

MESSENGER

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VOL. V.

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No. 3.

A Hero of the Thirteenth Century.

WE live in an age of higher criticism. No longer is history looked upon as a mere record of a dead past. It has on the contrary become a living force, and plays no insignificant part in determining the destiny of things to-day. The living present has its roots deep down in the past, a past which the renaissance of history together with a fondness for criticism and erudition (characteristics of our time) have made well nigh a *living* past.

Men have come to recognize that history has its lessons for every sphere of human activity, hence we rummage old libraries, we excavate, and guard with jealous care the precious relics exhumed (literally and figuratively) from the ashes of the past.

Every age has its historic and philosophic lessons, but none in richer store than the thirteenth century, the age of chivalry and romance, feudal lord and trodden surf, the age of religious zeal which bordered on fanaticism. Its poetry, its dreams, its enthusiasm, its generosity, its daring, these entrance us while they persuade us of its vigor.

How the world teemed with life, how men longed to devote themselves to some great and holy cause when the last vestige of the sensuous pagan life was gone! The world had drunk deep of that cup of sensuality, but its Pompeii and Herculaneum at last were buried. Its passions were sated, and no longer could the intensity of the religion of sense gratify the burning souls of men. Intensity there was indeed, but not of the pagan kind. The pendulum of human intensity had swung clear back. A lofty zeal and spirit of heroism, befitting the dawn of a new era, had taken the place of the decadent ambitions of pagan life, and in the thirteenth century the fires which consumed

the souls of men were not such as burn themselves out in an ever sating, but never surfeited, sensualism.

All Europe, though more parcelled out than ever before, caught the fire of the age, and awoke to an European consciousness to play its part in the impending crisis. The clouds and storms had come. Clouds of religious and political revolution which had they burst in all their fury, with no gleam of sunshine to brighten the horizon, would have succeeded in the proclamation of the so-called rights of the individual conscience three centuries before the Reformation.

Such was the age in which we find Saint Francis of Assisi. An age of power and charm, more interesting, perhaps, than any age since the childhood of Christianity; and one of the chief figures to which this interest attaches itself is St. Francis. A profound popular instinct enabled him to bring religion to the people with a new born force, and his compassionate heart was touched by the "widowhood of his Lady Poverty, who from Christ's time to his own had found no husband." It was to this Lady Poverty that St. Francis and his followers carried their message of consolation—the people—whose condition was poverty and suffering. So in the beginning, that movement which was destined to result in a new family of monks, was anti-monastic.

St. Francis embodied the characteristics of this striking period of history in their plenitude. He owed nothing to Church or political faction, and if he did not perceive that his preaching was revolutionary in its bearing, it would seem, by his refusal to be ordained Priest, that he devined a superiority in the spiritual priesthood.

Taught of God, he turned all the mighty energies of his soul towards the uplifting of his fellowmen. Energies common to the age, but finding their fullest development in St. Francis. In his fellowmen he saw the image of God, and it was towards this image that the soul yearned.

Scattered here and there throughout the world are people capable of mighty heroisms, in whose souls germinate the seeds of conquests mightier than the conquest of a nation, if they can but see before them a true leader. St. Francis became for these the guide they had longed for, and whatever was best in the humanity of the age hastened to follow in his footsteps. In such numbers did the spirit of the age bring together these heroic souls, that even in his own lifetime he could collect to keep Whitsuntide, five thousand of his Minorites. So was fulfilled his prophetic cry. "I hear in my ears the sound of the tongues of all the nations who shall come unto us: Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishman. The Lord will make of us a great people even unto the ends of the earth."

Arthur Paul Kelley, 1901.

The Tale of a Bookworm.

TO me, the idea of a bookworm as a real worm, as a low, repulsive crawler, eating its way through pages and bindings had never yet presented itself. "Bookworm" was a common word in my vocabulary; but it was a term associated only with your old hunchbacked, spectacled delver after book stuff,—such as the "Leary's" catalogue cover man, and never with a living reality of the insect world. I had read in Mr. Lang's "Book Ballads" of

"The bookworm, ravening beast of prey,
Produced by parent Earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.

* * * * *

Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin."

But of course this is but the playful revery of a poet. I had read, too, that delicious bit of satire which Burns scribbled in the cover of an old moth-eaten "Shakspeare."

"Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings,
But oh! respect his lordship's taste
And spare the golden bindings."

But that a maggot should eat into a clean, dry book, was so strange that I dismissed all thought of any kind of bookworm, except the one which I loved to see pictured on magazine and book-catalogue covers.

Yet there came to my bookcase one day a real live bookworm; not a human worm, but one of those very maggots which Burns found in his lordship's "Shakspeare." This voracious seeker after belles-lettres lodged in my "Longfellow," and I found him at work there, varying the monotony of his existence among six or seven holes in the cover. I permitted him to work away for two or three days, for I really had considerable sympathy for him, as I have for all book lovers; and I admired him, too, for selecting the very best book in my library. I congratulated myself in the meantime, that I had made such a fortunate discovery. I found comfort in shaking my own hand, and in saying to myself again and again, "A real live bookworm! a real live bookworm!" "Ah," I thought, "H— may have a fine edition of 'Modern Painters,' and a lot of other nice books which I haven't, but he hasn't a bookworm. Bookworm! Why, I shall preserve him in alcohol. I shall write a poem on him." I don't suppose that anything outside a complete set of "Eugene Field" or "James Whitcomb Riley" would have given me the pleasure which was furnished me by the knowledge of my having in posses-

sion this classic little book devourer. It was no pleasant task to dislodge him from his chosen residence. It made me think sorrowfully of my early book passions, and of the separations from my loves, which the paternal hand was wont to make, when my devotion to "Little Women" or "Jo's Boys" would make me oblivious of the emptiness of the kitchen wood-box. But in all of my fellow-feeling for the bookworm I loved my "Longfellow" more. Yet the idea of putting that downy little bibliophile into alcohol was not to be endured. At the most I would delay such an heartless action, and in the meantime I would give him other food, and study him, and after becoming thoroughly acquainted with him, would "write him up" for the MESSENGER. A copy of the "Philistine—a periodical of protest," was lying by. "The 'Philistine' is good enough for bookworms," I laughingly soliloquized; and, without more ado, I gave that freak journal two or three willing stabs, and into the apartments thus made thrust the worm. "Hither you may eat your fill, and rob not a single person," I thought.

While his wormship was settling his new home I "looked him up," and I have learned that he was a larva of the *Ptinus Brunnens* of the family *Ptinidae*. I dare say that not every worm can boast so good connections. It is one thing to be a worm, and it is another thing to have a Latin name and be related to the aristocratic Beetle gens. "But what happened to the worm?" you are asking. Well, let's open the "Philistine" and look at him.

Behold, here he lies, asleep on some verse. Presumably he has taken a meal off this very verse, and is now digesting it. You must read it, too, for it is indeed a rare composition. It is entitled "A Poem," and is written by Stephen Crane;

"A slant of sun on dull brown walls,
A forgotten sky of bashful blue.

Toward God a mighty hymn
A song of clashes and cries,
Rumbling wheels, hoof-beats, bells,
Welcome farewells, love-calls, final moans,
Voices of joy, idiocy, warning, despair,
The unknown appeals of brutes,
The chanting of violets,
The screams of cut trees,
The senseless babble of hens and wise men—
A cluttered incoherency that says at the stars:
'O, God save us!'"

But we were mistaken about the worm. He is not asleep, but is, alas, *dead*. And, reader, do you blame him?

Thou minute little epicure!
A love so binding, strong, so sure,
As thine; which would not e'er endure
A separation for a day,
Were worthy of a poet's lay.
Most sad it is that thou wast slain
By such poor stuff as Stephen Crane.

Horace Wood Stowell, '01.

"Reveries of a Senior."

"While the God slept, Discontent stole the sands from the hour-glass; so Time perished."

"WHEN man advances from the busy noon toward the quiet evening of life his exclusive interest in the objects which have absorbed his manhood is relaxed, either through physical infirmity or the success which it satiates, and perhaps the disappointments which weary a man with life. In place of an intense and absorbed devotedness to the present there is a more frequent review of the past. Old scenes are described, old books are read, old companions are talked of and old stories are repeated."

John Stanhope closed his book with an impatient snap, and walked to the window. The last days of his college life were gliding swiftly by, and with them had come deep regret for old days, old friends, and old pleasures. It had been very pleasant to be a popular man at college and to consider himself of some account among his fellows; but the fact forced itself unpleasantly upon his mind that soon he was to be kicked out. From being a very large gold fish in a private aquarium he was to become a very small minnow in the social ocean of the world.

Some men passed under his window singing,

"Where, oh where is the grave old Senior?
"Where, oh where is the grave old Senior?
"Where, oh where is the grave old Senior?
"Safe now in the wide, wide World!
"He's gone out from his Alma Mater
"He's gone out from his Alma ——"

The song grew fainter and fainter, then died away.

John sat on the window seat and looked down to where the ivy-covered chapel nestled among the trees, then far away over the green fields, across the silent river, to where the mountains stood out blue and sombre against the sky; as he looked they seemed to rise higher and higher until they hid the sun from sight, leaving only a faint after glow of color. As the bell ceased toll-

ing a tardy spirit rushed madly down the hill, his gown streaming behind him like the pinions of some "winged herald of the night."

What memories of happy days those gowns brought back; and above these memories arose the thought, "could I only live them over again!" The light grew dimmer and dimmer; now it was almost dark. "I wish," said John, "that my chum hadn't gone to chapel. If I were only a Freshman," he mused, "I would almost *enjoy* getting up a lesson in 'Horace.'"

He heard an apologetic sound, as of one clearing his throat. John turned. He was not surprised, why, he could never explain. He remembered seeing a pair of short steps and an open door where the mantle formerly stood. Then he heard a thin, sharp voice saying, "I wish you would light your lamp, it is so beastly dismal in here." "I beg your pardon," John heard himself replying, "but the fact is, I have been so engrossed in my own gloomy thoughts I did not notice your entrance. I'm sorry, but my lamp has burnt out, and they don't allow us to have oil in the rooms. I will light a candle. Oil cans might set fire to the stone buildings, you know." John lighted the candles, and turned to look at his visitor. The new-comer was very tall, with long white hair and beard, both thin in spots, which gave his head the appearance of a moth-eaten, white fur rug. Around his shadowy form was wrapt an old white toga. "Won't you sit down?" asked John. In reply the stranger drew himself up to his full height.

"I am Rhadamanthus," he said with dignity. "Oh," murmured John.

"I repeat," said the shade, "that I am Rhadamanthus, with an accent on the *Rhad*." (This sternly.)

John apologized, and asked the shade to sit on the couch. He also told him to put some of the pillows under his head, and to consider himself perfectly at home. John went on to explain that as he had always found his name last in the trio of Judges, he had come to the conclusion that Rhadamanthus didn't cut much ice—that is, shovel much coal in the place where he came from; but he continued, "I am very glad to have been mistaken." Rhadamanthus blushed. "That part always worried me," he said; "and the only way I can account for it is the Hebrew influence upon Greek construction."

John didn't know that Hebrew had *any* influence upon Greek construction, but he let the point pass. "Do you smoke?" asked John. A smile lit up the solemn face of the old Judge. "I must confess that we are rather addicted to smoking down there," he answered, as he took a cigarette, and leaning over he lit it from one of the candles. Then he drew in a long puff of delight, returned to his place among the cushions upon the couch, his knees drawn close up under his chin, and the loose folds of his long toga thrown gracefully about his attenuated form. Again Rhadamanthus drew in a breath of smoke, then looked suspiciously at John. "What brand is it?" he asked.

"Youthful Pleasure," answered John. "I like them," said the old man, but I've never had many." They smoked in silence a few moments, then Rhadamanthus spoke. "You were complaining when I came in," he said, "that you—"

"No," said John, "not complaining exactly. I merely said I wished I could live over my last four years. There has been so much I could have wished otherwise. There were those turkeys I stole my Freshman year, and the college horse I—I—"

"Yes," murmured Rhadamanthus, "I remember; I have it all charged up."

"Then there were Nellie Gleason." John paused.

"Yes," said Rhadamanthus, "that certainly was foolish."

"But it is all over now," sighed John, and he rested his chin on his hands and looked into the fire where the coals and burnt cinders painted strange pictures and scenes of former years.

"It isn't too late yet," said Rhadamanthus. John sprang up and looked in astonishment at the old man. "No, it isn't," continued the quondam Judge. Then brushing the cigarette ashes from the breast of his toga, he said, "I'll give you another chance. You have behaved quite well; then there was the cigarette, you know," and he drew in a long breath of delight at the pleasant recollection. "You shall live another college course over again and all I ask is that you will speak a good word for me with the Faculty and have my name placed before those of Minos and Æacus; they are awfully jealous of me," he sighed. "Then if you have an extra college cap and gown you would give me, they lend such an air of dignity," he explained. "Ah, thanks! Fits very well, doesn't it? This one of mine is rather, ah, let us say *passé*." "Another cigarette?" "Yes; thanks." "Well, good night." So he was gone taking the door and stairway with him, and John Stanhope was living his past four years over again.

* * * * *

That is, he was living them back again. He never straightened up entirely how it all came about; but everything was completely reversed. When John went down to tea he felt no hunger, but as he ate he became more hungry, so that by the time he left the table he was very hungry indeed.

The following day he received a check from home, and at once became "blue" and dismal, trying to think why the check had *come*—no, hadn't—yes, *had* is the word. Then one day he felt ill, sore and bruised, the next day he played foot-ball. Once he fell very much in love, and it was a good six weeks before he met the girl.

He was called before the Faculty for chapel absences, and knew he was being rebuked for a breakage of college law he was bound to commit. So things became worse and worse. His beard left him and he found himself becoming fresh, in college nomenclature.

Old friendships were torn asunder until he was driven almost mad. He had come to the last degree of toleration, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and the voice of his chum saying, "Come! wake up, John, the last gong for tea has sounded." John jumped to his feet. There were beads of perspiration upon his forehead. "Gene," he said, as the two walked arm in arm down stairs, "if you ever hear me complain again of my present lot in life please kick me. No, I won't tell you now. Wait till after tea. But if you love me, don't waste good, precious time in regrets for what has been."

George Crafton Stanhope, '99.

Three Quatrains of Friendship.

TO MY BOOK-CASE.

BOOK-full of joy, I on thee gaze,
In truest fellowship, good will.
Thou ever shortenest my days
And sharest moods, both good and ill.

TO MY BOOK FRIEND.

Thou charming, sympathetic friend,
My obligations I confess
For all that thou to me dost lend
Of looks and thoughts and happiness.

TO "HER."

Thou choicest of fine books, indeed,
In bindings rarest, clasp'd with gold;
The heart that would not for thee bleed
Were bloodless; of inhuman mold.

H. W. S., 1901.

The Biter Bit.

JOHN SMITH, private detective, sat in a sheltered corner of the steamer's deck and moodily watched a fair, feminine figure as it gracefully drifted from point to point within his range of vision. She was taking her morning walk, occasionally pausing to gaze at the distant shore line, seemingly with many pleasant anticipations of the landing soon to be made. She was the popular ideal of a beautiful woman, tall and well formed, of aristocratic air; and she had the demoralizing eyes of the professional beauty. A glance from

those soul-windows and a gleam of beautiful teeth, usually ensnared the victim as easily as woman could wish. Our hero, world-worn man that he was, had fallen under her hypnotic power; and hence his gloom this last day of the voyage, as he watched the witching cause of all his trouble and tried that task of old—the reconciliation of love and duty.

Three months previous to this time he had been called to the chief's office for a consultation with his superior and a prominent jeweler. The latter, in a few words, made known his belief that a large quantity of diamonds were being smuggled into the city. He had no clues; but knew, merely, that such was the case; and that a certain feminine buyer for a rival house was suspected of bringing them in. This information, certainly, was meagre; but it was worth a good round sum to apprehend the smuggler, and Smith had been detailed upon the case at once.

He took passage on the same steamer with the suspected Miss Thompson, after a vain effort to gather evidence at home. On the outward passage he occupied a berth in the steerage, in order that he might run no chance of meeting her until his plans required it.

When they reached the other side he kept a careful and constant watch upon her movements, without, however, discovering any clue. He knew of every purchase she made. Her buying had been done with skill and judgment. It was all done openly; and Smith had a list of her purchases, including valuable jewelry and precious stones. Nevertheless, he was morally certain that everything on his list would be found by the custom officers, in the regular way, and subjected to the claims of duties. So careful, indeed, had Smith been, that when she called on a dentist for treatment, just prior to sailing, he had known her every move. Everything she did was correct and regular; and it might even be said that her fascination for him dated from the time when he began to know and appreciate the careful, ladylike manner in which she conducted herself while abroad. At all events he had long since put aside the thought of finding evidence to convict her of smuggling.

To save time let it suffice that when she took passage for home Smith had a cabin berth on the same vessel. He soon made her acquaintance—for professional reasons, ostensibly; really—well, it was perfectly natural.

Before the voyage was two days old he had begun to think all sorts of elevated and impossible thoughts regarding her. Like all other men in the same position, he was forcibly struck by the poverty of adjectives in the English language. Through it all, however, his professional pride prevented him from giving her a clue to his feelings.

His gloom on the morning when we meet him was due to a struggle between his human and professional selves. He told himself that it was his duty to find evidence of crime against her; though he could prove her guilty of nothing more than stealing his heart. "That," he reflected, "may or may not be

a diamond; but I could swear that it is the only one secretly in her possession."

In the midst of his soliloquy she passed him with a gracious nod. He sprang up to follow her. She knew he was coming, and turned back with her fascinating smile.

"I am just going to my room, Mr. Fortescue (he thought that had more tone than 'Smith'). I want to make arrangements for landing; to touch up my faded complexion, you know"—this with a fetching smile. "The pilot boat is yonder, you see; and we shall soon be in port."

Mr. Fortescue said something about complexions (in particular) that brought her teeth once more in evidence. Then, offering her his arm, they descended to the lower deck. Leaving her at the door of her room, Smith wandered up and down the passage a prey to his ecstasy and professional contempt of himself. After awhile he drifted back to her door and stood leaning against the jamb. She seemed nearer to him while he stood there; and even if she should suddenly come out he thought he could frame some romantic compliment to account for his presence there.

As he stood and alternately smiled or frowned at his thoughts, he heard a scamper of feet on the deck above, followed by loud shouting. Straightening up for a moment expectantly, he became aware of an intense excitement above; and the next instant felt a lurch of the vessel which hurled him against and through the door of Miss Thompson's room. The shock brought from that young lady a scream; and she received her admirer with another. He, with thought only for her, struggled to his feet and took a step across the cabin to where she lay, a huddled heap of humanity and dressing gown.

"Are you hurt, Miss Thompson?" he gasped. "The ship has been wrecked and is rapidly sinking; but I will save you."

Her only answer was an hysterical scream and a smothered request that he would leave her. In his desperate fear that the ship was sinking, he had no such intention but proceeded to lift her in his arms. Despite the fact that she struggled fiercely, keeping her face concealed, he succeeded in carrying her from the stateroom. Finding her efforts unavailing she uncovered her flushed face and screamed: "Let me go, you brute! I want my teeth. Let me—I will, I tell you; I don't want to be saved—I want my—let me go—," and with reiterated screams she clawed at his face like one demented.

All this would have proved useless; but in the course of those peculiarly uttered words Smith had a glimpse of toothless gums and sunken cheeks. The glimpse appalled him. His arms lost their desperate strength and his struggling burden slipped to the deck, only to bound up again and back into her room.

As she stood up something dropped from the folds of her dress. Smith stooped to pick up the object just as a steward came hurrying through, say-

ing as he ran by, "No damage done; bumped into the pilot boat." The detective, however, had no thought for the ship. He had in his hand a set of false teeth and a dazed feeling somewhere in his heart. In a way he comprehended that Miss Thompson had, at the moment of the shock, fallen to the deck and dropped, probably from her hand, these beautiful teeth which had bitten quite into his heart. But what startled him now was the fact that one tooth was broken and that from a perfect setting of a half tooth shone a brilliant diamond! As his brain slowly cleared he uttered a curse on his folly and turned—to confront a raging tigress.

"Give them back," she hissed, through her toothless gums. "Give them back or I'll—," and she flung herself recklessly upon him. No use; strong arms bore her to the floor and held her panting and raving like a madman. The steward had gone but a step or two and now came back to lend a hand to the detective, whose business was quite well understood by him.

The arrest was somewhat irregular; but when the vessel reached her dock Miss Thompson had, in her raving, made some admissions which justified the detective in escorting her at once to police headquarters. There she was promptly dealt with.

Thinking it all over afterward, Mr. Smith decided that he had been badly "bitten"; and still keeps the false teeth—broken, in order that their contents might be removed—to prove the fact whenever he choose to tell the story.

Potter Hall, '99.

The Legend of the Triple X.

<p>THE Sultan of the farthest East One day was feeling sad; Said he, "This place is awful slow; I'll put on speed, egad!" Then, turning to his Visier, said, "Come hither, Edhim, pray, Bring here two captives, and we'll have A high old time to-day." "Be it so, most potent sir," The Visier, bowing, said; And straightway to the prison went, A place full dank and dread. It chanced that in the dungeon keep, Two Yankee captives lay, Who, having failed to pray at noon, Were seized that very day. The Visier there espied these two, And took them from the place, Then brought them to his lord, and said, "Your will is done, your Grace."</p>	<p>Then said the Sultan to the two, "Each one must tell a joke. That one shall live whose joke excells; The other one must croak." One Yankee of the twain replied, "Fair sir, a tale I'll tell; I trust, to please thy Majesty, I may relate it well. But first, I pray, dismiss these slaves, That no one else may hear. The joke is not for such as these; 'Tis for the royal ear." When this was done the prisoner Drew something from his clothes. A flask it was, with liquor in That gratified the nose. "Before I start the tale," he said, "This drink I wish you'd try. Its name you've never heard before; 'Tis <i>Triple X Pure Rye</i>."</p>
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It is not poisoned for you see
 I first, myself, will drink;
 That better liquor ne'er was made,
 You, too, will surely think."
 The Yankee took a little drink;
 The Visier did the same.
 "Oh master," cried he, "this is great!
 Its worth I would proclaim!"
 The Sultan, too, then raised the flask
 And put it to his mouth;
 And one might think, to see him drink,
 The land had suffered drouth.
 "Thy wine is good," the Sultan said.
 "Thy tale we now will hear;
 Since thou hast pleased my mouth, let's see
 If thou canst please my ear."
 The stranger then his story told.
 'Twas funny as could be.
 The Sultan and the Visier laughed
 And held their sides with glee.
 The second one whose turn it was,
 Before he had begun,
 Pulled out another little flask,
 Just like the other one.
 He passed the bottle all around,
 And each one took a pull.
 The Sultan and the Visier, too,
 Were getting rather full.
 "Hooray!" the Sultan yelled, "hot stuff!
 This drink hath power occult!"
 The Visier, with a beaming smile,
 Asked "Whazzermazzar, Sult?"
 So then the Yankee started in
 The Sultan to regale,
 And had him laughing heartily,
 To hear his funny tale.
 "Stop 'er!" cried the Sultan, "stop!
 Or soon I will be dead."
 And sure enough! from laughing, burst
 A blood-vein in his head.
 The same fate soon the Visier shared;
 The strangers were alarmed,
 And straightway racked their minds for plans
 That they should not be harmed.
 "I have a clever scheme," said one,
 "For theirs we'll 'change our clothes;
 And hide their bodies 'neath the throne,
 We may be kings; who knows?"
 Then one put on the Visier's garb
 Exchanging for his own;
 The other with the Sultan swapped,

And sat upon the throne.
 They summoned in the herald, then,
 And bade him to proclaim,
 To all the country far and near,
 In the Sultan's name:
 That Allah in his glorious might,
 Had come to him that day;
 That he had worked great miracles
 In his most wondrous way.
 The Sultan and the Visier, too,
 Had been transformed by him,
 And changed much in countenance,
 In mind and soul and limb.
 And that the Sultan bade them come—
 That none from this must shrink—
 That night a week into the Mosque,
 To taste a heavenly drink.
 So all the people came that night,
 From cities far and near;
 And, having drank the potent brew,
 Departed in good cheer.
 The people marveled at the change,
 These so controlled the throne,
 That their renown went far and wide,
 And came to every zone.
 They reigned in peace for many years,
 With firm but gentle hand,
 Until one night, they sailed away—
 Back to their native land.
 At home they used the wealth they brought;
 And when they came to die,
 The words inscribed upon their tombs
 Were *Triple X Pure Rye*.
 * * * * *
 How Allah changed the Sultan cruel,
 And made him good and brave,
 The Visier, too, from being proud,
 To meek as any slave,
 And how they both became so good
 That Allah came one night,
 And after happy years of reign
 Took both to realms of light;
 How Allah gave the formula
 To ease the throat when dry,
 To make a drink of wondrous might
 Called *Triple X Pure Rye*;
 How these things happened years ago,
 May still be seen, I say,
 Upon the royal record's page
 Even to this day.

J. Paul Graham, '01.

Albany Alumni Banquet.

THE Alumni of our college in the diocese of Albany held their annual banquet at Stanwix Hall, Albany, N. Y., on November 14th, beginning at seven o'clock in the evening.

The many speeches made were replete with love and good feeling for our college. A hearty and enthusiastic interest was shown for her future welfare. Many humorous and happy incidents of former college days were recounted and caused not a little merriment. The evening passed all too quickly for the assembled banqueters.

The toast-master of the evening, who presided with his customary grace and geniality, was the Rev. Dr. George Dent Silliman. Letters of regret for their inability to be present were read from Bishop Doane, and the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn. The toasts were:

1. The Foundations of the College.....The Rev. Dr. Sill.
2. The Benefactors of the College.....The Rev. Dr. Kimber.
3. The Trustees of the College.....The Rev. Dr. Carey.
4. The Faculty.....The Rev. Dr. Hopson.
5. The Alumni and the College.....The Rev. Mr. Bielby.
6. The Alumni and the Ministry.....The Rev. Canon Fulcher.
7. Alumni Reunions.....The Rev. Mr. Bleecker.
8. The Results of Thirty-eight Years.....The Rev. Mr. Toy.
9. Our Honorary Alumni.....The Rev. Dr. Enos.
10. The Advantages of Small Colleges.....The Rev. Mr. Trichett.
11. The Need of Endowments.....The Rev. Dr. Pelletrau.
12. The Sacredness of Trust Funds.....Mr. Charles G. Coffin.

In addition to the foregoing the following gentlemen were present and made short, pithy speeches. The Rev. Dr. S. Upjohn, of Germantown, Pa.; The Rev. W. W. Hance, Palenville, N. Y.; The Rev. H. B. Whitney, Essex, N. Y.; The Rev. Charles B. Mee, Chestertown, N. Y.; The Rev. W. F. Parsons, ———; The Rev. J. M. Gilbert, Waterford, N. Y.; The Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman, Albany, N. Y.; The Rev. J. A. Smith, Troy, N. Y.; The Rev. J. M. Blackwell, Mechanicsburg, Pa.; The Rev. E. N. Curry, Fonda, N. Y., and The Rev. Mr. W. Brown-Sermon, Stottsville, N. Y.

At the business session the following resolutions were made:

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS:—On September first, 1898, after thirty-five years of devoted and untiring service, the Reverend Robert B. Fairbairn, D. D., Warden of St. Stephen's College, retired from his office; and

WHEREAS:—This event marks the close of an epoch in the history of St. Stephen's during which her life and very being may be said to have subsisted with the life and being of Dr. Fairbairn; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association of St. Stephen's College, do hereby desire to express in the name of every member of the Association our deep regret at the severance of the

official relation which Dr. Fairbairn has so long borne to the College, and to mark our very real sense of the greatness of the loss sustained by the College in the withdrawal of his counsel and guidance. That we desire to convey to Dr. Fairbairn the assurance of the continued affection and respect which will follow him into his retirement, and which will always seek to express the love and regard for him borne in our hearts in the years of training at his hand. That we assure him of our earnest prayers for his continued health and strength, and of our confident hope that he may enjoy the many years of quiet rest and peaceful retirement which the labors and the zeal of a life nobly spent most richly deserve.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Fairbairn, and that they be printed and a copy sent to each alumnus and former student of the College.

College Notes.

—Rev. A. H. Grant, '92, of Otego, N. Y., has resigned his charge.

—Prof. G. W. Anthony preached in Pittsfield, Mass., on Sunday, Nov. 20th.

—Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, '93, of Philadelphia, has taken charge of Christ Church, Ridley Park, Pa.

—We are glad to hear that Dr. J. C. Robertson is rapidly improving in health. He has returned to Washington, D. C.

—Among the Alumni who recently visited the college was the Rev. Thos. B. Worrall, '95, of Holy Comforter Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

—The faculty of the college adopted a new "cut system." Needless to say it is much appreciated by the students, and there will be less "sickness" in the future.

—The German Club has decided to give five dances during the college year. The schedule is as follows: December 7th, January 11th, February 1st, April 5th and May 3rd.

—Rev. J. M. Blackwell, '92, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., Secretary of the Alumni Association, stopped at the college for a short visit on his way home from the Alumni Banquet in Albany.

—The Mask and Gown Club have begun rehearsals, and will make their first appearance for the season at Starr Institute, Rhinebeck, N. Y., December 10th, presenting a "Bachelor of Arts."

—Due to the efforts of Rev. Mr. Paddock a study class has been formed in connection with the Missionary Society for the purpose of keeping track of the great foreign missionary movements.

—Charles B. Dubell of Wilmington, Del., made a visit to the college on his way to the Adirondacks for his health. His friends will be glad to learn that he is so far recovered that he contemplates renewing his Seminary Course soon.

—We are glad to see that the Gymnasium is being roofed over, and will be open for the use of the students during the winter. The "Gym" will fill a long felt want, and it is sincerely hoped that sufficient money will soon be raised to complete it.

—Among the S. Stephen's men who have enlisted under Uncle Sam's banner are the Rev. J. W. Gill, '87, who is Chaplain of the 201st Reg. of the U. Y. Volunteers, and Frank Moore who has recently been promoted to the rank of Sergeant of Company M, in the same regiment. W. O. Hopson, the son of our acting Warden, is also doing good work as Corporal in Co. L, of the First Maryland troops. All of the above gentlemen are likely to see active service in Cuba, shortly.

Library Notes.

—The circulation for the past month was 141.

—The library is now open for reference only on Saturdays from ten to one o'clock, in addition to the regular hours.

—The following is a list of books and pamphlets added to the library during the past month:

Mary Queen of Scots, a study by "*Anchor*;" Waterloo, Campaign and Battle, by *John Watts DePeyster*; Bothwell, an historical drama, by *John Watts DePeyster*; Genuine Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, by *John Watts DePeyster*; Prussians in the Campaign of Waterloo, by *John Watts DePeyster*; The Rock, The Church of Rome, by *Lord Robert Montagu*. All of the above were presented by Mr. J. Watts DePeyster. Lake Mohonk Conference, 4th annual report for 1898; Western Reserve University Bulletin, 1898-99; Cambria Steel, a treatise on structural steel, by Cambria Iron Co.

—The following reports from the University of the State of New York:

Examinations Department Report, 1897; Regent's Report, 1897; Extension Dept. Report, 1896.

Also the *Cosmopolitan* and *Scribner* which is presented monthly by Dr. Hopson.

T. Reader.

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