

MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. IV.

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NO. 10.

On Friendship.*

IT is an easy matter to lay the blame of inefficiency upon our materials or our tools; but as perfection has never been claimed for any language, least of all for our own—this late product of so many workmen—we venture to accuse our mother-tongue of paucity of vocabulary; particularly in that portion which we would use to describe the relations of men to one another. For now we hear of "Friendship" for animals, and even inanimate things,—the friendship of books is often dwelt upon. So wide is the term that we are forced to couple with it adjectives of degree; and thus it will include a list of affections reaching from God to our pet dog.

In this study we do not intend to discuss that most intricate question of affinities, believing it to be humanly speaking inexplicable. That affinities exist there can be no doubt; nor of their result. Taking them simply as they are, the very embryo, indispensable, of Friendship, we would draw your attention to that resultant growth, which, like a luxuriant vine, over-runs, and by its weight breaks down all the barriers between two human souls, until they stand to each revealed.

This between man and woman is unhesitatingly called love. Between man and man, where it is in every essential element identical with that other, differentiated only by the varying degree of natural dependence and independence, which civilization has so largely augmented—what shall we name it, unless we reclaim for it and it alone, as now we do, its own most proper title, Friendship?

*Commencement oration delivered June 9th, 1898. It obtained the McVickar prize for elocution.—ED.

The tenses, Past, Present and Future, form an almost unavoidable arrangement for our subject: for the Past, the Foundations of Friendship; for the Present, its Duties; for the Future, its Possibilities.

We never really get more than we seek. We do not appreciate more than we desire. We must be as great as our friends. Thus we lay Equality as one of the first stones of our foundation. Now equality is called one of the rarities of life; but there is a way by which two souls are equalized; and that is the strife, each for the other's good. Saying this, we have postulated one of the greatest truths about Friendship: namely, that it is a Strife, and that for good.

Friendship is active, not passive. A doing, not a feeling. Sacrifice rather than a pleasure. In this strife there are towering obstacles; but it is the end which makes the struggle worth the effort, Goodness! And here Opposition presents no fear. We lay Goodness as the chief corner stone of this great home for all men, knowing that all history is the cement to hold it firm against every attack.

In this process of equalization there is never a lowering of level on one side but always a raising on the other. Thus Goodness is ever more and more; and this strife for mutual good, of itself, by necessity, transcends and then excludes strife about lesser interests—and Goodness is greater than all. Friends are to us as Gods; for by them we apprehend ever more and more of goodness, the essence of godliness. It is the God in a man which makes him a friend.

It were vain to attempt to add anything to our foundation, thus laid, unless there be a danger of failing to emphasize Truth as a necessary part of this Equality of Goodness. Without Truth this Equality is impossible. Let two souls, who aspire to this high and holy state, say each to each: "Here am I. All that I am now you shall see; all that I have been; all that I hope to be—Myself. My depths as well as my heights; my old sins, my present faults. Choose! Can we, shall we, thus known and knowing, go through life as friends?"

Why should provision, the most vital to our life's happiness, rest only upon sentiment, a passing emotion, *any* undefined feeling? We are *fools*, improvident *fools* to expect that the sympathy, forbearance, forgiveness, which our humanity will always require can spring from any other seed than this most naked truthfulness between self and friends.

We have spoken of the "Foundations of Friendship;" but not intending to claim that as in a building they must be distinct and complete before the superstructure. No; so slow must be this work that often there is no dividing line to mark the beginning of the dwelling itself. The Duties begin with the Foundation, even as the Past was once the Present. Can we describe them better than to call them the Duties of Goodness? Sympathy, Frankness,

Trust, Self-sacrifice, approaching ever nearer and nearer perfection, are but the natural and indispensable accompaniments of this strife for mutual good. From my Friend I will hide nothing. I cannot fear one, through whose daily life there runs unceasingly, however hidden, the strong current of his desire for my good. My one responsibility to him is to make his good my constant aim, knowing that is living likewise.

Let philosophers dispute as to whether the happy man needs a friend as much as does the wretched; Goodness is enduring, ever increasing with necessity, equal to everything, equalizing everything.

And in this are Friendship's Possibilities. I may be equal to my Friend—Nay; I shall *be* my Friend. For he will have nothing that he will not give to me and I will keep nothing back from him. The best that I can accomplish will be for him also, and his for me. Does he in his life embrace ever more and more of the true and the beautiful, then my life also is larger and richer for he ever strives for my good, as I for his.

Is Friendship, then, the one human perfection? The question contradicts itself. A Friend is a man as well as a god. Our foundations are laid in human nature, which is still human, though more and more god-like to the end. Shall we despair then? Not so! Does an artist ever attain perfection? But he does not cease striving. Even when the world calls his work a masterpiece he is never satisfied. Loving still his past creations and treasuring them he ever plans newer and better.

It is a life work, this perfection of Friendship. Separation will never stop it. Death cannot end it. Without our Friend we are but half. This living ourselves into the life of another is the preparation for our Nirvana. By this means we shall learn to live into the soul of God.

How many of life's perplexities find here their solution! But it is not an easy, simple one. Friendship requires all the best that is in a man. And his reward? He shall have learned to answer easily that first great question "Why am I?"—he will have solved the mystery of Self; and he will dare the reply to that other, "Why are you?"—the last Mystery; for it *is* the last: the Mystery of God is but this emphasized.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

Commencement.

THE Thirty-eighth Annual Commencement of S. Stephens College took place on Thursday, June 9th, 1898. On the afternoon of Sunday, June 5th, the Warden preached the Baccalaureate Sermon, taking as his text "And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness," Gen. I: 23. The college chapel was crowded and a large number of people enjoyed the privilege of hearing Dr. Fairbairn address the students.

Tuesday night came the ball, given by the Junior Class in Preston Hall. Those who were present pronounced it in every respect a great success.

On Wednesday evening the Rev. Dr. Roper, of the General Theological Seminary of New York, delivered a most eloquent and scholarly discourse before the Missionary Society, which was listened to with rapt attention by the large congregation present. Later in the evening followed the reception in honor of the Senior Class, at Ludlow and Willink Hall, the residence of the Warden. The campus was illuminated with Japanese lanterns hung from the fine old oaks and elms, and made a pretty setting for the throng of pretty girls and black-gowned students.

Thursday was an ideal day for commencement. Holy communion was celebrated in the college chapel at 7.30 A. M., Bishop Potter acting as celebrant. At 10.30 A. M. the Convocation of the Alumni held a business meeting, and considerable important business was transacted. The Alumni present manifested an intense interest in the welfare of their Alma Mater and it is to be regretted that more of them do not make a special point of returning at commencement, the continued interest of the Alumni being absolutely essential to the continued welfare of the college. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

- Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, D.D., President.
- Rev. Samuel Upjohn, D.D., Vice-president.
- Rev. D. R. Judd, Treasurer.
- Rev. J. M. Blackwell, Secretary.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, a resolution was passed that all applicants for a degree in divinity must pass an examination in the Greek language of the New Testament and prepare an essay on a given subject.

At noon the Faculty, Students, Trustees, and Alumni marched down the campus to the chapel, headed by the band of the 21st Regiment of Poughkeepsie. At the chapel door the band retired and the procession entered and proceeded to the seats which had been reserved, while the grand and inspiring hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" was being sung. Rev. Prof. W. G. W. Anthony, M.A., intoned the Litany. After the religious services were concluded the congregation was dismissed and the procession reformed and returned to the campus, where the literary exercises were held. The following speeches were made by members of the graduating class:

- "American Patriotism"—A. I. Earnest Boss, Haverstraw, N. Y.
- "The True Idea of a University"—Christian Andrew Roth, Newark, N. J.
- "Republican Idea of Government"—Archibald M. Judd, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- "On Friendship"—Herbert S. Hastings, Elmira, N. Y.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

- McVickar prize in Elocution—H. S. Hastings, Elmira, N. Y.
- Psychology—H. S. Hastings, Elmira, N. Y.

Natural Philosophy and Astronomy—A. S. Lewis, New York.

Latin—A. C. Howell, Westerville, Ohio.

Greek—A. C. Howell, Westerville, Ohio.

Mathematics—Oscar F. Treder, Albany, N. Y.

The candidates for degrees were presented to the Warden by Prof. Geo. B. Hopson, D.D. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon George Belsey, A. I. Earnest Boss, Herbert Seymour Hastings, Archibald M. Judd, Frank J. Knapp, Christian Andrew Roth and Charles L. Wheeler.

Special Course certificates were conferred upon Claude N. A. Pooley, Wm. Bee Sams.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Rudolph E. Brestell, B. A. '95, and Thomas Worrall, B.A. '95.

At 3.30 p. m. the Faculty, Trustees, Alumni and Undergraduates adjourned to Preston Hall, where the sumptuous Alumni Banquet was awaiting them. Dr. Fairbairn presided, and speeches were made by Prof. Roper, Drs. Carey, Silliman, Kimber, Upjohn and others.

Among those present were Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of the diocese of N. Y.; Rev. Robert B. Fairbairn, D.D., Warden of the College; Rev. George B. Hopson, D.D., Professor of Latin; Rev. Wm. W. Olssen, D. D., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Rev. Joseph Carey, D.D., Saratoga, N. Y.; Rev. Geo. D. Silliman, D.D., Albany, N. Y.; Rev. Samuel Upjohn, D.D., Germantown, Pa.; Rev. Wm. Brown-Sermon, S.T.B., Stottville, N. Y.; Rev. Wm. Howard Davis, M.A., Henderson, Maine; Rev. Wm. C. Grubb, Pine Plains, N. Y.; Rev. Wm. Dorwart, B.A., Newport, Pa.; Rev. Geo. A. Keller, B.A., Wayne, Pa.; Rev. Radnor Renne, Rev. George S. Bennett, Jersey City, N. J.; Rev. Thomas L. Cole, Staatsburgh, N. Y.; Rev. John R. Lambert, Red Hook, N. Y.; Rev. F. W. Norris, South Norwalk, Ct.; Rev. Pier McD. Bleeker, Schenectady, N. Y.; Rev. Eugene L. Toy, B.D., Sandy Hill, N. Y.; Rev. Jas. B. Wasson, D.D., Roanoke, Col.; Rev. Wm. F. Bielby, Greenbush, N. Y.; Rev. James M. Blackwell, Mechanicsburgh, Pa.; Rev. Adrian R. B. Hegeman, M.A., Albany, N. Y.; Rev. Wm. Holden, Long Island; C. G. Coffin, Catskill, N. Y.; Rev. Thomas Konall, New York; Rev. Wm. M. Sherwood, Englewood, N. J.; Rev. C. M. Hall, Kingston, N. Y.; Rev. Prof. Roper, General Theological Seminary, New York; Brother Gilbert, Verbank, N. Y.; Col. S. V. R. Cruger, New York; Robert Sanford, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; C. H. Ripley, Esq., Saugerties, N. Y.; E. S. Dunlap, Esq., A. W. Gilkieson, Esq., Bristol, Pa.; Douglas Merritt, Rhinebeck, N. Y.; David W. Hitchcock, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Rev. John H. Sattig, New York, and many others.

SOCIETIES.

The Annual Alumni supper of the Sigma Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity was held in the parlors of the Chapter House on the evening of

June 8th. The Alumni members were very much elated at the forward move of the Chapter and expressed their approval of the course taken by the Chapter during the past year. After the spread Charles G. Coffin, B.A., LL.B., '76, was installed as symposiarch. The speeches were followed by national and fraternal songs. The speeches burned with loyalty to S. Stephens and for her future welfare. The following is the toast list: "The Fraternity and the College," Rev. Wm. Holden, B.A., '83; "The Alumni," Rev. Wm. F. Bielby, M.A., '75; "The Undergraduates," J. Will Jackson, '99; "The Ideal Fraternity Man," Watson B. Salvage, '98; "Farewell," Wm. Bee Sams, '98, Sp. C.; "The Fraternal Bond," Alfred Reed Hill, 1901.—A.

The Annual Banquet of the Kappa Gamma Chi Society of S. Stephens College was held in Bard Hall, Wednesday evening, June 8th, '98. The many appetizing viands engrossed the attention of those present for no inconsiderable time, after which the Art of Demosthenes held sway. There was no lack of disciples of the Hon. Chauncey M. D. present and the applause which followed each speech was well merited. The merry symposium was continued until the rosy-fingered child of morn gave warning that Morpheus had been cheated of his due. Beside the active members the following Alumni were present: Messrs. John Aspinwall, A. Weir Gilkieson, William M. Jeffries, Francis C. Steinmetz, Francis J. Hopson, Walter M. Sherwood, Percy Pyle, Henry D. Lewis, Frank B. Reazor, H. S. Longley, Albert L. Longley, Adelbert McGinnis, Joseph P. Gibson, W. E. Kunkel, A. R. B. Hegemen, J. M. Blackwell.—W.

The Thirty-eighth Annual Reunion and Banquet of the Eulexian Society took place in Preston Hall on the evening of June 8th, 1898. The following Alumni were present; Rev. A. C. Kimber, Rev. Joseph Carey, Rev. Geo. S. Bennett, Rev. W. G. W. Anthony, Rev. W. J. C. Agnew, Rev. Samuel Upjohn, Rev. Geo. D. Silliman, Rev. J. F. Ballantyne, Rev. P. McD. Bleeker, Rev. F. W. Norris, Rev. E. L. Toy, Rev. A. A. Keller, H. A. Flint, L. D. Bonnet, G. A. Green. The guests present were the Rev. R. B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D.; Rev. Dr. Roper, of the General Theological Seminary; Professor J. C. Robertson, Ph.D.; Secretary Harrison, of the Society for the Increase of Religion and Learning; Rev. Dr. Brown-Sermon, B.D.; Rev. Mr. Dorwart, Mrs. Sands, Miss Fairbairn, Mrs. Gilkieson and Mrs. Henry Fairbairn. Dr. Silliman acted as toast-master in his usual happy manner. When the toasts were finished the ladies and other guests retired and the society passed into executive session. At 4 A. M. the society adjourned with the usual ceremonies.—T.

Men are Four: He who knows not and knows not that he knows not; he who knows not and knows that he knows not; he who knows and knows not that he knows, and he who knows and knows that he knows.

ANNANDALE VERSE.

COMMENCEMENT.

THE Senior now sets forth in life,
 Alumnus and B. A.
 And through a land of mortal strife
 He has to make his way.
 He's grave and wise and dignified,
 And armed with a degree;
 But has no pony by his side,
 His fate—What will it be?
 He'll be a drone or be a bee,
 Throughout his whole career.
 He'll be a B. A., as we'll see,
 Of whom the world will hear,
 Or be a B. A. just in name,
 When it shall come to pass,
 That all mankind will think the same,
 B. A.'s for Blooming Ass.

E. D.

DEAR VIOLET BLUE.

(Rondeau.)

"DEAR Violet blue, I welcome thee in morning shine—
 This brightness all around me is not mine—
 I'll pluck thee, wee one, an thou'lt give to me
 Some bit of all this gladness which I see:
 The peace and trust of which thine eye is sign."

So said I to the flower, whose pure design
 With winsome face a soul too would combine,
 For friend to man, tho' still content to be
 Dear Violet blue.

I kiss the face, my sad heart to refine
 Of burdening dross, but, lo, its leaves enshrine
 A tear drop, which my tender kiss sets free.
 "My lips are wet; but I have learned from thee:
 My sorrows lessen, as I lighten thine,
 Dear Violet blue."

H. S. H., '98.

THE FATE OF A SON OF CAIN.

A hobo of the bluest blood,
 In coat of arms—and rags,
 Came strolling through the campus mud
 With trouser-knees in bags.

A king was he—of his own kind—
 But wore no crown of gold:
 A dirty face he did not mind,
 Nor whiskers six weeks old.

He wore a crown of some old hat;
 Both shoes had lost their soles;
 His pants were worn out where he sat;
 His shirt stuck through the holes.

He wore no vest, no socks, no tie,
 He was an awful sight,
 He'd lost his teeth in days gone by;
 But saved his appetite.

He sought the kitchen, there to find
 The cook enthroned as queen.
 She it is who's ruled mankind
 Since civilized he's been.

He asked her for a bite to eat,
 She made a curt reply,
 And told the bum to take a seat,
 And to prepare to die.

She gave him soup—delicious stuff,
 Our daily bill of fare;
 And when he said he'd had enough,
 Roast beef extremely rare.

It came in chunks—but what of that?
 Nutritious just the same.
 On grub like that he'd soon get fat—
 So thought that queenly dame.

He then eat pie and college cake,
 Drank tea to wash it down,
 And quickly for the coroner's sake,
 He made a break for town.

Alas! alack! the poor old bum!
 To death he bravely went;
 Before he to the town could come
 His checks to Hades sent.

And thus this wandering son of Cain
 Met death at Annandale.
 His vagrant life was one of pain;
 His death ends this sad tale.

E. D.

FROM THE RUINS.

OH, to kiss thee again, as in days adying,
 When Love was young, and thy trust complete!
 To feel thy caress, of my life, the sweet—
 I am sated with bitter, my heart is drying;
 My courage and aims for thy love are crying,
 Thy love that filled me with hopes replete—
 Oh, to kiss thee again as in days adying,
 When Love was young and thy trust complete!

For then, to live was a kind of flying;
 I spurned the dust with my wingéd feet—
 Only the best for my love was meet—
 Now I seem to crawl in my wearing sighing:
 Oh, to kiss thee again as in days adying,
 When Love was young and thy trust complete!

E. H.

SONNET.

And is it so then, Sweet? And must I learn,
 Now, when my soul had all but found a rest
 From gnawing pain upon thy shelt'ring breast,
 That all my love is vain? And shall I turn
 Back to the dark that lay behind, and yearn
 In lonely sorrow for thy love that seemed
 So nearly mine? And shall the light that gleamed
 Within my aching heart to ashes burn?

In thy pure presence how could I deceive?
 I strove to show my inmost soul; but now
 Would God thy purity knew not the stain
 Whose shadow chills thy love.—Did'st thou believe
 I was all good?—Ah, Love, my head I bow
 In this my expiation's bitter pain.

G.



Editors' Corner

A POINT OF VIEW.

Upon the wall of a lecture room in a well-known European university there may be seen, drawn in black crayon, a rude illustration, the subject of which, though it may strike the casual observer as being purely ludicrous, has a deep and significant meaning. It depicts, symbolically, the relation of the professor to a certain class of students with which he has to deal. A student is seated with folded hands in a lecture chair, while the professor, standing behind him, is endeavoring to pour into his head, by means of an ordinary funnel such as is used for filling narrow necked vessels, a fluid which issues from a large demijohn labelled "Culture."

Our purpose in entering college is to acquire two things,—knowledge, and a certain something closely connected with it, which is very desirable, giving a polish to the whole and which we call culture. The duty of imparting these advantages devolves upon our college, and though she imposes upon us certain restrictions and duties which appeal to us as more or less necessary to the fulfillment of her obligations to us, yet we feel that our submission must, to a certain extent, be regulated by our own judgement. We are certainly in a position to appreciate our needs better than an institution which cannot understand or realize our capabilities to the full extent, and which is, moreover, in many respects itself deficient and faulty. Nevertheless we justly expect that, with reasonable concessions on our part, our college shall give us our money's worth and turn us out, at the end of a four years' course, educated and cultured men; stamped as such by the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, which is sufficient proof to all the world that we have attained our object.

Do you, who have either never been through college, and consequently are ignorant of a great many things you ought to know, or who have graduated so long ago that you "have forgotten what it was like to be at college," venture to tell us that we are making a mistake; that perhaps education, and, above all, culture, are not wares which a college has up for sale, or gifts which she has

it in her power to bestow upon each half-hearted petitioner? We have already granted that, in order that our college may shape us in the proper mold, we must make certain concessions. What more can you ask? Certainly she must do the rest.

The above is not an attempt at sarcasm. We are merely trying to see with the eyes of a certain class of men who give to the observer every indication that such is their idea of a college education; who lament the fact that they are not being educated fast enough; who expect the *funnel process* and are naturally disappointed because their college is unwilling and unable to pour so many dollars worth of education and culture into their heads. Their watch word is, "Let's go somewhere else; it's not good enough for us here."

We do not wish to be understood to include for a moment those who have striven to make full use of the many advantages the college holds out to them, and who have fitted themselves to rise above their surroundings, and feel in consequence the need of a wider field and advantages superior to those which S. Stephen's can give them. No; if there are such men we are ready to give them our most sincere respect and admiration. We speak of the grumblers; the weak-minded ones who lay the blame for their own shortcomings for the most part on every one but themselves; the would-be martyrs who parade their "high ideals" of "culture" in public for the poor ignorant to wonder at, and loudly lament their fate in being cooped up in S. Stephen's. We have no patience with the man who, though he fails in more than half his examinations, tells us how much more he could do (meaning how much more he thinks could be pumped into him) elsewhere, and criticises and finds fault with principles and methods of whose efficiency he is utterly incapable of judging.

We do not wish to attempt to discuss the question of the *education* our college can help us acquire. The standing her graduates take when brought into contact with men from other institutions of like character, shows conclusively that she is able to hold her own in those branches of study upon which she has seen fit to lay most stress. It is of the second, and more important gift, which our college is supposed to bestow on us and in which she is found wanting by some of her critics, that we wish to speak. We mean culture, which we believe to be distinct and separate from mere knowledge. It is a word frequently on our lips; one which we use boldly, as though we fully understood its meaning. We speak of a lack of culture *here*, and the opportunity for culture *there*, in great swelling words and we would fain shake off the shackles which bind us down to S. Stephen's campus and soar away to some Olympian height where this mysterious goddess sits enthroned.

There are those who appear to be under the impression that culture is one of the things which college must give us in return for our money and passive submission. These (whether they knew it or not) pin their faith to the funnel

process. Others think that culture is something to be acquired—perhaps as a natural result of learning—and within the reach of all who will strive strenuously enough to get knowledge. The so-called culture which some expect college training to give them is a sort of intellectual politeness, acquired by practice and, should they be unfortunate enough to attain it, would make them play the part of the ass in the lion's skin; honest people might be deceived at first, but when once they heard him bray a dozen skins could not cloak the ass underneath. Intellectual brilliancy can never take the place of culture. You may be master of seven languages and still be without culture, and you won't be able to deceive those who possess it.

Let us see how a well-known thinker, pre-eminently a man of culture, defines it. "The process of true culture," he says, "is an unfolding and enrichment of the human spirit by conforming to the laws of its own *growth*. Culture is never quantity, it is always *quality* of knowledge; it is never an extension of ourselves by additions from without, it is always enlargement of ourselves from within. It is never something acquired; it is always something possessed," and finally, "it is never a result of accumulation; it is always the result of *growth*." If this definition of the process of culture fails to agree with that which you have preconceived we are not so foolish as to ask you to accept it. We must fight our way to our own conclusions in such matters. We are bold enough to say that it expresses, though a thousand better than we could hope to do, the conclusion which we have thus far reached, and we are prepared therefore to accept it. All we ask you to do is to give it a moment's thought.

It is clear then that the chief characteristic of the process of culture is growth; and this mental growth is analogous in every respect to physical growth. Like it, it is spontaneous, and, like it, there are certain conditions under which it flourishes and others which are hostile to it. You cannot make yourself grow in stature; there are conditions which influence your growth but you grow spontaneously, in a normal and appropriate way, under these conditions. If you do all in your power to maintain those conditions favorable to it your growth will be accelerated, and if you fail to do this it will be retarded. This is also true of the growth of culture. It is as much a spontaneous growth as your physical growth, but the fact that it is spontaneous does not signify that there is no effort connected with it. On the contrary here is a struggle involved, a most severe one, and the responsibility of maintaining it rests upon ourselves. We mean the struggle to maintain the attitude most favorable to the growth of culture. Granting this to be a rational view of culture two questions present themselves. First, what must we do to preserve this proper attitude; and second, can our college give us the required aid? The first was answered long ago by a truly cultured people. We must strive to so surround ourselves with the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, that we shall unconsciously absorb them and make them part of ourselves; strive to find what-

ever is good, whatever is true, whatever is beautiful in our books, in our friends, in nature, and (we might add) by and through all three, in ourselves.

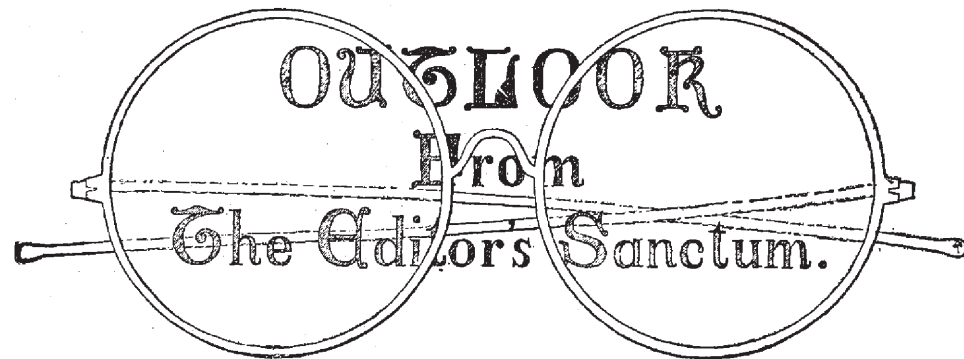
Can we hesitate in our answer to the other question, if we take this view of culture? If we strive ourselves will not our own Alma Mater give us opportunities of living ourselves into the soul of Goodness, Truth and Beauty, more numerous and greater than we can ever hope to profit by or deserve? Can we outgrow S. Stephen's in four years? She may not always have occasion to be proud of *us*, for it is easy for us to fail to do our part, but we ought always to be proud of *her*; and it is easy to be so if we believe that the key to true culture lies in those words of Goethe's: "Im ganzen, guten, Schönen resolut zu leben,"—to live resolutely in everything that is at once beautiful and good. For then we realize what she can be to us if we do our part.

SONNET BUILDING.

YOU build a sonnet on about this plan:
 You first line ground out, take the next one so:
 And make it rhyme with this one, just below.
 Then next you match the first one if you can.
 Don't hurry the machine. The lines must scan.
 With steady motion turn the crank. You know
 'Tis not a sonnet if it limps. Go slow.
 Now find some rhyme for "scan"—for instance "man."

As to the last six lines, some latitude
 May be allowed. Take any word, as "grove."
 Now hunt a rhyme for "latitude." Try "shrewd."
 This line must end with "dove" or "love" or "strove,"
 And this with "mood" or "prude" or "crude" or "dude,"
 And there's your sonnet. Throw it in the stove.

X.



THE MESSENGER Board of '99 to the Alumni of S. Stephen's. Greeting! We come before you as those who are to act as the mouth-piece of your Alma Mater when she speaks with you during the coming year. We address ourselves to those among you who love your college, not only for the sentiments which are connected in your minds with your recollections of the happy days spent within her walls, but also for all that she is *now* or hopes to be in future. To you the new editorial board boldly addresses itself as to friends and well-wishers and asks you above all things for your *sympathy*. If we are to do our duty to our college and to you, we must feel that we are in touch not only with the undergraduates but also with *all* true-hearted sons of S. Stephen's. The increased interest in the welfare of the college manifested during commencement week by each and every one of the Alumni who revisited her, has opened to us new hopes and possibilities for the future, and, in consequence, increased the realization of the responsibilities which rest upon the college paper. It is our hope and earnest intention, with your so much needed sympathy and encouragement, to do all in our power toward enabling the MESSENGER to realize one of its chief ideals: that of being the strongest and most effectual link which binds together the Alumni and the undergraduates who represent the living, pulsating heart of Alma Mater. Will you help us to accomplish this? We cannot succeed without your coöperation.

A difficulty with which the editors of the MESSENGER have to cope is a lack of *competent* criticism. Not that one sort of criticism is not rife among the so-called friends of the paper. There has always been a contingent of non-contributing, non-subscribing, unsympathetic, and, in all but one respect, uninterested fault-finders; but such critics are like the mouse in the fable, instead of assisting they retard. It is the criticism of those who have the welfare of S. Stephen's and consequently of the MESSENGER at heart that we need; and such criticism seldom finds its way to the ears of the editors. In view of this fact the present board wishes to say that any written criticisms or suggestions from Alumni or undergraduates who are subscribers, will receive respectful attention if sent to the editor-in-chief. You can help us in this way.

Attention is called to the fact that the department of the MESSENGER devoted to college notes can be made of far more interest to all of the Alumni if they will take the trouble, individually, to keep the editor informed with regard to any such small "personals" as a change of residence, a marriage, the birth of twins, etc. Your friends and classmates are as anxious to hear news of you as you are to hear it of them. The editor will be grateful for a postal now and then.

The news that Dr. John C. Robertson, Ph.D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, has obtained leave of absence for a year, owing to ill health will be received with regret by all who knew of his excellent work in the college. Though we have every reason to hope that he will be with us again at the expiration of that time, we cannot but feel that, at least as far as the junior and senior classes are concerned, his absence must be considered as a genuine misfortune. It will be with the most sincere pleasure that we will welcome among us again a professor for whom we feel the greatest respect and admiration.

To those who have been watching the progress of foot-ball at S. S. C. during the past four years, the fact that it has been characterized by a steady improvement must be very evident. Each year has seen greater enthusiasm and better work, notwithstanding that there has been much to discourage even the most hopeful advocates of this splendid sport. There is one disadvantage which militates against the development of a thoroughly good foot-ball team in our college with which every captain has to contend. We mean the size of the institution. This, however, should never be a discouragement. The past three years have shown the possibilities which exist for even the small number of men who have taken a genuine interest in the game, and S. Stephen's has every reason to be proud of the good work her sons have done on the gridiron. Now the question which presents itself to every foot-ball player is, what are we going to do next fall? Are we too sanguine when we say in answer to this question that we hope and believe that next fall will bring forth the best team our college has ever had. We are not if this feeling finds a place in the heart of every S. Stephen's man. Courage and a determination to "go in and win" will do it. We have the experience of the past three years by which to profit. We have a captain from whom we expect a great deal; he will have the advantage over his predecessors which this experience will give him; will he have the support from the student body which they so often lacked? Don't forget that the foot-ball season opens with your return to college in the fall. Come back prepared to help in any way you can, and if you *won't* help, at least give the matter enough thought to know *why* you won't. Don't let any one say truly that you are too *lazy* and *selfish*.

The editor regrets that, owing to a change made by the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association, there is no definite report regarding their pro-

ceedings on Commencement Day to be published. Considerable delay has been caused by the fact that the editor was not informed of this change. Owing to the kindness of an Alumnus whose interest in and love for his Alma Mater never seems to flag for a moment, sufficient information has been obtained to enable us to give a brief and unofficial notice, which will be found in another part of this number.

College Notes.

—Owing to ill health Dr. John C. Robertson Hoffman, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, has requested leave of absence for a year. His request has been granted.

—Dr. and Mrs. Charles Howard Malcom entertained the Sophomore Class at their home on the evening of Decoration Day. The Sophs. were loud in their praises of the Doctor's hospitality.

—The class of '98 recently disinterred their Algebra, which has lain undisturbed for four long years near the bell tower. The Seniors claim to be the first to bury their Algebras on college property.

—The Junior ball was held in Preston Hall, Tuesday evening, June 7th, 1898, and was unquestionably a success. The hall was decorated with hundreds of little flags in the colors of the Senior and Junior classes. The college orchestra furnished the music.

—The following officers were elected by the Senoir class for the coming year: President, Angus McKay Porter; Vice-President, Arthur Sanford Lewis; Secretary, Charles Whitney Popham; Treasurer, Robert Ferdinand Kelleman; Sergeant-at-Arms, Amos Edgar Carroll.

—The students of the college tendered the Warden a reception on Friday evening, May 27th, 1898, in honor of his eightieth birthday. The faculty, students and many friends were present to congratulate Dr. Fairbain on his many years of useful life and to wish him many more.

—At the last college meeting of the year C. W. Popham, '99, was elected Editor-in-Chief of the S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER for the year '98-'99. The class editors of the MESSENGER are Messrs. Linden H. White, 1900; George H. Toop, 1901, and H. E. A. Durell, 1902. At a meeting of the MESSENGER Board Mr. Angus McKay Porter, '99, was elected Associate-Editor.

—The class of '01 buried their Algebra during the week preceding "exams" with due ceremonies and that display of pomp which only a Freshman can assume on such occasions. The history of that momentous event, as well as a few others, were duly set forth on a very creditable pamphlet which was presented to the other members of the college with the compliments of the Freshman Class.