Jamestown Exposition. This will be the distinguishing feature, which will differentiate this Exposition from all that have preceded it.

Neifert '92 and his charming wife met me at Old Point Comfort, and gave me a dinner at the Hotel Chamberlin, the famous hotel of that region, before taking me to their own home. Neifert is chaplain of the National Soldiers Home, an important institution with 4000

inmates. As the great majority of them are not Churchmen, and as many of the old veterans are quite feeble, he does not use the whole of the Church service, but selects such parts as he deems suitable. Easter Sunday, I attended service at St. John's, Hampton, another of the old colonial churches. It was originally built between 1660 and 1667. In fact in Virginia they don't think much of a church that is not at least 200 years old. This church was sacked by the British during the Revolution, and while in a state of ruin was used as a thoroughfare through which men drove their carriages.

Monday morning I visited the Soldiers' Home and inspected the chapel, the library with its 10,000 volumes, mostly works of fiction, the hospital, the theater and lecture room with smaller rooms in the same building for games of various kinds, the dining room, kitchen and bakery, and the conservatory. It is a town in itself, with its own hotel, postoffice, store and separate residences for the officers. With its extensive and well-kept grounds, its fine shade trees and beautiful outlook on the water, it furnishes an ideal home for the old soldiers. But there are frequent changes in the inmates. The veterans are feeble. Every week is marked by military funerals, and scores of applicants are waiting for the vacant places.

In the afternoon I visited Hampton Institute. Here 1200 negroes and Indians, boys and girls, are being trained to become useful citizens. They lead a strenuous life, being busily engaged from early morn till night in study and manual labor. The boys are taught to cultivate the farm and garden, to raise fruit, to care for the domestic animals, to become carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, shoemakers, harness makers, saddlers, wheelwrights, painters, paper hangers, etc.; while the girls are taught cooking, sewing and the various occupations appropriate to their sex. In one room the boys seemed to be engaged in the labor of Sisyphus. They would build, with the utmost care, a chimney, a fire-place or other structure, and then pull it down and clean all the mortar off the bricks, so that other boys might use the same materials for a like practice. It requires \$200,000 a year to carry on the Hampton Institute. Half of that is provided for; but the president, Dr. Frissell, is obliged to go out every year and beg the rest. I could not but wish that we might secure him for two or three years to obtain money for St. Stephen's, or at least to teach us his method.

Monday evening I had the pleasure of dining with Archdeacon Jefferis, primus of '73, who has made Old Point Comfort his head-

quarters during the past winter while holding missions in various places and delivering lectures on his recent journey around the world.

Tuesday I took the steamer up the James as far as City Point, going from thence by rail to Petersburg. The boat makes many landings, at Newport News, Jamestown and less important places, and affords an opportunity to see the homes of illustrious men and scenes of historic interest. Among them were the birth places of Presidents John Tyler and William Henry Harrison, the narrow part of the river where a pontoon bridge served as a means of transporting troops from the north to the south side for the siege of Petersburg, and Harrison's Landing, famous during the civil war as a place for the exchange of prisoners. At City Point General Grant had his headquarters during the operations around Petersburg. The farms in this section are largely devoted to the culture of peanuts. This humble fruit is raised not so much for use in the circus as for the manufacture of "olive oil"! Thousands of gallons of "pure Italian olive oil" are pressed out of the once despised goober, and the price, in consequence, has gone up to \$1.30 a bushel.

Petersburgh is noted for its Crater. I asked one of the natives how to reach that and other points of interest. He said, "You must go to the outskirts of the city to see the crater, and then come to the inskirts to see the old church." I went to the outskirts first. The crater, as everyone knows, was produced by the explosion of a mass of gunpowder under a Confederate fort in an attempt to capture the city. The tunnel was dug by a regiment composed of Pennsylvania miners. Some 300 Confederates were killed by the explosion, and thousands of precious lives were lost in the sanguinary battle that ensued. Some of these, whose bodies were incapable of being recognized, were buried in the crater. The earth around the sides has been washed in by the rains of 43 years. The grass has grown over it, and tall trees stand as sentinels above it, so that it is now a peaceful shady glen some 20 feet deep in the center and perhaps 60 feet across at the top. The direction of the tunnel can still be distinctly traced by the sunken earth down to the ravine below where it started. The enterprising farmer who owns the crater has fenced it in, and charges 25 cents admission. I said to his wife, who acted as my guide, that that hole in the ground must be quite a source of revenue to her family. She said, "Yes, we had 81 visitors recently in one day."

Returning to the "inskirts," I visited the Blandford Church at the

entrance to the cemetery. This was built in 1738, and is generally described as a ruin. But it has recently been restored and is now used as a mortuary chapel. In the city I visited a few of the more prominent structures, and among them Grace Church. The colored sexton was anxious to take me into the basement and show me all about the building and grounds. When I declined, through lack of time, as I wished to call on the rector, he informed me that the room we were in was the "ordnance" room. Negroes are fond of big words. Probably ordnance sounded better to him than audience, and he did not know the meaning of either. Still, ordnance is not bad. No doubt occasionally a canon of the church comes along and fires off his sermons at the members of the church militant who are there assembled.

I was obliged to pass through Richmond to reach Williamsburg, but did not remain long, as I had spent two days there the year before as the guest of Professor Simpson. He and his family were most hospitable, and enabled me to see the city to the best advantage. One who goes there for the first time should not fail to see St. Paul's Church, where the delegates to the General Convention will meet next October; the State Capitol near by, where the House of Bishops will meet; St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech; Jefferson Davis's home, the white house of the Confederacy, now the Confederate museum; and Hollywood cemetery, where an impressive stone pyramid stands as a monument to the Confederate soldiers, and where can be seen the graves of Presidents Monroe and Tyler, of Jefferson Davis and his family, and of many prominent citizens. The site of Libby prison is pointed out, but the building itself was removed to Chicago at the time of the World's Fair.

Williamsburg is an interesting old town, founded in 1632. It has one broad street extending from William and Mary college to the site of the old colonial capitol, which was burned in 1832. The foundation walls are carefully preserved and shown to visitors. Here Patrick Henry made one of his greatest speeches, and near by is the site of the old Raleigh tavern, where he and his comrades uttered so many treasonable sentiments. William and Mary college, at the other end of Duke of Gloucester street, was founded in 1693, and is therefore next to Harvard the oldest college in America. Here the Phi Beta Kappa society originated in 1776. The first Indian school in America was established in Brafferton dormitory. There are now about 200 students in the college, with some excellent teachers, but their

standard is not up to that of many Northern colleges. About midway between the college and the capitol stands the old Bruton church, built in 1683 and recently restored through the efforts of the rector, the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, at a cost of some \$25,000. He showed me the Jamestown baptismal font, in which some think Pocahontas was baptized, though he does not. three old sets of communion silver, one of which came from Jamestown, and the part of the church where sat Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler, Patrick Henry, Marshall, Mason and the colonial governors. At the end of the church, over the entrance door, is a gallery where the college boys used to be locked in during service. Thomas Jefferson was one of them. If we may judge from the numerous names, initials and dates carved on the balustrade, their minds sometimes wandered from the service. In the churchyard is the tomb of Mrs. Washington's two children by her former husband, and other tombs of special interest. Near by may be seen the Wythe house the headquarters of General Washington, the palace green, the court house, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the old powder house built for a magazine in 1714, the poor debtor's prison, and the homes of William Wirt, Edmund Randolph, John Tyler, Peyton Randolph and John Blair. The first hospital for the insane ever built in America has 650 inmates and includes within its spacious grounds the "six chitaney lot" where Washington made love to Martha Custis.

Thursday morning I drove eight miles to Jamestown over a wretched road. The original settlement was made on a peninsula, which has since been converted into an island by the action of the water. A bridge, however, connects it with the main land. The island is owned by Mrs. Edward E. Barney, whose home is at the south end of it. She has presented all of the land in the immediate vicinity of the old church tower, covering an area of 23 acres, to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. They have enclosed the ground and charge an admission fee of 25 cents, which will help a little in the work of restoration. They have built a substantial sea wall to prevent further encroachments of the river, discovered and restored the foundations of the old state house and adjacent dwellings, put the cemetery in order, and are now rebuilding the old church. They expect to have it completed by the 11th of May.

Friday I drove 12 miles to Yorktown, on the York river, passing on the way Fort Magruder, where in 1862 a battle was fought between the forces under General McClellan and General Johnston. Yorktown

has the first custom house through which goods were imported for New York, Philadelphia and other small towns. Grace Episcopal Church was built about 200 years ago. But the town is chiefly noted for the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, which brought the Revolutionary war to a close. A splendid monument, erected on a commanding site by the Government, commemorates this event. A smaller one marks the place where the actual surrender occurred. The Moore cottage is the place where the articles of capitulation were signed. The Nelson house, the finest residence in the town, was occupied by Cornwallis as his headquarters during the siege, and in it Lafayette was subsequently entertained. A cave below this house, on the riverbank, cut out of sand stone, is associated with the name of Cornwallis, but if used by him at all it was doubtless as a receptacle for powder, and not as a place of retreat.

Friday evening, I returned to the Soldiers' Home just too late to meet Bishop Randolph, who had come over from Norfolk to confirm two of the old veterans. Saturday was a cold, rainy, blustering day, which rendered all the more attractive by way of contrast the warm cheerful home of Chaplain Neifert, and gave me an opportunity to enjoy the society of himself, his wife, and their two sweet children. Sunday morning, I preached to the old soldiers; and in the evening attended a service of song at Hampton Institute. The rich melodious voices of hundreds of negroes, singing in perfect time and harmony their familiar hymns, furnished music more delightful than that produced by any instrument of man's device. Monday morning, after witnessing a military funeral, I visited *Fortress Monroe*. This is the most extensive of our fortifications, and is utilized as the artillery school for soldiers of the army. In connection with Fort Wool on the Rip Raps it guards the entrance to the James River. I was presented to Chaplain Walkley, who had heard very favorably of St. Stephen's College. In the afternoon I visited Newport News, and with the aid of a guide made quite an extensive tour of the shipyards, which employ between 7,000 and 8,000 men, and build or repair the largest vessels for the Government or private corporations.

I parted with regret from the kind friends whose home had been my home for so many days, and whose thoughtful consideration had anticipated every wish.

GEO. B. HOPSON.

To A—B—.



EAR little Golden Hair,
 Wondrously sweet and fair,
 Whose eyes like diamonds are sparkling and bright:
 Graceful and airy,
 Sylph-like as fairy,
 Whom does she meet that she does not delight?
 Merry her laughter
 Through the house after
 My work is done and I sit by the fire:
 Singing and dancing,
 Wholly entrancing,
 Filling the void of a longing desire.
 Ruby lips sweetly curl
 Over two rows of pearl,
 Arms lithe and supple just made to entwine:
 Nobody's caught her,
 Somebody's daughter,
 Would that as father I might call her mine. H.

A Shelter from the Storm.



HE events I am about to relate happened in the month of November, 1805; but before I take up my story, I must tell a bit of my family history, that these events may be rightly understood. My grandfather, younger son of Owen Ford Carmichael, had come from Wales to America in the early days of the eighteenth century, settling in Baltimore. Here he had fallen in love with, and eventually married, a daughter of one of the best Maryland families—the Carringtons. The only son of this union, my father, instead of keeping Carmicheal for his family name, took that of Carrington-Carmicheal. He married one of the heiresses of Louisiana, Amelie de Chantoville; and so I came to be called by the name of Eugene Carrington-Carmicheal.

After completing my education in my own city, I was sent abroad for a tour of the Continent and the British Isles. It was on this tour that the adventure took place which brought me life-long happiness in the love of one of the best and fairest women God ever placed upon earth.

I had finished my tour of England, and had nearly finished Ireland, when on a certain November day in the year 1805, happening to be in a small Irish coast village, I made arrangements to take a fishing trip in St. George's Channel.

The sky was gray and cloudy—a typical November sky—when we set out, but there seemed no immediate danger of a storm. We were interested in watching a particularly fine school of fish, when one of the fishermen suddenly exclaimed,

“Shure, and a storm's coming on fast.”

Looking up I saw that the sky appeared cloudy—black with the dark storm clouds gathering fast, and the wind, having risen considerably, was bearing us directly down on the Welsh coast.

“The best we can do is to run into Cardigan Bay,” said the master, an Englishman.

The wind was carrying us there sure enough.

I will not attempt to describe the wreck of the fishermen's craft. When the cry came, “We're sinking,” I plunged into the sea. On reaching the shore, I drew my self further upon the bank and lay down, exhausted. It was strange, I thought, that none of the fisher's crew had appeared. I have since learned that they landed further down on the coast and made directly for Cardigan, which was in the opposite direction.

It was fearfully cold; soon the snowflakes began to scurry through the air with the rain. The fierce wind shrieked dismally through the tree tops, hardly blacker than the stormy sky behind them. Night was fast coming on, and being drenched to the skin and very cold, I started out to find a lodging for the night, in what I thought must be the direction of the town.

I had not gone far when I perceived a dim light shining through the trees. I made at once for this beacon, as it were, and found what seemed to be the lodge house of some country mansion. The noise I made coming up the path brought a man to the door holding a candle, and shading his eyes with his hand.

“Who's there?” he called.

“A traveler who seeks a lodging for the night in the great house yonder,” I replied.

"You are soaking wet; come in and stay with me. But, for God's sake, sir, do not go near that house—this night above all others."

I entered the lodge and dried my clothes before the great open fire, and by eight o'clock I was at least more presentable than formerly; and though my present host urged and warned me not to go near the house that night, he had aroused my curiosity; so, buttoning up the great coat, which he had kindly lent me, I started out into the storm.

The wind was still blowing violently, but the rain had entirely changed to snow and sleet. I could hear the dull roar of the waves, dashing against the shore rocks. Altogether it was one of the most dismal nights which I have ever experienced.

Following the directions of the lodge-keeper, I soon made out the dim outlines of the ancient building, half castle, half manor-house. The oldest part of the mansion had probably been built in the fifteenth century. Now, however, the whole building had the appearance of decay. I stepped boldly up to the door and pulled hard at the knocker. The sound seemed to waken the echoes in the seemingly almost empty building. I had to repeat the knocking several times before I heard the bars of the heavy door drawn back. The door was opened about a foot and the frightened face of a manservant peered out.

"In the name of all the fiends, who's there, and on this night?"

Again the mysterious reference to this night. What could it mean?

"I have lost my way," I replied, "and I ask a shelter from the storm."

The fellow was about to slam the door in my face, but I stepped forward quickly and thrust my foot in the opening. Seeing my determination, he let me in, muttering:

"Your blood be on your own head, then."

Was it murder then against which I had been warned? But I could not now draw back, so I followed the servant into the hall. This room had a very deserted appearance; there was little furniture, and what there was was shabby in the extreme.

From a little room off the hall came the sounds of someone singing in a cracked, falsetto voice.

"My master is in here, sir," said the servant, leading me towards this room. "What name shall I give, sir?"

"Mr. Carrington-Carmichael."

At this the servant's face became livid. "Carmichael?" he gasped. But the man within the room had heard my name.

"Who spoke of the Carmichaels?" he cried.

Entering the room, I saw that he who had just spoken had been drinking, and it was his voice which I had heard, singing the drunken songs. His face, flushed from the effects of the wine, was far from handsome; the forehead and the chin were both receding. Indeed, he looked about half imbecile.

"My name is Carrington-Carmichael," said I.

At this the man's face, like that of the servant's, became ghastly; then he laughed hoarsely:

"At last you have come then? *she* is waiting for you; this is *her* night, you know."

Then rising from the table he offered me his hand, but I could see there was hypocrisy in his eyes.

"I am Lord Archibald Mailyn," he said, by way of introduction. "Llewellyn, show the gentleman up to the bedroom in the south wing." Then to me: "Your supper will be served to you there, Mr. Carmichael." This last word he almost hissed, and again there came the deadly look into his eyes.

I followed my guide through what seemed to me, tired as I was, innumerable corridors, until we finally reached the guest-chamber. The room was large and hung with a dull green tapestry. It smelled musty, but as there was a bright fire burning on the hearth, it was at least better than facing the storm without.

Llewellyn left me, but soon returned with my supper, of which I quickly disposed, as I was desperately hungry after the swim and walk through the storm. I then sat close to the fire and surveyed my surroundings. The ghostly tapestry gave the room an air of mystery. I shuddered as I thought of what might be behind this hideous shade of green, so to reassure myself I lifted the tapestry, going all around the room, but found only one mysterious thing, which was this: the recurrence in several places of the date, painted, November 23, 1755.

To-morrow is the twenty-third, I thought. What could it mean? This house seemed altogether one of mystery and gloom. What connection had my name with all this and who was the *she* whom my host had mentioned!

I was aroused from these thoughts by a gentle rap at the door. I thought at first it was only the wind whistling in the chimney, but the knock was repeated, this time more loudly, so I called:

"Come in."

I expected to see my host, Lord Mailyn, or possibly a servant, but

I could not believe my own eyes at what I saw. It was a young woman of remarkable beauty. She seemed pronouncedly of the Welsh type, but never have I seen a fairer one. I hastily arose.

"Ah! to what do I owe the pleasure ——?"

"Oh, sir! then you are here at last! I had feared you would be too late. You understand fully what you are to do—come!"

Her voice was of such authority and power that somehow I answered:

"Yes ——"

Then again she said abruptly: "Come," and I followed her into the corridor, and she led on silently through many different halls and passageways until we came into an older part of the building. She paused before a Gothic doorway, and opening it we were in a small chapel. A priest stood at the altar, and almost before I had realized what was being done, I heard the words pronounced which made the lady at my side my wife. I did not seem to be in my right senses. What sane man would have allowed himself to be married to a woman whom he had never even seen before in his life? Everything seemed like a dream: the dim chapel, lighted solely by the tapers on the altar; the robed priest; and above all the lady at my side, who was now my wife! During the marriage I had merely given my first name, Eugene, but afterwards the priest asked me for my full name. I gave it—Eugene Carrington-Carmichael.

"Carmichael?" almost shrieked my "wife," and before I knew it she had fallen in a faint into the arms of the priest. His face had become ghastly pale, and touching my arm, he gasped:

"Seek your room instantly, my son; all will be explained in the morning."

"But cannot I help the lady, Father?"

"Go," he said, in a voice of command.

I left the chapel, but it was no easy thing to find my way over all the winding passages. I wandered up and down and once I passed the chapel door again, but this time instead of a marriage, I seemed to hear a solemn requiem for the dead! The whole house seemed one of mystery and gloom. I started to run along the corridor, all my fears having been aroused by the low chanting of the dirge. I did not meet a soul on all my journey through the halls.

But at last more by luck than by anything else, I found my own room. The tray with the supper dishes had been removed and the bed prepared for the night. I carefully locked the door, for I had no relish for any intrusions during the night. But even then I felt far

from secure, for in a house of this kind secret staircases and passages are by no means uncommon. Hence I resolved to sleep with one eye open, suspicious of treachery. This family was probably an ancient enemy of the house of Carmichael, and in these mediæval surroundings would likely take mediæval means to rid themselves of an enemy entrapped into their hands.

Removing my coat and boots, I lay down on the great bedstead to rest, for I had begun to feel the effects of my swim. It seemed an impossible thing to sleep. I heard a clock far down in the corridor strike eleven. It was earlier than I had thought. I must, at least, try to sleep. I lay for some time thinking over the events of the day. How was I, as a Carmichael, connected with this strange household? Why had the lady, who I had learned at the marriage was Lady Morgan Mailyn, married me, who surely was as much of a stranger to me as I was to her, and in so strange a manner?

I must have dozed somewhat in thinking over these things, for I was aroused by hearing the clock strike the hour again. This time it was twelve strokes—midnight, and the twenty-third of November, I realized with a flash. Hardly had the last stroke sounded, when there arose on the stillness of the night a prolonged wail, a shriek as of a soul in anguish—in mortal agony. I started up. Was it my newly wedded who suffered thus? If so, I must help her.

I rushed to the door, and unlocking it, threw it open. For a few moments everything was silent, then again I heard that unearthly voice, and this time I distinctly heard the word "Carmichael." I dashed down the corridor until I came to the hall, then stopped and listened. Then the words came to me plainly in a cracked and strained voice—a most unearthly wail—

"Death, death to the Carmichaels!" O, St. Peter! if even the best of them strives to enter Paradise, refuse him! May the vultures of the Cambrians feed on their cursed bodies, and may their white bones rot on the wild Welsh shore!"

The voice ceased in a burst of demoniacal laughter, and again there was silence. Then I heard soft footsteps coming towards me. I shrank back into the shadow. Very cautiously came Lord Mailyn down the hall, and turned down the corridor leading to my room; he passed along so near me that I heard his hurried breath. Was there murder in his heart? I thank God I was not at that moment sleeping peacefully in my bed.

I was about to step out from my hiding place and follow the re-

treating figure, when I heard the footsteps of another softly approaching. I looked out; this time it was a very old woman. Something gleamed in her hand. Was there murder in her heart, too? This woman was no ordinary hag. Her bearing showed that she was of gentle birth, but in her face there was an expression which seemed to tell that her whole life had been blighted. She was mumbling softly to herself, and as she passed I caught these words:

"They say he is a Carmichael. Then death is his only lot! Death will ——" and so her voice died away.

I listened carefully to see if there would be a third in this strange procession, but none appeared, so I softly followed in its wake. I paused outside the door of my room. I saw the man bending over the bed and the woman creeping closer and closer upon him. Suddenly she sprang on him and grasped his throat, crying:

"Accursed dog of a Carmichael, your time has come!"

The man tried to throw her off, saying: "I am your son."

"My son, you dog? No Carmichael shall ever call me mother!"

And then, before the words were out of her mouth, she plunged the dagger into his heart. Mailyn fell forward heavily. I was spellbound; I could not move. I saw the woman bend forward and peer into his face.

"My son, he said? No Carmichael— No—it cannot be." She bent over closer. "Yes! ah, what have I done? My son; my son! Ah, Mary mother, pray for this poor stricken mother!" Then she stabbed herself.

I rushed into the room, but not alone, for turning I saw my wife.

"Then I am not too late?" she said.

I answered nothing, but pointed to the bodies on the floor. She started forward with a look of terror, crying:

"You have not killed them both?"

"Nay," I replied, "the old woman killed Lord Mailyn and then herself. I could not move a muscle to interfere."

Then we lifted them up and placed them on the bed.

"I will explain," said the Lady Morgan, "for what you have seen and done this night must indeed have been mysterious to you. Perhaps I ought to weep, for both of these two dead ones are of the same blood as myself. The lady was my great-aunt; yet I bear no love for her. The man was my cousin; yet I hate him almost beyond the power of words to describe. My great-aunt was Lady Chloris Mailyn. Hers has been a hard life. At the age of twenty, forced to marry a

man whom she hated—Sir Michael Carmichael—he soured her whole life. He hastened the death of her mother, and killed their elder son, the brother of Lord Mailyn. On the anniversary of the murder, which is the same day as the anniversary of the wedding—the twenty-third of November—a requiem is sung in the chapel. Since then, on every twenty-third of November, she has become insane. She vowed eternal hatred against all who bore the name of Carmichael. She gave up all claim to this name for herself and her son, and took her maiden name of Mailyn.

"Lord Mailyn and I were to have been married this night so that the line in which the name of Carmichael was hated with an undying hatred would not become extinct. Such a marriage would have been a living death for me. I am an orphan and Lady Mailyn is my guardian, so only one thing could stop my forced marriage—that I was married already. To accomplish this I sent out a trusty servant to find a gentleman on the highway who would be willing to help a lady in distress. When the man was once in the house I knew he would scarcely refuse my request. It was selfish of me thus to entrap a man to his doom, but I had intended directly after the marriage to obtain a divorce, which would have been possible under the circumstances, and then to enter a convent."

But this tale is one of adventure and not of love. My wife did not enter a convent. I loved her, and in time she came to love me, so that I have never regretted the night spent in that Welsh castle when seeking a shelter from the storm.

MALCOLM DEPUI MAYNARD.

Within the Shadow.



IF I see you again! the light grows dim,
Dark fold the wings of night o'er all the land;
My straining gaze no longer sees thy face,
I only feel thy love that holds me close.

Could I but take thee whither now I go,
The one last thread that keeps my life in leash
Were quickly snapped, and gladly forth I'd pass
With thee into the eternal rest.

'97.

A-fishing.



OME let us now a fishing go,
 Down by the river just below,
 There while the fire-flies light
 The misty darkness of the night,
 We'll listen to the night-boat's smothered call,
 And the swish of the tides as they rise and fall.
 Or along some stream we'll wend our way,
 And give ourselves o'er to the pleasures of day,
 While by some pool we'll stop to try,
 The fortunes of a tempting fly.—
 Not out just for the fishing's sake,
 Yet we'll be pleased with all we take,
 And in the future years we'll praise ;
 The memory of those fishing days.

E. V. S.

"For Jack's Sake."



HE burning sun had been sending its fierce rays down upon the New Mexican sands for a half day and had now reached the zenith. Jack Miller sat on the low piazza of the rancher's house and looked out over the broad expanse of brown and parched sand. There was not a breath of air moving, and no sign of life, except the occasional skipping along the ground of a cony, hurrying back to his hole with the booty which he had stolen from his neighbors.

If you could have seen Jack Miller that torrid day in August, you never would have suspected that eighteen months before he had been forced to leave Atwater College, considered a hopeless consumptive, and had come out to New Mexico "to die," as his friends said. His recovery had been almost phenomenal. Six months of cow-boy life had placed his physical condition beyond doubt, and now he was well and strong.

Jack Miller didn't talk much. He knew that his life must be lived west of the plains if he wished to live at all. He knew that the ties

of college friendship were broken once and for all. During his life he might see one or two of his old friends, but never would he be with them again on the campus or in the crowded rooms of dear old Atwater.

This sultry afternoon all these thoughts seemed to press upon him. Try as he might, he could not rid himself of them. That parting with his room-mate. How the picture loomed up before him! How he had gone as far as Albany with him, how the tears had trickled down his manly face when he said good-bye, how a friendship growing deeper and deeper as the college years flew on, and how they had been torn asunder with only a week's notice.

"Yes," mused Jack, "they were all my friends, all the crowd, but Rob was the only one for me." And so he thought.

"Wal, Jack, boy, how long ye been asleep here, ye're gittin well agin sure."

Jack Miller yawned, opened his eyes, and saw standing before him, Pete, the head man of the cattle troop, who had just rounded up the last herd for the night.

The sun was just setting behind the distant Madres, and the bright, golden orb sent a broad ray of light across the sandy plain.

"Jack, my heartie, where's the mail? How long have ye been snoozing round here like a New England lap-dog?"

"I'm sure, Pete, I've been asleep since noon, but the stage-coach hasn't arrived. It was due at three, and here it is eight."

Pete grunted. He knew the plains, and feared what might have happened to the stage-coach. "Uh!" he said, "something's wrong somewhere. Now kid, you get on your togs and we'll ride out towards the gulch and see what our friends the Apaches are up to. They don't get whiskey this time, but they do get"—and he fingered the butt of his revolver uncomfortably.

Jack was only too ready to join a reconnoitering party, and soon he and Pete were trotting across the prairie to the gulch. At last they rounded the first of the foot-hills, and made their way very cautiously, for an Apache is an uncomfortable animal to have at one's back.

After a few moments' more riding they heard the neighing of a horse, although to Jack's untrained ears it seemed still a long way off. In an instant old Pete had slipped from his horse, tied him to a tree, and taking his rifle and lantern, beckoned Jack to follow. Jack, equal to the moment, was soon following his guide. Noiselessly they crept through the dark woods, Jack knew not where. After crawling

along by the roadside a short way a truly amazing sight met their eyes. There in the middle of the road was the stage-coach, almost completely on its side. The two right wheels had been wrenched from their axles, and the poles were snapped short from the dasher. At the side of the road the Indian driver, Old Bull, was kneeling and intently watching his only passenger, who lay panting on a horse-robe.

"No foul play here, it's an accident, come on, Jack," muttered Pete, and so saying, he emerged from the brush and said loudly: "Hard luck, Old Bull, what can we do for you?"

The Indian, turning quickly, recognized the old cow-boy.

"No for Bull, no for Bull, for young man," he cried. "Heap big pain on arm; boy sing low, sing low all time."

"Somebody's hurt, kid. You was goin' to be a doctor, let's see what you can do? I'm no good in putterin' woman's work."

While saying this, Pete had pulled the blanket aside, revealing the face of the single passenger.

Jack approached to see what he could do. He stooped and peered into the sufferer's face. The face was pale and the eyes closed. For a moment Jack appeared transfixed, and when Pete and Bull both anxiously asked what was the matter, they received no answer. Bending lower, he almost touched his lips to the sufferer's ear, and whispered hoarsely: "Rob, Rob Dean!" The boy turned his head, and not opening his eyes, he tried to grasp an imaginary foot-ball, and deliriously moaned, "Now Jack, down the center, remember Zeta Phi and old Atwater."

Tenderly Jack picked his chum up in his strong arms and bore him back to the horses. In an hour the invalid was resting quietly on the ranch piazza. The next morning his story was told. During a game with Kenyon, Dean had had his arm broken, and not being able to continue his studies, he had planned a surprise trip to New Mexico to spend several months with his friend. A horse had become frightened at the very end of the last trip, and Dean had been violently thrown from the driver's seat, and his arm, now almost healed, was again torn apart. Tired, and nervous concerning the coming surprise to his friend, Dean had become delirious with the pain, and for four hours the Indian driver had remained with him, not daring to leave him in such a critical condition.

After he had finished his story, Rob fell into a fevered sleep. Perhaps he knew that his chum was looking at him, perhaps it was his

wandering mind, anyway Jack heard him mutter: "Let me alone, will you; I'm not hurt. I'll get the ball there yet, for Zeta Phi, for old Atwater, yes," and with a twitch of his arm, "by d——, for dear old Jack's sake."

'LINWOOD.'

Paula.



HE name of Schneider was of that peculiar kind which "cut a figure" at picnics, birthday parties, christenings, etc.; yet, strange to say, which cut even a greater figure on the debit books of most of the shopkeepers of Methville. Carl Schneider, Sr., was a corpulent gentleman, rather bald and red of nose, who strutted about town with the most swaggering air. He was president of the "Harmonie Gesangverein," vice-president of the "Alpen Schutzen-korps," treasurer of the "Jahn Turner Bund," and held numerous other positions of distinction. He was, indeed, quite a man in German circles; but as to politics and his duties as an *American* citizen—Mr. Schneider did not trouble himself about them. He never voted. "Vat iss de use?" he would say. "De rulers of diss country are nothing but a bunch off Irish loffers und grafters; no decent man vill haf anyting to do mit dem. Besites, I am a Socialist." The ground of his socialism was no deeper to seek than the fact that he had been driven out of the Royal Bavarian Dragoons and found refuge in America. Here he set himself up as a staunch upholder of all that was German, his pet hobby being the "Methville Freie Deutsche Schule," a school, because there the old Teutonic language was supposed to be taught, but whose sole, tipsy instructor was able to impart nothing but a few drinking songs. The existence of the institution was merely an excuse for its numerous trustees to meet several times a month, and while engaged in discussing the various weighty matters concerning it, at the same time freely imbibe Rupert's or Ehret's lager beer. In such ways was the greater part of Schneider's time and money spent.

Poor Mrs. Schneider had a hard time to bring up her five children. Without paternal care the boys naturally turned out bad and brought disgrace on the German name. Only little Paula obeyed and profited by the teachings of her mother. She, alone of all the children, knew how to speak and sing in her parents' tongue.

A few blocks away from the Schneiders lived the family Schulze. Mr. William H. Schulze had emigrated from Germany, Americanized his Christian name Willibald, married a girl of native parentage, engaged in business and to the horror of his countrymen named his only son Coyle. Mr. Schulze was a firm believer in Emperor William's saying, "I know no German-Americans; I know only Germans *and* Americans." Therefore he kept aloof from "German circles," joined no societies, except a solid Republican club, and although he taught his son to be proud of his birth, nevertheless he brought him up in a conservative manner peculiar to many foreigners.

With the Schneiders the Schulzes had little intercourse and Coyle was forbidden to play with the Schneider boys. Yet little did the parents surmise that that often Coyle went home from public school with Paula and that they, first as children and then as youth and maiden, gave each other pledges of love.

But the day of parting came when Coyle was sent to Woodmere Polytechnic. Here his room and classmate was Andrew Campbell. The bond between them was drawn closer by the fact that they were in the same fraternity and held positions on the various Varsity teams. They paid visits to each others' houses, and it was on one of these occasions that Schulze came to know Florence, his chum's sister. He was startled when he first realized that the image of Paula was gradually fading from his mind. But as his affection for Florence grew more intense, even the memory of the other became almost extinguished.

Four years passed rapidly. The day of graduation came when Andrew Campbell and Coyle Schulze had finished their course and in a few months the latter was to be sent to the Panama Canal and to take Florence with him as his wife. The fates must intervene; so Schulze accompanied by his friend went to Methville to spend a couple of weeks there that he might see his parents and old home before parting for "strange and distant lands."

It was a hot July afternoon. The "Harmonie Gesangverein" was holding its annual "fest" in the Schweitzer Sommer Garten. Bands were playing, the carousel was sending forth its dizzy music, while farther off laughter and shouts mingled with the rustling of the leaves. Two athletic, well-dressed young men suddenly entered the place, whither the novelty of the scene had attracted them.

Tables laden with lunch boxes and beer bottles, women eagerly gossiping or spanking children, boys playing marbles or quarreling,

young people dancing on a sawdust-strewn floor and several hundred half drunken men standing about a bar which five waiters had a difficult time to properly attend to! Schulze and his friend quietly seated themselves at one of the few unoccupied tables, ordered sodas, lit cigarettes, and settled back to take in the scene. Especially conspicuous was the figure of a shabby, bald, red-nosed man hurrying from one group to another and after twenty minutes a crowd of about fifty men were gathered together. A lanky, longhaired, spectacled individual, baton in hand, mounted a box before them. A few minutes silence, a few words of command, and the "Harmonie Gesangverein" broke forth into one of its prize songs. Alas! out of the confused noise of tenor, bass and baritone voices only three words were distinguishable, even to a well trained German ear. They were "Freiheit," "Wein" and "Liebe." Half lit cigars dropped from the hands of the singers, their bodies began to sway hither and thither and finally the words of the song were lost in one great unmelodious roar.

"Come on, Coyle, no more of your 'Dutch' singing for me," the one gentleman presently said to the other. "Yes, I'll be with you. It is the curse of the German race—drink," replied the other. Slowly they wended their way out of the noisy throng, and began to walk up a shady lane. Schulze was silent. Memories of past days floated across his mind. He had seen Schneider. What had become of Paula? The walkers had now reached the outskirts of the town and were in a secluded residential part. Hark! what was that?—song divine or mortal?

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin."

Both men stopped short and listened. Schulze's imagination began to fever. He was on the banks of the Rhine, in the land of his forefathers, a beautiful maiden was beckoning to him—. Ever nearer came the voice of the singer and suddenly she herself appeared, dressed as a governess. Blonde hair, deep blue eyes. Coyle Schulze turned ghastly pale and for one moment stood stock still. One look, and he held her in his arms. All that Campbell heard was, "Coyle!" "Paula!"

ANTON FRANZ BLAUM, '09.

Alumni Notes.

'73. The Rev. Frederick H. T. Horsfield has resigned the rectorship of St. Stephen's Church, Goldsboro (diocese of East Carolina,) and has accepted that of St. Stephen's, Oxford, N. C.

'76. The Rev. P. McDonald Bleeker has resigned charge of the Raymertown and Boyntonville missions, and has accepted the position of assistant to the Rev. O. S. Newell in the work of the associated parishes centered at Mechanicville, N. Y.

'83. The Rev. C. Brassington Mee, rector of Trinity Church, Athens, N. Y., has been called to the rectorship of All Saint's Church, Shenandoah, Penn.

'86. The Rev. Arthur C. Clarke has entered upon his work as curate of St. Paul's Church, Burlington, Vt.

'93. The Rev. John T. Marley, rector of Trinity Church, Morgantown (West Virginia), has been obliged to resign by reason of continued ill health.

'94. The Rev. William H. Davis, of the Church of the Holy Nativity, Thornton, R. I., has accepted the rectorship of St. Alban's Church, Danielson, Conn., and has assumed charge.

'98. The Rev. W. B. Sams has resigned the charge of St. Andrew's Church, Greenville, S. C., and has accepted a call to the rectorship of Christ Church, Tyler, Tex. He will enter upon his new duties the first Sunday in May.

'00. The Rev. J. Robert Lacey has resigned the rectorship of St. James's Church, Oneonta, N. Y., and has accepted a call to St. Thomas's Church, Thomasville, Ga., assuming his new duties on Feb. the seventeenth.

'01. The Rev. George A. Griffiths, of Asheville, N. C., has accepted a curacy of Old St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Md., and entered upon his work the first of March.

'03. The Rev. Clinton Durant Drumm was ordained to the Priesthood, at All Saints Cathedral, Albany, on Tuesday in Easter week.

'05. M. Wilford Hicks has charge of All Saint's Mission Church, Wichita, Kansas.

College Notes.

E. J. Hopper, President of the missionary Society, has kept things moving in a business like way. The missionary litany and the study classes are taken care of in systematic manner. One of Hopper's new departures, too, is his lecture series. Every Monday evening one of the members of the society speaks on some mission work in which he has taken an active part. The lectures have been both entertaining and instructive, and a more lively interest in the society has been the outcome.

The "Kid" had just turned ten and eight,
Of nights he'd stay up rather late,
With a bunch of his pards,
With chips and with cards
And some "stuff" that they always took straight.

Logic!—"There are lots of 'circumstances' in the world."—"Don't be a 'circumstance.'"

There's a dignified Senior named Martin,
Who from some of us soon will be partin',
I know he's not glad,
And I'm sure he's not sad,
For he's "copped" every prize from the startin'.

On April eighteenth, Elmer McKee was initiated into the Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity.

Oh lords of the earth are "ought-seven."
They've a drag with all—even Heaven.
You see it's this way,
Seven's lucky they say,
Well here's luck good and plenty for "seven."

The German club will hold their regular Spring dance some time this month—probably on May the eighth.—Guess again.

Frank Simmonds's a Senior, you see.—
Please always remember the D—
In June "Sim" leaves college
With a good stock of knowledge,
A "sheep-skin," a hood—style A. B.

The baseball team defeated the "B. L. I." on Saturday, April 13.

The score was—but I'm not going to mention scores. Everybody had their eyes on the ball and rapped it hard. Jepson's control in the box was phenomenal and already he's enough strike-outs to his credit to gladden the heart of any pitcher.

Some fellows hold a young girl's hand
While others one that's old.
There's not many hands for which I care—
But three of a kind when it beats two pair
Is a hand I like to hold.

On Friday evening, March 9, the Alpha Chapter of the Eulexian fraternity gave what everyone considered the most successful ball of the year. The fraternity's colors—red and gold—were well adapted to the ideas of the decorators. Not a single spot of the ceiling could be seen and Preston Hall looked for all the world like the inside of a huge, gloriously be-striped, jewel-case. The lights, too, were all smothered under fluffy drapings of red and, then over everything that hazy softness that only red can produce. The music, the program, the refreshments, left nothing to be desired, and I know every one had a good time for the nine noisy 'rahs with a Eulexian, said "so as loudly" as me could.

Had I some magic power—
Alas I have it not!—
I'd change each hated zero
Into a bright ten-spot.

I don't suppose it matters much whether you remember everything about cotyledons, ploverogams or radicals. But Science II brought out this effusion:

"Pussy willows sleeping
Hear a tread so light
Put their heads out quickly,
What a funny sight.
Mother sunshine coaxes,
Days grow warm and clear,
Soon where each soft pussy stood
A small green leaf appears. "O."

On Thursday, May the second, John L. Blanchet was elected President of the Athletic Association for 1907-8; J. Frederick Virgin was elected Secretary-Treasurer.

Willie heard his name called—
How his heart did thrill—
When they handed him his letter,
'Twas nothing but a bill.

On Tuesday, May the seventh, at a meeting of the Convocation of undergraduates, John L. Blanchet, '08, was elected Marshal for the coming year. The MESSENGER Board was also elected as follows: J. Henry Oehlhoff, '09, Editor-in-Chief; Harold Linwood Bowen, '10, First Assistant; Stephen Gardner, '09, Second Assistant; Donald H. Craigie, '09, Business Manager, Malcolm D. P. Maynard '10, Assistant.

I wonder why she gave it,
That lemon bright and yellow,
John Gregson's such a modest youth,
And Mary'd like a fellow.

Exchanges.

The last number of *The Trinity Tablet*, which we received rather late, contained an unusual number of short stories. If that was all that could be said we would hardly make mention of the fact; but what is deserving of remark is that most of them were decidedly in advance of the stories which ordinarily appear in the college papers.

"In the Arbor," a story in the March number of *The Mount Holyoke*, is characterized by a simplicity of style and treatment of subject that always proves attractive.

An article entitled, "The Department of Literature—Harvard," appeared in a recent number of "*The Queen's University Journal*." It expresses the point of view of a Canadian university man and on that account it affords very interesting reading. For us it would be impossible to pass judgment on the correctness of its estimation of Harvard's department of literature.

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