

MESSENGER

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EASTER, 1909.

No. 3.

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The arrangement for the quarterly publication of the MESSENGER makes us appear, no doubt, somewhat tardy in noticing editorially the death of a late Warden of St. Stephen's, Thomas R. Harris, Doctor of Divinity; but at this earliest opportunity we hasten to express our sympathy for those who are bereaved in "the cutting off of his days," and our joy that such a life as his, so Christian and so manly, has been lived and that we—some of us, that is—have been so fortunate as to come close to it. To say nothing of his sterling qualities, his rugged manliness, his sympathetic gentleness,—if one could have known Dr. Harris in naught but his sermons that were a thing to keep green in one's memory; such unwavering faith, such virility, such outspoken truth, such forcefulness of expression, such absolute sincerity. Not the least important years of his life, spent well-nigh entirely in his Master's service, was the comparatively brief period from 1902 to 1907, as Warden of this College. And not only those


who knew him personally among the Alumni, and in the undergraduate body, but also all connected with the College, will treasure up the thought of those few years in which this faithful soldier of Christ labored so faithfully, the head as well as, in the noblest sense, the servant of the great cause of Christian education here at St. Stephen's.

We would think in a small College such as this is, and in one that can necessarily offer so little which a university or a large college located in a great city can, in the way of intellectual influences outside required work, that the course of lectures given during the winter under the auspices of a local club would be patronized by practically the entire student body. Aside from its many advantages, one really serious objection to a small college seems to us to consist in the fact that the student's intercourse is confined to such a limited number, both of professors in his classes and of fellow-students in his every day life; and the student at the small college must guard against his being turned out a common type, moulded entirely by the few he comes daily in contact with. He must be zealous to hear opinions and to come into personal touch with men, other than with the opinions and companions to which he is daily accustomed. On these grounds such a course of lectures is amply justified; and it behooves every student who is at all responsible, who is awake to the fact that his intellect cannot remain stagnant—that it must daily either progress or retrogress,—to take advantage of an opportunity which may not present itself again. Apart from the benefit accruing to the students individually, each man ought to take cognizance of the fact that even here he may not live entirely unto himself; he is a member of an organized society, and as such ought to take a healthy interest in any movement that has that society's advancement at heart. Therefore if a student cannot appreciate a lecture which the ordinary college man would not only appreciate but thoroughly enjoy, a sense of the fitness of things—for example, that it is not going to redound to the credit of the College for a scholar to come from some distance to speak to empty chairs—ought to demand his presence at the lecture; and more especially when the speaker offers his services free of charge. But perhaps we have said too much. For this year at least the course of lectures is over; and your attitude may have helped or hindered a like plan

for next year. We do not mean to find fault, we only wish to point out a matter to which some evidently have not given serious consideration.

We have endeavored to give this number of the MESSENGER enough of a Springtime atmosphere to justify our calling it an Easter number; and by means of it to wish a most happy Eastertide to all our friends.

Evensong.

T was at eventide I heard her sing—
Some faint, far-haunting rapture of a song!
And O, the echoes of those tones that ring
Still in my ears, and all the years prolong!

And as she sang there filled her simple home
Inrushing floods of golden harmony,
And all my soul, set free, outburst to roam
The soaring palace of her melody!

Her wavy, sun-kissed hair fell floating back,
Her face radiant with her sympathy,—
Without, the night stole onward, star-pierced black,
Within, music and soul in symphony.

Ah! would to God that I might roam once more
The haunting palace of her melody,
And feel her very soul enraptured pour
In Heav'n-sent floods of rapturous ecstasy.

M.

Witching splendour into light,
Sounds melodiously bright
Mingling with the blossom air—
Springtime, springtime everywhere!

F.

The Detective Detects.



AIR-WEEK was over for Lexington. Early as it was, most of the tents were already down, lying in great sprawling white blots on the green of the fair grounds, preliminary to their bundling-up and carting away; and the sheds were fast being emptied of their lowing, bleating, whinnying occupants. More than one farmer had set out with his sheep or his cows on the homeward way, proud and happy in the possession of his "premium," a heavily-printed card of red or blue, according as it read "first" or "second"—a prize dearer to him, even apart from its cash value, than all the laurels of the ancient Stadium, if somewhat more easily won.

It was a busy scene of destructive energy, of demolishing and tearing down; but it was all lost on the lanky fourteen-year old youth, astride the fence at the edge of the grounds. So deep was he in the thrilling pages of "Dick Deadeye, the Boy Detective," that only an earthquake, or Judgment Day, or something equally upsetting and out-of-the-way could have brought him back to earth before the last word was reached,

With a sigh, he let the book fall to the ground. Hands in his pockets, he kicked his heels against the loose bottom board in the fence and wished—wished—oh, all sorts of things. One thing he knew—give him Dick Deadeye's chance and wouldn't he show 'em all a thing or two! Some day he'd join the police force, and show em' the real thing in the detective line—he'd make everyone of those ordinary tin-horners look sick, he would!

A whistle and a shrill "Hey there, sonny!" broke short his pleasant line of thought.

"D'ye want a job?"

The speaker was a youngish-looking man, with a pleasant face enough—except for a queer scar over his left eye, which set the boy's mind wondering. But he answered, still swinging his heels:

"Don' know. What's it worth?"

"Help me and Ike, there, get our cattle home—just the other side of Newville—and I'll give ye—a *dollar*."

It sounded even bigger in the boy's ears than it had on the lips of the man. And Newville was only nine miles from Lexington—he'd be home for supper, on the trolley—what a cinch!

"All right!" he agreed. "I'm your man!"

He jumped down with alacrity. Picking up the tattered "Dick Deadeye" he shoved it in the bosom of his blouse, then followed his new employer and "Ike," a big dark-faced man of the farm-hand type, over to the cattle-sheds.

Without further ado the men sorted out about a dozen cows and the three were soon on the march, through the village streets and out upon the dusty high-road. For a time the boy was busy enough. Obstinate, spiteful, unreasoning creatures, were those cattle—what delight they took in wandering off into the wheat fields, or ambling through a plot where the fragrant mint was just coming to maturity—or worse yet, bolting off down a cross-road here and there—and how mean it was of those two men, he thought, to laugh so at his efforts to get some obstinate straggler back to the leisurely jogging drove! They seemed to the boy to be shouldering all the *hard* work on him, and he did not like it.

Hotter and hotter grew the day. The sun blazed down as if trying his hardest to make up for the coming winter; and the dust spurted up thick and choking under the steady "pad, pad!" of the cattle's hoofs. The boy was sick of the job. Newville and the promised dollar still seemed so hopelessly in the distance; and at home was waiting the "sequel," the further adventures of the Boy Detective! If only he'd brought it with him he'd have had it to read during the noon-rest—but it was too late to wish.

Noon came at last. The younger man called a halt; the cows were turned into a vacant pasture-lot to graze, and the three dropped down in the shade of an apple-orchard, which supplied some slight variety to the lunch of thick bread and butter and meat sandwiches that Ike dealt out from a greasy card-board box. Their repast ended, the two men stretched out on the soft, cool grass and dozed comfortably off; but the boy was too excited to follow their example.

He knew now what that scar reminded him of!

Pulling out his "Dick Deadeye," with nervous haste he thumbed its cheap, torn pages; there it was, near the beginning—the description of Reddy the Outlaw! Carefully he studied it, then as carefully scrutinized the countenance of the snoring young farmer. What a coincidence—or was it more? The scar over his left eye must be exactly like the one Reddy had received so early in his career, when he tried, in disguise, to kidnap the youthful Deadeye—Reddy, the desperate, manslaying horse-thief.

A shiver crept over the boy. What was he up against, anyhow? he asked himself.

His next thought reassured him. What a crazy notion! "Reddy" was way out in Arizona, at last accounts, with a price on his head—and of course Dick Deadeye must have caught him, in the sequel. If *only* he had brought that sequel with him, though—it would be nice to be *sure*.

* * * * *

An hour later found them again on the dusty road. The boy was nervous now, and alert; the men, on the other hand, seemed to be growing lazier every minute.

The road led past a little old ruin of a house, long since abandoned to the elements. The man with the scar walked up to a broken window and peered in; an idea seemed to strike him.

"Ike!" he called, "Tell the kid to mind the cows—let 'em rest a bit."

Ike joined him. They spoke in low tones for a minute, then Ike kicked the door open and the two entered.

A little later the boy, excited, scared, his heart pounding in his ears, crept up to a window and looked in. Ah! His worst fears were confirmed—there sat the two men at a rough board table, the scarred one dealing from a greasy deck, while Ike was in the very act of tilting back a flat black bottle from which something gurgled down his throat.

It was too much for our hero, whose acquaintance with such utter depravity was limited to the pages of his favorite nickel weeklies. He watched in awe struck horror. And then they began to talk. He caught only a phrase here and there—phrases ordinary and commonplace enough, to you and me, but to the budding detective genius of the boy fraught with an ominous meaning—phrases such as "that last job of ours—we'll sell them all right!"

"They stole those cows!" he whispered to himself.

Yes, without a doubt, he was in the hands of cattle-thieves—desperate, blood-thirsty men, most likely. At the thought his tanned face blanched.

"I'd—I'd better get help," he decided.

Five minutes later found him a good half-mile nearer Neville. He would not have stopped even then if he had not seen some human beings.

An old farmer, his wife and two sons were turning hay in a field. To these our would-be detective, panting, breathless, poured forth his story.

"Two cattle-thieves, ye say, in that old house 'round the bend; waal, I reckon 'taint none of our business, boys." It was the woman who spoke.

The men also looked dubious. Finally the farmer spat and said:

"Ye might run on a piece, to Jim Haskin's; he's counstable, and he'll run 'em in for ye. We're strangers around here,—just moved in," he added, apologetically.

The boy's face dropped; he turned and started back to the road. What a bunch of cowards they were, anyway.

"Gee, pa," ejaculated one of the farmer's sons, excitedly. "I'll bet it's two of the horse-thieves the paper had a piece about week before last! There's a reward out for the whole gang—twenty-five dollars apiece."

The woman's shrewdness grasped the situation—some part at least of that fifty dollars should come to *them!* She called the boy back.

"Pa and the boys'll help ye out," she said; then to the others, "Ye'd better go with the kid. Keep 'em there and I'll hitch up and get Jim Haskins myself." And as usual the woman carried the day.

Ten minutes later found the men, armed to the teeth, with a shotgun, two rusty pistols and a scythe between them, cautiously approaching the hut. The boy was close behind them.

All was silence; the cows were grazing, placid and calm as only cows can be.

"Don't get too clost," the farmer whispered to his sons. "They're liable to plug ye if they see ye fust!"

The warning was not needed—no one could possibly have displayed more caution than did the two youths, unless it were the young detective himself. The latter had taken his stand behind a large tree, an interested watcher of the proceedings, his own part nobly accomplished.

The suspense was snapped short by the whizzing past of a huge red automobile, leaving in its wake a cloud of gasolene-reeking dust and a herd of startled cattle, three of which promptly stampeded down the road.

Ike's tall figure appeared at the door.

"Where in blazes is that kid! He's gone back on us, Jack, the little"——

The voice sounded mad clear through.

"Hands up!" came bravely enough from the old farmer, who saw now that he was dealing with a man unarmed. The leveled shotgun looked like business.

"The deuce yuh say!" Ike's figure had vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, and the words came from behind the wall: "What's bitin' yuh? What d'yuh mean by threatening an innocent farmer with a weapon like that?"

"Innocent farmer be hanged!" returned the valiant wielder of the shot-gun. "Ye two come out and give yourselves up and it'll be the better for ye in the end. Keep a bead on that door, boys!" he added, loudly, to his sons.

The younger man—he of the scar—joined in the wordy battle.

"You danged old fool, come off with that bluff or I'll have the law on ye! What do you take us for—that's what I'd like to know—hey?"

"The pair of rascally, low-down horse-thieves that ye are!"

"Then you're blamed mistaken! My name's Jack Bishop—never heard o' Tom Bishop, 'tother side o' Newville? That's my pa—Ike here's his hired hand. And dog gone it, you let us out o' here before those cows are lost or by——"

The shrill voice broke in impotent rage.

Down the road came a noise like a dozen Fourth-o'July's; in a few seconds the dusty, smelly cloud had resolved itself into a man and a motor-cycle. Leaning the motor against a tree, Constable Haskins stood forth in all his glory—the great silver star shining conspicuously on his breast. The wide eyes of our young detective bulged with envy and admiration, and their owner stepped from behind the tree, the better to watch operations.

The Counstable clinked the two pairs of handcuffs—"bracelets," as the boy had learned to call them. His deep voice fairly bellowed the challenge:

"Now, whar be those cattle-thieves?"

And the answer came in wonderfully relieved tones from within the house:

"Jim Haskins, get us out of this, will yuh? By gad, I'm glad you're here!"

* * * * *

A strange, bright light came to the boy, and he stayed not on the order of his going. "Gee," he panted to himself, some half-mile down the road, "I wonder—what—they'd have done—to me if I hadn't beat it—when I did!"

The dollar was quite forgotten, and for the moment even the "sequel."

S.

The Prophets.



HERE comes a pang in deepest happiness,

Elusive, evanescent as the dawn;

A while it lingers, deep as life itself—

A moment—then is vanished and gone,

And shall we say that in such instants brief,

The Master hath not let the Veil be drawn?

E'en in the midst of Life we are in Death,

Our happiness but scarce removed from grief;

And wondrous narrow is the stream that flows,

And oh, the reign of Time, how wondrous brief!—

Betwixt this world of things we touch, and see,

And that eternal world of our Belief.

Yet rarely do we seek to raise the Veil,—

Fonder by far are we of the dim light,

And fleeting forms and fancies and desires

That on this side enthrall our feeble sight;

Dearer by far the vague, obscuring mists

That cloak our worldly hearts—we love the Night!

Nor pray we to the Master of it all

For light to guide us on the unknown way—

Nay, only that our goods may multiply,

Our stores increase—come then, we laugh, what may!

And so we slink on blindly in the night,

Nor bear to know the brightness of the Day.

'Twas always so—in ancient Israel

They stoned the prophets sent to tell the Day;

And, but for seeking truth, old Socrates

His life the bitter penalty must pay.

We are less crude—with jibes and cruel neglect,

Not stones and hemlock, we our prophets slay.

The prophets die, but men forget them not;

And as the ages lapse, we hear their voice—

Now faint, now louder—now insistent, clear,

Bidding our weary, doubting hearts rejoice;

And, though the task be thankless, aye, and drear,

We dare to number things unseen our choice. T.

“The Last of the Prussians.”

IT was the hour of twilight. Silently, steadily the snow fell in big, fleecy flakes. In the sombre stillness of the forest not a sound was perceptible except at odd intervals the distant howl of a wolf or the weird crow of a gerfalcon. Among the half indistinct birch and linden trees Muechow was wearily trudging his way, preceded by a gaunt stag-hound. He was wrapt in thoughts which, though sad, were befitting one who was rightly called by friend and foe “the last of the Prussians.” He was thinking of the evils wrought by that strange device which gave sanction to the destruction of his family and countrymen by the cruel Knights of the Sword and of Christ and their recently affiliated brethren—the black and white clad warriors of Palestine. For not only had he been robbed of parents, lands and other earthly possessions, but the loved one of his boyhood days, the fair Gardelin, had been converted by the foreign priests, and forgetful of his early, ardent devotion, returned the affections of a young knight, Gottfried von Hoheburg, who, though not a member of the Teutonic Order, had nevertheless chosen to come from remote Suabia to follow its fortunes. Indeed, he, the descendant of a long line of native chiefs, aboriginal possessors of the soil, had met with all these misfortunes. But acknowledge defeat he would not, and so he became the leader of one of those small bands of pagans who roved from one region to another maintaining an unequal struggle with the superior invaders. Even now he was bound to the hiding-place of his followers, having reconnoitered the camp of a small band of knights who were evidently tracking him and whom he intended to surprise this very night. Perhaps his gods might not grant him success in the battle and then—he shuddered at the thought—he would breathe no more the fresh breeze of the Baltic, handle no more the glistening amber of its shores, hunt no more for the slow bustard and sly lynx in the deep forests and marshes, worship no longer in the sacred groves the deities of his ancestors. His meditations were suddenly interrupted by a low, joyful yelp of the hound, and looking up he saw a faint, reddish color ahead and knew he was within a short distance of his destination. He quickened his pace and soon arrived at a little ravine hidden from view by tall trees which grew all around its rim.

Several large huts had been built in a circle. In the middle was a

large, roaring fire. Muechow's advent was signalized by the furious barking of dogs answering that of his own. Eighty or ninety figures clothed in pelts, which were soon whitened by the snow, presently gathered around the fire. A small portion were old men with venerable beards, others mere striplings, but the majority were in the prime of life. All were stalwart, blue eyed, and their faces lit by the fire showed a mixture of fierceness, daring, and respect for the approaching chieftain.

He proceeded to one of the elders, the high priest, and held a few moments' earnest conversation with him. This was followed by an intense silence. It seemed as if the falling of the snow could even be heard. Then the high priest stepped forth to an elevated position and thus began: “Kinsmen, warriors! We who are assembled here this wintry night are one of the last faithful remnants of the mighty race that once was the proud owner of this land. Ever were our ancestors warlike, but never did they encroach on another's territory for purposes of robbery. Only to protect their fields, their hearths, their shrines did they ever form an armed expedition. They worshipped their own gods without interfering with the worships of other tribes. Cruel and bloody these gods may have seemed to strangers, but was it aught to them? They were their strength, their hope. But alas! the glory of our race has departed. We, their children and children's children, are subject to another race more powerful than we, who have robbed us not only of the patrimonies our fathers willed us but would make us subject to their servile monks and force us to worship their Man-God. Thousands upon thousands of our race have been murdered for refusing to submit themselves to this indignity and as many have submitted through fear of persecution, maltreatment—death, until we are practically the last to remain true to the lords of Rogus and Peckla. And shall we too surrender? Nay. May Perkunas, god of thunder and fire, rather strike us down on this spot and Pycollos, god of the dead, lead us into his silent realm. We must struggle as long as a foot can tread the earth, as long as an arm can wield the lance and javelin. In a short while we shall attack a company of those accursed knights who have come from Thorn, where they have shattered our sacred oak which witnessed the changes of numberless moons. They will not expect us; victory is therefore certain. And now I bless our leader, yonder youth, descendant of many chiefs, who has suffered so much for our cause and by his bravery and ability has fitted himself to this position

—Muechow, 'the last of the Prussians.' Strike deep that Potrympus may drink the blood of many victims!"

As the speech of the high priest gradually increased in fervor and passion the warriors became restless, and as he finished they involuntarily raised a mighty shout and began clanging their weapons against their shields and demanded a word from Muechow.

He had just stepped to the place vacated by the priest and was about to speak when there was a whirring sound, a cry of pain as something struck him under the shoulder and remained transfixed there. It was an arrow. More arrows, words of command, stamping of hoofs, champing of bits, unsheathing of heavy swords. A surprise by the enemy whom they had hoped to surprise! Most surely the knights had discovered Muechow's footsteps in the snow and trailed him to this ravine. For a few moments all was confusion, which was increased by the rise of a powerful wind which blinded the combatants of both sides. Cries of "For Perkunas and Pycollos" in Slavic were mingled with those of "For Christ and the Order" in German. Muechow had calmly pulled the arrow out of his body and was now in the thickest of the melee, encouraging, urging, beseeching. Here a knight on horseback, at a disadvantage in the rocks and brushwood, was struggling with three or four heathen at once; there a Prussian hamstringing a charger, yonder two enemies were engaged in the last embrace of a death struggle. Finally fierceness and knowledge of the *terrain* carried the night. Most of the men-at-arms were slain and those who were wounded were dispatched by their comrades to save them from becoming living sacrifices. However, a few knights escaped in the storm.

Right in the ghastly flame of the fire where the struggle had been fiercest lay immovable a handsome, blond haired youth with a subdued expression of pain on his face. It was Gottfried von Hoheburg, he who in his free-lance manner had chosen to follow the fortunes of the Teutonic Brotherhood. He had fallen with his horse when it was hamstringed and had broken an ankle.

Wearily leaning on his blood-dripping sword Muechow stood gazing into the features of his rival. He knew he had the power of life and death over him. Should he slay him, the thief of his former bride? Why not? No; a better plan would be to sacrifice him to Potrympus. And as if his thoughts had been anticipated, two strong fellows at the command of the high priest approached to take the prisoner to the hidden altar. They were just about to lift the body when there

flashed through the mind of Muechow the memory of a far-off summer's afternoon. He was engaged in mortal combat with two Germans whom he had unexpectedly come upon while hunting and was becoming fast exhausted when this same Gottfried arrived on the scene and taking his part soon brought his fellow believers to terms. This deed had caused a friendship to spring up between the young Christian and the pagan which had remained unbroken until the conversion of Gardelin.

Should he not repay that act of kindness by a similar one? Holding his weapon over the body he shouted, "Halt! Not a hand shall harm him. Mercy have I none for the enemies of our race, but the life of this one I would spare, if it were necessary, at the cost of my own blood!"

The men shrank back and reported their failure to the high priest. Violent gesticulations, low murmurs and angry looks in his direction followed. He understood that the pent-up anger of his followers and the recent victory wished to express themselves in an act of savage ferocity—the immolation of a living human victim. He knew his Prussians only too well! But what could he, himself wounded, do to protect this wounded man and bring him to a place of safety? His plans were quickly made. The band at all events would have immediately to leave this retreat for another one, for the escaped knights would undoubtedly report their presence here to the preceptory at Thorn. At all events there would be no time left now for the long ceremony of sacrifice. He would promise the high priest to deliver Gottfried when they should arrive at the next covert. Their march to this covert would bring them to a certain point within a few miles of Thorn. He would take his chances of escaping unobserved and take Gottfried to the knights' castle at Thorn, pretending to be a convert; and as soon as he saw him in safe keeping, return to his kinsmen. They would probably by that time have gotten over their passion and forgive his act. Besides, the high priest, he well knew, had very little power without his co-operation.

Muechow suited actions to his thoughts. He communicated his false intention of surrendering von Hoheburg to the high priest, and that fanatic received it joyfully. The band was soon tramping forward. Gottfried had been bound to one of the captured horses, which Muechow himself was leading. The latter wisely closed up the very rear of the procession, allowing the others to precede, on the pretence that they were better versed in woodcraft. The storm

was still raging, and he was beginning to feel severe pain from his own wound, which he had only considered a mere scratch and not serious. Finally a little frozen brook was reached. This was the point nearest Thorn. Already the group before was turning to the north. A whistle to his hound, a clenching of his teeth, a prayer to his tutelar divinity, and he turned the horse's head southward. A strange feeling came over him, a feeling of fear, such as he had never experienced before even when in battle against overwhelming odds; the fear of indecision, of being false to one's sworn companions and yet true to one's self.

Onward, onward he jogged, the snow cutting his face. O, would this martyrdom never cease? Would the way never end? This anxiety, this care for one who, though he had once been a friend, was an enemy of Prussia, a hated Christian oppressor! At last the storm calmed, the snowing abated, and in the gray dawn could be seen the outlines of the fortress over which floated the banner of the cross. He scarcely seemed to feel any pain now in his eagerness, and lustily answered the warder on the bastion. Several knights came to receive him as the drawbridge closed upon him. But hardly had he entered the spacious court-yard and explained in a few hurried words the events of the night, when his magnificent strength, which his will-power had sustained, collapsed; he staggered, fainted and fell. A number of Heimliche immediately carried him to the hospital, and monks skilled in surgery set to work upon him. But the wound was fatal. The point of the arrow had been treacherously dipped in a slow-acting poison which was beginning to reach his heart, and his day-dreaming of yesterday would become only too true; he would soon enjoy life on this earth no more.

But whereas he was sure of death, the recovery of Gottfried was certain. The knights, though in a way as superstitious and narrow-minded as the Slavs whom they conquered, could not help but admire the marvellous, unselfish act of bravery which Muechow had accomplished. They attended him with all the kindness of which their knightly natures were capable. The final hour came. He wished all happiness to Gottfried in his coming marriage with Gardelin, begged that his followers might be allowed to proceed to Lithuania without harm, and that he might be buried under a certain oak tree which had formed one of a grove once sacred to Perkunas, on the site of which the preceptory had been built. In vain the monks told him of the glories of Christendom, which might so easily be obtained by

baptism. But he remained firm to the very end and died in the edifice dedicated to Christ, in the faith of his fathers.

One balmy afternoon, several months later—on such an afternoon as Muechow, if he were still alive, would have thanked Curko, god of spring, for having driven away the cruel winter with its bleak winds and ice and snow and brought back again the soft warm breezes the green grass and leaves and the many colored blooming flowers—the convalescent Gottfried von Hoheburg was seated with Gardelin under a giant oak in the park of his estate in Suabia. The tree naturally brought up associations of Muechow, and the conversation turned upon him, the maker of their happiness. Gardelin had just finished deploring the fact that such a hero should have died a pagan when Gottfried, gently holding her hand, solemnly said, "Dearest, let us not consider that a misfortune; for do not our priests tell us that our God is one of love, and that He hath said, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends?'"

ANTON FRANZ BLAUM.

From March to May.



LOW—blow! while the skies are blue,
And the show'ring April a space away;
Blow on the year, with its Winter through,
Into the depths of the blossom'd May.

Blow—blow! while the gray clouds chase
'Cross skies once filled with the driving snow;
Blow in the sprites who in April's trace
Make a Paradise garden of Earth below!

Alumni Notes.

'69. The Rev. Frederick S. Sill completed the twenty-fifth year of his rectorship of St. John's church, Cohoes, N. Y. (diocese of Albany), on Quinquagesima Sunday. By his own request there was no public celebration of the anniversary, but some of the societies and a number of the older parishioners sent him tokens of remembrance and affection, among the gifts being a purse of gold coins.

'73. The Rev. William M. Jeffries, D.D., after several months spent abroad, is again in West Virginia, of which he is a canonical resident. He will hold parochial missions in several parishes and mission stations of the diocese before Easter.

'72. The Rev. F. P. Davenport, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Western Theological Seminary, died on the morning of February 10, at his home in Chicago.

'79. The Rev. James P. Faucon, who for the past seventeen years has been assistant minister at Christ church, Hartford, Conn., will become first assistant at St. Mark's church, New York on April 1.

'86. The Rev. Charles Martin Niles, D.D., has been appointed Archdeacon of Western Florida by Bishop Weed. The work includes the navy yard and army post at Fort Barrancas, with two churches in Pensacola.

'88. The Rev. Frederick W. Norris, rector of the Church of St. Matthew, Brooklyn, N. Y., has declined his election to the rectorship of Christ church, Ridgewood, N. J.

'92. The Rev. David C. Wright, rector of Grace church, Paducah, Ky., has declined the call to St. Paul's church, Chattanooga, Tenn.

'92. The Rev. F. St. George McLean, after a rectorship of twelve years, has resigned the charge of Trinity church, Albany, N. Y., and accepted the call to St. Andrew's church, Jacksonville, Fla.

'92. The Rev. Alevander H. Grant, of Zion church, Fulton, N. Y., has accepted the rectorship of St. John's church, Richfield Springs, diocese of Albany.

'98. The Rev. Frank J. Knapp, curate of St. Peter's church, Albany, N. Y., has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. John's church, Auburn, central New York, and began his work January 1.

'99. The Rev. Angus Mackay Porter has resigned the rectorship of Trinity church, Red-Land, Cal., to accept the curacy of St. Peter's church, Albany, N. Y.

'02. The Rev. William Burrows, rector of St. James church, Fair Haven, Conn., has accepted a call to the rectorship of Trinity church, Bloomington, Ind.

'03. The Rev. Clinton D. Drumm has resigned the curacy of St. John's church, Wilmington, Del., and is now rector of Trinity church, Fishkill, N. Y.

'04. The Rev. E. C. Tuthill has become a member of the clerical staff of Trinity church, Boston.

'05. The Rev. Wallace Fawcett Thompson has resigned the charge of St. Paul's mission, Schenectady, N. Y., where he has served during the first seven months of his deaconate, and has accepted a unanimous call from the vestry of Holy Cross church, Fort Plain, N. Y., which he will serve in conjunction with the Church of the Good Shepherd, Canajoharie. He begins his work there on March 7, and will become the rector on his ordination to the priesthood.

Sp. The Rev. H. C. Plum, of Minneapolis, Kan., has accepted the rectorship of S. Luke's church, Mechanicville, diocese of Albany.

Sp. The Rev. Francis V. Moore, of Ashland, Ky., has assumed the rectorship of Holston parish, Abingdon, Va.

Sp. The Rev. Edward I. Burlingham, associated with St. George's church, Brooklyn, has accepted the rectorship of Christ church, West Islip, L. I.

Sp. The Rev. Arthur E. Gorter has been appointed to succeed the Rev. Christopher P. Sparling at St. John's church and St. George's Mission, Louisville, Ky.

College Notes.

The series of lectures arranged by the Dragon Club has been even better than was expected, although the patronage on the part of the student body has been somewhat small. Four new lectures were arranged for, in addition to those published in the December number of the MESSENGER:

Feb. 27. Mexico and Her President. Mr. Nelson P. Lewis.

Mar. 6. An Evening with Browning. Mrs. Fredric W. Norris.

Mar. 20. Assisi and its Saint. Rev. James Sheerin.

Mar. 27. Selections from Kipling's Poetry. Mr. Benjamin Lee Wilson.

The Freshman ball was certainly everything that could be desired. Even Nature herself smiled upon our somewhat green brethren (who, by the way, are not at all green in the art of entertaining), for the February weather was changed into such warm and balmy days (albeit rather muddy underfoot) as would have done honor, almost, to April. Having described so many balls and hops since our connection with this periodical, we find that adjectives fail to set forth, with all justice to it, this latest and best event of St. Stephen's "social life." Of course we could go into raptures (as the girls say) over the fair maids and matrons who brightened the old ballroom refectory with their presence; over the dancing, the music and the decorations, which were harmonious tributes to the great American on whose birthday the dance took place and to the patron saint of sweethearts whose festival was two days away; and most of all over young 1912, the members of which proved themselves such excellent hosts. But to say any more would be superfluous. Here's hoping the class may continue as successfully as it has begun, and here's nine good "Rahs!" for its members one and all!

On December 11 the Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity initiated Hale, '09, Rhea, Richards, Glaeser and Parnell. The following alumni were present: Quinn, Newkirk, S. B. Rathbun, E. L. Smith, Pyle, McCoy, Mills, Corton, Judd, Western, W. Clarke, Gibson and Spettigue. After the initiation the fraternity celebrated its fortieth anniversary with a banquet in Ludlow and Willink Hall.

There was a young person named Nath'n
Who in Winter didn't want to go bath'n'
But the ice was so thin
That the person fell in,
But escaped by a mighty close shav'n'.

On Friday evening, March 12, New York Sigma Phi of S. A. E. celebrated the fifty-third year of the fraternity by initiating Messrs. Day, Jennings, Mullen and Rice. A banquet in 6 Potter followed the initiation.

The list of Lenten preachers is as follows:

- Mar. 3. The Rev. F. S. Sill, D.D., Cohoes, N. Y.
- Mar. 10. The Rev. G. H. Toop, Matteawan, N. Y.
- Mar. 17. Archdeacon Burch, Richmond, Staten Island.
- Mar. 24. The Rev. O. F. R. Treder, Easthampton, L. I.
- Mar. 31. Archdeacon Thomas, Highland Falls, N. Y.

On Friday, March 5, Thomas Shoesmith, '12, was initiated into the Eulexian fraternity. A sleighride to Rhinebeck and a supper there followed the initiation.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
Most skaters stayed upon their feet,
But one sat on the ground!

Talk about Mr. Winkle!—Well, at any rate, it isn't often a whole college goes on a skate like we had the pleasure of doing the day the campus froze over.

The members of the Logic class had just been told that to ascertain the truth of any statement, they must have a face-to-face converse with its author, provided he be a living man.

"In the case of a dead writer it is different," continued the professor. "Take Cæsar and his 'Gallic War,' for instance. It would be necessary to find out, first what sort of a man Cæsar was—"

All right so far! but the sophs are still wondering how they're going to reach him when they do find out.

Teacher: Now, Johnny, what was Washington's farewell address?
Johnny: Heaven.—*Ex.*

Athletics.

The basket ball team has completed its schedule, winning but one game and losing six. Two games had to be cancelled because of inability to secure a floor on the nights for which they were scheduled, and two others had to be refused because of conflicting dates. From the showing made by the team in their several games, it is safe to state that had there been better facilities for the team's practising, the results of most of the games would have been far different; for the team developed excellent pass work, the chief weakness being in basket shooting.

To say that our season has been a success, from the results of the games played, may seem a strange assertion; but from other view points it has been a great success. In the first place, it showed very decidedly that a winning basket ball team can be turned out here at

college; it showed the great interest of the student body in this sport; and it has left an inspiration with the student body to produce a better team for another year. Of the members of this season's team Craigie is lost by graduation, but Jepson, Allen, who has been elected next year's captain, Boak, Day, Jennings and Neighbour will probably be in college another year. There is also a good bit of material among the scrubs, who were very faithful in their work throughout the season and to whom a great deal of praise is due for their willingness in practice games. Manager Allen is to be congratulated on his schedule which showed much hard work in arranging the games.

C.

Exchanges.

We acknowledge with due thanks the receipt of the following: *The Campus*, U. of R.; *Cadet Days*, St. John's, Wis.; *The Argus*, Harrisburg H. S.; the Normal College *Echo*; the Curtis High School *Monthly*; and the *Clarion*, of Catskill High School.

Teacher (in Sunday School): "Give a text from the Bible, Johnny."

Johnny: "And Judas went and hanged himself."

Teacher: "That is hardly a good one; give another."

Johnny: "Go thou and do likewise."—*Ex.*

Lady of the house: "Nora, do you really mean to say that you never saw a finger-bowl before?"

Nora: "No, marm; in my last place they generally washed their hands before they came to the table."—*Ex.*

Teacher; "What poet of ancient times have we been studying about?"

Pupil: "Homer."

Teacher: "What were his chief works?"

Pupil: "The Oddity and the Idiot."—*Ex.*

Irate wife (to collector): "Don't be insolent, sir; I'll tell my husband, and he'll kick you all over the town."

Collector (confidently): "Oh, I guess not; my name's Bill, mam, and he never footed one in his life if he could help it."—*Ex.*