

MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's Colleg Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 7

March, 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 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 publication under the full names or an initial of the names of the writers, is desired rather than the use of pseudonyms.

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., MARCH, 1896.

No. 7.

A Simple Tale.

I LIE in the corner of a pew in a small church; a dusty, well-worn, neglected old Prayer Book. The church is very quiet, very sleepy and very old; it wakes up once every seven days with a great effort and drops off to sleep again for the rest of the week. Still it is a nice place, on the whole; for an old personage like myself, it is so peaceable; but sometimes I feel my neglected state very sorely and long for the loving hands which once treated me so gently, and the sweet, trustful eyes, which began to grow so dim at the last, and the voice which repeated the responses so softly. But all that is passed long ago and I wait and wait for the end. What that end may be I do not know; perhaps some chance worshipper may accidentally carry me off and a new life in a new home may open up for me; perhaps—but there, that has nothing to do with my story.

You might be surprised that I have a story to tell at all; yet, why should you be so? Do not prayer books see women, aye, and men too, for that matter, at some of the most important moments in their lives? And do we not see them, when, alone and in deep sorrow, they turn our pages for consolation and relief? I could tell of nights when my mistress knelt and prayed with me in her hands, and her sorrow would be too deep for tears.

I remember once that there was a young lady to be married from our house. The night before the ceremony I lay on the table in company with a smart looking, daintily bound prayer-book, the property of the young lady who was about to be married, and he remarked that as a respectable prayer-book he had that day been profoundly shocked. Upon my pressing him to tell his tale of sorrow, for he seemed unwilling to divulge it (perhaps he thought it ought to be a family secret) he went on to say that his mistress that afternoon had gone to her room, taken him up and began trying to learn the service for Holy Matrimony. All this was very nice and proper, when suddenly the door opened and in walked a gentleman looking very happy and satisfied with all the world and with the young lady in particular. Then, my friend went on to

say, and his voice showed how shocked he felt, that the young man sat down in a chair, drew the young lady on his lap, calmly remarking "That he believed *he* had something to do with the service tomorrow," and proceeded to learn the service with her. This went on nicely for a few moments, until the young man became more interested in his companion's curling hair than in the service, so much so, that suddenly my friend found himself lying on the floor and the young man was (he said the words in a whisper) "kissing" the young lady. But when I told him that it was perfectly natural and that I had seen the same myself under different circumstances, perhaps, he calmed down. For my part, I think he was offended because he was dropped so unceremoniously on the floor. But, dear me, I've been gossiping and running right away from my story. Its many a year since a very tall, stately looking gentleman, faultlessly dressed in black clothes, with a large seal dangling from his fob, stepped into the shop where I was proudly lying in all my wealth of gilt edges and shining leather, and purchased me. His face bespoke a kind heart and generous nature with a temper, quick and almost fierce when roused. He gave me to his daughter on her birthday with a fond kiss, and surely no gift was ever so treasured as I was. My mistress was then ripening into womanhood; a very sweet, dainty maiden she was; careful and thoughtful beyond her years, for her mother died when she was only twelve years of age, and soon afterwards she had assumed control of the household. (I received this information from the Family Bible, who told me that it was a sweet sight to see her trotting around, with her face full of earnest purpose, to attend to her various domestic duties). And so the time passed away, Sunday to Sunday, for I used to measure times by the weekly service, but some new books which I have met with tell me that in some places they are used every day. Well, well! How times change! At last, *he* came. *He* was a distant relative of the family, James Langham by name; a well-built, sturdy fellow, not remarkable, for his intellectual gifts, but with a bright, open face and generous heart. He had been at Cambridge for about a year, where he was more distinguished for his exploits in the athletic field than in the pursuits of learning. His easy good-nature involved him in a scrape, and he left Cambridge somewhat under a cloud. His wealthy relatives, after writing him long letters, filled with wise and prudent counsels and old saws, calmly threw him over and left him to his own devices. While he was in this predicament, for he was an orphan and had no resources of his own, old Mr. Devine, my mistress's father, who was the head partner in an old-established, highly-respectable firm of solicitors, although he rarely practiced himself, offered him a place in his office. The old gentleman felt sincerely sorry for Langham although he had not seen him since he was a boy; Langham, I need not say, gladly accepted the offer, and thus, at the age of twenty-two, he came to live at W——. All this I learned by hearing Mr. Devine tell my mistress a few

days before Langham arrived. My first view of him was on Sunday; he sat in the family pew and although his eyes wandered around a good deal during the service and he looked too much at my mistress when he should have been otherwise engaged, I must confess, I liked him very much indeed. He came home with us to dinner and afterwards became a constant visitor and a great favorite with the old gentleman, who, however, did not seem to notice how attentive he was to my mistress. I think he had forgotten that she was now no longer a child; or perhaps he laughed at the idea of this penniless young blade's having any intention of seriously falling in love with *his* daughter; for the old man had pride of race strong within him and often boasted of the noble blood that flowed in his veins. Langham, on the other hand, could boast of no ancestral pride at all.

One Sunday morning, after Langham had been at W—— about three months, he walked home from church with my mistress; she happened to mention that she was going out that afternoon upon a charitable errand, some distance from the town. He begged permission to accompany her, and she after some hesitation, granted it. How his face did light up, to be sure!

What happened that memorable Sunday afternoon I do not know, but I can easily conjecture from next day's occurrence. I always used to lie on a table in the little parlor called by courtesy, a drawing room, a somewhat stiff formal looking apartment with its straight-backed chairs and frowning portraits on the wall; the room not half as cozy as the tiny breakfast-room. About 4 o'clock on that Monday afternoon I heard Mr. Devine enter the house; and instead of going to his study, as was his usual custom, he came into the drawing room, and with him was young Langham. I shall never forget that scene; Langham boldly but very respectfully asked for Miss Devine's hand. It seemed as if a thunderbolt had fallen at the old man's feet; he was clearly taken by surprise. When he recovered himself, he gave way to the furious passion which lay beneath his calm and dignified demeanour. What he said I couldn't repeat; he actually *swore*. He reminded Langham of his poverty, of his poor prospects, taunted him with being of humble birth, and finally, carried away by his ungovernable rage, roundly charged the young fellow with seeking his daughter's money more than her love. This accusation kindled the smouldering anger within Langham's breast, and the interview closed with the old man forbidding Langham the house and Langham calling him in turn, its an ugly word, I know, a liar.

It is a sad pity that it should have turned out so; I think that if Langham had controlled himself, all would have been well. The old man having no one to oppose his anger, would have calmed down, and, very probably, for he was a man of common sense, could have been brought round to see the affair in a proper light. But that unfortunate word to which Langham had given vent, rankled in his breast and rang in his ears. That *he*, who was of noble birth,

who had always been of high repute, should be called a *liar*, and that by a boy who had not a penny to bless himself withal, it was unpardonable, monstrous, and so he raved on for the rest of the day.

But my mistress, how she wept that night in the privacy of her own room, how she tried to pray for help, I could tell—but I will not—for it is sacred. To her father and the world in general she preserved a calm countenance while her heart within was nearly bursting with anguish. Mr. Devine consoled himself with the thought that she was a sensible girl; that it was only a few days' fancy, which would soon pass away; so after a short talk with her, in which she replied in monosyllables, he concluded to let the whole matter drop.

Langham saw her the next Sunday, whether by appointment or not I do not know. He, eager and impetuous, urged her to elope with him; he held out brilliant promises to her of the fortune he would make in London. But she stood firm, although she loved him dearly, she would not, could not desert her father. It was a trying position for her, poor child; but Langham showed his manliness, for after having tried unsuccessfully every argument to induce her to take the final step, he, respecting her motive, released her from her promise and after kissing her hand walked hastily away. My poor, poor mistress, she walked home, went to her room and wept as if her heart would break. But outwardly she was the same as ever, when she sat at tea that evening with her father. Langham left W—— that night and I never saw him again. I think he went to India, and was killed there some years later, for I remember that one morning she fainted (for the first time in her life) at reading something in the daily paper. Mr. Devine also looked at the article, and his face turned pale and after she had recovered and gone to her room he walked up and down the sitting room, muttering, "What an old fool I was! He must have been of the right stuff after all! Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" In fact the poor old man would have given a great deal to repair the mischief he had done, but alas! the dead come not back again.

I was her guide, philosopher and friend, and through me she marked the passing of the years. When death's kindly hand gently beckoned her hence, her feeble hands sought for me at her bedside and her lips faintly faltered forth the words of faith and hope which had been her comfort and consolation throughout her whole life. I would sometimes that I might be with her where she is, for I too am old and worn. But I comfort myself that I may still do good as did my mistress in her lifetime. Ah me! I suppose you will say that it isn't much of a story after all.—What's all this commotion? Why, it's a christening?

E.

A Trip to Luray Caverns, Virginia.

TO one at a steamship office observing, at the opening of the season, the body of Americans hastening to cross the ocean that they may satisfy the craving for the beautiful, the rare and majestic in art or nature, comes the thought of our country's richness, not only in what supplies the necessities of physical existence but much that rivals the objects of our tourists' research and distant travel.

While it is in my power neither to mention all the attractions our fair land offers one weary with work, and seeking refreshment, nor to describe in detail many of these beauties whether of nature or art, yet, a few words about a single object of interest may not be written in vain.

When one is riding along the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, once the scene of such conflict, but now of rural comfort, he looks to right and left, now across broad fields of velvet green, separated by the curving stream, and then away to the ridge of hills, rising as a background and at times bending nearer, as if to show you more clearly the ravines and ledges of their "rock-ribbed" sides. Through this giant hallway between mountains, you pass until your reveries are broken by the name "Luray" from the brakeman, and you recollect that at this station you alight. Here is a town of about three thousand souls, not over progressive, for the greater number of houses are not indicative of such life as many towns farther south are showing. Upon a summit however, rising opposite the station, is the Luray Inn, capable of providing for a large number of guests; but at your arm are several rivals for your valise, and, perhaps like me, you bargain for a plain carriage and are soon at the office of a modest hostlery, the Parkinson House. Here, before the open fire, sits the landlord who bids you enter and enjoy with him the ruddy blaze. To close ones eyes and picture Longfellow's heroes, who talked the night away, is not the privilege of poet alone; for surely a "wayside inn" might in Virginia as well, were its oaken timbers vocal, tell many a wild tradition pleasing to succeeding generations.

After a generous repast you intrust yourself to the driver of a pair of Percherons and are soon riding over a road macadamized in true Virginia style. The carriage, or, as we say in the classic dialect of college, the rig, is built for picnic parties, with springs requiring higher living than even Preston Hall affords to test their elasticity, and so if you chance to be the only passenger, Jonah's voyage will seem less rough than yours. Two miles out, and you stop before a cottage quite plain in appearance set well back from the road in an open field. Entering you find an office with two counters and, in showcases curios and photographs of weird scenes which stimulate your curiosity. A guide appears, and, after crossing his palm with a coin of the realm, providing yourself with lantern and overshoes, you cast one more glance

over the fields outside, lit with the descending orb of day, and not wholly unlike the pious hero of Virgil, leave the familiar world behind, and with you prosaic Sybil make your way down hewn steps of stone. You are about to exchange the blue of our accustomed dome for the brown, threatening roof of Luray Caverns. At length you are two hundred feet beneath the sod and emerge to a room of magnificent proportions whose recesses, are but partially lighted with the electric glare, adding to the unearthliness of the surroundings. From this room you pass along cemented walks to other chambers, where on either side nature has ordered the strange and fantastic in bewildering profusion. You gaze upon the accumulation; grain upon grain of limey matter held in solution at one time by water but after the evaporation of the fluid the solid has taken the various forms which Nature in this long hidden workshop fashioned. Thus, or possibly in part by a fungus growth, are formed columns some delicate, others immense, seemingly supporting the roof which is about thirty feet above us. Often you find stalagmites and stalactytes not yet connected but slowly approaching each other. As we move, the sound of our shoes resounds; and then succeeds the stillness broken only by the snapping of the arc lights and the dripping of those tiny vessels whose delicate cargoes are to be added to the unfinished treasures preparing. In different rooms are various scenes. The Epicurean sees shapes of garden produce; where cauliflower and other vegetables seem as in a market or, his appetite tempts him to purchase from the beef, hanging in this odd store house. The change of temperature from the land of the sun to this place makes the sight of heavy blankets suspended above your head quite suggestive of winter. Even the youth whose delight is the menagerie is not without his solace, for at one corner an elephant seems to have left his head and ears for a permanent exhibit. Passing through a very low part you see imbedded in the rock floor human bone, and, perchance with an exclamation akin to "Alas! poor Yorick," you think what sent long ages ago a mortal, for it seems a bone of human arm, to this deep recess, the very existence of which was unknown before the war. What race of men then lived in Virginia? What beast, now known by fossils only, pursued to the cavern's entrance this victim to lingering death? It is said that one lost for several days in an African jungle becomes a maniac. Did our poor fellow in this labyrinth without an Ariadne beating his head and sides against the cruel rocks, lamenting that he had no rather met death in the sight of the sun, with the pangs of hunger and shriek of the mad, yield up his spirit where now no record is left save one surpassing in endurance marble or granite; his arm preserved in the stone? Passing on to another room you find a country churchyard. There stand at intervals the stones. "No signs, no symbols written," for there are no graves, but this room seems like a chapter in a dream and fittingly found in this strange and unreal world. Soon the scene shifts and you enter the bridal chamber where

already several couples have been launched on the sea of matrimonial bliss. Casting mere glances into many dim passageways not yet explored you finally enter upon another unexpected sight. You are standing in a low gallery of a church, wrought by the hand of Nature, a chapel in this castle. In the farther end or chancel, excelling in age the cathedrals of Europe, stands an organ whose pipes, by geologists called stalagmites, in response to blows from a cane, give forth pure bell like tones. To the right are more stalagmites called the chimes, and before you as you face the north—architecturally speaking—in a niche is a figure of Our Lord blessing the little children.

With a mind impressed by the scenes here so imperfectly described, you slowly retrace your steps, and, as from a dream awakening, look out again upon the world above. More than ever before are you awed by the Creator's works and exclaim "The Hand that made them is Divine."

S. W. Linsley, '97.

Tales of a Plantation House.

II.

THE CURSE OF WRENWOOD PRIORY.

ON a bright October morning, in the year 1541, a party of horsemen might have been seen riding along the highway in Northumberland. Their leader was Sir Francis Beverley, one of the favorites of Henry VIII. The last of the monasteries had been suppressed and the royal robber had given the estates of Wrenwood Priory to this favorite, who was now on his way to take possession. As the party of horsemen reached the top of a hill, the little valley, in which the priory was situated, lay before them. The face of the leader brightened, as he looked upon the fair fields and saw the vast buildings of the monastery. For more than five centuries the voice of praise had not been hushed within those walls; but Sir Francis was not the man to entertain such reflections; on the contrary, he was one of those worthless, irreligious spendthrifts, who frequented the court of Henry and through whose influence most of the changes of this age were accomplished. He calculated that the estate would bring him in so many thousand pounds annually, and that the lead on the roof of the church would net him quite a handsome sum.

A few weeks before Sir Francis had played at cards with the king and lost heavily, till, at last, Henry wagered the estates of Wrenwood against a large sapphire ring, which the favorite wore. The king's luck changed, however, and Wrenwood Priory, with its large landed estates, became the property of Sir Francis Beverley.

As they came to the monastery gate, they met the Prior, Father Anselm, and an old monk, who leaned heavily upon his staff. The knight reined up his horse.

"Ho, sir monk! Where are you going?"

"To yonder village," responded the priest meeting the knight's gaze.

"What for? carrying off my property, you lazy rascal?"

The priest bit his lips. He knew Sir Francis Beverly, though this was their first meeting. Then he walked on supporting his aged companion.

"Hold!" shouted the knight, "How old are you old man!"

"Ninety and four years, may it please thee sir, and sixty I spent in yonder priory." Two great tears rolled down the old man's cheek. As nurses are sometimes maddened by the crying of a child, so now, like a flash, the brute asserted itself in Sir Francis and he struck the aged monk on the face.

Father Anselm clinched his hands. "Thou coward to strike an old man! The Lord rebuke thee."

"Prate not to me, thou hound of Babylon; your day is past. All this land, as far as thou canst see, is mine, thanks to his Gracious Majesty."

"Thine?" the priest's lip curled, "King Henry gave it thee? Let him beware of sacrilege."

"Begone!" shouted the knight, aiming another blow at the aged monk.

Prior Anselm stepped between them and parried the blow.

"Dominus regnavit," said the priest, "You may plunder His house and smite His servants; but His right hand will find you. The curse of the Greater Excommunication is upon you and yours forever."

* * * * *

One morning, a few months after Braddock's defeat, Myron Vaughn sat in the breakfast room of the old plantation house and chatted with his guest Lieutenant Piksley. The negro waiter was clearing the table and the two men stood at one of the windows, looking out over the waste of salt marshes. It had rained heavily the night before. They regretted, that it was necessary to postpone their day's hunting, on account of the storm; and at last, the conversation turned on the prospects of the young officer.

"Here I am," said the Lieutenant, "twenty-eight years old, without a shilling to my name. Of course, I have my commission; but there is no hope of rising in His Majesty's service, unless you have some one to buy you a commission."

"I should think that your uncle, Sir Simon Elliott, might be persuaded to do *that* much for you," responded the planter.

"No, no, he has no love for me; but, if he dies childless I shall inherit Wrenwood."

"That was a fine old place;" said Myron Vaughn, "I fancy, from what I saw of you as a boy, that you would enjoy being a country squire."

"O yes," said the soldier with a yawn, "but I don't just like the entail, don't you know."

There was a brief pause after which he continued, "Wrenwood was a Priory

in Papal times and the superstitious country folk believe, that there is a curse upon the place. When the monks were being driven out, Sir Francis Beverly, to whom the King gave the title, struck an old monk, who had offended him in some way, and the Prior, seeing the cowardly act exclaimed, 'Dominus regnavit! You may plunder His house and smite His servants; but His right hand will find you! The curse of the Greater Excommunication is upon you and yours forever.' I can not say how much the prior's curse has had to do with it; but the fact remains, that every owner of Wrenwood from that time to this has died a violent death. The hundred and ninth psalm is a *billet-doux* compared to the Greater Excommunication."

The next day the hunt took place; but in leaping a small stream, the Lieutenant's horse threw him and the officer sustained severe internal injuries. They took him back to the plantation house where he lay for several weeks, suffering great pain and growing gradually weaker and weaker.

About six weeks after the accident, a packet addressed to Lieutenant Arthur Piksley was brought from Baltimore. It contained papers from a London solicitor, announcing the death of Sir Simon Elliott. When the injured man had finished reading the papers he said, "The curse of Wrenwood Priory is upon me," and turned his face to the wall.

Five days later Lieutenant Piksley died, begging those around him to send away "that man in white."

* * * * *

Shortly after the Civil War, Winfred Vaughn returned to the plantation. He was in his twenty-third year. For several years he had been traveling and studying in Europe and had now come home to settle down.

The old house was musty and gloomy; but with the help of the pictures, curios and furniture, which he had brought from abroad, he managed to fit up a very pleasant suit of rooms. His study was a large square room with a western exposure and furnished in the most luxurious style.

It was a hot August evening. He had thrown himself on the couch and lay gazing out of the window at the darkening landscape. Presently, he became conscious that some one was looking at him. He knew that he had locked the door and yet, he turned and looked to confirm his knowledge that he was alone.

There by the book-case, he saw a white robed figure. He regarded it with curiosity for some moments and, to his surprise, he recognized the habit of the Carthusian Friars, with which he had become well acquainted in France. There the figure stood in the gloom, right before an ivory crucifix, which hung on the wall. Then the spectre bent down and, having kissed the feet of the sculptured figure, glided to the door and vanished.

Months passed and nothing was seen of the strange visitant; but the last night of the old year, Winfred Vaughn sat up long after midnight, trying to

straighten out his money affairs. It was after two o'clock, when he finished and, being hungry, he went down stairs to get something to eat. As he was returning he met the spectre. It passed him and vanished through the hall door. He followed the white habited friar out of the house and along the garden path, till they came to the little private cemetery and stopped before the moss covered gravestone of Arthur Piksley. The young man stopped. The cold sweat was standing on his forehead and every nerve was vibrating.

"Dominus regnavit" murmured the spectre.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

Love understands love ; it needs no talk.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

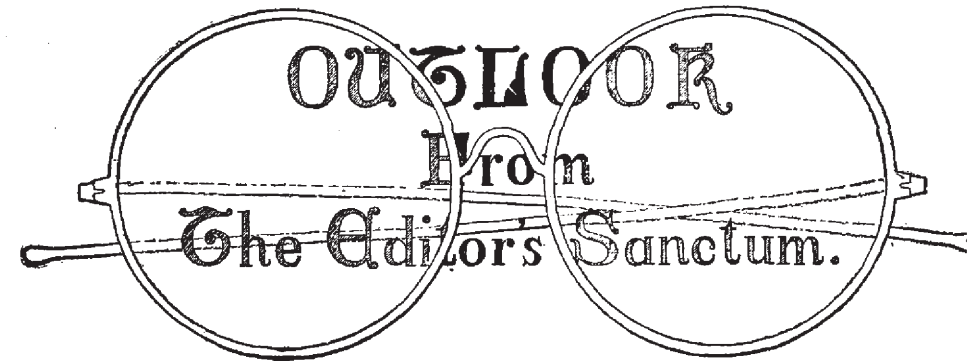
A T last fair Cupid's swift and winged dart
Has pierced the shrine of love within my heart,
And opened wide the golden gate of bliss,
For joy to enter and all cares dismiss.

Her eyes, which spoke of kindness and of love,
First moved my soul to think of one above,
Who for her sweet and loving gentleness
Gave birth to Him, whom all the world confess.

Oh! happy mortal that I am—to win
A love which is, to joys of Heav'n, akin ;
And though no words her precious love did tell,
She gave her heart to me, I know it well.

For with a long and lasting kiss of love,
The joys of earth were joined with those above,
For what we hold on earth in close embrace,
The wasting hand of time shall n'er efface.

"Pet."



With this number of the MESSENGER many subscriptions, we are told, expire. We thank our friends for their interest in our work here, and trust that they will renew promptly.

No set of books in our library has been as much sought and examined, lately as that of the late Dr. Tucker. The books are on all subjects, and cover a wide range of knowledge. They are also well bound, and quite a number are handsomely illustrated. Their popularity, however, is due solely to the character of the books themselves; as they fill a vacancy that has long existed. We have now more standard works and noted histories and books of reference than we have ever possessed before; and we shall always have to thank Dr. Tucker for them. What a cheerful life his must have been; even though it was a quiet one. His books emphatically proclaim it. The libraries of clergymen are generally filled with the works of Dr. Dryasdust and Rev. Sanctimonious; but none of such works do we find among his. True, he has *theological works and moral treatises, but they do not predominate*; nor are they of an uncertain character, but are the works of authorities, and the requisites of every thoughtful clergyman. Dr. Hoffman's books are also very interesting especially the set of Scottish ballads which we have all enjoyed very much.

"Buttons, it is said, are now made of potatoes, chemically treated in a way to make them hard." I wonder if that inventor knows that *some* butcher could supply him with a brand of beef which would need only the treatment of the chancellor's art to render it harder than adamant?

It does take some people a long while to appreciate the value of the property of others. Some men can calmly take a sled a half of a mile away, enjoy themselves, and, — leave it there for some one to steal, destroy, or, perhaps, though hardly possible, return to its proper place; others can break locks, smash panels, and otherwise hack and destroy things; because, in both cases, it is the property of others. This *may* be fun, but we doubt it, and can assure our friends of this class that it betokens a moral incapacity which even some of the most heathenish Africans in the "Interior" *do not* possess.



Editors' Corner

WE notice, in looking over the report of the first meeting of the "Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries," that one of the various considerations was, "the advisability of our endeavoring to overcome, in every way in our power, any false impression of our Schools and Colleges being theological institutions." This consideration is certainly a wise one, and needs prompt and decisive action. Our schools and colleges have suffered a great deal from this sectarian slander which has been widely cast abroad by our envious though zealous heretical brethren. Church institutions are not theological institutions, simply because they belong to the Church, nor is theology taught in any of them, except in the regular seminaries. Why churchmen have been so easily deceived by this report is not easily imagined, especially when one would suppose that they were more informed about such matters than any outsiders could possibly be.

Why should churchmen send their sons to Unitarian Harvard, or Congregational Yale, when such excellent Church institutions exist as Columbia and Lehigh? Even our smaller "fresh water colleges," as they are called, would be able to compete favorably with the same class of sectarian institutions were they given ONE HALF of the support that our good-hearted brothers and sisters give sectarian schools. Broad-mindedness never yet caused a truly charitable or loving son or daughter of the Church to overlook the needs of their own, while they were seeking, actually seeking, some poor sectarian school to bestow upon it endowments, and erect for it buildings. "Charity begins at home," though, naturally, she does not stay there, but first warms, clothes and feeds those who are nearest and dearest to her before she goes forth to aid the stranger.

Possibly (!) however, this slanderous report may have been the cause of the shunning of Church institutions by those who should do all in their power, which is not inconsiderable, to maintain and make them better and more useful, both for the sake of the Church and for the country at large: and what institutions should send forth more noble specimens of virtuous, incorruptible,

and virile manhood and citizenship, than the institutions of that Church in which the Father of our Country was spiritually nourished?

But there is another side to this; and one, possibly, that has been just as destructive to our institutions as the erroneous report that we mentioned above. The alumni of our institution are strangely indifferent. What would one think of a Yale, Princeton or Harvard man who displayed such lack of interest in his Alma Mater as the Alumni of our Church institutions continually display? Would not one think it, to say the least, peculiar? A man from one of these institutions is ready to sacrifice almost anything, at any moment, for the sake of his Alma Mater, should she ever be in such a condition as to need it. He never waits to be invited to "banquets" and "Reunion Dinners" to exhibit to the world his love for his college, but he continually publishes it, by word and deed, whenever he has the opportunity, and sends, nine times out of ten, his son there too. Notice the difference. Our Alumnus from the "fresh water college" half way apologizes every time he utters the name of his Alma Mater, he admits that he attended, if closely pressed; but then, you know, it was a much better college when he was young; the rival of—etc., (where, of course, he sends *his* son); President ———, too, was a powerful man, and everything was different. He may possibly end this apology by saying that he afterward took a course at ———; and looks much relieved when he notices the smile that creeps over your countenance at his discomfiture. He may also add that his father, too, had urged him to study there, although mamma and the girls objected, because the college had just made him a trustee, and it would never have done to send his son elsewhere. This worthy will possibly conveniently forget to tell you that the *real* reason of his attendance was the cheapness of the tuition and the general expenses; and that he was compelled either to economize or go without an education. If he is of a character such as the above, he will also fail to give his Alma Mater the credit of training his intellect and of giving him the knowledge to use those intellectual tools, so to speak, by which he has gained any success in the world.

This is one of the reasons that our Church Institutions are not better known and sadly misrepresented. If our Alumni did one-half of the talking for us and displayed one-half of the interest that sectarians manifest for their schools of learning, a marvelous educational revolution would take place in a few years; and a few Oxfords, at least established on this side of the Atlantic. There is too much RESPECTABLE indifference displayed by churchmen; and too often are they ready to publish the faults and failings of their own schools but as to helping to remedy the evils;—our soft hearted and charitable brothers believe in charity allowing her own children to starve while she feeds her already over fed neighbors! Can one wonder at the slander and error that is scattered abroad in the world, when those who should deny it, calmly

stand by and allow others to throw mud; and even aid them by pointing out the weak places?

Long live the new association, and may it not only eradicate all evil, but may it also, as well, stir up within us all a love for our Church and Her schools.

FREE PRESS.

Mr. Editor :—As a number of us have been lately speaking of Chapel reform, it seemed to me that the best and most effective way of remedying the evil would be by making use of your “free press;” and so I offer the following suggestion. Do you not think that if we were allowed to attend but one service a day, except Sunday, we would have no trouble about absences? If we could not go in the morning, we could at night, or vice versa. This strikes me as being both reasonable and sensible. Let us hear the opinions of others on the subject.

Respectfully,

A regular attendant.

Mr. Editor :—Are we supposed to go to the manager's room for our papers, or should he bring them to us?

Respectfully,

Subscriber.

Subscriber :—In reply I might say that the manager should either send your paper by mail or himself bring it.

Editor-in-Chief.

Some of the *things* to be found at Annandale are :

An offended dignity ; a strutting peacock.

A picture of innocence ; a sleepy reformer.

An aspiring genius (?) ; a profound (?) Soph.

A few *marvelous* fiddlers ; a prayer-meeting union.

An active parasite and sycophant.

An Important Business ; a foxy caller.

A town gossip and busy-body ; *two* of a kind.

A theological authority (!) ; a reader of “Rome.”

A number of swelled heads ; some *wise* fellows.

Some of the things *not* to be found at Annandale are :

Many humble individuals ; a clock on time.

That “Middle Section” ; that *new* “Gymnasium.”

A *live* missionary society ; an earnest zeal.

Subscribers for the MESSENGER ; and some *new* books.

A disinterested spirit in college affairs, and that article called LOVE.

Barrels of cash, and plenty of milk.

Reasonable lessons, and a discontinuance of examinations.

Last of all—A chapter of the Brotherhood of S. Andrew.

The attention of the students and our readers in general is called to the advertisement of A. G. Spalding & Bros., which we are carrying in another column. Their spring and summer line of base ball and athletic supplies is unsurpassed, their trade mark legend “Spalding Highest Quality” on their goods being absolute guarantee that the articles bearing it is the best that can be produced. The managers of our track and base ball teams would do well to secure estimates from this firm before placing their spring orders.

A handsome catalogue will be mailed free to any student sending his address.

However strange it seems, yet in the language of a Freshman “*necesse est*” some Act of Uniformity be read in our chapel. By the revision of the hymnal the phrase “streaming eyes” does *not* occur in the Litany hymn and when, as regularly happens, several prominent voices utter this in conflict with the authorized wording “weeping eyes,” the effect in meaning may be similar, but from an æsthetic point of view is painfully unique. Gentlemen let us conform.

To be sure this is the quiet season, and just at present social entertainment itself would be out of place ; nevertheless our Lent in this respect extends over too great a portion of the year. We have long been in need of regular enlivenment. It is but necessary to refer to the pleasurable stimulus which ball or minstrel performance has given us at rare intervals in the past to prove that such events are welcome. Why can they not be regular? Why, we ask, cannot an entertainment committee be appointed monthly at a college meeting, whose duty it shall be to provide for us each month some healthful pleasure, which, beside stirring our torpid livers, will enliven our sympathies by making a college interest overlap a society feeling. Bear this in mind, fellow readers, and if the suggestion in any way meets with your approval, discuss it at the next college meeting.

S. Stephen's lacks something—yes many things no doubt—but one thing especially, which, who knows?—may be the cause of many of the others. I explain: The different colleges of the English Universities have as a part of their collegiate heritage special prayers which the faithful undergraduate alumnus may and does use in his private or public devotions. They pray that God may raise up benefactors to their different colleges, and bless them in various ways. Some American institutions have followed their examples, and we have a special petition in the Litany. But do we not need a college collect ; some simple prayer which, even if, because of the necessary red-tape, it cannot be incorporated into our public worship, could be made by each student a part of his daily devotions? Nor would this be welcomed by the student body alone—we hope that such a collect would find its way to the hearts and lips of all

alumni, many of whom, thus reminded by a form of sound words, would intercede for us in the midst of their priestly offices. We had thought of submitting a suggestion of our own, but have refrained hoping that some friend versed in liturgies would compile, perhaps from some ancient and trustworthy model, a collect of intercession for S. Stephens and her sons.

This is to be a daring criticism upon a part of our curriculum; however it is to be hoped that the editor will not consign it to his fiery furnace, as heresy.

English Literature is doled out to us in our Senior year, isn't it? In our last year here, when we are supposed to have laid a great part of our cultur-ing foundation, and to be taking on ornamentation, lo, then it is that we begin to be instructed in the principles of our Literature. This work which we go over here in our Senior year is almost identical with that which some of us have been fortunate enough to pursue in our high-school course. It is elementary; necessarily so; we are not prepared for anything more. An examination which would embrace the standard writers of English and their works, if given to most of us here would amply prove our shameful lack of development in the classics of our mother tongue. A member of the Senior class confessed, the other day, that he had never before heard of Izaak Walton and his "Compleat Angler." Now this confession came from one of our most bookish men, and shows that he has, because of a lack of systematic instruction, been neglecting by-paths if not important high-ways in the Literature.

And what is the remedy for this our fault? Well, that question can best be answered by the honorable faculty, after a consideration of this important question. We venture, however, to point out one vulnerable point in the bulwarks of our boasted English course; and that is the Freshman work of the Easter term: *Harrison on the English Language*. It would be harsh perhaps to speak of it as a farce; it certainly is far from profitable. No examination is given. Is there a college man who from this fact will be unable to conceive of the thoroughness of the work on the part of the students? We have lately noticed a text book, "*A Brief History of the English Language and Literature*," by J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M.A. (Heath & Co., Boston), which in a terse and comprehensive way goes over the same ground as Harrison, and supplements this instruction with an "Outline of the History of English Literature." This work, or one similar to it, seems pre-eminently suited to our needs here, and we hope by these remarks to call the proper attention to our lack.

We have a fine library which is far too little used. One of the chief reasons for this lack is the want of knowledge which would guide us when we enter that Ionic structure and gaze bewildered upon rows and rows of books. We have little time for reading outside of our routine college work, and our tastes and desires need cultivation. That we may to the best advantage use that

little time, we humbly ask that the college leave not this very important training for the last year of our course here, when we shall have so little time for the application of inculcated principles.

The training given us by Saturday work in Oration, Declamation and Composition may perhaps be thought sufficient training in the rich heritage of our language; but any undergraduate if he will be fair minded, must confess that it is not. The system is more at fault than the practice. We imagine, in what we have already said is not sufficiently convincing evidence of the existence of a dangerous flaw in our college machinery, that the "MESSENGER" staff, from the recesses of its waste basket, could throw some powerful search lights upon the alarming state of our English culture.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

"A WOULD-BE ATHLETE."

IN talking to a friend the other day about athletics, something was said which reminded us of a young lady we knew some time ago who was very proud of her so-called athletics, and whose exploits in muscular affairs were intensely interesting. We once heard her state, as a fact, that when she was little younger, she could walk four miles without tiring herself. We first met this interesting young lady, at her home, where she informed us that she was very fond of tennis and asked us to play a set with her. We told her that we would consider it quite an honour. She left the room and, in a few minutes returned arrayed in a green tennis suit of ancient pattern trimmed with red braid about the wrists and bottom of the skirt. She won the toss and served double faults all through the game and we, bound to be equal, religiously did the same. So we kept on; and when we had finished she declared she had never played such an exciting set before.

The next time we went to see her we noticed a pair of small battered Indian clubs standing in the corner. We inquired whether she used them. She told us that she formerly exercised with them but had not done so recently on account of a bad knock she had given her head in doing so. When we asked her how it happened, she told us that she had tried to twist one in the air and catch it again by its handle. After she had broken a looking glass and a lamp chimney it had descended on her head. From that time she gave up the club swinging.

The last time we went to see her we found her hot and excited. We asked what made her so warm and she told us that she had read of the beneficial results to be obtained by using a striking bag; and, not caring to pay five dollars for it, she had made one for herself. She asked us whether we would not like to see it. On saying that we would, she led us into the next room

where we saw a red flannel bag, which we were informed was stuffed with rags, suspended in the centre of the doorway by a piece of heavy rope. Our friend told us that she enjoyed punching it immensely although she was continually striking her poor fists against the side of the doorway; which she proved by disclosing to our sympathetic view her bruised and battered knuckles.

We have not seen her since but we fully expect that she will prematurely end this transitory life by falling from a home-made trapeze and breaking her neck.

Arthur C. Saunders.

Alumni Notes.

'76—Rev. J. D. Herron of New Castle, Pa., has been chosen a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Pittsburg.

'76—Rev. A. A. Brockway has taken charge of a parish at Newburg, New York, where he will remain until after Easter.

'87—Rev. John W. Gill has accepted the Rectorship of S. Luke's Church, Bridgeport, Conn. His address is 385 Stratford avenue.

'88—Rev. L. R. F. Davis has resigned Calvary Church, Rockdale, Penn., to take effect March 31st.

'91—Earle E. Madeira has written some new music which will be brought out by Ponds & Co. at Easter.

'92—Rev. John D. Ewing of Middle Haddam, Conn., was the guest of Tutor A. J. Nock, for a few days recently.

'92—Rev. Jos. H. Ivie was advanced to the priesthood by the Bishop of Long Island on the fourth Sunday in Advent.

'95—Thomas Worrall, ex-editor-in-chief of the MESSENGER, was in town Feb. 13 to attend the Freshman Ball.

College Notes.

—William H. Webb was in Brooklyn recently, being called there by the sudden death of his brother.

—Frank Heaslip has decided not to enter the Junior Preparatory Class and has returned to his home at Saratoga Springs.

—C. L. Wheeler, '98, spent two weeks at his home in Boston during the latter part of the month of February.

—Frederick DuM. Devall, '96, read service at Lake Mahopac, N. Y., on Sunday, Feb. 23.

—H. Harrington Pease was ill with tonsillitis a week in February.

—A. L. Longley, '96, spent two weeks at his home at Lansingburg, N. Y. recently. John C. Davis, '96, conducted his services at S. Paul's Church Tivoli, during his absence.

—The last reception, until after Easter, at Ludlow Hall was held Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 18, and was enjoyed by a larger number of persons than usually attended.

—Kroll, '96, Staples, Clark, and Tutor A. J. Nock spent several days in New York City in February. Talcott Vanamee was also away for a few days.

—The Sunday School children of the parish, with the teachers, enjoyed sleigh ride to Rhinebeck, on Saturday, Feb. 22d.

—Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, and Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, were enjoyed as holidays.

—Beginning Feb. 21st and for the remainder of this term on Fridays, Dr. Malcom will lecture in the Department of English, on some subject relating to the work which the classes are taking.

—The library of the late Rev. John Ireland Tucker, which was bequeathed to S. Stephen's Library, has recently been moved to the Hoffman Library building and the books are now being catalogued by the librarians.

—Rev. E. N. Potter, D. D., L. L. D., &c., President of Hobart College, was the guest of Dr. Fairbairn, and preached twice in the College Chapel Sunday, February 16th.

—The friends of Dan'l Hugh Verder, ex-'98, will be pleased to learn that he has been granted a scholarship amounting to \$200 per annum, at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., for proficiency in study.

—Rev. F. D. Hoskins of Hartford, Conn., Secretary of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry, preached to the Students Friday evening, Feb. 21st.

—Miss Josephine Simmons of Plainfield, N. J., was the guest of Prof. Malcom in February.

—The Exchanges of the MESSENGER and the Church Papers of the Missionary Society now occupy a table in Hoffman Library, instead of the room formerly used as a reading room.

—An excellent likeness of Rt. Rev. Leighton Coleman, Bishop of Delaware, a man dear to all S. Stephen's students, now hangs in the warden's recitation room, having been placed there by the Eulexian Society as a gift from Frank Van R. Moore.

—Committees have been appointed by the Missionary Society and S. Peter Brotherhood, to confer with reference to a combination of the two societies and to establishing at S. Stephen's a Chapter of the Brotherhood of S. Andrew.

—The "Special Course W. & P. Club" have suspended meetings during Lent. This Club is seriously contemplating the giving of another "Opéra."

—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 5th, Mr. Derrick Brown, editor of the Poughkeepsie Enterprise, gave a very entertaining talk on a trip around the Mediterranean Sea, dwelling especially on his visit to Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Mr. Brown is a very pleasing speaker, and has a very naïve manner. The lecture was for the benefit of the Base Ball Team. A good sized audience was present including not a few from the surrounding towns.

—A meeting of the ice polo teams was held Feb. 16 and Herbert L. Hannah was elected Captain of a Varsity team which was afterwards organized; it is made up as follows—Dunlap, Hind, Carroll, Green, Moore, Tully, Wheeler, Saunders, Lacey, Greiner, Porter, McGuire, Popham and Hannah. As soon as the skating improves the team intends to play a series of games with outside teams.

—On Ash Wednesday the usual services were held in the college chapel with a sermon by Dr. Fairbairn, on "The Sin of Thoughtlessness." The first of the regular series of Lenten sermons was preached on Thursday evening, February 20, by Rev. Walter Thompson, S. T. D., of Garrison, N. Y. The second one of this service was preached Thursday evening, February 27, by Professor Hopson, who took the place of the scheduled preacher.

—The meeting of the Athletic Association on March 3d, was a lively one. The report of the building committee of the Gymnasium showed great progress in their work. The architect is soon to visit Annandale to view the site and then the plans will be submitted. The money on hand now is *not sufficient* and more *must* be raised. A committee was appointed for this work, the chairman of which is to be the acting treasurer of the gymnasium fund. The committee is composed of A. M. Judd, '98, F. DuM. Devall, '96, Sp. C., and J. C. Davis, '96, Sp. C. Donations may be sent to any one of this committee.

—The Arts and Special Course Seniors were entertained at dinner in Ludlow Hall, on Wednesday, February 12th, by the Warden and Miss Fairbairn. The evening was a delightful one in every respect. Miss Fairbairn as usual proved a most charming hostess while the Warden was equally happy in his position as host. Before dinner was announced the Warden by his excellent anecdotes of his experiences in English Universities held the undivided attention of his guests. After one of those delightful repasts for which Ludlow Hall is justly famed, all adjourned to the drawing room. The Warden then told many interesting stories connected with S. Stephen's earlier history. Afterwards the students, by request, sang several good old college songs, which the warden seemed to enjoy quite as much as the students had enjoyed his stories. Certainly the evening was delightful and will form one of the

pleasantest of the many memories which will ever remain connected with S. Stephens in the minds of those who must so soon leave their dear Alma Mater.

—The trainer is getting the candidates for the base-ball team into working order. The manager still has some open dates. Dates have been closed with Union College. A challenge from Rutgers was accepted, but later they asked to be released. The prospects for a good team are fine.

—On the night of February 13th, 1896, S. Valentine's Eve, Preston Hall was made brilliant by the occasion of the Fancy Dress Ball given under the auspices of the class of ninety-nine. The management of the affair was entrusted to the care of a committee consisting of Messrs. Champlin, Carroll, Kellemen, Popham and Sidman. The hall was neatly decorated with evergreens and flags. At the west end a platform was raised upon which sat the patronesses. Van Benschoten's orchestra furnished music. The programmes were furnished by J. M. Stearns of Dalton, Mass. At eight-thirty the grand march was formed and was led by "Reuben" and "Cynthia," a quaker and quakeress impersonated by Mr. Champlin, '99, and Mr. Porter, '99. Among the best impersonations were two "fortune-tellers" by Maslin, '96, and Hastings, '98; the "colored Patti," Devall, '96 Sp. C.; "Nellie Bly," McGinnis, '99; "Colonial Gentlemen," Dunlap, '97, and Staples, '96 Sp. C.; "Roman Orator," Mayers, '98; "Mephisto," by Mr. Frank Mayers. The two mascots, the chicken dance and the singing of the Freshman quartette were worthy of mention. During a half-hour's intermission cake and lemonade were served. Among those from out of town who attended were Leon D. Bonnett, '90, of Hyde Park, Miss Traver of Hudson, Miss Josephine Simmons of Plainfield, N. J., Miss Mullen of Oneonta, and Misses Howland, Berlin and McFarland of Vassar College. The affair was a success in every way and much praise is due to the class for affording so delightful an evening.

Exchanges.

THE HONOR SYSTEM AT YALE.

SCENE: *Osborne Hall.* Time 11:34 A. M.

Prof.—"Gentlemen, instead of the ordinary recitation this morning I will substitute a written examination. [Great excitement; two men near the door cut during the disturbance.] I am a great believer in the honor system, so I will not exercise any supervision over you. However, for convenience I will have you sit two seats apart. Although I have implicit confidence in your honor, I will divide the class into two divisions and give each alternate row a different question. You will please bring your note books to my desk and leave them there, lest they get in your way and interfere with your writing.

While the examination goes on I will stroll around the room, not for the purpose of supervision, but simply to benefit my liver. The examination will now begin.—*Yale Record.*

Dusty Roads.—"You look rusty, Walter."

Weary Walter.—"I am; I've got an iron constitution you know; and I hai'nt had nothin' to drink but water for two weeks."—*Spectator.*

A FRIENDLY HAVEN.

Said the whiskered "med"
To the fair "co-ed,"
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams. are near,
And much I fear
I will unlucky be."

Then murmured she,
"A shore I'll be,
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.

—*Spectator.*

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.

A nymph there was in Arcadie
Who owned a crystal spring;
And there she'd wash, sans mackintosh,
B'gosh, or any thing.

A youth there was in Arcadie
Who hunted o'er the brooks;
He would not tote no overcoat,
But travelled on his looks.

Though Ancient Greece had no police
The gods did as they orter;
To put them quite from mortal's sight
They turned them into water.

—*Morningside, "E. H. Daley."*

LAKE MICHIGAN.

Long wastes of sand that wind and reach
To where the waters lap the sky;
Long ranks of waves that lash the beach
And in their fury die.

Bald shining hills of naked sand,
That once were wrapped in living green;
A few gaunt oaks, half-buried, stand,
Spectres of what has been.

And sometimes, when the tempests sweep,
The breakers with their strong arms white
Toss from the bosom of the deep
A victim of their might.

—*Ex.*

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Morningside, Student Record, Spectator, The U. Cynic, Westminster Review, Trinity Tablet, Wellesley Magazine, Bachelor of Arts, Reveille.*