

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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## A Midnight Tete-a-tete.

JACK Barlow was a senior of a metaphysical turn of mind. He was not a theosophist; but nevertheless he was greatly interested in the occult sciences and in fact he had just been reading a treatise on occultism. He lay back comfortably in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. It was after midnight, and although he was very tired he was not sleepy. Presently, he noticed a gray mist gathering on the divan. It was near the register, and for a moment he thought it must be smoke from the furnace; but gradually he became aware that he had a visitor, a white robed old man, who sat nursing his knees and watching him intently.

"Who the deuce are *you*?" he said, addressing his visitor. Now it is not pleasant to have visitors, who disdain doors and come in by the register, in the form of a gray mist and materialize before your eyes, and Barlow felt somewhat uncomfortable, especially as his light was going out.

"I am Diogenes of Sinopé. I have just slipped out of Limbo for a few days. It is dreadfully slow there just now."

"Indeed! And may I ask where you learned English? I don't suppose you learned it at school, did you?"

"O, no!" said the shade, "the English language was'nt invented yet, when I went to school. Perhaps you do not know, however, that the limitations of human language do not operate upon spirits."

"Indeed! That's encouraging. I wish I had met you in my Freshman year. You might have given me considerable help with my Greek, don't you know. Or you might have helped me to become a shade and acquire this spirit knowledge of language. It seems that I have wasted considerable time over Greek and Latin and French and German."

"I should think you had," said Diogenes. "It was bad enough when I was in the flesh to master the intricacies of *one* language. Why, I took seventeen years to learn the imperative mood."

"I believe you were the duffer who lived in a tub" remarked the student.

"Now look here," said the cynic testily, "that's a vile slander. It was'n't a tub at all, but a large, commodious wine-jar. You don't suppose I was so dirty that I had to soak all the time, do you? I was the inventor of fire-proof houses. People said I was crazy in those days; but now you progressive Americans have taken up with the idea."

"I didn't know it," said Barlow, striking a match. "What Americans have you found living in tubs or wine-jars? I don't see why you call it a slander, to say you lived in a tub. I had much rather have it said of me, that I soaked in water, than in wine."

The lamp gave one expiring flicker and at the same moment Barlow reached over and lit a candle on the tea-table. The philosopher did not see the joke, so he ignored it and continued:

"When I was in New York I saw lots of buildings built of the same material as my house—which you call a tub or a wine-jar—and some of them were twenty stories high. Like my little house they were fire-proof, but not nearly so convenient. For instance, when my house got dirty I took it on my back and walked down to the Piraeus, where I washed it in the sea."

"Was that the origin of Homer's phrase, 'the wine-colored sea?'"

"No," responded Diogenes, "that was one of Homer's little jokes. You know he was very poor and he called the sea his punch-bowl. It was a Greek joke. Perhaps you won't appreciate it. But to return to my house. It had many advantages. If the neighborhood degenerated I simply took up my house and walked off. I never was troubled with visits from my poor relatives and could always have plenty of sunshine. I just gave my house a turn two or three times a day and the sun streamed in and kept me warm. That was why I got so angry with Alexander the Great. I had just turned my house around when he came and put me in the shade—in more senses than one."

"Have a cigarette, old man?" asked Barlow, offering his case. "It's lots more sociable to smoke."

A moment later the student and the shade were each puffing vigorously at a Virginia Bright.

"Cigarettes always remind me of Delphi" said the cynic.

"Why?"

"Because I got my first whiff of tobacco there. You know the Pythia used to sit on a tripod, placed over a circular opening in the floor, whence fumes issued. Your modern books say the fumes were natural gas. Now that is all nonsense; if it had been gas she would have been asphyxiated. The truth was, that the priests went down stairs and smoked cigarettes, and of course

the fumes came up through the opening. You moderns think you are awfully clever, but those priests at Delphi were regular sports. Later the fumes of tobacco failed to effect the priestess and then they opened an opium joint in the basement."

"I should think you would have written a book and exposed the fraud," said the student.

"Why should I? I was on good terms with them and it was the only place in all Greece where I could hit the pipe in comfort and security. Opium was my one weakness; but I never dared to indulge it in Corinth. If I had been caught at it and jugged it would have ruined my reputation."

"You evidently preferred being jarred to being jugged" said Barlow slyly.

"Such puns jar on my nerves" said Diogenes.

"They are wearing. The circumstances were extenuating, however. Did your house ever get broken? I believe there is a reference to such an occurrence in Juvenal."

"Yes," said Diogenes, "it did, and I hav'nt settled with Juvenal for calling me a naked cynic."

'Dolia nudi

Non ardent Cynici.'

"Indeed! Of course it did'nt. I wonder if he would have thought any more of me if it had burnt? It was broken twice, though. The boys would throw stones at it, although I had a sign up threatening them with the full extent of the law. Once I mended it with a little lead; but the second time it was all broken up and I had to buy a new one. Then I put up a shield of chicken wire to protect it and had no more trouble."

"I suppose *you* were all broken up about it too" Barlow remarked.

"Look here, young man, you are mocking me. I believe you are a reincarnation of the boy who threw the stone. You look like him. I did hope that I should be treated with more consideration here, in a college; but you are like the rest of them. You make fun of everything."

"Well, you did rather more of that than most people in your time, did you not?" asked the student.

"I shall go!" said the angry shade.

"Well, good bye," said Barlow. "When you come again do it in civilized clothes. Even Juvenal did'nt approve of your attire, and in these days that hymation of yours is hopelessly out of style, besides being rather cool for this climate."

"That's a fact" said the philosopher, as he vanished down the register. "I'm going back to Limbo at once. Thanks for the cigarette: they don't allow smoking in Limbo."

*Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.*

**The Dear Old Fire-Place.**

WHEN the winter wind is blowing,  
 And his coldness doth entice  
 Splashes, from the brooklet flowing,  
 Past the bank, to form the ice;  
 When he sends the snowdrops flitting,  
 By his chilling gusts apace,  
 I am happy, if I'm sitting  
 Near "The dear old fire-place."

On the growing bed of ashes,  
 Embers gather from the logs,  
 Which the roaring fire lashes  
 As they rest upon the dogs,  
 Flames of blue and yellow flicker,  
 And there seems to be a race  
 As to which can burn the quicker  
 In "The dear old fire-place."

In the evening we assemble  
 Near the hearth-stone once again,  
 And we watch the blazes tremble  
 As they try to reach the crane;  
 There a happy, restful feeling  
 Finds expression in each face,  
 While the sticks are slowly peeling  
 In "The dear old fire-place."

And, if all alone they leave me—  
 Yet for that I do not care—  
 There is naught that can aggrrieve me,  
 Seated musing in my chair.  
 It is then, I wonder whether  
 I can see my loved one's face,  
 And I think I'm chatting with her,  
 By "The dear old fire-place."

So I sit there thinking, thinking,  
 Almost dozing, in a dream,  
 And the ashy logs are shrinking  
 And the light is but a gleam;

Though the blaze is fainter growing,  
 I am happy, just a pace  
 From the reddish coals a glowing  
 In "The dear old fire-place."—*Reiland, 1900.*

**The Troy Concert.**

JANUARY 28, 1897, is a day to be recorded in the history of S. Stephen's, as one upon which was achieved the Glee Club's greatest success. Our hearty thanks and appreciation are due to all the fair patronesses. The members were entertained in such a way that they will not soon forget Troy, and, to judge from the number of letters addressed to, and bearing the post mark of Troy, a large majority are doing their best to keep green the memory of that trip. The space allowed us here would be far too limited in which to express to the Rev. J. A. Smith our debt of gratitude for his labors, for we feel that to him we owe much of our success.

In spite of the inclement weather, Athenæum hall was filled with a large and fashionable audience. We were glad to see present a number of old S. Stephen's men. The quartette, composed of Messrs. Kellemen, Jackson, Carroll and Reiland, came in for a large share of applause.

We quote from the Troy Press of January 29, 1897.

## COLLEGE GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

"One of the best college glee club concerts that has been given in Troy for a long time, was that of the S. Stephen's College Club at Athenæum hall last night. A large audience was present and was in a thoroughly appreciative mood, as nearly every number was encored. In the audience were many of Troy's society people. The club numbers nineteen voices, and they are under the leadership of Carl Reiland, who proved himself in every way capable. A programme embracing a number of new ideas in glee club concerts was finely carried out, many of the numbers containing great merit. Among these were some arrangements of Mr. Reiland that were made especially for the club, and they were received with great favor. Mr. Reiland's solo, "Out on the Deep," by Lohr, disclosed his fine bass voice to excellent advantage, and he was heartily encored. The Fairbairn Quartette, composed of members of the club, the first bass being Amos Carroll of this city, also came in for a large share of the applause. On the programme were a number of humorous selections that are always rendered better by college glee clubs than other singing organizations, and there was no exception to this rule last night. In fact, the concert was a genuine success, both artistically and socially. Afterwards dancing was

enjoyed. The event was under the direction of Rev. Mr. Smith, assistant rector of St. Paul's church, and he is to be congratulated."

The programme follows:

## PART FIRST.

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| I. "The Watch on the Rhine"— <i>Wilhelm</i> ,       | Glee Club.           |
| II. "Two Roses"— <i>Werner</i> ,                    | Fairbairn Quartette. |
| III. "Stars of Summer Night"— <i>College Song</i> , | Glee Club.           |
| IV. "Marseillaise Hymn"— <i>De Lisle</i> ,          | Glee Club.           |

## PART SECOND.

- |  |                           |
|--|---------------------------|
| I. Bass Song, "Out on the Deep"— <i>Lohr</i> ,                                     | Mr. Reiland.              |
| II. "Drinking Song"— <i>C. S.</i> ,  | Glee Club.                |
| III. "History"— <i>Selected</i> ,  | Fairbairn Quartette.      |
| IV. "Interrupted Serenade"— <i>Stir</i> ,  | Mr. Reiland and the Club. |
| V. "Return, Soft Gentle Evening"— <i>Emerson</i> ,                                 | Fairbairn Quartette.      |
| VI. "The Bull Dog"— <i>C. S. arr. by Reiland</i> ,                                 | Glee Club.                |
| VII. "Negro Melodies"— <i>Reiland</i> , written and arr. for Fairbairn Quartette.  |                           |
| VIII. "Upidee"— <i>C. S. arr. by Reiland</i> , Mr. Porter, Mr. Hanna and the Club. |                           |

The successful event was under the patronage of Mrs. John I. Thompson, Mrs. Joseph J. Tillinghast, Mrs. Charles E. Patterson, Mrs. Charles A. Brown, Mrs. J. W. A. Cluett, Mrs. John Clatworthy, Mrs. Edgar A. Enos, Mrs. Edmund Cluett, Mrs. John H. Knox, Mrs. Edward W. Babcock, Mrs. Charles A. McLeod and Mrs. John F. Roy.

The club upon its return to college was greeted by the warm welcome it deserved. In closing we would say that Mr. Carl Reiland as leader has shown his ability for the position, and the club shows the result of long and careful training. Mr. C. S. Champlin as manager carried the affair through in good business style. Our only wish is that the Poughkeepsie concert may be as great a success.

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“Nevermore.”

## A POSSIBLE APPLICATION OF POE'S RAVEN.

It is indeed December. Artificial heat is required, whose light makes flickering shadows. Peace, perhaps, within; but not, not without. There, clash and clamor of circumstance beat upon the walls of the house. Tomes with their enshrined treasures bring no consolation: they are of other men, not self.

A tapping comes. It is gentle; perhaps it has continued for some time and you have not heard it, so slight it is. But soft and timid, it is enough to change everything; (Even the familiar surroundings seem to thrill with strange sensations; they reverberate to the sound. It has permeated them.

Is it something familiar, think you? Then address it thus. No answer. Offer it entrance by the accustomed means—it is nothing. But by an unfamiliar way it will come. A way not used before for entrance; a way designed for light and pleasure. Then will it strut in masterfully; aye, and ask no leave: an uninvited guest. You know it not, neither its source. It is a stranger to you, but not you to it, and upon the highest resting place, which your surroundings offer, it perches; yea, your cold and carven ideal it o'ershadows.

Dull you are of comprehension. Draw up now in ease and assurance before it. Inquire, exhort, persuade, adjure it, and it confesses nothing but its name. Whence or why it came you know not; but it seems mysteriously connected with your sweetest thoughts in life. Ask it of these and it denies not its knowledge. Test it to the full in this connection, and it but flaunts itself in mockery of truth, as you would cherish it. Then neglect it, if you will. Behold it not, avoid it—but raise your eyes in inadvertence, and it is there.

It is your Past.

In Spring and Summer you did not know it. It flew indeed about you, but mingled so with budding, blooming life that you discerned it not. In the Winter it seeks you out; not as would another friend, but strangely. Gently, at first, yet surely, it commands your attention, and having come it leaves you not. Always its shadow on your floor, and you must move within it.

To each man there is a raven of the past. It sits above the door of his life. Its name, its only sound; but 'tis enough; he knows it. Still will it wait until the door shall open, and then close after him.

*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*

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MESSENGER VERSE.

## AFTER THE BALL.

(College Version.)

AFTER the ball is over,  
 After a few hours sleep,  
 Then comes the daily routine;  
 Latin and Greek,—a heap.  
 Then comes the "*non paratus*,"  
 Product of swollen head.  
 It was pleasant to dance  
 And be in that trance.  
 But it's bitter to flunk so dead.—'98.



Have done, oh heart, with pettiness and self;  
 The highest good is that which bringeth peace.  
 Seek other hearts, with their o'erburdening pelf,  
 Pour in thy love, till carking self-thoughts cease.—*H.*

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TO D. C. M.

Alas! that you have left your youth!  
 You THINK you love, and so forsooth  
 You've left your happy boyhood days  
 And struggle now with lover's lays.  
 And you are young—so young!  
 Love is the best that's ever sung,  
 Of *manhood's* joys, of *manhood's* powers.—*H. S. H.*

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A WHIPPING.

The parent whips the erring child,  
 The teamster whips the team,  
 The carpet beater whips the rugs,  
 The house-wife whips the cream.—*Reiland.*

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A CHORD.

A monkey sat under a palm leaf broad,  
 He was skilled in music they say,  
 For he took up his leg and struck one cord  
 And chanted a monkey lay.—*Reiland.*

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THE PONY.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

The sun his parting ray had sent,  
 When up the College campus went  
 A Freshman, who in hand did bear,  
 A book inscribed with letters fair,  
 "Hind's Handy."

"Watch well thy Greek," a Senior said,  
 "For Lysias is a thing to dread."  
 The Freshman with a smile replied,  
 "Fear not, it's easy if I ride  
 "'Hind's Handy.'"

Just one year after this he is  
 A Soph. with wisdom in his phiz,  
 And as, at him, you have a look,  
 You see he grasps that mystic book,  
 "Hind's Handy."

A Junior, now he is quite gay,  
 And pleased with himself doth say,  
 "Behold, I think myself quite good,  
 Yet would not lose thee, if I could,  
 'Hind's Handy.'"

You see a man with whiskered face,  
 Go walking by with measured pace.  
 Yes, it is he, a Senior grave,  
 Beneath his gown you'll see his slave,  
 "Hind's Handy."

While at Commencement taking part,  
 He presses it unto his heart,  
 And speaks; "By thee I've fizzled through,  
 My friend, so trusty, tried, and true,  
 'Hind's Handy.'"—*J. Paul Graham.*

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Child Love.

PERHAPS it is true that a college student does not number among his intimate friends one whose profession and age would seem naturally to put a wide gulf between them. If this is so, my own experience is the exception which proves the rule. Seven years ago, while in Boston, I became acquainted with Doctor D., a man not only high in his own profession, but one, who was known far and wide, for his philanthropic and unselfish life. Though already past the three score years and ten, there nevertheless sprang up between us an intimacy, which ripened into the closest attachment and friendship.

No one expressed surprise at the Doctor's fondness for me; for his love for young people, particularly children, was one of his marked characteristics. One of his principal philanthropic acts had been the founding and oversight of a large hospital and home for children. His association with the young was perhaps one of the causes of his own buoyancy, even in old age. The Doctor, be it known, was a bachelor and there has always been much speculation as to the cause of celibacy in one so eminent in his profession, so high in

social position, so genial, so devoted to children, so refined in action and handsome in appearance. Then, too, the cheerful, busy life of one apparently alone in the world is a matter of wonder to many; a mystery; something which they cannot understand.

To me it is no longer a mystery, but a story of love, such as never before have I heard; a story of child love, which continued through life to the grave. My dear old friend died during the past summer, and during his illness, which he knew to be fatal, told me the story, which I now feel at liberty to disclose.

I will relate it as nearly as possible in the Doctor's own words. \* \* \* "You, too, wonder that one, apparently lonely, should lead a life so unusually happy and peaceful! But, my dear fellow, I am not a lonely man—far from it! As you already know, I was born in the northern part of New York, in that pretty village overlooking Lake Champlain. The elevating influences of loving parents and a refined home filled me with a simple love and belief in God and all that was good. This faith was shared by my little playmate, a girl but a year my junior, whom I had known from earliest infancy; one of those childhood friends whom we have always known, as we know our own family, and cannot recall the first time of meeting. We are never introduced to one another! They have known us and we them from the first period of which we have any recollection.

Margaret Deland was the daughter of my father's most intimate friend and near neighbor, and we were naturally thrown much together, neither of us having brothers nor sisters. Together we went to the little private school, and together we played, when school hours were over. Often I would draw her home in winter, on my little sled. At the children's parties we were generally partners in the games, and hand in hand we would leave, when the party was over. The villagers were accustomed to seeing us together, and called us the little lovers. Ah, how little they knew the truth they spake! As for ourselves, we loved one another with that pure childhood affection, which has nothing of mistrust in it, and no thought of its ever ceasing. We saw that grown people got married, so of course it was understood between us that we should be married, when we reached the long, long distant time of maturity. This was a settled and matter-of-fact subject with us, but one of such distant date that it did not come much into our thoughts. We were happy for the present in carrying on together the business of childhood's life, namely, play.

One day Margaret was taken sick and without my playmate I went sad and lonely to the woods and daily gathered the wild violets to be put in her room. The sweet child did not rally, and one day, as I came in with my flowers, she had me sit by the bedside, and then told me, as she fondly patted my little cheeks, that God was going to take her home. I cried at this. My poor little heart beat hard and Margaret cried too. She soon controlled herself, how-

ever, and succeeded in calming me. 'Don't cry, Carl,' she said, 'it won't be long before we are together again. Of course you'll never marry now: but I shall come to you sometimes and talk with you as a spirit. I am sure our dear Father will let me. He knows how we love each other and is only taking me away that I may be your angel, who watches over and protects you.' But, Carl, you must make your life a useful one and work hard and be cheerful; for so many people are not cheerful. And I want you to study and become a great doctor, and be kind always to children and build a hospital for them. And you must always be a child in your feelings. And then, when your work is finished, even if you are an old man, still your heart will be pure and childlike, and God will take you home because you have worked hard and have always been a child at heart; and of *such is the kingdom of Heaven.*'

This was the last time that I ever saw Margaret. Soon I stood at her grave and with the other children threw into it beautiful flowers. I did not cry again. I have not wept on her account since. Of course I have had sorrow and trouble during my life from other sources. 'Tis the common lot of all. But this blow in my childhood having been taken as God-sent has strengthened me to bear them all. I have traveled much and met many women, but have never seen one to whom I should wish to give my heart. I have done as Margaret desired and kept the faith of my childhood, that the God who loves us all and wishes us to love one another will bring us together again in His good time. Perhaps you begin to understand why my apparently lonely life is not so, after all!

Let me tell you something further. You remember that I spoke of her promise to come to me in the spirit. That is the secret of my ability to be always so cheerful. Soon after her death, while still a young boy, I dreamed that Margaret was again with me. She stood by my bedside, put her hand upon my brow and looked, as it seemed, into my very soul. Such a look, such a Heavenly face, made an impression never to be forgotten. Since then, from time to time this angel face—only the face, the body seems enveloped in a mist—has appeared in the visions of the night. It lingers but a moment. One short glance into my eyes and then 'tis gone. But such a vision, my friend, is an inspiration. It has kept ever before me the happy child life and reminded me of the fact that by becoming little children or, in other words, by becoming pure in heart, we shall inherit the kingdom of God."

As the old Doctor concluded his remarks I saw that he was becoming very weak. He sank back on his pillow and seemed to sleep. In a moment a beautiful smile lit up his face. His eyes opened in rapture as though he again saw the vision, and his last words were "Good bye; Margaret says that I may come to her at last."

*Francis VanR. Moore, 1900.*

**A Saint Valentine's Reverie.**

**M**ANY years have passed! How it carries me back! At the very thought my heart flows as with a flood. The whole lingering past, the dreams of the future were thrown together in my mind for the moment, and in the dim room the shadows of an entire life were dancing.

In the midst of a wavering life there came to me the friendship of a woman, an incentive towards all that is good. What a power for good is one clear hour of absolute rest in her presence; she seems always to pour forth that clear goodness which is so much needed in true success; she brings you to realize the ennobling truth that man has more to live for than self alone, and as a result there is gained that nobleness of mind which accompanies all greatness.

The very atmosphere in the room to-night is conducive to moralizing, and in the midst of it all my thoughts recur to an unsuccessful venture in business in which my fortunes had been swept away and I left penniless. Discouraged, she had nothing but encouragement and help; unfortunate, she had nothing but sympathy, "virtues which are excellent in woman."

That night, seated upon a divan awaiting her coming, what grief at my losses assailed me; how could I endure to relate to her my failure? Nothing weighs so heavily as misfortune. How vivid the shadows are! She stands between the silken curtains, a picture of beauty, the loveliness of her face brightened by a peculiarly colored tie she wore; her smile held my attention for a moment, my eyes turned to the tie, a strong fascination lurked in the colors. We talked of my future; she opened for me her cherished plan, I was to study for the church. Confident that it was possible, she carried me through the clouded future and showed me success crowning my efforts—yet what was there in that tie that held me bound by its charm?

She would help me; would always extend a willing hand, and in her enthusiasm pictured for me a future as bright as her smile, and gave me a promise of a willing heart as faithful and enduring as the brilliant colors of her tie. Now I know what Ruskin meant when he said "God used certain colors as the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent and most precious, while for things precious only in material uses common colors are reserved."

The story of my college life is soon told. Four years afterwards found me in the seminary plodding alone, the fortunate pupil of success, but always with her help guiding me on. Leaving the seminary the Western missionary fields lay open, calling for men of strength and power to aid them. Would my feeble attempts answer them? An anxious letter to the Bishop of Kansas, and in a few weeks, how well I remember, a cold January day, I started and was soon at work. Every week came the same familiar letter, breathing forth

its helping influence, and, as if it were to-night, a package is laid before me, a box of Maillard's, bound up with a gaily colored ribbon, and on the top, in all its brilliancy, a bow made from the tie—a sweet and gracious touch of times past. The morrow was S. Valentine's Day, and here was a remembrance characteristic of her, faithful and true. Time is so rapid. I have been successful—but what does it count to me now?

A curateship in Atchison, then a rectorship in Chicago. We do not recognize success, because we cannot control it; the best we can do is to rightly use it. Fifteen years ago to-night! How I fondle the box containing her letters. Here is one dated January 22; "she was praying for me;" and more encouragement, "you will do it because you have it in you;" but here, what is this? Only the tie I unwrap. I lay it out on the table, the lamp sheds its light upon it. How strange it all seems—for look! The colors have faded.

B.

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The pony is mightier than the horse:  
Thus says the college lad;  
But yet he knows the safest course  
Is the brain-producing fad.—*Ex.*





## Editors' Corner

### IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

The movement of the age is toward unity. On every side we hear the cry, "All men are brothers!" and the mob fondly imagines that it has discovered a new fact. The history of the past has been the history of kings and dynasties; but the history of the future is to tell of the doings of philosophical systems and races. This century has seen the rise of Pan-Slavism, and the thinkers, of these last years of the century, are pointing forward to a re-union of the Anglo-Saxon race, which they are pleased to call Imperial Federation.

The idea of Pan-Slavism has received much more attention than that of Imperial Federation, and yet, the average American is in almost total ignorance, concerning this momentous sign of the times.

The Slavic race, though the last of the Aryan family to come under the influence of civilization, has shown an enormous capacity for civilization and demonstrated to the world, that Russia's idea of her own destiny is not exaggerated. In the near future the Slavic, Anglo-Saxon and Spanish-American races will be the undisputed leaders of the whole human family. As Anglo-Saxons, we believe that we are destined to be the dominant race; but if we are to be in the ascendancy, we must, like the Slav, grasp the truth, that *blood and language are a stronger element in national life than the mere geographical configuration of the globe.*

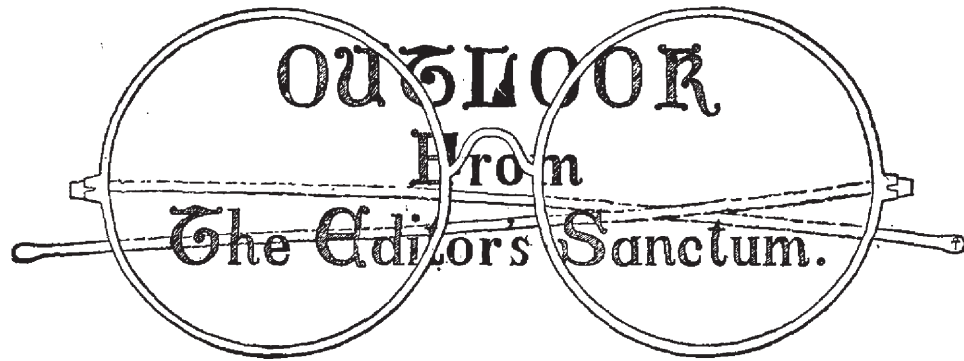
Modern scientific progress has almost annihilated distance and there is, now, no reason, why a government in London, or New York, should not be able to administer the affairs of Australia. The Anglo-Saxon race is one, whether in England or India, in America or Australia, in South Africa or the Islands of the Sea; and the time is approaching, when the unnatural barriers raised by politicians and the clash of rival systems is to be done away and shall no longer hinder the re-union of a people, which GOD has destined to be one. Destined to be one by its early struggles with the Celts, which it supplanted; destined to be one by its subjection to the Norman yoke, and by the social, religious, scientific and material progress of fifteen hundred years.

It matters not, what notions we may hold concerning government: for all thinking men know, that, in one way or another, *all good government* is in the hands of the upper-classes. Let us not allow ourselves to be caught by the wretched clap-trap of the politicians. The "loud American" is always the *ignorant* American, and nine chances out of ten he is a Celt, and not an Anglo-Saxon. The interests of the race are one and all true philosophy, and all true political science points to Imperial Federation.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

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To ride a bicycle built for two,  
Perhaps is lots of fun;  
But many a pair  
Find pleasure rare,  
In a rocking chair  
Built for one.—*Ex.*



ALGEBRA.—The Editors of the MESSENGER desire to congratulate the Class of 1900 upon the successful burying of their algebra. It was neatly done, Freshies, but we imagine that you had less fun about it, than if you had waited for finer weather. Still, though the obsequies lacked the excitement of last year's performance, it was well done and we predict that if you live long enough, *some* of you will be seniors about three years from now.

MARCH 20TH, 1860.—It is thirty-seven years ago the twentieth of this month that the Legislature of the State of New York granted the charter of this college. The application was made through the late John V. L. Pruyn, L.L.D., for many years President of the Board of Trustees and Chancellor of the University of New York. The MESSENGER feels sure that it speaks for the entire body of the undergraduates, when it expresses the hope that the anniversary may be fittingly observed. It falls on Saturday this year, and we venture to suggest that the occasion might receive some fitting notice in the chapel service on that day, and also that an historical sermon might be preached on Sunday, the twenty-first.

### College Notes.

—The Rev. A. DeR. Meares, B. A., '77, has moved from Baltimore, Md., to Mt. Vernon, Ill.

—Mr. W. E. Kunkel, B. A., '96, spent a few days at Annandale, and attended the Freshman Ball.

—Mr. Paul Shimmon, '97, *Columbia*, formerly of S. Stephen's, was at Annandale February 20 and 21.

—The Rev. Jos. H. Ivie, B. A., '92, has accepted a call to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Fishkill, N. Y.

—A German Club has been organized, with twenty-four members. A series of four germans is contemplated, the first to be given February 27, and the others after Easter.

—The Raleigh Smoking Club held its first meeting Saturday evening, February 20. The membership of the club is limited to ten, and its object is to meet weekly for a social hour.

—The Glee Club is booked for two more concerts. The first at Starr Institute Hall, March 1, under the auspices of the Senior Class; the second at Collingwood Opera House, Poughkeepsie, March 2.

—The annual Freshman fancy dress ball, held in Preston Hall on the evening of Feb. 11, was a brilliant success. The class of 1900 is to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which the affair was managed.

—The delegates to the Convention of the Church Students' Missionary Association, held at the G. T. S., February 4, 5 and 6, report a most interesting meeting. Over forty delegates were present, representing fifteen seminaries and colleges in the United States and Canada. Many interesting addresses were made, and essays read, relative to foreign and domestic mission work.

—Nearly every student of the College attended the '98 Smoker, given in Preston Hall, on the evening of February 25, and the verdict is unanimous that it was a grand success and a pleasant innovation. While the fragrant weed was being puffed, the class produced John Kendrick Bangs' bright little sketch, "A Chafing Dish Party," from *Harper's*, with the following, cast: Mr. Perkins—G. C. Belsey; Mrs. Perkins—A. I. E. Boss; Yardsley—C. L. Wheeler; Jack Barlow—C. A. Roth; Mr. Bradley—A. M. Judd; Mrs. Bradley—H. S. Hastings; Jennie—F. J. Knapp. This was very well rendered and received hearty applause. It was followed by a burnt cork scene, by Messrs. Hannah and Bispham, and the entertainment was interspersed with piano selections by Messrs. Roth, Champlin and Barnard, and songs by the Fairbairn Quartette. Dancing was also indulged in for a short time. The MESSENGER congratulates the class of '98, and hopes that others will follow the precedent established.

—The Freshman algebra was very quietly buried early in the morning of February 12, immediately after the Freshman ball, the following verses, distributed at breakfast, conveying the first knowledge of the fact to many of us.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Our algebraic obsequies,  
Quite early in the day  
Were duly carried out by us,  
We humbly beg to say.

We would have asked your company  
To help us mourn our loss,  
But as you know not of the death  
'Twas not the thing, of course.

We buried it in early morn—  
Let  $x$  the grave-yard be—  
But  $x$  is also, you observe,  
An unknown quantity.

So solve this problem, if you can,  
By rules that you've been taught,  
Or fail and be the pupils of  
The class of naught-te-naught.—*R.*

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**Lenten Preachers.**

March 4—The Reverend Geo. G. Carter, M.A., D.D., Rector All Saints' Church, Hudson, N. Y.

March 9—The Rt. Reverend Henry Codman Potter, D.D., L.L.D., D.C.L., Bishop of New York.

March 11—The Reverend Sylvanus B. Pond, B.A., B.D., Rector S. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Conn.

March 25—The Very Reverend Eugene Augustus Hoffman, D.D., L.L.D., D.C.L., Dean of the General Theological Seminary, New York.

April 1—The Venerable Pelham Williams, M.A., D.D., Archdeacon of Dover, Del.

April 2—The Right Reverend Leighton Coleman, D.D., L.L.D., Bishop of Delaware.