

MESSENGER

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Page 44	Table of Contents
Page 45	Editorials
Page 46	Concerning Universities
Page 47	All for Love
Page 48	The Magnificence of the Unknown B.
Page 49	A Story of Peace Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98
Page 52	Evenings With Whittier Charles Howard Malcom, D.D. Love's Web [a poem] By E.S.D.
Page 55	Ne Crede Colori Ben Maynor
Page 57	[On Pronunciation]
Page 58	Spring [a poem] College Notes
Page 60	Alumni Notes Bric-a-Brac Sphinx
Page 61	Honesty in the Best Policy Diavolo
Page 62	Cut
Page 63	Freshman Jokes

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. I.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., APRIL, 1895.

No. 3.

Editorials.

WE appear before the students this month in one of the busiest weeks of the whole college year. During the long winter months of steady work, the mind has been undergoing that subtle process of development which the college curriculum induces. The mind has been worked to its utmost, and now is the time when the great nervous strain begins. The facts acquired, and advance made in any special study or science must be arranged in order for the examinations, which begin on April 6th. The past term has been a particularly hard one, and the mental and physical strain of the present week will tax the strength of both professors and students. THE MESSENGER wishes the students success; and, for all, happy relaxation during their well earned Easter Holidays.

THOUGH we have been subjected to complaints of every kind; though we are found fault with continually, it has not the least embittered us. No we are moved only by a keen knowledge of the deplorable lack of worthy contributors to THE MESSENGER, to urge upon the students their duty toward the paper. We are inclined to think that it is a fault of negligence. Each student does not realize that he is, in some degree responsible for the success of this paper. We must maintain a position among college journals, which calls for the best efforts of every student; and it is certain that there is much material in college which has not yet come to the front. Whatever ability any student may possess, he owes some of the fruit of his ability to THE MESSENGER. It is a duty from which no one can escape; a moral duty, and in that sense, as imperative as any of the work ordered by the college laws. Some of the men seem to have an idea that the election of an editorial staff relieves them of all future responsibility. They forget that each man who took part in that election, pledged himself to the maintenance and support of THE MESSENGER. This is the first, and, we trust, the last time that it will ever be necessary to remind the students of their duty to the paper.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorials.....	4 ¹
Concerning Universities.....	4 ⁶
All for Love.....	4 ⁷
The Magnificence of the Unknown.....	4 ⁸
A Story of Peace.....	4 ⁹
Evenings with Whittier.....	5 ²
Love's Web (Poem).....	5 ⁴
"Ne Crede Colori".....	5 ¹
Spring (Poem).....	5 ¹
College Notes.....	5 ¹
Alumni Notes.....	6 ⁰
Bric-a-Brac.....	6 ⁰
"Cut.".....	6 ⁰
Freshman Jokes.....	6 ⁰

THE Rev. Theo. M. Riley of the General Theological Seminary spoke to the students Thursday evening, March 7th, on "The Harmonious Development of the Integral Man." The subject is one of the deepest interest to every man, especially to those who are going out into the world with the avowed intention and purpose of influencing their fellow men. If the influence is to be a salutary one, it must be from a full and harmoniously developed human being. The mental, the moral, and the physical parts of our nature, must each receive equal care and attention. There is little chance amongst us but that our mental development shall be carefully heeded. But the moral and physical are likely to be occasionally neglected. The religious influences which surround us are surely conducive to moral well being; but, it is to be feared that too often we are inclined to make our religious services, practices and customs a cloak for our moral decrepitude. The mere observance of forms and customs can never make us moral men; but we must have within us those lofty ideals of the cardinal virtues, by the contemplation of which, we may attain in some degree to a fullness of moral stature.

We find strange inconsistencies amongst even educated men. Not least amongst these inconsistencies do we reckon that neglect of physical development, which we have unhappily inherited from the dark ages. Where do men, either in reason or divine revelation, find anything which teaches neglect of the body? Yet, even to-day we have in our midst those who hold neglect of the body a virtue. Christianity recommends the care of the body, the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Reason teaches the care of the body. Physically, the analogy between men and creatures of the lower order is almost perfect. The best physical results may be obtained among men in the same manner, and by the same means, as among horses and dogs; and what care and attention do we bestow upon them! The neglect of proper physical training, we consider one of the great faults in the systems of education of the age. When our colleges send forth men harmoniously developed, mind, body and soul being put upon equal footing, and receiving equal attention, then may we look for the greatest, and most noble results in church and state.

Concerning Universities.

THE institution introductory to the University in Germany is the Gymnasium; in France it is the Lyceum and Communal College. They take lads younger than are taken at an American College, and they carry them farther than we have been in the habit of carrying them for a degree of B. A. But it seems to have gotten into the heads of many of our American Colleges that they rank very much above the Gymnasium and are on an equality with the German university. It is thought to be a pity that there should be so

many Universities in the United States when there are only thirty in Germany. A few years ago no one was admitted into a German University, unless he had secured the training and instruction, which in this country would entitle him to a degree. The number of Gymnasiums in Germany is the same, as the number of Colleges in this country. These are simply facts which any one may find in such books as Matthew Arnold's Report on Education, and in Hart's book on German Universities.

The undergraduate College is the foundation of Harvard, and Yale, and Columbia. If the undergraduate College should be taken away from Yale the number would be reduced one half, and about the same diminution would occur at Harvard. At Oxford and Cambridge there would be the same results. In England, the University, in the German sense of that word, hardly exists. These two Universities are a confederation of undergraduate Colleges. There are the best of scholars produced at Oxford, but at the same time a student can get a B. A. on easier terms at Oxford than at Annandale. While the honor man, of a first or second class, will exceed in scholarship most of the graduates in any of our institutions.

The same name applied to institutions of different grade is very misleading and conveys in this country very wrong impressions, and makes men depreciate with us institutions and instruction and training which are superior, but not of the same character in Germany and France. F.

All for Love.

DOWN went Leander to the bottom of the sea! Was he worthy of a better fate? The question is a momentous one, and has been answered we believe, in the affirmative.

What an unfortunate fellow Leander must have been! First head over heels in love, and then over head and ears in the sea! Shocking! That he was *heroic* to the last, no one can doubt. What a *duck*, too, the fair Hero must have thought him as she watched him from her lonely tower, nearing her every moment, as he cleft with lusty arm the foaming herring-pond—we mean the Hellespont—but no matter. What a *goose* he must have been considered by any one else, who happened to know of his nightly exploits. How miserably he was *gulled* at last! Never mind. If Leander went to the *fishes* for love, many a better man than he, has, before and since, gone, for the same cause, to the *dogs*.

The Magnificence of the Unknown.

"Omne ignotum pro magnifico est."—AGRICOLA, Chapter XXX.

THIS sententious remark of Tacitus is capable of a very extensive application. Its truth may be seen in the awe inspired by the wonders of nature, or the mysteries of science. It may be applied to individuals, or to their intellectual efforts, or to the products of their skill and inventive genius. Whatever lies beyond the domain of our knowledge, we regard as superior to that with which we are familiar by daily experience.

Individuals take advantage of this characteristic of human nature in order to magnify their own importance. There are many who occupy an important position, either by the accident of birth, or by their official position, or intellectual gifts, or acquired wealth, or by some achievement which they have performed. We look up to them with admiration, and are apt to think that it would be a pleasure, as well as an honor, to know them intimately. But the probabilities are that we already number among our friends many, who surpass them in personal attractiveness, and in all that tends to the pleasure of social intercourse. "No man," it is said, "is a hero to his valet." He may be a hero in the estimation of others, but his valet knows him too well. He has seen him when he was not on his good behavior, and knows that there is a great deal of the old Adam in his composition.

Carlyle has won distinguished celebrity as a writer, but he was a very disagreeable man to get along with in every-day life. Stanley's fame as an explorer has extended to all civilized lands, but his temper is said to be none of the sweetest. He failed to win the admiration of those with whom he was brought in personal contact, and therefore lost his election to the House of Commons and was relegated to the obscurity of private life. If you go into the House of Lords in the British Parliament you will find that the lords are very much like other men. Kings and Queens surround themselves with guards and render admission to their presence very difficult, not merely for their personal safety but to inspire their subjects with awe and reverence. Even under a republican form of government a like course of procedure is not unknown. Those who have tried to gain access to the wealthy citizens of our great metropolis, in order to solicit a contribution for some charitable work, will doubtless appreciate the remark of Horace in regard to "*superba civium potentiorum limina*." Horace Greeley once delivered a lecture in a little town in Vermont where he had learned the printer's trade when a boy. After the lecture his old friends gathered around him and expressed the hope that he would come again soon. "Oh no," said he, "that would never do. They would not think anything of me if I showed myself here again in less than five years."

But the maxim of Tacitus may be applied to language as well as to in-

dividuals. The object of language, whether written or spoken, is to convey thought. The more clearly and forcibly it accomplishes this, the better it is adapted to its purpose. Some themes, it is true, require the use of technical language, which is incomprehensible to those ignorant of that art. And some minds have been so long employed in the contemplation of profound intellectual truths, that it is difficult for them to descend to the level of the illiterate. An eminent College President once said that he would rather lecture on Psychology to the whole bench of Bishops, than address a Sunday School. He would have had no difficulty in acquainting the Bishops with his views on Psychology, because he would be addressing his intellectual peers and would use language perfectly comprehensible by them.

But usually obscurity of style arises from the inability of the writer or speaker to clothe his thoughts in clear and simple language. It seems very easy to the hearer. As he listens to the smoothly-flowing periods of some accomplished orator, and takes in with delight his forcible arguments and apt illustrations, he is inclined to say, "All that is very easy; I think I could do as well as that myself." But let him try it, and, as Horace says, "*Sude multum frustra que laboret, ausus idem*." But obscurity and the use of unintelligible words impress the ignorant hearer with a sense of the profound learning of the speaker. He thinks that a muddy stream is necessarily deep because he cannot see the bottom. An Irishman once came from church profoundly impressed by a sermon to which he had listened. He said it was a grand sermon. "But," said some one, "did you understand it?" "Oh no," he replied, "it isn't for the likes of me to presume to understand such a scholar as Dr. McCarthy." But an old farmer, who had long wished to hear Daniel Webster, was greatly disappointed when the opportunity was at last afforded him. Being asked what he thought of the orator, he replied "Webster isn't much of a man. I could understand every word he said. His dreams were dissipated; his idol was shattered; because the great man had come down to the level of his comprehension. B.

A Story of Peace.

ONE day in that period of English History, when the monasteries were invaded and often suppressed at the will of the sovereign, a monk found himself deprived of a home and without means to find one. Having escaped from a band of marauding soldiers into a great forest, and, brought again into the world from which he had been almost completely debarred, the tenor of his thought was changed, and he allowed his eyes to wander in rapturous delight over the natural beauty about him.

For five years he had been a faithful brother in the monastery of S. David where with prayer and fasting, penitence and absolution he had sought t

find peace in God. In his youth, a gay fellow fond of pleasure, alike insensible to responsibility and reverence, he had, by his waywardness, caused many heart-aches. God had taken unto himself the mother, weary with grieving for her boy; but this had not changed him. He had dallied with the love of other friends, and, when it was all too late, the glitter of the world fell away and showed him the rotten core upon which he had been feeding. In bitter repentance he sought peace in a religious life; and in meditation and devotions God had lifted him above his old sins.

Now, sitting in the shady wood, he felt himself again a part of the world, and fell to thinking whether he had not to make peace with his fellow men for his evil deeds. Too well he realized that, although the ones most wronged were dead, the influence of his evil example could not be estimated. Long and thoughtfully he considered a plan of life; and while the day was waning, and twittering of the birds took the place of the vesper-bell, having performed his devotions, he lay down in that quiet place to sleep. The afternoon's experience had stirred up in him the old fondness for nature, which had made up a large part of his boyhood life; and now, although he had determined to live for the good of his fellow men, he did not deny himself the gratification of this old love.

In the years which followed the devastation of S. David's, it would have been an interesting study to have lived among the country folk in a certain quiet English neighborhood. A mystery was puzzling their simple brains. They seemed to be enjoying the good will of the Brownies, as they said; or God had sent an angel to comfort them in those troublous times. The mystery is not hard of explanation. Had they penetrated far enough into the neighboring forest, they would have come upon a rude hut surmounted with the symbol of the cross. Its owner, a religious man, as seen by his garb, consisting of a cassock and cowl of spotless white, Father Barnabas, was God's good angel to these country people; and he was not unlike an angel, with his snowy habit and his face full of divine peacefulness.

The years which had intervened since his reintroduction to the world had been spent in solitude. He had lived too closely with God to desire to mingle again in the turmoils of men; and yet he had not been isolated from their troubles. Even as it is said that the Brownies of old visited the good and upright, in the dead of night, and performed for them their tasks; so this man of God kept himself informed of the affairs of the people near him, and did for them humble services while they slept. Many wakeful sufferers declared that Christ himself, or an angel came to them during the night, ministering and speaking soothing words of cheer.

Thus this quiet life went on—it cannot be called a selfish one—and Father Barnabas was finding God's peace. The birds and beasts about his home grew very tame, and seemed to reciprocate his love. This very mute affection

made him crave for something else, and as nothing was too simple to interest him, he made a vow to God that if he might be permitted to understand the voices of all the animal creation, he would renounce the use of his own, for he had learned that a life can be peaceful without it. God accepted the vow, and, in His own good time and way, answered the prayer of his humble servant.

Years passed. Father Barnabas was now growing very old. Through the changing years he had continued to practice his works of mercy secretly, never speaking. He but rarely saw a fellow man when he would have wished to talk, and his prayers were his thoughts, for he has grown as near as man can to that state which is prayer without ceasing. He needed no words to talk to God. He went often to the early mass at the village church, but because wandering monks and pilgrims were everywhere common, he was never greeted with more than a "*Pax vobiscum.*" He was not always free from temptations to break his vow. It once happened that one of the children, every one of whom he knew by name and loved from afar, wandered away from home and came to the monk's humble dwelling. It was nearly dark and too late to take the little one back to the village that night, and so he shared with him his humble fare and bed of boughs. The child never thought of fearing the gentle stranger, but prattled innocently, and when the monk never answered, the child's sensitive nature being wounded, he cried. Then would Father Barnabas willingly have forgotten his vow, and the struggle against so innocent a liberty was a hard one. But he conquered, and when he kissed the baby cheeks still wet with tears, it was a kiss as holy and as pure as he would have bestowed upon the Christ-child.

One summer day, in the cool and fragrant shade of the forest, he knelt in meditation. The sunlight stealing through the tree-tops danced on the moss and flowers about him. All nature was in tune. Suddenly he felt a divine presence near him, which seemed to breathe upon him. Then as he listened, the singing of the birds did not sound as it had before he understood it. Yes—*Laus Deo!*—it was not meaningless. He heard then planning their life—a life without sin. The cooings of the wood pigeon were now real love songs; and the squirrels which chattered around him told of their love for their little ones. At the going down of the sun, the songs of all the birds, the bleating of the flocks, and lowing of the herds resolved into a grand chorus of praise from all creatures to their Creator.

Thenceforward Father Barnabas' life was infinitely happy. It never again seemed hard to keep his vow, nor was he ever lonely.

When, one time at the village church, an aged pilgrim failed to rise from his knees with the others at the close of the service, they went to him and found that he was too feeble to leave his place. In the few days that life lingered in the weary body, his faithful ministrants could not understand why

he never spoke to them, but seemed always listening to other voices which charmed and soothed him. No, they could not know that in finding God's voice in nature, he had lost or forgotten the use of his own.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

Evenings with Whittier.

THERE is always something peculiarly interesting in observing the process of growth. We watch with pleasure the bud unfolding into the blooms, the painting taking form and color upon the canvas of the artist, or the edifice rising into stately proportions by the skill of the architect. It is precisely so in the realm of letters. To mark the course of literature from the seed-time of the alphabet to the harvest of history and philosophy, of poetry and romance, is a study of profound interest. Because of this, in no small proportion, we seek to know the personal history of authors; and, also, to inform ourselves concerning their surroundings, and their methods of work. We desire to discover their first promptings of genius, the causes that led to their success, and the results of their mature industry and experience.

With these thoughts somewhat in mind, the Rev. John Kelley Chase and myself bent our steps towards the cottage of Whittier, at Amesbury, Massachusetts. The Rev. Mr. Chase was at that time Pastor of the Baptist Church at East Staughton, Massachusetts, and for a number of years had counted Whittier amongst his personal friends. It was a day late in autumn when we made our first visit. The grass was becoming brown upon the hill-sides, and the woods were tinted with colors. Dusk was gathering about us, and the stars began to sparkle from their lofty heights through the frosty air, as we stepped along the highway; so, when we opened the gate, and passed along the path towards the porch of the cottage, the whole place, house and grounds, softened by the evening shadows, had an aspect of poetic enchantment.

We were shown into the little library, and presently the poet entered. My friend introduced me, and we were most cordially received. We passed two hours or more very delightfully, and were invited to call again the next evening. We did so, and had another extremely pleasant evening. The little incidents of those two evenings, and the sentiments communicated by our host, afford a bright memory which cannot easily fade away, even in spite of the years that have since passed. The countenance of Whittier was at once thoughtful and amiable. The very high forehead, the black and piercing eyes, the prominent nose, the thin and long lips, the fringe of beard on cheeks and chin,—all these marked a face not handsome, but of extraordinary intelligence. There was a small open wood stove, called a "Franklin-stove," in the library, and upon the andirons, wood ready for a fire.

Whittier struck a match, and touched it to the kindling-wood; but, somehow, the fire was very slow in starting, and so the poet took the bellows, got down upon his knees, and, very patiently, coaxed the wood into a cheerful blaze. We particularly remember this little incident, because it seemed to be indicative of character, and to show that simplicity and gentleness of disposition for which he was distinguished. He showed us various presents he had received. One was a superb portrait of Henry Ward Beecher, hanging upon the wall of his library, and presented to him by that matchless orator of the English speaking pulpit; another was a curious fan of feathers, made from the plumage of birds of gorgeous colors, and presented by the Emperor of Brazil; and yet another was a tear-stained letter, written with poor penmanship and worse spelling, from a fugitive slave. Besides these, there were books, and photographs, and views and sundry souvenirs, received from admirers both in Europe and America. All these were shown with an artlessness of manner that was extremely engaging.

Of more interest, however, than the cheerful fire, or the various keepsakes was the conversation of the poet, as it fell from his lips upon those two evenings. Men travel far, at much expenditure of time and money, to see a celebrated castle, a picture, a landscape, a waterfall; but of far greater interest is it to sit down with a man of genius, who has filled the world with his fame, and who has called forth the affections of mankind by his goodness. The conversation turned here and there, like the vane upon the steeple moved by the wind now in this and now in that direction. We talked of poetry, of philanthropy, of politics, and of religion. We have often wished that we could have taken down in short-hand the sentences uttered by Whittier upon those two evenings: "Memory is a treacherous thing," as the present Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey has well said; and, therefore, in now failing to remember much that the poet said, we are like men who have taken gold from the mines, and then have lost their treasure by the vicissitudes of fortune. A few grains of the precious metal we yet retain, however, as souvenirs of those interviews. Whittier expressed himself a firm adherent to the principles of the Society of Friends; but he was an admirer of Charles H. Spurgeon, of London, and was accustomed at times to read out of his sermons, in the Quaker Meeting-house. He believed in the brotherhood of man, and that the negro not less than the crowned king had rights before that God who is no respecter of persons, and in the great Court of humanity. He was a disciple of the doctrines of peace, and held that war was contrary to Christianity, and that with the progress of civilization international arbitration would become a substitute for war. He was an ardent lover of nature, and saw in the physical world the evidences of skill and beauty and beneficence upon the part of the Divine Creator. He had a tender heart for all religionists, Papal or Protestant, Jew or Pagan, and believed that the loving Father in Heaven had given the inner-light to all H

earthly Children; and that He will judge men in that awful Day by the light they have, and not by a law which it was impossible for them to know. He feared the growth of wealth and pride in social life, and of corruption and ambition in political life; and judged that simplicity, modesty, frugality and contentment, were virtues which need very much to be practiced. He was of opinion that literature is a republic in which all men may become citizens; that it has no hereditary titles and no royal birth; that the boy from the farm or the shop, from the loom or the artisan's bench, may here find distinction, if he will but use with studiousness the talent with which he may have been endowed.

John Greenleaf Whittier, born in Massachusetts, and a birth-right member of the Society of Friends, represents the very best type of American character. First he worked on a farm, and then in a shoemaker's shop, and then at a printer's press; he argued and labored for the suppression of slavery; he was animated by a love for nature, for letters, and for mankind; his poems have both strength and delicacy; his style has marvelous sweetness and melody of diction; he has literary kindred with Wordsworth in his delineation of nature, and with Milton in his religious sentiment; he has common-sense and a loving heart; his songs flood with melody the poetic world, as the notes of the lark awaken to music the skies of the morning; and, amongst the glorious company of American poets, he stands, in his own particular department, unrivalled and supreme!

Charles Howard Malcom, D.D.

Love's Web.

MY Love is tall, and graceful
As a lily pure and white.
Her faultless grace and dignity
Entrance me and delight.
I've heard that lilies growing,
Toil not, neither spin;
But mine has far exceeded all,
And spun her web within.
A web in which the silken threads
Are matchless for their beauty;
So, when I strive to get away,
They bind me close to duty.
And yet, it is not irksome,
This worship at her shrine;
For I treasure up this secret,
That some day she'll be mine.

E. S. D.

"Ne Crede Colori."

"DO you know, Beth, I think Halston likes you rather more than the other young ladies of his acquaintance?"

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Beth, as she glanced with a rather pleased smile after Ben Halston, who had just returned her to her mother after having waltzed her about the room, not without several clumsy mishaps. "I don't believe he ever troubles himself to think more about one person than another. Besides, Phil, you, yourself have told me he cares for nothing but his pipes; and he is so uninteresting. He never says anything that is really pleasant, and free from any touch of cynicism. Why does he not fall in love with some pretty girl?"

"He is said to have done that some years ago; but, his experience being a sad one, he has since been proof against all allurements of love and beauty. The general impression now is, that all women look in his eyes exactly alike. For myself, I believe that not all the charms of a Cleopatra could in the least turn his head. Not even you, though he *has* danced with you twice this evening, which is an extraordinary thing for him to do, could move him from his apathy."

"Well, he is a clumsy, uninteresting fellow; and I just believe the only reason he does not fall in love is, because no one will give him a chance."

"Many have given him a chance. *He* is the one: he has a heart of stone. Yet, I have always liked him. I say, Beth, if you think he is in need of a chance, you try him. If you can show me in three months, that you have made any visible impression upon him, I will give you that clasp which you so admired in Tiffany's the other morning."

Some one claimed Beth for a two step; but, as she glanced over her partner's shoulder at Phil, he knew that she would do her best to make the coveted clasp hers. Not, as he could see, that she wanted the clasp so much, but, womanlike, she would show her power of attraction and fascination. She was a thorough woman of the world, and nothing suited her better than to prove the effectiveness of her accomplishments.

It was some weeks before she again thought of Ben Halston. Philip Delby, to whom she had for more than a year been engaged, was obliged by ill health to spend the severe winter months in the south; and she could think of no better amusement during his absence than claiming homage from Ben Halston. Phil, when he left town, had told Ben that he wished he would call now and then upon Beth, who would be very pleased to see him.

So it happened that Ben called. He was found often of an afternoon walking briskly up the avenue; and most always stopped at the same house. Perhaps he found there, in the charming little head which bent over the table as Beth poured tea, in that soft brown hair, and those large, deep eyes of ti

same color, beneath such delicately traced eye brows—perhaps he found in these the ideal which had often lured his imagination, as, seated in his accustomed corner of the smoking-room at the club, he peered through clouds of tobacco smoke into the future. That shapely chin, those firm, rosy lips, which, parted in a smile, showed two rows of little teeth as white as ivory, between which flowed such rippling, intoxicating laughter and brilliant wit, made it an easy matter for him to observe Phil Delby's parting injunction.

Beth began to tell herself that, after all, Ben was not such a terrible bore. And, as time went on, and she saw him oftener, he came to occupy a deal of her thoughts, figuring more prominently than she realized in her daily life. He had such beautiful sad eyes, she told herself, and wondered why she had never noticed them before, and such strength of character and determination in the lines of his face. She had detected him several times regarding her with an earnest longing, which her woman's heart could interpret in but one way. One afternoon, when Ben had departed, after spending an hour with her, during which he had seemed more joyous and delighted than ever in her company, and had, on departing, expressed his sorrow that, having to go out of town for an indefinite length of time, he would be deprived of the great pleasure he had in her company, she knew by his nervous, excited manner, by the light in his eyes, that he was in love. She felt a keen sense of pleasure in what she considered her conquest. She experienced a happiness, which told her clearly that this was the fulfillment of the complement of an affection, which had steadily grown up in her during the last few months. He would speak to her of it, if she would give him a chance; and why should she not? Her heart told her how necessary he had become to her life. She had only imagined she was in love with Phil Delby; and she was sure that Ben's devotion would be much deeper, and more constant than that of her old lover.

Meanwhile, Ben Halston was hurrying, almost running in the excitement of his new found joy, toward the club. How different everything seemed to him now! The skies were a brighter blue; the cold wind had a soothing, caressing effect upon him; the sun shone brightly; the faces of all seemed happy. He felt kindly towards all, even those who jostled against him; and the very beggars at the street corners were objects of interest to him. The whole aspect of the world was changed, and, as he drew in long, deep draughts of invigorating air, he declared that it was a glorious thing to live in such a happy world. He was soon at the Club and seated in his accustomed corner, puffing vigorously at his cigar, his face the picture of happy excitement. He had not noticed his friend Phil, who had that day returned to town, and was now occupying a chair but a few feet from him. After regarding Ben curiously for some time, Phil said:

"I say, Ben, what has happened to you, that you have lost the use of your eyes?"

"What, you, Phil!" replied Ben, grasping his hand so as to make him wince. "Had no idea you were in town. Awfully glad to see you."

"Ugh! you're hurting my hand. When you get tired of this most unusual display of energy, I will be glad to hear the cause of it, and the reason of that unwonted look of excitement, which has been disfiguring your usually complacent countenance for the last ten minutes."

"Well, Phil, sit down, and I will tell you about it. Some years ago, before I came to know you, I fell in love with a little girl up in the northern part of the state; and, though she loved me dearly, her parents would hear nothing of it. But during all these years we have secretly corresponded, and I have several times seen her for a few minutes, when she happened in town. To-day I got a note from her, in which she informs me that her parents have somewhat relented towards me; and, by the very next mail, I received a letter from her father saying he will see me on Saturday. I am off, old man, on the early train to-morrow; for it is a good seven hours' journey."

"I wish you joy, Ben. You certainly have been most faithful. You sly dog, you have given us all a wrong opinion of you by keeping your secret to yourself. I am going up to call upon Beth. Good bye."

"Oh! by the way, I have just come from there, Phil. You will perhaps be somewhat surprised to hear how well I acted upon your suggestion about calling. The truth is, Beth looks almost exactly like my little girl, and her actions reminds me of her. I liked Beth on that account the very first time I met her. Her every little movement brings to mind my love; so you can imagine what a pleasure to me her company has been. Good bye."

Half an hour later, when Mr. Delby was announced, Beth was surprised for he had written that he would not be home for another week; and on receiving him, she was greatly embarrassed. Later, when Phil was telling her Ben's story, recognizing what a narrow escape she had experienced, she was influenced by the whole gamut of emotions. When he presented her the coveted clasp, she had quite regained her senses, and said simply, "Phil, I am so glad you have come back. Do you know, I was actually beginning to think I cared something for that horrid man." *Ben Maynor.*

THE habit of correct and distinct pronunciation is one of the most important lessons, that one who is called upon by the nature of his profession, to speak frequently in public, has to learn. It is a study which demands no little attention, and yet it receives, perhaps, less than any other subject. There are a few who make what is called a "hobby" of pronunciation, and a most interesting one it is. It is surprising how sensitive one may become to mispronunciations, after having begun to study correct pronunciation.

Passing over the larger and more difficult words, and those which have the "broad a" sound, how frequently one hears the smallest words mispronounced. For instance, such words as what, when, why, wheat, etc. One generally hears wot, wy, wen, weat. Such mistakes are inexcusable to say the least. Again one often hears the little word "and" pronounced "an." One might thus mention a long list of the most common words.

It requires no small amount of study to acquire a perfectly correct pronunciation of all the words in one's vocabulary; but to mispronounce the class of words mentioned and many others just as simple, is pure carelessness.

Spring.

"Was sagst du, Herz, in solchen Tagen
Wo selbst die Dorne Rosen tragen?" —L. Uhland.

WAKENED are the mild spring breezes,
Rust'ling in the tree-tops lofty,
Day and night they're whispering softly,
As with magic touch they deftly
Weave the spell of summer there.

Thou, oh heart, that feelest sorrow,
Let not faintness now o'erwhelm thee!
Soon will be yon thorny rose-tree
Decked with blossoms pure and lovely
Emblems of the fruit of sorrow.

In the farthest, deepest valley
May be seen the flowerlets springing,
The soft air with fragrance filling,
With their beauty testifying
To their maker's tender care.

Now, poor heart, forget thy sorrow!
True, the sunset glow now fading
Seems to thee to be a dying,
Yet ere long, with morn appearing,
It will light the glad tomorrow.

X.

College Notes.

—Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, spent Monday, March 18th, at S. Stephens. In the evening he preached an impressive sermon before the students.

—Easter examinations will begin April 6th.

—The books will be moved into the Hoffman Library during the Easter holidays.

—Dr. Riley, of the General Theological Seminary, delivered a sermon in the College Chapel on Thursday evening, March 7th, on "The Harmonious Development of the Integral Man."

—Dr. Malcom is giving weekly lectures on English History and Literature: "The Rise of the English Universities," and "The Growth of the English Constitution." These lectures, rich in interest, and highly instructive, are much appreciated.

—In some respects the new lamps in the College Chapel are a doubtful advantage, for the absence of gowns at sermon time must now be very apparent to the faculty.

—On Wednesday, March 13th, the Senior Class spent a very pleasant and profitable evening with Professor Malcom, at "The Cedars."

—The work at S. Peter's Mission is being faithfully performed. The services are in charge of three lay readers. The boys of the Sunday School have been trained to sing and make a very acceptable choir. The Brother Superior, T. P. Maslin, '96, is receiving subscriptions toward a bell for the Mission; the same to cost about eighty dollars.

—It is certain—

That *Eulexian* has twenty-one members.

That *Kappa Gamma Chi* has fourteen members.

That *Sigma Alpha Epsilon* (*Sigma Phi* Chapter) has eighteen members
That thirteen men are taking the special course.

That one pair of chums have lived together during the year without a scrap, and these are two of the oldest, moodiest, hardest working, most nervous, most austere men in college—but no tales out of school.

—It is estimated—

That '98 has the most fun.

That '97 makes the most "ten spots."

That '96 has the most conceit.

That '95 is the most enviable.

That the average age is greatest in the Sophomore class.

That nineteen men in the college do not smoke.

That two wear full beards.

That nineteen wear glasses.

That ten are engaged.

That twenty-six "have an understanding."

That one man expects to be Pope.

That *one* freshman is not confident of becoming a bishop.

Alumni Notes.

—The Rev. Thomas W. Haskins, D. D., '64, has resigned his parish on account of ill health, and is the agent of a company engaged in the culture of almonds.

—The Rev. Eugene L. Toy, '68, has removed from Stockport to Sandy Hill.

—The Rev. Nelson L. Boss, '69, we understand, has recovered from his attack of paralysis, and is able to attend to his duties.

—Archdeacon Sill, '69, of Cohoes, has secured a satisfactory plan for his new church and parish house, which he intends to erect as soon as the necessary funds are secured.

—A. Weir Gilkeson, '73, spent part of the winter in The Bermudas. Since his return to his home in Bristol, Pa., he has had an attack of the grippe and is now spending a few weeks in Asheville, N. C.

—Rev. Frank Heartfield, '79, has again been compelled by ill health to give up work and go abroad.

—Rev. J. R. Atkinson, '90, has resigned his position at St. George's Church, New York, and accepted one in East Orange.

—Keble Dean, '89, has again been forced by ill health to give up work at the Seminary.

—It is rumored that Rev. John H. Griffith, '89, has revolted from the ranks of the celibates, and is again making a special study of the office for Holy Matrimony.

Bric-a-Brac.

Lamp—to Sofa—"What's the matter, old man, you look depressed?"

Sofa—"You would look depressed, too, if you were sat upon as much as I am, you wicked thing."

Lamp—"Oh, I don't know. I get full and am put out every night, but I don't feel like you look." A.

Since the roads have been in a bad condition, the Senior Tutor occasionally takes a meal in the College Dining-room.

AN ITEM ON NATURAL HISTORY.

In many climates you will find,
Perfuméd beasts of special kind;
In some the musk-ox roams around,
In some the musk-rat may be found,
When Annandale can boast, alas,
But of an Anglicized musk- —.

—Sphinx.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

ACT I.

[*No. 47, McVicar. Enter A. from across the hall.*]

A.—"Say B., if anybody comes up to my room, just yell 'not at home,' will you? I expect Mayers will bring me my bill, and I don't want to see him."

B.—"All right, old man, I'll fix him."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—[*Number 47, McVicar. 9:30 p. m., all silent. The Warden goes to the door and raps. No reply. Raps again. Voice from across the hall.*]

"Not in, now."

SCENE II.—[*Same place and person. Time—twenty minutes later. Warden raps vigorously. No reply. Voice across the hall.*]

"Not at home, gone to Kingston."

[*Exit Warden.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—[*Warden's study. Warden, filled with righteous indignation. Enter our friend A.*]

A.—"Doctor, did you wish to see me?"

WARDEN.—"Yes, Sir. You were in Kingston on Saturday without my permission, and stayed out of chapel on Sunday as the result. Not a word sir, not a word. I know all about it; you have kept this thing up long enough. Here, I won't stand it. If the College laws do not conform to your pleasure, you break them without scruple. I fine you twenty-five dollars, sir, and you pay this before the end of the term. Its outrageous, preposterous. I don't wish to hear a word of explanation; go, sir, go!" [*Exit A.*]

SCENE II.—[*Number 47, McVicar. A., raving and tearing his hair.*]

A.—"Hang B., the chump! I never told him to say I was in Kingston. Here I am in a pretty fix. Guess I'll write to the Governor, and tell him how hard I'm working and so on. I may get a check."

[*He writes. That was last term; the Warden is still looking for that twenty-five dollars.*]

Diavolo.

"Cut."

WHEN you write a merry jest,
 Cut it short;
 'Twill be too long at best,
 Cut it short;
 Life is brief and full of care,
 Editors don't like to swear,
 Treat your poem like your hair,
 Cut it short.—*Ex.*

'TIS said that those who on this earth
 Themselves all fun deny,
 In Heaven will have a pair of wings
 And be exceeding fly.—*Ex.*

VERY DELIGHTFUL INDEED!

The concert under the auspices of the Men's Guild on February 6th was a very enjoyable one, and was much enjoyed. We are very grateful to all who kindly assisted at the concert.
 —*St. John's Parish Kalendar.*

SHE shed a tear upon his vest,
 The effort made her wince,
 The vest was made of flannel
 And he hasn't seen it since.—*Ex.*

A poet says that a baby is "a new wave on the ocean of life." It strikes us that "a fresh squall" would express the idea better.—*Ex.*

THE dentist bores me terribly,
 He's nery in his dealings.
 Because he feels down in the mouth,
 He's apt to hurt one's feelings.—*Ex.*

Freshman Jokes.

"Only a faded flower."—a college biscuit.

In a discussion about the "Principle of Genders in English Nouns," a Freshman volunteered the explanation that "ship" is sometimes feminine because it has rigging.

An Arab peddler recently visited the college and among the treasures of his pack displayed a number of rosaries, crucifixes, scapularies, etc. One of the men was attracted by the scapularies, and no doubt considering them as curiosities, contemplated purchasing. When one of his friends expressed his surprise, the innocent said, "They are pen wipers, are they not?" It is almost unnecessary to mention his "holy horror" when he discovered his mistake.

A few days ago "Kid Lewis" was heard to remark that there was a certain dog, on the road leading to Barrytown, in danger of being shot unless he (the Kid) ceased paying his regards to a young lady residing at the terminus of the above mentioned thoroughfare.

"Comparisons are *odorous*."—The Duke.

"What he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit."—Some of the Faculty.

"His heart was mirthful to excess
 But all his mirth was wickedness." —J. C. Davis.