

MESSENGER

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The Messenger.

VOL. XVII

APRIL, 1911

No. 3

The Farewell of King Charles the First.

(This last interview with his two youngest children,—Elizabeth, and the little Duke of Gloucester—
took place the day before the execution of the martyred king.)

My children! Oh, my little, fledgling son—
And thou, my daughter—thou, Elizabeth!
Ah, can it be that they, my judges cruel,
Could grant this one last boon to their poor Lord,
This all too dear, too brief, respite of peace,
That I may see your faces once again
And clasp you both close, close, in sweet embrace?
Oh! I would thank them fain did I not feel
How they but bait me in their seeming grace,
That all the harder for this present bliss
The morrow with its long farewell may be.
But lo, I frighten thee, Elizabeth!
Weep not, dear child—thou dost not understand.
Come, tiny son—come, daughter; and your heads
Lay close against this aching heart of mine;
So may I kiss you both and stanch those tears
That flow ye know not why, poor frightened doves!
There, there! Weep not:—doth Father fright thee so,
Elizabeth? Look, child—mine eyes are dry—
See, Father smiles—canst thou not smile with him?
What sobb'st thou forth?—thou dost quite understand?
They've told thee we may never meet again—
Thou knowest all?—Alas, and could not they
Spare even thee, so innocent, so young,
That in thy pain they more might wound their King?
Dear God, have they no pity—only hate?
Alas, poor wretches! Pity them, not me,
My daughter; and forgive:—but never trust;
For I have found them false, oh, blackly false!
And who their King betray much more will wrong

His children, helpless now, and all alone.—
 But, dears, the time draws swiftly to an end;
 And somewhat would I say, Elizabeth,
 That thou—an' if thou dost not it forget—
 Shall sometime shew thy little brother here,
 And to thine absent brethren, James, and Charles
 Thy future Kings—remember that, dear child!—
 What sayest—that forget thou never canst?—
 Then hearken, sweet—and prithe, cease from tears;
 My life they can destroy, but not my soul;
 And God shall grant we meet again long hence
 In fairer lands than ever ye have seen!
 For though I am a poor and sinful man,
 Yet God doth know as King I've firmly stood
 For His true Holy Church—and therefore die;
 And God will pardon—wherefore, weep not, sweet!
 But hearken:—When, in after years,
 My Charles shall come to rule o'er this fair land—
 And come he will—they dare not keep him hence!—
 Oh, make him feel, dear daughter, that his stand
 Must likewise be for Christ's own Holy Church,
 Against all Popery on the one hand—
 On t'other 'gainst these worse than Jesuits,
 These Puritans, so-called, who would o'erturn
 All government, all law and order, all—
 In Church and realm: the very Antichrists!
 Oh, teach him, dear Elizabeth, to hold
 Firm to his father's cause, and love the Church—
 Hate all that works against that blessed Cause.
 Bid him—and thou too, daughter, must
 Read goodly Hooker, and the works of Laud
 'Gainst Fisher and the Roman Antichrist:
 And study well the sermons of that saint,
 Good Bishop Andrews: and so do ye well.

Farewell, my children. Thou wilt not forget,
 Elizabeth? Dear, dear, dear hearts, farewell!
 I go, I humbly pray, for dear Lord Christ
 To die a martyr: therefore, sorrow not,
 But rather, dears, rejoice! . . . I kiss once more
 Each little flower-like head, so sweet—Farewell.
 God keep ye, dears! We part; but we shall meet

Long hence, and oh, so blessedly shall love
 And dwell for aye together in that Home:—
 For aye: and there shall no more parting be,
 Nor sorrowing, but God's eternal joy.
 God keep us all . . . Farewell!

W. T. Sherwood, '11.



THE TALE OF PADRE FILIPE.

BY C. D. FAIRMAN.

THESE are your favourite cigarettes, Señor, and I think that Maria will soon bring us some chocolate. I have of late been disputing with my conscience, and I have concluded that I can safely give you the reason why I could not take you to see my grandfather's house, which you were so anxious to visit last year. The excuses which I gave at the time were very courteously received by you but I know that you would not be perfectly satisfied, seeing that your request was such a simple one. I think now that I can give you the real reason for my refusal, and if you enjoy the chocolate and my cigarettes, I shall be glad to give you a better explanation of my reluctance to take you to my grandfather's house.

You will remember that last year at All Soul's, you went with me to the Cemetery of the San Trinidad, where I said the office in our family vault, by the tomb which had no name upon it. I did not make any explanation about that, either, and you were again so courteous as not to press me upon the subject, perceiving that it must be a very tender one to me. Now this grave, as well as my grandfather's house, has to do with the story: and over Maria's chocolate, I will begin.

I was cared for always by my grandfather and our parish priest, and of my parents I knew almost nothing. Never did my grandfather speak of my father and but once or twice of my mother, and this in a way which showed that he had great love for her, only he must think of her always with sadness. Her portrait shows her to be exceedingly beautiful, indeed, I have never seen a face so beautiful, except that of Madonna over our altar.

My grandfather and the pastor were friends, but they often argued much, for my grandfather cared little for religion and would neither hear a mass nor make his confession. Nevertheless, he was willing that the priest should teach me, and later when I myself wished to go into the Church, he sent me to Barcelona, to the seminary.

My grandfather very often would leave his house and travel through parts of Mexico, being gone for a month or more, and it chanced that he

was away on one of these visits when I returned from Spain, after my Ordination. And I thought of all that my grandfather had done for me, and how it would please him if I made for him a joyful welcome upon his return, he not having seen me for seven years.

The house, as you know from its outside, is a very large one, having once been a tavern, when the Calle San Trinidad was a military road in Maximilian's time. This tavern my grandfather kept until after the occurrence of this event which I am about to tell.

I, with the old padrone, who kept the house for my grandfather, had done much to make the hall look beautiful, and it being winter I had made a fire in the very large fire place at the end of the room. I thought it strange that the servant hesitated to make the fire, saying that it had never been lighted since he could remember. I also remembered this to be so, but thought little of it at the time.

The fire was blazing and the candles burning, and the table set with many good things, when my grandfather came. I knew exactly how I would welcome him and had prepared just the speech I would make to him, thanking him for all his goodness to me in the past years. But, Señor, I did not make that speech. For when my grandfather was let into the hall, although he stretched out his arms to embrace me, yet when he saw the fire which I had made, he became a mad man, and swore by the Blood of God, and rushing to the table he seized a beautiful punch bowl, filled with some excellent liqueur and dashed it into the fire. This made a great steam, but did not put out the fire. My grandfather was terrible to see. He rushed from the room and returned presently, running with a bucket of water, which he dashed upon the blaze, finally extinguishing it, but making great havoc with the dinner table, having run into it in his wild rushing about. There was great confusion. My grandfather was clearly mad. He was taken to his room and we induced him to go to bed. This we had much trouble in accomplishing, for he quite refused at first, and it was only after I had prayed for a long time that Our Lady sent him sleep. The next morning he was found to be dangerously ill, and a surgeon was called. I questioned all the servants but none knew anything, except the padrone, who recalled that my grandfather would never have the fire lighted. Then we all remembered that just before my grandfather had entered the house we had all strongly smelled burning flesh, and that the padrone had rushed off to see to the roast, thinking it to be burning, but it had not burned in the least.

My grandfather grew rapidly worse and after much pleading he made his confession and I anointed him and gave him the Sacrament. Five days after my grandfather came home, he died.

Now it is in this confession of his that lies the explanation of my grand-

father's fury at the fire, and also of the nameless grave in our vault. And of course you know, Señor, that the secrets of the confessional may not be revealed. So, if it were not that I had discovered some very interesting papers among my grandfather's effects, I would not possibly finish my story.

My grandfather, as you will remember, kept the old house as a tavern in Maximilian's day; and I found in the strong box, not only his own papers, but also the papers of the padrone,—the clerk, as you call him in the States. There was a small book, a kind of chronicle kept by the padrone, recording many interesting things that occurred in Mexico City in those exciting days, and chiefly at my grandfather's house, where many grand gentlemen were wont to meet.

I will tell you briefly these things which relate to this story. The padrone wrote of my grandfather's great affection for his only daughter, Victoria, who was my mother. She was cared for in a very luxurious manner and given all she desired, but my grandfather, as is still often the case in Mexico, chose his daughter's husband for her, and it was, I regret to say, a marriage which though intended to get political power for my grandfather, yet resulted only in his ruin. Victoria was deeply in love with one Ignazio de Bezán, but she dutifully married my grandfather's choice, Salvador Alarcon y Lopez. Victoria's mother had been dead many years and although my grandfather's care for her had been excellent, she had been taught little of faithfulness in marriage; indeed, she was so innocent as to know scarcely anything of what marriage means. And so it happened that when her husband was away on a political errand, her lover Ignazio came secretly to her and she committed sin, but only through ignorance, as a little child. Soon, however, she learned her unfaithfulness to her husband to be wicked, and she told of it all to my grandfather, from whom she had never kept anything. You see she was but a child.

My grandfather's wrath was terrible. He, of course, swore to kill Ignazio, who hearing of his danger, left the city immediately. My grandfather made every effort to find him, spending several months in searching. My poor mother's heart was broken with shame, and to add to her sorrow, she learned of the death of her husband who had been fighting for Maximilian. For it was in the days of the Revolution. It was thought that Ignazio was at the war, also, and it was my grandfather's greatest fear that Ignazio would be killed in battle, and so prevent his revenge.

But Ignazio's love for my mother was greater to him than the glory of war or the fear of my grandfather. Someone had seen him in the city and had told my grandfather, who at once made every effort to entrap him. This was finally done. The clerk did not know how, but he records how Ignazio was brought to the inn late at night, bound and gagged. My

grandfather, who was given to hospitality, had made his friends very drunk and hilarious, but he, with one or two others, was very sober and managed things well. Some kept watch outside, while my grandfather told stories and kept the glasses always full. Several of the men were old suitors of my mother's and though disappointed enough at her marriage with Lopez, yet they considered themselves bound to avenge themselves upon Ignazio after what he had done. All the time he lay bound and helpless while they drank, and taunted him. At last they brought a great sack and Ignazio was put into it and securely tied. Then someone, more drunk and more cruel than the others, said that he wanted to hear his screams. Accordingly the sack was opened long enough for the gag to be removed from Ignazio's mouth. Finally, all things being adjusted, the heavy sack was tied to the huge crane and then swung before the fire. The friends of my grandfather must now be hearing Ignazio's outcries in hell, for they were always afterward haunted by them on earth. The body squirmed and kicked in the sack. The screams went to the very Heaven and the watchers outside ran in to alarm the others. Some were too drunk to care and only laughed cruelly at the man they were killing, and turned his quivering body before the fire. My grandfather, however, saw the danger of the cries being heard abroad. He rushed in among the men and cut the sack loose from the crane. Ignazio fell into the fire. The body dropped stiffly on its knees and then bent face forward into the flames. The padrone wrote all this out very carefully as if he had seen it, and he tells of the smell of burning flesh. It was so horrible, that never afterward did he eat meat.

Ignazio died, and the fire burned out. I was the first to light it after that.

Well, to be brief, Señor, my mother that same night brought forth her son, and when I came into the world, my mother went out. The clerk writes that my grandfather was quite calm in the face of all this. He saw to a nurse for me and called the old pastor to bury my mother. Ignazio he buried with his own hands, deep in the garden behind the house.

My grandfather lived very quietly for several years. The disappearance of Ignazio was not talked abroad because my grandfather was a man with many friends, though but few saw him in his last years. It was while I was in Spain that he had Ignazio dug up and buried in our family vault beside my mother, but with no name to mark him. He did it for the same reason that I go to his grave on All Souls' to pray for him. Perhaps he is my father.

Pardon, Señor, I did not observe you to be sleeping. Let me make you some more chocolate before you go out into the cold.



SONNET.

The unexpected snow-clouds, over night,
 Their burdens cast on every hill and dale,
 Transforming blackened fields to plains of white,
 And cov'ring all the trees with spotless veil.
 Each bush was piled up high with crystal snow;
 Each thicket stood in lovely masquerade;
 Each pine, beneath its heavy load, hung low;
 So was the winter's nakedness arrayed.
 And then the wind, with unrelenting hand,
 Uprose, and stripped from off the laden trees
 Their mantles, leaving them once more to stand,
 And in their ugly nakedness to freeze.

Just so is fickle Fortune wont to wrest
 From us the gift with which she once had blest.

C. T. Bridgeman, '13.



MOUNT HERMON: A VISION.

BY N. A. MORGAN.

A PEACEFUL landscape is bathed in tint of ruby. Shafts of purple steal slowly down the mountain sides. Far below, the Sea of Galilee lies calm and still, only the tranquil breath of evening ruffling its placid bosom. The western sky, suffused at first with a faint pinkish hue, is now aglow with a deep, deep crimson, as the great, round, blazing orb slowly and majestically sinks below the horizon. Outlined against the refulgent sky a long chain of mountains, as though metamorphosed into a sentient being, looks down with kindly aspect.

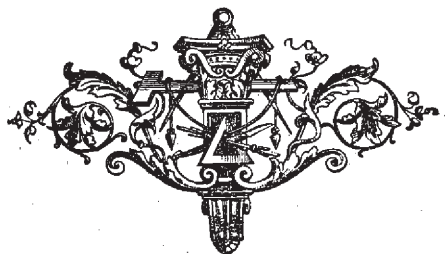
The sun has well nigh disappeared. Naught remains save a little segment of the mighty disc that shone so proudly but a short while before. He is gone—sunk, it might be, into the very waters themselves, which tremble in the cool night air and send back to earth his splendence, as he peacefully rests beneath them.

The whole atmosphere is hushed, expectant, in delicate repose. The grasses toss and wave freely in the breeze. The air pulsates with the throb of responsive little hearts; thrilled with the twittering of innumerable birds in the branches of the trees, which bend low and whisper to each other, heart to heart. Soft, pungent odours of cedar, storax, and balm of Gilead float hither and thither, on the wandering breeze. It is all so unspeakable. It awes the heart like a wondrous symphony.

Borne on the wings of the evening breeze, what sounds are these that come to me over the waters with their hollow, solemn, saintly swell—that sigh through the branches, and whisper a message from a world unseen? What story do the retiring waves tell, as they gently glide over the smooth pebbles of the shore to join their parent sea? Are they the voices of the prophets of Israel, the priests of the Great Jehovah, that haunt, perhaps, this ancient land? Are they the voices of martyrs that sealed with their blood their faith in the Master? Is it the voice of the Man of Sorrows, crying out from the depths of His human heart, anguish-wracked, and lonely?

Darkness creeps silently over the scene. The waters blacken, and the mountains are swallowed up in the mists of evening. All is silent now. The Spirit of Night rests gently on every hill and in every vale. Nature reposes in awe and adoration beneath the all pervading benediction of the evening. Save for the plaintive cries of vigilant crickets, locusts, and cicadas, and the twittering of birds from every copse and tree, the silence is unbroken. The jet-black sky is bespangled with twinkling stars. The whole heavens sparkle, as it were with spiritual light. Behind the hills, a full silvery moon breaks through the eastern sky. She lingers over them, as though loath to leave, and sends her peaceful, argent rays to kiss their uplifted somber summits, and tips the dark waters with a wavy, tremulous light.

Ah! It is good to be here—alone in this true City of the Living God; alone upon the mount made sacred by the footsteps of the Blest Redeemer; alone upon the mount where He spake in heavenly converse, and where His earthly body shone with the dazzling resplendence of His spiritual! Solitude, indeed, is sacred here. I would not leave thee, my earthly paradise. I would fain stay here, as Peter wished, and abide forever. Yea, a stately, mighty tabernacle would I rear that would endure till the end of time. But far below me I hear the call of duty. A world of weary, suffering mortals calls to me. I go; but strengthened and ennobled by thy transcendent scene.



NINTH INNING.

BY G. A. WHITTLEIGH.

THE thousands that completely filled the stands about the field were panting and in a profuse perspiration,—not so much from the sun's scorching rays as from the excitement of the play. With the game almost at an end, and two outs and no runs made, the hot, dusty crowd emitted a dull roar now and then, as a particularly clever stop at field or base prevented a score. The atmosphere was humid: the figures of men and boys perched in the trees without the high fence, appeared to waver in the heat. Out on the diamond the white figures moved about mechanically in the glaring sun, watching the ball and two of their quick-witted opponents, on the first and second bases, almost simultaneously.

I stood among the restless spectators at the foot of a grandstand and tried to quiet my agitation. The people about me shoved and pushed each other, stretching their necks to get a view and breathing excitedly. The stout man next me wiped his florid face continually and muttered blasphemies at the players. But out on the diamond all appeared calm and collected. The pitcher threw the ball over the plate twice: then the batter sent the sphere bounding over the ground to the third-baseman, who muffed it and let it roll away in the grass, while the runner from second base reached third. A rumbling roar arose from the stands, and the sea of pennants and white hats momentarily waved. A sudden commotion started in the mob on my right: a pickpocket had been pounced upon by a plain-clothes detective; but interest in the affair was brief, and all faces were turned to the diamond again. I was half choked by the dust that rose above the surging crowd; a muffled scream came from the throng before the seats to the left: a woman had fainted from the crush of the nearly frantic spectators and had fallen beneath their feet; the stout gentleman swore with exasperation and glanced up at the tense faces in the grandstand behind.

Suddenly the clamor ceased. Out on the diamond a tall muscular figure had advanced to the plate, and was standing with the bat slowly swinging before him. All eyes were on the pitcher, who fingered the ball and seemed loth to throw it. A faint "Play ball!" from the umpire was audible, and I saw the catcher readjust his mask and crouch low. The pitcher turned and glanced at second: the runner was off the base, but too near it to fear danger. He turned toward third: there the runner was safe, and grinning. Cat-calls sounded about the bleachers and everyone grew uneasy. The pitcher said something to third-baseman, who suddenly raised aloft his hands. "Play ball!" yelled the umpire. Then the pitcher settled himself firmly and faced the smiling batter. Far out in left-field, the white figure

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"Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush!
and then—
* * * * *

"A breezy, treesy, beesy hum
Too sweet for anything."

How delightfully has the Hoosier Poet caught the very Spirit of Spring in these lines. How gladly we turn from "Jest rain and snow! . . . and thaw! and slush!" to the "breezy, treesy, beesy hum." Spring! The season of birds and of

flowers, of purling brooks and of gently sighing breezes! Our natures, phlegmatic, sluggish from the inertia of the wintry months, are cleared of their dullness as morning mists are melted by an April sun, and we are as lighthearted as the gaily singing birds overhead. We are eager to stir abroad early to catch the plaintive note of the gentle bluebird or the merry call of the bolder robin. Annandale is possessed of a wondrous charm in the spring-time, as only those know who have felt its lure. The subtle call of the woods comes through sequestered paths or flowered meadows. It is a rare privilege to wander to the water-falls, where the sparkling waters dance in the joy of their freedom. From the ripples come visions of life, full, free life, so unlike the dullness of the stagnant pool. On, on in their course, the jumping, sparkling, dancing waters go, never tiring in their efforts to reflect the magnificence of Nature.

The Board has decided to make the June edition of THE MESSENGER the Commencement Number, and for this reason the publication will be delayed until after the close of College. This change is made to avoid the awkward delay heretofore experienced in getting the news of

vast numbers of Christians to heresy and schism? For such, in fact, was Arius. Such was the character of the man we are apt to regard as the arch-heretic of the Church: the same Arius, whose doctrine succeeded at one time in winning over to its support the greater part of Christendom. May we not, while condemning his errors, be allowed to express a frank admiration for the gifts that were manifestly his? Moreover, is it not a matter of simple justice to bear in mind this fact, that, heretic though he was, Arius acted in strict accordance with the dictates of his reason? Thus doing, we may in our very effort to regard sympathetically the life of Arius, learn not only to judge with greater fairness Arius himself, but also more thoroughly to understand his error, and hence best avoid it.

Of his early life there is little that need be told. Born in Lybia about the year 256 A. D., he received an exceptionally good education in all the learning of his age, especially in the arts of Logic and Dialectic. From the first his mind seemed biased in this direction. He felt instinctively that everything should be reasoned out, calculated, proved; he could not conceive of truth that could not be reduced to the laws of the syllogism.

We gather from the scanty records that he was a man of great personal charm, handsome in appearance, a favorite with both sexes. His habits of life were exemplary; not even his bitterest enemies—and he was destined to have many—have ever brought his private character into question. We know, moreover, that his natural gifts and talents were extraordinary: and had he but chosen to put them to a more legitimate use, his name, without doubt, would have ranked high among the highest of the Fathers of the Church.

His early determination to enter the priest-hood came from his being of a strongly religious nature, of even an extremist type. This fact, plainly written on his features and testified to by his ascetic manner of living, united with his intellectual power and the influence of his personality to win great multitudes of adherents when once he began to scatter broadcast his doctrine.

This peculiar heretical idea of his, the belief that the Second Member of the Blessed Trinity was inferior to the First, was a conviction which he had reached by pure reasoning and logic, without that attempt which heretics (or religious "choosers") before him had always made, to prove the doctrines of their choice by the authority of Scripture. As we have pointed out above, his mind worked only in logical channels; and being absolutely incapable of taking anything on pure faith, he could not conceive of any doctrine being valid, unless it could be proved by a syllogism. It was only this conviction of the overwhelming authority of human reason that made an heretic of him who might have become a saint.

His argument ran about as follows: God the Father is a father, God the

Son, a son; therefore, the Father must have existed before the Son; therefore, once, the Son *was not*; therefore, the Son was created, a creature; of a substance that had not always existed: and hence not really God.

To us, such arguments sound not only irreverent and blasphemous to a high degree, but moreover utterly invalid; for we have learned well from Mother Church the deep lesson of how utterly impossible it is to apply such human generalizations to matters pertaining to the infinite, unknowable, and incomprehensible attributes of Deity. But for the people of Arius's day, or at least for the great majority, this conception existed only faintly; and the doctrine that made of the Trinity a Unity, and of the Christ a mere man, possessed for many a strange fascination, inasmuch as it seemed to explain a great deal that had been a mystery, and to bring religious dogma within one's mental grasp. It is improbable, however, that this doctrine, so directly opposed to the belief of the Church, could have made such headway and become so widely disseminated within the life-time of its author, had that author been any other man than Arius himself. Here it was that the reason of the skilled logician came into full play and joined itself with the ingenuity of a brilliant and resourceful personality to sow far and wide the seeds of heresy. Logic constantly suggested new arguments, new proofs—if "proofs" we can really call them—while native cunning supplied hints that enabled him to spread these arguments most widely and most effectively. One method in particular, though strikingly clever, seems to us beneath the real character of the man: but here we must recall the lower moral standard of those primitive times and mitigate our judgment accordingly. This "method" was nothing more or less than his composition of a book, poetical as far as its being metrical was concerned, which he called the *Θάλεια* or "Banquet"; and its meter being obviously a parody of a notorious collection of lewd and licentious verse, the book had a great popularity among certain classes. Now, in this book he had carefully inserted a vast amount of heretical doctrine, which was bound to work its way into the minds of the readers. In addition to this book, he composed a number of popular songs—perhaps in the nature of our present-day negro camp-meeting hymns—whose refrains were loaded with this same pernicious doctrine, that Christ was less than God the Father. These songs were greatly relished by sailors and merchants and travelers of every sort and description, who thus spread them abroad in every land; and the amount of harm that they did is hardly to be calculated. Such methods of reaching the popular ear seem to us unbelievably irreverent; but after all, aside from the heretical doctrine they contained, these songs were probably no worse than many of the popular song-tune hymns we may hear almost any night on the corners of our city streets.

For a long time Arius worked without interruption, his attractive

personality and convincing reasoning powers winning him many adherents among the classes whom his songs and other more questionable schemes could not reach. But this could not go on indefinitely; it was inevitable that complaints should be laid and eventually a formal accusation entered against him. This was laid before Pope Alexander, Archbishop of Alexandria. (It is interesting, if not at all to the point, to note that in those early days not only the Bishop of Rome, but any important Bishop, was given the title "Pope.") Alexander called a meeting of his clergy, who discussed the matter at some length. Many were so favorably impressed by the accused priest that they would have wished to support him in his doctrines; but the majority was against them, whatever they might think of Arius himself. Pope Alexander tried so hard to be impartial—influenced, doubtless, by the personality of the man—that he won the name of vacillating; but eventually he came out strongly in opposition to the views of Arius.

It would be tedious to go into detail in regard to the various eruptions which this accusation of Arius as a heretic stirred up through the length and breadth of the Church. They finally came to a head in the trial of Arius in 321 A. D. by a council composed of one hundred Libyan and Egyptian Bishops, which resulted in the formal deposition of Arius as a priest and his excommunication from the Church for his heresy. The crucial question had been, "Could Christ—being, as you say, not really God but a *good man*, become a *bad man*?" And the answer of Arius, which set the seal on his fate, was "Yes." The blasphemy was too much for the judges: he was excommunicated forthwith.

Banished from Alexandria, he took refuge with Eusebius, Bishop of Nicomedia, whom he had previously won over by his persuasive letters. And still he worked on, silently, secretly, impelled, as he believed, by conscience, to scatter far and wide the views he firmly believed to be the truth; and despite all the Church could do, his doctrine continued to spread. It invaded Gaul, and Germany, and the country of the Goths and of the Longobards. Nation after nation was converted—or rather, perverted—to this insidious heresy; before a century had rolled by, the majority of those who called themselves Christians were Christians in the Arian sense only, denying the Divinity of the Lord Christ; the Catholic and Apostolic Church which kept "the faith once delivered" was now the small and persecuted minority. And when, a little later, the Visigoths invaded Rome, Arianism was still their form of Christianity, and many and bitter were the religious struggles between them and the Italian Catholics whom they had only half subdued. And all this was the work of one man!

But good came out of all this evil: for just as false hypotheses are often of the greatest value to scientists in that they lead to the formulation of

true laws, so this false doctrine of the heretic Arius was of value to the Holy Catholic Church, inasmuch as it led up to the Council of Nicaea and the adoption of that marvelously compact and perfect exposition of the true Christian Faith, which we still have, the Nicene Creed. So has it always been in the history of the Church; from apparent evil and threatened disaster God has again and again revived harmony and greater strength.

But to return to Arius. For many years, as we have said, he continued to live under the protection of Eusebius, lecturing, exhorting, writing letters, and constantly winning men and women to his side. And finally, in spite of the vigorous opposition of the Bishop of Alexandria and many others, he succeeded in persuading the Emperor, Constantine, to order his restoration to the communion of the Church. This was to have been brought about on a Sunday by a solemn procession from the Imperial Palace at Byzantium to the "Church of the Apostles," when Arius, now in his eightieth year, was to have been escorted in high honor and publicly reinstated. But on the night preceding the anticipated event, he fell sick, grew rapidly worse, and died before morning. The Catholics felt that it was a direct judgment of God: the adherents of Arius were equally convinced that he had been poisoned.

For many years, as we have said, the Arian heresy continued to flourish and disturb the Church; but gradually it began to decay, and eventually became confined to small isolated factions here and there. In modern times it is still represented by Unitarianism, which essentially denies the existence of the Trinity, making the God-head an absolute Unity and holding that Christ was merely a man—a man, like ourselves; a man of exceptional character, to be sure, but only a son of God, not God the Son.

And the great stumbling-block of all Unitarians was precisely that of Arius sixteen hundred years ago—the feeling that *reason* can take the place of *faith* in matters which the Church recognizes as being beyond all powers of human comprehension. Arius was a deep and profound thinker, a man with an intellect far superior to the generality of mankind; but one essential element of Christianity was lacking in him. The great gifts given him of God he had, indeed, used in fighting for what he honestly believed to be right; but he made the great mistake of forgetting those words of Our Lord, "Except ye become as little children . . ."; he utterly ignored the fact that child-like, unreasoning faith is not only admissible, but absolutely essential to the true Christian. Reason and logic he would have fill the place of revelation and faith; inevitably, he failed. Against the whole strength of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, he pitted his own reason and the power of his own personality; for a time, indeed, he seemed the victor; but in the end, as it was bound to do, the authority of the

Church prevailed. A life that held in itself vast potentialities for good resulted only in spreading heresy and schism; a great man's work was seemingly wasted. But in the warning of his failure lies our safe-guard.



THE FORTY WRESTLERS.

Along the Dacian border, on the swift Danube's shore,
 Were stationed Roman legions, in warlike times of yore.
 The bands were widely scattered by hundreds up and down
 In wintry outposts, here and there, in valley and in town.
 Far from the world's great center, close to the wild frontier,
 Was placed a Gallic century of men who knew no fear.
 Right wisely had the captain his valiant band enrolled
 From out the gladiatorial schools of skilful men and bold.
 In joy and gladness dwelt they; their hearts all beat as one;
 And the centurion loved them all, for brave deeds had they done.

At Rome, the cruel Domitian ruled with a heavy sway;
 And zealous Christians suffered dire torments in that day.
 At last a proclamation was published from the throne
 Which said that on a stated day, from Tiber's bank to Rhone,
 From Scythia to far Britain, from Spain to Parthia's horde,
 Before the Emperor's statue libation should be poured;
 And threatened men and nations refusing to comply,
 The pain of death—no mercy—'twas sacrifice or die.
 Ere long the order came to that bleak cold frontier,
 And heavy was their sorrow, and bitter was their fear;
 For the best men and the bravest in that band so strong and bold—
 Full forty they in number—were of the Christian fold.

And now the day for testing their faith and love had come;
 And the centurion urged them all to think of those at home;
 To think of war and glory, and of the conqueror's gain,—
 To sacrifice as ordered, and shun the death and pain.
 But the forty valiant Christians would not forsake their Lord:
 Would rather die by torture or perish by the sword.
 The brave centurion pondered right deeply in his mind,
 For the forty steadfast heroes were noble men and kind;
 And well he knew their comrades would not consent to slay
 These Gallic Christian soldiers, nor such command obey.

At last a simple project came to him, as he thought,
 And to the sturdy brethren their direful fate was brought.
 He ordered them to march out on the frozen lake
 Which stretched before the outpost, and there their stand to take;
 To perish in the bitter cold, unless for dear life's sake
 They would forswear their Saviour, and to Caesar offerings make.
 Without complaint or murmuring, their awful doom they heard,
 And quickly bade farewell to all, according to his word.
 Soon from that band, now stationed out on the icy plain,
 This hymn of adoration rose once and yet again:

Forty wrestlers, wrestling,
 O Christ, for Thy renown,
 Claim for Thee the victory,
 Ask of Thee the Crown.

Then the centurion's heart was filled with wondrous awe and love,
 And high upon the frozen beach, their firm resolve to move,
 He built a blazing signal fire, near to the statue's base
 To tempt them from destruction and from their death's disgrace.
 Dark night came on, and with it, rose a tempest wild and drear,
 But soon the captain gave the word to the guard then stationed near.
 He bade them all disperse, and leave the dismal shore,
 And said that he would watch alone and need their help no more.
 He gazed out at that noble band and o'er him stole the thought
 Of loyalty and virtue, and God's peace dearly bought.
 And as he sadly watched them, a form to view appeared,
 Returning from that steadfast band and from the death he feared;
 Whilst on the wind the glad refrain again was borne along
 And by the waiting soldier was heard the joyful song:—

Nine and Thirty wrestling,
 O Christ, for Thy renown,
 Claim for Thee the victory,
 Ask of Thee the Crown.

The lonely form approached, drew near the statue's base;
 But as he reached out for the cup, strange fear came on his face.
 He stood there for a moment, then swayed from side to side
 And at the soldier's very feet fell on his face and died.
 Then to the captain watching the dead man as he lay,
 There came from the Holy Spirit strong words he must obey.

So casting down his armor, near where the faint heart died,
 Out on the ice he made his way, with firm and measured stride.
 And, as he neared the Christians, now faint and cold and worn,
 Again the song of glory across the lake was borne:—

Forty wrestlers, wrestling,
 O Christ, for Thy renown,
 Claim for Thee the victory,
 Ask of Thee the Crown.

The wintry sun, next morning, rose silently on high,
 Shone down on forty martyrs who had well known how to die.
 About the cross it found them, all stiff and lifeless there,
 Each soul had to its Maker flown through the frosty air.
 But with their death came victory; for in the traitor's place,
 There knelt the good centurion with great peace on his face.

So forty wrestlers wrestled,
 O Christ, for Thy renown:
 And gained for Thee the victory,
 And won from Thee the Crown.

E. S. H.



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The criticism has been raised that whereas in English Universities politics is made the chief topic of table-conversation, in American Colleges the meal-time is taken up with the all-important subject of athletics. Whether or not this would go to show any inferiority of the American to the British Institutions, it must at any rate be confessed that we of S. Stephen's err in a quite different direction. Save in the times of especial excitement and hysteria that occasionally sweep over our heads, the subject of athletics—at least, inter-collegiate, competitive, athletics—seems about

the last to occur to the average student in this College. But can we claim as the ground of this condition any absorption in weightier subjects of conversation, any marked devotion to loftier or wider-reaching lines of thought? Meal-time conversation is all too frequently made up of superficial "small-talk" and noisy but meaningless "kidding." The desire to poke fun at a fellow-student, to raise a laugh by fair means or foul, quite outweighs the desire to use this opportunity to gain in culture and add to our stock of general information. There is, indeed, some excuse for this state of things in the fact that most of the students come into the dining-room completely "fagged out," anxious to put as far as possible from their thoughts all remembrance of class-room or text book, eager to relax. But the point is, that the same relaxation and change might be obtained from a discussion of matters of common interest which would prove not only entertaining but useful. That we, as a body, stand in real need of such general information, is a fact that requires no proof. How many of us, for instance, have a really clear idea of the recent Senatorial contest in this State? Perhaps many of us were not interested at the time—but we *ought* to have been; and a more general table-discussion of the

topic would have gone far to awaken interest. And so with many another subject of real importance, not fully covered by our curriculum—politics, literature, science, art, the drama—the list might be extended indefinitely. It is indeed a pity if with such a wealth of subject-matter ready at hand we must continue to debase our table-conversation to the level of mere trivialities.

From time to time the charge of indifference to athletics has been hurled at us. From time to time "agitators" have railed at our lack of college spirit. A few enthusiasts are wont to heap all sorts of reproaches upon our heads.

But is this the right attitude to take? Was a cause ever won by scoffing? Were you ever convinced of another's argument by being called the fool? And is this really a lack of spirit in regards to athletics? Let us look at our record. For the past years we have repeatedly tried foot-ball—and have been defeated; we tried basket-ball—and were defeated. Legend says we once tried the great American game of base-ball—and were defeated. The visionary says we are to try lacrosse—And so "since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" we have tried and we have suffered defeat.

It seems very clear that we can't play base-ball, we can't play basket-ball, we can't play foot-ball. But is our inability to gain the crown of

laurel the only lesson that is clear? Defeat has followed defeat, year after year; nevertheless, each fall enthusiasts go out and work for the team. Under the conditions, do we dare call this lack of college spirit? Can we fling the accusation of indifference to athletics? If it were possible to point to a glorious past, a past which we could recall with pride, then the smallness of the number interested in athletics might be attributed to indifference. But now each recruit goes out with the cloud of defeat already hanging over him and under such circumstances the very "going out" takes courage.

Aren't we working from the wrong end? The child is taught the multiplication table before he is ordered to extract the cube root. No one can be expected to become enthusiastic over the impossible. We don't care to try to do things that we can't do. But we do become interested in trying to do things we can do altho' it take work to accomplish it. There are some things that the students of S. Stephen's can do. We have had successful hare-and-hound meets, and we have had successful class-day meets. Those past efforts give evidence of enthusiasm. The physical benefit is obvious. Neither of these meets demand the phenomenal athlete. Our roads and campus give all the necessary training requisites.

Why can't the Athletic Association consider the matter seriously? One class-day meet and one hare-

and-hound meet a month is surely possible. Let the Association show that it is interested in small things. Let it act *officially*, decide on meets, draw up conditions, appoint the dates—and keep the dates. A meet that can be called and set aside by an individual is no meet.

If we begin with small things, in time the big things will be ours. If we prove to ourselves that we can run, and jump, and throw, we will have confidence in ourselves. When we have regained confidence in ourselves the cloud of defeat will vanish.—Confidence is half the battle.

Throughout the college course we have heard much of College Spirit, and we are constantly reminded that we ought to have College Spirit. What is this thing, so important, and ever present? Sometimes it seems as though College Spirit were a kind of magic formula to conjure coins from pockets of reluctant students into the treasuries of various organizations purporting to represent the life of the college. True, the charm sometimes fails, but it has nevertheless, some power. College Spirit is apparently interpreted by others as an outward manifestation of uncontrollable joy (suggestive, indeed, of "spirits" rather than "spirit"), to be particularly exhibited during trials of skill and strength between representatives of our own and other institutions. Again, when one is being urged to attend some meeting, which may even interfere with col-

lege work, the clinching argument is (or is supposed to be), "Oh! but you must show college spirit." There is no end to the number of things into whose service this shibboleth is requisitioned, and so, when we attempt to deduce from them any characteristics which might aid in a classification of this mysterious College Spirit, we are confronted with a mass of contrary, not to say contradictory, ideas, and find no intelligible solution. Apparently there is nothing to be gained from such procedure, and if there is any hope of a true understanding of what College Spirit really is, it must be gained from the phrase itself.

It frequently happens that a thing is overlooked because of its very obviousness. The most obvious thing that can be said of College Spirit is that it pertains to a college. Now the college is quite different from the individual, for the college is a collective body, and does not recognize individuals as such. No one individual can adequately stand for the College, for the College is composed of Faculty, Trustees, Alumni, and Students, in one united body. Such a view gives a much wider significance to the phrase under consideration, for no longer can one suppose that College Spirit depends on him, taken by himself; but, of necessity, College Spirit depends on each man, considering himself as an integral, essential part of the whole. To promote real College Spirit, all the parts must work together as a unified body, with a single purpose,

each man doing his part, and sharing in the labor.

But what is there in all this that is spiritual? When one really tries to fulfill the ideal of College Spirit, to work as a dependent member of the body to which he belongs, in harmony with the design of that body; when one really begins to appreciate the fact that College Spirit means working in accordance with the Spirit of the College, then he will make the possibly unpleasant discovery that such a course of action is very apt to be at variance with his personal ideas and desires. After such a discovery, if the personal element is displaced by the larger and nobler ideal, the sacred element of sacrifice will have entered in, and the wondrous treasury of spiritual strength will provide the power to persevere. College Spirit becomes in a real sense spiritual when one stands ready to do his utmost for the college, to the extent of giving up his personal likes and wants, to the greater extent of neglecting and resisting his own selfish interests, in favor of the Spirit of the College.



AN OPEN LETTER.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

A perverted rendering of an old adage has it, "A company is known by the men it keeps." Analogously, a college is known by the men it instructs. For this reason, S. Stephen's must suffer upon a close scrutiny of its students; and with no

desire to be unfair, but plainly facing the facts, I feel need of the justification for such a judgment. Measured by the standard set forth by Matthew Arnold in his essay "Sweetness and Light," the student body of S. Stephen's College lacks culture.

Arnold, casting about for a motive for culture, settles upon curiosity, because of its ambiguity, as the proper term. He wishes to connect it with culture, not in our ordinary sense, but in a sense more foreign—an intelligent eagerness to see things as they are. We, as S. Stephen's students, must immediately confess to failure when confronted with this test. A knowledge of the manner in which the students prepare assigned work, proves only too clearly that such a laudable desire is not the inspiring motive. Too many of us are prone to take a well prepared recitation as the end and to stop short with that, well satisfied with ourselves. In this connection, the term "machinery," used so freely by Arnold, is most fitting. Every day is this machinery set in motion and its whirl and clank drown the voice of culture. Sweetness and light do not admit of such methods in the pursuit of knowledge.

The students, it would seem, are quite satisfied to accept anything the professor may offer, and, to use a homely simile, they prefer their knowledge a la Battle Creek—the predigested kind. The prescribed text book suffices, and the art of using the library as a helpful adjunct is unknown. Sweetness

and light surely require more, if we accept Matthew Arnold's conception of them. True culture recognizes the inadequacy of any one brain, and seeks to compare the work of many brains; being desirous of seeing not only the good points, but also the bad ones in order that it may arrive at truth.

Now sweetness and light, Arnold tells us, or culture, which also includes religion, seeks to make "reason and the will of God prevail." Is there sweetness and light in the religious life of S. Stephen's? Again it seems I must answer negatively; for we are not striving as earnestly as possible to reach moral perfection.

Whether we admit or deny the wisdom of compulsory chapel attendance, there certainly exists an indifferent feeling in regard to attendance at the regular chapel services. At the same time, there is an increasing amount of what we may term "small talk." Two years ago there swept over the college a wave of religious discussion, which was immediately attacked as unwise but assuredly that is preferable to some conversations heard to-day.

Culture is, primarily, an unselfish thing. It must go out of and beyond ourselves, or it will not exist in us. It impels us to consider others and to aid them in their search for knowledge, thus making "reason prevail." Culture is being hindered, if not actually killed, here at S. Stephen's, by an attitude assumed by certain members of the student body, namely, a dissatisfaction in general with the college.

Not content with having such ideas, they air them among their fellow students, and as a result the contagion spreads. The new men are influenced at the beginning of their college career in a manner which will prove harmful, and will keep them from deriving much benefit. It seems reasonable to believe that one can hardly acquire true culture while constantly finding fault with the source whence they hope to secure it.

The pessimistic strain of this letter does not signify that there are few good traits in the students. These statements but show the lack of "sweetness and light" in our men. While possibly the ideals of Arnold are exalted, and almost too high for mere humans, still there is much truth in his reasoning. We have numerous incentives to urge us to seek sweetness and light: the pleasant situation of the college, the influence of nature upon us, the freedom from the "machinery" of city life. Moreover, the intimate relationship existing or possible between the members of the student body and the members of the faculty should incite the former to consider their work in a different light. Our small numbers should serve to promote good fellowship and bind us together in an attempt to advance the welfare of all. The curriculum itself is based upon a desire to give men a liberal education; not a mere smattering of Greek and Latin, but a training which will teach them to make beauty and intelligence, sweetness and light, their goal. F. R.

The President's Page.

The President is trying to get one hundred parishes or groups of parishes to promise for the Endowment Fund, \$1,000 each, payable in five years. A very good start has already been made. An effort is also being made to enlist the active sympathy and coöperation of all the Bishops who have students at the College or who are in touch with us by having S. Stephen's men working in their Dioceses. Bishop Greer has pledged the Diocese of New York for \$1,000 for this year. In pursuance of these schemes, the President has been permitted to plead the cause of the College in many places since the New Year. On Sunday, Jan. 8th, he preached in the morning at the Church of the Advent, Boston; by invitation of the Rector, Dr. van Allen (Litt. D., S. Stephen's). Interest was aroused and substantial gifts resulted, in addition to which the Rector has promised an annual collection for S. Stephen's. On the next day Dr. Rodgers explained the work and needs of S. Stephen's to a large body of clergy in Boston. On Sunday, Jan. 29th, the President preached in Trinity Church, Seneca Falls, the Rev. W. B. Clarke, '83, Rector. On Monday he had an encouraging interview with the Bishop of Central New York, at Auburn, N. Y. On Feb. 5th, Dr. Rodgers preached at the Church of the Beloved Disciple, N. Y. City. The Parish pledged itself to become one

of "The Hundred," and immediately paid its first installment. Feb. 8th, Dr. Rodgers addressed the boys of S. Paul's School, Garden City, and afterwards had a most encouraging interview with the Bishop of Long Island. On Feb. 12th, the President preached at the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C. to a large and influential congregation. The Rector promised to do his best, and this Parish will probably come into "The Hundred" later. Dr. Rodgers had a talk with Bishop Harding and received assurance of help.

On Mar. 4th, Dr. Rodgers preached at the Church of the Ascension, Atlantic City, the Rev. C. M. Niles, '86, Rector. As a result of that visit, substantial help has come. John Kendrick Bangs, the author, a member of this parish, volunteered to give his lecture in Atlantic City in the near future, the profits to be divided between S. Stephen's College and the Church of the Ascension. The next day Dr. Rodgers and Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, one of our Trustees, guests of honor at a luncheon of the Philadelphia Clerical Union, made addresses on the work and needs of the College. Much interest is being aroused in Philadelphia. Mr. Woodruff recently gave a luncheon at the City Club there to fifteen of our graduates and Former Students and plans were discussed for promoting the welfare of the Alma Mater. March

22nd, Dr. Rodgers preached one of the Lenten Sermons at Trinity Church, Bayonne, N. J., where the Rev. A. L. Longley, M. A., '96, is Rector.

The foregoing is more or less of a report. I now change to the intimate first person singular. By going about as I do from place to place, seizing every opportunity to tell people about S. Stephen's, the College is at least becoming known. There is no reason why every Alumnus and Former Student should not in like manner make opportunities to speak of S. Stephen's to his people, or allow me to come and speak to them; or at least open the way for me to gain the ear of men

and women who can help in some degree, however small. If you can manage it, put your parish down as one of "The Hundred." If you cannot manage it alone, get your nearest neighbors to join with you and form a group-unit. If you cannot get together \$1,000 in five years, get what you can, but get something. The case is urgent. Every person who cares in the very slightest degree for this college, and is anxious to have it here permanently as a Church Institution, must bend every energy during the next three or four years to that end.

W. C. RODGERS, D. D.
President.



College Items.

Those who were present at the Commencement Lunch, last June, will be glad to know that the paper then read by the Rev. Dr. Hopson, has been published in attractive book form, by Gorham, under title of "Reminiscences of Saint Stephen's College." The value of the book is enhanced by the illustrations, since many of them are taken from rare plates and possess considerable historic interest.

On the evening of December 17th, Mr. John Jay Chapman read to us his play entitled "The Treason and Death of Benedict Arnold." The audience of students, faculty, and

friends gathered in Trustee Hall not only enjoyed the reading of the author, but showed great interest in Mr. Chapman's method of treating a modern subject in the Greek manner. Evidently Mr. Chapman is not wholly in accord with Professor Brander Matthews, who recently wrote that Shakspeare has given us "the final model of modern tragedy." It is, therefore, in this effort to unite the ancient and the modern that possibly the real interest of Mr. Chapman's drama rests.

There is no need to retell a story that is familiar to every one—the treason of Benedict Arnold: we shall, therefore, turn at once to

consider how Mr. Chapman has embodied this modern theme in Greek garb. A glance at the scenic arrangements for the two acts into which his play is divided gives some idea of what the author has done with his material.

ACT I: The margin of the Hudson at West Point. Fort Putnam and the Highlands in the distance. A flag is fluttering on the fort. The orchestra represents the level of the river shore, upon which level the Chorus will enter. The characters of the drama appear on a bank or platform, slightly raised above the orchestra and Chorus. At the opening of the play Father Hudson is upon the scene. He reclines in the centre of the stage in the attitude of a river-god. The nook or couch in which he rests is situated between the two levels, as it were in an angle of the river bank. His position is such that he can, by turning his head, either watch the personages on the stage, or address the Chorus on the river margin. He is so painted and disposed as not to attract attention when the play opens, but to appear rather as a part of the scenery and decoration.

ACT II: The centre of the stage slowly opens, disclosing a sitting-room. A writing-table covered with letters. Somewhere in the foreground a sofa or low couch. An engraved portrait of George III. Arnold is sitting at the table, but his arm-chair is turned away. He is in a profound reverie, gazing at the floor. He is dressed in the uniform of a British officer. His hair is gray and his face worn. At the back of the stage at one side of the door, sits Treason, somewhat in the

attitude of a sheriff's officer keeping guard.

In the scenic arrangements, it will be observed that in Act I the author has closely followed the conventions demanded by the Greek theatre; that in Act II he has made use of conventions possible only in the modern theatre. For the seating arrangement in the Greek theatre and the fact that the wall in the rear of the orchestra was of stone would preclude the possibility of the center of the stage slowly opening to disclose a sitting-room. The influence of Greek drama is further seen in the introduction of choruses—one of Waves, one of Clouds. It may be said, in passing, that in the choral songs Mr. Chapman has inwoven somewhat of the Greek spirit.

Such, however, in brief is the result of the author's labors. Whether or not Mr. Chapman has fully succeeded in what most people familiar with the drama believe to be well nigh impossible—the harmonious union of a modern subject with a Greek manner of treatment—he has evolved a work possessing much beauty and has given Life a new form. All this, as well as the easy and natural way in which Mr. Chapman read his drama, the audience appreciated thoroughly.

X.

Legitimate adjectives have been long since used up in describing the annual "Freshman;" for which reason, perhaps, we may be pardoned if we drop into slang and pronounce

this year's Ball a "rip-roaring success." The floor was in first-class condition, and at no time overcrowded. Catchy music, excellent refreshments, and a novel and attractive decoration scheme; all played their part in making the dance one of the gayest and best we have had in many years. Old Preston Hall looked really youthful in its gala attire of cedar trees, flooded in the mellow light of a number of cleverly improvised chandeliers. Battle Alley, as usual, was bathed in "dim, religious light"—perhaps dimmer than was necessary—still, no one was heard to complain! All credit is due "1914" for a really delightful dance.

On Washington's Birthday the students threw off their customary winter lethargy and celebrated the holiday right merrily. The Father of his Country, however, would doubtless have turned over in his grave, could he have known just what was going on! At three P. M. a motley crew assembled in the gymnasium to watch a double-header boxing-match. The farcical preliminary bout, between what looked like the tin woodman right out of "The Wizard of Oz" and a fat Teutonic tramp, was a scream of laughter from start to finish; while the second contest, the "big fight," was a really fine exhibition of good, clean boxing. After the match, the procession of masquerading students made its noisy way down the peaceful village street, throwing the

"natives" into convulsions of mirth and frightening every dog or horse they met.

The natural out-come of this impromptu masquerade, was the Fancy-Dress Ball that took place in the Refectory the following Saturday night. The hastily improvised but effective costumes evinced originality and showed a really ingenious use of the scanty material at hand. One would suppose that the presence of an Egyptian Mummy—a most realistic Mummy!—and of four pale and mysterious lepers, might have exercised a slightly dampening effect; but evidently it did not, for the old Hall rang with peals of laughter at the arrival of each new freak, and the hilarity lasted through the whole evening. Refreshments, consisting of coffee and cakes, were provided by the Dragon Club.

At the recent meeting of the Convocation of Undergraduates the constitution of this body was amended. In the old form there were many inconsistencies and not a few weaknesses, which have been eliminated as far as possible. Under this new form a regular meeting will be held the second Saturday of every month. Fines will be imposed for non-excused absences.

During Commencement Week this year the students are planning to hold a photographic exhibit of pictures taken by the students themselves in the vicinity of Anandale. This exhibit will be open

to any resident of the college. A small entry fee may be charged to furnish the prizes. The judges and the conditions of the contest will be announced later.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

It is gratifying to note the interest evinced in the Brotherhood, as shown by the sustained good attendance at the bi-weekly meetings. These meetings are open to all the students. The study of the lives of the early saints has been continued. A recent paper by Hamblin on the position of the Brotherhood Chapter in the college was ably presented and aroused an animated discussion as to the justification of a Chapter at S. Stephen's. The monthly preparation services conducted by Dr. Rodgers have been invaluable.

The Rev. Wm. C. DeWitt, Dean of the Western Theological Seminary, on his recent visit to the College gave the Brotherhood men a forceful talk on the qualifications for the ministry of the Church.

After Evensong, March 12th, in the college chapel, the Rev. Dr. Rodgers admitted the following probationers into full membership; Armstrong, Ridgeway, Whitcomb, Olsen, and Tikiob. Y.

The preachers of the Lenten sermons for this year are:

Mar. 2, The Rev. Samuel Upjohn, D. D.

Mar. 5, The Rev. Wallace F. Thompson.

Mar. 9, The Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney, D. D.

Mar. 12, The Rev. Arthur P. Hunt.
Mar. 16, The Rev. Hugh Birkhead, D. D.

Mar. 23, The Rev. Frederick H. Burgess.

Mar. 30, The Rev. Henry M. Barbour, D. D.

Apr. 6, The Rev. Walton W. Battershall, D. D.

Dean De Witt, of the Western Theological Seminary, and Fr. Officer, O. H. C., also preached, previous to Lent.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club thanks the faculty most heartily for their financial assistance. It is due to this timely aid that the management has been able to cancel all debts outside of college.

The Club has had an offer of seventy per cent of gross receipts, and all expenses save transportation, from the manager of the Town Hall, Rhinebeck. The directors hope to accept it after Easter.

Three numbers have lately been added to the repertoire—Grieg's "Land sighting," Dudley Buck's "In Vocal Combat" and Nevin's "Rosary."

It is hoped that any Alumnus who is in a position to place a concert next season will communicate with the manager, Herbert Parkinson.

Z.

On Friday evening, December 16, the Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity

initiated James Howard Edwards, '14, and William Peet Quinby; and on March 17, Sewell Asbury Medford, '14.

Arthur H. Parks was initiated into the Eulexian Fraternity on Friday evening, March 17, 1911. After the initiation ceremonies, a "bust" was held at Camp Eulexian. Brother W. J. Gage acted as Toastmaster, and speeches were made by the newly initiated Brother, and by Brothers Leonhard, Stone, Borton, Wilsen, Wilson, and Hamblin.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, March 6, 1911, the following men were awarded the 'Varsity "S":—Shoemaker, Borton, Bennett, Morgan, A. Jennings, and Rhea. The "scrub" letter was awarded to the following:—Parkinson, Hanson, Olsen, Prout, Eagleton, Medford, J. Bond, Wilsen, and Barr.

The Freshman Debating Club has held a number of informal debates, which have proved of considerable interest to the student-body. There was also a formal debate, held in Bard Hall, the evening of Jan. 28, the question being on the desirability of government ownership of rail-roads. On the affirmative were Gage, Armstrong and Prout; on the negative, McAllister, Pridiss, and Parker. Dr. Hopson, Mr. Upton, and Mr. Davidson acted as judges. The debate was close, the arguments being well presented by both sides. The decision was given to the affirmative.

On the afternoon of March 23rd, Miss Helen M. Cruger, in commemoration of the fifty years of the existence of the College, presented a tulip tree, planting it south of the Chapel. Dr. Rodgers, Dr. Hopson, and a number of the students were present and took part in the ceremonies.



THAT DEAR OLD COLLEGE RAM.

Breathes there a youth in S. S. C.
Who chortled ne'er in fiendish glee,
"This is my own, my native breed!"
Whose wat'ry mouth hath never
yearned,
As oft his optics he hath turned,
To surfeit his insatiate greed?—
If such there be, go soak him well!
In him dyspepsia sure doth dwell.
For him, no such serene delight
As ours is, every other night,
To say, felicitously calm, (modern
pronunciation, please.)
"Ah, 'tis my own, my longed for
lamb!"

HISTORY MADE EASY.

"Did the English uphold the
claims of the French King, and why
not?"

Hist. Prof. (telling anecdote):—
"Queen Elizabeth once asked one of
her ministers, which vowel they
could spare from the list: His
Lordship replied: 'Not any, your
majesty.' To which Elizabeth re-
sponded: 'I think we can spare U'"
(laughter from class).

L. A. C. E.:—"But why was he a
vowel, Sir?"

Hist. Prof.:—"Don't give your-
self away, he was English, too."

HIGHER CRITICISM (CONTINUED).

*Ἐπορεύετο ἐπὶ τὸν ποταμὸν,
ὄντα τὸ εὖρος πλέθρου, πλήρῳ δ'
ιχθύων μεγάλων.*

"He, being a plethrum in width
and abounding in great fish, pro-
ceeded to the river." (M)

*Ἐφ' ἣ λέγεται Μίδασ τὸν Σάτ-
υρον θυρεῦσαι οἶνον κεράσας
αὐτήν.*

"Where Midas, having mixed
himself with wine, caught the satire."
(A).

*Tacitus up-to-date, according to
Mr. B.:*—"The ancient Germans
lived on wild fowl, venison, and
condensed milk."

"Two rabbits never make one
hare." Yea, verily! Neither do
two hairs make one moustache, as
some of us seem to think.

Examinations hit the class,
And no one was prepared:
All on a trot they tried to pass,
O my, but they were scared!

With bursting heads and anxious
hearts
They plugged the whole night
through;
A lot of would-be Bacs. of Arts
That woeful night did rue!

No mushy notes from "dovey-
doves"

Or "tootsie-woots" availed:
(You all know the rest. Be-
sides, the Muse has petered
out.)

Did you know that we have a real
live cartoonist in College—one of
the few in captivity? His name—
well, perhaps he would not like us
to publish that. His pictures are
signed —U— So perhaps that's
his name.

*ERRATA

Blue and red make *purple*.
I never saw a purple room,
I never want to see one . . .

*See freshman theme in December MES-
SENGER.

O ye shades of Horace and Vergil!
'Tis rumored that Boak intends to
write a Latin poem!

An inscription found among the
ruins of "Hoi Pip," A. D. 1999:

"Old, old Sun, the greater light of
the ages! hast thou yet held discourse,
deep and sublime and omniscient, with
him whom Eternity itself may not con-
fute? What! snickerest thou? Oh!
laugh, old Sun, if thou art tickled; but
he is older, by quite a few years, than
art thou, and hath seen of life more
than thou hast knowledge of. Be-
ware, old Sun!"

I love my unimpassioned equan-
imity, but O, you demagogic agita-
tions!



Alumni and Former Students.

An informal luncheon for S. Stephen's College men living in or in the vicinity of Philadelphia, was held at the City Club, 1428 Walnut St., Philadelphia, on Monday, January 16th, at one o'clock P. M. This luncheon was given especially to meet Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, the newly elected trustee of the College.

There were present of the alumni:—The Rev. Dr. Upjohn, '63—; The Rev. Dr. Sterling, '71—; The Rev. Dr. Niles, '86—; The Rev. F. C. Jewell, '81—; The Rev. J. O. McIlhenny, '93—; The Rev. W. F. Bachman, '05—;—of the former students:—The Rev. G. R. Underhill, The Rev. C. C. Quinn; The Rev. C. B. Dubell; Mr. W. I. Rutter, and Mr. Vance Sappington.

After an enjoyable luncheon, there ensued an interesting discussion as to the best method of presenting the needs and claims of the college to the Church. In this discussion Mr. Woodruff took a leading part and proved to all present that he was an active and up-to-date trustee.

No formal action was taken, but it was urged upon all, that an opportunity should be given in all parishes to present the position of the college and its urgent needs. Offerings and donations should be solicited everywhere.

The Rev. Drs. Upjohn and Niles and Mr. Woodruff were appointed a special committee, to present the claims of the graduates of S.

Stephen's for membership in the University Club of Philadelphia.

In Memoriam.

RT. REV. ALEXANDER HAMILTON VINTON, '73, D.D., LL.D.

In the death of the late Bishop of Western Massachusetts, S. Stephen's has lost a devoted and loyal son and the whole American Church a Prince among her Princes. Throughout the length and breadth of our land the power of Bishop Vinton's personality has made itself felt; nor has its influence for good passed from us with his death. The Christ-like character of his life remains the priceless heritage of the Church he loved and served so well. Of him it is said that all men went out from his presence imbued with the consciousness that they had been in touch with a great soul. Genial and kind in disposition, keenly alive to the thought of the age, responsive ever to the call of duty and of sacrifice, a friend to high and low, to rich and poor alike, Bishop Vinton has passed away beloved and mourned by all.

It was the privilege of the Rev. Dr. Rodgers to be present and represent the College at the funeral of Bishop Vinton at Springfield, Mass., Jan 20th.

CHARLES GARDNER COFFIN, '76.

On the twenty-third of December, died one of the best known and most loved of the Alumni. "Pop" Coffin,

at one time President of the Alumni Association, was known to the Undergraduates as a true friend and one who never failed to answer to the many calls upon him. Every year at Commencement time we were sure to see him on the campus giving encouragement to the students and visiting with his old friends among the graduates. We shall always remember him for the cheerfulness with which he imbued all those who came into touch with him. Of his devotion to the college there is no need to speak, for he was known to everyone as one of the faithful few who have worked for the upbuilding and the advancement of the best interests of the college which gave him his education. It is hard for an undergraduate to write of an Alumnus to Alumni, who perhaps knew him and his years of work and service better than we. Let his own life be his best obituary.

'78—The Rev. William B. Guion is now rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Grand Rapids, Mich.

'90—The Rev. John Mills Gilbert has offered a prize of books for the best essay on English Poetry written by any student in this College. In this connection it may be of interest to the Alumni to learn that the Rev. Thomas Lacey, of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, has offered a prize of \$10. in gold to that student in the College who shall write the best essay of from one to four thousand

words on some aspect of the Crusades.

'91—The Rev. H. S. Longley has been called from Christ Church, Binghamton, N. Y., to the rectorship of St. Mark's Church, Evanston, Ill.

The Rev. A. Randolph B. Hege-man, rector of Trinity Church, Binghamton, succeeds Mr. Longley as Dean of the Convocation of Central New York.

'99—The Rev. Charles Popham began his work as rector of Christ Church, Bellville, N. J., on Ash Wednesday, March 1st.

'05—The Rev. Wallace Faucett Thompson has accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, Lockport, N. Y.

The Rev. Edward M. Frear was recently appointed chaplain of Pennsylvania State College.

Among the special Lenten preachers at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City, were the Rev. Messrs. Frederick W. Norris, '88; John R. Atkinson, '90; and Albert L. Longley, '96.

The Rev. Charles Everett McCoy, vicar of the St. Mary's Memorial Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been called as curate to the Rev. Dr. Fiske of S. Stephen's Church, Providence, R. I., and will enter upon his new field of labor shortly after Easter.

Intercollegiate Notes.

Juniors at Leland Stanford University wear plug hats.

The girls of Wellesley College have organized a fire department.

Pennsylvania, Cornell, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia have organized an intercollegiate basket-ball league.

The University of Southern California has enrolled as a special student, a man who is ninety-three years old.

All those failing in examinations at the University of California must wear a small blue cap with a green button.

In an election conducted by the Equal Suffrage League, Wellesley students voted nearly two to one against woman suffrage.

Of the 490 members of Congress, 297, or about 60 per cent, are college men. Nearly one hundred colleges or universities are represented.

To make geometry popular, Prof. J. E. Slaughter, of the University of Chicago, is preparing a text book in which theorems are applied to football.

The University of Michigan is offering a course in "gold bricks" to guide graduates against fraudulent investments when they leave college.

West Virginia State College has abandoned all class colors, everyone wearing the college colors.

A new rule has been made at Williams in regard to cuts. The maximum number, now is not to exceed one week of work each semester.

Northwestern University has added a new class to its curriculum. It is a study of governmental methods of dealing with the liquor problem.

Michigan has scheduled a football game with Princeton for next fall. This will be one more of the "big games" and cannot fail to be an interesting one.

All members of the freshman rhetoric classes at the University of Kansas are required to write letters to their home papers in order to advertise the institution.

Men pledged to the Indiana senior honorary society wear a hat which is made up in the colors of the society—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet and purple.

Dartmouth has a unique publication, the "Angora." This paper is devoted entirely to communications and protests from faculty, students and Alumni, on matters of college good.

All seniors at the University of Chicago must raise a mustache before graduation, by decree of the class. At the Senior Ball, a prize will be given to the wearer of the most luxuriant growth.

Exchanges.

It is always easier to use the blue pencil on an offending phrase than it is to substitute a more pleasing expression. Similarly, it is sometimes easier for the Exchange Editor to destructively criticize the papers that come to his notice, than it is to offer helpful suggestions. Only one who has had the care of preparing a paper can realize what painstaking work is involved in the production of a really good number, and so it is with a deep appreciation of the labor represented that the Exchange Editor reads and examines. THE MESSENGER acknowledges, with thanks, the following exchanges:

The Campus,
The Normal College Echo,
The Magpie,
The Raysonian,
St. John's Gazette, and
Sub Alis Sto.

Novel in form, *Sub Alis Sto* has a distinctive character of its own, and is throughout a most creditable production. There is a very fascinating touch of realism in the story "A Conspiracy." A startling reference to the Terpsichorean art is best left unquoted.

One wonders why *The Raysonian* presents editorials in the form of a S. Valentine's Day story; possibly it is intended as an allegory.

The Normal College Echo presents a pleasing magazine with a good variety of articles and stories, but

both the publishers and their address seem to be enshrouded in mystery.

He—"Fifty miles an hour! Are you brave?"

She (swallowing another pint of dust)—"Yes, dear. I'm full of grit."—*Ex.*

A riddle—When is a joke not a joke?

Usually.—*Ex.*

What were the Crusades?

The Crusades were sort of mounds in the holly land and people would go there and worship and they were called Crusaders.—*Ex.*

Tell shortly what the Feudal system was.

It was an early form of government but later was broken up.—*Ex.*

A logical definition of games: Solitaire and together.—*Ex.*

Caller—There's one question I should like to have answered. When a thought flashes across the intellect does it effect any molecular changes in the cellular or muscular tissues composing the material substance of the cerebral mass, or does it operate merely in the realm of the spiritual ego, thereby leaving no trace subject to detection or classification in the domain of substantiality?

Information Editor (turning again to his desk)—There is no premium on the coin.—*Ex.*

