

MESSENGER

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The MESSENGER ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE



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RELIGIOUS SECTS IN THE UNITED STATES: 1607-1865

Chapter 1

TYPES OF COLONIAL RELIGION

THE RELIGIOUS life of the colonies, like their social classes, social tastes and domestic institutions, had its roots in Britain, was developed under local circumstances and was modified by every current of new opinion which flowed across from the Old World to the New. The dominant varieties of religious organizations were those with counterparts in England, namely, Congregationalism (Puritanism full-grown) and Anglicanism. But between the founding of the Old Dominion and the casting off of the British yoke there had poured into the colonies waves and eddies of countless big and little sects, the back-wash of Continental Europe and the Isles, the product of that ecclesiastical purgative, the Reformation. The flood gates of the Americas were opened to every kind of religious faith that the seething, stirring Old World could furnish, and through them surged Catholics, Separatists, Puritans, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Quakers and Baptists from the British Isles; Lutherans, Huguenots, Dunkards, Mennonites, Moravians and Salzburger from the continent. The English merchant-owners of these fair colonies winked even at Jews settling here and there in vast demesnes.

The Established Church, as every schoolboy can tell, was the first arrival. A chaplain of that body accompanied the party of Captain John Smith to Virginia. At Jamestown in 1607 "the religious and courageous divine," Mr. Hunt, read the Anglican service morning and evening, preached twice every Sunday, and celebrated the Holy Communion at intervals of three months. The good Lord De La Warre, who thanked God that he had come in time to save Virginia, set the example of respect for religion by regularly attending the church services, in full dress and attended by his lordly Councillors in all the panoply of the court. Acceptable to the people at large and sponsored by the rulers, the Church of England soon came to be "by law established" as in the home land; the whole colony of Virginia was forced to conform "both in canons and constitution, to the Church of England, as near as may be." Factionists and hated Papists were not permitted to defile the soil. The commander of the Fort at Point Comfort, on the arrival of any ship, would go on board, take a list of the passengers "and administer to them the oath of supremacy and allegiance," committing to prison those who refused to take the same. Of course, Puritans and Papists alike evaded the restrictions and from as early as 1619 they lived in the colony, grew and multiplied, even though for many years they were refused clergy of their own ilk. Still, Anglicanism was the religion in Virginia and from the colony it spread its influence out over the whole Southern group, and in time became dominant in them all.

The Puritans—and this too every schoolboy knows—came first to Plymouth on the Mayflower in 1620. Other groups of Separatists and Puritans landed there from time to time. On the shores of Boston Bay, because the people willed it so, Congregationalism became "established." Massachusetts became "theocratic" in government. Its divines fulmin-

TO THE BANSHEE

Thine eerie silvery keening, music dread—
Oft roused my fathers from life's transient dream;
And the grim warning of thy long-drawn scream,
Sounding o'er moonlit moor and lonely mere,
Offtimes has chilled with dread and boding fear
The hearts of those who guarded life's last gleam
In one they held in tenderest esteem
As father, next of kin, or friend most dear.

When I too die, if thou wilt sing for me,
Although to Erin I've but half a claim,
Give to thy silvery song a strain of gold,
And let thy joy as all compelling be
As thy wild grief; in fitting tones proclaim
The flight of one more soul toward bliss untold.

—, '31.

ated, thundered, pried into private life, and directed public life. Well did the Stuart say "No bishop, no king." Verily, these Puritan divines ruled their subjects with an iron hand, such as the most case-hardened Stuart never attained, albeit he wistfully dreamed of it. They were lords of all they surveyed.

The severe life and the religious rigor of the Massachusetts Colony brought about migration, which in turn was responsible for the founding of the new colonies—Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire. Religious controversy, led by two radicals, Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, was responsible for the founding of Rhode Island. Here religious toleration was established on principle rather than from necessity, the first community of its kind in America. Williams, who was to all intents and purposes exiled from Massachusetts, held views which, if logically carried out, involved the entire separation of church from state, equal protection of all forms of religious faith, repeal of all laws compelling attendance on public worship, abolition of titles and of all forced contributions to the support of religion. In Rhode Island these principles were inculcated from the start.

The founding of Connecticut was not due solely to religious disputes. A disaffected Puritan divine, Thomas Hooker, "son of Thunder," was an important agent in its settling. Here the religious policy and the government of the mother colony was reproduced in the main. Membership in any particular church was not prescribed in the Constitution of Connecticut for the privilege of suffrage, but in practice it worked out that Congregationalism was in the saddle. The Puritan divines stood and kept watch over their own.

New Hampshire, when it grew to manhood and separated from its parent, Massachusetts, proved to have reduplicated the religious life of its mother. It was Congregational by heredity and environment.

Then there was Maryland. Although it was founded by a Roman Catholic gentleman, and special advances were made to prospective Roman Catholic immigrants, with every endeavor to populate the colony with men of that persuasion, there is some difficulty yet in determining whether it was "largely" Roman Catholic or "largely" Protestant. Contemporary historians gave contradictory accounts, and the modern ones are little wiser. But the Protestant religion of the Established Church of England was the lawful religion in Maryland, in form at least, and with this there went a large measure of toleration. So much we know.

In the Carolinas the same toleration is to be observed as in Maryland, but Anglicanism had, at first, no special privileges. Indeed, before the founding of the colonies by charter, settlements had grown up in the North, composed of Quakers who had fled away from the rule of the established church in Virginia. The proprietors advertised religious toleration and into their territories came Puritans from New England, "fed-up" with its rigorous Congregational regime; Dutch from New York, angered at England's advent there; Huguenots, fleeing from the minions of Louis XIV; Scotch Presbyterians, weary of religious disputes in their own land or in Ireland; Germans, after land and liberty, and Swiss seeking a more peaceful haven than their own land afforded. All these, and slaves from Africa, together developed the Carolinas, and received meanwhile the consolation of their respective brands of Christian faith. A similar collection of sectaries founded settlements in New Jersey and Delaware.

The name of Penn immediately recalls the fact that, himself a Quaker he founded his colony both for personal profit and also to be an exilic home for members of his own despised sect. Nowhere, save in Rhode Island alone, was there a greater measure of religious toleration or more consistent pacifism, all of which well becomes the Quaker faith. Into Pennsylvania poured English Quakers, Germans of various Protestant faiths—but Lutherans especially—Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, Welsh Baptists, and later even Irish Roman Catholics—to subdue the wilderness and to enjoy the freedom of their convictions.

It remains to speak of New York. The Dutch West India Company, in founding its colony in America, did not emphasize so much the religious motives in its appeal for colonists. Nevertheless it did not wholly neglect spiritual ministration. The Dutch Reformed Church was established there from the first, and until the colony passed into the hands of the English it was predominant. Then there came the usual varied influx of creedal believers.

Though historians have been accustomed to speak conveniently of Puritan New England, the Cavalier South and the Commercial Middle Colonies, our own brief survey of Colonial religion shows that in actuality the diversification was not so clearly marked. As a matter of fact, divergence from the strictest creedal authority and from theocratic regularity, scepticism and worldly pleasures were denounced and condemned with equal severity in Virginia and in Massachusetts. New England early produced its free thinkers and Virginia its pietists, so what's in a name? Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Puritanism threw over New England a somber, Cromwellian shadow, veiling the land in morbidity, in unholy and unhappy fear and giving the country a complexion of gloom on which Time through long years made little impression, a face which contrasted sharply with the general appearance of Virginia and her neighbors. Bibliolatry, Sabbatarianism, denunciation of harmless amusement and of every appearance of frivolity were of the theocratic constitution; they became part and parcel of the legal code of the Northern Colonies.

The very rigor of this code as to manners and customs, its excessive dogmatism, less elastic and less human even than iteration of Woes, was responsible, in large part, for the defection from Congregationalism which early took place, even in Massachusetts. On the eve of the Revolution, one-third of the inhabitants of Boston had left the Church of their fathers to follow after other gods—usually of their own making—and Anglicans and Huguenots had settled down in large numbers on the theologically hostile territory.

Chapter II

THE EFFECT OF THE REVOLUTION ON THE RELIGIOUS SCENE.

The shot which was heard around the world unsettled the clergy no less than the landed gentry and George the Third. In Colonial days Church and State had been intimately connected. Nine out of the thirteen colonies had established churches. With separation from England came the sundering of much of the connection between Church and State. Anglican hierarchical control disappeared in all the states where its clergy possessed privileges and immunities (except Virginia) and, though Congregationalism defended its prerogatives tooth and nail—fighting savagely as its redoubts were undermined one by one—it fought a losing battle.

Before the nineteenth century had advanced very far, the Congregationalists too were finally disestablished.

Along with the severance of the bonds of union it seemed that Churches were losing their exclusive hold on the attentions of men. It appeared suddenly that the political rights of man were of as great importance as the state of the soul after death. The clergy began to lament that the people were seeking and finding strange Gods. This, however, was a typical "preacher's wail." Disestablishment did not lead to disinterest on the part of the people nor did it weaken to any appreciable extent the influence of the ministry, though the clergy were "never so unquiet." By 1800, when the political broth was cooling off, if but a little, it could again be said that "the most universal thought . . . was religion." In New England, and among the masses of the people in the middle and southern states, religion was still the supreme arbiter in conduct. Only in the South was there, among the planters, an infiltration of scepticism from France. In New England villages the Congregational minister still ruled, fuming, censoring, interfering and considering that politics, no less than morals, was a sphere for his particular interest. But Congregationalism was headed for a split, and out of its loins came forth Unitarianism, a repudiation of most of the basic doctrine of Christianity.

Chapter III

NEW SECTS.

The Rise of Unitarianism and Deism

The process of disintegration in Puritan ranks started early in the second half of the eighteenth century. It even infected Anglicanism. As early as 1782, Dr. James Freeman of King's Chapel, Boston, removed from the Book of Common Prayers all reference to the Trinity, and King's Chapel officially declared in favor of Unitarianism. At the opening of the 19th century there was a large movement of Boston preachers away from the faith of their fathers. But it is a sermon of William Ellery Channing's at Baltimore in 1819, which is generally taken as the declaration of independence of Unitarianism, and the thick end of the wedge which split Congregationalism in two. Cotton Mather's God was not Channing's God, to be sure, for along with His triple nature was discarded that implacable venom which, according to the Mathers and the Edwardses, had predestined many innocents to eternal damnation. These were the essential differences between Congregationalism and Unitarianism.

Another foe which stormed at the citadels of the Anglicans, Lutherans, Congregationalists, Calvinists and Puritans without discrimination was Deism. Transplanted from England and France, it spread out over the new nation of America, brought thither by many able intellectuals, until, at the time of the Revolution, Jefferson, Paine, Adams, Franklin, Madison (to mention only the best known) embraced this doctrine. Jehovah, as portrayed by the Jews and elaborated by John Milton, was cast into the discard and in his place was put "Nature's God." Herein is an indication of the decline of historical Protestant theology from its position of dictatorship over the minds of men—and a presage of its fall.

THE COMING OF THE METHODISTS

Just at the time when Unitarianism was undermining Congregationalism, when the Episcopal Church, especially in the South, was rapidly losing ground, and when the nation's intellectuals were going over to scepticism, there appeared in the American arena a new contestant for the spiritual favors of the populace, a church destined to have a powerful influence on religion all over the land. The followers of John Wesley had obtained a foothold in the United States just before the Revolution, but that strife stayed their progress for a time. As soon as peace was declared (1780) they organized (1784) a separate American body, receiving authority (not to "bind and loose" but to organize and preach) from John himself of blessed memory. Their growth after this was astounding. They appealed to a vast mass of people, especially the middle and lower classes; they caught the wastage of other bodies; they gave democratic fire to their teaching; they endured privation, suffered hardship, underwent all manner of trial, in order to penetrate to the farthest reaches of South and West with the gospel of the Wesleyan God. In this way they laid the foundations of a great organization which has exerted a powerful influence on the life of America and which even today is numerically the greatest sect in the land.

The success of this new awakening movement (it was much akin to its Edwardsian prototype) must be largely attributed to the unremitting labors of one good man, Francis Asbury, who combined the goodness of his namesake of the Middle Ages with the preaching fervor of Peter the Hermit. He was sent over by Wesley in 1771 to take charge of the three hundred Wesleyan believers in the New World. By tireless energy, persevering zeal, and God-sent devotion (again compare with Francis of Assisi) he carried the light of the evangelical gospel into the dark places of the frontier until he claimed at last four thousand ordained ministers and three hundred thousand converts.

The new gospel was a leveling one; it exalted the laity—and thus pleased democracy. It emphasized salvation by prayer and conversion. It fulminated as loudly as Puritanism ever did against any departure from the virtues of industry, thrift, and strict morality. It was a noisy gospel; one moment it portrayed heaven in its wondrous blues and jewel-like settings; the next, it pictured hell and damnation in all their lurid redness. Those preachers could do it, too. Unlearned, as a rule, their knowledge of theology was confined to their own "experience." By constant reading of the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress* they made themselves masters of the arguments, images and figures which those books could furnish. Then they further colored the pictures. Ecstatic visions of joy and horrid pictures of hell were their portion. Isaiah, Ezekiel and Bunyan would have cursed their amanuenses and thrown away their pens could they have foreseen how pale their pictures would appear by the side of the Methodist productions. From tree-stump and from hillock—their cathedral anybody's barn—Asbury and his disciples thundered counsel and reproof. In 1812 their communicants had risen to 195,000 and the number seemed to increase year by year in geometrical progression. The appeal was to the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Scentics like Jefferson might sneer at this gospel; Tories of Anglican hue might object to its leveling tendencies; the best people might turn up their cultivated noses at its lack of aesthetic appreciation and, looking in vain for its cathedrals, might turn away from it in disgust. But the backwoods-

man cared for none of these things. Here was a real gospel; here was a means of self-expression; here was a chance for an emotional good time; here was an opportunity for the overflowing of those spirits long confined by the rigorous monotony of frontier life. Therefore the backwoodsman went to "camp meeting."

MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION

As the nineteenth century advanced, changes in the religious scene followed each other in swift succession; new doctrines, new principles, new methods of procedure were to be discovered everywhere. The denominations were not elastic enough in their make-up to be inclusive of such varying shades of thought, with the result that sects increased and multiplied. A religious organization could increase and divide in those days with incredible swiftness. To the impartial investigator of today, it is not possible to comprehend fully what were all the differences in opinion which caused sects to engage in Civil Wars and Secessions. Sometimes the causes were trivial, no doubt; yet they were fraught with as serious consequences, to the sect concerned, as the diphthongal difference in primitive Christianity. So we have the spectacle, during the Civil War, of a dozen Baptist bodies: regular Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, Free-Will Baptists, General Six-Principle Baptists, and the Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, besides three colored Baptist bodies. The Methodists split into more than a dozen groups. There were the Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Protestant, Congregationalist Methodist, New Congregational Methodist, Independent Methodist. The regular Methodist Episcopal Church was divided into the "Church" and the "Church South." The colored Methodists worshipped by themselves in at least ten groups, whose names need not be mentioned here. The Presbyterians, too, split up into slavery, anti-slavery and colored groups, New School and Old School, six bodies in all. These were the major Protestant organizations. Then there were isolated sects such as "the Adventists," who were grouped under a half dozen names; the Shakers, or United Society of Believers as they termed themselves; the Baptists; the Dunkers or German Baptist Brethren in four forms; the Quakers in four forms; the Latter Day Saints, or Mormons as they are usually termed, in three forms; a dozen kind of Mennonites, among them the Amish and the Old Amish, the Moravians in two forms, and the Schwannckfelders; the Cambellites; and the Millerites. With the influx of German and Scandinavian immigrants in the middle of the century the processes of reduction-division and creation were carried on well nigh *ad infinitum*.

Territorially there was a somewhat free distribution of religious bodies. There was more and more mingling of sects as the old barriers and requirements were broken down and discarded. Roman Catholicism spread its creepers over all the land, and on the other hand Evangelical brethren invaded even the most conservative regions. Among the Evangelical sects the Presbyterians were strong in the old North-Eastern States, but there the Methodists and Baptists were competing vigorously with them. "Trans-Appalachia," however, was the harvest-field for Methodists and Baptists, for their beliefs and modes of procedure were peculiarly fitted to the wilderness and to the pioneer. This was true also, though to a less degree, of the Presbyterians. All these represented religious proceedings in which every one could take part. The manifestations of faith had something tangible and emotional in them.

Chapter IV

GOD'S PIONEERS

The Frontiersman and His Religion

It is not difficult to understand the sectarian preferences of the pioneer when one knows a little about the pioneer himself. To recall the primitive conditions of life under which he lived; the degree of danger present during both waking and sleeping hours; the comparative isolation; the lack of everything but the bare necessities of life; to remember once again "the rock of which they were hewn"—to do this is to determine in advance where he would go to Church, and who would be his spiritual guide. We are not surprised then, when we learn that the frontiersman, who saw little enough of his neighbors during the week, was not content with a church where it was considered *infra dignitatem* to speak or exchange a word of greeting in the sacred edifice. Nor did he take kindly to an educated aristocratic clergyman with artistic hands and town-bred manner. In short, he became Methodist, Baptist or Presbyterian, as the case might be, for many reasons, but chiefly because these sects suited his temperament and were not so far removed from his actual life.

The Frontiersman Was No Mystic.

It was in the nature of things that of these three sects Methodism should become numerically the greatest. Two missionaries sent out by the Connecticut Missionary Society in 1813 reported that what preachers they saw in the sparsely settled Western regions were almost invariably Methodists. Occasionally they were Baptists, but rarely Presbyterians. The discipline of the Methodists was suited to the state of the West. The population was scattered, the people poor and not at all inclined to form societies and incur the expense of maintaining a settled minister. "A sect, therefore, which marked out the region into circuits, put a rider on each and bade him cover it once a month, preaching here today and there tomorrow, but returning at regular intervals to each community would provide the largest amount of religious teaching and preaching at the least expense." This was precisely what the Methodists did and this was precisely what the people desired. Such men and women as made any profession of religion were very generally Methodists.

So in the three-cornered contest for converts between the Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists, the last named was most successful. Compared with the Presbyterians, the Methodists were doctrinally liberal; compared with the Baptists they were blessed with a wonderful mechanical organization. In addition, as has been noted, they were inexpensive.

In the early years of Methodism, the minister was an itinerant unless ill health incapacitated him from movement. Then he was given a "superannuated" charge or was "located," terms still in good usage. Remaining stationary, however, was a mark of feebleness and removed one from the possibility of doing great service to the church by making converts. The manner of making appointments is indicative of the machine-like organization which has been such a factor in Methodism's growth. "The appointments were made at the close of the yearly conference after all the business was done; the horses were ready for their riders when the bishop announced, one at a time, the appointment of each circuit for the coming year. There was no appeal, the only thing to do was to ac-

cept the appointment and do the best one could." Training for the work of the ministry was almost a negligible factor in the fitness of these itinerants for their task. Chief of the prerequisites was the "call," that by no means undefinable "experience" which summoned converts to forsake the world, flesh and devil, and to fish for men. At every yearly conference the "characters" of the members were passed in review. Every year a man's doings were canvassed by his fellows, and failure met speedy retribution as did success its reward—the latter leading to ever greater tasks, fields, and opportunities. As long as this militant discipline was continued—it has been only slightly modified in the course of time—the church grew healthily under the most adverse circumstances imaginable.

A periodic occurrence in Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian religious life was the camp meeting, instituted by the McGee brothers in Kentucky in 1800. Thousands of people, from far and near, used to come together to enjoy the ministrations of these hell-fire salvationists. The following description of a camp meeting is typical and will be offered without comment: "At one time, night came on and the task was not finished, so they made what shelter they could and remained—whole families, day after day and night after night—until their food was exhausted and they had to leave. One can imagine the scene as darkness fell, with the camp fires blazing and the sound of song rising and falling and the preachers, often of different faiths, two or three of them exhorting at one time. The people 'fell' by the hundreds, and those who continued prostrate were conveyed to the neighboring meeting-house or to a tent and there laid away until they came to. Many of them had the 'jerks' which were involuntary hysterical movements, by which the head swayed from side to side and sometimes the body bounded over the ground."

In this brief survey of the changing religious scene, there has been no time to discuss those great religious "readjustors," Alexander Campbell, Joseph Smith and William Miller, nor has it been possible to follow the story of the Episcopalians, or to tell of the Universalists, the Baptists, and others among the sects. Enough has been said, however, to show that seldom in history have men and women developed more widespread and active religious life than they did in the United States in the years that lay between the Revolution and the Civil War.

JOHN N. WARREN, '28.

SEASCAPE

A blue expanse of vivid, dimpled glass
Crisply gleaming,
Myriad brilliant glancing rays—
A smooth pastel blue bowl,
With frosty wisps of white
Moving around its sides.
Gurgling silene, and
A gull.

W. H. G. BRADNER, '31.

PURITY

Youth said in his heart,
"Somewhere my mate I'll meet.
How—Where—When—
I know not.

Be it by a glance from her eyes,
Or the curve of her smile?
I know not.

Be it by a lonely hillside stream,
Or in a throbbing metropolis?
I know not.

Be it in the Light of the present,
Or in the Darkness of the future?
I know not.

But ever shall I pray
That God keep me from Sin,
That on that Day of destiny,
I'll offer myself to her in purity.

F. M. CALDIERO, '31.

"COLLITCH"

RICHARD HARDEVILLE WITHINGTON EATON was drunk. Not mildly "spificated," but nastily, fighting drunk. He was holding forth to an over-sympathetic bunch of "bar-flies." Ken Walker was trying to drag him out of the dive and get him sobered up and into bed. But Richard H. W. Eaton refused to be dragged out and was reciting his wrongs to the audience. That he, Richard Hardeville Withington Eaton, son of the famous R. W. Eaton, should be thrown out of college on a stinking little technicality! He was president of the college body, head of the Senate, Captain of football last season, varsity basketball player, manager of baseball, treasurer of the class—above all a Senior. And now he was "busted" like any ordinary Freshman on a lousy technicality and in addition it was a goddam lie! He who had been honor man in his second and third years—he was kicked out because a stiff-necked old son of a so-and-so of a Dean either had a rotten memory or was de-de-librally lyin! Well he'd leave, but before he left he'd raise sush a rotten stink that the old cuss w'd be sorry he ev' heard of Rishard Hard'ville With'ton Eaton! Dam 'f he w'ldn't! Here's Ken Walker—bes' pal feller ev' had, but he didn' re'lize what 'twas to have somethin' like this happen.

Dick Eaton was getting wilder and wilder, and Ken was feeling more uncomfortable. The bartender was beginning to frown on Dick's noisiness—he was afraid of a fight, and that would be very disastrous, as his weekly hush-money had not been paid to the police. The hangers-on were casting meaning—not well-meaning, either—glances at Dick's expensive fraternity pin with its pearl guard. Also the gold Elgin he wore on his wrist was rather tempting. What with the wallet full of money he was displaying, it wouldn't be a bad haul at all. The other boy didn't have much, but there was enough to make the thing worth-while! Perhaps the bunch of "bar flies" was composed of perfectly nice boys out for a little good time, but Ken didn't think so. Their faces and clothes didn't bespeak nice boys, although it is said that one shouldn't judge by externals! Ken wished he could get Old Dick out. Of course, he had a dam good reason for getting drunk, but it would have been far better to get that way at Nan's instead of here. She didn't let a bunch of bums in her place! God! Wouldn't the dam fool ever shut up and come out to the car!

A new bunch of arrivals broke off Dick's long harangue on the rottenest of colleges in general and his in particular. For the first time in his life Ken welcomed the arrival of Sam Hamil and a bunch of Gamma Nu's. They were properly sympathetic and helped bundle Dick, still holding forth on the injustice of the world, into the car. When Ken reached the house he was faced by another problem. How to get him in? Luck seemed to be with him, for a figure loomed up in the darkness. "Need any help Ken?" It was Pat, the Vernon street patrolman, who had endeared himself to the college students by ten years of jokes and cheerfulness, added to an understanding helpfulness in the case of drunks. Between the two they got the late president of the student body into his bed, still mumbling faint curses which merged into gentle snores.

"Dam shame" said Pat, "to kick a man like that out of the college in his Senior year! Think he can get them to reverse their decision?"

"Don't know, hope so! Gee, I don't know what I'll do with the old boy gone!"

Richard Eaton woke the next morning with the weather exactly matching his heart. Dull, gray, storm-clouds hung overhead. The skies seemed to share the woe that was in him. He dressed wearily; the night before was only a vague memory. There was no hang-over. All that troubled him was that he was no longer a part of the college that had received him three years ago, an innocent and green freshman, and had given him the happiest times of his life. The college that he had worked for, had loved, had rejoiced with when good fortune had come its way, had wept with when times were bad; this college had turned him away at the very peak of his success and joy! And it hadn't turned him away fairly. He had gotten conditions in only two courses! There was a rule, it is true, that if a man got three conditions in the same courses year after he had been cut with a broken arm. The Dean had told him that they wouldn't be against him as they were due to sickness. Now the Dean couldn't or wouldn't believe him and so—all was over. What would the folks say? It sure would be hard on Dad and Mother—they had been so proud of his success! This afternoon he had to preside at the meeting that would elect a new College Body president! He hoped it was Ken, but even if it were, it would be hard to congratulate him!

"Dick Eaton!" The voice of a freshman rang through the halls of the house. "Prexy wants to see you!"

Prexy wanted to see him; probably shake his hand and tell him how sorry he was that this had happened. He could interfere if he wanted to and give him another chance, but the old cuss never meddled in the Dean's affairs! Well, he might as well go up and get it over with.

He walked up the street slowly, his head hanging down with the general expression of a whipped dog. Here and there fellows stopped him and told him how sorry they were, and what a dam shame it was. Somehow these words didn't ring true in his ears. Hell of a lot they cared.

The President's office; there was the Dean with a sheepish grin on his face. What was Prexy saying? "Especially since those injuries were gotten while playing on the college team—I don't feel it fair to you to dismiss you from college! The Dean agrees with me heartily in this!"

Overhead the sun was breaking through, and the gray clouds were giving place to the blue of the sky.

Richard Hardeville Withington Eaton was drunk. Not nastily drunk, but happily intoxicated. With his arm around Ken Walker's neck he was holding forth on the subject of Prexy's squareness to a sympathetic audience—"and after all, fellows, the Dean isn't such a bad egg!"

C. NICOLAI, '30.

REGRET

From the beginning never once, I think,
 Did I receive from him a winged thought
 Or sympathy in what my spirit wrought;
 The wine I had he thirsted not to drink,
 Nor sought to taste the meat which fed my heart,
 When I ate bread of happiness and tears.
 From early childhood, for a score of years,
 We dwelt together, many leagues apart.

Yet, more than those whose souls struck tune with mine,
 Now when I know I shall not have him more,
 I miss that touch of unperceptive hand.
 Time brings this grief no easy anodyne,
 That I cared nothing for a tendered store
 Of love that did not need to understand.

CONTRIBUTED.

HIGHWAY

Black
 Shot with dazzling silver rays
 And glowing crimson blurs

The sea-like swish of a chaos of spattering tires—
 The oil-ushioned roar of motors—
 The hooting, wailing dissonance of cacophonous horns—
 The crossing, shifting, probing of white beams—

Suddenly a silence and a darkness
 Coming in a rapid diminuendo
 Leaving only distant echoes and glows
 And a slow drip, drip of rain
 On the rainbow-ringed road.

Then
 With a swoop and a bravado gesture
 The traffic reappears
 With the beam-lances of its vanguard outstretched
 And with an eerie fanfare of trumpets.

W. H. G. BRADNER, '31.

SOME BOOKS OF GENERAL INTEREST

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY is not merely a place where reference books may be consulted, under the guidance of the faculty, but also a treasurer house of stimulating material along more general lines. I am glad to recommend some volumes lately added which ought to be interesting to almost everybody. At least they are worth dipping into, on trial, when one has a bit of spare time.

1. **The Bridge of San Luis Rey** and **The Cabala** are two of the most fascinating novels I have read for many a day, penetrating in characterization and written with a fine feeling for form that is none too common in these days of sloppy writing. They are by a young man, Thornton Ordway.

2. Those who enjoyed Norman Angell's lecture this fall will take pleasure in his book, **The Public Mind**. Much of the lecture is in it, as well as new and pertinent material. It is not in the least dry.

3. J. A. Spender, editor of the Westminster Gazette, who for years has been closely in touch with British policy in Egypt, Turkey and India, has written a volume on **The Changing East** which makes one more a citizen of the world.

4. Luigi Sturzo is a Roman Catholic priest, formerly head of the Popular Party in Italy, now a political exile. His book on **Italy and Fascismo** is no wild propaganda but a sane account of Mussolini as he appears to Italians who do not like him. It strips mystery from a situation where the facts are not easy to get at.

5. **The Return of Don Quixote** is G. K. Chesterton's latest novel with a purpose. The purpose is to explain Distributism, which G. K. C. deems more Christian and more sane than either Capitalism or Socialism. It is howling good fun, and something more, if you are not offended at argument by paradox. Of his other fiction, only **Manalive** and **The Flying Inn** are better.

6. Dr. Edwards, Dr. Flournoy and I, all think that the Frenchman Andre Siegfried has written, in **America Comes of Age**, something into which every American who wishes to understand his own somewhat perplexing country ought to take a look. It is no superficial travel impressions but an attempt at philosophic analysis. There is not a stupid page in it.

7. Louis Bromfield's novels, **The Green Bay Tree** and **The Good Woman** are "sociological novels," the terribly-in-earnest work of a young revolter. Despite their bias, and the fact that each properly ends about two thirds the way through, they are worth reading for their unusually vivid power of characterization. These people of his live.

8. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith is the greatest living woman novelist. Her **Iron and Smoke**, while not the masterpiece that the **End of the House of Alard** undoubtedly is, is powerful writing. It is the life of two women brought together by love of one man, wife of one, paramour of the other. The book is as clean as a whistle and written with an understanding compassion. Even women say that this writer knows women.

9. If anyone is unduly impressed by what passes for American aristocracy and thinks that our first families nowadays are of superior clay, let him read Meade Minnegerode's **Certain Rich Men**, in which he shows that Jay Gould, J. J. Astor, Daniel Drew, and C. Vanderbilt, while

undoubtedly men of personal punch, were hardly gentlemen. Racy reading.

10. The **Collected Short Stories** of Anton Chekov are Russian fiction at its very good best. The short story is here carried to a high development. Very different from the Saturday Evening Post.

11. Emil Ludwig's **Bismarck** is exceptionally penetrating biography, a kind of literature which can be more interesting than any fiction when it is done well.

12. The best poem written in America in years is undoubtedly E. A. Robinson's **Tristram**. The beginning and the ending are, I think, nearly sheer beauty, and there are some purple passages in the midst. Not to be read hurriedly.

13. Those taking Astronomy I might well look at Alfred Noyes' **Watchers of the Sky**, a tale of the growth of that science in always interesting and sometimes thrilling verse. They will see that Astronomy is even more romantic than the other sciences, even though most scientists seem anything but romantic.

14. Men who have finished required Philosophy, who are all up in the air about religion and thought generally, and who do not mind some fairly tough reading, will find reward if they look at **The Philosophy of Personalism** by Albert C. Knudson, a dean at Boston University. Nowadays a man who knows nothing of Personalism is as much a back-number as the chap twenty years ago who never heard of Pragmatism.

15. George W. Russell is a famous Irishman who has been visiting America and is in all the newspapers. His poems, written under the nom de plume, **AE**, are on the shelves. They are subtle, not for the crude.

16. Miss Mazo de la Roche is not Spanish or French, but Canadian. She wrote **Jalna**, a story of a Canadian family, and the Atlantic Monthly gave her a \$10,000 prize for it. It is a mighty good novel, although it seems to me I have read better in the last year or two.

17. If you feel discouraged at current political corruption, read **Boss Tweed**, by Denis Tilden Lynch, and take courage. President Harding's "best minds" were pikers.

18. Andre Maurois has written in **Disraeli** a biography in the manner of fiction. It does a modern man good to get acquainted with Dizzy. Maurois' **Ariel**, a similar biography of Shelley, is even more interesting. What an ass Shelley was, and what a poet!

19. Mark Sullivan has written about my generation in **Our Times**. Read it, youngsters. Get a line on your fathers.

20. Irving Babbitt, graduate professor of French at Harvard, is probably our most distinguished American critic. His **Masters of Modern French Criticism** is not a new book, although it lately was purchased by us. The chapters on Sainte-Beuve strike me as particularly good. Refreshing after the twaddle that passes for criticism in America.

These are only a few titles. Use the library. Read some books. Poke your noses into others for a taste or two. Absorb some of them through the covers. Sheer fun. You've no idea. Or maybe you have, at that.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

OLD BELOVED

My heart was once responsive as your own,
My lips were once a laughter and a lie—
Think not that you have lived or loved alone
In ways more deep, more beautiful than I;
For even when my heart has flown forever
Out of the open casement of your eyes,
I would not have you pity me—no, never:
My flame will burn in silence till it dies.

You, who have known my heart when it was younger,
You, who have known true glory in a face—
Leave me my peace, my patience, and my hunger,
Memories, and the stillness of this place,
It is not right that you should come to me—
You who revered the thing I used to be.

NOEL L. MURRAY, '30.

SONNET

Dark night, dark thoughts, path with blind darkness filled:
Silence, save for my slow uncertain tread
Whose feeble fitful grate sounds and is stilled,
Futile and jarring in a hush so dead.
O towering whelming trees, more sensed than seen,
Why with such glooming joy do you thus stand
About me, like the ghosts of deeds half done—
Foolishly tried—too mighty for my hand?
Yet see, see, mid your black gigantic mass
Slips faint and palely silver a lithe form:
A spectral maiden—see her quickly pass,
Flitting like moonlight before coming storm.
Hoarsely I cry, "What are you, spirit bright?"
"Your muse," she laughed, and slid from out my sight.

—'31.

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