

MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 5.

January, 1896.

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 exhibit the best literary work of the undergraduates.

A prize of \$10.00 will be given to that undergraduate whose contribution 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.

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., JANUARY, 1896.

No. 5.

On Reading as an Element of Growth.

WE are all after happiness for ourselves, and, in our better moments, we are after happiness for others. The measure of most things is their relation to it. Its vision is ever before us, and for its conditions we daily strive; not selfishly, necessarily; for many of us learn, not only from the precepts of the wise but oftener and far more effectively from the bitter gall of disappointed trials, that happiness is not born of selfishness. Not selfishly, then, yet actively, continuously, and as the normal healthful object of our life, we strive for happiness, and we are sure all other normal men strive for it, too, and that they should. Now noting all this clearly, we who have reached some little comprehension of tendencies and results are pained at seeing so many, many men and boys and girls, because of false lights and selfish motives or vitiated appetites, following paths that we know do not and cannot lead to the abiding satisfactions. How often we who are college boys, or have been wish that there to us might come the power to keep lads whose lives we touch from disappointments which, with somewhat clearer vision, we can see. The sense of responsibility that comes with education, the gratitude we all feel for the training which our alma mater has given, or is giving us, bring with them the desire to clarify and enrich and guide somewhat the minds of others who are younger, or duller perhaps, or who have not had the opportunities that Lachesis hath given unto us; the desire to do something to draw the boys and girls we know into paths which we have come to feel lead to green pastures and the delectable mountains; something to make them feel that "From our own selves our joys must flow and they are fools who roam." Now, that something we may do—that happiness we may promote—and in the little space that's mine, I wish to try to show how.

Mr. John Morley, the late Chief Secretary for Ireland, who retired recently with the resignation of the Liberal Ministry, one who sees clearly and in many ways thinks straight, once said that, "The thing that matters most for happiness is that we should habitually live with right motives and high

ideals." I trust that saying does not seem a vague generalization and quite impractical. It is specific and to the purpose; it is, indeed, deeply worthy of our meditation. For, if we believe, as believe we must, that happiness is very much a matter of the ideals we cherish, and that for a boy or girl to come to good, wholesome, inspirational ideals is more for that boy or girl than to come to a fortune, then surely we shall feel that, if, in our little way, we are helping towards high ideals in boys and girls, so far are we living as becometh college men—men of liberal training; so far we who see a little are helping towards happiness those who do not yet see at all.

Now, boys and girls are filled with ideals. They have the gift of vision they follow naturally the leader—and, in his absence, are always, by the subtle power of the imagination, creating leaders. To this girl, this woman who lives in fiction or in flesh, is the glass of fashion and the mold of form. To this boy, this man, who lives in fiction or in flesh, it matters not greatly which is the embodiment of pluck and energy and wit and wisdom. Youth is filled with ideals. It is "continual intoxication and the fever of reason." Heroes it forms everywhere and is chivalrous by nature. The trouble is that, being uncultivated, the ideals are not high. They are daring, but not wholesome glittering, but false and vulgar. The imagination is chivalrous, but the judgment faulty. Any strong, healthy boy cares little about becoming a statesman or a jurist or a prophet. To be the power behind the throne draweth him not—the throne's the thing. To strike beholders with amaze, to rescue imprisoned beauty, to stop the runaway horses, to put down the haughty, and, like David, "to see his desire upon his enemies"—that is worth while. All this is natural enough. It is not bad, but the time comes—and comes early when it is essential that we outgrow it; for soon, with the perverted ambition comes the perverted moral tone; soon, too soon, the low ideal means a mind where the harpies dwell—a soul spotted by the world.

Here then we distinctly may be of use. Without being didactic or academic, we may lead gently, we may take it upon ourselves to suggest since for creating in boy or girl strong, healthful, high aspiration, nothing is equal to the learning to know and to love a certain class of books, books interesting, bright, inspirational. What finer impetus can you give to an eager, wide-awake boy than to bring him into contact with such a life as William Cullen Bryant's, with such a life as Michael Faraday's with such a life as Gordon's, or Dr. Muhlenberg's or Bp. Hannington's or George William Curtis'—with such a life as Scott's? Our friend, Mr. Howells, may sneer if he will at "the gospel according to Sir Walter." Sure it is that the life "according to Sir Walter" has kept many a boy from mediocrity, and, indeed, from much worse.

You see, then, whither all this is tending. You are to use your persuasive powers in bringing to these youngsters, who have no judgment and literal

know not what they do, bright, appealing, pure-toned literature. You are to use your influence, now and all the while, in season and out, every day of your lives, against these "penny dreadfuls," which are so common, so ubiquitous, so prolific, and which work such havoc with a lad's soul. They are baneful, they are nothing less than baneful. They ridicule respect for parents and for elders. They sacrifice respect for self. They make the "tough" attractive and revel in the company of impossible smugglers and footpads and "James brothers" and sluggers. They caricature innocence and duty. They caricature courage and obedience and self-sacrifice and love. To have "sand" is to be brave; to break laws is to be shrewd and "smart." They utterly pervert the ideal, and, when that's gone, then comes the groveling, earthy life and the suspicious mind.

Nor can we stop here. Having fought these "penny dreadfuls," it yet remains for college men, eager to do somewhat for happiness and right living, eager to promote "sweetness and light," and to make, as Matthew Arnold says, quoting Bishop Wilson, "reason and the will of God prevail," it yet remains for them to carry the contest higher and condemn as stunting and barren, or, at best, shallow and trashy, much, very much of what appear in catalogues as "Juveniles"—and most of what Ruskin calls "the books of the hour"—these countless poor apologies born solely of a desire to tickle the youthful palate.

Surely we are as a nation becoming woefully careless of what we read. We are, indeed, yearly becoming more and more careful of what we eat. The doctors and the scientists have at last knocked it into the heads of some of us, that the body grows by what it feeds on; that the quality and the quantity of what we daily put into our bodies has an immense influence on our lives, and though it cannot make, it can mar our happiness. They have at last convinced some of us that in the long run the frying-pan and baking soda, and gravies and hot-breads will tell. And so we are growing a bit more judicious and are slowly learning to discriminate and to feel that here is a factor in happiness.

Now, the strange thing is, the astonishing thing is that we remain blind to the patent fact that the same law holds good of the mind. The mind grows by what it feeds on. We need to have that hammered into us. The mind grows by what it feeds on. When we see a girl of pale, anæmic complexion with listless eyes and drooping hands and a pronounced ambition on the part of her collar-bone to come into evidence, we judge that the lack of nourishing food and proper exercise has taken the red corpuscles from her blood and left her languid and flabby. And we are probably right. We have gotten so far as to see this, but we seem to fail at a further application of the same law. When we see a girl who is silly and who simpers or giggles at the slightest provocation or at none, the character of whose thought is a false sentimentalism playing about her her "fellows" and her wardrobe and her "dates," should we

not say that she, too, is anæmic—that her taste is vitiated by a continuous diet upon syllabub literature? She has fed upon condiments until she can no more appreciate what St. Paul calls the upper things than she can appreciate the distance to Orion's Belt. We fail to see this. We fail to realize that the mind grows by what it feeds on. We read anything, the good, the bad, the indifferent, and with the same lack of judgment, the same failure to see their sure, debilitating effects, we supply our boys with quantities of milk-and-water juveniles and shallow "books of the hour." Such books may not, indeed usually are not, bad in intent. They are attractive to the eye and toothsome to a boy's or man's uncultivated taste, but, to misquote Goldsmith, e'en their virtues lean to vice's side. They are not bad, but they are not high. Now, youth is, as we have seen, the most impressionable and inspirable period of man's life, and needs above measure the high and the appealing. "Noble appeals to the noble emotions" sooner or later, in any healthy, high-spirited boy, come to fruition and color all the subsequent life. But these highly colored "books-of-the-hour" are least of all "noble appeals to the noble emotions." They satisfy a certain craving without creating a higher desire. They gratify the love of adventure or the curiosity about the veneering of the "smart set" or that absorbing interest in morbid affairs of the heart—and the boy rests content in his cheap and easy satisfaction. He doesn't crave better things, because he doesn't know better things. If he could have been brought into contact with the finer things, if his sensibilities could have been quickened until he saw the finer things as finer, he would not have found his pleasure in the commonplace. If he could have but become familiar with the best, he would have found that, in knowing the best and in loving it, lay for him the only satisfactions. One is reminded of the coming of this truth to Guinevere in her sad retreat among the nuns of Almesbury. What a scene it is! The bowing of that "golden head, imperial molded form and beauty such as never woman wore," down to the earth before the rebuking presence and the forgiving words of Arthur. That pitiful remorse, that she in days of choice did choose the lower not the higher. "It was," she says,

"It was my duty to have loved the highest:

"It surely were my profit had I seen:

"It would have been my pleasure had I known."

That is it. That is the lesson that, sooner or later, comes to each one of us. First of all, it is our duty to love the highest; next, it is our pleasure. Feeling this, the desire comes to us to lead others to love it if we can; to lead these boys, who are coming constantly into new fields filled with enticing misleading paths, to lead them to know the highest and the surest and to be content with no glittering imitations.

I have been condemning this highly colored literature because of the false ideals it creates and the lower life it sanctions. I wish also to condemn it

because it is too expensive. Each boy has a certain measureable amount of attention, a certain limited amount of time. If he reads certain things, he cannot read certain other things. This then is the expensiveness of these commonplace books. They exclude from those masterpieces with which boys, for various reasons, ought to become familiar. To illustrate: So far as social contact with the world is concerned, so far as the ability to meet and to talk agreeably with cultivated people is concerned, familiarity with certain books, with certain names and certain deeds and certain images and thoughts, is of far more importance, as a stock in trade, than the regular work of our college course on which we put so much time. In our conversations with people of the world, we do not ordinarily manifest our familiarity—even if we have it—with analytics or inductive syllogisms, or with the peculiarities of the irregular Latin verbs. We might, indeed, be quite ignorant of these things and still be rated high as men of taste and acquirement. Whether this is as it should be, is not to the point. It is as it is. If any lad of sixteen were to manifest a real familiarity, a real intimacy with, say, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," or "Silas Marner," or "Woodstock," or Pope's *Odyssey*, or "The Conquest of Mexico," or "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," or "The Cloister and the Hearth," we would any one of us rate him as rather bright, or else as having been exceedingly fortunate in his choice of a mother. But my view of it is that we ought to consider it a misfortune, and a quite easily preventable misfortune, if any reasonably bright lad of sixteen is not familiar with such as these and many like them, familiar through many readings and many talkings. Now, it is from the company of such as these, from the influence and ideals of such as these, that our milk-and-water "books of the hour" shut us out. Therefore, I say, their cheap satisfactions are after all too expensive. They cost too much. One is appalled at the price we pay for worthless things.

"At the devil's booth are all things sold,

"Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay;

"Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,

"'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Don't harbor the idea that the fine things of literature are for the man of forty. No—they are for the man of fifteen. The man of forty, if then he meets it first, is a graven image to the best. He has eyes and sees not; ears has he and hears not. He has not the vision. It is the boy in the full flush of generous youth eager for adventure, quickly responsive to manly deeds: it's he that needs the best; it's he that needs to have his taste formed, not by the tawdry and absorbing, but by the fine and true.

Let us listen again to clear sighted John Morley. "The great need of modern culture is to find some effective way for cherishing within us the ideal." Now, that is precisely the business and the function of literature—"to cherish within us the ideal." In that she is the hand-maid of religion Science, though it warms our blood and lightens our burdens, though it be full of suggestive and alluring problems, is apt to be weak in cherishing the ideal. Mathematics has no formula for that. Nay, it's personal contact with the ideal that vivifies and cherishes the ideal. It's the touch of inspiration that quickens aspiration. And the "book of the hour" hath no whit of inspiration. It is not touched by the lambent flame. Attractive it may be, as we have said, but so are chromos and æolians and vaudeville and cheap girls.

I have been speaking of the college man's duty to those whom he can influence. There is a kindred thought, the college man's duty to himself in the matter of his reading. This duty is so pressing that one who looks back over the shortcomings of his own college course can scarcely resist calling attention for a moment to it. The character and extent of the reading of an undergraduate is scarcely less important than his regular college work. Particularly is this true of the man who is looking forward to holy orders. Fortunately indeed it is for him if his "fit" is such as not to demand that all his energies be put upon his daily preparation for recitations. The American Church needs nothing to-day so much, aside from earnestness and devotion, as men who are fully abreast with modern thought. At present it cannot be said of her clergy as a class that they are so abreast. The men who in the future would help her from strength to strength must become intimate with the thinkers who are influencing our time. They must find time, they must make time to study John Fiske and Richard Ely and Henry Drummond, to study Lyman Abbott and Benjamin Kidd and Henry George and Washington Gladden, to know something of Joseph LeConte and George Romanes and Andrew White and George Henry Lewes. Radical some of them are, indeed, and disturbers of the peace, but it is essential to know them to learn their strength and their weakness; for they are much in evidence. They are greatly influencing the present trend of thought, nor can those who are ignorant of them hope to mold and move perceptibly the intelligent men of our time.

Have I, then, made clear what I wanted to say? When I was asked to send an article to the MESSENGER I felt thankful for the opportunity, and when I considered what I should write about, it seemed to me that, if I could lead even a few undergraduates to realize, not vaguely as we all do, but vividly as we all ought, that the human mind is a chameleon that takes its color from its diet; that it not only grows by what it feeds on, but that it forms its ideal out of what it feeds on; and that upon the excellence and the beauty of its ideals depends in large degree the happiness and the success of its life:

seemed to me I should, perchance, be doing a kindness to boys who have, as yet, little judgment, but who have a thirst, and a fine, active curiosity, and no conscious wish to fold up their talent in a napkin.

While I was writing this, I chanced to read a sermon by Dr. Abbott on "Ideals," and I am sure that I cannot do better than to close with a paragraph from it.

"There are two classes of men in the world—drudges and dreamers; and all men who have neither any capacity to dream nor any capacity to understand and appreciate the dreams and the visions of others belong to the class of drudges. The man who works without vision and ideal, who is not lifted up by his thoughts out of mere material things, he is a drudge. He may hammer on an anvil or he may hammer on a pulpit; he may paint pictures or he may paint barns; he may write books or he may be a copyist of others' manuscripts; he may dig in the soil and earn a dollar a day, or he may sit in the counting room and earn a million a year—it makes little difference—the man who has no vision, no ideal, and no capacity to be inspired by the visions of other men—he is *perforce* a drudge. There are thousands of men who are as truly machines as if they were bits of the very machinery they are working with." How completely true that is! It is a like saying with our text—"The thing that matters most for happiness is that we should habitually live with right motives and high ideals."

Reginald Coe.

His Wife His Model.

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK ARTIST.

The day after the wedding trip found Harry Sparks in his beloved studio down town, while Elenor was busy putting the finishing touches to the arrangement of their new home in Harlem. The artist had studied in Europe and was now on the high road to success. His pictures had attracted marked attention at the exhibitions, and being looked upon with favor by the critics he found a ready market for them. Now that he had won the woman in whose generally worldly eyes he had once or twice seen her real soul reflected, he considered himself the happiest man in New York if not in the whole world. But Elenor, though by nature a girl of noble instincts, had been brought up among a class of New York society whose aim in life was seeking pleasure; and the leading idea she had received from her mother was that she must marry for social position and wealth. Is it surprising then that her truest and best instincts lay dormant, and that she had married for the reputation and wealth which Harry Sparks was fast acquiring?

* * * * *

The days and weeks went by and Harry, ever busy in his studio during the

day, went home at night a happy and joyous man. But after a while he began to wonder why the true nature he had seen a possibility of in his wife, did not more rapidly develop. He knew that she wanted him to become famous, though, and so he still worked on at his art, spending more time than ever in his studio, and keeping before him this one desire of fulfilling his wife's wishes. Thus he felt sure he would gain the love and devotion he longed for. But the more time he spent in his studio, the more lonely and dissatisfied became Elenor. Soon she sought out her former acquaintances and again entered frequently into the social life of the day. The poor artist would often come home now and find no one to greet and encourage him. Instead he would have to stay up until Elenor returned from the theatre or ball. Gradually a coldness sprang up between them, and somehow Harry could not long take pleasure in those little expressions of affection which meant so much to him. Still the strong heart worked on. * * * *

One afternoon Harry comes home earlier than usual. He is all aglow with excitement. "Elenor, the opportunity to make my reputation has come! A large space has been reserved for me in the Arts building at the Columbia exposition to be held in Chicago next spring." Elenor's quick instinct readily perceives the great possibility of realizing her hope. She enters heartily into the scheme. It is to be a picture in the nude. They must economize, so she becomes his model. Every day they go together now to the studio. Harry's hopes run high as the masterpiece nears completion. He feels that it truly is the work of his life, and that Elenor will have a famous husband who will win her love. * * * * The work is finished and the night comes when he is to deliver his picture to the committee for shipment to "The White City." As he stands before the painting a horrible thought comes to him. Shall he thus expose his beloved wife to the world's gaze? *No!* His art is dear to him, and he feels confident that the picture will win him renown. But even should he lose his wife his love for her is too pure and true to allow him to hesitate a moment. The emphatic *no* reaches Elenor's ears in the dressing room, and rushing into the studio she clutches her husband's arm to draw him from the canvas. It is too late. The knife has done its work and the picture is destroyed. "Are you mad, man!" she exclaims. "No darling," he gently answers, "*I am in love. I do love my art, but you are more to me than any art.* Elenor I could not be reconciled to the idea of your being placed before the world in such a picture, and so I have destroyed the work of my own hands. Forgive me for once dear and I will repaint a — oh Elenor!" He had studied her eyes while speaking and beheld them change suddenly from rage to that beautiful look which had formerly won his heart. In a moment they are in one another's arms. "Then you love me darling?" "Yes Harry; how could I do otherwise? You have taught me now what love is. Here you have been working in your studio all this time

for me when you longed to be near me and make me love you. Now you have destroyed the picture at the peril of losing your wife; and all this because your love was *love* and not selfishness. Oh Harry, forgive me for being so worldly, so mercenary, and see if I can not return in some measure that noble love of yours. Let me learn it from you day by day. Let me be always with you in the studio. Let me help you. Let me hold your brushes and encourage you. Only promise never, *never* to leave me again. Send those people away, I do not care for their foolish balls and parties. They would weary me now. Tell them that there is more pleasure in *one moment* of true, natural life than in years of their affected and warped social existence. Tell them that I have not a true friend among them, but that I have *one* friend who is my very life, and all I care to live for now." * * * *

Shortly after the destruction of the painting an unlucky financial turn had left our reunited couple almost penniless. The papers had severely criticised the young artist for his failure, as he had expressed it to the reporters, to put his conception on canvas. His wife's worldly minded acquaintances suddenly forgot that they had once known the formerly prosperous couple. Thus it is apt to be with those from whom "Dame Fortune" turns her head. All their troubles come at once. But how surely it happens that through the midst of all our sorrows some refreshing stream of comfort flows to moisten our withering heart. Now that the world seemed so cold and unsympathetic the lovers found their comfort and happiness in an entire dependence on each other. * * * *

Upon the broadest part of the Hudson, "The Tappansee," lies the pretty town of Nyack. For a year now Harry and Elenor have made this their home, and it has been sufficient to make them devotedly attached to this delightful spot. Of course they have had a hard struggle for life; but by taking his pictures to New York or to the Exchange in Nyack, he has managed to pay the expenses of their humble life. One day as he sat at work in the little room used as a studio, watching ever and anon his darling Elenor with the babe in her arms, a vision of the Madonna comes before him. Again his now spiritual looking wife becomes his model. The picture grows day by day and is finally finished. In London the people almost worship it, and the Artist is showered with honors and titles and degrees. It is taken to the Paris exposition where the most conspicuous place is given it, and in the end it is purchased for an immense sum. * * * * Nine o'clock.

The moon has just come up from behind the eastern hills and has made a silver path to the Nyack shore. From their upper balcony the artist and his wife are admiring the glorious sight. Margaret, their daughter, now upon the verge of beautiful womanhood, has gone with some friends from the Country Club on one of those charming moonlight sails. Presently Elenor breaks the silence into which both had sunk at the first glimpse of the rising moon.

"Harry aren't you glad that we have brought Margaret up in the country? She is such a natural, unaffected girl. You know how every one speaks of her and what lots of true, good friends she has!" "Yes Elenor I *am* glad for I love the country. But then my darling she would have been the same unaffected lovely girl even in the city, for her mother is a model."

F. VanR. Moore.

Little Things.

WHO was the person quoted as saying that even at a funeral one may see something amusing? Well, Mr. Editor, I was in town recently and there attended church. The services are truly dignified and the congregation "well mannered." On this day, however, as the worshippers were assembling there entered a new lad of—say eight, followed by a sister of about five, who passing directly to the front occupied the first pew—yes the whole pew.

The initial act was the rolling up of a paper trumpet followed by a line of march in the pew by our military band in embryo.

At times the trumpet, dangerously near the head of the sister, with distended cheeks at the mouthpiece, seemed threatening the annihilation of the aforesaid sister. With an appetite, that one inclined to exaggerate might aver would have done credit to an elephant, our drum major caused a rapid inroad on his supply of peanuts, while with his beaming face directed towards the congregation, trumpet in position and little girl perchance proud of her heroic companion at her side, he might have seemed a coming Napoleon as he practically bade defiance to the enforced spectators.

At the entrance of the choir from the rear his interest heightened, as coming to the aisle, trumpet in place, he surveyed the advancing singers. To the edification of the congregation this little tyrant reigned until a quiet word from the rector assured him that the remainder of the service might not entertain him, and to our relief the little "dears" took their departure.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think you are intending to be a minister some day, well, I hope you may succeed, I've known you several years and heartily wish you prosperity, but dear Mr. Editor, if you do become a minister please remember my experience on the Sunday after Christmas one year. It was in a country church, a big building with side galleries and choir in the gallery over the entrance, disputing possession, as it were, with the rector over the attention of the congregation. When the one warden was passing the plate to the twenty-five persons below, the choir in their semi-ætherial home entered with justifiable zeal and with no mean display of skill upon a rendition—I presume that is the word to use—of an anthem setting of the hymn "Sun of my Soul." This on morning service just after Christmas. The plate was given to the

rector—the warden retired and still our musicians kept on. Away in front a gentleman of seventy-five put others to blush by standing reverently through, out this long time, while as he afterwards assured me he did not know what words were uttered. Mr. Editor, I could but remember our beautiful chapel service in which no one is delayed by musical exhibitions however accomplished, after the offerings are presented.

Pray do not take offense at my well meant hint. I meant not to be officious but please use your influence to restrain over ambitious choirs, especially when their rector happens to be an elderly gentleman and the service long.

Just a few minutes more while I tell of a service on a Sexagesima Sunday, long, long ago. It was in a country church, the day was stormy, a sleet was falling and the preacher had faced the weather over a winter road of say twelve miles to take the service. He was tall and of heavy build and his hearty voice demanded your audience.

The day found but a handful of worshippers of whom but two or three at the minister's right constituted the choir. His familiarity with Holy Writ, together with a natural tendency prompted gestures which doubtless made the lessons to be longer remembered. In the chapter concerning the Rechabites he, warming up to the moment, extending a broad palm toward the demure lady organist pronounced the words with heavy emphasis "Drink ye wine."

At the sermon he became annoyed by a big velvet covered box which a former minister used above the pulpit desk, and clenching in one hand the manuscript he caught the box in his other, and striding off placed it against a pillar to resume his sermon on Jonah. "Yes," said he, "His ride was something like mine of this morning, not a very comfortable one—no he could not be contented with the Lord's will and go to Nineveh but he *mended matter mightily* by taking things into his *own* hands and starting for Tarshish!"

S., '97.

Love.

THOSE sentimentally-inclined persons who might by its title be allured into reading the following paper under the impression that it is to be a eulogy on la belle passion I warn that they will be disappointed. I will tell those persons in the beginning, out of regard for their tender feelings, that they will find here neither sentiment nor romance, but plain matter-of-fact. It is my purpose not to enter into a psychological analysis of love, a task more fittingly left to older and wiser heads, but to try to disclose the nature of the origin of love; *i. e.*, the grounds on which it rests, and to separate it into its various kinds.

How swells the heart at but the mention of this word, with reminiscence both sweet and painful! What grand achievements attained in times both pas-

and present does not this simple word suggest? Now deeds so noble and self-sacrificing that but the naming of the deed bespeaks the incentive to the deed; now so selfish and base, so utterly devoid of humanity, that one at times is almost forced to think that love is but the gift of Satan.

The kinds of love are comprehended under the following five classes: that of love of $\begin{smallmatrix} \text{woman} \\ \text{man} \end{smallmatrix}$ for $\begin{smallmatrix} \text{man} \\ \text{woman} \end{smallmatrix}$; of child for parent; of parent for child; of woman for woman, and of man for man. Of these, the first is possibly the most active; *i. e.*, the deeds prompted by this kind of love are most marked, ranging from extreme nobility to extreme villainy, its uncontrollable impetus due, probably, to the blending of elements of character so necessarily diverse as are those of every man and woman.

I hardly feel competent to touch upon the love felt by woman for woman, but Mrs. Grundy says, especially in regard to the younger women, that they have such an undying and tender regard for one another, that it were sacrilege to put their warm effusions beneath the unfeeling and unsympathetic eye of the cold, cold, critical world. A young lady as to her love for other young ladies is like a Chinaman as to his relation with all other Chinamen, in that she just dotes on all her feminine friends, while he claims cousin-ship with every other Celestial under the sun.

Again, these various kinds of love are further divisible into classes distinguishable by the quality of the love which each person may have for each one of his individual friends or parents, as the case may be. The distinction is a broad one. A man may have a love for each of two men of which each may be of such strength as to prompt him to perform for each man acts of equal personal worth to each recipient of his favor, yet each act prompted by a very different motive power, thus showing his love, the motive of each action, to be of a different quality.

A child may love each parent equally well, but there are certain things, undefinable, unaccountable, which though confiding in or doing for, one parent, it would never think of confiding in, or doing for, the other. To what else may we ascribe this but to a difference in the quality of the love it feels for each parent; a difference which it instinctively feels, though never confesses, no, not even to its own heart.

Whence comes this power, and upon what depends this power, which, perfected, ennobles our nature; which unperfected casts over it the despondency of impenetrable gloom? which under various disguises, yet bearing the same royal stamp and superscription, has during all time ruled the world? For which men and women have lived and fought and died? from which the fall of governments has depended? which can change the whole course of life, yet which at its very end can restore to its pristine vigor the life it had well-nigh crushed? which of a man at one time can make a saint, at another a fiend? of which the power for good or evil is absolute?

To love is the highest of the six affections, one of which every person at any one moment of his life must of necessity hold for every other person. He must every moment be either loving, or liking, or preferring; or he must be in a state of indifference, or of dislike, or of hatred. The mere naming of these affections is of course purely arbitrary. I have conceived of love as springing from a stronger form of preference, which for convenience I call liking.

Preference is easier described than defined. It is the outcome of indifference. We may meet a man forty times a day, and may prefer to meet him as we say, in preference to meeting some one else because we feel neither the inane vacancy which he produces in us towards whom we are indifferent, nor yet that revulsion which arises when one whom we dislike or hate comes into our presence.

The relation that exists between two persons between whom has sprung up a preference, whether mutual, or possessed by one and passively acquiesced in by the other, and which we are wont loosely to call friendship, is in reality but the open acknowledgement of a preference, the one for the other, over the many other persons with whom each in his daily life comes into contact. It is essentially a term of comparison, used to convey the expression of the regard in which out of a hundred men we hold a certain proportion. We cannot prefer every one, for if we did, there would then be no preference at all, for all would be on the same level. We may not love him whom we prefer; we may not even like him. He simply stands in his relation to us as being in our estimation some one a little above the rest of mankind, by reason of certain subtle personalities appealing to responsive elements in our own nature. What that is in a man which gives him this distinction is a natural query, and may be accounted for as follows:

Every man is a universe within himself, and the history of each man's life is a repetition of that greater history of the world in which he lives. He has his birth, his days of infancy of mind and body; he has had, and still has, his seasons of light and darkness, his times of mental and moral gloom, his wars, victories, and defeats. As the effect of the physical and social life of the world is for good or evil on the impress which we are wont to receive from the world as a whole, so the life of each of those around us has produced in him that general personality which invites or forbids the formation of preference for him. Nor is this personality internal only. It is also expressed in the physical development. So likewise our estimation is not regulated by inner personality alone, but also by outward appearance. Yet, since outward expression is in a large measure, the indicator of inner thought of heart, possibly it would be nearer truth to say that estimation is entirely regulated by personality alone, whether as shown by expression or by habits of thinking.

and speaking. Still, in most cases, attention is first attracted by physical bearing rather than by mental or moral excellences.

Again, it is easier to be seen how potent an influence over national characteristics climatic and topographical conditions exert, by a comparison of the characteristics of those nations which, though to-day greatly diverse in geographical position, and in manners and customs, are thought to have sprung from the same original source. So each man, moulded and formed by surrounding conditions of life, and by contact with other men, has developed within him those traits and personalities which either draw or repel, or in other words, which create that spirit of toleration which we are pleased to call preference. Because about no two men are thrown the circumstances to work and develop natures by the blessed provision of GOD dissimilar from the beginning, the effect will be to produce in each, individual characteristics touching in every other man chords peculiarly responsive to them.

Thus we can sum up preference as being, not necessarily friendship, but merely an avowal of the appreciation of the existence of personal characteristics in affinity with our own. The preference may extend to such an active admiration as to cause him feeling it to seek and to enjoy the society of the other; in which case we might call it, if not friendship, at least a fair promise of budding into one. Or it may be passive to such a degree as to cause him feeling it, if not to dislike its object, at least to be wholly without desire to seek its company, and when in it, to be wholly without the pleasurable sensations arising from the companionship of one whom we thoroughly like.

That a preference once formed can be voluntarily cultivated is a question the issue of which is so arbitrarily dependent on the nature of each individual that it seems to be entirely out of the range of reasoning. Yet it seems not unnatural to think that it can be. We can easily cultivate a taste for almost any food, and this, too, by no other special effort than by persistently making use of it. The same might be said of the clothes we wear, of the exercise we take, and of the many other habits of daily life. So according as mutual sympathy or indifference prevails in our general estimate of any one, we either prefer or do not prefer him. The development of a liking into a love is not different from the process of developing a preference into a liking. Both may to a certain extent be premeditated, studied, practiced. Both for the most part are of involuntary inception; both are apt to be the result of a toleration.

Thos. P. Maslin, '96.

Pan.

My Dear Editor:—When one reads in the classics of heroes, demigods and greater divinities, how apt he is to regret his not living ages earlier, ere they had themselves entered the shades no more to enliven affairs on earth. Did it ever occur to you that by a belief in a sort of transmigration or transmutation we may recognize some of our favorites of mythology preserved for us? Take for example that deity to whom we pay thanks for the solace his invention brought to mortals, for surely the god Pan is dear to all.

But is Pan dead? Why, lives not his shade, nay, his very self in duplicate form right at S. Stephen's to-day? My dear Editor, if Pan were candidate for office and I about to nominate him, this peroration would bring a sweater-hued blush over his countenance at the honor I bestow on him. Truly, with all due honor to Pan, no sound ever came from his pipe of reed to be compared with that from the cornet of Potter Hall.

Ah, Pan! don't feel blue as over a rival; for with brain strengthened by a cup of college tea we correct ourselves, for our musician is no rival of thine. We know thy ability, and recognize thy presence by it even now. O rejuvenated Pan; no longer are you a myth to us, nor even preserved in the classics alone like a sort of Egyptian mummy; but, animated and fresh as a member of the class of '99, we congratulate ourselves upon the place of you returning youth.

L., '97.

Plea for a Gymnasium.

EVERY S. Stephen's man is hoping for the day when there will be a gymnasium, in which the students may exercise and where the "teams" may be trained. A gymnasium is a real need. It is not a mere matter of sentiment. Education, if it is worthy of the name, trains the body, as well as the mind and soul, and recognizes that they mutually depend upon one another.

The literary and artistic triumphs of Greece were made possible by the perfect physical culture afforded by the gymnasium. All nations which have attained a high degree of civilization have given considerable attention to physical culture. Ruskin has declared that no nation has ever achieved greatness in literature, or art, which has not been deeply moved by its religion. And it might be added, with equal truth, that no nation ever made any advancement in civilization till they turned their attention to physical culture. "A sound mind in a sound body" is an axiom, and a sound soul in a sound body is just as true. Morals and intellect alike are benefited by wholesome exercise.

It is urged that we have a delightful region lying all about us, and that we

can desport ourselves on the "thirty acres of land, beautifully diversified by wood and lawn and peculiarly well fitted for the health and enjoyment of the students in their leisure hours." This is very well; but it has been known to rain, even at Annandale; and, last year, we had eighty-eight days of sleighing, when out-door exercise was difficult, if not out of the question. If we are to profit by our exercise we must have it regularly. We are told that we must study regularly. Why not have regular exercise?

We do not desire to see S. Stephen's go insane over athletics, nor to have the tough, "sporty" element, which is ruining some of the larger colleges. We do, however, want to have a gymnasium, and a proper and rational development of the "physical man" in the students of this college. We boast of the scholarship of S. Stephen's, and we want to be able to boast of her athletic achievements.

The undergraduates have raised a fund of \$1,500 for a gymnasium. That is only "a drop in the bucket." It is not worth while to build a temporary building. Is there not some friend of the college who will build a gymnasium? Is there no one among our trustees, or friends, who recognizes the importance of athletics in this college? We never heard before of undergraduates undertaking to build a gymnasium for themselves, and we believe that it is practically impossible.

Our needs are so many! We need dormitories, and we need that middle section, and so we must offer some practical plan if we are to realize these things in the near future.

Here is a plan. If some one will build the middle section, that will give us a refectory in that building and leave Preston Hall for other purposes. This would answer our purpose very well. At a slight expense Preston Hall could be turned into an admirable gymnasium. The foundations would have to be strengthened, and the floor braced. The walls, also, would have to be buttressed, and a few heavy beams put in the roof. The present kitchen would give room for baths and lockers. With \$2,000 it could be made to answer every purpose.

We ask for the middle section. Whoever builds that will be a founder of the gymnasium; for as soon as we have a new refectory this plan can be carried out, and S. Stephen's will have a gymnasium.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

Boys will be boys, and some of the girls are doing their best in the same direction.—*Student Record.*

College Notes.

—Rev. Ernest C. Saunders, of Rhinebeck, has been elected Lecturer in Chemistry for this year.

—Mr. Peter Drew, of Paterson, New Jersey, recently spent a few days with his brother, Henry L. Drew.

—William Evans Kunkel, '96, was called home December 4th by the death of his father.

—The first skating of the season was enjoyed December 5th. One or two students also enjoyed "cold baths" on the same day.

—The Warden was in New York Monday, December 9th, to attend meeting which was held for the purpose of forming an organization for the unification of church colleges and institutions in this country.

—Rev. S. P. Simpson, of S. Stephen's Church, Plainfield, N. J., was the guest of Dr. Malcolm in December.

—Arthur S. Lewis, '99, gave a spread to several of his friends on the eve of Thanksgiving. The party attended in fancy dress.

—At a college meeting, held December 13th, a committee was appointed to select preachers for the approaching Lenten season.

—The examinations for the Christmas Term were held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, December 18th to 20th. College closed Friday noon for the Holiday vacation, opening again Friday evening, January 3d. A few men remained at Annandale during the vacation, and enjoyed themselves very much.

—A meeting of the Athletic Association was held December 7th, for the purpose of organizing two ice-polo teams. Herbert L. Hannah, '99, and Amos E. Carroll, '99, were elected captains. The teams are made up as follows: "The Grays"—Hannah, Captain; Gibson, Hind, Porter, Lewis, Griener, Sidman, Moore, Flint, Popham, Devall, Dunlap, Saunders. "The Blues"—Carroll, Captain; Green, Judd, A. Wheeler, McGuire, Young, Tully, C. Wheeler, Lacey, Noble, Kelleman, Davis, Whipple. The first match-game was played on the "Creek" December 11th. The "Grays" won by a score of 2-0. A regular series of games has been arranged, and consequently we shall expect to hear of a large number of swollen shins, though as yet the number has been very small. Arrangements have also been made to form a "dumb-bell" class, for daily exercise, so that the outlook is good for a well developed base-ball team for the next season. This course of training is to be taken up in place of the regular gymnasium course, which cannot be pursued owing (as we state) to the fact that *we have no gymnasium.*

—A copy of the new set of rules, which have been adopted by the Faculty, regarding examinations, etc., has been posted and every student should become thoroughly acquainted with them, in order to prevent any misunderstanding.

—The Mission at Clermont is no longer in charge of Mr. T. P. Maslin, '96, as it is now in charge of a Priest.

—The Freshmen have received permission from the Sophomores to bury their algebra, and it may now be expected to happen almost any day (or night), though we do not think it is much like the nature of the present Freshmen to be active as to burying it until after the ground thaws.

—The marks were unusually high this term, showing that the men, with possibly a few exceptions, have done excellent work. This is especially noticeable in the Department of English, where no mark under 90 was obtained by anyone.

—The Chapel was decorated, as usual, by the ladies of the parish, with the aid of the students spending their holidays here. This is certainly a task of love, and very praiseworthy, as nothing is more pleasant to one thoroughly pious than the decorating of God's House.

Alumni Notes.

'70—At a recent meeting of the Deanery of Waverly, Ia., Archdeacon Irving McElroy was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer. His present address is No. 328 Vine Street, Waterloo, Ia.

'73—Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Jefferies has been staying with us for a short time.

'75—Rev. Albert E. George has recently changed his address to The Phillip Brook's Rectory, 530 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

'80—Rev. Charles W. Irie has left the Diocese of Western Michigan and has been elected Assistant Rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn. His present address is No. 61 South Tenth Street, Brooklyn.

'82—Rev. Lewis T. Wattson's address at Omaha, Nebraska, is No. 1402 North Twenty-sixth Street.

'86—Rev. Walter H. B. Allen has resigned the Parish of Sea Cliff, Long Island.

'87—Rev. John W. Hyslop has resigned S. Peter's Church, Carson City, Nevada, and accepted a call to Ashtabula, Ohio.

'88—Rev. Frederick W. Norris, formerly of Salt Lake City, Utah, and

recently returned from a trip abroad, has been called to Trinity Church, South Norwalk, Conn.

'90—Rev. George W. Farrar has been elected Assistant Rector of S. John's Church, Elizabeth, N. J.

'90—Tutor Anthony is now a Deacon.

'92—Rev. Frederick S. McClean has resigned S. John's Church, Dolgeville, New York, and accepted a call to be Assistant Rector of S. Paul's, Albany.

'94—Benjamin B. Lovett, of Baltimore, is now a Deacon.

'95—Mr. John Dyer, B.A., made a short visit at Annandale during the first week of December.

'95—The late Editor-in-Chief of the MESSENGER visited Annandale in November, and also during the vacation.

Exchanges.

THE MESSENGER is indebted for the following periodicals: *The Bachelor of Arts*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Wellesley Magazine*, *Cincinnati Student*, *Student Record*, *Sybil*, *Westminster Review*, *Cynic*, *Williams Literary Monthly*, *Columbia Spectator*.

The Bachelor of Arts presents some excellent work, as, indeed, this magazine always does. The stories are good, brightly told and in good English. The great difficulty, as it appears to us, of a college, or, in fact, any periodical is to obtain really good, short stories. It is not so difficult to spin out a long yarn, but to be able to tell it in three or four pages without becoming abrupt or obscure requires much thought and care.

The stories in *The Bachelor of Arts* are excellent examples of the short story, and for this reason we would earnestly advise all S. Stephen's men to read carefully this paper. The articles entitled "Holly Berries" and the "Book Review" are well worth perusal.

We would especially commend the *Trinity Tablet* for December 7th and 21st for its verse. Truly the muse shines clearly among the men at Trinity. The prose is also very good. The *Tablet* is a very high class magazine, and deserving of much praise.

The first article in the *Wellesley* is entitled "An Interpretation of the genius of Henry Fowle Durant." The editor fears that he would require an interpreter for the "Interpretation." For instance, the first sentence, "In the history of our Wellesley College and in the progress of our human life we take possession of course after course in our truth of life," is quite startling in its

profundity. The whole article is so involved as to become tiresome in the reading. For the rest, the number is very good; the stories and the verse display both originality and good taste.

Williams Literary is, as usual, excellent; and we always heartily enjoy reading its entertaining matter.

Columbia Spectator is generally newsy, and exhibits careful editing. We would like to see more of Columbia's papers.

Cynic seems to excel in verse, with which we have been much pleased.

Extracts.

"I envy Paderewski and
The very handy way
He has of doing business, for
His work is naught but play."

—*Trinity Tablet*.

THE JOY-HYMN OF DEMETER.

I stand beside men's sounding threshing floors
And see the golden harvest of the wheat
Pour from its bales, as some great river pours
Its life, and flashing in a misty sheet
Of rain-bow vapor, where the thunders rise,
Hides my dread being from unholy eyes.

Now creeping rivers bring my argosies
Of goods from lands that lie beyond our world,
And tired of the rolling, wind-racked seas,
Close by the marges with their white wings furled
They sleep in silence like great birds at rest,
The rippling waters singing at each crest.

Once more the reaper in the morning's cool
Shall see me stealing by the bending corn,
My hands outstretched above the shim'ring pool,
Blessing the lands with bounty now new born,
For leaps my sad heart weary-worn with pain—
Proserpina—my child—is mine again.

H. R. R. in Trinity Tablet.

Impatient for the bugle calls of strife,
We fret, and rail, and beat our breasts, perchance,
'Gainst what to us seems petty circumstance,
Unwitting all the while that it is life.

—*Robert Adger Bowen, in Bachelor of Arts.*

There are, at least, two reasons why
Mankind to church oft goes;
The old attend to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

—*Williams Weekly.*

A college course a race course is,
With a difference though, 'tis said,
For those who *trot* the fastest pace,
Come rarely in ahead.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

I love to sit and watch the leaves
Fall fluttering to the ground,
For nature has a "pull" on them,
As Isaac Newton found.

—*LaFayette.*

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