

MESSENGER

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Saint Stephen's Messenger.

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JUNE, 1909.

No. 4.

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Even to one who gives the situation in the student body at St. Stephen's but superficial thought, the improved conditions which tend to do away with a certain false form of fraternity spirit and of inter-fraternity rivalry, cannot but be apparent. However good the fraternity may be—and every fraternity man must acknowledge that its good is of the highest order—no one will, we think, deny that a wrong emphasis may be placed upon a false conception of it and serious consequences result therefrom. Life at a small college is, as we have had occasion to say before, hampering; a man's capabilities have comparatively so little range that it is very easy for him to fall into a rut and remain there. Still more hampering is it if he finds his horizon narrowed by a wrong view of fraternity life. In St. Stephen's a man who is distinctively a this or that fraternity man is apt to be trebly hampered. In fact, men do come to college it seems, in spite of what may be said to the contrary, at a more or less

“mouldable” and “steerable” period of their lives, and it is the fraternity’s part to assist the College in bringing out the man into a broader and fuller appreciation of life, instead of confining him to a narrow, meagre, one-type view of it. The student must first of all be a college man, then a fraternity man; that is his only salvation.

Now for what purposes are fraternities—at this institution especially? Are they for the purpose of providing a means by which men of certain interests, certain temperaments, perchance those merely thrown together well nigh by luck, may associate continually with one another, and grow narrower, more confined, every day? Are they for the purpose of serving as “parties” in college politics, and of causing strife among those who should be united in one common purpose? In the first place this is an age of concentration; everyone is banded in some way or another with someone else—it may be in the larger relationship of society or in a smaller one for purposes of private business, for education, for all the varied activities of this great, present, intensely practical world—to work the weal or woe of the community in which it has pleased God to place him. The individual cannot live unto himself, nor, indeed, can the fraternity which here holds the same relation to the student body as does the individual to society. The fraternity does not exist for itself, nor for its members except as they are individuals who go to make up the larger body of students; but it does exist, and that in the largest sense possible, for the College. The student body, like society, is divided into various organizations in which its life in large measure consists and without which efficient work is liable to be crippled. Such organizations can strive for but two ends, “weal or woe.” If they are not doing good, harm is the only alternative left them.

The fraternities in St. Stephen’s are doing good, but are they doing it to their fullest capacity? Surely much more good can be done when we have fully eradicated all the foolish rivalry and false pride, which indeed for some time past have given signs of their gradual disappearing. We do not mean to “preach,” nor to appear pessimistic; we are merely giving our view of a question which means much to all of us, and of which we all recognize the timeliness. Granted the fact that any one of us is here at College, he becomes of integral importance to the rest of his fellow students, and they to him. No man can come daily in contact with his fellows without influencing and being influenced in turn. We are all striving for a

common end; we are all bound together we hope,—and we do not give much for the man here who is not—by love for our Alma Mater. If there must be rivalry, let it be in seeing who can do the most for St. Stephen’s, who can be instrumental in bringing the most men to the institution, who foremost in advertising her advantages, who the victor on the athletic field, who the most consistent in his studies, and above all who can most fully endeavor to realize both himself and the utmost bounds of his capabilities, and go forth on his Commencement day a loyal son of Saint Stephen’s to do his own appointed part in the world of men.

With the approaching end of another year of College life another volume of the MESSENGER is completed. No one can be more aware of this present volume’s shortcomings than the Board of Editors, who have however, striven to do their work faithfully and to produce something that will not at least disgrace the College. It is, perhaps, in great part the fault of the Board that the student body has taken so little interest in the MESSENGER. Next year we are planning for a better MESSENGER, but the plans bid fair to come to naught if so many students adopt a policy of aloofness in respect to their only college publication.

With this number of the MESSENGER we undergraduates extend our most cordial welcome to the new Warden of St. Stephen’s, the Rev. William C. Rodgers, assuring him of our hearty support and co-operation in the important work upon which he is just entering.

Le doux plot argente qui se meurt sur la rive
 Se purge de l’écume; alors immaculé
 Il rentre en l’Océan. Pensez-vous qu’il revive?
 Ainsi revit celui qui s’est vite envolé.

A Summer's Noonday.



LITTLE pause when sun is high o'erhead ;
 All things that breathe and grow seem but to stand
 Weighed down by swelt'ring heat as tho' by lead
 And lo! the night of noonday rules the land !
 But O! the beauty of day's Paradise,
 When all of Nature's atoms lie so still :
 'Tis then that Earth's own toiler homeward hies
 To join with those he loves the best, who will
 Now with a sweet accord the Sacrament
 Of common meal partake ; then on his way
 Goes to his labor with a glad content,
 Tho' lines of heat before his vision play.
 A pause of glorious might—then steals o'ersoon
 The long, sweet, lazy, sunny afternoon.

At the Edge of the Forest.



O the first night of that new child, who had come in spring-time to gladden the hearts of the two simple wood-cutter folk in the little cottage at the edge of the forest, closed in : as the sun sank down behind the hills in the west and for a moment lighted up with rosy gold the new-born treetops ; and the hush of evening fell.

And then the cold begins, for nights are cold there between the rugged hills and the great unfathomable forest. One shining light, pointing far down the rugged track that leads from the distant high-road, telling the chance wayfarer that there is warmth and life—and love : and that is all, all else is night, black, unknown, and the dim, mysterious forest.

The little child grew up there alone with its father, for the dear mother they had laid to rest after her motherhood of four, brief, happy years. The child remembered well that short winter's day when his father dug his mother's grave and left her there. "But where has mother gone," he asked in his childish prattle. "Gone ?

gone ?" repeated his father dazed, and he dashed his hand over his eyes. "My little one," and he took him in his arms, "she's gone—gone through the forest to the plains beyond where everything is green." Since then the child wished to go on through the forest and find his mother ; but not even his father knew the other side of that forest, nor on his longest trips had he ever found it. And the little one grew up with the forest as his friend ; for surely the forest, he reasoned in his childish way, knew his mother when she passed through it to the plains beyond. He ran among its trees and clasped his arms about them as he would have done to his mother had she been alive ; and he made a friend of each one in his larger friendship of the forest ; and called the ones he knew the best by friendly names. As he grew older he accompanied his father on his wood-cutting journeys, and there became better acquainted with the forest, while his father's axe rang loud all day, and when it grew darker in the woods as the sun sank lower, the father placed the little boy high on the wood-cart, shouldered his axe, and dragged his dear burden home. Then came supper and after, if the weather were warm, the two would linger on the doorstep, listening to the sounds of approaching night, and talk of—well what would the father tell his son ? He spoke of men and deeds, of men who carve the rough marble of their destiny into chastest form, and of deeds that ring forever if only in the heart of God and not in those of men ; of the forest and of the distant world, and of all that is good and true ; for he was himself a good man and a noble father, simple wood-cutter though he were. The nights came on as on that first night, the forest blackness ever deepening and the silence filled with the sounds of night. And then the two would go to bed, and if perchance the boy awoke at night to hear his father's heavy sleeping and the far and near rumble of the forest ; or if a thunder storm awoke him and the flood of waters well-nigh deluged the cottage, the incessant flashes of lightning showing the wide-eyed boy faintly the hurling waves of the tree-tops, and if the thunder split in twain even the uproar of the forest, he was not afraid, for there close by was the forest itself, and he loved the forest for it was his friend and his mother's too.

Thus the spirit of the forest possessed them both, and all the more because it was mysterious, illimitable, unfathomable. It spoke to them from its deep sanctuary, in the daylight when their axes sang their merry song, and in the watches of the night when they lay

asleep upon their beds—an ever present being that filled their very souls.

* * * * *

So the months and years sped happily till one mid-Autumn. Then one evening the young husband—for the boy had grown to be a great, stalwart man, and had married a young girl who dwelt near by, one of his forest neighbors—returned home earlier than was his wont. The sky had clouded over and the shade in the forest had grown deeper; so shouldering his axe and dragging his load he set off homeward through the solitary glades. But to-day something oppressed him, grim and undefinable. The forest itself seemed troubled, and the wind in the tree-tops steadily increased its vigor until, by the time he had come to the cottage, it was blowing well-nigh a gale. The sky grew darker overhead, awful and menacing. With a sigh of relief he stowed away his wood in the little shed at one side of the cottage and entered. How pleasantly the fire on the hearth glowed in contrast with the gloom without; and how homelike and peaceful the scene was! Very joyfully the wife and father greeted the breadwinner.

“Home again, John, just in time to escape the storm,” said the father, laying an affectionate hand on his son’s shoulder.

“Home again, John!” echoed the little wife; and John turning as she passed him in her preparations for supper kissed her in reply. “It’ll be a bad night,” she went on, “but we’ll be cosy, we three here by the fire. Won’t we, John?” as she noted the worried look on his face,

“Yes,” he murmured, unheeding, “a wild wind and a darkening sky.” And as if in answer the trees lapped violently overhead and the furious wind-gusts chased each other madly around the corner of the cottage. He trembled, he knew not why. “A fearful night and—and—and—I—I—am afraid!” Another torturing howl of the wind forced from the strong man this confession.

The rain was now pouring down upon the roof overhead, lashing the window-panes until the very howl of the wind was smothered. The roar of the waters was over all, and even the three human beings in all this wilderness of storm were shut off from one another. Suddenly from far down along the track leading to the cottage came a cry out of the night and storm. The three looked at each other, white-faced, but not a word could one of them say. They were simple folk, those dwellers on the edge of the forest, and not far re-

moved in thought from the childhood of the world. It was some wild, restless spirit of the blackness and the terror, some being whose only delight could be in such a kingdom of gloom as now held sway over the forest, the cottage, and the hearts of its dwellers. A little pause—a pause, that is, within, for without nothing was silent nor still—and then came a knock at the door. For a moment no one stirred, and the knock came again, this time more violently. John arose and opened the door. A stranger entered, dripping wet—a young man of about John’s age, but very handsome, and from his appearance what you and I of this world of conventions would call a gentleman.

“I’ll have to ask you good people if I can spend the night here. My horse has run away and this seems to be the nearest house. I can pay”—

“Don’t mention that, sir,” said John, in his big, manly way, stretching out his hand. “You are welcome.” And thus the stranger out of the night was made welcome. Some dry clothes of John’s, another place at the table and in a short time all were as happy as if they had been friends all their lives and had been united after a long separation. The coming of the stranger had been a pleasant change to the three and had relieved their oppressed spirits. Their guest charmed and fascinated them. He was very gracious and attentive to all, but especially so to Mary, and John was proud of her, since her simple beauty could thus elicit attention and admiration. And the stormy evening passed away pleasantly.

Then followed days of rain.—skies dripping from morning till night, leaves thickly matted on the forest paths, trees soaked with moisture; days that made the poor cottage, shut in so snugly from the steady downpour, glow with a simple beauty in the light of its freshly-kindled hearth-fire. The stranger’s heavy cold which he had contracted the previous evening, prevented his leaving on the next day, and so one sunless dawn after another slipped away into its rainy night, until well-nigh a week had passed. At last, however, one day towards evening the rain ceased, the clouds broke away and the west was lighted up for a moment by the quiet beauty of the setting sun. What a peaceful eventide for the forest that must have been, well worth all those days of dreariness and rain!

The next morn rose bright and clear, one of those golden mornings in October, which as no other days in all the year, put the joy of living into a man. Everything stood on tiptoe in Nature and in the

hearts of men, and there was gold to be had everywhere for the picking, overhead, underfoot and in the rising sun. The forest was radiant with beauty and light; the air as cool and bracing as a draught of cool, clear springwater to the tired wayfarer. And O, such odors as filled the air—the fallen leaves, the far off pines, the faint scent of morn, carrying with it sweeter perfumes than ever poet could imagine. John was up before the day and, leaving a kind farewell with his wife for their guest, shouldered his axe and blithely strode away into the forest. With a song in his heart all day, with the song of his axe and with the song of the forest around him, not a doubt of anyone, least of all of the stranger, entered his mind. Such a thing as suspicion was foreign to his make up—dear, old John! He was alone now with his friend, the forest, and he rejoiced. The forest had taught him this simple, big-hearted trust in everyone, and the forest was a splendid schoolmaster.

The day sped quickly on and the shadows were already deepening fast before John observed it. But still he lingered.

“I know the way,” he said to himself, “and besides by staying I will get just a little more wood and, best of all, enjoy a little longer the sweet looking-forward towards seeing those at home once more.”

At last, however, he loaded his wagon and started home. Already it was quite dark and the murmur of evening had begun; but he loved it, it made his heart beat high in exultation and quickened his pace. When he came towards the edge where the trees began to grow thinner, he saw the first star of evening. Its calm rays came down to him through the golden boughs above and entered his honest heart. He had a foolish habit of wishing each night on that star.

“I wish—I wish that Mary and I will always love each other as we do now—” and so on through the silly formula. Now he neared the cottage. Strange, there was no light in the little window; strange, he thought, but perhaps Mary and the old man were sitting in the dusk waiting for him. He housed his load in the shed and entered the cottage. At first he could not distinguish the interior, but at last saw his father sitting alone before the empty hearth. He paused unknowing on the threshold. His father looked up and shook his head.

“God help us all, my son,” he moaned, “God help us all!”

Still no word from John. He stood dumbfounded, not wishing to believe anything. Then his father stretched out a bit of paper to him.

A note from Mary: it told the simple story, how she had fled with the stranger and how pursuit was useless, for he was rich. Poor, simple Mary—how attractive this “gentleman” seemed to her who knew so little of aught beyond the forest. Her tender, trusting heart had warmed to his pretty speeches, and she had treasured each overnight, innocently, as she lay beside her husband. Very easily had she fallen a victim to one from whom she expected naught but good. No word burst out from John; he read it twice still dreaming. Then some strange, subtle spirit stirred within him, unknown until that moment in that gentle, forest school-boy. Like a rattlesnake ready for a spring it grew in strength, it recreated the simple soul; and in one moment it had become black and foul.

“God curse him!” he yelled, “God curse the snake! God curse——”

Never before had murder run so rampant over a human face. He had still not one evil thought against Mary, but only against her betrayer. He seized his axe which had fallen to the floor and, unmindful of his father, who wrung his hands piteously, strode forth from the cottage. And so night fell over the forest.

Out into the gloom of night and into the fuller gloom of the forest he went, all unheeding of everything except the blackness in his heart; deeper and deeper among the trees, unreasoning, because in sane mind he must have known his enemy would not be there. On the stage of his soul a tragedy terrible in its reality was being enacted. A new and awful power of evil, which had long been latent, thanks to the gentle craft of the forest, now awoke and took possession of his being. All strivings for the good and pure, all thoughts of love and all that love makes sacred were lost in the pit of this new blackness. On, on, on, driven by the fury of his soul, which the demons of his inner self lashed as furiously as did the rain the windows of the cottage that night when the betrayer first entered it; unmindful of the wee, still voice of his inmost being, or of the pleading voices of the forest, in strains of utmost anger he told the night of his purpose. On, on, on, though the stars shone clear overhead, and the autumn treasures on the boughs played in the fitful breeze. On, on, on, along the forest tracks over which he had gone each day since boyhood in the struggle for his daily bread; and murder, grim, pitiless and terrible, stalked along beside him. The fiends of night called to one another from their haunts, and mocked and joyed; the owls blinked down at him to ask the meaning of this tearing through the

night; the bats whirled close over his head and one, bolder, or blinder than the rest, struck him in the face; and all the while the sounds of darkness filled the spaces all about with their uproar, like oppressive silence itself, full of terror and foreboding.

Now he had come into the region of the pines,—deep, silent and awful, with blackness ten times black as deepest night. No longer did he call out; the spirit of the pines overawed his own. Once he lost the trail, so familiar that until now he had been enabled to follow it perfectly, and plunged into a neighboring tree. Maddened, he struck it with his axe. The old familiar note rang out, he struck again and there, at dead of night, the song of the axe had begun! Again and again he struck, finding relief in the well-known action and pleasure in the friendly song. Then, just as in the daytime it had done since his youth, the forest spoke to him,—spoke in calm, still tones that stole among the trees and glided down to him from far off forest vastnesses, and the burden of it all was, "Peace." Stealing all about him and over him and in him like sleep well-earned, at first he strove against the voices, but they were so insistent that he could not shut his ears. They wrestled with the murder-demon and little by little gained the upper hand. Still the axe's song continued, thundering backward and forward through the night. Faster and surer the woodsman swung his weapon, his strength many times increased, until at last the great tree swayed, then with a mighty crash that would have deafened you or me, fell away from him, pounding its way through the other trees and branches to the earth—one long, discordant crash and tear and thud, but to the woodsman a glorious symphony, the triumph of his axe. He stood looking down at his accomplished work, and the forest voices still came through the trees and whispered, soothing away the murder in his heart. Suddenly he remembered his mother,—she who had gone through the forest on to the green fields beyond, and something like a tear came to his eye. He walked back—back till he came out from among the pines, and stood among the changing trees which he did not fear as he did the evergreens. Their voices, too, took up the strain, but with a varying note, for they whispered "Love." No longer did the evil forces rage so fiercely in his heart; all that was good and true in all his present manhood and distant boyhood had risen, like mighty mail-clad warriors, and had pounded their way onward to the citadel of his soul. And then as waves receding in the tide, the evil fell backward, little by little, until there was no more. All

hatred and anger the forest had drawn from him, and peace and love alone remained. A pale gray light overspread the sky, and the stars vanished from among the boughs. He turned homewards towards the cottage, and so the dawn broke over the forest. D.

Apart.



H, Love, the clouds are salmon, leaden-rift
That bid the Day farewell this eventide,
I see the woods thro' deep'ning greyness lift
On yon hillside.

The sun is sunken nigh beyond the ken
Of this short life we call the Day, that knew
A misty dawning on the world of men
'Ere morning grew.

Ah, Love, this Light, far-dawned, now faints and fades,
Enmisting darkness soon will creep apace,
And soon the stilling murmurs of the shades
Around me lace

Star-lantern'd night:—ah, so our lives, dear Love,
Apart from other, to the Twilight wend,—
But see a star!—our star!—from far above
Its faint gleams send

Down to the soul's own depths of you and me
A being that must wed us, as we glide
Both into one,—soul knit to soul are we
This eventide!

The Rock of Ages Safe.*

IN the May issue of a popular magazine we have had an article, which is about as disingenuous as anything which even our yellow American press has ever foisted upon a credulous and hysterical public. Probably few readers of education have failed to observe the shallowness of many, if not most, of the charges laid at the doors of the teaching profession as represented by the faculties of our colleges and universities. There is an evident desire to be shocking. Isolated statements, which are calculated to raise the remaining hair on the heads of pious but thoughtless old gentlemen, are printed under the pictures of various college professors, and a careless or unthinking reader is led to believe that the most blatant immorality, the crassest materialism and strident unbelief are being taught to undergraduates; and to make assurance doubly sure, the author tells us that he has undertaken an "itinerary of classrooms from Cambridge to California." As to his previous training to understand what he might possibly hear he gives us no information. Perhaps we can form some estimate of his fitness for the task by examining a few of his charges, although there is always a lingering suspicion that such an article is the work of a man who is more knave than fool.

The teaching in philosophy, ethics and the political and social sciences, which is provided in our American colleges, is not intended for persons who have not arrived at an age when the critical faculties are developed. No thinking human being can fail to realize that many statements, which separated from their context are, to put it mildly, astonishing, are in their proper connection quite innocent, instructive and enlightening. Certainly it is the duty of the teacher to stimulate thought. The man at the lecturer's desk is not merely manufacturing so many phonographic records, but he supposes, and has a right to suppose, that his hearers have brains and a certain amount of critical acumen. They are not intellectual weaklings. The professor's constant insistences that the unsupported *ipse dixit* of an individual is hopelessly valueless as evidence, is pretty

*In the May "Cosmopolitan" an article by Harold Bolce was published, entitled "Blasting at the Rock of Ages," to which a reply is here given by an Alumnus of this College who has had considerable experience in the teaching profession. - Ed.

likely to teach the student not to receive even the lecturer's statements unchallenged. Far from the past having "lost its grip on the professor" the much berated professor knows a past which is so vast as to far transcend the petty yesterday which this scribbler invests with such comic sanctity. Fortunately *we* are not provided with a religion which has anything whatsoever to fear from the freest and frankest investigation; but we sympathize deeply with those who, having made themselves gods after their own hearts—and minds—feel called upon to defend the creatures of their own imagining from the withering light of truth.

It may be a surprise to certain people to be told that society "owes its debt to the wealthy and far-seeing citizenry that paves and lights and polices the road to Jericho;" but I fancy that few of us would trust to modern Good Samaritans to police New York or London. Nor does anyone, not a sentimentalist, bewail the forcing out of business of the inefficient humanity more than the extinction of the eos hippus. Both failed and we are well rid of them, although we may feel sorry for the man who is a failure and even cherish a regret that no specimens of eos hippus delight the children in the Bronx Park. Our prisons are full of people who assure us that they have acted "according to their own conscience"; but society—with its somewhat more extended experience than our fifteen cent magazine writer—is not in the least surprised to be told, even by a Syracuse professor, that "conscience is a false guide." Certainly "the conceptions of right and wrong" are "unstable." To cite but a single instance the taking of interest on money loaned was, in Mediæval times, denounced as one of the greatest sins, although we cannot now conceive of a business world—certainly not a world building railroads and trans-isthmian canals—unless the accumulated money of many individuals were at the disposal of the brains, which after all constitute the real wealth-producing factor. Most assuredly "standards of right perpetually change in social life, these varying standards being found not only in different races but in the same race from age to age"—but of course ignorant and unthinking persons do not understand this, although if these same persons were natives of the South Sea Islands they would long since have killed, cooked and eaten their aged parents as a religious duty. Indeed it seems as if each quotation constitutes a more puerile charge than the last. With a person so hopelessly set on causing misunderstanding it is quite useless to waste time, and of course no one of the scholars attacked

will consider it worth while to answer these silly charges, although it may later be desirable to inform the public concerning certain matters.

Meanwhile it is perhaps worth while to point out that back of this unscholarly piece of sensation-monging there does lie a real cause of complaint, which is far different from that which is pushed to the front in the article under criticism. It is a fault often very frankly talked over in staff-common-rooms and at high-tables—where, of course, Mr. Bolce never got. Altogether too many students get only elementary courses in such subjects as ethics, philosophy, and sociology. Necessarily such beginner's courses are essentially historical and critical rather than constructive and in some cases at least the lecturer is unfortunate enough to have discarded his personal misconceptions of the faith and failed to enter into vital union with the historic Christianity, which as a definite part of the world-order is in complete harmony with all truth in its cosmic development from age to age. Truly:—

“ ‘The old order changeth, yielding place to new
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.’ ”

We claim and demand the broadest and freest privileges of investigation and we believe that nothing but good can ever come of honest, painstaking scholarship, for *our* Faith is indeed founded upon The Rock of Ages—not a dead book, but the Divine-Human Personality of Our Lord Himself, animating, ruling, and guiding a living, teaching Church. w. s. '98.

Athletics.

The only baseball game that materialized this season was that played on Saturday, April 24, on Zabriskie Field, by the Prep-Special nine against the College nine. The score was 14-32 in favor of the latter. The game was under the auspices of the Prep-Special College League, and a series of games bid fair to be played. But somebody must have got “cold feet,” for the loyal fans are still waiting for another chance to mob the umpire.

In Cupid's Garden.

I

A SPRING SUNSET.



OFT evening touches every quiet spot.
From every bog-topped copse come plaintive cries.
Now nature sports with time, and doth allot,
Proud May to April's mists and tearful skies.

From every little cedar drops a pearl—
On every twig May's fingers sweetly rest ;
The fragrance of her breath makes to unfurl
Each leaf and bud, to kiss a lovely guest.

The dainty moon outlines the quiet hill,
Naught but the deep, deep blue of sky above—
The wind that tuned the pine trees murmurs still,
And whispers music of the God of Love.

II

THE BETROTHAL.

Love sat him down upon a little hill,
Dark cedars trooped around its crest,
And from the wood below the whip-poor-will
Sent out its liquid notes, and Love found rest.

There found him sleeping, do you not recall ?
The sinking sun beyond the hill
With amber filled the land, and over all,
The peace of evening hovered sweet and still.

There found him sleeping, yet we knew him not—
'Till all at once I saw who slumbered there,
And woke him up. The sunset all forgot,
We wandered on and Love was everywhere.

w. c. s.

Alumni Notes.

'78. The Rev. Richard C. Searing has resigned the rectorship of Grace church, Scottsville, and the Mission of St. Andrew, Caledonia, N. Y. His address, until June 6, will be Scottsville, N. Y.; after that date No. 24 Federal St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

'79. The Rev. Frank Heartfield resumes charge of St. Andrew's church, Brewster, N. Y., on May 5.

'73. In recognition of his service as assistant at Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., for the past seventeen years, the parishioners presented the Rev. James P. Faucon with a purse of \$530 on his departure to become first assistant at St. Mark's church, New York.

'85. The Rev. Hibbard H. P. Roche after a three months' stay in Rutherford, N. C., has returned in regained health and has taken up his work at the Church of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia, Pa.

'91. The Rev. J. B. Van Fleet has accepted the call to St. James parish, Macon, Mo.

'92. The Rev. A. I. Nock has resigned St. Joseph's parish, Detroit, Mich.

'93. The Rev. Charles B. Carpenter, rector of St. Thomas' church, Brandon, Vt., has gone abroad for a trip until September 1.

'97. The Rev. Joseph P. Gibson has accepted a call to the rectorship of Deer Creek Parish, Darlington, Md., and began work there Sunday, May 23.

'98. The Rev. George Belsey has been appointed priest-in charge of the Church of the Epiphany, Concordia, Kan.

'01. The Rev. Arthur S. Peck, of the diocese of New Jersey, has been appointed rector of St. Paul's church, Panama. He sailed for the Isthmus April 27.

'01. Harold O. Clum, in the United States consular service, is at present Vice Consul and Secretary to the Legation at San Salvador, Central America.

'05. The Rev. Fremont N. Hinckel's address is Blossburg, Pa.

'05. On May 5th, the Rev. W. Fenwick Backman was ordained to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. William Walter Webb, D.D., Bishop of Milwaukee. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Danohue, of Holy Trinity church, Manisler, Mich. On May 20, the Rev. Mr. Backman received the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology, from the Western Theological Seminary, of Chicago.

'05. The Rev. S. Raymond Brinkerhoff has accepted the call to the rectorship of St. Matthew's church, Newark, N. J.

'05. Miss Adrienne Eggers and the Rev. Fremont Hinkel were married on Wednesday night, April 21, at Christ church, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Charles W. Popham, who was assisted by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Chase. The benediction was pronounced by Bishop Darlington, of Harrisburg.

Sp. The Rev. Karl Reiland has declined his election to the rectorship of Grace church, Utica, Central New York.

Sp. The Rev. Henry Macbeth has accepted the call to the rectorship of St. Thomas' church, Bethel, Conn.

Sp. The Rev. Otis E. Gray, for two years assistant at St. Mark's, New York, is to be married to Miss Lucy I. Southam, of Ontario, Canada, on June 8, and is soon after to take up work at St. Luke's church, Vancouver, Wash.

Sp. The Rev. Frederick S. Sill sailed for the Isthmus on May 3.

Sp. The Rev. Edward I. Burlingham's address is Christ Church Rectory, Babylon, L. I.

College Notes.

The dance given by Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity to the College took place Friday evening, April 30, in Preston Hall. The weather could not have been worse: snow all day before until the blossomed trees and the early flowers were covered by the wintry mantle; rain from early morning on the day of the dance, that quickly put the snow to flight, but left in turn oceans of mud. The dance, however, in spite of Mother Nature's protest, proved to be one of the best and most enjoyable that has been given for a long time. The comparatively small number present gave greater freedom in the enjoyment of the excellent floor, which had been waxed until it was smooth as glass, and the exceptionally fine music. The old refectory was not to be recognized, after it had been transformed into the gayly-decked ball-room. The dance is still the subject of much talk on the part of the youthful swains who tripped the "light fantastic," and they still are praising the fair maids who made the old hall look young again with their presence, and the hospitality of Kappa Gamma Chi.

At a meeting of the Convocation, on May 13, J. G. Martin, '10, was elected marshal for the ensuing year; Malcolm DeP. Maynard, '10, was elected editor in chief of the Messenger, D. C. Fernsler, '10, E. C. G. Jones, '10, and W. T. Sherwood, '11, assistant editors, and Charles H. L. Ford, '10, business manager, with C. I. Shoemaker, '12, and P. L. Fernsler, '12, assistants.

At a meeting of the Junior class, held on May 5, George St. J. Rathbun was elected president of the class; Malcolm DeP. Maynard vice-president, and J. Elmer McKee secretary-treasurer. These men will hold the like offices in the Convocation of undergraduates, in accordance with the constitution of the Convocation.

Professor A. in the Ethics lecture: "In the early stages of man's growth in morality it was necessary to threaten him with hell or with Pluto to make him behave——." We wonder if the Professor knew why the dignified Juniors and Seniors present all looked sympathetically at one another and made a rather miserable attempt to keep from bursting out into good, hearty laughter.

We do not like to prophesy, but we do hope that by the time this periodical reaches its circle of voracious readers the Freshmen will have buried their Algebra. They have nothing to fear from the Sophomores, who are all so busy in writing their short stories for the contest to come off some time in the future; and then, too, it is their duty to see that that "limb of Satan" (*i. e.*, the Algebra book) is covered up with earth as quickly as possible. We who have passed through the algebraic slough of despond heave a sigh of relief every time we hear that one of the much-despised volumes has "croaked" (as College slang hath it). Some day the breed may be extinct; we'll hope so at any rate, for the sake of future generations.

On the evening of May 7, Charles S. Hale, '11, was initiated into the Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity. Of the alumni members of the fraternity, Macoy and Spettigue, '08, were present.

There has been "quite some" interest in tennis this spring. The three courts, when all in use at one time, make the campus seem very active. Needless to say, those who are not already "sharks" at the game are rapidly (?) advancing into that class, to judge by the highly entertaining games they play before the assembled college after lunch.

No need going to Africa for big game! Why, we have it right here on the campus. And by the by, I don't suppose that bird will

ever sit again on a lonely fence, far from home and mother, thinking how far away Thanksgiving Day is.

At a meeting of the Dragon Club, held on Monday, May 3, the following officers were elected: Ford, '10, president; Maynard, '10, vice-president; Rathbun, '00, secretary-treasurer; and Sherwood, '11, sergeant-at-arms.

Just as we go to press the thrilling news comes to us that "esse quam videri" has triumphed and that at last the remains of 1912's old friend, Algebra, lie full three feet deep. The obsequies took place on May 28, with the full ceremonial accompaniment of midnight yells and midnight bonfires. There is a sound of lamentation in the land—not from the green fresh, however, but from the Sophs, who seemed to be in a state of utter demoralization, owing, no doubt, to the absence of their president.

Exchanges.

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

Teacher: "When was the Revival of Learning?"

Student: "Before the last exams."—*Ex.*

"Jimmy, did you tell the school teacher that I helped you prepare your lessons?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmy, "but not until she asked me."

"And what did she say?" questioned the father.

"She said she wouldn't keep me in to day, because she thought it didn't seem fair that I should suffer for your ignorance."—*Ex.*

Latin Teacher: "That is a very poor translation."

Scholar: "It is the best I could get for the money."—*Ex.*

It was a wise old darkey who advised, with a chuckle: "Keep yo' tempar, son. Don' yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answah's alus best. Hit's commanded, an' furdermoe hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else yo' could say."—*Ex.*

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