

# MESSENGER

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# Saint Stephen's Messenger

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VOL XVI

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## Editorial

The whirling year brings us again to the most enjoyable of all seasons of one's school or college life—the Christmas holidays. Such good will and happiness that cannot be kept under! Such cosiness of falling snow and roaring fireplaces! Such a joy of home-coming to a household full of Christmas! And this crowning fortnight of mistletoe and holly, of parties and dances, of turkeys and plum-puddings brings each man back to college resolved to study the harder and to fulfill better than ever before his other obligations as a student. To all the undergraduates, to all the friends of the college and to any other who may chance to read these lines, the Messenger wishes most heartily A Merry Christmas.

Although our words are somewhat tardy owing to our method of quarterly publication, The Messenger extends its most sincere congratulations to the Bishop of Ohio on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of his consecration. We trust that the happiness and brightness of that celebration is an omen of many more such years of faithful service in the future.

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In spite of a somewhat discouraging season of football, the outlook is by no means bad for next year. A good part of the team will be in college again, and the material which was stunted in its growth (along gridiron lines) this autumn, will have a still better opportunity for development if practice is begun in the spring, as has been suggested. The mistake this year, it seems to us, lay in the formation of the schedule of games. It is surely better for the team representing St. Stephen's to play against teams "small and of no reputation," if by that means it can gain in strength, than against large college teams which in one overwhelming defeat can so cripple us that further fight is out of the question. However, Captain Boak and his squad of faithful warriors practised hard and fought manfully for St. Stephen's, and we heartily thank them for their good work.

The two dinners recently given in honor of President Rodgers, the one in New York and the other in Albany, show how cordial the alumni are in their welcome to him, a welcome in which all of us join. To show that they are also working substantially towards the jubilee of next June, we quote the following from a letter to Dr. Rodgers in response to his appeals.

"I am happy to know that you are at the head of St. Stephen's, and that you are determined to put our dear college on a firm basis. May you have the courage to go on as you have begun, and may God bless you and make your heart glad in seeing your grand efforts crowned with success.

"I send you a postal order for \$5.00, a small amount indeed. I must explain my circumstances so that you will not reject it.

"I am a missionary. I have a yearly stipend of \$200 from the Board of Missions, and the Women's Auxilliary helps us out with a box of clothing. The average contribution of our congregation on Sundays is 50 cents. I have a family of seven children, but there is a small farm belonging to the church and I work it. Now that \$5 means about five hard days work, following the plough etc., so I know you will accept it."

\* \* \*

Into the azure depths of night  
 Steeped in twilight radiance,  
 The restless, life-tossed soul  
 Flings forth in search of calm and peace.  
 Upon the quiet hills, within the dusky vales,  
 Purpling with the gloom of night, the soul  
 Meets face to face the spirit of eternal peace.  
 There on the edge of the passing day,  
 The griefs, the sorrows, the burdens all  
 That bind and weary and hold in check  
 The aspiring soul, slip gently down.  
 For out of the beauty of the night  
 Is bourne a peaceful spirit, keen and rare,  
 That sets the tired soul aglow  
 To battle life anew.

'97.

## Advent

The Advent stars shine cold and bright,  
 The Advent moon is clear,  
 The snow sweeps o'er the wasted fields,  
 The Advent nights are drear.

The light in the bracket flickers dim,  
 The fire smoulders low,  
 The watchman waiteth cold within,  
 The watchman's heart beats slow.

The Master knocketh on the door,  
 He waiteth—O, so long;  
 The watchman croucheth by the fire  
 And sings a dreary song.

The Master knocketh on the door—  
 The door held fast by sin.  
 Oh, watchman, rise this early morn  
 And let the Master in.

The watchman rises quick with joy—  
 The Master speaketh true,  
 "Come unto me, ye sore distressed,  
 And I will comfort you."

Wide open now the door is flung—  
 In answer to his call.  
 In adoration low I cry,  
 Jesu, my Love, my All.

"Christus natus hodie,"  
 Men and Angels sing.  
 Christmas carols fill the air,  
 The sanctus bell doth ring.

Christmas tapers brightly gleam,  
 Incense clouds arise,  
 To welcome Christ, the Lord and King,  
 In Holy Sacrifice.

C. I. S.

## The Sacrifice

On a fine, sunny day of late December two miners were walking up the hillside to the colliery. They were both of about the same age, but one walked with a grave, pre-occupied air which made him seem much older. By his side walked a small, bright little chap of about eight or ten years, who kept up a constant chattering and frisked about the men. The other miner was gay and cheerful. As he walked he swung his dinner pail and hummed snatches of songs. Suddenly he turned to his companion and said:

"Ain't this a great day, though. Gee, but its good to be alive. Just look at that kiddie, makes you glad just to see him jumpin'. Wonder how it would seem to have some like that. Here you've four and I ain't even married. It'd seem funny to be a serious married man. You're gettin' older every day."

"Old, huh, guess you'd look old with Christmas comin' and food and everything goin' up. But even then I wouldn't be single for a lot. It's worth it, every bit, to have the kids around. You ought to try it, old man, it's great."

"May some day, can't tell."

By this time they arrived at the mouth of the shaft and after kissing the boy goodbye they stepped into the cage and dropped down into the dark. The cage stopped and they got out at their "gallery." Without a word spoken between them they started walking to the "breast" where they were working. Men who have been together as long as this miner and his helper had been do not need conversation for company. In perfect silence, except for the sound of their footsteps, they went along the dark passage stretching it seemed, for miles. Finally they came to a smaller tunnel—a "gangway" branching off from the main passage and into this they turned. It stopped after a short distance in a sharply inclined wall. On this wall were small out-croppings, barely affording footholds, which had been left to help the miners in their work. This was the "breast" at which they worked. Far up the wall, out of sight of anyone underneath, they mined the coal, blasting it out and sending it down in showers to the foot, and then shoveling it into cars. Dangerous? Of course it was dangerous to work up there; for when the charges were placed and the fuses lit it was a wild scramble down to the foot and safety. A misstep and a man was lucky to escape with only a few broken bones. Still, the miner and his gay, unmarried helper were skillful, careful workers and seldom had a serious accident.

To-day both of the men were in a hurry to get through with their work and took less precautions than usual. It was nearing Christmas and the older man's thoughts were far away, thinking how he was to manage presents for all the children, while the younger was trying to think of something different to give his "girl." They bored their holes and placed the charge. Then the miner stooped to fix the fuses. "Guess they'll do a bit short this time."

"Just as you say, only hurry up, we'll never get through!"

The miner lit the fuse and both men started to scramble down. They had only gone a short way when there was a deafening roar. An avalanche of stones and pieces of coal came rattling down upon them. The miner was in the rear and as the coal struck him, cried out. His feet flew from under him. His companion heard him, and bracing his feet on the slender footholds, quick as thought caught the body of the other as it descended, and together they rolled downwards. He wound his arms about his friend and tried to save him from the falling coal and the bumping of the footrests. Twined together in one indistinguishable body the two men struck the bottom of the slope and lay there—still. The coal kept coming down as charge after charge let go. Soon nothing but a heap showed where the men lay.

Some time after the mine superintendent came along the gallery and stopped to look at the "gangway." There he saw the heap of loosened coal and thinking the men were at work at the top of the breast he called to them. Only a low moan from the heap at his feet answered him and he then knew what had happened. Another premature blast had claimed its victims. Summoning help they started digging.

At the bottom they found the younger man still clinging to the older. The former was quite dead, but only a few broken bones and bruises showed on the unconscious miner. His friend had protected him only too well.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."  
his friend." '11

## Le Vieux Merisier

Ah, mais si je vous raconte l'histoire de ce vieux, mais ca vous fera rire. Pour etre precis, je vous dirai, que je le tiens de mon grand pere, Mais avant que je commence, mocher, dornez moi un petit rhum, vous savez, ca m'aidera avec mon histoire; oui un petit rhum, il n'ya rien comme ca. Parbleu, il faut bien que je commence ators.

Dans une petite ville de Saint Dominique, qui se rappelera encore longtemps de lui, il fut une figure, le vieux Merisier. Il fut surtout celebre, par les nombreux "coups" dont il raffolait tapper "les jeunes amis." Pour etre son ami, il fallait etre sou esclave; et son amitie se payait cher et imposait de tyranniques exigences. Le vieux Merisier n'avait qu'un seul fils, ce fut Aquestado, par contraction, Taño. Ce jeune homme subissait heroiquement toute la tyrannie de son pere.

Tado etait un rude travailleur. Il avait un petit commerce de detail, et recevait chaque mois ses marchandises de Santo Domingo.

Lorsque ces marchandises arrivaient le vieux Merisier était très flatteur avec son fils.

"Tado, lui repetait il, toi, tu es un excellent garçon. A propos, ne pourrais tu point me donner un ces elegants chapeaux que tu as recus."

Et le vieux Merisier s'en allait avec son nouveau chapeau. Il faisait de l'economique; enfin il avait une vertu.

Je dois vous dire que la boutique de Tado était tout pres de la maison de son pere. Merisier était un grand fumcur. Mais comment faire, il fallait de l'economie avant tout. Tado vendait aussi des cigares; alors tout était arrange. Chaque matin, le vieux se mettait sur sa chaise sur la galerie, et avec un air flatteur disait:

"Tado, mon fils, allume un cigare et l'apporte a ton papa, a ton bon papa."

Alors il le tapait sur l'épaule; il avait son cigare, il était heureux.

Le vieux pere Merisier, avait eu, en son jeune age, un cours d'anglais du fameux, professeur John Brown.

Il avait perdu toute sa connaissance en cette lanque. Mais cependant une phrase, une tres petite phrase lui restait en la memoire. Il se la rappelait de temps a autre; cette petite phrase la lui était chere: "Business is business." "Business is business" était sa maxime, et il savait la mettre en pratique.

Voici ce que l'on raconte a ce propos: "Sa petite bicoque était separée, par une mince cloison de divorce cadre, en deux appartements, dont l'un était destiné au louage. Des l'installation du locataire, le vieux pere s'assurait de la position ou celui-ci placait son lit, et a son tour, avait soin d'installer le sien tout contre. Et la raison, la voila; aussitot l'echéance perimée, a la prime aurore, le vieux déjà éveillé, passait la main sous la frele cloison et, tapotant bruyamment sur le plancher, appelait:

"Voisin, il fait jour. Pouvez vous me payer maintenant; j'ai a faire des emplettes aujourd'hui. Sans cela, vous savez, je ne vous aurais point reveillé si tot."

Et alors il mettait en pratique sa bonne maxime "Business is business."

Pour finir mon histoire du vieux, laissez moi vous raconter ce qui arriva pendant une visite que Monseigneur Titon fit a la ville au residant notre vieux. Monseigneur Titon a peine arrive' et, processionnellement escorte de ses ouailles, distribuait seulement ses benedictions tout en se dirigeant vers l'église paroissiale, ou il allait chanter un "Te Deum." En apercevant le vieux Merisier, Monseigneur Titon s'arreta, et avec onction, majestueusement lui montra sa bague enchassée d'un superbe rubis. Le vieux qui ne s'attendait pas a un pareil honneur, fut pour instant surpris; mais sa surprise fit place a son naturel farseur, et il donna une poignée de main au Monseigneur.

J.

## Summer Snows

"Just look at all the pretty flowers on the ground. O gran'pa, how I'd just love to throw them at you."

And with only this for a warning, Dorothy startled her grandfather by a shower of pinkish petals, which the wind had scattered in profusion upon the ground.

"Why, child," said the old man, thus recalled from his day-dream, "I thought for a moment it was snowing."

He ran his aged fingers slowly through his long white hair, trying to brush off the colored petals.

"Oh, how funny you look," cried the little maiden, clapping her hands together. "Never mind. I'll help you."

She climbed upon his knee and picked out the "pretty flowers" one by one, blowing them from her finger tips with a stately little gesture.

"See how they sail away. Just like fairies' boats. Look at that one! It's going way over the tree, isn't it grandpa? Oh dear, it got caught. There's one; look quick, see how high that one flew. Arn't they just too pretty?"

"Dorothy, are you disturbing your grandfather?" came her mother's voice from the house.

"I don't know. Am I 'sturbin' you gran'pa?"

"No, no, mother, it's all right," the old man assured them.

"Well, I don't want Dorothy to climb over you and tire you out."

"It's all right, mother. She doesn't bother me a bit. I love to have her about. Please don't trouble about us," replied the old man.

He was sitting in his usual seat, where he had sat every pleasant evening for so many years, watching the sunset. He had built a rustic bench there, so long ago, that twice since then the action of the weather had compelled him to renew it. It was at the top of a long gentle slope, and gave a wide view of the river and mountains beyond. Many, many dreams he had dreamed here, and now in the evening of his life he sat here and watched that ever new and ever old sight, the sunset.

In the last few years Dorothy had become his constant companion. Every night they sat there, the little girl sitting on the ground close to the old man's feet, her head against his knee, while his fingers slowly, lovingly, wandered through her hair.

Sometimes they did not speak, but both were busy with their own thoughts; he with the memories of many years, she with the bright visions of childhood. And then again, some nights they would talk as they sat there. Occasionally the old man would tell her stories, but more often she would open to him the meditations of her heart, with utter frankness, for "gran'pa" was very sympathetic and had clear insight into the child's mind. No matter how unusual or startling were her reflections, he was always ready with a word of advice or sympathy and never destroyed her dreams by laughing at

her quaint notions. They discussed a wide range of subjects, from the Angels in Heaven to the fishes in the sea. The old man felt that often, indeed, the musings of the small mystic were very near to Heaven, and with a humble spirit, he set himself to learn from her. So the bond was very close between them.

But one day Dorothy came running out with more than her usual exuberance of spirits. Excitement was clearly marked in every motion.

"O gran'pa," she cried, "what do you 'spose? Mamma says that cousin Harry is coming! Won't that be just fine? We had so much fun when mama and I went to visit Aunt Ellie. Do you remember him?"

"O yes, indeed," said the old man. "Yes, I remember him quite well. I haven't seen him for ten years, though. You know that heavy walking stick of mine, the one with the big round end? Well, he used to have a lot of enjoyment, marching up and down the yard with that. He called it a drummajor's stick, and he would lead his band around for hours at a time. You ask him if he remembers it."

"And, gran'pa," broke in the eager little girl, "I'm going to make him take me over to the big bluffs, and we're going to take our lunch, and stay all day, and have a beautiful time in the sand, and arn't coming back till it gets dark. I'd like to have you go, only mama says you're not able to walk so far. Do you remember when you took me over there, and we got some of those pink Lady's-slippers, and you said you and gran'ma used to get them every year? Don't you want to come this time?"

"I guess your mother knows best. Probably I had better not go, dear."

Cousin Harry came the next day, and Dorothy was in the height of happiness, for her cousin was very fond of her, and could romp and play with her to her heart's content, and enjoy it, too, even if he was ten years older than she. He was such a lively companion that grandfather was rather neglected.

On the day of the excursion to the bluffs, which was to be Cousin Harry's last day there, Dorothy had kissed her grandfather goodbye and had gaily gone away with her companion.

The old man was lonesome. All the long afternoon he had sat in his accustomed seat, arguing with himself. Of course, he knew, well enough, that it was absurd to think that Dorothy would always give up so much of her time to him. It was the most natural thing in the world, and also the best thing for her, to be with this big, strong, live cousin, who thought so much of her, rather than with an old man who was now nothing but a dreamer. She was only a little girl and too much thinking on weighty matters was not good for her. She ought to have good romps in the fields rather than to be so prim and so in advance of her years. And yet the old man could not shake off a feeling of loneliness when he realized how much she was to him and

how much he missed her. Somehow it hurt him to think that she could so easily leave him and forget him; and all the time he knew it was foolish to suppose that she would care to sit with him in preference to the gay times with Cousin Harry. Although he struggled against it, the feeling grew upon him, that he was only an old man, whose friends were long since dead, and who was only becoming a care for others and was helpless to prevent it. He thought of various ones whom he had known and wondered if they knew how fortunate they were to have left the earth while they still had friends. He thought of his wife. If she were alive, to-morrow would be her birthday and according to their old custom, they would have gone together and picked a great bunch of pink Lady's-slippers. Since her death he had always marked the day by carrying some of the flowers to her grave, but this year—for the first time, too—he would not be able to. He was too old.

More and more despondent grew his thoughts. The wind seemed to grow cold, and he thought it was winter and the snow was falling and he was alone, desolate, forgotten.

A voice startled him! Was he dreaming? Wasn't it really winter after all? Why yes, there was the snow falling. But everything around him was green and bright. For a moment he could not collect himself.

"I've been throwing just lots and lots of flowers on you, gran'pa, trying to wake you up, and you kept saying 'snow, snow.' Wasn't that funny? It does look like snow, doesn't it? Cousin Harry's gone. Oh, we had such a good time. Wait till you see what I brought you."

She ran to the house and came back with a basket. She put it on his knees and with the air of a priestess in a solemn ceremony, lifted the cover.

"You see we didn't forget you."

Tears came into the old man's eyes. There, in the basket, on a cool bed of ferns, was a great bunch of the pink Lady's-slippers that recalled so many happy times to him. The old man stooped forward and placing both hands on the little girl's head, kissed her slowly and reverently on the forehead. Dorothy saw the tears, and the close sympathy between them told her their meaning. She nestled close to him for a moment.

"I think I'll put them in water for you," she said.

When she came back she placed a few of the blossoms in his hand and then sat down just as she had always done, at his feet. In her happy little way she told him of the events of the day, until, seeing that his thoughts were far off, she in turn, became quiet, looking over to the mountains in the blue distance.

After a long pause the old man asked:

"What are you thinking of, dear?"

"Well, gran'pa," was the answer, "you see I've got a beautiful rid-

die. I made it up all myself, you know. Leastways I've got the answer all made and now I'm trying to get the rest."

So she sat there, in silent, deep thought, looking over to the blue mountain tops for her inspiration.

The old man was looking at the blossoms in his hand, in silent thought as well, and his fingers were slowly, lovingly, wandering through her hair.

L.

## New Year's Cotillion

Music's measure,—  
Laughing treasure  
Of a maiden's charming face,—  
Youth and beauty,—  
'Tis one's duty  
But to dance with fitting grace!

Merry laughter  
Neath the rafter  
Of the low, old Yule-decked hall,—  
Stepping sprightly,  
Turning lightly,  
Swaying, gliding, curts'ing all!

Candles beaming—  
'Tis like dreaming—  
O'er the smoothly polished floor  
Maidens glancing—  
So entrancing—  
Mistletoe above the door!

Punch-bowl flowing,  
Dancers going  
Out to supper, two by two,  
Blithesome tripping,—  
Hour-sand slipping  
From the Old into the New!

M.

## Jean Ronceau

(In Two Parts.)

### PART I.

In the fair month of May, 1560, Jean Ronceau was whistling as he walked along the broad, white highway that runs beside the Loire in the Province of plenty, of luxurious ease, and of chateaux, the pleasure garden of France.

Jean Ronceau, although a Huguenot, knew almost nothing of the plots and massacres that were taking place at Amboise, and he cared less for he was on his way to Amboise to marry Diane Valerie, and bring her back to his vine-clad cottage on the gentle slope of the hills of Touraine. He had met her when selling sheep—for he was a shepherd—at Tours and at Amboise, her native place. They had quickly fallen in love with one another, and at the last meeting, just a week ago, she had promised to become his wife. They were both peasants, strong, hard-working people of the country; poor and untaught, but honest and industrious—good, according to the standard of those days. Diane was perhaps a little the superior. She was more educated, living as she did in the town with her brother Antoine—a fat, lazy fellow whom Jean had never liked—and in spite of her great beauty, which brought her many suitors, was thoroughly good and sensible. But Jean would make her a good husband, kind and protecting, and strong to help in their life of daily toil. Yes, they were well fitted for one another, and loved deeply in their simple way. So Jean thought but of Diane as he walked, singing for very joy. Happy Jean! The river gliding by the green banks, the wind gently swaying the tops of the poplars, the shrill-tongued birds—all seemed to tell of love.

He scarcely noticed that the highway, along which noblemen and peasants, priests and soldiers were wont to travel, was deserted. It was not till he had arrived at the gates of Amboise, and found them closed and guarded, that he realized that something was wrong. He was just beginning to parley with the sentry, when, with a great clatter and shouting, a body of horse came galloping down the street from the Chateau. It was one of those troops of horsemen which the Guises had paid to make sallies from the town, and destroy any Huguenot bands that were in the neighborhood. The gates were quickly opened, and Jean, seeing his chance, slipped through into the town. One of the men-at-arms saw him, and cursing him for a Huguenot struck at him, but the peasant avoided the sword and turning down a side alley began to run.

A cry of "Halt," made him turn around, and he recognized a certain Pierre who knew Diane, for they both worked in the vine-yards of the Chateau d'Amboise.

"Are you mad," the fellow asked, "to run like that when to walk in

the streets at all is dangerous. Do you not know that a plot has been discovered, and that the Guises, mad for vengeance, are thirsting for blood? Be careful, my friend, for—"

"I am not afraid for myself. Where is Diane? Is she safe? Tell me."

"Diane! Why, have you not heard?"

"No, no, tell me, man, quick, is she killed?"

Jean seized the other's arm.

"Be more calm, she is not dead, only lost. At least she has disappeared. But perhaps it is only to escape from the Duke."

"The Duke! Who is he? I know nothing; I have not seen her for days!"

"Monseigneur de Fronsac. They say he loves the girl, and now in these troubled times thinks to—but stay," he added, "I heard from Mere Grouday that he went this morning to search the house for her and—"

But Jean did not wait to hear more.

Diane was in danger he thought, was hidden from the Duc de Fronsac—de Fronsac, the friend of princes, a man to be feared, and who loved her, sought her. He had perfect faith in Diane; but was he in time to save her? He rushed quickly through the narrow, winding streets to the small house where she lived with her brother Antoine. The door was open a little way, and Jean paused on the threshold, as he heard men's voices within.

"Come, man, here's your cursed gold. Now show me the place."

The voice was strong and commanding. Another voice answered it, a feeble, whinnying voice.

"Please Monseigneur, one moment, if your grace will promise—you, you won't hurt her, will you?"

"Mille diables, no! But if you hesitate longer, by—"

"Mercy Monseigneur, mercy! Come at once—it is here."

Jean burst through the doorway.

At the end of the room stood Antoine, with a bag of gold in his hand. There were other men in the room too—soldiers, and a tall man who stood apart from the rest; but Jean did not notice these. He rushed up to the traitor, clutched his throat, stabbed him and flung his heavy body on the floor. It was quickly done. Antoine had but time to give one wild cry; the soldiers had scarcely recovered from their surprise, when Jean stood up again, awaiting an attack. He did not wait long; the tall man, uttering furious oaths, called upon his men to seize the murderer. "Tonnere de ciel," he thundered, "am I, Henri de Fronsac, to be thwarted by a peasant, a vile dog, a—a—kill the man, kill him, or—"

He stopped short, for with a creaking of bolts, a secret door, let into the wall, swung open, and Diane entered the room.

The men stood and looked—for she was indeed beautiful. Tall and stately, with large, regular features, and dark hair that fell about her head and throat. Health and strength were in her wonderful color-

ing, and in the fine lines of her figure. She was like some heroic woman of ancient Gaul—a woman to inspire warriors to mighty deeds, a Brunhilda, a Goddess of the Fields, young and strong and free. And as she stood facing the soldiers, with wonder in her deep, brown eyes, but not a sound of fear, even the commanding Duc de Fronsac remained silent awaiting her words.

She spoke quickly but clearly:

"What is the matter? I heard Antoine cry."

The soldiers remained silent, looking at one another in perplexity. Then she saw the shapeless mass that lay, bloodstained, on the floor. She did not faint nor cry out, but went quickly to the body, and took the head in her lap, and bent over the face. The men were frightened by her silence. They looked at her, wondering; all except Jean who leant against the wall, motionless, and stared in front of him with dull eyes. Diane saw nothing but Antoine's corpse. She did not know that he had been bad; that he had betrayed her for money. She only remembered him as her brother—the companion of long years. He had always been kind to her; she had trusted him, and, as she knelt by the body, she thought of the days when as children they had played together through the green fields of Touraine—she thought of how they had always worked together; always lived in the small, old house, which was their home. Would they never come again, those happy times—was he never to help her more—would he never speak? She looked up in despair to the soldiers.

"He is not dead, is he?—only hurt. Help me to raise him, and—"

She lifted the body a little and tried to support it. It dropped back onto the floor, and the dagger fell from the wound with a clatter.

Then Diane realized that Antoine had been murdered. She rose and faced De Fronsac:

"Who killed him?"

The Duke smiled. He had long wished to possess this girl—so beautiful, so imperious. Now she was here, in his power. Would she still love Jean when she knew him as her brother's murderer? Would she not rather yield to himself?

So the Duke smiled at the question, and pointed to where the peasant stood.

But Diane loved Jean.

"You lie," she cried fiercely to the accuser; "you lie—'twas your work. Tell him he lies," she continued, looking to Jean. "I will believe you."

The murderer raised his head. His eyes seemed to have no expression, as if he neither understood well nor cared, and his voice was low and indistinct as he answered:

"I killed him."

The girl went up to him and seized his hand:

"You are mad—mad. You would not kill him, he was my brother; and you love me. Jean, it is I—Diane—your love."



But again the words came:

"I killed him."

And then as Diane dropped his hand with a cry, the man seemed to realize what had happened. He tried to hold her: "I could not help it. I had to kill him. Diane, you must hear me—I had to kill him because he was going—"

He could not go on. At a signal from the Duke, the soldiers had gagged him.

De Fronsac would not give Jean a chance to explain. It was Diane's love for the latter that had made her spurn all his advances. Jean must be removed. He turned to Diane with a courtly bow:

"If Mademoiselle will permit, I shall see that justice be done to this villain."

Diane did not hear him; she had again bent over her brother's body, holding out her arm, as if to protect it from further harm.

The Duke motioned to his soldiers:

"Take the fellow to the dungeons and give him up as a Huguenot—then return."

There was a short struggle. With a great effort the prisoner succeeded in freeing himself for an instant, and rushed towards Diane with outstretched hands. She recoiled with a cry of horror. Then Jean was again seized and hurried out to the street; and Diane was left alone in the room with the Duke and a corpse.

De Fronsac stood looking at the woman before him. Yes, she was very beautiful, kneeling there with her dark hair falling over her neck and shoulders. She had not the grace of a court beauty, he reflected, "and her skin was decidedly tanned by the sun, yet, she was assuredly worth the winning—this fair divinity of nature—and much harder to captivate, too, than the ladies in waiting of Catherine de Medicis. It was three months since he had first seen her in the vineyards of the chateau—three months; and all that time he had longed in vain—but now He approached Diane with a smile on his handsome face.

"Mademoiselle, you may feel safe now—the murderer has gone."

Quickly she rose and confronted the Duke.

"How dare you call him that!"

"Pardon," the courtier replied, with a low bow, "I had been imprudent enough to suppose that you had ceased to take an interest in—eh—Monsieur—after—" and he cast an expressive glance at the corpse.

"Monseigneur, you shall not speak of him thus to me—I tell you, you shall not."

"As you wish, Mademoiselle," he answered, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "I have no desire to recall your fiance. Indeed, I had dared to present myself in his place.

Diane scorned to answer. She folded her arms and looked fearlessly at De Fronsac.

"As you may remember, I have frequently offered you my ser-

vices. You have but to command and I will obey. All you can desire will be yours, if you will but deign to accept my proposals. Ah, you are still pitiless to the most ardent of your admirers," he continued, seeing the look which came into her eyes, "yet—perhaps you might be persuaded to regard me with a little more favour. You have refused the love, the position, the riches which I have offered you, but I take the liberty of reminding you that your lover is a murderer—yes, a murderer, and that he is in my power—"

Diane's face was pale—very pale.

"Do not let us misunderstand each other, Mademoiselle. If you wish to save your lover, you must yield."

Still was Diane silent. But now she turned away from the Duke as if in terror and again crouched down beside Antoine's body.

Her silence infuriated De Fronsac. He strode forward and roughly grasped the girl's arm.

"Your answer?"

"This."

In her desperation she snatched up the dagger from the ground, and sprang at the Duke.

So sudden was Diane's attack, so sudden and unexpected, that the Duke had no time to spring aside, but quickly throwing up his arm, he knocked her hand, and the dagger instead of entering his heart, only ripped his silken sleeve and made a slight gash in his shoulder. Then he in turn attacked Diane. He seized her wrist, and threw his arms about her. She was a strong woman, and she fought desperately, but slowly the man's grasp tightened on her wrist, slowly he forced her back to the wall, until, suddenly, her strength and courage seemed to fail her; the dagger dropped from her hand, and she sank to the floor weak and panting.

For an instant De Fronsac bent over her with a savage expression on his face, then with a short, harsh laugh, he picked the dagger from the floor, and stood to his full height, gazing down on the girl.

"'Tis a dangerous plaything, ma chere, not meant for young demoiselles—fair, tender, innocent demoiselles—to use. I shall take charge of it in future lest you harm yourself, my pretty one."

He expected to rekindle the girl's fury by his words. But Diane's spirit was broken. She was helpless and knew it, and crouched in a corner of the room; her head against the cold, gray stone, her eyes closed.

The Duke saw that he had conquered.

"Come, come, ma petite," he continued in a coaxing tone, more hateful than his sternest threats, "do not despair. You still have your choice—will you yield?"

No answer.

"You cannot escape me; you will only cause your lover's death by trying to do so. You had better consent to be"—he laughed derisively—"my little wife, eh, ma belle?"

Diane opened her eyes and fixed them upon the Duke in despair.

"You may do with me as you wish, if Jean will be saved."  
 "He shall, on the faith of a gentleman. Par dieu," he exclaimed with cruel delight at a new thought, "you shall yourself free him. We shall go to the prison now!"

"I cannot," she cried, "I could not bear to see him!"

"Ah! but you are cruel. A man in peril should be rescued by his sweetheart! And then you must make your adieus, you know. I will leave you ten minutes alone, alone with your lover, for the last time!"

The girl cowered against the stone wall, as if he were striking her. "But there must be no plotting, ma petite; no clever little plan to escape from your poor husband. You are a daring demoiselle, and dangerous, too, when roused. But you are a good girl—have great faith in this new religion, I hear—so I will trust you if you swear to consent to no plots."

Diane raised her head wearily.

"I swear," she murmured.

"To see Jean no more."

"To see Jean no more."

"And to be mine—mine alone."

"To be yours—alone."

"Swear by your religion!"

"I swear, by my faith as a Huguenot."

"Swear as you hope to obtain mercy."

"I swear."

The Duke's eyes flashed cruelly.

"Swear by the love you bore Jean."

The words were repeated slowly; in a lower voice. "I swear—by the love—I bore—Jean."

Then with a cry Diane sank back, burying her face against the cold floor.

But the Duke, grasping her arm, forced her to rise, and led her forth to the street. And then, surrounded by his soldiers, who had returned, he hurried the wretched girl on through the streets to the prison.

(To be continued.)

## The Christmas Matins

Within the drafty choir where snow-sweeps fall  
 Oft from above with chill of wintry days;  
 'Neath arches, column-reared above the oaken stall,  
 Shadow'd and hid, unpierced by taper's blaze;  
 Row upon row of sleepless ones who stay  
 Ling'ring and watching for the dear Christ's Mass.  
 Nearly their Advent vigil o'er; long e'er the day  
 Breaks over snow-dight field and icy pass  
 The high out-bursting Angel-song shall shake the walls of stone and  
 painted glass.

Weary the reader's voice; weary the wind  
 That bears along to morn the stormy night;  
 Weary the choir's respond; weary they find  
 The ceaseless-moving clouds that faintly light  
 One unglazed window overhead: and sleep  
 Comes on one brother. Sinking down he sees  
 The winter snows in Holy Land lie deep;  
 The frost-bit shepherds fall upon their knees  
 As Angels sing their midnight mass and fore the rising Light earth's  
 darkness flees.

All bright! all glorious! O'er the white wrapped hills  
 Speeds that poor brother with the shepherds glad  
 A lowly cot,—an ugly cave whose glory fills  
 The world of worlds:—nor there is Winter sad  
 But Springtime laughing in the prime of May;  
 And flow'rets bloom in honor of the Child.  
 Before the humble door the cherubs play,  
 Called from the farthest star; the Maiden mild  
 Looks up, and smiles to see the choicest Summer garden deck the  
 Winter wild!

Weary the hymn, weary the Psalter's tone;  
 The brother hears not:—low doth bend  
 Before the offered Pascal Lamb's high throne;  
 And thousand steady-burning tapers send  
 Their rays upmounting to the midnight sky,  
 There mingling with the stars who sweetly sing  
 As at creation's dawn; and curling high  
 The incense veils the manger-throne and King—  
 A rosy Babe enshrined there whose praises heaven and earth are  
 fain to ring.

The brother wakes:—the festal lights aflame  
 Now flash from aisle to aisle, from pier to pier;  
 The altar drest with broidered silks, (the same  
 That high-born maidens wrought long since); and here  
 Three silken-coped priests begin His praise  
 Who comes again, tho' none but watchful eye  
 Can see, and none but lowly hear the lays  
 Of countless angel-folk who, from the sky,  
 Carol through ruddy choir and dim-lit nave fair antiphons to God  
 on high. D.

## College Notes

The basketball season was inaugurated on December 3d with a game with St. John's College, Brooklyn. The team, which consists of Captain Jepson, Boak, A. Jennings, Day and R. Jennings, gives promise of being a strong and fast combination. There are six men who are trying for the substitute positions, of whom Morgan, Groser and Sherwood give promise of developing into good 'Varsity material. Excellent spirit is shown by the more athletically inclined of the undergraduates, there being two teams, at least, on the floor every afternoon. This practice, coming as it does on the heels of a disastrous football season, will give the basketball men time to round themselves into a winning team. Games have been scheduled with Union College and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

The Dragon Club announces the following course of lectures for the Winter:

- December 11, Miss Edith Rodgers, Song Recital.
- January 15, Mrs. Frederick W. Norris, "An Evening with Dickens."
- January 29, Mr. John Jay Chapman, "Dr. Samuel G. Howe."
- February 12, Miss Edith Rodgers, Song Recital.
- February 26, Hon. Lewis S. Chanler, Subject to be selected.
- March 12, Rev. I. C. Sturges, L. H. D., "Captains Courageous in Early American History."
- March 19, Mr. Eugen Haile, "German Folk-Songs."

On November 19, at the Masonic Temple at Poughkeepsie, five men were initiated into the Eulexian Fraternity: Charles D. Fairman, J. F. Hamblin, Eugene M. Schleisher, Harold E. Stone and Albert J. M. Wilson. The following Alumni were present: Rev. George S. Bennit, D. D.; Rev. C. A. Jessup, D. D.; Rev. Robert Mac Kellar; Rev. P. M. Bleecker; Mr. Keble Dean, Mr. B. S. Gibson, and Mr. W. W. Silliman.

Since the last appearance of these pages deeds of such daring and nobility have been done by some of the children—id est, certain mem-

bers of the Freshman and Sophomore classes—as would adorn the lines of nothing less than a ponderous epic poem. We are fully sensible of the fact that such childish happenings would not be worthy of being chronicled, even of being mentioned, if they had not the afore-said epic character. As such they await the divine touch of some youthful wooer of Calliope. The joke on the Juniors, however, is too good to be kept for poetry. Social events connected with the College, of sufficient dignity to demand a dress suit (and perhaps a borrowed one at that!) are few and far between; but when they do come, to make a man walk for miles in the misery and uncomfortable-ness of his "glad rags," is at the least a bit thoughtless, not to say a trifle rude.

On Sunday, November 21, the Rev. F. B. Reazor, D. D., rector of St. Mark's, Orange, N. J., preached the sermon at the 10:30 Communion Service. Dr. Reazor and his two daughters, Miss Gertrude and Miss Margaret Reazor, spent the week-end as the guests of the President's family.

Dr. Clark, Springsted, '10, and Holt, '11, were elected as delegates to the Student's Missionary Convention to be held in Rochester during the Christmas vacation.

October 19, Sigma Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon held their annual initiation. Seven men were taken in. They were Ely, Bond, Parkinson, Mahaffy, Woolford, Bridgeman and Williams. After the initiation a banquet was served in Preston Hall. Thurauf was in charge of this part of the festivities. Brother Sidman acted as toastmaster. Among the other Alumni present were Brothers Selvage and Crockett.

On Friday night, November 19th, the Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity initiated the following men: Courtney E. Groser, Edgar S. Palmer, Warner A. Forsyth, Edward B. Tenny, George S. Hale, and James Whitcomb. After the initiation, the members of the fraternity sat down to a banquet in 15 Hoffman. The following Alumni were present: Rev. Frank Reazor, D. D., '79; Frank Allen, '08, and William Corton.

A Chess Club has been organized. There are about a dozen members, of whom Rathbun, '10, is President, and Rhea, '13, Secretary. A tournament is to be played during the winter. A series of games preliminary to this tournament are now being played.

A German Club, for the purpose of extending a knowledge of German conversation, has also been formed. There are about fifteen members. Sherwood, '11, is President and Rhea, '13, Secretary.

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