

MESSENGER

Vol. 2 No. 1 September, 1895

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 1

September, 1895.

Entered as second-class mail matter, at the Post-Office at Annandale, N. Y.

Prospectus of The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

This Magazine will be published every month from September to June, inclusive, by the students of the College. Its character will be literary. A special feature during the present year will be an article in each number by a member of the Faculty, a prominent alumnus, or some noted friend of the college.

Subscriptions may commence with any number, and will always be for ten months, exclusive of vacation. Terms, \$1.00: single copies 10 cents.

All business communications and subscriptions should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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 of \$10.00 will be given to that undergraduate whose contributions of essays, 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.

Contributions will be returned, if stamps are enclosed.

All contributions must be accompanied by the names of the authors, and will be published only under the full names or an initial of the names of the writers.

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

Address:

"EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,"

THE S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1895.

NO. I.

Commencement.

PART I.

THE Commencement, 1895, of S. Stephen's College was of peculiar interest, and an occasion for congratulation to those who through the history of this purely Church institution have borne the burden and heat of the day.

The year closed has been one of substantial growth and improvement, both financially and educationally; the advanced standard of scholarship having been creditably maintained both by the undergraduates and the St. Stephen's men in the Seminary.

As every year adds dignity to the College, so is it with deeper interest that Alumni and friends pass the massive stone pillars which mark the entrance to the Campus. Alumni who are unable to revisit annually the scene of College days can hardly realize the thrill of joy, not unmingled with a shade of sadness as sweet memories that come with the first step on the old walks, now in perfect order, and with edges geometrically true, luring one to enjoy such shade as only our own Campus affords.

When, in '94 we surveyed the grounds, a structure, massive, but with its four windowless walls unattractive, scarcely gave promise of the present Hoffman Library, a representation of which, doing it feeble justice, claims a place in the catalogue. Drawn by its classic pillars to seek a closer view, arm-in-arm with an undergraduate we approach the stately pile; and as our thoughts run back to a little room in Occident (begging pardon for the old name of Aspinwall) where in our day was sheltered the nucleus of a library, we closer press the ready arm, a link between the old and new. And then the grounds: well said a lady of taste, "The Warden could have made a fortune as a landscape gardener;" for the "wood" with its shade and the "lawn" with its beauty are in June something never to be forgotten.

Commencement passed without a Class Day; and, although this is not unusual, yet it is another sign of what is characteristic here just now, but which,

we are told by the class of '98, will promptly give place to the more demonstrative spirit which surely has its place. A kindly suggestive article in the first issue of the MESSENGER by one of the Faculty might have encouraged to expect a successful Field Day; but although we learn with admiration that the writer of that article set a good example in the matter of athletics, using his own influence to popularize manly exercise, yet in this, too, were we disappointed.

The sum of fifteen hundred dollars has been secured; but a gymnasium worthy of these grounds will cost several thousand dollars. It is true that S. Stephen's men are the very ones needing such a building, and are as a body unable to increase rapidly the present fund. "Take a walk and avoid headache" is good advice, but with mud and snow for months there is certain need of a well equipped gymnasium.

The program of Commencement week fittingly began on Sunday, June 9 with the Baccalaureate Sermon by the honored Warden, who uttered no fulsome eulogy but a characteristic, manly address. Long live Doctor Fairbairn.

Wednesday, as in former years, was the favorite day for renewing friendships beneath the same old oaks and hemlocks where once we loved to read, and where some Alumnus even now defends our side against undergraduates in a tennis tournament.

Every S. Stephen's man is a willing worker in preparing for their early feasts and occasionally, as the work of decoration and chair "hustling" progresses, some Junior Preparatory man is thus encouraged by a Reverend Alumnus: "Work away, I've been there too."

As the sun with the same golden glow which we were accustomed so to admire, sinks behind the Catskills, than which no other mountains impress with more grandeur, the sweet toned bell even now suspended in its isolated tower, rouses us from reveries (would that it had ever done so) to prep for evensong.

The procession was formed near the oak; and was under the direction of Marshal Lasher, '96, and his two Assistants, Maslin, '96, and Longley, '97. Places were taken in order, and we were soon passing beneath the same chestnut whose fruit was always so in demand at five minutes before nine A. M. in Fall.

The organ, rebuilt since the previous commencement, and under the touch of Mr. W. G. W. Anthony, M.A., '90, is essentially a new one and heightens the effect of the processional. The Annual Missionary Service was begun with the prayers intoned by the Rev. George D. Silliman, D.D., '67. It was heard and well sustained throughout, and was concluded by the Rt. Rev. Leigh Coleman, D.D., Bishop of Delaware. Being entered into earnestly by a body of priests, students, and the entire congregation, it was the more in-

esting since it was intoned, the musical voice of the first named reader unintentionally giving the right key which was quickly taken by all in the Pater Noster. It is hoped that in the future, with such a body of good singers, this service may always be choral. The lessons were assigned to the Rev. Charles Pelletreau, L. H. D., and the Rev. George S. Bennett, B.D. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Frank L. Humphreys, D.D., from the text St. John iv: ii, and was a clear and helpful setting forth of the source and the need of spiritual preparation and fitness for their work, on the part of those who are looking forward to the sacred ministry.

During the service one adult candidate presented by the Warden was confirmed by Bishop Coleman acting for the Bishop of the Diocese. The solemnity of the Rite was increased by the thunderous AMEN at the prayer for the gifts of the Holy Ghost in the laying on of hands.

The service, all too brief, left us, as the final chords of the organ died away, to observe the chaste floral decoration of this chapel of chapels, and the new dossal; and then scanning the vacant stalls, to see in our minds one and another of our dear friends with whom we were wont to kneel in old times. Flowers, a sweet offering to one whose memory is so dear, modestly called attention to the stall of the late Professor James Stryker, L.L. D. The avenue back to the College, festooned by day with nature's arches of green, was now resplendent with rows of Japanese lanterns and colored fires, while the concert by the Poughkeepsie Military Band and the presence of many lady friends added not a little to the charm of a promenade as planned by the class of '95. With so much to please the eye and ear and a "benign Jupiter," an ideal fairy scene was fairly realized.

Again, as of old, Ludlow and Willink Hall was bright with lights, and brighter with genial welcome, as Alumni and friends of the College, with the members of the graduating class, gathered at the Warden's reception; where they met the members of the Board of Trustees, and Faculty. Here also were honored guests of the College, where all join with renewed heartiness as years go by, in that fervent wish of the old College song, "Vivat Academia et qui illum regit."

Soon after eleven o'clock a three-fold separation took place, as the Alumni parted to enjoy the hospitality of the active members of S. Stephen's fraternity and secret societies. Until day dawned Eulexian, Kappa Gamma Chi and Sigma Alpha Epsilon were at their respective feasts. Every member being confident that his own was the best, and renewing his youth, enjoyed rational comfort and pleasure.

There is no scene more dreamy than the Campus at dawn, as scattered on benches and chairs, are old and young "fellows" rehearsing anecdotes and listening (a luxury more prized than sleep, which, this night, is but little courted). Responsibility, with its countless cares is for the time cast aside,

and we live in the past, that happy past, more happy as succeeding years roll on.

The Chapel bell at 7:30 called a large number to the Alumni Reunion service, where the Bishop of Delaware was celebrant and Dr. Silliman served. This is doubtless the most impressive service of the year when the Churchly Chapel doubly hallowed seems, as the memories of those at rest arise in mind so truly the Gate of Heaven.

Breakfast on Commencement morning, the last regular meal in "commons" for the year, is an "event." The appreciative welcome of the students manifesting itself from the moment we reach the stone posts is wide-awake at this meal, where the exuberant spirit of young men, released from cramming, and on the eve of a long holiday, is fairly bubbling over. It is magnetizing to then touch elbows with our young friends, while the supply of rolls and coffee they would have us consume is amazing.

PART II.

There was, as is usual, a meeting of the Alumni Association at 10 o'clock and also a meeting of the Board of Trustees.

At 12 M. the procession formed at the college, under the direction of the marshal, James Lewis Lasher, '96, and preceded by the Poughkeepsie Military Band, marched to the chapel.

A new feature of the religious service was the reading, by the warden, of the Bidding Prayer, which recalled to mind the founders and benefactors of the college. The Litany was then intoned by Canon Fulcher, of Albany, after which the procession was conducted to the Campus, where the literary exercises were held, according to the Annandale custom, under the trees, in the open air. The programme was as follows: *Ideals*, Thomas Worrall, Poughkeepsie; *American Literature*, Thomas E. Swan, New York; *Partisanship*, John H. Dyer, High Falls; *The Golden Age of German Literature*, with Valedictory address, Rudolph E. Brestell.

Mr. Brestell, the Valedictorian, proved to be the honor man, not only of his class, but of the college, carrying off all the prizes that were awarded. He first obtained the honor of Primus, which requires the recipient to be not only the first man in his class, but also to attain a standard of at least 95 during the four years of his college course. Mr. Brestell reached the high standard of 97.69. He also obtained the McVicar prize in elocution, and the prizes in Hellenistic Greek, Psychology, Moral Philosophy, and English Literature. He was highly complimented by the Bishop of Delaware, who was present on the stage. Three other students would have received prizes had they complied with the condition which requires them not only to receive a mark of 95 on the study in question, but also to reach a standard of at least 80 on each of their other studies.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on each of the members of the graduating class, and of M. A. on the Rev. James M. Blackwell, B.A., of the class of 1892. The honorary degree of M. A. was conferred on the Rev. Geo. Sherman Richards; B. D. on the Rev. Eugene L. Toy and the Rev. John Henry Molineux; L. H. D. on the Rev. Charles Pelletreau and the Rev. Dr. E. N. Potter, President of Hobart College; D. D. on the Rev. Frederick S. Sill and the Rev. Charles F. Canedy; LL. D. on the Rev. Dr. A. Toomer Porter, of Charleston, S. C.; D. C. L. on Clifford Stanley Sims, Esq., of New Jersey.

After the exercises of commencement, the bishops, trustees, presidents of colleges, faculty, alumni, undergraduates, and invited guests proceeded to the new Hoffman Library Building. Dr. Hoffman, in fitting language, presented this noble and costly structure to the college, and Bishop Potter, in behalf of the trustees, accepted the gift. Dr. Silliman, the retiring president of the alumni, then introduced the Rev. Pierre McD. Bleeker, who, as the representative of the alumni, in a few well-chosen words, presented to the college a bronze bust of the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, the much loved warden of the college. The bronze is the work of Mr. George E. Bissell, of Poughkeepsie, whose work is well known in the John Watts monument in Trinity church yard, and the DePeyster Statue to be erected in Bowling Green, New York, and that of Chancellor Kent for the new Congressional Library at Washington.

This concluded the exercises of the day. The members of the college then escorted their guests to the dining room, where a substantial repast had been prepared. Speeches were made after dinner by Bishop Potter, Bishop Coleman, Dr. Hoffman, Dr. Porter, Judge Simms and the Warden, and the time was thus pleasantly occupied until it became necessary to take the carriages in order to meet the departing trains."

Addendum.—We publish this month, at the request of the Alumni Association, an account of the Commencement exercises which took place last June; and desire to thank the Association for their kindness in giving us the report; (which they have generally published in pamphlet form) because it helps us to lessen the debt which we hope soon to liquidate. A copy of this number will be sent to every Alumnus, and we make a special plea that all of them will *now* take the opportunity of subscribing. It is a lamentable fact that the Alumni are poorly represented on our list of subscribers; and it naturally seems reasonable that if they will not help us, neither will strangers who have nothing in common with us. We do not suppose that one will take up our paper with the same spirit one would a magazine, but we do think that twenty minutes spent in looking over the paper will awaken a spirit of zeal in those who call S. Stephen's their Alma Mater, or who call themselves her friends.

"Board."

The Rev. John Ireland Tucker, D. D.

STEPHEN'S has met with a great loss in the death of Dr. Tucker. He was one of the original trustees who were named in the charter which the Legislature granted in 1860. His interest in the Institution never flagged. He has proved it by the valuable gift which he has made to the College. The second item of his will is the bequeathing of his valuable library to this Institution. It was not the last item, as if now he was at a loss to know what to do with his books, but the second one, as if the College were uppermost in his mind.

The Warden of this College became acquainted with him when he was a month past his twenty-fifth birthday. He came to Troy at Christmas, 1841, to be the Pastor of Holy Cross, Troy. And although temptations were offered to remove him from this first position, he did not waver in his choice. He remained with Holy Cross, and celebrated last Christmas the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorship. The first four years of his ministry we lived together under the same roof. We were daily companions, and were brought into the most intimate communion and friendship. That friendship never waned. It was only at Commencement that I received one of his most generous letters, which showed that our friendship was as fresh as it was fifty years ago.

The hold that he had on the affections of the people of Troy was shown at his funeral. As we came down the aisle of the Holy Cross with the coffin there did not seem to be a dry eye. The children of the school, all dressed in white, with white capes, composed the choir. They sang the recessional and at the last verse, as they reached the door, the ability to sing almost ceased, and the girls broke out into audible sobs. It was a most touching incident, and required the strongest effort not to break down with the loving children. At the burial they marched round the grave, and each cast a small bouquet on the coffin.

Dr. Tucker lived in Troy for nearly fifty-one years; and at the end of that period he was probably more respected, more influential, and more loved than at any portion of it. His life would be a great study for young men, for he was a successful clergyman and an acceptable one. It would be worth our time to study the elements of his success.

No doubt faith and devotion are the first elements of success in any occupation, but there are elements which characterize the one which do not the other.

Propriety was one of those elements in him. His conduct was always proper. I have attempted to recall some improper action or word which escaped him during the four years that we stood in such intimate relation. But I do not recall any such. The picture before my mind is a man of the utmost propriety. His manners and his dress were of such a character as always to impress one. One could not fail to feel that he was in the presence

of a superior person. No vulgar expression or story ever escaped from his lips. No slovenliness was ever seen in him. This neatness was natural to him. It was not assumed or put on, but it became part of him. There are plenty of clergymen who are as learned, and as vigorous in their work, but it is rare to find one as graceful as he. That was one of the elements of character which made Dr. Tucker. He exemplified in a grand sense what William of Wyckham said, "Manners maketh man."

There might be written a discourse on the manners of Dr. Tucker which would be a great lesson to young men. Such cultivation would be in any one a real element of success.

R. B. Fairbairn.

At Eventide.

MY faithful steed was taking me down the long hill sloping eastward, as the last rays of the June sun were bidding good-night to the twin cities in one of New England's busiest valleys. As I looked, the line separating day from night advanced up the hill towering on the farther side, passing beyond the streets and their already ebbing traffic, over employer's palace and workman's cottage, till it overtook the plowman following homeward his kine, and many a farm-house adding charm to the back-ground of our picture as it stood nestled amid gardens and orchards of green.

Now all is shadow for the edge of evening, as a veil, has reached yonder summit; while the hum from the city street is ceased, and few traverse its lanes, save for pleasure.

In some parts of the deep valley a decided gloom prevails. As I looked up and down the scene soon to receive a dreamy appearance with its hundreds of lights, a gentle gleam attracted my eye, and the mental effect of what I then saw will long remain; for standing on a slight elevation in the city's center is St. Mary's, whose spire is surmounted at a height of almost two hundred feet by the emblem of Christianity.

While all the rest of the vision was in shadow, this alone caught the last gleam of the sun; and as a beacon of the Master's abiding presence, even as the bow in the days of Noah was seen in the clouds, so the cross seemed an answer to that beautiful hymn

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

L., '97.

“Don'ts.”

Note.—The board includes in this number a few don'ts, which are intended and were written exclusively for the new men. They are merely hints concerning what actions should be avoided and are printed *only* because the board considered that they might prove useful to some one. We assure the man who follows this advice that his career as a student will be more peaceful and he himself, more respected.—ED.

—Don't come to S. Stephen's with a heart incapable of college spirit. Take an interest in everything. Support all that you are able.

—Don't be late in arriving.

—Don't be afraid of bringing too much of your home with you in the way of books, pictures, rugs, etc. A cheerful room tends to make a cheerful man.

—Don't think that you are the only homesick one. A little search will discover another pining spirit. Comfort him; for in so doing you will forget self.

—Don't run into debt. You will live to regret it.

—Don't be “fresh.” The old men may salt you in a merciless way.

—Don't be afraid of asking for information. An old student will be glad of the opportunity to know you better by answering your question.

—Don't be hoodwinked by the societies' rushers. Be a man. Do your own thinking about joining any body. Let *no* man persuade you that his is the best, unless you feel sure that his is the body you desire to join.

—Don't be a “non-soc'”; it does not pay. Join some body, if only for the literary practice it will give you.

—Don't allow an old student to speak to you of any other student to the person's disadvantage. You will be showing splendid college spirit by refusing to hear such; and, in the end, will gain for yourself great respect.

—Don't make any plans for leaving College until Xmas time. You will be happier by not doing so.

—Don't get discouraged. Latin and Greek were just as hard to us when we were beginners as they are now to you. It only needs *work*.

—Don't allow a man to take you off to parties and concerts in the near vicinity. Such a man is *not* your friend, or he would not cause you to waste your evenings which should be spent in study. This applies also, as well, to the nightly visitor, who takes up your time with his endless talk.

—Don't be afraid to say *NO!* Every man should know when to say it.

—Don't neglect the “MESSENGER.” Send a copy of it home with your first letter; and ask your friends to subscribe.

—Don't be backward in writing something for the “MESSENGER.” Remember that it is *your* paper as well as our's. Let your parents, rector, and friends see how one of your productions looks in print.

—Don't argue about religion or religious subjects. It is better to live the life than to talk of it.

—Don't forget to forgive us for moralizing. We have done it this time for your good. We shall never do it again. N. S. & N. E.

NEW YORK CITY,

June 26th, 1898.

My Dear Charles :

I am at home again and trying not to let my friends see that my thoughts and hearts' interests are often away at dear old Annandale. I walk the streets of this my native city, feeling like a stranger and a pilgrim, longing for the familiar lanes about S. Stephen's where I could look around with a certain sense of ownership; for I doubt if any student ever remained a few weeks at college without feeling that he was a part of the great whole and owned a share of it. I feel confident that such familiar spots as the Bartlett knoll and the “Falls” are regarded by more than one habitual visitor as almost personal property. This is true of the former, I am sure, if they have there, while lying under the sighing pine trees, and gazing on the placid Hudson and friendly Catskills, taken leave of those evil angels called the “blues.”

I will try and spare you the unpleasant task of wading through pages of vain regrets for the years at S. Stephen's which for me are now gone forever. If I do leave them out of this letter, think not that they do not exist. Their name is legion, and, at times they threaten to overwhelm me. Although not a college man yourself, I feel sure that you will pardon me for soliloquizing. I cannot look back upon the six happy years (I entered as a “Junior Prep.” you know) without harbouring for a brief moment the many memories that clamour for an entrance.

I do not hesitate to call these years the happiest. I left my boyhood at S. Stephen's. Perhaps even now a laughing spirit, its phantom, is hovering in those academic groves; who, as I go back in after years, will rest upon me with a temporary transforming influence. I began to realize at the end of my second year that I was growing old. I began then to appreciate the lessons resulting from the study of the men about me. The disappointments at that time in the shatterings of ideals were as bitter as any I have yet suffered. If you, my friend, have ever had the idea that S. Stephen's men were far above the average college men let me dispossess you of any such notion. We (I still say “We” although I am no longer among the happy crowd entitled to that privilege) are a set of men differing as widely among ourselves as any ordinary crowd of eighty that you might select. We came from varied states of life, we each brought an individual atmosphere with us. I think I myself spoke of S. Stephen's as a “cloister” before I ever saw it. The name ap-

plies neither to its location or its composition. Free from all gloom, open to the freshest of breezes and the brightest of sunshine it harbors a set of men happy and free; men whose piety one must often take for granted and wait patiently until at some unexpected place it appears.

If before coming to S. Stephen's the men have been forced by their surroundings and responsibilities to be somewhat matured, they are now transported back to boyhood by the absence of all conventional environment. Older minds fail to appreciate what a severe test it is for a boy, who having left the guiding influence of home and the ever ready counsel of an interested rector, feels himself his own master, his own adviser. What wonder if he makes mistakes at first? He will have temptations at S. Stephen's:—Annandale, although I have often called it a paradise, is terrestrial;—and the ordinary, the well known temptations of young college men exist at S. Stephen's as they do elsewhere. However, men are not to be learned in their faults and failings only at S. Stephen's. I count among the sweetest and most bitter experiences of my still little life the close contact with other men, whose virtues I have been proud to discover, whose faults I have learned to commiserate, in those precious moments of heart-to-heart talks before the cheery hearth fires, or in the summer moonlight. Those times when men let down the bars of their hearts and allowed their fancies, their affections, their real selves to come out and graze in the pastures of mutual trust. Ah, at such times youth is so sweet, life is so promising!

S. Stephen's is rightly termed a small College; I rejoice that she is such. Were it otherwise, such close family relations would be impossible. I venture to say that in a large College a man's intimate acquaintance, or even such an acquaintance as I feel that I have had with the eighty men at Annandale would be limited to twenty-five fellows. Thus for the privilege of studying human nature I feel confident that my Alma Mater has few equals.

In the coming years of varied life we may in forgetfulness almost cease to love the different college rooms in which we lived (I do not dare to speak of the loving the recitation rooms), although I am sure I shall always have a fondness for the Mathematical room with its memories of Dr. Stryker, (Requiescat in pace). We may forget the peaceful influence of that God's Acre with its great stone cross, the base of which has been the scene of many a good chat; we may forget the "Warden's Path" and its dear twilight memories; yet even the Bartlett knoll; but I doubt if we shall ever cease to feel at home and at peace in the memories of the Chapel. The influence of the daily service on the lives of S. Stephen's men has been stupendous. Daily attendance may sometimes get perfunctory, and I have often doubted the benefit of compulsory attendance, but, now I look back with a great sigh for those quiet half-hours, when, if ever, I was near God.

I would not be honest if I neglected what to me were the chief of the

pleasures of college life. I mean the "busts." They were never pretentious unless just after the reception of a box from home at Thanksgiving or birthday time. Oftener they consisted of cocoa (made with hot water) and college cake. But I am sure that no banquet with its following exhibition of wit and wisdom and eloquence will ever make me as happy as our little "busts," eaten from a collection of dishes almost as varied as those of childish mud-pie days; and followed by the social smoke and interchange of opinions in our youthful struggles for truth.

I have not mentioned the bookish side of college life. Remember that I am writing in vacation time. Moreover I could add little to the evidence of results which our list of alumni and their works give. I have told you but a little of S. Stephen's and realize that I have been a poor champion. I have spoken from my point of view; no doubt there are as many others as there are students and alumni, all harmonizing, I feel sure, in their love for the dear place which has been or will be to them a happy home.

With your younger brother in mind, whose expectations of a college education you have told me, I have made this a S. Stephen's letter. If he is inclined to be wild and incorrigible, I beseech you to spare S. Stephen's the task of reforming him. She makes no such pretensions. If, however, he has an average degree of manliness, desires more, and will be faithful to himself to the college and to the Church, intrust him to us. I can only hope for him that his life here will be as happy as mine has been. Faithfully,

N. E.

Claude Frollo, the Archdeacon of Nôtre Dame.

A FEW weeks ago we had the pleasure and the privilege of reading Victor Hugo's *Nôtre Dame*. It is not to be compared to that wonderful and inspiring work of his: *Les Misérables*; but it is none the less a story worthy of particular notice, and one that pictures in a lucid and vivid manner the weakness of human nature (no matter how strong and magnificent it may be at times), and of human motive.

We ourselves were especially impressed with the character of Claude Frollo, priest of Nôtre Dame, though we do not consider him a model worthy of our imitation, nor deem him sufficiently great to warrant our sincere admiration and esteem. The description which we hope to give of the archdeacon will not be wholly original, but it will, at least, be a product of our own impoverished mind, interwoven with different borrowings from the author.

Claude Frollo was, of a truth, no ordinary man. He was no common or unrefined person. His parents had destined him from his infancy for the ecclesiastical state. He had been taught to read in Latin, and had been bred to walk with downcast eyes; and to speak in low, soft tones. While yet

child his father had cloistered him in the college of Torchi, and there it was that he had grown up over the missal and the lexicon. He was, moreover, a melancholy, grave and serious boy, who studied ardently and learned rapidly. At the age of sixteen he was a match in theology for the learned doctors of the church. Having finished theology he had then rushed into the study of the decretals. He then made himself familiar with that vast and tumultuous period of the civil and the canon law, in collision and at strife with each other in the chaos of the Middle Ages; a period which opens with Bishop Theodore in 618, A. D., and closed in 1227, A. D., with Pope Gregory. Having digested the decretals, he plunged into medicine and the liberal arts. He studied the science of herbs, and the science of ointments. He became expert in the treatment of fevers and in the healing of wounds. In like manner he ran through every degree—bachelor, master and doctor—in the faculty of arts. He studied the languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, a triple sanctuary then but little frequented. He was possessed by an absolute fever of acquiring and storing up science.

It was just about this period that the excessive heat of the summer of 1466 gave birth to the great plague which carried off more than 40,000 souls within the viscounty of Paris, and amongst others the parents of Claude Frolo. A little brother, quite an infant, was found crying and abandoned in its cradle. Claude Frolo hastened in great alarm to his paternal roof, and taking the little child under his arm, went away sad and pensive. Hitherto he had lived only in science, he was now beginning to live in the world. This catastrophe was a crisis in Claude's existence. An older brother, an orphan, and the head of a family at nineteen, he felt himself rudely aroused from the reveries of the school to the realities of this life. Then, moved with pity, he was seized with passion and devotion for this infant brother; and strange and sweet was this human affection to him who had never yet loved anything but books.

This affection developed itself to a singular degree. In a soul so new to passion it was like a first love. Separated since his childhood from his parents, whom he had scarcely known, cloistered and walled up, as it were, in his books, eager above all things to study and to learn, the poor scholar had not yet had time to feel that he had a heart. This little brother, without father or mother, this infant which suddenly dropped from Heaven into his charge, made a new man of him. He discovered that there was something else in the world besides the speculations of the Sorbonne and the verses of Homer; he learned *that man has need of affection, that life without tenderness and without love is but a piece of rusty machinery, noisy and wearisome.* Only he fancied that the affections of blood and kindred were the sole ones necessary; and that a little brother to love was sufficient to fill up his whole existence. Now the child having lost his mother before he was weaned,

Claude put him out to nurse. The miller's wife was suckling a fine boy and was not far from the university, so Claude carried his little brother in his arms to her. Then feeling that he had a burden to bear, he began to look on life as a serious matter. He resolved to devote himself entirely to the future of the being for whom he thought himself answerable before God, and never to have any other spouse, any other offspring than the happiness and the fortune of his brother. He attached himself therefore more devotedly than ever to his clerical vocation; his merit, his learning, his quality as an immediate vassal of the Bishop of Paris, opening wide to him the gates of the Church. At twenty years of age, by special dispensation from the Holy See, he was ordained priest, and performed the service at the altar as the youngest of the chaplains of Nôtre Dame.

In 1482, Claude Frolo was about thirty-six years old. He was no longer the simple scholar of the Torchi College, the tender protector of a little boy, the young dreaming philosopher who knew many things and was ignorant of many; but he was a priest, austere, grave, morose, having the cure of souls, Monsieur the Archdeacon of Nôtre Dame, the second acolyte of the bishop, having charge of the two deaneries of Montlhery and Châteaufort and of a hundred and seventy-four country cures. The fame of Dom. Claude extended far and wide. His brother, now a young man, was a sad disappointment to him. Instead of developing into a strong, christian character, he had drifted into the channel of licentiousness, and was nothing more than a worthless, dissipated youth. No wonder that Dom. Claude's affections were shattered, no wonder that at last he found himself enchanted by the being of another.

Every day an hour before sunset, the archdeacon ascended the staircase of the tower and shut himself up in his canon's cell in the cloister of Nôtre Dame. On a certain day, just as he reached the low door of his little nook, and was putting into the lock the small key, the sound of a tambourine and castanets reached his ears. Claude Frolo hastily withdrew the key, and in an instant was on the summit of the tower in a gloomy and thoughtful attitude. There he was, grave, motionless, absorbed in one look, one thought. All Paris lay at his feet, with her thousand spires and her circular horizon of softly-swelling hills, with her river winding under her bridges, and her people rushing to and fro through her streets, with the clouds of her smoke, with her hilly chain of roofs pressing round Nôtre Dame with redoubled folds. Yet in all that city the archdeacon saw but one spot on its pavement; in all that crowd but one figure, that of a gypsy girl,—young, beautiful, and almost divine. It would have been difficult to say what was the nature of that look, or whence arose the flame that issued from it. It was a fixed gaze, like the gaze of one enraptured by the splendor of the Catskills, and yet full of trouble and tumult. From the profound stillness of his whole body only just agitated at intervals by an involuntary shiver, like a tree shaken by the

wind, his stiffened elbows seemingly more marble than the balustrade on which he leaned, and the petrified smile which contracted his countenance, one might have said that no part of Claude Frolo was alive but his eyes.

Sometime later Dom. Frolo entered a dungeon where this young gypsy girl was confined, and where she had been placed on the charge of having wounded, with a long sharp pointed knife, in concert with the powers of darkness, by the aid of charms and spells, a captain of the King's archers. She was innocent of the crime for which she was suffering. Yet she was there, lost in darkness, buried, walled up. Claude Frolo himself was the guilty one. He it was, who in a fit of jealousy, had stabbed the archer, the man whom the gypsy loved. She knew what the priest had done and she hated him with a cruel hatred. There he was alone before her, his very form seeming like the form of a demon. What was he doing there? Ah! he had come for the purpose of revealing the emotions of his heart, and of making known to her the things which he had scarcely dared tell to himself. He was happy once. Before he met her he was pure, his soul being filled with limpid light. Priests consulted him upon chastity, doctors upon doctrine. More than once, though, his blood had been roused by the passing of a female form. Fasting, prayer and study, however, the macerations of the cloister had again restored the soul's empire over the body. But one day, oh! that unfortunate day, he fell. The sound of the music and the spectacle which he saw from the tower was too much for his human eyes. There, in the middle of the pavement, was a creature dancing; a creature so beautiful that Claude thought that God would have preferred her to the blessed Virgin, would have chosen her for His mother, and would have been born of her, if she had existed when He became man. Her eyes were black and splendid, amidst her raven locks a few single hairs, through which the sunbeams shone, were glistening like threads of gold. Her feet were lost in their movements like the spokes of a wheel turning rapidly. Around her head, amongst her ebon tresses, were plates of metal, which sparkled in the sun, and formed about her temples a diadem of stars. Her dress, thick-set with spangles, all blue and studded, twinkled and sparkled like a summer's night. Her brown and pliant arms twined and untwined themselves about her figure like two silken scarfs. Her form was effulgent with beauty. Oh! that resplendent figure, which stood out like something luminous even in the sunlight itself, that figure was the ruination of Claude Frolo. In the stillness of the dungeon he told her the throbbings of his heart, in that darksome place he poured forth his burning love. Oh! how he plead with her; oh! how he begged her to take pity on him. But she had no mercy for him. She spurned his love; she drove him from the dungeon in gloom and despair.

Oh! kind readers, think, think what an awful thing it must be to love a woman, to be hated, to love with all the powers of one's soul, to feel that one

would give for the least of her smiles one's blood, one's vitals, one's fame, one's salvation, immortality and eternity, this life and that which is to come; and to see her in love with the being of another, and have nothing to offer her but a priest's poor cassock, at which she will feel fear and disgust! Oh, yes! these are the true pincers, heated at the fires of Satan! Blessed is he that is burned at the stake like the martyrs of old, or torn to pieces by the wolves of the forest! It would have been far better for Claude Frolo had he died in the days of his youth, than to have lived on as he did, and die the death of the unrighteous.

Charles Bratten Dubell.

The Outlook from the Editor's Sanctum.

THE Outlook will be necessarily short this month as the magazine is unusually full owing to the insertion of the Commencement news.

We would like to call the attention of contributors to our new "prospectus" on the back of the title page, and say a word here in explanation of one of the changes made. We have been wavering some time about pseudonymes, but have finally decided that to raise the standard of the paper, it is necessary that every writer be known, as no one would care to sign his name, or an initial of his name, to an article that was not the result of his best effort. We hope, too, that the prize offered will call forth the best work from every one.

There seems to be a feeling abroad that it is useless to write for the magazine, as one's article will never be published; such is not the case. The last Board never received as many articles as it would liked to have had to select from, and the present Board, knowing this, therefore reminds all that it is not only a privilege but also a duty to write for our magazine, as we are all, as undergraduates, responsible for the success or failure of the paper. Let us all join hands and work for the common cause.

It has been rumored that we have a revolutionist at S. Stephens, who thinks that he can alter the state of affairs that has existed, to a greater or less degree, ever since our College has existed. The latest utterance of this well meaning gentleman we quote:

"They call me a revolutionist, but so was George Washington. I am willing to be thought such if it is for a good cause, and this is it. In S. Stephen's College the number of scholarships is limited, and because the demand is so much larger than the supply, many men are refused admission annually. In this little town there is no chance for men to work their way through College as at Harvard, with the exception of the stationery man and the tobacco dealer. Why is this? Three men are required to serve the meals; this work would give them the means of procuring an education. The care of the furnace, the care of the chapel and recitation rooms, the carrying of mail

and a great many other little jobs, could furnish work enough for four more. Yet men are refused admission year after year. The fact is deplorable."

We wonder if the young writer ever has tried to do all of the college work he should have done in any one day; and, if so, whether he ever succeeded or not. We never have. We have found, as well as many others, that the division of the day into eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight hours for play, are entirely impracticable at Annandale; and here comes along some utopian, who, feeling that he has more time than he knows how to dispose of, recommending in a cold, heartless fashion, that a poor young man endanger his prospects by ruining his health and consequently his brain by trying to perform the circus act of riding two horses at once—manual work and study. My dear boy, as we have three hours of recitations every day, which require, as a rule, two hours each to study to prepare for them, we find at once that nine hours are, or should be, employed in study and recitation. Then we have one hour a day which is devoted to divine service. Every man doing mental labor needing at least eight hours of sleep, we find that we have but six hours for meals, exercise, care of rooms, attending to one's little duties, and, last but not least, for reading. Now, how a young man can do the necessary collegiate work at Annandale and do *regular* manual labor besides, is beyond our comprehension. We are not ignorant of the fact that the late President Garfield did it, and that many others are doing it to-day at Harvard, but from what information we have obtained from educators of experience, we claim that it is impossible to do so and give the proper attention to college work at the same time. Men so engaged lose, too, half what we should acquire at college, that is *culture*. Their time would be only evenly divided between their work, their study (and alas! that would be very little), and sleep, the last named of which would be a luxury indeed, not to be indulged in heavily. We imagine the existence of such a man, we quote our writer: "the fact [would be] deplorable." (The words in brackets are our own.)

We admire the ambition of the young man who is willing to work under the most disadvantageous circumstances to acquire an education, but we refrain from commending his prudence, for what is an education if we have lost our vitality in getting it. Many are the men in the world to-day who are rapidly fitting themselves for the grave by such overwork. It is possible to burn both ends of a candle at the same time, but, if we want the candle to last, the practice is not wise. Then again, what is practical at Harvard is not necessarily practical here. There is no analogy. Harvard is a town in itself, we a very small community. Naturally, like all small communities, we are liable to be, and too often are, very narrow minded, and the author says truly in another part of the same article, that we should be more sympathetic, but one naturally in assuming the position of a servant must expect

to be treated as such. If one has tender feelings, we advise that person not to become a waiter, especially where he has to play a double role. We *know* that the young men who have waited in Cambridge, have been treated, to be sure, with respect, but still as menials. The world is the same all over, and though this is a free country, that idea of freedom does not convey social equality, nor was it ever intended by the framers of the Constitution that it should. We may respect our butchers and porters, but we never, anywhere in the world, make such companions. There are social stations in the world and no man who makes himself a menial must expect his employer, no matter what a Christian he is, to make him a companion; and a man is foolish to expect it.

Then again, say we had student waiters, such men to do what the present waiters do, would have to arise at six in the morning, and from that time on would be busy until ten and sometimes later, more often it is later. These men would never be able to attend chapel in the morning, nor the vesper services either, as supper would require their attention at that time. Now does it seem reasonable that a man should sacrifice his opportunity to gain spiritual strength for the sake of waiting? This matter has been very mildly put and is exaggerated in no way. It is a stern fact that a man can do but one thing *well*. To do it requires, in the average man, undivided attention, and as we are all average men and not geniuses, we need all of our time for our chosen work. The whole idea of combining work and study is of the silliest nature, and probably was engendered in the brain of our young "revolutionist" while he was in a magnanimous mood. We have given this so much space to annihilate any doubt that may exist in any one's mind as to the practicability of any such scheme at Annandale. In closing we would advise young enthusiasts of the revolutionist type to read more on the subject, and would add as our prayer, with all reverence, for those who attempt to combine study and work, God pity the man who does it!

Exchanges.

AS we are the first, or one of the first, of the college magazines of the year, we have no comment to make in this number about our contemporaries. We send this number to many who are strangers to us as yet, and will gladly welcome theirs in exchange. We desire to make our exchange table a feature of this year's Board, and insure all magazines a hearty welcome.

We beg to call the attention of our own men to the fact that the "Sanctum" will always be open in the afternoon for the benefit of those who would like to know what our sister colleges are doing, and we hope that all will take the advantage of this offer, and see for themselves what other college magazines look like, how they are conducted, what kind of stories, essays and poems are

written for them, in short, to become more informed as to the ways, methods, and means of those who are engaged in the same work as ourselves. We know that by so doing we will all become more liberal, and learn that our's is not the only way.

We were agreeably surprised to-day by the arrival of a new guest, *The Wind Mill*. The number before us, it appears, is the Annual Number, and is the finest specimen of school Annuals we have yet seen. It is carefully and tastefully illustrated and is ended by a charming letter supposed to have been written by a young woman. Its chief and distinctive feature, however, is the military news, which fills the greater part of the number. We will be pleased to exchange regularly, and hope that we will be enabled to know more of the life at Manlius, especially that at St. John's. Our interest, too, in St. John's, is increased, because she is a Church school, and it is the desire of the Board to, at least, come into closer union with all of our Church institutions of learning.

Among the magazines sent to the Editor in the vacation were two daintily gotten up volumes, *The Sibyl*, published by the Elmira College for Women, and the *Wellesley Magazine*. Both show the taste and neatness of woman's handiwork, especially the *Sibyl*. One thing especially noticeable in regard to their contents was the intense love shown towards their Alma Mater. Both were filled with the doings of Commencement. The commencement oration on "Manners," by the Rev. Dr. Pattison at Elmira was remarkably able.

The *Trinity Tablet*, bright, well written, up to date, poetry very good. Interesting article on Vagabondage by J. J. McCook.

Also a number of the *Tablet* exclusively devoted to the doings of Commencement.

The American Catholic, edited and published by an energetic, hard-working priest in East St. Louis, Ill. We remark a note "that this paper takes no vacation."

The Editor's Corner.

A FEELING exists to-day, which we have no doubt has existed for centuries, that "the rich man is getting richer, the poor man, poorer."

If this feeling was expressed only by the so-called poor man, nothing might be thought of it and the matter could be overlooked. Led by the nose as the workman is to-day, and has been, by the demagogues, and lashed as he is by the walking delegate, who instructs him what he is to believe, what not to believe, it is not surprising that he should give vent to such feelings and utter such sentiments. Nothing else could be expected from him but the emphasized echo of his leader's thoughts. When a historian, however, though a woman, calmly and thoughtfully, makes such a statement to the world, it seems fitting to investigate the matter and to discover whether the charge is

to be treated as such. If one has tender feelings, we advise that person not to become a waiter, especially where he has to play a double role. We know that the young men who have waited in Cambridge, have been treated, to be sure, with respect, but still as menials. The world is the same all over, and though this is a free country, that idea of freedom does not convey social equality, nor was it ever intended by the framers of the Constitution that it should. We may respect our butchers and porters, but we never, anywhere in the world, make such companions. There are social stations in the world and no man who makes himself a menial must expect his employer, no matter what a Christian he is, to make him a companion; and a man is foolish to expect it.

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that with one continuous gigantic struggle they not only freed themselves, but ran into all sorts of extremes and follies, as was naturally to be expected from such an animated, excitable, and down-trodden race.

In Russia, the serfs, could they speak without restraint, could tell fearful tales of hardships and woes; though it must be confessed that their freed condition is not much better, exposing them with their childlike natures, to the avarice and cunning of the Jew, who, deluding and hoodwinking the poor creatures, soon proves to them that of all slavery, that of being in debt to a Jew is the worst.

Such were the conditions, as history and facts teach us, of the world a century or more ago. Anyone doubting this merely has to pick up any narrative or history of the times, or convince himself by viewing the pictures of famous artists, who have depicted some terrible scenes of the times, which often tells us louder than words, the true wretched condition of these people of the past.

Let us now shift our scenes and gaze upon a more modern picture.

Imagine one who died a century ago waking up to find a towering twenty story commercial building upon the sight where once he lived in a two story frame house.

Imagine his wonder at seeing so many changes. To be sure, he felt even in his own day that changes would come, but never had his imagination pictured such as meet his gaze. Steam, he remembers well, was only dreamed of; now he sees that no longer is manual labor so arduous, but that with elevators and machines of various kinds, men's work is more mental and their strength less needed.

Imagine the curiosity which would possess him when he gazed at an electrical trolley or cable car, when even horse cars were not thought of in his day, but only the "bus."

Imagine with what delight he would gaze at the model tenements, and how pleased he would be to see the flowers in the windows, and to hear the music of the pianos, the property of workmen, things not dreamed of in that neighborhood in his days. What sighs he would heave, how he would wish that he and his poor family had enjoyed one-half of what he saw. How strange it would all seem to him. How curious the electrical lamps would look, and the clean asphalt pavement in contrast with the muddy lane and occasional oil lamps of his time. What questions he would necessarily ask; how bewildered he would be. Does it not seem reasonable to suppose that he would inquire whether this was his former home or some enchanted fairy land? Yet all this is the possession of the poor man to-day. Would he not, could he see the parlors of the workmen's homes to-day, doubt it very much when told that they were considered the homes of poor men? Would it not seem natural that he would remember his own little "best room," with its sanded floor, and the plain, square back furniture, the best in the neighborhood.

Would his eyes not open even wider when he should have gazed at one of these workmen's daughters, dressed for some ball, party or excursion, in a dream of silks, satin and lace (though it be machine made)? Would not he think of his own wife and children and their plain, print calicos (their Sunday best "bib and tucker," as they called them), and contrast them, mentally, with these fashionable, though gaudy, people before him; and would he not be justified in thinking he was being imposed upon, or was being treated to a fair vision, ethereal though pleasant?

Such a case would not be impossible were a Rip Van Winkle attainable to try the experiment; nor is this picture overdrawn. We are not ignorant of the fact that there are slums and slumming parties. There were then. If anyone were to read the history of the Five Points, and then could see its condition to-day, he might say that it was bad, but he certainly could see that it is much better than it has been.

Can it then be honestly said that the poor man is poorer when he enjoys luxuries that even the rich man in his father's day could not afford, or did not enjoy, because it did not then exist?

Can it be said that the poor man is poorer when the suburbs of all of our large cities and towns are full of the neat and comfortable little homes owned by workmen who are employed in town?

Even where the conditions of the people to-day are deplorable, they cannot be said to be poorer. We will even go so far as to say that there are cases to-day in which people, through shiftlessness or trouble, are as poor as their fathers were, but they are not poorer, it is utterly impossible as the times advance. The cry is, "onward!" and we find the rich and poor alike proportionately richer. No more do we see the gloom of ignorance; education is rising and improving the race. The workmen's children to-day are well educated, and he has many opportunities before unknown. Enlightenment has begun to shed her beaming light over the former darkness, superstition and filth; and hygiene more and more is entering his home in every particular, and making it more wholesome and healthful.

Surely this is encouraging and we thank God for it.

Let us praise Him more and more, because He has so remembered His poor, and Christ's teachings have so revolutionized the thoughts of men, that the poor are not getting poorer, but are decidedly richer.

J. HENRY WILSON, '96.

Addendum.—Since writing the above the editor has had a talk with political economists more conversant with the subject in all its details than himself, and has been shown that there are many so-called flats to-day where the owners puts in pianos for the benefit of their tenants, loan them fancy plate-glass mantels, allow them to go to some dry goods store, and within a certain

limit, select the lace curtains they should like to have, and to cap all, offer to give them a month's rent as an extra inducement. This state of affairs, they argued, proved that the poor man was not richer, as oftentimes the finery exhibited was not his own, but that merely loaned to him to keep him as a tenant, and make him more contented with his condition. Instalment houses too, flourish to-day, and the writer was shown how a man, with a steady position, could hire a flat as related above, go to the instalment furniture man, have his flat furnished throughout, get clothes for himself, wife and children, and even procure jewelry, should he so desire, and so to the uninitiated resemble a prosperous man. Should this man fail, however, to pay even one month's instalment on these articles so procured, the greedy Jew (as it is always a Jew) is only too ready with his wagon of removal, to strip the very clothing off his back, and to leave him possessionless and ruined.

The writer, too, was told how the poor years ago had bank accounts which their children to-day could not equal. In many cases this is so, but which is really better, to ruin one's self physically by living on brown bread and a little beer, varied only occasionally by a small piece of cheap pork and a few vegetables, and to put one's children out to work as soon as they can fairly walk, with only an education that gives them the power to slightly read and sign their names, and sometimes only to love lucre, and to save thereby a small fortune; or to live decently and nourish the body, to educate thoroughly the children, and to do good to our fellow man, even though we have not such a large bank account. The sensible, we are sure, would prefer the latter way. It is certainly wise and necessary to put something by for old age as a misfortune, but to make the getting of lucre our one and only aim, is to degrade ourselves and lose the respect of our fellow men, as no one loves the miser.

Taking even the instalment evil (as it is sometimes called) into account, we cannot see that the poor man's condition is worse, but think that just the contrary is the result, the "plan" sometimes proving a blessing. Many men owe the possession of their homes to-day to the existence of "Building Loan Associations." Many more could never have furnished them were the instalment dealers not in business. It is true that these "plans" have the drawbacks, but these are the protection which the dealer requires, for with rogues and swindlers swarming the land like bees, we confess that the rule must be very rigid to put a stop to ultimate ruin and bankruptcy.

College Notes.

—We understand that the Observatory is to be repaired and used more frequently. In our humble opinion, it is high time.

—T. P. Maslin, '96, has conducted the services at the Mission regularly this summer.

—At the funeral of Dr. Tucker, of Troy, three members of the faculty met unexpectedly. The Warden coming from New York, Dr. Hopson from Saratoga, and Dr. Olssen from the College.

—The three men who stayed here during the summer, Maslin, Devall and Belsey, offer a reward (amount unlimited) for the person who made that pun on them in the July number. After they get through with the malefactor they will inscribe on his tombstone "*Peace to his ashes.*"

—It was worthy to remark the number of persons who visited the library this summer—it seems to be quite well known.

—A party of young ladies from Kingston drove over to the College one day in the vacation, and meeting one of the few college men who were staying there, asked to be shown through the Chapel. The man trotted off, took them through the Chapel, showed everything of interest and made himself very polite generally. When the party reached the door, one of the young ladies graciously tendered to the thunder-struck youth a fifty-cent piece; with a winning smile and the remark, "We're very much obliged to you, I'm sure!"

—Miss Edith Harris played the organ in Chapel on Sundays throughout the vacation, and the ladies made up a very pleasing choir.

—The Rev. W. F. Parsons, '88, and the Rev. Norman S. Boardman, '82, visited the College this summer on their bicycles.

—E. N. Curry, '94, and W. H. Davis, '94, have had a boating trip from Lansingburgh to Lake Champlain. They rowed the whole distance, some two hundred miles.

—Bowman, '94, spent the greater part of the vacation at Annandale, and some time in the Adirondacks.

—Dr. and Miss Fairbairn spent three weeks at Shelter Island, L. I.

—Dr. Hopson took a trip to Vermont for some weeks.

—Dr. and Mrs. Olssen were away in Maryland for about three weeks.

—Dr. Malcom spent almost the entire summer at the College.

—Rev. Mr. Bleecker, of Staatsburgh, went on a bicycle trip to New London Conn., some time back.

From our Special Correspondent.

Alumni Notes.

'82—The Rev. Lewis T. Wattson, B.D., has resigned St. John's Church, Kingston, N. Y., and is going to Nebraska to take charge of a preaching order there.

'86—Rev. J. Chauncey Linsley, B.A., after six years at St. Paul's Church, Woodbury, Conn., has ended his labours there and has accepted a call to Trinity Church, Irvington.

'86—Rev. Chas. M. Niles, B.D., of Rutland, Vermont, has been granted the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Norwich University, an institution of the Church at Northfield, Vermont.

'90—Rev. Geo. W. Farrar, B.A., has resigned "Gloria Dei" Church, at Palenville, N. Y., and his brother now has charge of the parish.

'95—So far as can be learned the intentions of the members of this class for this year are as follows:—Messrs. Brestelle, Worrall, Dyer, Swan, Jennings and Lippitt will enter the General Theological Seminary, and Mr. Gilbert, the Berkeley. We wish them all success, and hope that they too may carry off the trophies of honor as their predecessors, from our dear old Alma Mater have done before them.

We call the attention of the Alumni to the fact that we have a department devoted solely to them and their interests, and would greatly appreciate any matter sent by or concerning them. This will tend to make our magazine of more than local interest, and spread a feeling of fellowship between the graduates and the undergraduates.

Archdeacon McElroy, '70, has changed his address from Waverly to Waterloo, Iowa.

The Rev. John B. VanFleet, '91, was married on the 15th of September.

The President of Trinity College and Mrs. Smith were the guests of the Warden and Miss Fairbairn in July.

The Rev. Professor Hopson has been appointed a delegate to the Phi Beta Kappa Convention, which will meet at Saratoga the 12th of September.

The Rev. James B. Wasson, M.A., '74, has received the degree of D.D. from Roanoke College, Va.

The Rev. Dr. Pyncheon, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Trinity College, is the guest of the Warden.

The Rev. John Ireland Tucker, D.D., Vice-President of the Board of Trustees, died at Troy, August 17th, 1895.

Extracts.

THE GRAVES OF THE HEART.

THERE is in every heart a grave,
A secret, holy spot,
Filled with the memory of some
This busy life knows not.

Low down and deeply dug they lie,
These cherished graves unseen,
And years of blighting care that pass
Make not these graves less green.

With jealous love we keep them fresh
Through many wintry years;
And when the world believes us gay,
We water them with tears.

Not for one cause, alike, do each
Their secret sorrow bear;
Perchance some mourn a living death—
Yet still a grave is there.

Oh! there are things within this life
Which strangely, deeply thrill;
In music's softest, sweetest notes,
We hear a voice long still!

We deem the act a wanton one,
Upon a grave to tread;
We pass in silent reverence
The resting of the dead:

Then on the secret, hidden spot,
Let us not press too near;
Remembering that to every heart
Its secret grave is dear.—"Sheltering Arms."

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

AS the twilight shadows gather, memory opes her golden door,
Leads me in amongst her treasures, leads me back to days of yore:
Many scenes she throws before me, yet for one I search alone,
'Tis the one whose thoughts are dearest, 'tis the one of childhood home.

Like some guardian old and faithful, beaten long by winds and rain,
Rises up the ancient chimney, mocks the storms that beat in vain,
And I see the peaked gables, almost hidden from my sight,
By the shadows of the maples, silent heralds of the night.
And one branch, an old companion, beating 'gainst the window pane,
Wonders why I do not answer, wonders why it knocks in vain,
Does not know that I no longer, am a boy with nought of care,
Does not know that I like others, have my task of life to bear.
Ah I love thee dear old cottage, love thee though thy youth has fled,
Love thee for thou gavest shelter to my sainted mother's head;
There she soothed my infant sorrows, led my steps through hidden ways,
Taught me that beyond dark shadows, often shine the brightest rays.

—*Williams Literary Monthly.*

Jocularia.

THERE are many ways in which one may attempt to perpetuate the name of his College Society; but the *surest* way comes from the University of Vermont, where a certain student (no doubt a Freshman), requested the dealer to engrave on the new family monument, over the place where his own name would eventually be, the insignia of his College Fraternity.

“Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.”

A young bridegroom was recently asked if he intended to take a *bridal tour*. In tones expressive of the deepest contempt, he replied “She's not a horse.”

SALVE!

You're right welcome, '99,
Recent heir of a noble line;
We're glad to gather you into the fold,
Leaving the poor “Preps” out in the cold.
It is to be hoped that though you're green
Enough vermilion will be seen—
These are your colors; we're glad to hear it—
To foster a warm “S. Stephen's spirit.”

“Oh, mamma,” said little Ethel the first time she saw a Chinaman, “look at the gentleman with his eyes cut bias.”—*Washington Star.*

MISPLACED METAPHORS.

EDITOR.—Did you see the complimentary notice I gave you yesterday?

GROCER.—Yes, and I don't want another. The man who says I've got plenty of sand, that the milk I sell is of the first water, that there are no flies on my sugar, and that my butter is the strongest in the market, may mean well, but he is not the man I want to flatter me a second time.—*Boston Beacon*

Personals.

—The prizes in Latin, Greek and Mathematics for last year, which, owing to some misunderstanding, were not awarded at Commencement, have been awarded to Homer A. Flint, '97.

—Mitchell, S. P., '96, will not return, but intends to study theology in New York.

—We note the sad death in Scotland of Mr. Dana Davenport, and deeply sympathize with his bereaved father. Mr. Davenport's stay here was not very long, but he enjoyed, while here, the friendships of many.

Statistics.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The Missionary Society, organized in 1864, has a membership of twenty-five. Meetings are held once a month, at which time two essays are read, one on Domestic Missions, the other on Foreign Missions.

The S. Peter's Brotherhood, an organization devoted to religious and charitable works among the people in the neighborhood of the college, has a membership of forty.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

The Eulexian Society.—Color, ecclesiastical red; organized 1860.

Arts Course.—T. P. Maslin, '96; H. A. Flint, '97; G. A. Green, '97; S. W. Lindsley, '97; G. Belsey, '98; A. I. E. Boss, '98; H. S. Hastings, '98; F. J. Knapp, '98; C. A. Roth, '98; A. W. Hind, '99; A. S. Lewis, '99; C. W. Popham, '99.

Special Course.—F. De M. Devall, '96; C. N. A. Pooley, '97.

Eclectic Student.—C. B. Dubell.

Preparatory Class.—H. L. Drew, F. V. R. Moore, W. H. Webb, G. H. Toop.

Kappa Gamma Chi.—Color, corn yellow; organized 1868.

Arts Course.—W. E. Kunkel, '96; A. L. Longley, '96; W. I. Rutter, Jr., '96; J. P. Gibson, '97; E. H. Young, '97; A. M. Judd, '98; D. C. Mayers, '98; B. A. Robbins, '98; C. L. Wheeler, '98; R. F. Kellemen, '99; A. W. Porter, '99; C. S. Champlain.

Preparatory Class.—T. Van Amee.

FRATERNITIES.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity, Sigma Phi Chapter.—Colors, royal purple and gold; chartered February 21st, 1894.

Arts Course.—J. L. Lasher, '96; L. Kroll, Jr., '96; J. H. Wilson, '96; E. S. Dunlap, '97; I. Yohannom, '97; F. D. H. Coerr, '98; A. A. Lamb, '98; W. B. Selvage, '98; W. Allison, '99.

Special Course.—W. W. Dyer, '97; D. C. Ogden, '97.

Eclectic Student.—C. G. Clark.

The Athletic Association has been in existence for some years, but seems to have some lethargic complaint which has deprived it of all life. It spent its energies a few years ago trying to procure funds for a gymnasium, and has never been heard of since that time. We trust some benefactor of humanity will realize our need, and enable this body to erect a substantial stone or brick gymnasium building. Of all our needs this is the most urgent. The Church needs strong men, and the gymnasium is the only place where fully one-half of the college year exercise could be taken and strength developed.