

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. IV.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1898.

NO. 6.

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## The New York Alumni Association.

THE Annual Dinner of The New York Alumni Association of S. Stephen's College took place at the Park Avenue Hotel, New York City, on Wednesday, January 26th, 1898. The Reverend Richard Bayley Post, B.A., B.D., '82, presided.

There was present the Reverend Henry H. Oberly, Elizabeth, N. J.; the Reverend George D. Silliman, M.A., D.D., '67, and William Harrison, Esq., of the Board of Trustees; the Reverend George B. Hopson, M.A., D.D., and the Reverend W. Geo. W. Anthony, M.A., of the Faculty, as guests of the Association. The Alumni present were the Reverend Messrs. Samuel Upjohn, M.A., D.D., '63; A. C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66; J. Q. Archdeacon, B.A., '74; F. B. Reazor, M.A., '79; R. Mackellar, B.A., '82; Mr. Lewis B. Moore, B.A., '83; Mr. Francis J. Hopson, M.A., LL.B., '85; the Reverend Messrs. E. B. Smith, M.A., B. D., '85; F. S. Griffin, B.A., '87; F. W. Norris, B.A., '88; P. C. Pyle, M.A., '90; Messrs. Thos. Worrall, B.A., '95; A. L. Longley, B.A., '96; H. A. Flint, B.A., '97; J. P. Gibson, B.A., '97. The Reverend C. E. Freeman, B.D., '83 Sp. Course, and Mr. F. DuM. Devall, '96 Sp. Course. Also the Reverend Walter M. Sherwood and Mr. Edwin L. Smith.

The Executive Committee (consisting of the Rev. F. B. Reazor, Mr. F. J. Hopson and the Rev. F. S. Griffin) had arranged for an excellent repast, after partaking of which, the Association and its guests passed to the joys of tobacco and after-dinner speeches. One face and one speech were missed by those who have been in the habit of attending these pleasant re-unions. A letter was read by the President from the Warden of the College, the Reverend R. B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., expressing his sorrow, that he was unable to be present. Dr. Fairbairn's absence occasioned universal regret, and many were the complimentary and affectionate references made to our Warden in the course of the speeches which followed. Dr. Hopson responded to the toast

of "The Faculty" and Dr. Silliman and Mr. Harrison for the Trustees. Other speeches followed until almost all present had given utterance to the voices within them, and then the Association adjourned to await the call of the Executive Committee to another pleasant evening.

At the business meeting preceding the dinner the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President,	-	-	-	-	The Rev. R. B. Post.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	The Rev. F. B. Reazor.
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	The Rev. F. S. Griffin.
Executive Committee,	-	-	-	{	Mr. Francis S. Hopson,
				{	The Rev. Dr. Kimber,
				{	Mr. E. S. Dunlap.

Great credit is due to those Alumni who, as members of the Executive Committee, by their unselfish work make possible these re-unions of the Alumni and others who, although not graduates, have spent sometimes several years at the College. It is a matter of great regret that more of the Alumni do not interest themselves in these annual dinners, more especially evincing that interest by their presence each year.

This Association is not simply a society for enjoying a good dinner once a year, for the mere good-fellowship evolved, but is chiefly useful as a means of sustaining an interest in the College among those who have left her portals. It is a matter of fact, that a majority of the Alumni both literally and metaphorically turn their backs upon their Alma Mater when they graduate. This surely should not be. The College not only should receive, but has, it seems to us, a right to demand the continued interest of her Alumni in her affairs. And yet she often must exclaim of her sons, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child." If every alumnus would take an earnest interest in all movements for the further extension and evolution of the College a great many of her troubles would soon be at an end.

So we say, that it is the duty of every man who can possibly do so, to be present on all such occasions as the annual banquet of the New York Alumni Association, when languid interest may be aroused and dying affection re-kindled and both produce new effort for the welfare of that institution we call our Alma Mater.

### **An Introduction to the Poetry of Frederick William Faber.**

**A**MONG the lesser English poets there are few, who have a better claim to the notice of the student of English literature than Frederick William Faber. Nor only, was he an Oxford man, imbued with the culture and philosophy of the University; but he had the true poetic fervor and wooed the Muse, for her own sweet sake.

To the average reader, he will always be the author of "Paradise, O Paradise," and a hymn writer—very much as a certain uninformed clergyman thought Robert Browning to be, when he heard that he wrote religious poems, and innocently inquired: "Does he write hymns?" To those who know him, however, he is more of a philosopher than a churchman. He is, moreover, a sincere lover of nature and sang his songs to the accompaniment of the murmuring pines and then, as the night of death was approaching, he ceased to sing of earth and its teeming cities and green fields, and raised his thoughts to God, longing and thirsting for the vision of his His beauty and yet, content to endure,

.... "a rest, yet torment dire,  
Repose within the lap of fire,  
Because it is God's will,—  
Another life of Heavenly birth,  
Which men live quicker than on earth,  
Happy, resigned, and still:  
A pardoning Father's first caress,  
A glorious penal blessedness!"

As an interpreter of nature, this century has given us few better examples. If he had never written anything but the first canto of the "Styrian Lake," he would easily have attained a first place.

"'Tis good to have a nook of earth  
To be with us in our mirth,  
And to set a haunt apart  
To be household in the heart,  
A local shrine, whence gentle sorrow,  
Hope and soothing thought may borrow;  
And which may be every hour  
In the light, or shade, or shower,  
In the stillness, or the wind,  
Or the sunset, as the mind  
Would the light within should vary,  
A true mental sanctuary."

Then again, having written of the changes in the world around, he writes thus of the Styrian Lake:

"All the changes which it saw  
Were by the harmonious law,  
And the sweetly pleading reasons  
Of the four and fair-tongued seasons.  
Pearly dawn and hazy noon,  
And the yellow-orbed moon,

And the purple midnight, came  
Through those very years the same."

"Purple midnight!" Could anything be more exquisitely poetic? We have found a hidden meaning in Milton's "blind mouths;" but here is a vision of the finest artistic conception expressed in two words.

"Blessed earth! O blessed lake!  
Shut within thy pine wood brake,  
Angels saw thee in their glee,  
Of the Roman Empire free!"

The mountains, too, are dear to him, and, with a fervor like that of the Hebrew Psalmist, he writes:

"Let none but priests, or lowly men draw nigh  
Unto the lofty mountains, to invade  
The awful sanctuary God hath built  
Upon their desert sides. \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* When sin grew bold  
The jealous God withdrew into the hills:  
And the bright mists which moved upon the plain  
To gladden and keep fresh the heart of earth,  
Were gathered up to Him and hung in folds,  
Of glorious cloud before His mountain Throne;  
And everlasting barrenness was bid  
To take the hills unto itself, that He  
Might have a solitude in which to dwell."

In many of his earlier poems, we find a kind of prophecy, which is of the utmost interest to the student of social problems, as for instance the lines:

"And weary nations scarce can bide  
The thrall of power unsanctified."

In these few words lies the secret of the political unrest of this age. "Power unsanctified;" power which has neither the fear of God, nor the fear of man before its eyes and to which Homer's epithet *δημοβόρος* might well be applied. He also sees, as all students of social science must see, the important part, which the Christian Church is to have in the changes, for which our age is the preparation.

"An age comes on, which came three times of old,  
When the enfeebled nations shall stand still  
To be by Christian science shaped at will;  
And the fresh church, rejecting human mould,  
Shall draw her types from Europe's middle night,  
Well-pleased, if such good darkness be her light."

Of course he refers to the end of the fourth century, the beginning of the thirteenth, and the end of the sixteenth.

His religious poems are as a rule his best from a literary standpoint. Here his verse is the smoothest and his rhyme the sweetest, and we linger over such passages as his description of the missionary, with particular pleasure:

"One poor monk, a beadsman lowly,  
With gilt vessels rude but holy,  
And a power of miracle  
Shed into the whispering dell,  
Lodged within and screened apart  
In the forests' dusky heart.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Yet thy quiet name is gone  
In the shadow of some throne,  
Lost amid the jewelled throng,  
All embalmed in unwise song.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou, a man of simple ways,  
Never could'st have joyless days;  
Thou, a man of simple wants  
Must have loved thy silvern haunts."

His poem "All Saints Day" is an exquisite production; and it seems strange that it is not better known. Somehow, it is almost impossible to decide which is best, the verse, or the thought.

"In one long, endless, filing throng,  
Apostles, Martyrs, Saints have gone  
Where beyond yon screen of cloud  
The Master is upon his Throne.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Alas for us, who can be  
Among that shining company!  
But once a year with solemn hand  
The church withdraws the veil,  
And there we see that better land  
Far in the distance pale;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And up and down each holy street,  
Faith hears the tread of viewless feet,  
Such as in Salem walked when he  
Had gotten himself the victory.  
So be it ever year by year,  
Until the Judge Himself be here."

Notice the compression of thought. "Viewless feet," and the reference to those raised from the dead, with Our Lord, are both fraught with meaning and will amply repay careful notice.

In "Christ the Way" we find Faber at his best. As a religionist, Faber was a mystic and in this poem he has opened his very soul.

"O Mother Maid! O fellow-mortal Mary!  
Was not thy Son, like mortals tributary  
To hunger and to thirst, to hopes and fears?  
Hath he not sanctified the *power of tears*,  
The beauty and the holiness of weeping?  
Hath he not given back into our keeping  
A nature newly consecrate? Say,  
Shall we not kneel to Him who in thee lay,  
Thy womb His road, who is Himself our Way.

Death hath become transparent.

Man saw Him mount aloft with lurid track,  
And by that road man still expects him back.  
Clear across death and paradise are strown  
Foot-prints which end but on the Throne  
At God's Right Hand. Oh let us fall and pray  
With the great Seraphim that burn all day,  
Worshipping the God-man, man's living Way.

And for the voiceful Church and poor mute world  
Doth He not keep His potent cross unfurled,  
Lengthening its shadow upon sin? O pray  
Unto the Priest who ministereth all day,  
Making His Flesh man's Shelter and his Way."

Enough has been quoted, however, to show his style and it is impossible to produce the whole poem. Surely such a poet deserves our notice. As a mere artist, he demands our admiration, as a scholar and a philosopher he requires our respectful attention.

B., '98.

### Wanted—"A Man."

"I TELL ye mother, Alkali Bill won't do for our Belle;" the speaker emphasized his remark by bringing his fist down so forcibly on the table that all the dishes hopped and rattled before they regained their equilibrium. The room in which the speakers sat was the living room of an extra large log cabin in the rich grazing country known as the valley of the "Big Bend" in the northern part of Washington State. The room was a large one and

showed rather more care than usual in its construction. The chinks in the walls had been carefully plastered with mud, and were decorated by huge steer antlers which supported guns, and other firearms; skins of different animals were scattered around the floor, a large fire-place was located on one side of the room, and a few chairs were placed here and there. Mr. Dwight, for such was the speaker's name, was tilting one of these chairs while he balanced himself by resting one arm on the table which was frugally, but neatly spread; his wife was seated opposite, and both were gazing reflectively at the fire.

It was seven o'clock, the cattle had all been herded and Mr. Dwight was preparing to spend a quiet evening. He was dressed in the typical costume of the ranchman, top boots with big spurs, leather breeches, corduroy coat, a huge belt with a correspondingly huge revolver, and his sombrero lay on one of the chairs where it had been carelessly tossed. Mr. Dwight and his wife had been among the first few who sought their fortunes in the far West, accepting a government grant of 160 acres of land which had since been increased by diligence and hard work until in Mr. Dwight's own words "I can ride all day long in one direction over my own ranch" was no idle boast. His herds of cattle were so large that he required quite a number of cowboys to manage them.

Belle, the subject of Mr. Dwight's opening remark, was at that time visiting a girl friend on the ranch of their nearest neighbor twenty miles distant, whither she had been escorted by Alkali Bill, her favorite cow-boy, although I doubt if there was a wilder, or more reckless dare-devil among the lot than this self-same William; probably that was the reason Belle cared for him. Who knows? Belle was frequently given the title of the "Belle of the Big Bend." Whether it was a play on names or a title won justly, or because there were but few other young ladies about that section, we do not feel called upon to decide. However that may be, Belle was now the subject of the earnest discussion going on.

"Wa'al now, Thomas, as ye hev' brought up the matter as has been a worrying me so long, I will express my opinion that I agree with ye. Alky Bill is not the man fer our Belle; but what's te be did? Belle will hav her way like every gal as is eighteen years old, and she'll do just as she's a mind to." "Wa'al," said Mr. Dwight, "I hev' noticed as how steers go along wa'al enough when they don't think as how they're bein' druv', but it's when they think they're bein' shoved along is what makes them cantankerous 'nd I 'spose it's the same way with gals. Now I've gotten a scheme that I think will work things all right. We've worked hard, Martha, me and you, and there be quite a good sum of money in them old stockin's, in them chests up there, and I think 'twould be a burning shame to hev' to leave it all fer Alky Bill to guzzle away. He's a good 'nough ranchman mind ye, and good 'nough when he's



sober, but when he gits the fire water in him he's an unchained devil, and that's why I won't hev him for no son-in-law.

"Now when I wus in New York, where that fool-fellow sold me thet big brick of gold fer fifty dollars that we hev' upstairs, I noticed in some of the big papers advertisements fer most everything under the sun, 'mong them wus some notices of people who wished to git married, but hed not been able by the nat'ral laws of selection as is set down by Mr. Darwin [in thet book up there on the shelf] to decide on the proper person. Now it occurred to me thet ef I put a notice in for some of them nice young eastern fellers to come out here, and marry our Belle and say thet I would plunk down ten thousand dollars as I kin well afford to do, to set them to rights in the house-keeping line, it come to me thet our Belle might git ahold of a purty nice young feller who'd hev' book learnin' as well as his good looks t' back him up, and not be the rowdy thet this Alky Bill is. We don't need ter let Belle know as how we advertised, as gals, like steers is pesky critters, and she'd be sure to say we're trying to auction her off like they do in New York."

"Thomas I'm proud of ye and yer scheme; but I thinks as how I knows of a better one. I'll not hev' our Belle marry enny one who may chance ter answer the printer's notice. Our Belle is wuth a college feller, er none at all," said Mrs. Dwight decidedly. "Wa'al how are ye going ter git one on 'em? College fellers come high." "Thet's easy enough" said Mrs. Dwight. "Ye know Mrs. Burton's son of Waterville hez gone to one of them there eastern colleges and he's growing to be a fine young feller, mebbe he would come on if ye writ him, or mebbe he may know some one in his college as would like to make his fortune easy. Thet is to git our Belle and ten thousand dollars and house rent free. He could come on and pretend he wus just a visitin' of us during his summer's vacation as an old friend of the family, and then with his nice college manners, and his improved way of love makin' he'd soon git himself in the good graces of our Belle." "Ye're a good schemer, Marthy; wimmen folks allus kin beat men folks at thet 'air game ennyhow. It shall be as ye say. Let's make up the letter right now."

\* \* \* \* \*

Several months later a spruce young man from one of the eastern colleges appeared at the Dwight homestead bearing letters of introduction from Mrs. Burton's son. The card which he proffered bore the name "Arnold E. Carlton." Belle was off for a ride somewhere when he arrived. She had been told that a son of a very old friend would arrive some time that day from the East but she thought to herself "he is one of those namby-pamby mama's boys and is a puny sort of a creature, so it will be time enough to see him at supper. So, away she had gone for a canter with Alkali Bill.

Arnold was given a true-hearted western welcome, but he could not help feeling "he was being critically estimated" as he afterwards said, but Arnold

had been a famous foot-ball player, and it took more than looks to frighten him, so he in turn gave covert glances while talking with the old folks and caught Mrs. Dwight giving her husband a look which plainly said: "This is the man for our money." Arnold was well aware what sort of a girl he was to expect, as he had received photographs and minute descriptions as to her nature, etc. He was fond of adventure himself and came out a great deal for the novelty of the thing, and, as he remarked philosophically, "I have nothing to lose, everything to gain. So, here goes!" The conversation was interrupted here by Belle, who had just returned, stepping lightly into the room. She was becomingly clad in a soft buckskin skirt and waist beautifully beaded. Her healthful color set off to advantage the jet black hair and eyes which were dancing from her recent exercise. She rushed forward impetuously, kissed her mother and father and then, her cheeks took on a deeper carmine hue as she noticed for the first time another person in the room. Arnold gave a quick glance at the fair face before him, and flushed violently as their eyes met. Belle was presented to him and made a graceful bow. Both quickly recovered their composure and it was not long before they were engaged in an animated conversation.

Weeks passed by. Owing to the fact that there were no chaperones to obtrude their unwelcome presence, the young folks were coming on famously. Arnold, however, was looked on as an intruder by the cow-boys, and disliked by them for his "city manners" and "book learnin'," but he always treated them respectfully and many of them secretly confessed "he was entertaining," and when he showed his pluck by sticking on the back of a bucking broncho after being tossed over its head several times, there were many who said "if he only didn't hev' so much book learnin', he'd be al right."

For the most part they were rather jealous of the attentions he paid and received from Belle. The one who naturally felt this the most keenly was Alkali Bill; Belle scarcely spoke to him any more. For a while Bill bore this, hoping every day that, "that college feller" would go home; but as weeks passed by, and yet Arnold showed no signs of leaving, he began to get desperate. He tried every way in his power to get Arnold into a quarrel and would have shot him on the slightest provocation. Arnold, however, was not easily provoked, so Bill found to his sorrow "that it takes two to make a quarrel."

One day he happened unexpectedly on Arnold and Belle as they were conversing in a low tone and looking unutterable things in each other's eyes, and and he was so maddened by the sight that he asked for a few minutes conversation with Arnold. His request was granted and Arnold followed him to the stable. Bill brought his horse out, already saddled, then turning fiercely on Arnold ordered him to mount it and to leave that portion of the country instantly if he valued his life. "Things were all right afore you came,"

snarled Bill, "and me and me pard allus got along well. Now you git!" By this time quite a crowd of cow-boys appeared and backed Bill up; for they preferred seeing one of their own number marry Belle to an outsider. "I have no desire to go just yet, and I question your authority to order me from this ranch," quietly retorted Arnold. "I'll jest give you one minit' to git on thet cayuse and git outen this region as fast as the cayuses' legs w'll take yer," with that he made a movement to draw his ever-ready revolver from his belt. Like a flash Arnold made a spring forward, tackled the bully around the knees in the most approved Harvard-Yale style and brought Bill down on his head with such sudden force that he was completely stunned. Then he quickly removed Bill's weapons, and began coolly to return to the house just as Mr. and Mrs. Dwight and Belle came hurrying out to see what the excitement was. The cowboys standing about were dumbfounded, they couldn't realize that the most reckless one of their number had been so easily handled. They looked at Arnold and that individual looked as cool as the snow on one of the neighboring mountain tops. Then they broke loose and let out three hearty whoops in his honor, completely won over by his prowess. By this time Alkali Bill recovered his senses only to find himself a mark for the jest of his former friends. Completely humiliated, he mounted his horse and sullenly rode away to seek work elsewhere, thus saving Mr. Dwight the trouble of discharging him. Belle regarded Arnold as a hero after that, and when shortly afterwards he asked her the momentous question she readily gave consent, and they were married as soon as the missionary came that way, amid great rejoicings on the ranch. Thus Arnold made his fortune.

*L. H. W., 1900.*

### ANNANDALE VERSE.

#### SOLILOQUY OF A PEN.

LIKE the rest of man's devices  
Quickly ends this life of mine,  
When my strength no more suffices  
And my point's no longer fine.

Yet, unceasingly I laboured  
While I lived my little day  
And I know how closely neighboured  
Darkness is with sunlight ray.

I've confessed the love of maiden,  
Told of pure and holy joys;  
Written missives, heavy laden,  
With the language love employs.

Sweetest letters I've indited,  
Meant for dear ones far away;  
Happy thoughts and dreams invited  
Whither fancy loves to stray.

Poet, priest and romance writer,  
Penned, with me, their thoughts divine.  
They have made this world the brighter  
—I contrived the mystic sign.

These were labours most refining,  
Lighting life with Heaven's glow;  
Yet 'tis but the silver lining  
To a cloud of sin and woe.

I have broken hearts forever,  
Discord made of love's sweet rhyme;  
Brought to pass that lives should sever  
Which, for years, were wont to chime.

Told of honour's tarnished brightness,  
Virtue squandered, all for gain;  
Souls once happy in their lightness,  
Burdened now with guilty pain.

From my point have come confessions  
—With reluctant hands to guide—;  
Craft and crime in linked professions,  
Satan and his evil bride.

Little wonder if I'm weary,  
Pointless, useless, worn away;  
Much was pleasant, much was dreary,  
In the life that came my way.

*Potter Hall, '99.*

#### TO JACK FROST.

YE deft and practiced artist of the Frost!  
Ye cunning, crafty worker on the glass!  
Ye think that with that frigid brush you pass,  
You'll reconcile me to the view I've lost.

Tis true your crystal blending can divert,  
And even entertain me for a time.  
Your architecture towering sublime  
Will ever seem choice work of Nature's art.

Your forests graceful please me. And your trees  
Transparent, slender, glistening in their quaint  
And multifarious shapes, tell of a paint  
That ne'er by others used, you mix at ease.

In blue and red it shines, and others too,  
In single crystals, each shines forth its tint,  
Whate'er is wished. Not once would I dare hint  
That you're unskillful, Jack. 'Twould be untrue.

But think ye injured fancies can be healed  
For Summer's pictures, gone. Far lovelier they,—  
The grasses, vines o'erspreading woodlawn way,  
The colors which Aphelion sun revealed.

O, stop your painting. Lay aside your brush,—  
So cruel, killing all things with its touch.  
I'm wearied with your blinding whiteness, much.  
Let Southern wind to Nature give her blush.

Let Sol his flash of crimson give to rose;  
To Papuser, his scarlet glitter grant.  
Let Heartsease live; let all flowers laugh and chant  
Their Jubilate, as in joy they poise.

*Horace Wood Stowell, 1901.*

#### TO BOLTERS.

THE College time is sometimes fast,  
More often it is slow,  
And ye who bolt six minutes past  
The cause for this should know.

The clocks and gong should strike the same,  
And mark the hours with care,  
For Bolters can not be to blame,  
When there's a difference there.

But why is College time so slow?  
The reason is sublime,  
And this is it since you must know:  
Will Harris keeps the time.

*E. D.*



WE were somewhat amused recently at receiving some literature from a society which, in the most flattering terms, besought the coöperation of the "MESSENGER" in its crusade against cigarette smoking. We have refrained ourselves for two reasons: first, we do not consider it fair to our regular advertisers to insert the advertisement of this society without charging the usual space rates—which in all probability they are not honest enough to pay—and secondly, we are not interested in propagating the anti-tobacco monomania. We are quite frank to admit, that tobacco like everything else in this world can be abused; but our own opinion is, that many ills which are charged to tobacco are in reality due to vices concerning which it is not so polite to speak. It is a noticable fact anti-tobacco and prohibition societies are generally largely made up of old women of both sexes, who either never had any children or else, as the saying is, have been unfortunate in their boys. If the misdirected efforts of these fanatics could be turned into channels where they could be useful, that is into channels which are *not* intellectual, the Sahara itself could be made to blossom as the rose.

This suggests another thing to which we wish to call attention. The firms and shop-keepers who advertise in the MESSENGER have a right to expect that students will trade with them whenever possible. Read the advertisements and remember them when you go shopping. Be sure and mention the "MESSENGER."

The Committee on Lenten Preachers is to be congratulated, for not only have they secured the learned and eloquent President of the Academic Senate, the Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.; but also two graduates of the college. Our own feeling has always been that when clergymen are invited to fill the pulpit of the Collegiate Church they should be as far as possible chosen from among our alumni in holy-orders or from those who are vitally interested in our College and its welfare.



**Notes and Comments.**

—The Rev. George Wm. Farrar, '90, formerly General Missionary of Arch-deaconry of Buffalo, has accepted a parish at Salamanca.

—The Freshman fancy dress ball will take place Monday, February 21. It is requested that all students come in fancy dress costume.

—On the night of February 2, the Rev. Geo. Cox, of Poughkeepsie, lectured in Bard Hall under the patronage of the local chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. His subject was "The Poetry of Robert Browning," and he handled it as only a scholarly Browning enthusiast could have done. Mr. Cox is a graduate and ex-tutor of Kenyon College and a member of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

—Charles Lawrence Wheeler, '98, has been elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class.

—The Mask and Gown Club presented the "Bachelor of Arts" in Preston Hall on the night of February 19.

—The Rev. Albert J. Nock, M.A., '92, Assistant Professor of Latin, was advanced to the priesthood by the Bishop of Albany on Sunday, February 13.

—The winter meeting of the Board of Trustees was held in New York on February 17. It is announced that the transfer of the Bard estate is completed. This gives S. Stephen's the largest landed estates of any college in the New England or Middle States.

—The first week in February Dr. Hopson was ill and confined to the house. His classes recited to him in the same room in which the first Greek class was taught by Dr. Seymour, now Bishop of Springfield.

**Lenten Preachers.**

Ash Wednesday, at the morning service, the Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of New York; Tuesday evening, March 1st, the Rev. John R. Atkinson, B.A., '90, of Elizabeth, New Jersey; Thursday evening, March 10th, the Rev. Frank B. Reazor, M.A., '79, of Orange, New Jersey; Thursday evening, March 17th, the Rev. Chas. F. Canedy, D.D., of New Rochelle, New York; Thursday evening, March 24th, the Rev. Henry R. Freeman, of Troy, New York; Thursday evening, March 31st. —————

Professor: "Mr. X., what is hendiadys?"

Mr. X. (promptly): "Hendiadys is a change of construction to fit a translation."

**Heard on the Campus.**

Selvage:—Where on earth is all the material for this month's issue?

Lewis, A.:—Do you ever smoke Perique?

Reiland:—Ho Glee Club! Get together Glee Club!

Sams:—Who said this tie was loud?

Knapp:—The best tackle I ever made.

Sidman:—I'll spot you two.

Porter:—Here's a solar plexus blow.

Popham:—Say, who's got a match?

Lacey:—Who said Albeeny?

Treder:—Library? Well I guess.

Stengel:—Shure an' its the bist thing out.

Anderson:—When you have been here as long as I have, you'll know a thing or two.

Stowell:—Collar-buttons? Suspenders?

Drew:—Please don't call me "Billy."

Pease:—She's the finest girl I ever met.

Noble:—I—I—I—I.

Howell:—There's only one girl, etc.

Griffiths:— }  
Saunders:— } Let's set him up to-night.

Pearce:—We do things so differently in Florida.

*Incog.*

A certain Freshman says that he writes everything he doesn't know in a *little* book.

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