

MESSENGER

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	[photo of Rev. Charles Frederick Hoffman]
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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. III.

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No. 8.



THE REV. CHARLES FREDERICK HOFFMAN, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

The Rev'd Charles Frederick Hoffman, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L.

THE Rev'd Dr. Charles Frederick Hoffman, our great friend and benefactor, died at Jekyl Island, Ga., on March 4. He was beloved and venerated by all S. Stephen's men, and it is, as yet, almost impossible for us to realize, that we shall see him no more, that we shall never again meet him walking on the campus, nor hear his voice ring out its hopeful prophecies. In 1888, when the finances of the college were in a precarious condition, he sent his first check for \$25,000 as a contribution to the permanent endowment, and from time to time he sent similar checks, till his benefactions amounted to almost \$300,000. In 1891 he erected two sections of the new college dormitories, and in 1893 he commenced building the splendid Hoffman Library, which, although occupied for over a year, is only now receiving its permanent shelving.

He took a genuine interest in us all. He was anxious that the College should be distinguished for its high scholarship; that it should stand forth before the world as a place where manly Christian character was developed; that S. Stephen's should thoroughly realize her traditional *ideal* of a college where careful, painstaking scholarship should be developed under Church influence. His interest in the College never flagged, and he gave us not only his liberal gifts; but his moral support. At a time when the Church Colleges were in high disfavor he wrote ably in their defence, and to him, more than any other man, is due the revival of interest in our Church educational institutions. He was the President of the "Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges and Seminaries" and labored faithfully for the advancement of these institutions. He made up his mind that S. Stephen's must live and grow strong. He saw that, if we were to do this, we

must be endowed, and that no institution could reach the full measure of its usefulness while laboring under financial anxiety. We shall always remember his services with sincere gratitude.

Indeed, it would be hard for us to forget him even if we would, for to us, and to those after us, the Library, the two sections known as "First and Second Hoffman," the "Hoffman Professorship of the Greek Language and Literature," the "Hoffman Library Lectureship on Libraries"—the only lectureship of the kind in the world—and his books in the library will be his memorial.

His character demanded our admiration; and all of us will cherish his memory as that of a great and good man, worthy of our affectionate remembrance and imitation.

A Friend.

TO E.

WHO is a friend? How oft we hear that word,
 It's truest meaning to our vision blurred.
 Thou, who would'st have a friend, as is thy need,
 Learn how to be a friend thyself, indeed;
 Not ever envious of one's else success,
 Nor loving him who gains or holds it less.
 The friend is he who can himself ignore,
 And while he loves himself, love others more.
 Not that he should neglect his worthy part,
 In making room for others in his heart;
 But in the strength his noble life shall give,
 Shall teach himself a nobler life to live.
 No fondness can to truest friendship rise,
 That is not willing oft to sacrifice
 Some little thing, some greater thing, may be,
 To prove its love in great or small degree.
 The friend is he, who stands, himself, without,
 And seeks for no advantage there about;
 Though oft misunderstood, and oft cast down,
 Meets with a smile, a cold and thankless frown,
 Because he hath performed what, in his sight,
 Was for the highest good, and greatest right.
 How oft has strong conviction stood the blow,
 That others gave, because they did not know?
 Yet, when too late, it's justness was discerned,
 Their changéd hearts with admiration burned.

The little woodland flower pales, we see,
 And loses sunlight to the spreading tree;
 A humble subject's life was oft laid down,
 To save some tyrant's head, who bore the crown;
 The very sun of heav'n withholds his rays
 When darkest clouds impose upon the days;
 And when some God, by all that he hath made,
 Shows that to humble, means not to degrade,
 Why should not each his haughty spirit bend
 And show himself to all mankind a friend?
 Let him who would be great, be great indeed,
 By giving wisely, where there most is need—
 Not hoarded trash, for which is always strife,
 But all the best he holds within his life.
 Let him his noblest means, his courage give,
 To help some weary mortal love to live.
 Let every pleasant word, and kindest thought,
 Come from his heart, with true affection fraught,
 Nor from a selfish motive day by day,
 Withhold it, till a soul hath passed away,
 That in the strength his mighty help shall lend,
 He may be worthy of the name of friend. —*Reiland, 1900.*

A Mysterious Message.

THE good ship "Pyrrha," six days outward bound, was ploughing her way through the waves. Two days before, she had met with a very "fresh gale," in the language of seamen; but, to those who had not yet gained their sea legs, it seemed to border upon a severe storm, and the waves were still running high. Night was fast closing around and the captain was taking his after-dinner cigar upon the deck, when the mate hastened up to him.

The mate of the "Pyrrha" was a robust Scotchman, and a man in whom Captain Wallace placed the utmost confidence; therefore he was alarmed to see the mate, pale and trembling with excitement.

"Captain Wallace," he began, trying to control his voice, "were you in the cabin a few moments ago?"

"No, MacDuff; you know that I have been on deck for the last half hour. But why do you ask?"

The mate glanced over his shoulder and then came nearer to Captain Wallace.

"Something very strange has happened and which I would not wish our

crew or passengers to know. About ten minutes ago, as I sat writing at my desk, I suddenly felt the presence of some one in the room. I knew that you had gone on deck, and thought that no one could have entered without my knowledge. I looked up, and there, leaning over your desk writing, stood a man. I could see that he was dressed in an officer's uniform, and as I leaped to my feet he turned around. My God! That face! It makes me shudder to think of it. Through the open port-hole a last ray from the setting sun had crept in, and there he stood with the light reflecting on his face, his cheeks sunken, the flesh drawn tightly over the bones, the skin burnt and dried by the sun, bare headed, and on his face were painted the woes of a life time; his eyes—I will never forget those eyes—burning, burning, bulging out of their sockets, and he turned them on me with such a look of entreaty as a lost soul in Hell would give his God. I covered my face with my hands to keep out the sight, and when I looked again he was gone."

"Captain Wallace," MacDuff continued, "you know that I am not a superstitious man; but how can you account for what I saw?"

The captain smoked in silence a few minutes, then laughed. He was strangely affected by the mate's recital, for he had been with him many years and knew that it would require something more than mere fancy to affect him thus strongly. Nevertheless he tried to ridicule MacDuff out of his belief.

"Why, man," he continued, "you have been sleeping."

"No, captain," MacDuff replied, "come down to the cabin and see for yourself what that man wrote. If there is nothing there, of course I have no proof to sustain my story; but come and see for yourself."

Then the two men descended into the cabin. The captain walked up to his desk and took up a pad of paper which lay there. Upon it was written in pencil:

"For God's sake, come. We are starving. Island situated 50° 30' west long., 9° 25' north lat.

Radford, Captain."

Captain Wallace handed the paper to MacDuff and left the cabin. Far into the night the captain paced the deck, trying to explain the strange message. At length he addressed the man at the wheel:

"How does she bear?"

"South by east, one point south, sir."

"Keep her off another point."

Then the captain left the deck.

* * * * *

Far from the mainland there rises a rocky island, with a sandy stretch of beach running down to the shore. It was a desolate place, where only a few bushes afforded a shelter from the burning sun, with great rocks scattered on

the sands, deep blue sky overhead, and all around the sea reaching away to the horizon.

Not many miles from this island, a vessel borne along upon the wings of a hurricane, was dashed against a hidden rock and shattered. The captain of this vessel had been lately married and his bride had accompanied him upon this voyage, their wedding trip. In the confusion and terror of the wreck, one boat only had survived, in which were the captain and his bride. As dawn was breaking, the island appeared near at hand; but the sea was still so high that to land safely seemed well nigh impossible. They had almost reached the beach, when a breaker, lifting up the boat, dashed it upon a rock, and the entire party were thrown into the sea.

The captain was stunned and when he regained consciousness he was upon the land, saved by one of the crew; but in agony of spirit he reproached God because he had been compelled to live while his wife was dead, caught back by the receding waves. They had been able to carry but little provisions with them from the wreck, and of these all had been lost, except one small keg of ship-biscuit, which the greedy sea cast up. Some of the more hopeful climbed up the cliff and there, flowing down from the rocks, they found a tiny stream of cool, sweet water. The captain proved himself a true man, encouraging his men with hopes of a speedy rescue; but in his secret heart how hopeless he was!

Why tell of the sufferings of these men, which day by day increased? Morning after morning the sun arose, red and fiery, out of the tropical sea, and shone down upon their heads, until they were almost mad, when night came and comforted them until another day dawned. Three days since the last morsel of food had been devoured, and now, driven to desperation, the men sat and watched each other as wolves watch their prey. From his first arrival upon the island, the captain had encouraged and sustained his men; but in the long watches of the night, when thoughts of his shattered hopes had rushed through his mind, he prayed that he might die and his crew be saved. Another day dawned like the foregoing ones, hot and dry. The men buried their burning faces in the cooling stream, then dragged themselves into the shadow of the great rocks along the beach, and strained their eyes in all directions, hoping and praying that a ship might come. In a little clump of bushes the captain breathed his last. Two days later one of the men sat up and pointing feebly toward the northern horizon, said in a whisper, "A ship!" As the vessel approached the island a boat was launched.

With what delight did the starving men behold their salvation! Those who yet had strength enough, dragged themselves down to the sea to meet their rescuers. In charge of this party was MacDuff, whose first inquiry was for Captain Radford. A clump of bushes was pointed out to him. There he found the body of the man whose every feature had been impressed upon his

memory. There he lay with his face turned up to the sky. For two days the burning sun had streamed down upon his upturned face and now, his countenance was almost obliterated; but in this man MacDuff recognized him who had so mysteriously come to him on board the "Pyrrha." They buried him where he had died, near the clump of bushes. Soon the ship-wrecked and starving crew were safe on board the "Pyrrha," receiving tender care.

As the sun was setting, the "Pyrrha" sailed rapidly away. Then the moon came out and shed her mellow light down upon the wooden cross which marked the captain's grave.

You say it was sad that he should have died almost upon the eve of rescue. Who can tell? Perhaps a woman was waiting for him.

Angus MacKay Porter, '99.

The Midnight Moon.

THE sinking moon casts lengthening shadows o'er
The silent fields of snow, and naked trees;
The hour is late, all nature seems asleep,
I wander out, my sad heart seeking ease.

"Oh, sorrowing silver moon, so wan and pale,
Know you the secrets of poor mortal breasts,
That oft have wandered forth in thy cold rays,
Alone and sad and vainly seeking rest?"

No wonder, gentle moon, that thou art cold;
Our sins and griefs have long since chilled thy heart;
Men ever chose the dark for evil deeds,
And night and sorrow rarely are apart."

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

I slept in an editor's bed one night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh,
And thought, as I tumbled that editor's nest,
How easily editors lie.—*Ex.*

"Big Game."

"OH! my poor little dog! What shall I do?"

"Madam," said an athletic looking young man, "is there anyway in which I can help you?"

"Yes, oh, yes! Do you see that little dog in the middle of the avenue? He has just broken the leading cord and I am so afraid he will be run over and—Oh! won't you get him?"

She had hardly stopped speaking, before the young fellow had started after the precious dog, which he finally captured after a great deal of trouble, and having run the danger of being run over by the wagons. Fifth Avenue was by no means the least frequented thoroughfare in New York at five o'clock. The young lady, standing on the curb-stone, had watched every movement intently and, when he finally brought back the dog, she was so delighted that she almost forgot to thank him for his trouble.

* * * * *

"Jack, who is that girl over there? I feel certain that I have seen her before. Ah! I have it; I saw her on the avenue one afternoon. Her little pet dog had run away and I caught it for her."

"What!" exclaimed Jack Forsman, "do you mean to say, that you are the man who rescued Addie's pet? Why, Frank, you will be in her good books immediately. She has often mentioned it to me, and said how nice it was of you, a stranger, to risk your limbs for a little pet. But, come, let me introduce you. She is an old friend of mine."

Saying this, Jack Forsman took his friend's arm and lead him across the room, to where Miss Addie Whitehill was sitting. Frank Seddon had arrived at the Blue Mountain House only that afternoon and was overjoyed at meeting his old chum, whom he had not seen since their last Commencement two years ago. He had come to the Adirondacks to spend his vacation, which fortunately came in the hunting season. Frank was very fond of hunting and was an excellent shot. In fact, he was a good, all-round athlete. Jack Forsman had told his old chum, that he had been at the hotel only a few days, and that he did not expect to stay very long. The party of which he was a member was planning to go further into the woods to a little lake, where there was a cottage, near which, it was said, there was an abundance of fishing and hunting.

After Jack had presented his friend to Miss Whitehill he left them alone—that is, as far as any two people can be alone in a large ball room at a mountain resort, where everybody knows everyone else. In the course of conversation, it transpired that Miss Whitehill was an old playmate of Jack's and was then one of his party, and also, that she was very anxious to shoot a deer, which fact she mentioned repeatedly.

A week slipped by and the party was to start the next day. Jack had asked his old chum to go along with them, and he gladly accepted, as he had no other plans, and knew he would enjoy himself immensely and also because—but he did not acknowledge it to himself. At last they are off, nothing forgotten, although everybody thought differently. The guides settled down to their long pull on the lake. It was one of those beautiful autumn days in the Adirondacks, clear, crisp air, but not too cold, which makes one feel equal to doing almost anything. Every one enjoyed the trip. First through Blue Mountain Lake, then through a chain of little lakes connected by "carries" and little rivers which wound in and out, this way and that, so that looking over a little neck of land you might see the river only a few feet away, but to get there, following the river, you must go a mile or more.

When, in the evening, they came to the little lake, where they had hired the cottage, everyone was delighted with the scenery. There was a beautiful lake, about four miles long and two wide, surrounded by high mountains covered with pines, with a maple, whose leaves had changed to red, here and there. The cottage was built out on a point surrounded on three sides by water. The first story was built of upright logs with the bark on, and the second of shingles stained red.

A week passed and the first of the season came. Every one was up bright and early, ready for the first hunt. The guides had started out some hours before with the dogs in order to set them on the track of the deer, and give them plenty of time to drive them into the lake. After breakfast, the party started for the places which had been assigned to them. Frank thought that he had been extremely fortunate, as his companion for the day was to be Miss Whitehill, toward whom he had felt a rapidly increasing affection. After having rowed to their station they drew up the boat, and made themselves as comfortable as possible. Occasionally they could hear the barking of the hounds; but generally everything was still and serene.

"Mr. Seddon," Miss Whitehill suddenly exclaimed, "do you hear that hound? I really believe he is coming this way."

"Yes," said her companion, "I think and hope he is."

The barking continued to grow louder and louder; but suddenly it stopped, and just as suddenly began again much nearer. Turning their eyes in its direction, they saw a magnificent buck rush out of the bushes and plunge into the lake. It did not take Seddon long to place Miss Whitehill in the stern of the boat and push off. Taking the oars in his hands he rowed as quickly as possible after the deer. But, alas, some one else had also seen the deer and had put out. The deer was just between the two boats, and Miss Whitehill did not dare shoot for fear of hitting the other boat. The noble buck was doing his best to get away; but the boats swiftly drew nearer and nearer until

there was only a few feet between. Then, suddenly, before Seddon was able to turn or stop, the buck turned and came straight for them. Almost jumping out of the water, he placed his fore feet on the side of the light boat and threw the occupants into the water. Fortunately for Miss Whitehill and Seddon, the duck caught his foot in a hole which he made in the boat and could not get it out. Seddon, as soon as he was able, swam to Miss Whitehill, who had already sunk twice, and catching hold of her easily supported her until the other boat came up.

Quickly killing the captured deer they rowed back to the cottage towing the injured boat. Miss Whitehill kept her room during luncheon and for some time after. Seddon wished very much to speak to her. He felt that he could not possibly keep still any longer after what had happened, and finally growing desperate he took his gun on his shoulder and went after partridges.

On his return, he saw *her* sitting in a hammock under some tall pine trees. At last there was his opportunity. It is unnecessary to relate their conversation. It was the same old story, only differently worded. It is sufficient to quote just one remark of Addie's.

"Frank," she said, "I did so want to kill that buck; but how glad I am now that I did not."
T. O. Vanamee, 1900.

To the Portrait of the Unknown "Violet."

AS Queen of fair flowers of every zone,
Place the Violet for me upon the throne;
Her sweetness I love, her beauty adore,
No heart under heaven could worship her more.

If I but knew thee, Fair will-o'-the wisp,
How I would woo thee; nor yet would I lisp
Sweet nothing's, like lovers false and untrue,
As unworthy the name, as I am of you.

More fervent than fire, though my words should be,
They could not express my love for thee;
One smile from those lips, one glance from those eyes,
What a heavenly gift! What a glorious prize!

Frederick Dan Huntington Coerr, '99.

You and I.

IF the days are dark and dreary,
 For the while,
 Or, if they in sunlight cheery
 Seem to smile,
 Armed with love, a priceless treasure,
 I can live them all with pleasure:
 For we love in fullest measure,
 You and I.

Years are ever older growing,
 Each is long;
 All my love I'd have thee knowing,
 Pure and strong;
 Through the years so slowly gaining,
 Each the other's love retaining,
 Let us ask for it's remaining,
 You and I.

While the lapse of time is proving,
 Love sincere;
 Every anxious thought removing,
 Every fear;
 Let us, in our lives be moulding
 All the best, for future holding,
 Worthy of a heart's enfolding,
 You and I.

When the end of patient waiting
 Draweth nigh;
 All our anxious fears abating,
 By and by;
 There will be no parting, never
 Can that sacred union sever,
 We will love, dear heart, forever,
 You and I.

—*Reiland, 1900.*

Went to see the foot-ball game,
 Thought that I could play the same;
 So in haste I joined the 'leven—
 I am writing this from heaven.—*Ex.*

A Few Questions.

NOW can you tell the reason, pray,
 Why he walks not, as others, straight,
 Who's been to Rhinebeck for a day,

But nearly always takes this gait?

Why is it, when to class returned,
 That he in deep despair is sunk,
 Because the lesson is unlearned,

And in the book
 Goes down a flunk?

And why do some, who trot it out,
 Knock ten-spots almost every day?
 But when exam. doth come about,

Then down they go. This is the way.

J. Paul Graham.

Some Thoughts for Us.

ENTHUSIASM is a magnificent virtue, when rightly directed. Time will come, when stern duties will present themselves to us, and we must face them. Let us cultivate that enthusiasm and loyalty towards our College games, that will strengthen us in the future. To enter the contests of life, as we should enter our College games, requires us to be men of pluck, nerve, courage and intelligence.

To excel in the contests of life, as in our College games, requires not only the possession of the physical attributes of endurance, agility, strength, together with courage; but also the mental powers of sound judgment, quick perception, thorough control of temper and presence of mind to act promptly in critical emergencies.

Can these virtues be acquired from books alone? Think of it, and decide. You must have them to succeed. B.

If last century a maiden
Wished to send her love away,
When he'd popped the fatal question,
She would quietly answer "Nay."

But an ardent, wooing lover,
Only fifty years ago,
If he did not suit the sweet one,
Would be crushed by one short "No."

Now, however, if a fairy
Wants to give her flame the mit,
When he asks her to be "his'n,"
She will softly gurgle "Nit."—*Ex.*



Editors' Corner

SOME EVIDENCE FOR THE THEOCRATIC THEORY OF GOVERNMENT.

There are two theories of government. One holds, that the ultimate source of authority is the so called sovereign people; the other acknowledges, that authority is from GOD. The latter is undoubtedly the Christian theory. The majority of men do not acknowledge any inspiration in Christianity; and, with such persons, no serious student is so stupid as to waste precious time arguing from scripture, or theology. It would be worse than useless. Moreover, the Bible does not pretend to be an inspired textbook of political economy, nor is the Church directly concerned with the political or scientific questions of the day; and the instant she attempts to meddle with them, she passes beyond her rightful sphere, and once outside the magic circle of her divine inspiration and authority, she becomes an anomaly, and makes herself the laughing stock of a sneering and unbelieving world. This statement is amply proved by two facts, namely: the miserable failure of the Papal States as a civil government, and the condemnation of Galileo's scientific theories by the highest ecclesiastical tribunal in western Christendom. To the Church, as to the sea, GOD has said, "So far thou shalt come and no farther."

Now, therefore, let us rid ourselves of the fetters of preconceived ideas, and examine some of the evidence, which can be presented in favor of the theocratic theory. It is generally admitted that when a notion is found to be inherent in the minds of all, or even most, nations, whether living in the islands of the sea, or on the great plains of Central Asia, or on the fertile fields of Europe; whether civilized or savage, or in eras separated by whole centuries of time, that such notion, though not absolute proof of its own truth, is, nevertheless, a kind of secondary evidence, which goes to verify other arguments which may be used in its behalf.

All nations in primitive times believed that their kings were descended from the gods. The Greek kings, one and all, traced their descent from some god. The Egyptian Pharaohs not only claimed descent from the gods; but

were regarded as being incarnations of the deity. They bore the mystic title "Royal Son of the Sun," and received divine worship in their own persons. The Emperor of China to this day is styled the "Child of Heaven." The Mikado of Japan is still regarded as being of divine origin; and, previous to 1868—while the Tycoon, the military usurper, was administering the government—was actually worshiped by vast numbers of persons, who made long pilgrimages to Kioto to pray before his palace; and even after the civil war, when he passed through the streets of Tokio, the military capital, the populace fell prostrate on the ground and, beating their foreheads in the dust, hailed him as the "Offspring of Heaven and Earth, the Viceregent of the gods." By that part of the population professing Shintoism he is still worshiped, although he now moves among his people after the manner of a western monarch, and has become so thoroughly de-Orientalized as to grant a constitution to his people, pose as a great war-lord, and seek an Occidental alliance for the little prince of Ozaka.

The Caliphs of Bagdad are commonly referred to in history as the "Successors of the Prophet," and it is worthy of note, that until the ascendancy of the Seljuk Turks was finally established over the Moslem world, all the Caliphs were able to say that their power had come to them by inheritance from the Prophet. The Sultan still owes his authority much more to his religious character of "Commander of the Faithful" than to any civil source.

Even in Rome—rationalistic, matter-of-fact Rome—the founder and first king was said to have been the child of Mars by one of the vestal virgins. In the days when the republican system collapsed by its own weight, and the strong hand of Augustus seized the government, the greatest of Latin poets took up the strain, and out of the myths and fables of his race made a genealogy for Cæsar, and showed his descent from the gods through the hero Æneas. To the Roman mind, divine origin was a necessary attribute of sovereignty. Our own Teutonic ancestors had almost the same idea, and although their chiefs were elected, the choice was confined to the limits of certain families which were said to be descended from Thor. The same idea was also prevalent among the aboriginal tribes of America.

Passing to Christian nations we find the same idea. The Eastern Roman Emperors were invested by the popular mind with semi-religious attributes; but it was in the West, that the idea found its fullest expression. When, on that ever memorable Christmas Day, in the year 800, Pope Leo III placed the diadem of the Cæsars upon the brow of Karl, King of the Franks, the people shouted "Karolo Augusto a Deo coronato magno et pacifico imperatori vita et victoria!"

To the mediæval mind the Holy Roman Empire was just as much GOD'S civil kingdom upon earth as the Church was His spiritual kingdom. Each was a manifestation of the divine government, and it was only after long and

bloody conflicts, that the utter impracticability of the scheme dawned upon either the Empire or the Church. Even England and Spain owed nominal allegiance to the Empire. Far-off Russia felt its influence, and France, Denmark, Hungary and Poland were in theory, at least, parties to that vast confederation of nations which claimed to perpetuate the divinely given authority of the Cæsars, and even the kings of Armenia and Cyprus owned themselves vassals to the Holy Roman Empire.

Another series of facts, which points in the same direction, is to be found in the peculiar coronation rites of the Holy Roman Empire, France, England, Jerusalem and Russia. The monarchs of these countries were styled "anointed kings;" that is to say, they were anointed during their coronations with the chrism which was used at ordinations. This custom is still perpetuated in England and Russia. These five monarchs were believed to be able to cure certain diseases by the power of what was called the "king's touch." Queen Anne was the last English sovereign to perform this act.

All these facts point to a single root idea which, from its universality—universality of time, of space and of civilization—must be admitted as strong evidence for the Theocratic Theory of the origin of governmental authority. We can not set them aside as mere superstitions, for even superstitions, like myths, must have a foundation. In themselves these facts establish nothing; but taken in conjunction with other evidence they are an ample confirmation. The theologian can make out a much better case than the merely secular historian. In his Bible he reads of the prophet who was sent to anoint two men to be kings. The one for the so called chosen people and the other for an heathen and pagan nation. He has the plainly expressed political sentiments of the founder of his religion and of its greatest apostle. The anthropologist brings his evidence of custom and the scientific sociologist brings his learned deductions. The philologist, even, contributes his share of evidence and all point to one source of authority, one fountain of power and that source and that fountain GOD.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

The first of the series of Germans, to be given this season by the German Club, was held at Preston Hall on the evening of February 27th. The Club, organized by Dr. Robertson, consists of twenty-four members, and is conducted by an executive committee, consisting of Messrs. Robertson, Staples, Roth, Champlin and Greiner. The first German was a decided success, many fair visitors being present. The German consisted of seven figures and was led by Miss Malcom and Mr. Staples.



At a College meeting, held March 18, A. M. Judd, '98, was elected Business Manager of THE MESSENGER for the ensuing year, and A. S. Lewis, '99, Assistant Business Manager.

Much praise is due the retiring Manager for the excellent manner in which he has carried on the business of the paper during the past year. The paper was not only self-supporting; but considerably over half of the debt was paid off. The balance can undoubtedly be paid during the coming year, and then the future prosperity of the paper will be assured. To do this, however, will require not only hard work on the part of the Manager, but a hearty co-operation on the part of the students. We hope that next year it cannot be said of any student of S. Stephen's that he is not a subscriber to his College paper.

We see by the papers that the honorary (?) degree scandal is again being aired. It is certainly unfortunate that institutions, which have long since become defunct, should be allowed to continue their existence as corporations and scatter about honorary (?) degrees upon unoffending individuals, in distant sections of the country. Some of these degrees may be, and at least one, which we know of, was, richly deserved; but coming from such a source they ought to be called insult degrees.

It is about time that a degree should represent work done, either in actual collegiate or university residence, or vouched for by the publication of some work of extraordinary merit.

Even the B.A. has come in for its share of misuse and, to quote the President of Hamilton College, it "is being demoralized, degraded and distorted by the abuse put upon it by some of our institutions which are among the leading institutions of our State (N. Y.), which elect so that a man, whether he studies Sanscrit or French or Coptic or horse-shoeing, shall at least get the degree of Bachelor of Arts." We Annandale men should be heartily glad, that when we receive our B.A. sheep-skins our degrees will really

be worth something, because in the midst of all this chicanery in degrees S. Stephen's has boldly stood for a hard and fast curriculum of high standard and maintained her academic honor.

In the "*Bachelor of Arts*" for March is an article entitled "The College and the University," to which the editors desire to call the attention of every S. Stephen's man. The writer is J. Bleecker Miller, an alumnus of Hobart College. After years of abuse it is a genuine relief to have someone say a good word for the small college. Of course, the men most profuse with invective have been members of certain large "sporty" institutions, which are indebted for their prominence rather to their foot-ball teams than to their scholarship; and which are, consequently, suffering, like some persons, from a disease commonly referred to in college circles as "magnum caput."

It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that in the not far distant future the American public may learn that a "University," famous on account of its athletic victories and over-run by gilded and often sadly tarnished youths, is not a fit place to send Johnnie.

In the March number of the "*Kenyon Collegian*," we were somewhat surprised and amused to find a slightly altered version of some "funny verses" which appeared in one of the Buffalo (N. Y.) papers about a year ago:

Kenyon Collegian Version.

Buffalo Express Version.

DEAR FATHER:

The rose is red, the violet blue;
Send me fifty, I love you.

The rose is red, the violet blue;
Send me fifty P. D. Q.

DEAR SON:

Some roses are red, others are pink;
You get the fifty, I don't think.

The rose is red and pinks are pink;
You get the fifty, I don't think.

This is certainly more than a family resemblance. Perhaps it may be explained as a case of thought transference; but to our minds it is decidedly like plagiarism.

It is, of course, out of the question to expect the Editors of a college paper to recognize all the verses which have appeared in print, and we sympathize with the Editors of the "*Collegian*." We should think that Kenyon would do well to enlarge the scope of its course in Morality and, if possible, teach this plagiarist the enormity of his offence. Meanwhile, this gentleman pockets his prize of two dollars for the best original (?) squib; and some other man, who honestly worked for that prize and the honor of winning it, which is of course far greater, got nothing.

College Notes.

—The Rev. G. C. Cox preached in the College Chapel on Sunday, Mar. 28

—Rev. W. H. Tomlins, M. A., '73, has left S. Mary's Church, E. S. Louis, Ill.

—The Easter vacation this year will extend from Friday, April 9, to Monday, April 19.

—John H. Wilson, B. A., '96, paid a short visit to Annandale during the latter part of March.

—Help us increase the fund for a gymnasium. It must be doubled or we cannot have our building.

—The Shakespeare Club have just finished the study of "The Winter Tale" and will begin this month the study of Othello.

—Thomas Worrall, B. A., '95, has been awarded the Pierre Jay prize of \$500 for the best essay on "The Motives for Foreign Missions."

—The will of the late Dr. Hoffman bequeaths to S. Stephen's College \$50,000 for the endowment fund, all the books, except fifty, in his New York residence, and his private Communion Service. This was his only bequest to any educational institution.

—William M. V. Hoffman, M. A., has been elected President of "The Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges and Seminaries," to succeed his father, the late Rev. Charles F. Hoffman, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L.

—The Glee Club Concert, given in Poughkeepsie, Mar. 2, was artistically a great success, but unfortunately not equally so from a financial standpoint. The night was very stormy and the audience small, but very appreciative, every number was encored, some of them several times. The Club intend giving two or three more concerts after Easter.

—A movement is on foot to make application to the "New York Intercollegiate Athletic Association" for membership. The Association consists of Rochester, Syracuse, Union, and Colgate Universities, and Hobart and Hamilton Colleges. "The object is the advancement and improvement of amateur sports among the Colleges, and regulating such sports in the interest of sound scholarship." There is no reason why S. Stephen's should not be represented in this Association, and every effort should be made with that end in view, as it will afford us regular scheduled College games in foot-ball, basketball, and track athletics. The management of this union is vested in three members from each College, namely, one student, one alumnus and one member of the faculty, elected by the College.