

## PROSPECTUS

# The S. Stephen's College Messenger

Published Every Month during the Session by the  
Students of the College.

Its character will be literary. Terms, \$1.00 per session of ten months. Subscriptions may commence with any number, and will always be for ten months, exclusive of vacation. Subscriptions to be paid *invariably* in advance.

While notes and items of interest about the Alumni and friends of the College are desired and requested, the chief purpose for which the paper is maintained is to train the undergraduates in the art of composition.

A prize will be given to that undergraduate whose contributions of essay poems or stories, during the college year, judged in respect to excellence and number, shall be considered the most deserving.

No contributions will be published if written on both sides of the paper.

No contributions will be returned.

All contributions will be published under a pseudonym and must be accompanied by the name of the author.

Contributions to appear in any particular number must be received before the fifteenth day of the preceding month.

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## The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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### "Dolores Fortunati."

IN THE little town of Bethlehem, among the beautiful green hills of Vermont, lived a fair young girl, as pure and innocent as the flower of the field. She was the youngest of three sisters, whom the parents, honest, church-going people, had reared and taught to lead lives of sincerity and truth. The father was a working man whose income, though augmented by a small amount which one of the sisters, who was a seamstress, could earn, was barely able to provide for all their needs, and as the elder sister was an invalid, the duties of the household and the care of the invalid fell upon the youngest, whom we will call Gertrude.

About the time when Gertrude Foster reached the age of eighteen years, there came into the village a young man, Gerald Williams, a telegraph operator at the little depot near the home of the three sisters. From the window in his office Gerald could see the fair form of Gertrude as she arranged her invalid sister in the arm chair on the porch in front of the house, or as she passed to and from the house on some errand. Every Sunday morning he saw her in the choir of the little church, and listened almost spell-bound to her clear, sweet voice. At no other places was he able to see her, as she never attended any of the places of amusement which the little village afforded. Six months passed by, and Gerald had had no opportunity of meeting her, though each time he saw her he gazed upon her with more admiration than before. \* \* \* During the fall, on the occasion of the invalid's death, when Gerald had called at the house to offer his assistance to the family, he met her. It was a repetition of the old story. As the days passed by they became fonder and fonder of each other, until finally, after more than a year elapsed, Gerald asked her to be his wife. She loved him exceedingly; she worshiped him; but could she leave father, mother and sister? Yes, she could leave the whole world, and yet life would be to her but bliss. Affection for home, parents, friends, were nothing compared to her love for Gerald. They became engaged, and

still their love seemed to grow stronger. It was now late in the autumn and they were to be married during the following spring; but, alas, during the winter Gerald fell a victim to that dread disease—pneumonia. For two long months his life hung in the balances, during which time Gertrude scarce left his bedside, ministering to the sick one only as hands of love can minister \* \* \* The wedding day passed while Gerald was still sick, and when at last he was able to go out, it was decided that he must leave the little village and go to France for the summer, in order to recruit his strength. Could they ever be separated from each other for so long a time? Sad, indeed, was their parting. Many and long were the letters which were written by the two lovers, until suddenly Gerald's letters began to be less affectionate and less frequent. Then he ceased to write. What could be the cause of this? Could it be possible that Gerald had forgotten her? No! During all the long summer and autumn Gertrude never ceased to write as often as before, until one day there came a long, long letter, telling how Gerald had fallen in love with a beautiful young widow whom he had met at Marseilles, and had married her. Gertrude, now deserted and broken-hearted, was unable to endure the terrible burden which had now fallen upon her, and was compelled to take to her bed; but, after a long and painful illness, she regained her strength. For a long time she did not go out except to church, and even there her place in the choir was taken by another. Her father and mother passed away, and soon after, her sister married, and left alone in the world, she now resolved to give her life to the church.

\* \* \* \* \*

The nurses at the little convent of St. Margaret, in one of our larger cities, had just returned from vesper service, when a messenger came to the convent with the announcement that there had been, in the vicinity, a serious accident; that a train loaded with excursionists had plunged down a steep embankment. He said that the injured would be brought to the convent hospital as fast as they were recovered from the wreck. The Mother Superior instructed the nurses to make the necessary preparations, she herself directing the work. Before long a number of injured persons were brought in, among whom was one who had been injured in the breast and whom the physicians thought had but a short time to live. After all the injured had been allotted to the different nurses to be cared for, the Mother Superior turned her own attention to this man, in whom she took a great interest. As she gazed upon the apparently lifeless face, there seemed to her in his countenance something strangely familiar, and she scarce turned her eyes from him for a long time. About an hour elapsed and he seemed to change from a state of unconsciousness into a gentle sleep. All night he slept, and all the while the Mother sat by the side of his cot. At length he began to show signs of awaking, and she knelt down by him and gazed even more earnestly into the eyes which were

now opening. How strange were those eyes! Yet how familiar they seemed! They turned her thoughts back to the little town in which she, when in the bloom of womanhood, had seen such eyes, and had gazed into them with the same earnestness. Could it be possible that these were the same eyes? It was now twenty years since she had seen— Suddenly the injured man gave a start and seemed to regain his senses. The stare of the Mother Superior was met by a gaze equally profound. For a moment both were speechless. Then at the same time, "Gerald!" "Gertrude!" but that was all. Gerald, for he it was, fell into a swoon, and for many long hours did Mother Gertrude exert her efforts to bring back to consciousness him whom she had loved and lost so long ago. Toward the close of the next day, just as the vesper bell was ringing, Gerald again regained his senses, and after a visit from the physician, who now said that his injury was much less serious than he had at first thought, and that he would soon be himself again, he told Mother Gertrude the story of his life since he had left her. His wife had proven false, then deserted him, and afterwards died an unhappy death. He, without money and among strangers, had contemplated suicide, but had been prevented by a wealthy old gentleman who took a great interest in him. This old man, having heard his story, had sent him to Germany to study medicine. Gerald improved his opportunities and graduated with high honors. Shortly after his graduation the old man died leaving him his fortune, with the injunction that he should return to America and find his deserted sweetheart. He had returned to the little village of Bethlehem and there learned that she had entered the convent. He started immediately to go to her at the convent, but missing the direct train he had boarded the excursion train, the ill fate of which we have learned. He told her that he still loved her and he begged her to leave the convent and be his wife; but she, though her love for him was still as deep as when he had left her in her home twenty years before, had now abandoned the world and was no longer free to marry. After he recovered from his injuries he spent years in diligent study, and finally took upon himself the vows of the Priesthood, and was assigned work at the convent, where Gertrude had become a spouse of Christ, and he a bridegroom of the Church. Thus the lovers were in the high true sense married and joined in their life work.

*Homer Abial Flint, '97.*

**Words for a Song—I.**

**A**S through the shadows breathes the song,  
 The voice that sings grows low;  
 Fainter and far it steals along,  
 And dies with twilight's glow.  
 Yet the words sound on—

“Forget! Forget!”

Forget? Remembrance is too dear!

Laid low beneath To-day  
 The beauty of the ended year  
 May not be put away,  
 Though the words sound on—

“Forget! Forget!”

The drawn may bring new songs to fill

The hours of the To-morrow,  
 But Yesterday's are dearer still  
 For their remembered sorrow.  
 In vain the words sound on—

“Forget! Forget!”

“'90.”

**Eisenach.**

**T**HE summer of 1892 was an exceptionally beautiful one in that attractive region of South Germany which is known as the Thuringian Forest. It was one long, almost uninterrupted succession of those sunny, though comparatively cool days which are so alluring to the pedestrian tourist who tramps through the cool valleys and pine-clad hills of Thuringia.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be one of a very congenial party of tourists who were making a pedestrian trip from the quaint little town of Friedrichroda to Eisenach, renowned for being for some time the home of Martin Luther.

It was toward sunset on the third day of our tramp, when, weary and footsore, we approached the inn of the Mid-day Sun, situated in a beech wood on a hill overlooking the valley of Eisenach and the picturesque old castle of the Wartburg. We had been told that the view from the inn-garden was very fine, but the panorama which presented itself to us as we turned a sudden bend in the path far surpassed our highest expectations.

Far down in the valley before us, with its red tile roofs and tall gray church tower just peeping above the trees, lay the village, snugly nestled between the green Thuringian mountains. On the summit of a cone-shaped hill a

little to the left of the village, its tall dungeon keep standing out clearly against the green background, stood the grand old castle of the Wartburg like some gigantic sentry keeping faithful watch over the little hamlet committed to its charge. In the valley a soft blue haze was beginning to rise, giving to the whole picture a soft, dreamy indistinctness. One thing alone stood out clearly. The last golden-red rays of the sun, which was setting behind us, fell full on the high, machicolated tower of the castle causing the cold gray stone to glow with mellow red light. Here and there mingling with the mists of evening, rose a thin column of blue smoke from the houses in the village below, while high overhead the swallows circled to and fro.

We all stood for some moments in speechless admiration gazing on this lovely scene. Our dusty clothes and weary feet were forgotten in an instant. We could see nothing, think of nothing but the picture before us. It was only for a moment, however, that we enjoyed this sight in silence. Then we all broke out into those extravagant and, as always, wholly inadequate expressions of pleasure with which we seem ever fated to mar the serenity of such moments; especially when there is a party of us. Two only of our number were silent on this occasion; the poet, who was busied, after the manner of poets, with his own thoughts; and the camera fiend, who, instrument in hand, was engaged in scaling a lofty pine in order to get a point of vantage whence he might take the whole scene.

There we might have stood, enjoying ourselves till darkness shut out the view from our sight, but there is something which possesses a power to draw even poets and artists back from their self-created elysium to this world of stern reality, and that is a certain provoking little rascal who goes up and down in the world seeking whom he may devour, known by a dozen different names, but usually spoken of as Empty Stomach. This same elf must have thought our party very good company, for he had been with us ever since our start on this tramp, and although it was possible to drive him away temporarily by repeatedly resorting to sundry great loaves of black bread and chunks of cheese which we carried with us, yet he was always ready to pounce down upon us whenever we gave him the least opportunity. Now our afternoon's tramp had laid us all more than usually open to this imp's assaults, so it happened that just at this moment when we were enjoying the view of the valley of Eisenach this familiar spirit of tourists made a very vigorous attack upon us, and was so far victorious that we abandoned the point of observation and began the descent into the valley in order to reach the hotel of the village in time for tea.

Our path led straight down the steep side of the mountain through what is known as the Dragon's Gully. This gully was once worn by the action of water out of the solid rock in the bottom of the valley. It is more than

fifteen feet deep in many places, though scarcely wide enough for a man to pass with ease. It is more than a quarter of a mile long, and in many places the rocks nearly meet overhead. It received its name from the old saying that here once lived a fiery dragon, who guarded an immense treasure and laid waste the country for miles around. Then the hero Siegfried, wielding the magic sword Balmung, came to the place and slew him. The country folk still dread the place and avoid it after dark. Through this we passed, coming out on the main road about a half mile above the village. It was quite dark when we reached the hotel, so that any sightseeing that night was out of the question.

The following morning, having breakfasted out under the blossoming chestnut trees in the hotel garden, we set off for the Wartburg. Our road led through the main street of the village, past the quaint little red-roofed houses with their projecting stories in some places almost meeting overhead, and the low arched doorways, the same at which Martin Luther, when a chorister at the Latin School, used to sing on cold winter nights; to the village church where later, it may be, his voice thundered forth invectives against the corruption and idolatry of the Romish church.

In this church hangs the picture of St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, the poor crowding about her with outstretched hands awaiting the alms she so freely gave, and the angry Landgrave staring incredulously at the roses in her lap.

The holy Saint Elizabeth, living high up in the gloomy old castle of the Wartburg, was daily wont to give bread to the poor of the village. She gave away so much, so runs the legend, that the coffers of the Landgrave began to grow empty, and so he bade her not to give away any more bread to the poor. She nevertheless ceased not to minister to their wants whenever her lord was absent from the castle. One day it chanced that she was standing at the castle gate with her apron full of bread which she was distributing to the poor, when on a sudden the Landgrave appeared. He straightway demanded to know what his wife had in her apron. She told him that they were roses which she had been picking. Now the Landgrave was a man full of suspicions, and so he bade her show them to him, for he mistrusted that it was bread she had in her lap. Saint Elizabeth, however, nothing daunted, opened her apron, and lo! instead of the loaves of bread her lap was full of beautiful flowers.

Thus runs the legend and thus the old verger told it to us as he hobbled through the gloomy aisles pointing out the tombs of the old burghers of Eisenach who lie sleeping their last long sleep under the old church.

The road from the village to the castle winds up the steep hillside through woods of beech and oak and pine, whose branches interlacing overhead only here and there permit the gray walls of the castle towering above it to be seen.

Three or four of us, being younger and more energetic than the others, struck

off the main road into the woods, and after twenty minutes hard scrambling came out right at the foot of the castle wall. Along this we skirted until we found the postern gate, where we obtained a glorious view of the valley, which engrossed our attention till our companions, coming by the longer road, had rejoined us.

In response to the jangling of a great bell, which hung at one side of the gate, an old gray-haired seneschal opened the wicket and admitted us within the walls of the Wartburg.

Through the quaintest old grass-grown courtyard into the great halls of the castle where once the bold barons of Thuringia were wont to gather at the board of the hospitable Landgrave, through the armory stored with the rusty and dented armor they used to wear, through narrow vaulted corridors or whose walls might still be seen beautiful frescoes depicting scenes of war and the chase, into the arched chamber known as the Singers' Hall, the old man led us, pausing now and then to mumble his little explanatory speech. Upon the wall of this last hall was a fresco, larger than the others we had seen; it depicted the hall in which we then were; but how differently it appeared in the painting! Hung with arms, trophies of the chase and gorgeous tapestries and filled with a gaily dressed throng of knights and ladies, one would hardly recognize it as the same apartment.

On a raised dais in the background surrounded with pages and esquires sat the Landgrave and his lovely daughter Elizabeth. On either side were numbers of gallant knights and fair dames, while in the foreground were five or six figures, who, from their attire and the harps which they held, seemed to be minstrels. The attention of all was directed to one figure, which, kneeling before the dais at the feet of the beautiful Elizabeth, seemed beseeching her with outstretched hands for some great favor. Nor was it difficult to guess what that boon was which the minstrel—for the figure was that of a minstrel—seemed to be so earnestly craving. There, close by, with long arms stretched out to lay hold on him, was a man in the scarlet cap and jerkin of the executioner. And if his dress and the malignant cruelty of his features did not stamp him as such, the rope which he held ready in his other hand told only too plainly what his terrible occupation was. The whole scene was full of life and animation, and immediately aroused our curiosity. Beneath the painting was written in old German characters:

"In this Hall The Singers' Strife was Held,  
On June 1st, 1207,  
The Birthday of the Holy Saint Elizabeth."

Before this picture the old man stopped and told the story of the Singers' Strife on the Wartburg. Related how, long years ago, the good Landgrave father of the holy Elizabeth, had ordered it to be proclaimed throughout all the green valley of Thuringia that on the birthday of his daughter a great

**XXI Ode of the 1st Book of the Odes of Horace.**

Sing, tender virgins, of Goddess Diana,  
 Sing, oh! ye brave boys, of unshorn Apollo,  
 Also of her, too, the chosen and dear one,  
 Jupiter's lovéd one, Phœbe's Latona.  
 Praise her who always rejoices in rivers,  
 Ever delighted with oak trees and willows,  
 Loving whatever juts out to one's view in  
 Algidus cold, Erymanthus the gloomy,  
 Or, in the woods of verdurous Gragus.  
 Laud and extol, boys, Apollo's fair Dempe,  
 Delos his birthplace, the sight of his temple,  
 Equally praising his shoulder adorned with  
 Mercury's lyre and a quiver that's Grecian.  
 He, by your prayers being moved, shall proceed to  
 Drive tearful war and calamitous famine  
 Far from the people of Rome and their sovereign  
 To the barbarian Persians and Britons.

*J. Henry Wilson, '96.*

**Words for a Song—II.**

SING, sleeping waters, softly sing  
 Sweet dreamy songs!  
 Backward to-night my thoughts take wing,  
 And once again your murmurs bring  
 Joy that belongs  
 Alone to your sweet songs.  
 Shine, silver moonbeams, brightly shine,  
 Kissing the stream!  
 Show me that happiness divine,  
 Beaming in eyes that then met mine,  
 Lighting the dream  
 Beside the slumbrous stream.

"'90."

**The Outlook from the Editor's Sanctum.**

THE new Board for '96 makes its bow to the public, and sends its greetings to all subscribers, friends, and readers.

It assures all that THE MESSENGER'S welfare will always be kept in view, and the magazine raised to a higher literary standard.

We do not intend to use it as an excuse that "we are young," but still we beg all to remember that we are yet but infants in the literary world, being but five months old. Four copies only were issued by the old and first Board, and it can hardly be said that the paper is what it should be, nor what its present editors expect to make it. Volume II will appear in a more attractive cover, and each succeeding number be improved.

The attention of the under-graduates is called to the fact that they alone, in the future, are expected to contribute the literary portion of the magazine. Having this end in view it has seemed best to the Board to offer a prize to the best contributors during the college year, for the purpose of encouraging a spirit of emulation. Other colleges, it is noticed, conduct their magazines in this way; why not we?

It is hoped that some generous friend, by giving a suitable prize, will strengthen the hands of the Board, and enable the Editor-in chief to make this plan a reality.

We also hope that more love for the college and its interests exists in those connected with it, in those who own it as their Alma Mater, and in those who call themselves its friends, than to allow her only literary effort to die for want of support. One subscriber counts more now, than ten may—years from now.

WE notice that the old story of compulsory service at chapel has again become prominent in the minds of under-graduates. Some declare it "an outrage to one's conscience;" others, "sacrilegious mockery;" none seem to regard it as a means of discipline. Chapel service should never seem irksome, never a mockery. It molds our minds and character, and brings us imperceptibly nearer to our Creator. A college course is supposed to call out, *educere*, all a man's qualities; and the college chapel should not be slighted any more than the recitation room. One is for the exercise of the intellect, the other for the more enobling object of purifying the soul. Both are needed; both should be compulsory.

A GENERAL wail in college papers is noticed. Under-graduates fail to subscribe and write contributions. Alumni also seem to be lacking in that interest expected of those "who never forget their mother." All, it seems, can criticise, however, and utter the most scathing sarcasm; especially

the fellows that do the least. Just see them as they gaze at a recent issue. Hear their outbursts of disapproval, and advice to the editors; nothing pleases them; all could be better. To be sure it could! Take off your coat and lend a hand. Work for a change. Have your name put on the list of subscribers; get others to subscribe. Try your hand at writing a story or any article of interest. All are acceptable; we never have too many. If your first contribution is not published, try again. That is the reason the paper exists; to give us practice.

WHEN '98 (the poor, down-trodden little dears), as they are called, tried to introduce a college spirit into the Annandale community they were regarded by Faculty and higher class-men alike as a pack of young anarchists. To be sure that incessant yell, "'98, '98, '98," was not the most endurable sound at 3 A. M., when one is accustomed to be in the land of dreams; still, better that, than that we should remain longer in the dormant state in which we had existed. We want spirit, and will never succeed without it; and the only class that exhibits it is '98. The men of '98 have made errors, but they also have written the greater number of the articles for the MESSENGER since its birth. They have given an entertainment; tableau, and class ball; and ended their year with a class dinner. What other Freshman class at S. Stephen's has done that during the past ten years? None. "It is unbecoming Freshmen," interrupts some pessimist, "other colleges do not allow it." Granted, they do not; but why do not the higher classes manifest some spirit? Does it not sound like the dog-in-the-manger story to crush all the endeavors of the Freshmen and do nothing ourselves? It is to be hoped that '98 will become their Sophomore dignity but we also sincerely trust that they will lose none of their present true college spirit. May they inoculate us all with it. It is because of the lack of this that men, in the past, have often gone elsewhere. It is too frequently because of this, that the Freshman class of twenty or twelve is graduated as a class of four.

SPEAKING of college spirit reminds us that the Warden has often and justly complained of our inactivity. We are continually ill (?). Were any one to read the college advertisement about the healthy climate and then attend the Warden's room Monday morning and hear the excuse for absences from chapel and recitations, I am afraid one would think Annandale a place of aches from headache, toothache and backache through all the phases to toeache, all of which are due to laziness. The best scholars we have ever known were those who took some exercise. It may have been a two-hour brisk walk; or an hour's row in the cove; or a game of ball or tennis; matters not what kind it was, it was exercise. During the past year

that tired feeling prevailed: men were too lazy even to throw snow-balls, unless, perhaps, to break a window. Let us try to wake up during the summer, and come back in the fall active and nimble. This will set a good example to the new men coming. Let us revive those good old days when wood and dell resounded with the college yell as our men bore off the honors of the field. Then was the time when S. Stephen's nine was second to none on the river, when such men as Gilbert, Briggs, Dunham, and Duncan placed the "Red" high upon the pinnacle of athletic fame. The same can be done to-day. True, we have no gymnasium in which one may become brawny, but neither had they. If they could do it, so can we.

THE next number coming out about the time the College opens, necessitates the sending of all contributions for same about the first of August. The editor hopes that all will have a pleasant vacation, and be able to write for him volumes of love and ghost stories, essays, poems and jokes. Send all contributions to Box No. 31, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

### Extracts.

A BOY fourteen years old, recently imported from Minnesota, handed the following in as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was, "Tell all you can about breathing." He said, "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, our kidneys. If it was not for our breath we would die when we sleep. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make a bad unwholesome air. They make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corosits, that squeezes the diagram. Girls cannot holler or run like boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I'd ruther be a boy, so I could holler and run and have a great big diagram."—*The Dial*.

IN a recent sermon, an eminent New York divine advised his hearers to buy books first and clothes afterward. The saying of books first and clothes afterward if I mistake not, emanated long ago from a far more famous man than the one in question; but, be that as it may, the remark is good and well worth some thought. It seems to me that we *fin de siecle* people have transposed this saying into—clothes first and books—never. By a close adherence to this modern version, we have arrived at the point where

everything is lavished upon the outer man; little or nothing given to the inner. With some who are not over-blessed with what is commonly termed good sense, this habit of spending all their time and wealth in tricking themselves out with apparel, is excusable and even laudable in that it helps to hide the lack of other qualities which go to make up a sensible man. But with others, more fortunate in the matter of brains, there is no such palliation.

However, this is not, as you may suspect, a treatise on dress reform for men, neither is it a book agent's advertisement, so don't throw it aside in high dudgeon, but bear with me awhile. I merely wish to chat a little about reading and have taken this round-about way of introducing the subject.

The amount of practical knowledge one gains here in college appears to me to be slight; but the opportunity of becoming cultured, which to my mind is second in importance only to the forming of character, is unlimited—Reading good reading—and lots of it, is necessary for culture and without it a man can never be well rounded. What nonsense it is to waste our time—as most of us do—over sensational dailies, the Duchess's novels and like sentimental and silly trash when there are so many good, strong, wholesome books lying idle at our elbows. Read a couple of Gunther's novels; then take Lorna Doone and if you can ever enjoy Gunther and his kind again—I wash my hands of you and give you up as lost. College is the place to read and to get an appreciation of what is good in literature—if we let this chance slip, we may never have another and in consequence will lose one of the greatest pleasures of life. If you have not read something good as Thackeray, Eliot, Macaulay, etc., start at once—it may be like study at first, but will soon become a pleasure. Then you will be capable to talk on something other than ball games, girls, dances and clothes which some maliciously assert is all we collegians have knowledge of or interest in.—“*Williams Literary Monthly*.”

THE following is taken from a Dresden paper, and will undoubtedly be of interest to our readers:

ORGAN RECITAL AT THE AMERICAN CHURCH.—In recognition of the valuable services of the organist of the American Church during the past year it was decided by the Vestry of the above mentioned Church that, in addition to his regular salary, the organist, Mr. W. Herbert Williams, should be permitted to give a recital on Sunday afternoon, April 28th, and that the Offertory taken up on that occasion should be handed to him. The Church was crowded. Mr. Williams was kindly assisted by Mrs. John Bard, soprano, Freiherr von Liliencron, 'cello, and F. C. Fairbanks Esq., piano. The programme was as follows:—“Toccatina and Fugue (D moll) by Bach; Aria

“With verdure clad” by Haydn; Praeludium by Brosig; Largo for Cello by Leclair; Air by Liliencron; Grave, Allegro moderato by Rheinberger; Prayer (for Soprano, cello, piano, and organ) by Gounod-Bach; Sonata (Allegro spiritoso, Andante quasi Adagio, Introduction, Fugue and Finale) by Bartmuss.” The Toccatina and Fugue of Bach were admirably played, the organ, however, hardly being powerful enough for this piece. In the sonata by Bartmuss Mr. Williams was enabled to show his fine *technique*, especially in the pedal passages of the last movement. Freiherr von Liliencron is too well known an artist for it to be necessary for us to say more than that he once more charmed his audience by his playing. Mrs. Bard's rich Soprano voice was heard to great advantage in the Aria by Haydn, and also in the Prayer by Gounod-Bach, in both of which pieces she had full chance to show her deep comprehension of her art as well as the mellow sweetness of her voice. Those who have had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Bard sing in the Church during the past winter will regret to hear that she soon leaves Dresden for America and that she does not purpose returning here next Winter. We can only say that we envy her musical friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

### Exchanges.

THE new board for 1896 sends to all other boards and staffs of college magazines, reviews, and literary journals its greeting. It requests that all will aid it in its endeavors to extend its list of exchanges; and promises to give such in the future due attention and notice; making it a special part of its editorial duty.

*Williams' Lit.* reached us a few days ago, and is as excellent a college paper as we have yet seen. The stories are bright and the poetry more than ordinary.

Our little friend, the *Westminster Review*, is always welcome, and speaks well for those who edit it.

*Wellesley Magazine* has always pleased us; and has brought in our minds many inspiring thoughts.

*Sibyl* is as refreshing a little paper as comes to our exchange table. We hope to see it more regularly.

*Trinity Tablet* shows careful compiling, and is very attractive. Their editors, however, we should judge, do the greater part, if not all, of the work.

**College Notes.**

—College session commences September 11th.

—Maslins, '96, Devall, '96, P. C., and Belsey, '98, intend to reside in the college buildings all summer, "Peas to their (h)ashes."

—Tutor Anthony spends his time generally in Madalin.

Kunkel, '96, and Porter, '99, are spending part of their vacation in Upper Red Hook.

Wilson, '96, is stopping at the "Study," Upper Red Hook, and will be pleased to hear from all. Send all mail to Annandale.

—Brestell, '95, is busy in New York with parish work, and not dead as reported. Worrell, '95, is enjoying himself in Pennsylvania.

—Coerr, '98, is traveling for a change.

—Gibson, '97, is in charge at Clermont.

—H. Bishop, the P. M., would like the addresses of all those who desire their mail to be forwarded. Otherwise it goes to the Dead-Letter Office.

—Ninety-eight figured as the Freshman class for the last time at the banquet, held on the Monday evening of Commencement week. A very jolly time, some changes in the class officers, and a new and noisy class yell were among the results.

—The class of '99 celebrated their birth as Freshmen by a supper, at the Rhinebeck Hotel, on Monday evening.

—The time honored feature of Commencement Day, namely: the evening party at the "Manse," lost none of its charms this year.

—A great many pleasant things were said about the interior decoration of the chapel.

—The Bartlett estate is soon to become the home of Mr. James Kidd. Although the students will sadly miss the freedom of the estate granted them by Mrs Bartlett (R. I. P.), we congratulate Mr. Kidd in the possession of so beautiful a home and wish him much happiness.

—We noticed, with regret, this year, as in the past, one, perhaps the only one, detrimental feature of Commencement Day, and that is the apparent misconception of its significance by the rural population, who seem to regard it in the light of circus day. Their desecration of precincts, so dear to us, very unpleasant.

—Rev. Frederick W. Norris, B. A., '88, who has been in Oxford, England for some time, contemplates a return.