

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. I.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., MARCH, 1895.

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## Editorials.

We notice but few changes about College since our last issue, except those brought about by nature herself. Where, a month ago, we came from Evening Prayer out of a dimly lighted Chapel, and groped our way up the College hill through the gloom of descending night, we, this evening, noted with pleasure the last rays of the setting sun, transmitted in purple light, through the beautiful rose window in the west transept of our little Chapel. How thoughts will intrude themselves! We cannot help wondering how many before us have watched those quatre-foils of empurpled light emerge from out the almost perpetual dimness which clings to the dark oak above the nave, and descend slowly, day by day, along the white walls of the Chapel, until, near Commencement, the whole building during Evening Prayer is brilliant with light. How many at the sound of the dear old bell, have come slowly down the College hill, and, entering under the low Gothic porch into the hallowed shelter of His House, have there found rest from the harassing trials and cares of life! What thankful eyes have been lifted towards those beautiful windows, whence the glorious light of the sun shone in upon them, brightening their faces, as the grace of the Son of God, there poured into their hearts, has gladdened and brightened their lives!

We wish, on behalf of the students, to express our sincere appreciation of the interesting lecture, delivered by Mr. John N. Lewis before the students and their friends, in the Library, on February 5th, on "The History of Annandale and its Vicinity." Mr. Lewis revealed to us a wealth of information, a fund of amusing anecdotes connected with familiar scenes in our College vicinity, which, told in his interesting manner, not only afforded us pleasure at the time, but will make the memories and associations of our life in Annandale far richer in interest than they could have been, had we not heard them from the lips of a man dear to us all, and who has spent his life of great activity amid the scenes whose history he has interestingly narrated to us. Of the historic interest of the College vicinity we may be justly proud. There

is a deal of sadness connected with this history, especially with that of the last twenty-five years. Ravages of time, and the cruelties of adverse fortune have made havoc of the ancestral homes of many families, whose names shall be remembered and perpetuated as long as S. Stephen's is sheltered by the grand old oaks of Annandale—forever.

The favor with which the First Number of THE MESSENGER was received is a source of great pleasure to the Editors. Letters have been received from Alumni and others, speaking in the highest terms, both of the character of the paper and of its general appearance. One friend was so well pleased with it that he sent us ten dollars; another has given twenty-five dollars.

We trust that the Future Numbers will compare favorably with the First and that THE MESSENGER will be a source of pleasure and profit to its patrons. This can be accomplished, if the Students and Alumni will take an interest in the matter, and each one remember that its success depends in some degree upon himself, and not simply upon the Editors.

### Horace as a Moralist.

It may seem to some that the writings of the poet Horace are prejudicial to the cause of morality; that his influence upon his countrymen must have tended to debase, rather than to exalt and enoble them. It is true that the ethics of Christianity, and the more refined taste of the present age lead us to expurgate his poems before placing them in the hands of Christian youth. But in considering the influence which he exerted upon the people for whom he wrote, we must compare his character with theirs. Was he better or worse than his contemporaries? Was his standard of excellence superior to theirs so that his writings, in general, tended to elevate them?

Horace was born before the coming of Christ, so that he was unable to guide his footsteps by the pure light of the Gospel. He lived, too, in a corrupt age. The increase of wealth, with its attendant luxuries, had weakened the manly spirit of the Romans. "The free born youth," he says, "knew not how to cling to his horse, and feared to hunt, being more skilful in playing with the dice forbidden by the laws." The conquest of the East had introduced the hardy legionaries to vices before unknown, and the conquered nations in these things triumphed over their conquerors. As Juvenal expresses it:

"Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes."

A general dissoluteness of manners prevailed in the capital, and the repressive measures, which Augustus introduced, had but little effect in stemming the tide of corruption. It was at such a time, and amid such a people

that Horace lived. That he was injuriously affected by his environment there can be no question. And yet he was far superior to the majority of his countrymen. His voice was ever lifted up for public morality, and the sacredness of the marriage tie. He inveighed against those who were continually complaining of the degeneracy of the age, and yet made no effort to bring the offenders to punishment. But, at the same time, he is forced to admit that good laws are of no avail, unless there be good morals to sustain them.

He acknowledged an overruling Providence, who not only interferes in nature, but controls man's destiny; who giveth and taketh away; who pulleth down the mighty from their seat, and exalteth them of low degree. He believed in a Jupiter, who possessed the imperium, the supreme sovereign control over all created beings. His second Ode shows this deity as punishing sin, and assigning to another the task of expiating guilt. He offers prayer to him, and condemns the hypocrite, who, while loudly offering his petition to Jupiter or Apollo, secretly prays to Laverna, and asks her to help him cheat and to spread a cloud over his sins. Righteousness with him is to be conscious of no offence, not to grow pale at the remembrance of a fault. He declares that good men avoid sinning through a love of holiness, and not from fear of punishment. In short, you find, throughout his writings, a high standard of excellence. He was a preacher of righteousness to the corrupt, vicious, and degraded people, with whom he was brought in contact. Among the busy, greedy, money-making populace Horace stood, inculcating moderation, contentment, the golden mean, nay, even poverty, if a competency was to be bought at the expense of manly independence.

If we measure Horace by the standard of Christianity, we shall find him deficient in many respects, and, like some who live in Christian lands, guilty of offences in word and deed. But if we measure him by the standard of his contemporaries, we shall find him deserving of our admiration. He was a dutiful son, a devoted friend, a kind master, a good neighbor. In a time of corruption he preached true morality. In the midst of floating and conflicting religious opinions he held many of the essentials of the true faith. He believed in God, the wise and benevolent ruler of the universe, holy and just. He believed in the sinfulness of man, and the need of repentance. He ascribes his own escape from perils to the Divine protection, and the evil which luckless Hesperia had suffered to the neglect of religion. His maxims are for all the ages, and afford instruction to every period of human life.

B.

**Bluebirds.**

It seemed that April skies had lent their blue  
 To paint the busy wings which fluttered near,  
 As these forerunners of a happy year  
 Inspected all the hedge, and gaily flew  
 In search of covert spots, where they anew  
 Might build their cosy homes, and never fear  
 Lest boyish hands should suddenly appear,  
 Nor travelers, "cutting 'cross lots," should break through.

We do not mark our years by bloom, but blight,  
 And trace our way by footprints in the snow;  
 Our days begin and end in hours of night.  
 The bluebirds choose the fairest time they know  
 To wreath their Kalendar with blossoms white,  
 And through its pages floating petals blow.

*John Mills Gilbert, '90.*

**"A Silver Belt-Pin."**

As the Chicago Express was leaving the Grand Central Depot one evening two young men were seated in the Dining Car, impatiently waiting to give their order to the busy waiter.

The inevitable appetizer had just been finished, and one of them, looking at his companion suddenly remarked, "Jack, old man, you're looking sad. What's gone wrong?"

"Everything, Clem," replied the other. "Here I have gone and fallen in love, and the Governor, in fact the whole family have honored me with the name of a blamed idiot."

"Tell me, Jack; let me advise you."

"Oh! no advice needed, old fellow. Pretty girl, sweetest in the world innocent as a lamb, and as true as steel. Met her at the Pier last summer love at first sight, on my way to see her now. There, you have it all in a nutshell."

"You're a foolish boy, Jack, but you had better go easily. Perhaps she has cooled considerably by this time, and some other fellow may be after her already."

"Clem, she is not that style. I would stake my very life on her constancy."

"All right, Jack, you know her; I do not, so I'll take your word for it. Going up to spend Sunday and take her a little gift in the anticipation of S. Valentine's Day, eh?"

"Right you are, Clem; couldn't resist the temptation. Have not seen her since Christmas, and I've about exhausted all presents suitable under the circumstances. We're not engaged, you know; Governor would be entirely crazy then, but she will be true, for all the men in town could not make her flirt; not even my handsome chum, Clem."

"No fish, Jack, but here's to her health, and if I ever have the good fortune to meet your Ideal, I will put your words to the test. Having exhausted Tiffany, may I ask as your chum, whom you are now patronizing, for I am sure should I once see this lovely creature, knowing your lavishness, I should at once distinguish her?"

"By my Valentine gift, you would *never* distinguish her, old fellow. This morning I stepped around to the Gorham. 'These,' said the man to me, 'are to be *the thing* this coming season; you couldn't select a prettier gift at this time.'"

As Jack spoke, he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a small box. Opening it, he carefully unwrapped a small package, and presenting it to his friend, he said simply, "There it is."

The article which his friend gazed upon was a curiously shaped pin, on the back of which appeared these words.

"For my Valentine, 'G. A.'"

As Clem returned it, he remarked, "If she ever wears that, old man, I shall most certainly recognize her, if you will kindly tell me at what part of a person I must gaze to find such an article, for in my experience I have not noticed its possible existence."

"Shame on a man of the world! I venture to say you have not been far from one many times. It is a silver Belt-Pin, that is all."

"Well Jack, you astound me, but I will be on the look-out for that in the future, tho' I seldom admire a girl's back."

After this the conversation was general.

Dinner was served and finished, and as Jack was to leave the train before his friend, it was soon time for them to part.

"Good-Night, Jack," said Clem. "Meet you at the Club Monday. In the meantime, I wish you joy."

"Good-Bye, old fellow. Find a heart for yourself pretty soon."

The train rushed on once more, and as Clem sat and puffed his cigarette in silence, he wondered if he should ever see the silver Belt Pin again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some three weeks had passed. Clement Durston was walking down North Pearl Street, in the Capital City of the Empire State, when he suddenly thought, "I guess I'll run in and see the Bradleys; they will think I have forsaken them entirely."

"Don't you think, Mr. Durston," began Miss Gertrude, "the cars are abominably warm during the winter season?"

"Most assuredly so, Miss Gertrude. You see the amount of steam from the engine is never regulated. It seems the engineer is always imagining the cars are cold, it is too much bother to think of regulating the heat, so he just turns it on full blast, and we must take the consequences. It was only three weeks ago I was on the train with my friend, Jack Grannis, and we were nearly suffocated."

"Jack Grannis? Is he a friend of yours, Mr. Durston?"

"A friend of mine? Why, Miss Alden, Jack and I are old schoolmates and College chums. I love him as if he were my brother."

"How very interesting," put in Miss Gertrude, "as Jack, let me see, was on his way to see us the very evening which you have spoken of."

"To see *us*, do you mean, dear Gertrude?"

"Perhaps it wouldn't be wise to change the expression, May," replied Gertrude, blushing.

"Mighty stupid of me," thought Clement to himself, then aloud, "I certainly shall consider this journey of extra importance now; but we are nearing your station, Miss Gertrude, may I assist you with your wrap?"

"Thank you."

As she turned to throw her cape about her, her back was directly toward Clement Durston. He started; a silver gleam caught his eye; that pin clinging in the rear of that slender waist; he could not mistake it. "G. A. Gertrude Alden," he said to himself; he understood now; he had seen her. An odd sensation came over him as he watched her, a feeling of joy and sadness. The train stopped. He was just recovering from his surprise when the object of his thoughts, putting out a small hand, said:

"Mr. Durston, we thank you for your kindness, I should be pleased to have you call and see us. You do not know the beauty of our country about here. If you will come sometime, I shall be glad to show you the beautiful scenes of our dear old place. Do say you will come, and *remember me* kindly to Mr. Grannis."

"Good-bye, Mr. Durston. Allow me to add my approval of what my sister has said."

Hardly believing his ears, he murmured, "I shall be delighted, I assure you."

The train moved on, and as Clement Durston was once more alone he lighted his cigarette and thought: "Well, if that wasn't innocence, I'll give up. *She* would be glad to see me, *she* would show me around, *she* begged me to come. Jack, old man, if I accept this invitation, we shall no longer be friends, I fear."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack had just finished his dinner at the Club, and was strolling towards the smoking-room, when he heard a quick step behind him and turning he gazed into the face of his friend, Clement Durston.

"Hello, old fellow," he exclaimed, "had just given you up for lost. Where under the blue heavens have you been? Philadelphia? You look as excited as if you had seen a ghost. Perhaps something is the matter with *you*, this time. Come in and have something to settle your nerves and then tell me all about her."

"Her! Jack, what do you mean? You most certainly have not heard anything in this short time?"

"Aha, I was right, then. No, I have not yet heard anything, but I'm getting pretty anxious. Here we are at last" (Ringing bell). "Waiter, a small bottle; now, Clem, go on."

"Well, Jack, I must say you're pretty positive about something, but to make a long story short, I've seen *her*, lunched with her, came down on the train with her. Pretty girl, Jack, pretty name, even had on the pretty pin."

The cigar came out of Jack's mouth like a shot. Such an account would rouse the feelings of jealousy and doubt in the most faithful. Leaning forward, he exclaimed: "What, Clem, in God's name do you mean? Whom have you seen?"

"Come, Jack, no beating around the bush; if the reference to that pin will not help you, in plain words, Miss Alden and her sister, wearing that silver Belt Pin."

"Wait, Clem, wait. I can hear no more. She has been home all the time, I know it."

"You're mistaken there, old man, for she was with me on the train, and as she put out her hand to say good-bye, she asked me to call, *she*, I mean, who wore your pin. Said it was a lovely place; she would show me around and——"

"Stop!!! For God's sake, Clem, I cannot believe it. She wanting to see someone else? Good night. If this is true we are chums no more."

Before Clem could utter a word, he was alone. Leaning back, he laughed to himself, adding a "Poor fellow, I'm sorry for him."

Meanwhile, Jack, rushing to the Telegraph Office, wrote:

"Will be up in the morning.

J. C. GRANNIS."

Going home, he went to his room at once. He was too agitated to think of sleep. Sitting down, he said to himself:

"Can this be true? *She*, in Albany, and at Lunch with him, came down on the cars with him; she, and not even her sister, asked him to come to see her? Oh! it can't, it can't be true! Yet, Clem would not dare to joke with me

about it. It was not a joke, for he was excited and he has seen her. I will go; I will hear it from her own lips, and then, if all is true, I shall—oh! hang it, what shall I do?"

Soon he had retired, but not to sleep. Slowly the night passed. Leaving a note with the Butler, he hurried away long before it was time for his train.

Slowly the hours passed. As he neared the little Station he knew so well he glanced out of the window before the train had stopped entirely. Yes there was the phaëton he knew, there was the coachman, and holding the reins, yes,—it was she.

"Oh Jack! I'm so glad to see you. Never expected such a pleasant surprise, I am sure," said a voice as Jack approached.

"Yes, I couldn't resist the temptation, you see. Oh! by the way, did you have a pleasant time in Albany yesterday. Clem is a nice fellow, isn't he?"

"Now, Jack, I am sure I don't know, never having seen him; and as for my pleasant time in Albany, it was certainly very lonely *here* yesterday.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning as Clement Durston opened a letter, which contained on the envelope a handwriting which he had known for years. He read as follows:

DEAR CLEM:

Forgive me, old man, for my hasty departure. I was, and am still, correct in saying you will not recognize *her* by that pin. I was indeed an idiot. C stands for *Grace*, as well as *Gertrude*. Sisters will wear each other's things sometimes, especially when in a hurry to catch a train. We may both start at the initials G. A. if you desire. You are at liberty to *start* as soon as you please, and I think you had better do it soon. Ever,

JACK.

"*Haedus.*"

### Thoughts on Music.

Brougham tells us that "Music is an art which strengthens the bonds of civilized society, humanizes and softens the feelings and dispositions of man, produces a refined pleasure in the mind, and tends to raise up in the soul the emotions of an exalted nature."

To endeavor to show in detail how true is this definition would be both interesting and profitable; but let it suffice at present to consider a few ideas which the very word brings to our minds.

With many of us, our earliest memories are of the tones, so sweet and gentle of her whose loving care watched over our cradle. Perhaps the words scarcely a single lullaby remain in memory, but the lingering echo of the mother's voice at times must take us back to childhood's days of innocence as the odor of apple-blossoms, greeting us in our chamber on a morning May, prompts our imagination to picture GOD'S glorious creation witho-

Then, too, as we kneel in Church, and pray that our thoughts may be turned "from the cares of this world to the consideration of the next," the music of the organ, at first soft and low, seems to calm our hearts, and whisper of heaven; and then, swelling out in heavier strains, translates our minds from carking cares, and helps fit us to join in in GOD'S praises with delight. How totally at variance with his environments is one who, at such a moment, is attentive to anything else than the sweet and spiritual influences of sacred music!

Could the Puritans, who, calling the organ the "Devil's bagpipe," excluded it from their chaste meeting-houses have had hearts of flesh, or were they without feeling and sentiment?

As day by day we listen to the Psalter, we are sometimes reminded of that song of triumph of Moses and Miriam. The scene was an impressive one. The occasion sublime. After suffering the persecution of a Pharaoh who "knew not Joseph"; after "making bricks without straw"; yet, by a most mighty deliverance, a highway opened to them through the midst of the sea, and they reached the coveted bank beyond. Then, freed by Providence from their once powerful enemies, they "see the Egyptians dead upon the seashore." In what more fitting manner can they show forth their praise than by the martial anthem they raise? Perhaps even now is the Jewish heart thrilled, when it hears that other grand poem in which Deborah and Barak commemorate GOD'S victory over the heathen.

The earliest mention of music is in the Book of Job, and tells us how, at the creation, before by man's sin discord had been introduced, "The morning stars sang together and all the sons of GOD shouted for joy." Then came Adam's fall, and after that, as mankind increased, the pall of sin spread over this fair earth, and man's ear was not permitted to hear angelic strains. So the ages passed until at length a Child was born without inherited sin, and over Bethlehem's frosty plains, on that glad Christmas morning, the shepherds were granted audience to the carols of angels announcing the advent of the Prince of Peace.

*S. W. Linsley, '97.*

### **Annunciation.**

All hail, sweet Mary, full of grace!  
 Fear not, but now believe.  
 In thee, GOD wills to bless the race:  
 Thou shalt a son conceive.  
 With thee fair purity shall dwell;  
 All men shall call thee blest;  
 And He whose praise the angels swell  
 Shall be by all confessed.

*Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.*

### **Recitations.**

Some of the old ways of doing things may still have advantages and produce benefits, which may not be obtained as well in the new ways. In a biographical notice of the late President Porter recitations in College are supposed to be worn out, and a method of lecturing substituted in their place.

It is hardly conceivable that a mere recitation is satisfactory. I once attended a Professor in some very profound subjects, such as Moral Science. He was never known once to have made any other remark than "next gentleman." It is difficult to conceive how an intelligent scholar could keep silent over such a subject, or such a book as Butler's Analogy. Such subject afford a grand opportunity to give instruction in addition to what is in the book, or at least to illustrate it, and to put its teachings in such a form that they will make an impression on the minds of young men.

But recitations have benefits which lecturing alone would not have. You are not sure that you have a subject in your mind until you can state it and repeat it. It therefore requires diligent reading, the gathering up of every point. It is necessary to get the subject and its argument and their relations before the mind, and to put them in the memory. The one who can get up his subject so that he can state it consecutively, clearly, lucidly, will make a scholar. He is learning how to read a book, to take in its subject, and afterwards be able to make use of it. That is what the scholar reads for.

Then, again, it is the real training in extemporaneous speaking. The book furnishes him with the subject. In stating it the scholar is thrown upon his own resources. He is speaking it. If he intends to make an extemporaneous speech, instead of taking it from a book, he writes out his subject so as to guide his thoughts, and keep himself in the track. But the mental process is the same.

We should expect therefore to see the scholar who makes a good recitation a careful and intelligent reader, and also to have acquired the habit of expressing himself with clearness and with ease.

We are not yet ready to abandon the recitation as a means of education but interlard it as much as one pleases with instruction and illustration.

This is probably the reason why the American excels the Englishman in ready speaking.

*F.*

### **On Reading Books.**

How few people there are who really know how to read a book, and learn anything from it. A great many read, and that widely, but they digest nothing. They know nothing of what they have read. Probably they could tell you the plot of a novel, but beyond that they have absorbed nothing. They have no good reason for reading anything, except for the pleasure that

can get from it, or the time it will help them to kill. They do not want to think, for to think is labor. But if a book does not cause you to think, it is not worth the time you have spent upon it. One of the main objects of an education is to teach people to think, and all books worth reading require thought.

There is but one royal road to learning, and that is the road of hard labor. Knowledge easily acquired is worth but little, because the possessor knows not its value, and not knowing its value, cannot use it to the best advantage. All methods used in studying which encourage mental laziness, should be cast aside, since they tend to produce what may be termed mental suicide.

Good books alone should be read, and not only read, but "marked, learned, and inwardly digested." They should be selected in the same manner in which we choose our companions, for just as a man is known by his associates, so he can be judged by his books, and by them his character can be determined, as well as his mental capacity.

The vast majority of students can be justly accused of inattention when they read. We get into the habit of reading without comprehending, and the habit grows upon us, so that after a while we simply turn the pages, without drawing out the author's thoughts. One should never pass from a page until what is upon the page has been mastered. Words, too, require our closest attention. If we do not understand the precise meaning of the words, how can we know what the full sentence means? Words must be studied. We should never pass over a word of which we do not know the meaning. It is better to read few books and know them, than to read many books and know none.

L.

### **Red Roses.**

They had quarreled. At least, she had tried her best to quarrel with him, but Jack's was one of those peculiar natures, which is least prompted to speech when influenced by the deepest feeling. Furthermore, Jack was deeply in love with her, and he could not find it, even in the depths of his wounded heart, to say a sharp word to one who had so completely absorbed his affections.

He had met her that afternoon as she was walking home with a girl friend, and she had made some light mention of a certain piece of gossip relating to Jack's behavior at college. When they reached her house Jack went in. After her friend had departed, he asked Bess some questions as to what she had heard, hoping to have the pleasure of exonerating himself. She, presuming upon Jack's good nature and whole-souled love, listened with a feigned incredulous smile, to his explanations. Jack noticed her expression, which he thought was genuine, and was deeply hurt. When she began to find still more fault, expressing her belief that there must be some foundation for such



The doctors pronounced the case a hopeless one. It had taken months to restore him to his physical health. But all efforts were of no avail to bring again into those bright blue eyes that look of intelligence, which distinguishes the rational being. Every effort had been put forth. Every device had been employed. In vain did his loving little sister come to him, keeping back the hardly-restrained tears, while she played for him the music he had loved so well. No look of intelligence, no sign of recognition, as his ears heard the once well loved tones, as his eyes gazed vacantly about upon familiar scenes and faces. All through the long winter his condition remained the same.

As for Bess, she had heard in dismay how Jack had been found lying in an unconscious state on the floor of his room, a withered bud of a red rose clasped tightly in his hand. What she had suffered during those long weeks of illness, when Jack's life hung by a thread, had more than punished her for her cruelty. Many times had she seen Jack of late; but every time she met the empty, meaningless stare of his eyes, she suffered anew the pangs of regret, which had for months been tempering and refining her heart, as only deep sorrow can refine. She had grown more beautiful. The calm gray eyes, which she hardly dared lift to Jack's meaningless gaze, were filled with sympathy and love.

Entering one morning the little drawing room, the scene of so many distressing and sorrowful meetings with but the semblance of the Jack whom she had loved, she found him with his back toward the door, gazing out of the window. He had not heard her enter, and remained standing motionless. Walking up noiselessly behind him, she took the bunch of red roses she was wearing—of the same variety as those sent her by Jack that memorable night, ages ago, it seemed—and putting her hand over his shoulder, held them before his face. For a moment he did not move. Slowly raising his hand and pressing the roses to his face he turned about and looked at Bess. Then he clasped her hands. "Oh! Bess, darling, you did wear my flowers last night! You don't believe those awful stories, do you? Forgive me for being such a brute as——" But he could say no more. A pair of arms were clasped about his neck, a flood of penitent sorrow and loving devotion was written upon the face which looked up to his.

*Ben Maynor.*

### Alumni Notes.

The Rev. Charles A. Jessup, '82, is in Athens, Greece, studying modern Greek.

We notice that the three colored men graduated from S. Stephen's, and who gained, while here, the esteem of all, are at present, one in Southern Florida, one in Louisville, Ky., and the other in Washington.

Rev. J. B. Van Fleet, '91, has been called to one of the largest parishes in Iowa.

### March.

Hints of the summer in the balmy breezes,  
Though the old winter scarcely has departed,  
Leaving belated snowbanks yet behind him,  
Looking bereft and sadly heavy-hearted.

Hints of the summer, trickling water-courses  
Wand'ring at will in aimless channels worn;  
Half timid twitters from a daring songster,  
Early flown northward, chilly and forlorn.

"Just the old story," as the trite phrase has it,  
Jove into Danæ's lap lets fall his gold.  
Born of a sunbeam, comes the new love shiv'ring,  
Glad to be warmed with garments of the old.

Daphnis has visions—dreams of grove and goddess—  
Rambles, perchance, to view some shady nook;  
Finds in a snowdrift hints of influenza—  
Visions all banished by a single look.

Hints of the summer somewhat interrupted  
By a fresh blizzard from "the great Northwest;"  
Wrapt in an ulster, Daphnis plays the sceptic,  
Leaving the season's riddle still unguessed.

*John Mills Gilbert, '90.*

### Farrago.

—The following sentence was given by the junior tutor, to the "preps" to be put into Greek:—"A woman had a hen, *who* laid an egg for her every day.' Does the relative refer to the woman or the hen?"

—We would inform the Duke, that among the many changes to be noted in the English language, is the loss of the rough breathing on the latter half of the word "over-alls."

—Lost, strayed or stolen—"The open winter" promised us by a local weather prophet.

—Intoxicated husband (below stairs): "Hic!"

Wife (Vassar Graduate, above stairs): "Yes, I see you are *here*."

—We heard that a senior propounded the following, but of course, we don't believe it:

"Why is the full moon like a cat sitting on a post? Because it always looks round."

—A very ancient *rubric* has been found. It applies to the office of Morning Prayer, and reads: "When the morning is cold, the Minister may begin the services at the Creed."

—It frequently occurs that a professor has occasion to say to a student: "Mr. ———, you were absent from recitation yesterday." The answer comes: "Sick." This would be very alarming, had we not learned that in such cases the students talk Latin, and really say, "Sic (fruit)."

—The following cablegram was received recently from Rome: "E. A. Andrews, L.L.D., has been canonized." Had it read cannonaded we could easily have understood it, as he is to blame for our Latin Grammar.

—Porter wishes to hear *Lohengrin's* "Fifth Nocturne."

—Swan wants to get a copy of *Du Maurier's* "Thrilly."

—Sophomore Class in Surveying. Dr. Olssen:—"In running a course, suppose an obstruction to be in the way; how would you manage?" Yohannon: "Remove the obstruction."

—An oration on "The Natural Resources of America" was recently delivered in the College Library. Gradually the orator warmed up to his subject and began to wax eloquent. By the power of his imagination he led his audience through pathless forests of valuable timber and over boundless prairies of fertile soil; wrapped in awe and admiration they stood beside foaming cataracts and on the banks of majestic rivers. "But what," exclaimed the orator, after pausing a moment to permit them to recover their breath, "are all these things, when compared with our vast mines of coal, iron, and other vegetables!"

#### GLOSSARY.

—*The College*—Some buildings and "thirty acres of land beautifully diversified by wood and lawn."

—*Exam*—An enlarged and revised version of a recitation. The contestants fight to the finish.

—*Senior*—The man who is never in chapel; but expects to take the "General" by storm next year.

—*Juniors*—Dr. Olssen's pets.

—*Sophs.*—The literary organization of the college.

—*Freshmen*—The bane of the Latin Professor's existence.

—*The Preps*—"Mamma's babies;" bless their little hearts.

—*The Messenger*—The medium through which we get our names in print—if we are fortunate enough to have our contributions accepted.

—*Skin (crib)*—From Latin *Papyrus*—an aid to memory used about Dec. 20 and June 21.

—*Sheep Skin*—The epidermis of a small animal. The presentation of which depends much upon your being on the right side of the Profs.

—*Beefsteak a la Preston Hall*—Usually massive, occurring generally in thin sheets of no great size. Color red to brownish black. Composition unknown. Affords an odor of burning leather. Insoluble in any reagent. Extremely tenacious and very flexible. Sold by the square foot.

*Diavolo.*

#### QUOTATIONS.

—"I am no orator as Brutus is."—Devall.

—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage \* \* \*

"To rend a rock, to split a cabbage."—Hind, Roth and Carroll, *Cornetists*.

—"Flat burglaries as ever were committed."—Tutor Anthony's Exam Papers. '97 Algebra Burial Programs.

—"He wears the rose of youth upon him yet."—Kid Lewis, Ward Jennings.

—"Wild was the life they led."—Vigilance Committee.

—"All studies here we do solemnly defy."—'98.

—"So witty, wicked and so thin."—John Cassius Davis.

—"I love to hear sweet music."—When Roth strikes up a tune.

—"A lion among ladies is a most beautiful thing."—C. B. Dubell, '98.

—Whipple to (Whiskers) Moore—"Excuse me for being so personal, but how do you stand these high winds?"

—"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."—Swan at 9.50 a. m.

*Diavolo.*

**College Notes.**

—A course of sermons has been arranged for the Thursday evenings during Lent. The following preachers have been secured: Feb. 28th, Rev. W. N. Dunnell, D.D.; March 7th, Rev. Theo. M. Riley, D.D.; March 14th, Rev. J. W. Hegeman; March 21st, Rev. W. F. B. Jackson; March 28th, Rev. Geo. T. Dunnell, D.D.; April 4th, Rev. H. M. Barbour.

—Rev. R. B. Fairbairn is now delivering the Paddock lectures before the students of the General Theological Seminary on Tuesday evenings.

—Miss Fairbairn gave a dance in Ludlow Hall, Tuesday evening, February 19th.

—The Senior class has entered upon the study of Ethics, and is attending lectures and recitations under the Warden.

—Mr. J. N. Lewis delivered a lecture in the College Library on February 5th, on "The History of Annandale and its Vicinity."

—Mr. Lippitt recently entertained his mother and sister for a week at the "Hotel de Plass."

—Mr. Charles B. Carpenter, '93, delivered an entertaining lecture on his trip to Greenland, in Preston Hall, on the evening of February 21st. The lecture was illustrated by about two hundred stereopticon views. Admission was charged and the proceeds devoted to the work of S. Peter's Brotherhood.

—Mr. Charles Dubell entertained a number of friends in his rooms, on the evening of February 13th. A birthday cake, containing the fateful ring and mitten, was a feature of a very pleasant evening.

—The Freshmen gave a fancy dress ball in Preston Hall, on the evening of S. Valentine's Day. The appearance of the hall was quite changed by a raised drawing-room at the western end, and we doubt, if with all its historic memories it ever sheltered a gayer or more motley throng. The grand march was led by a Marquis and Mrs. O'Flarety; following, were numerous negroes in flaring colors, a Chinaman, an Indian, pretty dairy maids, with gentlemen of colonial days. "Queen Lil," with the assistance of Uncle Sam, chaperoned the "Heavenly Twins;" meek little Japanese maidens trembled beneath the haughty grandeur of gorgeous debutantes. Anon a lithe and winsome tambourine girl tripped by, leaning on the arm of a "Coxeyite." During the evening light refreshments were served. The Freshmen are looking pleased, rather self-satisfied perhaps, but they are pardonable, for we were given an evening of pleasure which will help to make lighter the routine of the coming days.

**Arma Virumque Cano.**

'Twas a Boston maid I was calling on,  
And I thought I'd put up a bluff,  
So I spoke of Latin poetry,  
For I knew she liked such stuff.

But she wasn't so slow as you might suppose,  
In spite of her learning immense,  
When I asked what Latin poem  
Best expressed her sentiments.

For that Boston maid, who in classic shade,  
Was supposed to defy Love's charms,  
Just hung her head, and demurely said,  
"I sing of men and of arms."

—*Yale Record.*