

# MESSENGER

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# Saint Stephen's Messenger

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## Editorial

Those who had charge of the Jubilee celebration in New York are to be congratulated upon its success. It was a celebration that marked a new era for St. Stephen's, and a fitting introduction to the fifty years to come which so many good omens promise will be bright ones for the College.

But with our sense of gain in this jubilee year comes also a sense of loss which is deeply felt—Dr. Anthony's resignation of the chair of Philosophy to become one of Trinity's vicars. Dr. Anthony has been long and honorably connected with St. Stephen's. No one else will ever be able to occupy exactly the place he leaves vacant. It would be difficult, indeed, to find another man of such balance and proportion and so well rounded in every phase of life. Dr. and Mrs. Anthony will be greatly missed. They will go to their new home and new life, however, with many a hearty "Godspeed" from their friends—all the present and past students of St. Stephen's.

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## The Small College \*

By the President of St. Stephen's College.

There will, I am sure, be many marks of haste and superficiality in these words, but it was only last Wednesday morning that I discovered that I was to have the honor of reading a paper before this club. It is more than possible that to many of you the subject upon which I wish to say a few words is too familiar to be worth further attention, but it happens to be the subject in which I am most deeply interested inasmuch as I am the President of a small college.

Most of those people who take any interest in University and College affairs must feel that we have arrived at a period where a great many important problems have to be solved. The enormous size of the great Universities has made it impossible that there should be any individual intercourse between the student body and faculty. The increasing number of avenues opening up in this complex modern life increase indefinitely the subjects which a young man going out into the world for his life work has to learn. The whole intellectual equipment of the student and of the university is directed to the acquirement of such efficiency as will result in the greatest practical success. There is no time for acquiring that broad and general foundation which used to be considered necessary before special subjects could be learned. And in the third place I venture to think that there is a certain feeling of uneasiness at the complete secularization of all our education from kindergarten to university. The modern up-to-date progressive radical will tell us that all this is just as it ought to be because to him nothing which is old is good, and the foundations of society themselves are to give way to new ideas of morality and life. The modern man, however, of the H. G. Wells type is not going to have everything his own way. After all, our civilization is Christian and the average man or woman in the Christian world stands in the old paths ready to give the weight of his influence for Christian Truth, Christian Character, and Christian Conduct.

There are three ways, it seems to me, in which the small college is able to meet these problems.

I. It can give personal touch.

II. Its work is thorough.

III. It can care for the spiritual nature of the student.

1. The personal touch is what the Presidents of the great universities are seeking to establish between themselves, the faculty and the student body. Where there are 5,000 or 6,000 students there must necessarily be groups and sub-divisions, and each group and sub-division is sufficiently large to feel that it is independent of the larger

\* Read before the Fortnightly Club, at Lakewood, N. J., Laurel-in-the-Pines Hotel, January 29, 1910.

life of the university or the other groups. The club system at Princeton is giving President Wilson uneasiness on this account. In other universities and in large colleges various efforts are being made to bring certain classes of students together for social, athletic or other purposes. President Lowell, at Harvard, is suggesting that all the Freshmen be segregated in one or two large dormitories. As a matter of fact what they all are feeling after is the English College in the English University. It is too late, by a hundred years, for this method to be adopted here, but we can have the small college complete in itself, where the college spirit is paramount, and where all who have anything to do with the college are in close touch with each other.

2. Another great reaction in another direction seems to be coming.

A great many people are beginning to find out that much that is learned in the way of electives and special subjects can only be learned superficially when the mind has never been properly trained and exercised in the use of its own material. The old-fashioned classical course together with a good mathematical and philosophical training is found to be, after all, the best means for producing intellectual agility and alertness. As long ago as 1854 Benjamin Jowett, the great Master of Balliol, is reported to have said: "We believe that men who have been engaged up to one or two and twenty in studies which have no connection with the business of any profession, and of which the effect is merely to open, to invigorate and to enrich the mind, will generally be found in the business of every profession superior to men who have at eighteen or nineteen devoted themselves to the special studies of their calling. The most illustrious English jurists have been men who have never opened a law book until after the close of a distinguished academical career; nor is there any reason to believe that they would have been greater lawyers if they had passed in drawing pleas and conveyances the time which they gave to Thucydides, to Cicero, and to Newton."

3. There is a third advantage as I believe, which the small college possesses and which ought to make it of infinite value, and that is the opportunity that it has for developing the spiritual nature of our youth. We have hitherto been acting on the supposition that somehow or another the religious needs of our young men and women, as well as of our boys and girls will get attended to by the church. And this is founded on the idea that we can divide up our lives into parcels, tie them up separately and put them into pigeon-holes to be brought out and used as occasion requires. The religious parcel has generally been put off into the pigeon-hole at the end, and only opened up once a week and not always as much as that, and then the church has conceived that the whole of her duty so far as the educational process is concerned consists in teaching religious subjects in its own particular way.

Now, Life cannot be divided into compartments. It is one whole indivisible thing. What affects one part affects all. There is no

such thing really as the secular and the religious life, the one separated from and opposed to the other. If the Incarnation means anything, it means that Jesus came and lived human life through and through in all its experiences and developments so that his divine life might circulate through every vein and artery of corporate humanity as well as of the individual human being. Thus we cannot separate education from religion, that is, from God. God is the end for which man is created. Man's life,—intellectual, physical and moral,—must be entirely permeated with that which is the supreme force, spiritual life—that which vitalizes everything, and makes living worth while. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that our children should be under spiritual influences when their habits and characters are being formed. I do not mean that a college should exist as an institution to teach religious knowledge but that the college should be a place where the spiritual nature should have every opportunity to develop in a wholesome, natural and generous growth. A college is not a place in which to teach theology but where the fact that man's end is God, should influence its plans and purposes. The Chapel should be regarded by all the members as the place where spiritual exercises are taken for the strengthening and developing of the spiritual life just as the study and the recitation room and the library are used for the intellectual and the gymnasium for the physical development. There will never be any objection on the part of any self-respecting student to the Chapel services when he is taught that they are not just a necessary part of college routine to which they are compelled to go, but a season of refreshment, an opportunity to get strength to do the other things and to do them better.

I believe that the day of the small college is coming. I mean a college of from 150 to 200 students, because I am sure people will come to find out more and more by experience that something has been lacking, something has been weak in the foundations; that God must, after all, be admitted to a much larger share in our daily life, national, social, family, college, school, business and recreation, than ever before. God will not permit himself to be pushed out of his own world. I am not, I hope, superstitious, but I cannot help thinking now of poor France, of Paris, threatened almost with destruction, and if there is a personal God, the God whom Jesus revealed, the Universal Father who is interested in us all and in every part of us, then it is more than possible that He is forcibly reminding France that she cannot ignore him as she has been trying to do. Neither can we in our schools, our colleges, our universities, perhaps I might add, in our churches.

God **must** be included in our plans. His religion **must** be learned and it is best learned when the mind is most open to good as well as to evil impressions, when love and enthusiasm for high and noble ideals are most easily aroused. And so I venture to submit that the small college with a carefully chosen faculty, preferably located in the country, has a splendid opportunity to-day to do these three most

necessary things, first, to bring teachers and taught closer together so that college life may have the touch of the home, the warmth of the fire-side, geniality of cultured companionship; secondly, to bring back into greater popularity the good old-fashioned methods of a sound classical and liberal education; and thirdly, to bring back into larger recognition the Truth; that behind everything, underneath everything, and above everything, is the spiritual life, is God Himself.

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## George Dent Silliman

Doctor of Sacred Theology

Obit February 1, 1910

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No one who has ever chanced to meet for half an hour, or came to know for half a life-time this man, whose memory is as fragrant as the spices of Solomon's Garden, and more precious to many of us than the "golden wedge of Ophir," would fail, **could** fail to think of him always as one who seemed to have the happy temperament of a most attractive cheeriness. It enveloped his whole nature. It radiated from his very presence. It flavored his most serious moments. It flashed out from behind every frown that wrinkled brow or lurked beneath the kindly eyes. He **could** be serious. He **could** try to be stern. He was sober-minded and reverent in spirit toward all holy things and in all holy offices. The spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and might, of knowledge and true godliness, and the spirit of holy fear dowered his nature, his heart and his intellect, with many gifts, gifts of leadership, of influence, of persuasion, of devotion, of loyalty, of tactfulness, of sanctified common sense in uncommon measure, and gave him a large capacity for untiring work and labor in the service of God and neighbor. God was nigh unto him in all his thoughts. And he was so full of loving kindness and charity that he was nigh neighbor to every one he met. But the gift that mastered and mannered all else was the gift of his abounding friendliness, his good will, his patience, his honest-heartedness, his happy cheerfulness, his unflinching charity. And through all these there ever beamed a charming and winsome humor that brightened and warmed and vitalized the whole atmosphere of his companionable presence. He was sensitive to other people's moods, yet never resented them.

He was shrewd at reading men's characters, yet always lenient to the weaker sort.

He was guileless, yet never to be caught unawares by false pretense. He was as simple as a child and young in all his delight to take and give pleasure. Yet he was a man with a vigorous mind and

quick discernment, experienced and mature in knowledge of the world of men, dignified and conventional, when there was need to be.

He entered college as a sophomore in the Christmas term of 1864.

He was older than most of us who were there in the middle sixties. But he belonged to the youngest of us. "Pater Silliman," we called him. As "Dear Old Pater Silliman" we sometimes spoke of him, in moments of gushing affection. He would laugh and joke with us, and smile benignly on our youthful pranks. He was always in the midst of us, and his very presence would stop a quarrel, stay an angry word, or heal a bitter spirit. Good fellowship was abroad when he was around. We felt that we could go to him for both kind and wise advice. He would give it with a shrewd twinkle of his eye. If he blamed, it was more with a humorous humility for venturing to do so. A story quaintly told would serve the purpose of a rebuke. An anecdote was sufficient for a lecture. Those who in late years ever heard, (or ever heard his friend McLean tell of it,) the sermon on the text, "See that ye walk circumspectly," in which he used Dean Swift's vivid illustration of the Cat and the Glass-spiked Wall, will not wonder at his choice of such an eccentric writer's witty parable, nor wonder that the decorum of choir and congregation was disturbed by its recital. He loved his college, and put up many a good fight for it in high places. Let it never be forgotten that he won Charles B. Hoffman and his generous benefactions, a friend the college needed so sorely when he came to its support. As an alumnus and a Trustee, he served his Alma Mater with the chivalrous devotion and fidelity of a true knight. As a Pastor and Parish Priest he was incomparable. Inside and outside of all his parishes he was beloved for himself and for his work. In the Diocese of Albany, where he was ordained, and where most of his ministry was spent, he was better known than any other priest in it. Loving and sympathetic and helpful to his brethren, he was welcome in every rectory home, and at every kind of church function. The Diocese put him on its Standing Committee and at the head of the Provisional Deputies to General Convention, by election and by appointment on the Committee on Constitution and Canons and other committees of importance. He never sought any honors for himself except the honor of being useful to his fellow men, of doing good to them and of making their lives brighter and happier. The tribute of his old Bishop to him, who valued him and his long friendship so highly, may well close this incomplete sketch of our beloved brother:

"The story of his work is the story of a strong and most helpful ministry which has left behind it not only a warm and intense gratitude and affection, but results whose record must pass on with his into the Book of Life."

FREDERICK S. SILL.

## On the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of St. Stephen's College

Awake to song!

For lo the long sun lines  
Shoot through the gray,—from mines  
Of light untold,—from realms unborn  
Leap up and flood the glowing morn!

Awake to song!

For lo the far-drawn dawn  
Now drowns the world, the lawn  
Is naught but all-suffusing light  
Blushing and bathed in rosy might!

### I.

Spring's morning breaks above the little hill  
(Where often I have wander'd, yet not found  
The lights more ravishing than dreams which fill  
Its gray with life divine),—and yet no sound  
Save that the dawn itself reeks melody,—  
Life is on tiptoe till the day be born.  
In realms beyond our ken dawn's harmony  
Springs into life—and see! the golden morn  
All golden floods thy dim scholastic halls  
And promise of the day in cataracts of glory falls!

### II.

Instinct with life from far beyond the world  
Roofs, towers, columns, bricks,—the blushing day.  
Called into being from the spaces hurled  
In ceaseless orbits, claims all as he may  
His very own, and gives thee with his light  
Promise of things unthinkable, of things,  
As inexpressible as is the flight  
Of souls toward God; when Nature's essence sings  
And woos thee with her warmth and gives  
Thy soul a soul which ever upward grows and ever lives.

### III.

Mother, we sing thy glorious fifty years,  
Attuned full joyous to the springtime morn.  
And I would sing to thee, for my love's tears  
Brim from my heart that ever thou wast born,  
And I was born into that inmost soul  
With which thou hold'st communion. It is thine  
To know the highest as the ages roll,  
To grasp the Holy Grail and make it mine—  
The Holy Grail, great Nature's inner core,  
High learning's aim, her guiding lantern burning evermore.

## IV.

Some time this Holy Grail was given to men  
 In aeons far when souls began to feel  
 Their final being subtly stirred and then  
 Reached out and sought for what alone is real.  
 It floated through the world—  
 On battlefield, where darts are hurled  
 In peaceful homes where love  
 Is found, it hovered there above;  
 'Mong men with soul's rude-built  
 In ages dim unknown to history,  
 'Mong men with soul's atilt  
 Upon the borders of infinity;  
 All felt its power gleam through the night  
 And struggled upwards toward the light.

## V.

What are thy fifty years  
 To those in ages long ago  
 When first God's learning (as one who hears  
 Yet knows not who has spoken so)  
 Called men up higher  
 Tinged them with spark of fire  
 Caught from God's own Divinity,  
 And made them kin to all infinity;  
 In temples where the Magi watched at night,  
 In sandy deserts where the nomads roam,  
 In vaulted chambers gloom'd by taper's light;  
 In all the soul climed upwards to its home?  
 What are thy fifty years? Thou in thy youth!  
 And life is at the Dawn! The vision of the Truth  
 Yet gleams! the Holy Grail  
 Yet glides in lances of the dying sun!  
 Upwards and on! Thou canst not fall!

## VI.

Our mother—yet a maiden rosy-clad—  
 World's winter's old and reaching 'neath the root  
 Of history;—and yet in springtime glad  
 Laughing with life as upward shoot  
 Dead things long lain, and through the gloom  
 Promising heavenly bloom!  
 Young in thy years, 'tis true, but yet so old  
 Thy spirit that men cannot ever know  
 When first thou didst begin to be, to hold  
 Communion with the Real and thus to go  
 Straight to the sources of the radiant day—  
 Yet thou art lusting in the prime of May!

## VII.

Our mother stands upon the brink  
 Of a great unending sea  
 Whose waters ever rise and sink  
 And roll away eternally.  
 One slightest impulse on that shore shall ever onward roll  
 And spend its force in farthest ages of the human soul.  
 The waves lap ceaselessly, the waters surge  
 About each one of us, and ceaseless merge  
 That which is most ourselves into the life of all;  
 That which I am shall be  
 Something to all eternity;  
 The rise and fall,  
 The thought scarce thought,  
 Unconscious strivings of myself for some unknown, but sought  
 I know not why:  
 So does Thy life leap upward to the sky,  
 So shall Thyself go on but never die!

## VIII.

And so I sing, for thou art dear to me,  
 And into song for thee  
 My heart goes rapturously!  
 I know where woodmaids haunt thy countryside,  
 I know where naiads track the gentle streams,  
 I know thy beauty caught from summer's dreams,  
 And meads with violets and cowslips pied.  
 I know the souls that haunt thy gothic halls  
 Oft home-returned I've seen them gleam—when lo!  
 Thy home-dear lights lay long across the snow!  
 And in night watches I have felt their calls,  
 I love thy hillocks, often bleak and bare;  
 One sheep-roamed hill has brought down heaven to me  
 In murm'ring afternoons full dreamily!—  
 More beautiful, for thou art with me there!

## IX

But see the evening flashes o'er the world!  
 The sun is seeking sunken realms from where  
 He sends his glory; ethereal hues are hurl'd  
 Adown, they pour and roll about thee there  
 Throned on thy hill; they beckon to the West—  
 And thou shalt go where glides the sun  
 Into the gardens of the night to rest—  
 Where really neither night nor rest's begun,  
 But bliss unutterable in the eternal course  
 Of work and deed and aim—our life's own secret source.

## X.

Hark! through the twilight dim  
Comes many-voiced a hymn:

*Lamp of our life, thy sons do greet thee,  
Mother enthroned in all our hearts,  
Here in thy realms where none do meet thee  
Save those enpierced by thy love's flamed darts.*

*Mother, to thee our voices ringing  
Heart bound to heart, hand fast in hand,  
Brethren close-knitted, praises singing,  
Spirit, to thee over sea and land.*

*Mother, our inmost soul is springing  
Into thy life which is wide and free,  
Upwards and onwards, boundless flinging  
On to the "KNOW" of Eternity.*

Awake to song!  
For lo thy halls lie drest  
In glowings from the West!  
Flooded the trees, the shadows lie  
Long on the lawn neath a wine-hued sky!

Awake to song!  
For lo the sinking sun  
His journey has begun,  
And sends afar from unknown sea  
Lights that bridge us with eternity!

## M.

## Jean Ronceau

(In Two Parts.)

## Part II.

While the Duc de Fronsac had forced the helpless Diane to yield to his wishes, Jean bound, gagged and wild with grief and pain, had been led to the dungeons of the castle, and cast into a great cell filled with those unfortunate Huguenots who had fallen into the terrible vengeance of the Guise. It was a ghastly place, damp and of foul air, and the little light that shone through the narrow slits of the high windows showed a densely-packed crowd of prisoners.

But Jean, crouching in a corner of the cell, noticed none of these horrors, the shriek of women and the groans of those in pain were alike unheard by him. In his mind, half-crazed by grief and despair, there was but one picture—that of a man's body, and the white face of a girl who bent over a gash in the side; while through his ears ran a mocking cry, "You have killed her brother—she hates you, hates you, hates you."

She who had loved him, she who had been faithful to him through long years, she who was to have been his wife now hated him—hated him as the murderer of the one she loved. They were to be married to-day—but now—the thought was too terrible; his mind could not bear it, and he burst into violent peals of mad laughter.

One of the wretches lying near him dealt him a savage cut across the face. But Jean still laughed on. Then other prisoners, enraged by the horrible noise, struck at him with brutal hands, until, half-stunned by blows, he sank upon the prison floor, quiet, save for an occasional groan.

After a time a prison guard came. He revived him with strong drink, and freed his chains, and then, half-supporting the weak body of the prisoner, he hurried away through long gloomy passages. At last they stopped, and the soldier, opening a small iron door pushed Jean into the room. It was a small chapel, used for the last confessions and services of distinguished prisoners. A few tapers upon the altar gave the only light, and Jean, faint, and half stunned as he was could at first see nothing. Then a laugh fell on his ears, and turning he saw, bending low in a courtly bow, with his plumed hat to his heart, the Duc De Fronsac.

The Duke's smooth, sarcastic tones broke the stillness.

"Knowing the interest, monsieur, that you take in the fortunes of Mademoiselle Diane, I craved an audience in order that I might inform you of her gracious consent to become the wife of Henri de Fronsac;" he paused an instant to note the effect of his words, then continued, "and since, monsieur, by yielding to me she has saved your life, I have brought her in person to give you your pardon"—he waved his hand to where Diane stood, at the base of the great wooden crucifix.

There was a short silence.

"Perhaps monsieur would like to say a few words in private to mademoiselle? You were very intimate once, I understand, and it is possible you would like to make your adieus—before you part forever."

He looked to Jean, but the peasant answered not.

"For ten minutes I leave you alone—and then—"

He ended his sentence by another mocking bow, and passed from the cell, closing the heavy door.

For a moment after the sound of De Fronsac's foot-steps had died away, the prisoner remained immovable. The cruel words of the Duke were scarcely intelligible to his dazed mind. He realized nothing except that Diane was before him, and he must make her understand. He crept toward her and stretched out his hands in mute appeal.

But Diane was looking upon the image of the crucifix.

"Diane," he cried, "Diane!"

She turned slowly, her voice was calm, but her pale, haggard face and wild eyes told of her suffering.

"What do you wish of me?"

"If you will but listen, if you will forgive me, I shall die happy."

"You are not to die; I have bought your freedom with my honor. I once loved you," she continued in a low tone, as if whispering to herself, "and I could not let you die even though you killed—"

"Yes, I killed him, but it was to save you—I ask not for freedom, I want to die, but first I—"

Diane rushed forward and grasped his arm.

"You killed Antonio to save me, but how, quick, tell me how!"

"The Duke had bribed him; he was going to betray your hiding place. I stabbed him."

"Ah!"

The shock of his words, the sudden revulsion of feeling, caused Diane to stagger; she would have fallen but for Jean's arms, which, catching her, held her to him. A hundred different thoughts were coursing through her brain, horror at the treachery of her brother; joy at finding her lover innocent; then a momentary wild doubt as to the truth of Jean's words—could Antonio be so false—but gradually but one feeling filled her heart—renewed love for Jean, and with it trust and forgiveness.

"Forgive me," she cried. "I shall never doubt you again—nothing shall ever part us now; no man, no fate."

"Your vows!"

Behind them stood the Duke.

Listening without the door, he had heard Diane's cry as she fell upon Jean's breast, and had suspected that Jean had told of Antonio's guilt.

"Pardon! I wished but to remind you of the vows you swore—I will disturb no longer such a touching scene; but in four minutes it

must end. Remember!"

He paused an instant on the threshold, holding up the crucifix that hung from the golden chair about his neck, before the girl's eyes. The heavy door shut with a clang; the lovers were again alone.

"For an instant neither moved, then Diane tried to tear herself from the peasant's arms.

"I cannot be yours," she cried. "I have sworn to marry him, and to see you no more. I cannot."

Jean held her more tightly to him.

"Diane, you are mad, nothing can take you from me, you are—"

With a frantic effort she broke from him, and stood beside the great cross with outstretched arms.

"You would not have me false to my oath—to my faith?"

But to Jean love was all.

"Diane," he cried passionately, "you will not let an oath part us? He forced it from you, it cannot bind. Oh, my love," he continued, holding out his hands beseechingly. "I will save you, we can surely escape the Duke; or if we fail, we die together, for you are mine—mine—mine!"

For a moment the woman wavered, he was her all—her right. Then she raised her eyes to the cross; it was a rude structure, made of wood, but she knew the lesson it taught, and her voice was low but firm as she spoke.

"I swore by my faith. I will not break that oath—even—for—love."

And then with a despairing cry, Jean again threw his arms about her, and tried to draw her to him, but suddenly stronger hands tore him away, and forced him, madly fighting, toward the door.

The minutes had passed.

Jean and Diane had seen each other for the last time. The Duke had conquered.

And the guards dragged Jean through the long passages to where the great gate of the prison opened to freedom—and they cast him out—free.

But Diane, prisoner to her faith, knelt at the foot of the crucifix.

It was a beautiful day. The masses of rain clouds, so common in the skies of Touraine, had been dispelled by the warm spring sun, whose rays shone brightly upon the streets and squares of Amboise, and the great towers and high terraces of the chateau. The streets were alive with people. The heavy carriages of the nobles, the royal mousquetaires on their gayly-caparisoned horses, the peasants shuffling along in their sabots—all passed eagerly by in one continuous stream. But whither were all these various crowds hastening—to a fair, or a procession of the guard, or some pageant of the court? Not so.

In the great square beneath the castle walls, was erected a huge scaffold. Hither came the multitudes, filling the planked benches



that rose tier upon tier surrounding the square; occupying all the roofs and windows of the houses whence a view could be had of the spectacle about to be enacted. Even royalty condescended to be present, for suddenly upon a balcony of the chateau that overlooked the square, appeared the young King and Queen of France, the Queen mother, the Duc de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal de Lorraine, the Prince de Conde—in short all that great assemblage of lords and ladies which composed the court of France. And, among the ladies who formed the train of the Queen, Marie Stuart, sat Diane.

And now the eyes of all that vast multitude were fixed in eager expectation on the scaffold, draped in black, and on the block where stood the headsman with his axe. For there the last scene of the conspiracy of the Amboise was to take place. The chief nobles of the Huguenots, and those who had as yet escaped the bloody vengeance of the Guises, were all to be executed on that day. And that this might be made an example to all the Huguenots and Revolutionists in France, the most Christian King himself and his poor young wife were forced by the stern policy of the regent, Catharine de Medici, and by the Guise, to sanction by their royal presence the slaughter of the heretics.

Suddenly, at a signal from De Guise, the lines of the Swiss guard parted, and the first Huguenots ascended the scaffold. It was a long and ghastly procession. Many of the prisoners had been tortured beforehand in the dungeons of the castle, and could scarcely walk to the block. Among these came a man with white face, and bound about his feet with red-stained bandages. It was Jean!

Jean, a prisoner once more, in spite of Diane's sacrifice. For when he had been cast from the dungeon free, his one thought had been to rescue Diane, whether she willed it or not. And, helpless as he knew himself to be against the power of the Duke, he had determined to go to the house of that Pierre, who was the friend of both Diane and himself, and, with his aid, devise some plan by which she might be secretly freed. But alas! Pierre, also a Huguenot, had been implicated in the great conspiracy, had been discovered, and even as Jean entered his house, it was filled with a band of these cutthroats whom they of the Guise employed for their bloody vengeance. These men, mad like their masters, for slaughter, seized the peasant as a fellow-conspirator of Pierre, and led him back to the dungeons. And there, De Fronsac, who, as became a good Catholic gentleman, was watching with a party of nobles the tortures of the vile heretics, saw Jean, and filled with a new and fiendish plan, brought it to pass that he should be executed before the King, with the rest of the Huguenots. Then, to complete his cruelty, he contrived, through the influence of De Guise, who dearly loved a cruel joke, to introduce Diane, dressed as a lady of the court, upon that balcony, where were assembled the nobility of France.

Thus it was that the peasant woman, ignorant of the nature of the

scene at which she had been forced to be present, on looking down upon the prisoners as they advanced slowly toward the block, saw, bleeding and weak from his torture—her lover.

She gave a low, gasping cry; then sank back; De Fronsac laughed.

But now all the Huguenots had mounted the scaffold, and stood, surrounded by the ranks of the Swiss guard, calmly facing the jeers and curses of the rabble, and awaiting death without a sign of fear. One of the prisoners, an old nobleman, lifted up his voice and began to sing the opening verse of the great Huguenot psalm. Louder and louder swelled the strain, as others followed their leader's example; and soon from every man, inspiring fortitude in the weakest, and stilling the clamors of the multitude, rose the grand words,—

“Dieu nous soit doux et favorable  
Nous benissant par sa bonte.”

As the last notes died away, De Guise, springing impatiently from his place, gave the fatal signal. The first victim was dragged forward; the first head fell; the massacre had begun.

Old men, leaders of the Huguenot cause; youths, who had taken part in the conspiracy, carried away by love of fighting and adventure; innocent men who strove but for their religion, and for France; adventurers hoping for gain from the overthrow of the state—all fell in quick succession before the bloody axe.

Even the multitude were beginning to feel sympathy, for the men faced death with such unflinching courage, and the noble ladies who gazed on the scene from the marble balconies of the chateau, grew faint at the sight of so much blood. But Catharine de Medici, the inflexible Queen-mother, showed them the joy that should be felt at the death of dangerous heretics, and forced the little trembling King and Queen to remain spectators of the ghastly scene.

Diane, too, sat pale but unmovable. Behind her stood De Fronsac, counting aloud the heads that fell from the block, but she heard not. The horror that she felt at seeing Jean had been past bearing; grief had partially destroyed her reason, and she stared lithlessly at the scaffold.

Fifty-eight, counted the Duke, as the axe rose and fell—fifty-nine, sixty—

From the group of prisoners another man was led forth. Diane, as she saw him seemed suddenly to recover consciousness; half-rising, she leaned over the iron railing.

But the prisoner's head was bent in prayer. A soldier seized him, forcing him to the block. He raised his head and saw Diane stretching forth her hands to him.

For a moment he looked up smiling, and then knelt.

“Dieu nous soit doux et favorable—”

The great axe flashed in the air as it caught the sun; another head rolled to the ground.

“’Tis the sixty-first,” said De Fronsac.

## Some Freshman Themes

### I.

#### An August Afternoon

Ah, but it is good to be alive, and young, and out in God's free country this long, lazy afternoon in August! So very good just to lie back and day dream to your heart's content, pillowed snugly against the soft, odorous mound of freshly cut hay—the little chinks of light, filtered through the close leaves of the old apple tree at the edge of the lot, flitting gently across your face—how your fancies fairly run riot in the pure joy of it all! The droning whir of the reaper in the neighboring wheat fields fits in so snugly with the rest that it seems, like the whirring grasshoppers, and the noisy cicades, only another of Nature's accessories to the charm of the afternoon. A clear, liquid note, trilled in a very transport of ecstasy, flows ravishing from the throat of an oriole; from far away the soft lowing of cattle reaches your ears, in perfect harmony with the oriole's song. But it is the wonderful, wonderful odors that stir your fancies most—the almost cloying sweetness of the clover, the pungent odor of the daisies, the delicious indescribable fragrance of the hay—such an exquisite blending, the very poetry of odors, might well make poets of us all!

### II.

#### New York City at Night

It was evening. From the great tower of the Singer Building, I watched the sun sink into the golden vault of the west, tinting the horizon with a delicate and beautiful hue. Silently the darkness of night cast its spell over the metropolis. The dark and sombre sky became studded with stars and the full, silvery moon came up in the east, and as it plunged through the tissue of fleecy clouds which swept before its face, it showed a wavy, tremulous light along the river. From the streets below came the low hum of street cars and passing vehicles. Far off on the river the whistles sounded faintly from the boats. The great giant skyscrapers, now lighted up, stood out strangely grotesque against the dark sky. Throngs of people still hurried on through the streets, with feverish haste. A bell in the distance struck the hour. It was eight o'clock. With a feeling of regret I took one long, farewell look across the mighty city.

### III.

#### The Lyric That I Like Best

Do not think me a prig or a grouch, but I do not feel the slightest hesitation in saying that, taken as a whole, the lyrics that we have read thus far in our course have made very little impression, indeed, upon me. It is a beautiful and inspiring theme, this universal passion of love, and I do not care a fig for the man in whom it does not awaken everything that is grand, noble and magnanimous. But when it is paraded before our eyes in the shallow, silly language which has so characterized, for the most part, the writings of the Seventeenth Century lyrists, to me they become nothing short of sickening. Like an oasis in the desert I have found one poem, Robert Herrick's "Ode to Dianeme," in the midst of this prodigious amount of nonsense. It towers far above them all and flourishes in spite of the shallow age in which it had its birth. It appeals to me mainly on account of its saneness, an element which is sadly lacking in the majority of the lyrics which we have read. Herrick strikes the right note in his little poem and, instead of expressing his sentiment in meaningless, love-sick language, he rises above this, showing his level headedness and common sense. He treats the beauty of Dianeme from the standpoint of a man who looks far beneath the "skin deep" enigma. Dianeme hears some good advice. She is not carried away in spirit to Olympus and there worshipped and wooed by the gods, but like the sensible girl, let us hope, that she is, she realizes that her beauty is as evanescent as the fleeting day, and, thanks to a sound, level-headed admirer, she learns to think of higher things, and of the near future when her beauty will have passed away before the ravaging tracks of time.

## Athletics

The Athletic Association has decided not to draw up a foot ball schedule for the season of 1910. When we look back upon the disastrous career of last year's team, it is undoubtedly a wise plan to save our college from further overwhelming defeats such as she received last fall.

At a recent meeting Morgan was elected manager of the Basketball team for the year 1910, and an outdoor inter-class meet was planned to take place on May 7th.

Boak, '12, was elected captain of the Basket Ball team for the year 1910. We have an able captain and coach in Boak, and every fellow should give him his hearty support.

Jepson, '10, worked hard and faithfully as captain of last year's Basket Ball team. He must be highly commended.

The following letter was received by the Athletic Editor:

Sir:—If it may not seem presumptuous or infringing upon the prerogatives of the captain, I would suggest a plan that I believe will lift the spirit of indifference that pervades the student body; that will assure each and every man an opportunity of making the basket ball team, and that will eliminate the childish mudslinging and bitterness that has been exchanged between many of the fellows.

The plan is to divide the basket ball squad into four teams. Two days of the week the court should be given to the two weaker teams for practice under the immediate supervision of the captain. As the men develop into good material they should be advanced from the fourth to the third and so on until they have made the varsity.

This plan is being followed out successfully at one of the large Brooklyn High schools in picking material for its base ball team. Would it not be a good idea to adapt it to our basket ball problem? I am, sir, yours respectfully.

"SPECIAL"

In regard to the above letter the editor wishes to take this opportunity to invite more correspondence of this kind. There can be hardly a student who has not some idea of his own on the important subject of athletics—some scheme or other by which he believes the present situation, admittedly lamentable, could be improved. Why not air these plans in the pages of the Messenger, and give one's fellow students a chance to discuss, and perhaps put them into operation? Letters such as the above are most cordially invited. The Messenger is to be used, not to be laid by.

The scheme itself, suggested above, seems good, but it manifestly depends for its efficacy on this one essential—that far more men should turn out for basket ball practice than there have been on the floor this past season. And it is just here that the whole trouble lies. Who will propose a scheme for making the men turn out?

## College Notes

The Jubilee celebration at Old Trinity on April 6, and the banquet at the Astor that evening, were in every sense of the word a "success." Who that attended the service and saw the grand old church packed full with enthusiastic friends of St. Stephen's, or watched the long procession of choir boys and students and "old men," faculty and clergy file down the southern aisle and up the centre of the nave—or who, that heard the ringing declaration of confidence in St. Stephen's uttered from the pulpit by Dr. Manning, can doubt that our Alma Mater has indeed entered upon a new era of prosperity and growth? And the banquet at the Astor was characterized from start to finish by the same spirit of loyal enthusiasm that had echoed in the hymns at the Old Trinity service; but here it took the form of rousing cheers and class-yells, or the latest popular songs (with the assist-

ance of the orchestra.) The two hundred odd guests quite gave themselves up to the spirit of the Jubilee and sang and cheered as lustily as if they were boys back at College once more.

The German Club, renamed "Deutscher Zinkel," is rapidly and steadily progressing. Its motto is "Freu in Freundschaft; Wahr im Streben," the aim "to apply and practice the knowledge of the members in the German language in conversation; to become more acquainted with the German literature and to promote their studies by mutual encouragement." Since the club has had its own constitution by which the members have been divided into a higher and a lower rank, that of the "Burschen" and at the "Firechse" the club has been able to work with more success and to greater satisfaction. Besides the conversational hours there are planned lectures in English and German about various subjects, social and musical evenings and other entertainments of which even our "Firechse" have not the slightest idea yet. but about which the "Burschen" are already whispering with great expectation and pompous air. The staff who represent the motive power of this new flourishing organization consists of the "Burschen" Sherwood, Maynard, Rhea, Spear and Schleicher.

I love my bowling alley; but oh you burglar hunts!

A chapter of St. Andrew's Brotherhood has been organized in the College; Hamblin has been elected Director, Parkinson Vice Director, and Rhea, '13, Secretary and Treasurer. The chapter expects to receive their charter soon.

On Sunday morning, June 12, there will be a Choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist and sermon by the Rev. Dr. William H. Van Allen, rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, Mass. This will be called the Society and Fraternity service and, it is hoped, will become in future a feature of Commencement.

On Friday evening, Feb. 4, 1910, the Freshman Class gave its annual ball in the old Refectory. The affair was one of the best ever given by a Freshman class.

On Thursday evening, April 14, the Eulexian Fraternity initiated Wm. H. Wilsen. Of the Alumni, brothers Jessup and MacKellar were present.

The Eulexian dance on April 15 was a great success. Preston Hall was lighted entirely by candle light and looked very pretty in the softened glow.

The last of the series in the Dragon Club lecture course was given Saturday evening, April 16. It was a concert, the participants in which were Miss Edith Rodgers, Mezzo-Soprano, Miss Margaret Reazor, Violinist, and Miss Gertrude Reazor, Accompanist. The music was most thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

## Alumni Notes

'74. The Rev. Dr. James B. Wasson, for several years senior assistant at St. Thomas's church, New York, has resigned in order to become extension secretary of the Federation of Churches of New York.

'79. The Rev. Charles H. Doupe, late of Bridgeport, Conn., took charge of Eaglesmere and Laporte with the missions of Dushore and Muncy Valley, Penn., (diocese of Harrisburg), on Jan. 1.

'90. The Rev. W. G. W. Anthony, D.D., is now Vicar of St. Augustine's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York. The following is from the Living Church:

Dr. Anthony was educated at St. Stephen's College, graduating with the degree of B.A. in 1890 and that of M.A. in 1893. He prepared for canonical examinations while acting as an instructor at St. Stephen's College, where he has been a member of the faculty since 1891 and professor of philosophy for the past ten years. He was ordained deacon in 1895 and priest in 1896 by Bishop Potter. Dr. Anthony has been in temporary charge of St. Augustine's since the death of Dr. Kimber some six months ago, giving half of his time to that and half to St. Stephen's College, and has shown marked ability to deal with the difficulties of the situation at and about the chapel. There are great problems in connection with that work, the contingent population being about equally divided between Jews and Italians; but Dr. Anthony takes it up as a permanency with a deep desire to develop the Church's opportunities in that field. He is a strong Catholic Churchman, who will fully maintain the traditions of the parish and of the chapel; a man of unusual force of character and executive ability. He is 42 years of age.

'93. The Rev. Charles Fiske, rector of St. John's church, Norristown, Penn., has accepted his election to the rectorship of the church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, in succession to the Rt. Rev. John Gardner Murray, D.D.

'00. The Rev. Horace Wood Stowell has resigned the charge of St. James's church, Westernport, Allegany county, Md. Mr. Stowell has assumed the rectorship of Port Tobacco parish, Charles county, Md., in the diocese of Washington.

'09. Anton Franz Blaum is attending pedagogical lectures for credit in New York University and making preparations toward obtaining a license to teach in the public schools of the State of New Jersey. His address is Linden, Union county, N. J.

The Rev. Karl Reiland, assistant minister at Grace Church, has accepted the offer of the rectorship of St. Andrew's Memorial Church, Yonkers.

The Rev. Gilbert R. Underhill has resigned St. John's church, Camden, N. J., where he has been rector for the past seventeen years, and joined the clergy staff of St. Clement's church, Philadelphia, Penn.