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PROSPECTUS

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VOL. I. ANNANDALE, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1895. NO. 1.

Editorial.

THE S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER greets you. You, who have long been asking concerning our welfare at S. Stephen's, our daily life of advancement in learning and knowledge, give heed to our MESSENGER!

You, who have flown from the shelter of the protecting arms of your *alma mater*, and, amidst the engrossing toils and cares of active life, have left far in the dimness of distance, clouded with the dust of your daily struggles, the many happy memories of your college days, read herein and live again those days which you are accustomed to tell us are the happiest of our life.

The MESSENGER speaks not only of the past to you whose sons are now 'neath the fostering care of their *alma mater*, but it reminds you of the present, with all that it contains of vital interest in the daily life of the student. May it serve to impress upon all whose eye shall haply glance upon this page that S. Stephen's is a live, active college, which, though small in numbers, is nothing lacking in any of those elements which go to make up the ideal college life.

We greet you, our contemporaries. In taking our place amongst you we hope that we shall both impart and derive benefits by the mutual exchange of ideas; that we may come to a better knowledge of the life in our sister colleges, and may in turn be better known.

Especially does the MESSENGER speak to every student in S. Stephen's, as an earnest appeal to every one for hearty support and co-operation, in a zealous endeavor to be the voice of the college, whose loyal messenger it is; and it requires that each individual shall take such an active interest, that his constant endeavor shall be to make these pages of the deepest interest to all our friends. An editorial staff alone cannot do all the work connected with this paper; and, while we shall appear before you each month without fail, it depends greatly and finally upon you, what shall be the interest which our paper shall have for our friends.

Having now made our somewhat bashful bow to the public, and congratulated ourselves, we proceed to our place in the rank of college journals, as though we had been accustomed monthly to take this position for many years.

S. Stephen's.

St. Stephen's College is located on the Hudson, about a hundred mil from the city of New York. It has a special character in this respe it is intended to give a liberal education to young men who design to ent a divinity school, or The General Theological Seminary, or to study theolog It was announced the other day as a Theological College. Theological C lege is the name of several institutions of learning in England. But they a colleges where theology is taught. They are the same as our Americ theological seminary. Now St. Stephen's is no such college. Its curriculu contains less theology than most of the New England colleges. Its course study is purely classical and literary. It is what is known as an *under-gra uate* college. It is not a university, for it has not the four faculties of th ology, law, medicine and science. There is no provision made for these fa ulties to lecture to educated young men on these departments. It is not a academy in which lads are taught the preliminary branches which will giv them entrance to the study of a liberal education; but it stands between tl academy, or high school, and the university. It fills this gap of four yea

There was no doubt, a few years ago, about the position of an undergradua college. Such were Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia. The e amination for entrance was the same, and when they were received, the studied a course which extended over four years, when they received the degr of Bachelor of Arts. In those institutions to-day, the curriculum is enlarge in this way. Fifty years ago a lad on entering Yale or Columbia was co fined to this course. There was no alternative. To-day he may, in the fo years, study almost any branch, or he may, if he so chooses, confine himself t precisely the course which existed before this change took place. A fe years ago one of the Adams family delivered an address in which he d nounced Greek as a fetish. It was fatal. But a man can do only a certai amount of work in four years. And if he leaves out Greek, he puts somethin in the place of it. Yale offers him two hundred different subjects. Of course I can only select from those two hundred, what would make up in amount the ol and contracted curriculum. To select a course has thus become a great gam of variation. But at St. Stephen's this game is not played at all. There one only course, as there used to be. Now if one should take up the cat logue of Yale, he might see a hundred subjects, which he would not think of f a minute. But as the students of St. Stephen's intend to enter a theologic seminary, they see that if they had to make selection from two hundred studi they would, for their purpose, select just the one which is presented to them an no other. And he may go to a theological seminary, and sit down by the side an A. B. of Yale, and know more Greek than he. He may know more Log and Rhetoric, but less Chemistry and less Geology, and so he may go at h theological studies, with greater advantage than his brother of New Haven.

R. B. Fairbairn, D. D.

Mind and Conscience in Animals.

Much has been said on the subject of mind and conscience in animals. Some have advocated the existence of these faculties, in embryo at least, in all living beings, and maintained that their higher manifestation in the human race, has been derived by evolution from the less developed condition of similar faculties in the lower animals. The question, however, has been but rarely, if ever, considered from the animal point of view. It is but right, therefore, that I should put on record the intelligence brought to me by a carrier pigeon, concerning a grand conference of animals, assembled to clear themselves from the ill-natured dispersions cast upon the characters of the great majority of living creatures by the smallest, vainest, and most self-important section of created beings.

So interested was I in the pigeon's report, that I neglected to inquire where the meeting was held, or who had summoned it. When the pigeon arrived at the place of assembly there had already been much discussion. The gorilla occupied the chair, evidently because, being the nearest related to man, the suspicion of hostile bias would thus be removed from the decision. The horse was in the midst of an animated speech, and the first words which fell upon the pigeon's ears were: "Do you ever see me exhibit the vanity of tricking myself out with borrowed plumes and finery of gold and silver, such as men are wont to place upon my enslaved race, when they make use of our swiftness and strength to minister to their pleasure or profit? Do you ever see me searching the ends of the earth to find new delicacies, with which to gratify a morbid appetite? Do you ever see me depriving myself of all sense and intelligence by means of intoxicating drinks? Are vanity, gluttony and drunkenness such high moral attributes as to make the morality of the horse a doubtful, or even a vanishing quantity, compared with that of man?"

While pausing for an answer, the tiger put in his plea in mitigation of the sentence pronounced by man, that animals are destitute of any moral character. "Men call me," he exclaimed, "cruel and blood thirsty. But I kill only to satisfy hunger. I maintain my life in that way, only because the very nature of my bodily constitution requires it. The densest thicket, however, now scarcely affords me a secure shelter from the rifle of the hunter, who, coward-like, at a safe distance, shoots down a creature whom he dares not meet in close conflict. When civilization forbids the slaughter of his fellow men, he finds the keenest delight in the wanton destruction of the lives of those, whom he is pleased to call the lower orders of creation, whose carcasses cannot be used for food, nor their hides for clothing. Is killing for the mere agreeable excitement of shedding blood, a higher moral act than the killing to appease hunger?"

"But, ah!" interrupted the fox, "when once I was slily keeping out of

sight near a barn, I heard some men say, that their pleasure in hunting arc from the exercise of skill in tracking, and the danger encountered in cc ing with wild animals, not at all from the sight of blood and the torture : flicted. Thus they would answer your appeal, but what can they say to justi the pursuit of wretched me? Do I steal the farmer's poultry? By a sing day's tramping over his crops, they rob the farmer of more than I could cc sume in a year. Besides, what skill is shown or what danger encounterd following a pack of hounds, in full cry after an animal not half the size of oi of them, and whose only hope of safety lies in flight? What pleasure c: there be in seeing me torn to pieces, except that arising from the sight of pai ful terror and flowing blood?"

Just at this time a bee came buzzing along, and the fox, fearing to l stung, suddenly stopped and dodged to one side. The bee had heard enou of the discussion to engage her to bear her testimony. "I am busy all d: long," said she, "laying up stores of food for myself and the community which I belong. Among us there are no idlers, and all share equally in tl product of our joint labors. I have traveled far and wide and seen men of d ferent races and climes. But wherever I have gone, not one labors if he c: avoid it. One man oppresses another and compels him to surrender tl greater part, or even all, of the fruit of onerous toil, while others are pr vented from engaging in honest labor to secure food for themselves and the families. Men even seize the stores of us bees and leave us to perish wi hunger in the long, cold winter. My experience teaches me that man is selfish, heartless tyrant."

Many others of the assembled throng bore testimony to a like effect, ar when the chairman gorilla put the question it was unanimously decided tha while the so-called lower orders faithfully fulfilled their allotted destiny accordance with the laws of nature, and the requirements of their mode existence, man alone disregarded those laws and requirements, injured h own body by self-inflicted disease and pain, and debased his moral characte thus proving himself intellectually a fool and morally worse than a brute.

William W. Olssen, D. D.

"*Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!*"

P. OVIDIUS NASO.

Would Ovid ever have said this, if he had smoked a straight Habana even some Richmond Straight-cuts? The ancients believed that love migl be excited by certain articles taken from the vegetable kingdom. Why, the should it be considered impossible to allay the same feeling in a similar mai ner? Every bane has it corresponding antidote; and for the pangs which *virgin* has inflicted, what remedy could be prescribed more appropriate tha the *Virginian* weed? Besides, love generally ends in smoke.

The Greeks and Physical Culture.

αἰσχρὸν δὲ καὶ τὸ διὰ τὴν ἀμέλειαν γηρᾶναι, πρὶν ἰδεῖν ἑαυτὸν ποῖος ἂν κάλλιστος καὶ κράτιστος τῷ σώματι γένοιτο. ταῦτα δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν ἰδεῖν ἀμελοῦντα· οὐ γὰρ ἐθέλει αὐτόματα γίγνεσθαι.

XENOPHON, Memorabilia, 3, 12, 8.

Never has there been a time when the interest in education was so widespread as it is to-day. In our nineteenth century, as in no preceding century, schools and colleges are constantly springing into existence, under the magic wand of wealth. Industrial training, art training, moral training, purely intellectual training, all these are daily absorbing more and more of our energies. In the midst of so much culture of every kind, what needful lesson can we learn from the Greeks? Their works and their example teach us with emphatic, eloquent voice the wonderful capabilities of man's physical nature. Physical culture was held in high esteem among the Greeks; among the moderns it is deprived of its rights.

By physical culture we understand that department of education which is concerned with the improvement of the body. The results which it seeks to ensure are physical strength and beauty. Strength and beauty, to put it moderately, are powerful aids to success. One might prove this from history, or more easily still from the lives of people whom one has known. Nothing is more certain than that beauty pleases and strength wins. The power to endure and the power to conciliate are of value in the equipment of those who have their way to make. Furthermore, with added strength comes always a certain measure of beauty and grace. The two qualities are closely associated. What produces the one produces the other; if not in the individual, then eventually in his descendants.

But what is the popular attitude towards physical culture,—in America, let us say? It is very unlike that which the Greeks maintained. We set less store by physical culture, and the means we employ for its promotion are different. Perhaps the images which the phrase suggests most readily to the average mind are Delsarte classes and foot-ball, or, more generally speaking, the kind of culture derived from mechanical gymnastics and that derived from college athletics. Good means, these, for improving the body. But they are narrow, they do not extend far enough. Only a comparatively small class of persons can avail themselves of regular exercise in a gymnasium, or of the practice derived from athletic games. Had we preserved the ideals that inspired the countrymen of Achilles and of Alexander, we should, as a nation, take such measures that every man, woman, and child should attain as nearly as possible to bodily perfection.

College athletics are cultivated less for culture than for pleasure. There is more thought of the enjoyment of the moment, than of the indisputable fact

that the standard of national symmetry and strength is steadily being raise
But let the advocates of college games be attacked, let their favorite game
be denounced as brutalizing or prejudicial to the intellectual progress of th
players, and they at once take refuge on sure ground. They reply with trut
that we need this means, that we need every means, of preserving a savin
remnant of strong, indomitable men, when so many influences are at wor
to harm the body,—heredity, intellectual over-pressure, the tendency to hurr
and worry, willful high living or enforced low living.

Athletic contests among the Greeks were not merely collegiate, for the
had no colleges. They were not annually attacked, for the whole nation ac
mired strong and beautiful bodies. They were not conducted for gain no
attended by a chosen few. They were at once solemn and joyous; solemn
because no ceremonial of Greek religion was more sacred than these games
held at regular intervals in honor of Zeus or Apollo or Poseidon; joyous, be
cause all Greeks attended them, and the Greeks were a joyous race. Th
heart and soul of each of the assembled spectators was in each contest; fo
he, too, as well as the actual contestants, was by hereditary right, by educa
tion, and by choice an athlete. A winner in the games,—the best boxer, o
wrestler, or charioteer, as the case might be, was rewarded simply, with
wreath of no value in itself. But he gave undying renown to his posterity
and on his return home his fellow-citizens received him in festal array. O
the intellectual features of the great games of Greece, the contests in poetry
and music, it is needless here to speak. The games held at Olympia were th
most famous. It is one of the healthful signs of our times that a young
French nobleman, Baron de Coubertin, has by his zeal succeeded in organiz
ing a project to revive the Olympic games, as great international athletic con
tests, animated with something of the ardor which helped to make the Greeks
in point of bodily perfection, the foremost nation of antiquity. (See the articl
by Albert Shaw, "The Re-establishment of Olympic Games," in the *Review
of Reviews*, for December, 1894).

Not only are our athletic contests, while praiseworthy, distinguished from
those of the Greeks by their less exalted tone and by lacking the support o
national fervor and national aid; our gymnasia, also, are conducted on differen
lines from those of ancient Greece. Who would think now of assigning to
gymnastic exercise such value as to make it one-third of all education? Yet
that is what the Greeks did. Bodily training they made equal in rank to
musical training and literary training. Of the three departments of educa
tion, gymnastics, music, and letters, the State assumed control of the first
alone,—a significant fact. Boys attended the gymnasium from the age o
seven. Trained by their study of fine poetry to admire heroes, and by their
musical studies to appreciate all that is harmonious, they entered with zea
upon the task, or pleasure, of making themselves powerful, symmetrical men

And even after reaching manhood, the exercises of the gymnasium were not left off. Men had their gymnasia, and here one might see great poets reciting their verses, or philosophers holding discussions; for the gymnasium was not merely a place to exercise, it was a place for sharpening the wits and enjoying good fellowship. As for the physical exercises, these were less mechanical than in our day. The Greek boys preferred hand-to-hand contests *with each other*,—contests that stirred the soul while they quickened the blood. By wrestling, boxing, etc., under the eye of a trainer, they combined the high animal spirits of out-door sports with the exactness of the modern gymnastic routine. Thus the physical culture which the Greek youths secured in the gymnasium fitted them admirably to become victors in the national games, or in the great game of war.

It has been remarked above, that the present age attaches less value to physical culture than did the Greeks. Many causes have produced this deplorable result; the asceticism of the Middle Ages; the hurtful idea, so long prevalent, that physical and intellectual culture must be in inverse ratio; the multitude of other directions in which the uncultured are seeking culture. The mind of mankind has wandered off on a great many subjects since the glorious age of Pericles, when the Athenians "loved beauty without extravagance and wisdom without effeminacy;" when men and women were themselves noble works of art, living sculptures surrounded by marble sculptures hardly more faultless. In process of time other enthusiasms obscured the praise of strength. Slowly, and as yet very imperfectly, the world is coming back to the thought that not only more beauty, but more happiness, not only better art, but better work and even better living, will be the reward when the ancient reverence for the body shall be completely restored.

Greek literature, Greek art, Greek history,—all bear witness to the same deep and tender feeling for "the human form divine." To those "eternal youths of antiquity" beauty and strength appealed with infinite force. In the case of great painters and sculptors this was natural. But what shall we say, when we find the profoundest thinkers reserving their most impassioned words for the praise of bodily excellence? when Plato's discussions of morals are not more earnest and beautiful than the passages in which he extols the education that makes sturdy and valiant citizens? when Euripides, whose main business was analyzing the passions of the heart, expends, in a precious fragment that survives, the supreme wealth of his art in eulogizing the athletes of Hellas? To the Greeks themselves it was natural to speak in praise, rather than in defense, of physical culture. It needed no defense, for it was neither assailed nor despised. But if modern physical culture partakes of a hygienic preventive character, which keeps it, as yet, far removed from the naïve joyousness of the ancient world, so are its champions more engaged with defending it by homely argument, than with singing its praises in works of literary

art. This may be seen, for instance, by reading the enthusiastic plea fo physical culture in Herbert Spencer's admirable essay entitled *Education* When the timely counsels there given have been adopted,—and each day th unerring common sense of the public is demanding more loudly and effect ively, that the systems of educators be conformed to just these counsels,—the our American poet of the future may perchance be better able, as Euripide was able, to magnify the strength, the calm, the poise, the self-reliance, th charm, and the increased wisdom of the American man.

John C. Robertson, Ph.D.

My life is but a wave
Upon the sea of vast eternity,
And I, but one of great humanity,
Am swept into the grave.

Though soul and body part,
Yet I shall live in rare felicity,
For in God's word there is a prophecy
That cheers my throbbing heart.

Though long may be the strife,
I look above to my high destiny,
And turned for me to sweet prosperity
Are all the ills of life.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

Accent.

The right pronunciation of a word depends on the accented syllable. It has been said, if you accent the right syllable, the other syllables will take care of themselves. We used to say dóctor, próctor, fáctor, métaphor, pérsecutor, médiator, but now we have come to doctór, proctór, factór, metaphór, persecutór, mediatór. We have also got professórs.

And even the great Bishop of New York has been converted into Hobárt, and he rhymes with tart. It is delightful how some of the clergy drawl out persecutór, and mediatór, O, pray, gentlemen, look up your authorities and conform to them.

A gentleman once asked: "whether he should say prolócutor or prolocútors.' The following story will illustrate the answer: Lord Erskine went to London to plead a case. He kept saying "prolócutor." Lord Macclesfield interrupted him and said: "In this country we say; prolocútor." When Lord Erskine had occasion to use the word again, he said "prolócutor, or, under the admonition of the learned senátor and the eloquent orátor, I will now say 'prolocútor.'"

R. B. Fairbairn, D. D.

Unknown.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL BOURGET.

Shall I ever know the last word of this little romance, foreseen, guessed at rather than observed, perhaps created by my fancy as a melancholy dreamer? And yet I think upon it more often than I do upon even the happenings of my own life, in the sad season of the year, as now, when there is autumn both within us and without us; in the sky above our heads, and in the sky of reverie, which has its azure and its clouds, like the other. Then it is that I again behold, as distinctly as if it were of yesterday, the first of the three chance meetings which serve as a canvas for my imagination. I was going into Germany, where I proposed to hear a series of Wagnerian operas; I was in no haste, and I had decided to make my journey by short stages. My first halting-place was Nancy, where I wished to see Delacroix' picture representing the destruction of the *Téméraire*. The painting was soon seen, and the museum also, and I crossed the pretty square, ornamented with grilles of gilded iron, with its palace, its fountains, its statues, its pleasant stillness, and finally I entered the green park, at the end, which was an oasis of delightful freshness, in the cool of the afternoon. The little park was almost deserted, but if a compact crowd had been surging beneath the great trees, and the length of the green lawns, I believe I would none the less have noticed the two persons whom at this hour I call to mind with the lively interest which usually does not attach to any but familiar faces. But have not these two faces, the one especially, passed and repassed a hundred times, in the free intimacy of my day-dreams?

One of these persons, whom I met in the path of the quiet garden, was a woman, and the other a young man. The woman was a delicate, graceful brunette, wearing one of those travelling-dresses which, at the first glance, assert the social rank of her who possesses thus, the secret of being pretty, even in the mirror of a wayside inn,—whatever Alfred de Musset may have said about it. There is an art of refined simplicity, which the *grande dame* alone will understand, as long as there shall be the *grande dame* distinguished socially from the woman of the middle class,—that is to say, always. This one wore a costume of English checked stuff, with a sort of Eton jacket, which scarcely outlined her figure, and a cap of the same shade, placed upon the compact mass of her dark hair. Her standing collar, long cravat, embroidered gloves, and slender patent-leather shoes gave her a slightly masculine appearance, which, nevertheless, became her well, because of the feminine charm which proceeded from her eyes and from her smile. Ah! what beautiful eyes they were; and how they were, in themselves, a most thrilling and mysterious romance! It was these eyes which, in spite of myself, made me follow the two sight-seers,—or rather, follow her. Ah! those vivacious eyes,

whose color I no longer remember,—I saw nothing but their expression! They were steeped in a felicity which shone over all her face, and had its final exhibition in a smile of divine sweetness and in an abandonment of self in all her movements. She leaned on her companion's arm, and one felt that each step was to her a source of tender emotion. She was no longer very young; although her beauty had remained to her unimpaired, the expression of her features was alone enough to indicate a difference of well-nigh ten years between her and the man she seemed to love so well; and he was all of twenty-five. His appearance was prepossessing; he was slender, somewhat pale, and he seemed to be grateful for being thus loved. His movements were delicate; his eyes and smile were instantly responsive to those of his friend. They walked on and I followed, wondering what mysterious tryst had led them hither, to this provincial garden. By the sound of her voice, which I could hear occasionally, I would have been led to take her for an Englishwoman; but how can one decide the nationality of a woman of that age, when she is a member of the European society which so successfully unifies the most extreme race-differences? They walked on, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, absorbed in their conversation, and paying no attention to the innocent spy who was following in their footsteps, envying the young man the sentiment which he inspired, and, still more, envying the woman the sentiment which she felt for him. Who has not known this species of envy, perhaps the only one which may be altogether noble, the envy of an emotion which is so profound that one decides himself incapable of experiencing it to that degree?

* * * * * * * * *

Four years have rolled away since then; four years during which I have studied many a human face, and participated in the private life of many a human soul; a prey to that strange longing for psychological experiment which increases instead of diminishing, as time goes on. This evening I was in Paris, in an orchestra chair of a popular theatre, and while the curtain was down I examined the audience through my opera-glass. They were giving the fiftieth representation of a catchy operetta, and in the entire hall I did not perceive a single face of my acquaintance, to which I would be able to attach a name and a character. * * * And now my lorgnette fell upon a box in the first row, wherein were a man and a woman, alone,—the man about fifty, heavy, massive, with a brutal face,—but the woman? Where now had I seen that profile, which was resting on a gloved hand? Where had I seen those fine eyes and that hair? The black hair had, indeed, some whitened locks, the eyes, indeed, were circled with heavy rings, the noble profile bore, indeed, the imprint of long-protracted care; and the bitter mouth no longer opened often in a smile of joy, as of old, when the loving woman traversed the garden of the old town with her well-beloved. Yes, it was she; and in

spite of the ravages of years, in spite of the weariness imprinted on the expression of her every feature, I recognized, under the heavy hat, the womanly countenance which I had followed with such pleasurable attention when it was under the travelling-cap of the same shade as her dress.

Who, then, was this man with whom she was in the box of the little theatre, where, if she had been a Parisian, she would have come two months before? I examined him with a singular interest, unmixed with irony. If she was his wife, she was a wife whose presence did not seem to raise him a degree above calmness and indifference. His elbows were upon the red box-rail, he was wrapped in a great-coat, and he also, from time to time, would cast his opera-glass around on the audience, make some slight remark, and then, with his body thrown back and sliding down in his chair, he would yawn, without taking the trouble to hold his large, strong hand before his mouth. I concluded, moreover, that since no one came into their box between the acts, they were strangers: and as the woman,—she whom I had seen radiant and joyful,—was now so sad; as she appeared so wearied, so forsaken of all joy, I thought involuntarily of the young man whom she had seemed to love so much. Where was he? What was he doing? Was he dead, absent, faithless? Had there come between them the inevitable separation of the tomb, or the still more cruelly inevitable separation of the will. No, it was not she, at any rate, who had been the first to desert him. She was, alas! neither of the age nor the disposition which abandons. Her eyes belied her marvellously if she was not faithful and constant; and I set myself to reviewing the romance which, in those days, my fancy sketched. I had come now to the last chapters, those which treat of disenchantment, where everything that caused gladness in the heart is transformed into martyrdom. I supplied from my imagination the details of that frightful period when the woman is in turn encouraged and deceived and the lover knows how neither to express or conceal the metamorphosis of his tenderness. Benjamin Constant has made up his *Adolphe* out of the history of one of these agonies. The *Ellénore* of his terrible romance, in her despair, had yet two blessings. She was free to give herself up to this despair and die of it in time, while the *Ellénore* of the world lives on, and must dress, go out, attend the reception, the theatre, visit and receive her friends,—with her demon in her heart! * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Observation has its fortunate and unfortunate chances,—more frequently the former, for he who keeps his eyes open perceives all sorts of details which are invisible to most of the travellers through life, who, in their indifference and lack of interest, are like the travellers through our streets. Have those hours which I have spent,—seated at a restaurant table, far in the corner of a conveyance, standing on a sidewalk, everywhere, in fact, where the human animal was to be seen,—the hours spent in deciphering as best I could

the character and the destiny of creatures of whom I knew nothing, except the flow of blood in their faces, the habit of their lips in smiling, and of their eyelids in closing, the sound of their voices, their gestures, their costumes,—have the hours spent thus been lost? Sometimes yes, sometimes no; and surely I was inspired by my good genius, three months ago, to step on the packet which runs between Boulogne and Folkestone, instead of being satisfied to contemplate the sea from shore. The gently-moving sea was exquisitely blue, of that sombre, tender shade which it has on fine days, contrasting with the blue of the sky, which is also of a tender shade, but altogether clear. I was going to England, and the deck of the boat had already given me a foretaste of the docks of London, thanks to the singularity of costume and empurpled complexion of several among the passengers. How many glasses of port it must have taken for certain subjects of her Britannic Majesty to acquire that ruddy ardor which overspreads their entire face. It was just beside one of these gentlemen who represent a living, moving, statue of apoplexy that my glance encountered him whom I recognized at once as the young man of the park at Nancy, the former friend of the grief-stricken stranger whom I saw the other evening at the theatre. He had scarcely changed. His moustache was a trifle heavier. He preserved the same elegance of manner and bearing,—but the eyes, the beautiful, swimming eyes of the sight-seer of the green garden, were no longer there to envelop him in their continual caress. There was, however, a woman beside him, very young, blonde and pretty, but with that prettiness which was due to her youth, and beneath which the future hardness of feature and faded complexion could be already detected. Her eyes were blue, but if blue eyes are the most tender, they are also the coldest,—and hers were icy. Had the luminous flood of sweet emotion ever passed within those orbs? For the moment, both the eyes and the young woman remained insensible to the attention of the young man, who was evidently much attached to his companion. He addressed her with affectionate solicitude, which caused her to barely turn her head, and her answer came from the tip of her thin lips,—destined to become, some day, so hard and pinched. Was she his sweetheart? Was she his wife? I inclined to the latter hypothesis, by reason of the perfectly conventional bearing of her entire person,—attired, evidently by a fashionable dressmaker, but lacking that trifle of individuality which the other, the sight-seer of Nancy, possessed, even in her slightest gestures. It was she, in fact, whom I recalled to mind, and I saw passing upon the face of the unknown young man a sadness, a regret, a melancholy. For my part, although I could not tell his name, his history, or even his country, I knew that he had been loved, and that he was loved no longer. But he gave no evidence of suspecting that he had known happier hours. After all, if he loved this cold and pretty child, as he seemed to do, was he not happier with her than he had been with the

other, since the other had loved him more than he had loved her? And on such afternoons as these, veiled for the death of the year, it is always of this latter that I cannot restrain myself from dreaming. Ah! how I wish that once again I might cross her path, and receive from her a confidence that, doubtless, she has never made, and which I would receive with so tender an emotion, with a sympathetic pity almost religious. But I will never gain this confidence, and I shall continue for a long time to feel that I am the unknown friend of a grief that I would have understood, perhaps consoled; the unknown friend of a friend unknown to me, and who will never know my friendship.

For February the Fourteenth, 1895.

An electrical age leaves no space for the wooing
Old romancers fondly portrayed;
No vows, nor meek turtle-doves billing and cooing—
No pledges for Romeo's ardent renewing;
So much must be done, why waste time in the doing?
Wasted time often makes an old maid.

With wings clipped, poor Cupid 's prevented from flying—
Such progress is counted too slow;
He travels by "trolley"—thro' telephones sighing,
And "Hello, there, Central!" he's constantly crying,
Awaiting connections with "her," who, replying,
Calls "What did you say? It's no go!"

'Tis true—Inspiration is lost in confusion
Of overhead wires entwisted;
S. Valentine's Day is a dreary delusion,
The whisper of love but an awkward intrusion,
"Bad form," and all that—while a fleeting illusion
The fact that such feeling existed.

Years ago I had written some amorous verses
Of hearts that would break and repine,
Tho' faithful and true, spite of parents' loud curses,
And so forth—But now the thought quickly disperses;
The telephone bell loud warning rehearses—
Good-bye to the old Valentine! "'90——"

Extract from a Letter.

"BULL HOTEL," CAMBRIDGE, ENG.

* * * *

Here we are in this town of colleges, ensconced in its most celebrated hotel, which, to be honest, however, is damp and dark as a tomb.

But why complain? For it is October, and the climate promises no more, at this season, than it gives, namely, fog and rain. And such fog! and such rain! They penetrate the stone walls that surround you, and stiffen the very marrow in your bones, until you wonder if the softening influences of sun or fire were ever felt here. Poor C. de P.! it is not strange that he so soon fell ill; for how could an American endure it! Tell us at which college he was? and if he is any better?

En route from the purple moors of Yorkshire, we visited the cathedral towns of York, Lincoln, Peterborough, and Ely; attending either Matins or Evensong in each of the grand old fabrics, and were favored in seeing the beloved Bishop of Lincoln and the Lord Bishop of Ely.

In Lincoln Cathedral (rightfully claiming to be the finest in the realm) the beautifully trained choir rendered, without accompaniment, Gounod's "Come unto Me." It seemed like a divine harmony from the celestial country! And —when those full, clear notes echoed and re-echoed through the dark, vast nave—as if it were verily He, the Holy One, who was calling unto laden souls, "I, *I* will give you rest." The daily services are always held in the choirs of the cathedral churches, and at the twilight hour, it is a very solemn picture, as seen through the gothic tracery of a rood-screen, away down in the quiet, seemingly endless nave, whose pavement is here and there just softly touched by a fading ray of light stealing through some stained glass windows of an age long passed away!

On arriving here in Cambridge, the familiar-looking cap and gown made us feel quite at home, and our hearts turned to dear old Annandale-on-Hudson. How many gowns are there? eighty or ninety? Well, there are a few more here; some three thousand, sheltered in nineteen colleges. And it is obligatory upon the student to wear the two distinguishing articles of attire constantly, while in the town. The reasons for the rule being, that, as they are recognized by the community as a badge of honor, it is an incentive to a proper, gentlemanly bearing on the part of the student, or, should he be guilty of misdemeanor, they serve as speedy means of identification.

We have not visited all of the colleges; only those most interesting because of their antiquity, or of their treasures in libraries, or architecture, or stained glass, or because of their illustrious alumni. St. Peter's College (or Peterhouse) is the oldest in Cambridge, having been founded by Hugh, Bishop of Ely, in 1284. The small barred window of the author of the wonderful "Elegy" is pointed out to the visitor.

The "Erasmus Court" and "Erasmus Tower" of Queen's College, tell o its special pride. King's and Clare boast of Bishop Pearson and Archbisho Tillotson, while Caius' (pronounced Keys) recalls Jeremy Taylor, and Magda lene (pronounced Maudlin) has its Cranmer. But the great roll of fame is a Trinity, the largest college in England, founded by that well-known gentle man, Henry VIII., in 1546. On it one reads Newton, Bacon, Dryden, Her bert, Macaulay, Byron, Thackary, Tennyson, and many names of scarcely les renown. We have also visited Corpus Christi, St. Mary's, Jesus, Pembroke Christ's, and the two Colleges for women, Girton and Newnham. Eacl foundation has its little community of buildings; its courts and inner courts its fine gardens and grounds; and its beautiful chapel.

Many of the colleges are situated on the narrow river Cam, their ground extending on both sides to its banks, and connected by artistic bridges (henc the name, Cam-bridge), affording charming walks on emerald lawns, and unde venerable trees. This delightful precinct is known as "The Backs." Ther are three reaches of the Cam at different levels, called the "Upper River," "Lower River," and "The Backs."

On Sunday—accompanied by mackintoshes, umbrellas, overshoes, every thing that claimed pretence to shielding from that wettest-wet, that "must b felt to be appreciated"—we attended several services, the most impressiv being in King's Chapel, the glory of the University. The exquisite per pendicular interior, the fan-vaulting, carved stalls, and organ screen, were a great a feast to the eye as was the wonderful music to the ear. But O! a about the chanting of the Psalter, the *chill* from those sacred walls! Wall that I doubt having been dry since each separate stone was assigned to it proper place, over four centuries ago. This chill crept up to me, and into m and through me, until I longed to finish the hour of worship in our litt frame chapel on the hill, "where the sun comes peeping in at morn." But was in classic Cambridge! in venerable King's Chapel! the portcullis of th Tudor and the Rose of Lancaster were peering upon me from wood an glass! Should I make an ignominious retreat from such surroundings, merel because a ghastly thing of ice had stealthily come through that vast congr gation and clutched me? Ah, no! heroically we remained until the close service! The night-scenes in a certain room in the "Bull Hotel," howeve are not designed to be a part of this letter.

One thing in connection with the scholastic buildings of this interestir town, I have neglected mentioning; namely, the wonderful vines that so lux riantly clothe the stone work in the courts and cloisters. The wealth of iv here seen, it will be difficult for you to picture to yourself, who know, wi me, our years of struggle to obtain a few yards growth.

In many of the courts the window panes are all that is visible of the e closing walls, which present a face of richest green. Again, the tone is enliven

by the red woodbine or violet passion-flower, intertwining with the ivy, and frequently the brilliant yellow of the chrysanthemum finds its way up to the second story; this plant being trained to run flat along a perpendicular surface, espalier fashion. * * * * * *E. M.*

Medusa.

There could have been no pang in that benumbing,
The slowly creeping chill which wrapt the frame,
So motinless and easily succumbing,
And losing all alarm
While yielding to the charm
That soothed, and calmed, and stole away the pain
For all eternity, and left a peace
That nevermore would cease.

All restlessness forever done away;
All anxious thought and terror blotted out;
The pain of night, the toil of weary day,
Forgotten and unknown
By the cool patient stone,
To which thou didst transform in one brief glance,
Whence peace arose, and ruled all absolute,
Unmoved, unquestioned, mute.

No pain, no tears, no thirst! Why did they shrink
Or hide their faces from thy Gorgon gaze?
Why did men falter, or their courage sink?
* * * * *
O dream of perfect rest,
Thou hast my thought possest;
To feel the quieting, the blest relief,
Absorb the anguish I had known before,
And then —— to feel no more!
* * * * *
O longing worse than vain! How faith in scorn
Rejects thy dead allurements, while the Face
That "turned and looked on Peter" thro' the morn,
One look of love bestows,
And all impatience grows
Submissive to the lesson taught by pain.
One look! The darkness lightens, grief grows blest,—
That sunrise brings us rest.

John Mills Gilbert, '90.

An Epoch.

The ship of civilization was made in Mesopotamia, and has had for it captain and crew, almost all the nations of the world. One condition, under whicl this ship has sailed is, that she has always been driven by an Eastern gale Assyrians, Babylonians and Persians were among the first people on her decks

Sailing westward she has visited Phœnecians, Egyptians and Israelites Crossing to Europe she anchored for a length of time on the borders o Greece; thence, well equipped, she sailed towards Rome, Western Europe an England.

About four centuries ago Columbus piloted her to America. She has crosse from New York to San Francisco, and thence, a few years ago, set sail acros the Pacific Ocean to a group of islands, known by the name *Japan*. There sh is at anchor yet, but, while making active preparations to continue her cours toward the place, whence she proceeded about sixty centuries ago. In he behalf a war is going on now.

The greatest sea battle since Nelson's time was fought on the twenty-fourtl day of last September, between the Japanese and Chinese, when the latte were utterly defeated, and ever since, Japan, without a check or fear, ha been pushing toward the capital of the "Flowery Kingdom."

Can we foretell the probable effects of the war in question?

As to *Japan*, she has been anxious to make treaties on equal terms with th great powers. She has tried her best to drill her soldiers to such a degree, a to arouse the admiration of Europe. She has within a few years adopted constitutional government, and has used her talent and native genius t assimilate all she could of western civilization. Never was her patriotisn more intense than now, when, from the Emperor down to his meanest subject every one of the forty-one millions of her people is anxious to contribute some thing toward the great undertaking.

Under such circumstances, she expects to hold the key of the easter situation, and to assume a great responsibility in educating her neighborin nations.

As to *China*, she probably never deserves anything better than total defea and utter humiliation, that she may find out what a hindrance she is to huma progress.

Arbitration, persuasion, cannot arouse China. She has been slumbering fo generations; she has been groaning under a foreign dynasty; her governmen is corrupt, the condition of her people is most lamentable. The world cannc further tolerate her superstitous religion, her miserable control over one-fourt of the human race, and her utter lack of progress. Defeat to her mean victory.

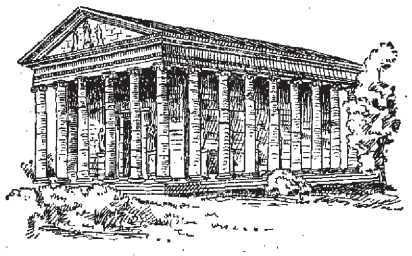
The situation for Christian work is at present rather depressing. In Chin

the common delusion of the people is, that all foreigners are there with political designs. The Chinese have seen how great a control England has in India, how much France has in Siam, and they have learned the ambition of Russia. The miserable results of this war will cause great confusion. Japan, proud of her victory, is likely to foster a keener anti-foreign sentiment than before; her national pride may assume an air of self-conceit.

But on the whole, this is the Lord's battle, and the rage of man shall praise him.

The ship of civilization is passing through an epoch to awaken the spirit of China to the great influence of advancement, and make her ready to accept the religion of Jesus Christ.

Paul Shimmon, '97.



The Hoffman Library.

The new Hoffman Library is very near completion, and the workmen are now covering the floor with a handsome mosaic tiling. To most of the lovers of S. Stephen's this library is already familiar, a most imposing structure of terra cotta brick, resembling in style of architecture, with its surrounding colonade of pillars, the Madeleine of Paris. This copper roofed and absolutely fire-proof building occupies a conspicuous position on the campus. It stands at the edge of the grove which surrounds the cemetery, and on the same level as the other college buildings. It is the latest of many magnificent gifts of Dr. Charles Frederick Hoffman, Rector of All Angels Church, New York City.

The first number of THE MESSENGER would indeed be incomplete without a grateful mention of its donor. Dr. Hoffman has for a long time been a liberal benefactor of S. Stephens, and among the many things which reminds us of him are the two new dormitories, and the Greek professorship, which he has lately endowed.

The name of Dr. Hoffman will ever be held in grateful remembrance by all the loyal sons of S. Stephens.

Physical Culture.

Man is endowed with mental, moral, and physical faculties, the proper development of each being a most important and necessary duty.

True culture naturally aims at the carrying of man's nature to its highest perfection. The methods of accomplishing the object in view may be various, but the results should be identical.

It is a fact, which cannot be gainsaid, that if any one of these three faculties just mentioned is neglected, the perfectness of the whole is marred. This is easy of demonstration. Take, for instance, the case of a man whose mental faculties receive the highest training conceivable, while his moral faculties are totally neglected. That man is apt to become a curse to himself, as well as to those with whom he is brought into daily association. This statement is true, also, of those whose only aim has been the perfect development of the physical nature.

On the contrary, if all the faculties receive the proper care and training, their owner is sure to become a blessing to himself, as well as to many of his fellow beings.

The necessity for the proper cultivation of the mind and morals has long been the particular aim of educational institutions, it is but recently, however, that schools in this country have turned their attention to a systematic course of athletic training of those intrusted to their care.

To-day, however, as a rule, no branch of education receives more attention than physical culture. This is especially true in preparatory schools, which vie with one another in the attractions in this direction, which they can hold out to those who are likely to enroll themselves as scholars. Base-ball nines foot-ball teams, tennis clubs are organized and special instructors appointed for overseeing the regular practice or training.

This course is a commendable one, for physical culture of the young should be begun early in life, as more can be accomplished in point of development before twenty-one, than after that age has been reached.

The methods of physical culture are various. Of course, nearly all colleges are provided with a gymnasium, which is supplied with apparatus best calculated to develop and strengthen every muscle in the body. The training is usually under the direction of a special instructor.

It is a strange fact that, while the gymnasia are open daily, it has been found necessary to make attendance at the same compulsory, usually for two or three exercises a week.

Out-of-door sports seem to be preferred to exercise in the gymnasium, and possibly for a very good reason. While we would not speak disparagingly of exercise in the gymnasium, as much good work is accomplished there, still the fact remains that exercise in a closed building cannot begin to compare with

exercise taken out of doors, where there is an abundance of fresh air. This has life-giving and health-giving properties and there can be found nothing to take its place.

Walking, bicycling, horse-back riding, and rowing are all very healthful exercises, which have this advantage, that, while nearly all the muscles are brought into play, the lungs are at the same time enjoying the exhilarating effect of inhaling pure air.

At a comparatively small outlay, every student can supply himself with apparatus for daily use in his rooms, as, for instance, on rising, a half hour's exercise, and just before retiring, the same amount of time devoted to swinging of Indian clubs or dumb-bells will accomplish wonders.

Whatever the method which is adopted for physical culture may be, one point should not be lost sight of, and that is, that regularity in exercise is a necessity to successful results. *T.*

An Evening with Garrison.

The full moon was shining from a cloudless sky. The earth, covered with snow, reflected the moonlight with peculiar brilliancy. The air was crisp and cold. It was a superb winter night. Yet, we were more than glad to see at last the light streaming from the windows of the houses we were approaching, and to know that the good cheer of the fireside, and pleasant companionship, would soon take the place of our exposure to the freezing winds. We put forth our hand for entrance. Presently the door opened. In answer to our question, the servant informed us that Mr. Garrison was at home. Then Mrs. Lucinda Otis Jameson, wife of the Rev. Thorndike Jameson, M.A., and myself, were shown into Mr. Garrison's library.

The home of William Lloyd Garrison, in Boston, was a comfortable, but by no means an ostentatious, house. It had an air of quiet dignity and reserve. It was far enough removed from the centre of the city to be apart from the moving crowd. It was furnished with simplicity, but contained many souvenirs of friends and admirers.

Mr. Garrison, entering the room, gave us a kindly greeting. Then followed two or three hours of the most charming conversation, in the course of which Mr. Garrison recited many incidents relating to his life, and to his labors in behalf of the Negro. Mrs. Jameson, one of the distinguished Otis family of Boston, was an ardent disciple of Mr. Garrison in his anti-slavery doctrines. She had more courage than the eminent Harrison Gray Otis himself; for, previous to her marriage, being at an abolition meeting, where a mob broke in and threatened to hang Mr. Garrison, she stood upon a bench and cried out, "We all love Mr. Garrison!" It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mrs. Jameson was particularly delighted to go over again in memory,

some of the stirring scenes with the great anti-slavery reformer; while, as for myself, belonging to the younger group of abolitionists, it was an extreme satisfaction to converse with this apostle of the rights of man.

Without doubt, William Lloyd Garrison stands forth as one of the conspicuous figures of American history. He had the magnificent courage to espouse a cause that was right, and because it was right, in the face of popular scorn and hate; yes, more than that, at the risk at times of his own life. It is not too much to say that Mr. Garrison was in his generation, and in America, the incarnation of the anti-slavery movement. He was the founder of one of the greatest moral reforms in the annals of mankind. It was Mr. Garrison's magnificent mission to create and direct a philanthropic movement hardly inferior to any of the present century. Art, science, philosophy, have their champions. The printing-press, steam, electricity, have accomplished their revolutions. Yet, it was left for this one man, planting his authority upon the Bible, to commence a reform of marvellous power for human liberty, and to carry it forward with apostolic fervor. He sought to unfetter those who had been enthralled by the chains of slavery. He was a lover of mankind. In the face of scorn, of anathema, of persecution, and of violence he won for himself a crown of imperishable sanctity.

Charles Howard Malcom, D.D.

The Token.

Lo, black midnight! Around, the tempest roared.
The tall trees by the wintry wind were bowed,
And groaned aloud, as if in agony.
Within my heart a greater tempest raged,
For peace and concord far from me had fled.
Aloud I cried, "O God, and shall this be?
Shall man with warring tumult vex his soul
For ever on this earthly orb of Thine?"
The howling blasts were stilled. The rifted clouds
Revealed the moon in all her glorious light,
While o'er the calm and tranquil land her beams
Shone forth with radiant splendor. Then my soul
Received its answer to my cry of pain,—
"Oh, doubting and faint-hearted man, how long
With tears and sighs wilt thou reproach my law?
Be this thy sign, that as the tempest ceased,
So shall the rage of man be hushed and stilled
And holy peace and love supreme shall reign!"

George Belsey, '98.

Bric-a-Brac.

—"The tardy scholar is your name"—yes, and at the beginning of this term your name is Legion.

—Some changes noted since the vacation:

Dr. Hopson entertaining (?) the Senior Preps.

"Whiskers" Mo(o)re plentiful in Orient.

Sweet strains of music from the new piano in the room of Messrs. Gibson and Robbins.

The beautiful snow, with its accompanying advantages, viz.: the development of acrobatic skill in walking along the paths (?) of the campus.

—One evening recently, it fell to the lot of a Sophomore to say grace, he being the highest classman present in the Dining Hall. He seemed to take for a basis the words of a familiar grace, but tremulously uttered the following: "Lord bless their food to our service and us to Thy salvation."

—The progress in Latin made by the "Senior Preps" under Dr. Hopson is something remarkable. One of them recenty exhibited his knowledge by declaring that "jim-jams" was a participle of "jag;" he was not sure, but thought it was the future participle.

—Although *The Algebra* died on Dec. 21, after a long struggle in the arms of the Freshmen, and the body now lies in state, no date has yet been announced for the funeral.

—"John" says that the latest *cat*alogue shows twelve feline members of the college.

—Swan is very fond of music and has, for more than a year, filled with satisfaction the important position of assistant organist. His roommate, Dyer, is a diligent reader of Tennyson, from whom he often quotes. His favorite quotation is;

"Swans sing before they die, 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing."

—"Peleg" is said to be at work upon an article entitled, "Vassar as I Found It; or, How the Other Half Lives."

—"Willful waste makes woeful want,"
And Mayers may live to say,
"I wish I had that cigarette
That once I threw away."

Diavolo.

—They tell how fast the arrow sped,
When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?

U. of P. Courier.

—The Freshmen impressed by the wisdom of Cicero—"Facilius in morbus incidunt adolescentes, gravius ægrotant, tristius curantur," and by Dr. Hopson's corroboration of the same, have determined to employ a class-physician.

—"The Warden is to have a 'bust' in the new library." Immediately upon hearing such a statement there float through our minds visions of good things to eat, and pleasant memories of the Warden presiding at the Annual Commencement dinner—for the word "bust" to every college man, at least to those of S. Stephen's, immediately suggests edibles. The Warden's bust, however, is not one of this kind, but his likeness in bronze. The plaster cast has already been made by Mr. George Bissel, of Poughkeepsie, and is certainly an excellent likeness. The artist will take it to Paris, where it will be cast in metal and exhibited in the Salon. Its unveiling in the Hoffman Library will take place on next Commencement day.

—Take, O take that beer away
That so lately I've forsworn,
And my pipes, old friends for aye,
Oft together we've seen the morn:
But my credit bring again,
Bring again—
Always given, but given in vain,
Given in vain!

Hats.

What are they like?

They are like charity, for they cover a multitude of sins. (By the way, this refers particularly to our college caps).

They are like successful men, for they are always on the top, and in the public's eye.

They are like a poor old man, for they are always worn out, and are like women (Oh! let me add that this includes some of those young, charming clever women with whom all of us have had experience), like women, I say, in hours of trial and tribulation, for what would we do without them?

The oldest thing in hats is heads. The finest thing in hats is felt. The greatest things in hats (readers, believe me, my modesty will hardly permit me to say it), the greatest things in hats are *the bargains* at my father's hat store in that grand old State of Delaware.

"Lebud."

"*Momus lepidissimus erat Deorum.*"

Other deities may have made Jupiter shake his head, but Momus used to make him shake his sides. He is the only heathen god for whom we should have had much reverence and certainly the only one that we ever should have sacrificed to at all. The offering most commonly made to the god of laughter was, probably, *a sacrifice of propriety.*

Societies.

The Missionary Society, organized in 1864, has a membership of thirty-six. Meetings are held once a month. The next regular meeting will be held in Aspinwall Hall, Sunday evening, February 10.

The S. Peter's Brotherhood, an organization devoted to religious and charitable works among the persons of the parish in which the college is situated, has a membership of forty-two.

The secret societies have their meetings on Friday evenings. The following is the full list of the members of the several organizations:

The Eulexian Society—Color, crimson—organized 1860.

Arts Course—E. G. Gilbert, 2nd, '95; T. P. Maslin, '96; H. A. Flint, '97; G. A. Green, '97; S. W. Linsley, '97; G. Belsey, '98; A. I. E. Boss, '98; H. S. Hastings, '98; A. W. Hind, '98; F. J. Knapp, '98; C. A. Roth, '98.

Special Course—W. W. Jennings, '95; F. DeM. Devall, '96; C. N. A. Pooley, '97; G. H. Toop, '97; W. H. Webb, '97.

Preparatory Class—C. W. Popham, A. S. Lewis, H. L. Drew, F. V. R. Moore.

Kappa Gamma Chi—Color, corn yellow—organized 1868.

Arts Course—W. E. Kunkel, '96; W. I. Rutter, Jr., '96; J. P. Gibson, '97; E. H. Young, '97; A. M. Judd, '98; D. C. Mayers, '98; B. A. Robbins, '98; C. L. Wheeler, '98.

Special Course—J. C. Davis, '96.

Preparatory Class—R. F. Kellemen, A. W. Porter, C. S. Champlin, T. Van Amee.

Sigma Phi—Color, royal purple—organized 1870.

Arts Course—R. E. Brestell, '95; J. L. Lasher, '96; J. H. Wilson, '96; L. Kroll, '96; E. S. Dunlap, '97; I. Yohannon, '97; F. D. H. Coerr, '98; W. B. Selvage, '98; A. A. Lamb, '98.

Special Course—F. S. Lippitt, '95; C. L. Lewis, '95; C. B. W. Mitchell, '96; C. G. Clark, '96; W. W. Dyer, '97.

Preparatory Class—W. Allison.

The Vigilance Committee—not recognized by the college authorities—is at present in abeyance.

The Athletic Association—an institution honored for the length of time it has existed in an inactive state, and the utter lack of interest it has shown as an institution in college athletics—seems at present to be suffering from some mortal disease, probably "dry rot."