

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. V.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 2.

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## John Vaughn, Ph.D.

A COUNTRY lane, with a heavy thunder shower imminent, is no congenial place for a city bred man; and John Vaughn, Ph.D., ruefully admitted the fact to himself as he hurried along in the direction of the village hotel. The storm, however, was not to be balked of a little sport. A spatter of heavy drops caught him just as he was passing a charming little garden with a handsome country house for a background. His look of dismay caught the eye of a young lady on the porch; and a movement on her part was quickly interpreted as an invitation to come under shelter. There he found, with the younger lady, one well on in middle life and presumably the mother.

"Are you wet, sir?" inquired the elder lady, with some anxiety, after due salutation on his part and mutual introductions.

"Not at all," he replied; "but I am very grateful to you for the kind invitation to come in *out* of the wet."

"Such experiences are apt to endanger one's health," continued she, reflectively. "I am sure my heart would not give me so much trouble if it were not for the occasional exposure I suffer in attending my daily duties. Are you a professional man, may I ask?"

"I am sometimes addressed as Doctor Vaughn," he suggested, with a modest smile.

"Ah! then I need not tell you how to care for yourself. Have you given any study to special lines of medicine?"

"Er— well, heart troubles have been my chief concern," ventured Vaughn, feeling that explanation would be awkward, and wondering how far he would get into hot water, through lack of it. "Confound it," he reflected, "all

doctors are not physicians. I've made a break and now I'll have to see this thing through. At any rate it is worth a little embarrassment just to meet that divinity over there."

"Indeed, I am glad to know that," Mrs. Dorrack said, with a degree of enthusiasm, leaving Vaughn to wonder whether she meant to answer what he said or what he thought. "I have suffered several years with heart trouble and should be glad to have the opinion of a specialist. All the physicians who have examined me hitherto assert that I am laboring under a delusion; but I know better."

Vaughn, at this point, ventured a glance at the younger lady. It was not the first, by any means, since his arrival, though no chance had offered to address her. Now he caught a quizzical smile on her face as she half turned away. It was not meant for him, but it gave him a slight clue to the situation, one he was not slow to take. With a show of interest, he turned to Mrs. Dorrack.

"It would give me great pleasure to examine the state of your heart," he said, speaking to her, while he glanced at the daughter. "Permit me to ask a question or two: Are you sleepless at night? Does the constant fear of something indefinite weigh on your mind?—as it does on mine," he mentally added, with another glance at the divinity. "Are you always conscious of your heart's beating?"

These questions, to all of which his hostess gave a ready answer, were, as nearly as he could recollect, usual quack medical questions; at any rate, certainly safe. Assured that she had all of these symptoms and as many more as he could recall and depend upon, he felt her pulse, commented upon that and the general state of her health in strictly technical terms, and then said: "I must admit that your heart needs treatment, though the trouble is not of a critically serious nature. You will need careful attendance. I should advise you to retire and rest while this thunder-storm is in progress. The atmospheric conditions are not at all suited to your state of health."

Mrs. Dorrack turned to her daughter with a complacent smile. "I told you, my dear, that the doctors were wrong and that I needed a specialist. I shall certainly put myself under the care of Doctor Vaughn." Then, assuring herself that the Doctor would call on the morrow, she went upstairs in a happy mood, pleased with the thought that her disease was no myth.

After she had gone, Vaughn, with a feeling of mingled relief and dread, looked cautiously in the direction of Miss Dorrack. That young lady was certainly worth a specialist's study, and Vaughn felt his specialistic tendencies coming to the front. Finally she broke the silence by asking: "Are you a Divinity Doctor, Mr. Vaughn?"

"No," said Vaughn, with a little nervousness and a malediction on her acuteness.

"Have you ever been in love?" was her next startling question.

"Well," he replied, cautiously, "I don't like the tense you use."

It was her turn to look startled. She was woman enough to know dangerous ground; but she only floundered helplessly in an effort to get back to a safer point.

"I recall, merely, that you said you had been concerned with heart trouble—and—and I wondered what you meant."

"You felt sympathetic?" he dared.

"Sir;" she expostulated, ignoring his impudence, save for a blush, "what do you mean by telling my mother that her heart is affected? She imagines it, solely; and—and I don't believe you *are* a physician."

A truly feminine retreat; so Vaughn rested on his victory.

"Do you think I am a fraud?" he asked, after a moment of silence. Do you think I can't do what I promise?"

"Yes," she said, quickly catching at the word, "'cant' expresses it; I believe you are a hypocrite."

"And," he added, "it will take a hypocrite to cure a hypochondriac, as I believe your mother to be. I am not a medical man, to be sure, but a doctor of philosophy. Your mother needs philosophic treatment rather than medical."

Somewhat mollified, she looked shyly at him and said, "I think you are right and beg your pardon for mean insinuations."

"They were perfectly justifiable and certainly encouraging — I mean, interesting."

She blushed again. She could blush in a charming manner, Vaughn noticed; and he felt disposed to study her blushes.

Before the storm was over he had presented credentials which established their acquaintance through common friends. Then, of course, he accepted an invitation to stay for tea. Before that agreeable function these two arch-plotters concocted a scheme which sought the cure of one heart trouble and planted, perhaps, the seeds of one more serious.

When Mrs Dorrack came down, Vaughn made some perfunctory inquiries and shook his head gravely over the answers.

"You must take frequent drives when the weather is suited," he told her. "Above all, you must lead a sociable life. Mental attitude has much to do with matters of the heart; and one or two young people, with their interesting and vigorous natures, are a considerable factor in such things."

This last was to bring out that fascinating blush and it succeeded. Mrs. Dorrack, however, unconscious of by-play, went on with the conversation in her favorite strain.

"Do you think my daughter has inherited this heart trouble?" she asked. "I am sure she would be glad to have you —,"

"May I fill your cup, Doctor?" hastily interrupted Miss Dorrack, in a vain effort to destroy the intensity of the conversation.

"As yet no—I mean, yes, thank you, I will have some tea——," he said, without any embarrassment. "As yet I do not understand her heart, though I certainly hope to find it free from any long standing trouble. Should I detect any affection of that organ, I shall take proper steps to give it all due attention."

"I am sure I can trust you," was Mrs. Dorrack's reply.

After supper he gave her a few directions and, as he was leaving, promised to call frequently while he was spending his vacation in the village,

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During the next five weeks Dr. Vaughn revolutionized life at the Cedars. Mrs. Dorrack, who, for years, had been morose and melancholic, now came out as an active hostess. In many ways life there was brightened and the effects were seen on her health. Occasionally, when Vaughn came up from the village, he would bring her a bottle of (apparently) medicine, usually a nice wine, which he required her to take regularly and in prescribed doses, although, as he said, her trouble did not need medicine so much as judicious care of herself. Toward the last of July, when business made necessary a return to the city, he felt that he might safely pronounce her cured. He sat, one bright afternoon, on the porch with Miss Dorrack, discussing the situation.

"I very much fear your mother is well," he was saying.

"Too bad," she agreed; "you will not soon find another patient."

He looked at her seriously. "I wonder if *your* heart needs treatment. Are you sure it is not affected? Heart disease, you know, is quite contagious."

"You think I may have caught it from mother?" she queried naively.

"Yes; or from me."

"Have you heart disease?" she asked, with beautiful brown eyes wide open.

His chair drew closer and he assumed a confidential manner.

"You asked me," he began, the very first afternoon I met you, if I had ever been in — if I knew anything about heart trouble ——,"

"Exactly," she readily acquiesced, "You objected then to the tense I used. Do you mean that you did not know then but have learned since?"

"Just so. I had never been in—in—any heart trouble previous to that time; but during my experience with your mother I have learned that heart trouble is a specialty with me."

She looked at him temptingly for an instant; and then, with a delicious little laugh, she moved away; only an inch or so, however, and then said, without any trace of mirth in her eyes: "Physician, heal thyself." But, troubled by his unhappy look, she recovered the inch of lost ground, and held out to him a pretty hand. He caught it and held it tightly clasped in his.

"Helen dear," he begged, "do you really mean it? You are not playing?"

"Doctor—oh—why Doctor, what does this mean?" and Mrs. Dorrack's trim figure stood before them.

"Oh—er—your daughter, Miss Dorrack, has heart trouble," sputtered Vaughn, hardly equal to the occasion.

"And you are making an examination? Very good; I feel that you have already restored me to health and I am quite willing to trust my daughter with you."

"Then," broke in Vaughn, catching at the offer, "then you are ready to abide by my wishes in regard to Miss Helen?"

"Assuredly, my dear Doctor. I am yours to command for anything."

"Well, Mrs. Dorrack," he said, somewhat recovered by this time, "as a doctor I must tell you that I am very much concerned about the state of your daughter's heart. Just as you came in I was about to ask her a question which would assure me on that point."

"By all means, proceed," she said.

Gracefully acknowledging the permission, and turning to Miss Dorrack, Vaughn asked: "Miss Helen, are you conscious that your heart beats tumultuously?"

"I am," she gravely replied.

"And could you," he continued, "ascribe any good and sufficient reason for it?"

"Not here and now," was all she vouchsafed.

Mrs. Dorrack, with feminine instinct, thought it discreet to go into the house. She began to feel a "vague fear of something indefinite" and dreaded a return of her old trouble. As soon as she had gone Vaughn drew close to his patient and said, with all earnestness: "Helen dear, in truth I am not a doctor of divinity; but I profess myself a disciple of it. As a doctor of philosophy, however, all the wisdom of my life is for you; and tell me—just a word—do you think it will take a lifetime to cure you?"

She looked up at him as his arm slipped around her. Before he had time to accept the mute invitation of her lips, she whispered, "Present tense."

*Potter Hall, '99.*

### The Assassination of the Austrian Empress and its Significance.

WHILE entertaining a number of friends, having no thought of any danger, the Empress of Austria was assassinated.

The murderer was immediately apprehended, leaving no shadow of doubt as to the criminal. His creed—Anarchism; his associates, anarchists, prove conclusively that the assassination of the empress has a significance.

It has been asserted by Carlyle that "All isms have a grain of truth in them, or else men would never believe them." So Anarchism, loathsome as it is, has a grain of justice in it. For what is justice if it is not one form of truth? This grain of truth may be found by observing carefully the social, religious and political conditions in the regions in which it exists.

In Italy, Russia, and France, the homes of Anarchism, what liberties do the majority of the people enjoy? Practically none. In those lands the residents are ground down socially, religiously, and politically, until oppression no longer expresses their condition. The heads of religious affairs barter and traffic until they out-tetzel Tetzal. Those holding the reins of the government seek their own aggrandizement instead of the welfare of the community at large. A brotherhood of man seems to be their most remote thought, and they have no apparent conception of the meaning of the word sociology.

With a tinge of regret it must be admitted that America, Germany, and England are not free from the causes which generate Anarchism. Sweatshop, mining, and manufacturing districts are operated in such a manner that they must necessarily develop rebellion, and strike down those things which are conducive to the peace and happiness of the multitude. Time and again men are treated as animals, and not as human beings. Is it a surprise that a man should rebel when he sees his wife and children on the verge of starving? Does the favorite animal not resent the cruel treatment of his master?

However, with all the existing wrongs, citizens in general endeavor to eradicate evils through legislation, which is certainly a more just way than demolishing governments and assassinating the heads of institutions. The anarchist strives to upset the government, overturn all, then to restore order that shall be an "Utopia," out of the chaos. Assuredly he will continue his nefarious work just as long as the oppression is permitted by law.

In the assassination of the Austrian Empress there is a lesson which it would be well to observe. Just so long as men think that there is too much inequality, just so long will the radical element cause the destruction of those whom they believe to be their oppressors.

Then let us as reasonable beings, going forth into the various professions, use our influence to alleviate suffering, to bring about the realization of "A common humanity," to strive for religious, social, and political freedom; for the more freedom we enjoy in these things, the better we become morally and intellectually, and by thus doing we shall strike the first powerful blow at the most accursed creed known to-day—Anarchism.

*R. E. Schulz, 1900 Sp. C.*

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—The College Orchestra has begun its regular practice for the season '98-'99 under the leadership of Mr. E. A. Sidman, '99.

### Plenus Bacchi.

*Being some reflections of a victim of biblio-intoxication.*

"Evoe! recenti mens trepidat metu,  
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum  
Laetatur." Horace, "In Bacchum."

I am just recovering from my fourth spree of the week. I suppose, reader, you are imagining a bloated, red-nosed, sleepy-eyed, headache-afflicted being; one dull and stupid, and in no condition to philosophize concerning his drunkenness. But my intoxication has no such debasing effect. I am brighter, by far, than before my indulgence. I am firmer in step and more determined in action. Not even from my breath would you know I had been off on a carousal; and as for self reproach and depression, which are sure accompaniments of dissipation, I am so far without either, that I am even longing to get drunk again, and stay drunk a week, a month, forever. My worldly-wise-self argues that I am wasting time and neglecting duties needful of my attention. But I am far beyond all persuasion. Besides, there stands that mighty saloon, ever beckoning to me as it seems. I see it whenever I leave my room; and it is always telling me of the treasures within: of those casks laid tier upon tier, and of the pressings there of the choicest pickings of the world's vineyards; of the brand which has longest been ripening in its jar, and of the brand latest from the press. And to think that a drink there costs not one tittle of my honor, nor one penny of my pocketbook; that any afternoon the privilege is mine of walking in and drinking my fill in any part of that complete storehouse! Is it to be wondered that I have become a willing slave to drink?

How I love that saloon! Sometimes I am persuaded that the chapel is not more divine. I really believe the drinks to be of the Gods themselves; and that they stay there and keep guard over their nectar. Surely old Bacchus is there, and neither to Greek or Roman has he dealt out his care-freeing liquors in more blessed draughts than he has to me, as I have lingered there and drunk and drunk and drunk. Frequently I resolve to take only one drink and then leave. But one little sip brings a delicious forgetfulness to me; and then cares, studies, everything sinks into oblivion as far as I am concerned, except the fact that I am there, in the merriest of Bacchic revellings. Even would I "become forgetful of a return" as did those of whom Homer has told us, were it not for the darkness, which always finds me there. Abominable darkness! How I despise it as I stumble around among the casks, trying in vain to distinguish among the labels! For to drink indiscriminately would in truth be foolish, since not all brands are wholesome drinking.

But I brought down a jug of rich old Massicus on my last trip, and I must

open it now. Come friend, we will together be merry; for my soul yearns for drink. You ask what that label is? "Essays in Idleness, by Agnes Repplier." Ah! this is indeed honey sweet. How it sparkles! How it enlivens the whole system with joyfulness. We will feast on "Agrippina" until the vesper bell calls us to devotion, and then let us thank God that He has given books to mankind.

*Horace Wood Stowell, 1901.*

### ANNANDALE VERSE.

#### PORANTERGUS.

A LEGEND OF S. STEPHENS.

(Apologies to H. W. L.)

SHOULD you ask me whence the story,  
 Whence this legend of S. Stephens:  
 I should answer I should tell you,  
 'Twas the spirit of a student  
 That related it so clearly  
 As I trod the land of shadows  
 In my search for peaceful slumber.  
 Was astonished when I met him,  
 And I stood in silent wonder  
 Never dreaming of his mission,  
 Or the tale he had to tell me;  
 How a student of the college  
 Caused an uproar on the campus,  
 Caused the Profs to hunt for students  
 As they would for Preps or children.

I'll relate it as he told it,  
 Bidding me to have it published  
 As a warning to his brethren  
 Not to raise those horrid uproars,  
 But to study without ceasing.

Nineteen hundred eight and ninety,  
 On a night in crisp October,  
 At the time the students study  
 Or instead they're drinking cocoa,  
 Porantergus, a great scholar,  
 Left the cozy habitation  
 Of a friend and brother student

And set forth to Blarney Castle  
 To prepare his Disputation;  
 But when halfway 'cross the campus  
 Something whispered to him softly;  
 "Call the men out for a rumpus,  
 Call the classes all together."  
 'Twas an imp of that old Serpent  
 At whose hearth you're always welcome  
 That had whispered to him softly,  
 Then in accents loud as thunder  
 Porantergus, the great scholar,  
 Called to one man then another,  
 Called the classes all together;  
 Came the Freshman green as mildew,  
 Came the Sophomores, wise young asses,  
 Came the Juniors fickle creatures,  
 Came no Seniors grave as tombstones;  
 Came the Freshmen, drums and rattles,  
 Came the Sophomores braying loudly,  
 Came the Juniors beating oil cans,  
 But no Seniors made a racket,  
 Simply rubbernecked in silence.  
 When the men had all assembled  
 Porantergus gave the signal,  
 Then they shouted, yelled, and hooted,  
 Drummed and rattled very loudly,  
 'Til the Doctors, Profs, and Tutors  
 Could not stand the racket longer  
 And came out upon the campus  
 To disperse the great assembly.  
 Then, as if it came by magic,  
 Silence reigned throughout the college  
 And the students scattered widely  
 When they heard the warning sounded;  
 But the Doctors, Profs and Tutors  
 Chased themselves around the buildings  
 Hunting for the guilty students,  
 Climbed the stairs and then descended,  
 Searched the rooms so very carefully  
 That no student could escape them;  
 All the vacant rooms were branded  
 As the homes of naughty students

And the names of students written  
 In a book for future reference.  
 When their search they had completed  
 And had held a consultation,  
 Then the Doctors, Profs and Tutors  
 Left the campus all in silence,  
 And the frightened, guilty students,  
 Creeping through the darkness softly,  
 Did not break the awful stillness  
 That pervaded all the campus ;  
 But they quickly sought their couches,  
 And at breakfast on the morrow  
 Tardy students looked in wonder  
 As they took their seats in silence  
 And they heard the peals of laughter  
 That escaped the other students.

*E. D.*

A PARADISE OF ANTIQUITY.

**A**N aged mansion sleeping in the gloom  
 Of stately, murmuring trees, more aged still.  
 A sweep of lawn on gentle slope of hill  
 To leafy mass gives way, and flowery bloom.  
 Here looks the eye at sombre woodland tomb,  
 And there where seems the courtway of the Sun,  
 From hither ancient garden flashes run,  
 And odors sweetly fragrant with perfume.  
 Of architecture boast this mansion none ;  
 Yet monument of time, it proudly rests,  
 For by accumulations rare 'tis blest,  
 Of tomes and china ware, which one by one  
 Have added to the treasure there which lies  
 And makes an antiquarian's paradise.

*Horace Wood Stowell, '01.*

**Foot-ball.**

**O**N Saturday, October 15th, we met the strong team of the Hudson River Institute at Claverack, N. Y. The game was close and exciting from start to finish. In the first half the ball was mostly in our opponents' territory, and we succeeded in making a touch-down after a few minutes play, Bell beautifully blocking an attempted kick after we had held Claverack for

three downs. Graham broke through the line and fell on the ball scoring the touch-down. Owing to the slippery condition of the ball goal was missed. Claverack pulled themselves together after this and by short, sharp dashes the ball was soon brought down to S. Stephen's twenty-five yard line. Here one of the prettiest plays of the day was made by Claverack: It was in the shape of a goal from the field by Morrow. First half ended with the score a tie.

In the second half Claverack kept the ball most of the time. This, however, was not due to the poor work of our team as we repeatedly held them for downs which were not allowed by the referee. In consequence of our inability to get the ball at one stage of the game Claverack scored another touch-down and goal was kicked by Conklin. After this S. Stephen's got the ball; Graham made a run of 60 yards before being pulled down. Carroll then made a run of fifteen yards with beautiful interference. This brought the ball to Claverack's five yard line. Two short dashes resulted in bringing the ball two yards nearer Claverack's goal. Time was called at this point with the ball in S. Stephen's possession. Score, Claverack, 11; S. Stephen's, 5.

Despite the inefficiency of the officials the game was interesting throughout, abounding in pretty team work and individual plays on both sides. For S. Stephen's, McGuire made two beautiful tackles which undoubtedly saved a touch-down each time. Carroll as usual played a strong game making several long runs with pretty interference by Porter. For Claverack, Morrow's goal from field was one of the prettiest plays in the game, while Travis was a tower of strength. Capt. Bladworth put up a plucky game at quarter. Of the two teams S. Stephen's undoubtedly played the better foot-ball. The decisions of the officials were unsatisfactory to both elevens.

The line was up as follows :

CLAVERACK.	S. STEPHEN'S.
Best.....R. E.....	Popham.
Rogers.....R. T.....	Durell, Capt.
Travis.....R. G.....	Oliphant.
Tompkins.....C.....	Smith.
Terrell.....L. G.....	O'Hanlon.
Hurd.....L. T.....	Argus.
Dineheart.....L. E.....	Bell.
Morrow.....R. H.....	Graham.
Walker.....L. H.....	Carroll.
Bladworth, Capt.....Q. B.....	McGuire.
Conklin.....F. B.....	Porter.

Time, 20 and 18 min. halves. Referee, ———. Umpire, Starr. Touch-downs, Claverack, 1; S. Stephen's, 1. Goal from touch-down, Claverack, 1. Goal from field, Claverack, 1.

## S. STEPHEN'S vs. UNION, AT SCHENECTADY.

The day arranged for our meeting with Union, at Schenectady, was exceedingly warm, a fact which caused lack of "snappy" play on both sides. The game was called shortly after three o'clock, Union kicked off from the north goal; McGuire caught the ball but was downed on S. Stephen's 20 yard line. Here the play became sharp and the ball was exchanged several times, Keogh of Union finally crossing the line for a touch-down, from which a goal was kicked.

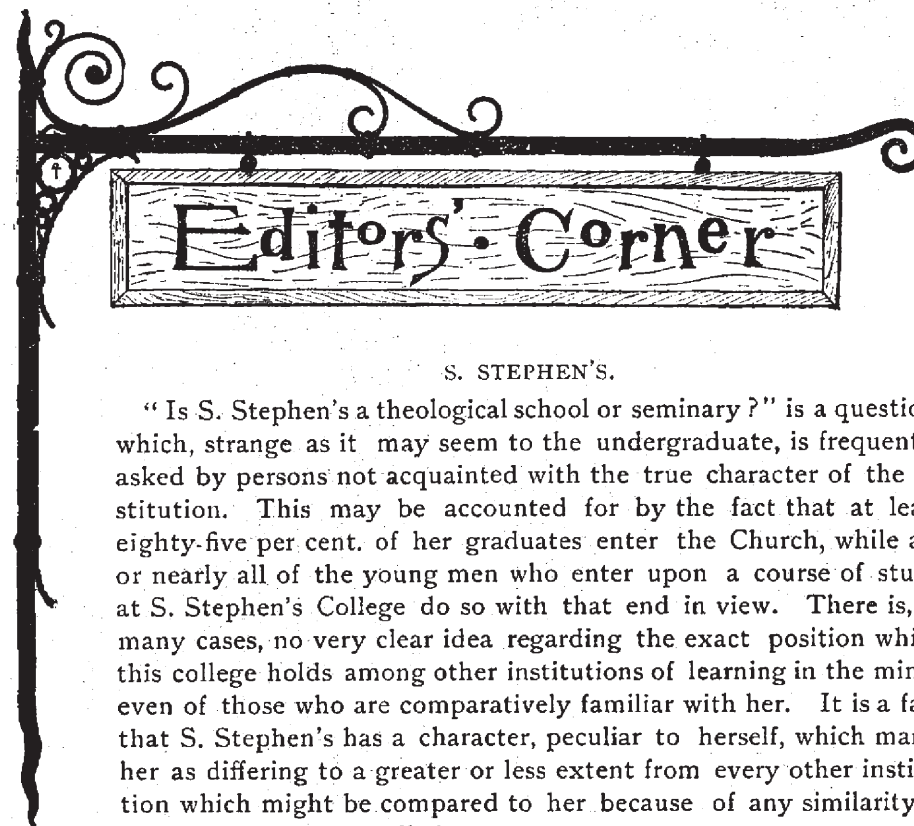
S. Stephen's kicked off and Union advanced the ball to within three yards of our goal; here S. Stephen's took a decided brace, and by snappy play advanced 50 yards, when the ball was lost to Union; and after a plucky resistance the Schenectady men carried the ball over the goal line, scoring their second touch-down. The rest of the game was but a repetition of the earlier part. S. Stephen's fought well and with pluck, but the superior weight and training of Union told.

The men are to be congratulated upon having done their best. Score, Union, 45; S. Stephen's, 0.

The two teams lined up as follows:

S. STEPHEN'S.		UNION.
Morang.....	L. E.....	Thebo.
Argus.....	L. T.....	} Fenton.
O'Hanlon.....	L. G.....	} Woolworth.
Smith.....	C. ....	Finnigan.
Oliphant.....	R. G.....	Dyckman.
Durell, Capt.....	R. T.....	Willis.
Mottram {	R. E.....	Carver.
Popham {		} Paige.
McGuire.....	Q. B.....	} Slack.
Graham.....	R. H.....	Smith, Capt.
Carroll.....	L. H.....	Keogh.
Porter.....	F. B.....	} Mallery.
		} Dunning.
		Gulnac.

The officials were: Referee, Mr. Palmer, Cornell; umpire, Mr. Vrooman, Union; timekeepers, Mr. Brown, Union, Mr. Burrows, S. Stephen's; linesmen, Mr. Jones, Union, and Mr. Olmstead, S. Stephen's.



## S. STEPHEN'S.

"Is S. Stephen's a theological school or seminary?" is a question, which, strange as it may seem to the undergraduate, is frequently asked by persons not acquainted with the true character of the institution. This may be accounted for by the fact that at least eighty-five per cent. of her graduates enter the Church, while all, or nearly all of the young men who enter upon a course of study at S. Stephen's College do so with that end in view. There is, in many cases, no very clear idea regarding the exact position which this college holds among other institutions of learning in the minds even of those who are comparatively familiar with her. It is a fact that S. Stephen's has a character, peculiar to herself, which marks her as differing to a greater or less extent from every other institution which might be compared to her because of any similarity in size or the courses studied.

In the year 1856 the Rev. John McVickar, D.D., superintendent of the Society for the promotion of Religion and Learning in the State of New York, in his report to the Convention said that the small number of candidates for holy orders arose from the want of "a church school leading to the ministry adequately endowed, episcopally governed, and annually reporting to the Convention its condition and its progress." At the same time, in his address to the Convention, Bishop Horatio Potter spoke of the urgent want of a Church Training School which should, "by faithful, intellectual and religious culture, prepare young men for the work of the Holy Ministry." Three years later, in 1859, a number of clergymen and laymen met together to organize such an institution and a charter was obtained, from the legislature, through the Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn, granting full collegiate powers, with all the security and supervision the Church desired. In 1860 the Trustees organized under charter and in a short time a college building was completed, and S. Stephen's had begun her career. Four years later the Rev. Dr. McVickar, in the report of the Society for the Promotion of Religion and Learning congratulated the



diocesan convention "on the rising reputation of this Church Institution as affording to the Church what it had till then wanted—college teaching and church training thoroughly united and mutually operating in fitting for the ministry."

Growth and improvement imply change, and S. Stephen's to-day is a very different institution from what she was thirty-five years ago; but these changes have been limited to the means which she employs and do not involve the end for which she was established. We have only to compare the course of study which is prescribed by the faculty to-day with that followed thirty years ago to see that great changes have been made. The instruction, which was originally arranged "with special reference to the study of theology," has been widened and improved till, at the present day, S. Stephen's offers to the candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts a course which can compare favorably with that of any other college. If there are no special courses in the natural sciences it is because S. Stephen's has, thus far, had no resources to devote to specialization in any branches of knowledge excepting those which form a necessary part of that sound and broad intellectual training which is demanded by the work of the sacred ministry. If she gives only a general knowledge of chemistry, geology, biology, etc., she devotes especial attention to ethics and metaphysics. The chief point in respect to which S. Stephen's differs from the majority of other colleges is that she holds out to her students opportunities for moral and spiritual culture in addition to intellectual training. Could the education which is proper and necessary to fit men for the most arduous as well as the noblest profession have been acquired at any or every first-class college, there would not have been so urgent a need for such an institution as S. Stephen's, but it is because a special institution was required to meet a special need that could not otherwise be met that so much labor and pains have been expended on founding and carrying on this college. S. Stephen's is a college in every sense of the word, but a college with a single purpose—that of fitting men for the sacred ministry—and it is to that end that she exerts all her energy. She takes for granted a sincere desire on the part of those applying for admission to prepare themselves for this profession and expects them to do all in their power to assist her. In this again she differs from other colleges which ask nothing more than that the student shall obey the rules and perform his duties in a satisfactory manner. And here it might be well to note the fact that at S. Stephen's more than anywhere else the success and efficiency of the college lies in the hands of the students themselves. They not only are responsible for her reputation with the outside world from a moral and spiritual point of view, as well as the intellectual, but they also create or mar that atmosphere of true manliness which is so essential to the moral and spiritual life of the college within. The importance of this feature cannot be too strongly stated, for although so

much depends upon it, it is very easily lost sight of, or at least not given due consideration. It is a fact that every student has the honor of S. Stephen's in his keeping, so closely bound up with his own that every stain on his character is a greater blot on the fair fame of his college. The result of this mutual dependence is a stronger bond between the student and his Alma Mater than exists, perhaps, anywhere else.

It has been objected to such an institution that it must exercise a narrowing influence upon its students; that men who are, in the course of their profession, to come in contact with persons of every class and degree of development require the experience which university life would give them. To discuss this question at length would involve a careful consideration, not only of all the many influences which the various kinds of college and university life bring to bear upon the student, but also of the motives and aspirations which induce him to enter upon a course of study in which so much depends upon his personal worth. For the present it may be sufficient to say that the three years spent at the Seminary, where he comes in contact with men from other colleges and universities, ought to give a S. Stephen's graduate all the experience necessary.

The purpose of the present article is simply to bring the character of S. Stephen's College more clearly before the minds of the outside public; not to make any comparisons with other colleges. Small, and comparatively unimportant, as she appears to be, we claim for her a place of peculiar honor and dignity among the colleges of America.

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### College Notes.

—Rev. Mr. Paddock, Secretary of the Students' Missionary Society addressed the students on the subject of "Foreign Missions" Tuesday evening, October 18th.

—The K. F. X. Society initiated the following men on Friday evening, October 14th: Messrs. Cuthbert Fowler, 1901, Frederick W. Starr, 1902, and Duncan O'Hanlon, 1902.

—Among the Alumni who have visited the college during the past month were Rev. P. McD. Bleecker, '76, W. E. Kunkel, '96, A. L. Longley, '96, J. P. Gibson, '97, Henry Lewis, and J. B. Greiner.

—Many of the students are taking advantage of the opportunity to learn the Terpsichorean Art under the able tutorage of "Prof." Robt. F. Kellemen, '99.

—The Mask and Gown Club will soon start rehearsals for a play to be given sometime after Thanksgiving. Men who wish to try for parts, see L. H. White, 1900, manager.

—The Eulexian Society recently initiated Mr. Benjamin Mottram, 1902.

—We are glad to learn that there is a prospect of the gymnasium being roofed over in the near future. This will fill a long felt want in a college equipment.

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### The Library.

The following books, periodicals and pamphlets have been added to the library since college opened :

Review of Reviews for Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr., May, July, Aug. and Sept., 1888 ; Aug. to Dec., 1897.

Century, Nov. 1897 ; Mar., May and Sept., 1898.

Scribner's, Feb. and Oct., 1898.

Harper's Monthly, Apr., Nov. and Dec., 1897 ; Mar. and Oct., 1898.

Forum, Jan., 1898, and Dec., 1897.

Report of Free Library, Pratt Institute.

Schurman's Generation of Cornell 1868-1898.

Sound Currency, 1895.

Sound Currency, 1896.

Six pamphlets (being speeches on the silver question) ; the three latter given by the Sound Currency Committee of New York.

Students or alumni possessing numbers of the above magazines to complete the sets for binding, will do us a favor by presenting such numbers to the library.

The library is now receiving regularly three monthly and two quarterly magazines ; before the next issue of the MESSENGER it is hoped that five or six more may be subscribed for, thus adding in a great measure to our current literature shelves.

The circulation for the past month was over 125, a tremendous increase over last year's average monthly circulation and a testimony to the growing popularity of the library. The library will now be open for students on Saturdays from 10 to 1 o'clock ; on these days, however, no books may be borrowed from the library.

*O. F. R. T.*