A METAPHOR.

Life is an ocean; I, one lonely wave
That rose and fell to break upon that shore
Which looked so fair, yet was but beastly ore
Or shifting sand. She was the shore which drove
Me back into the sea; here let my grave
Be sunk among those others; one mound more
This sea can still keep green.—The sea-gull’s catv
Is sweeter music than I used to crave.

The sunshine strikes the shore with crimson glow
Of evening, yet reflected back to me—
One only wave—its beauties charm in vain.
More waves to break!—Methinks the world shall know
The shore no longer, when eternity
Shall leave me in this loveliness of pain.

2 Potter Hall.

THE SYMPHONY.

To-night, my dear, we are to go to the symphony!
The symphony—magic name—its very syllables are a
blending of soft breathings. And yet, what tales in man’s
history the name brings before us: tales of love and
passion, pomp and gaiety; tales of suffering and pain,
malice and hatred; tales of heaven, yes, and tales of hell.

But let us wait. Now we are in our seats, we can hear
the sweet discord of the instruments trying their voices
if they be in tune. Soon they will be telling their own
story. What does the program say? Haydn, Beethoven,
Tschaikowsky—we will hear great romances to-night.
Now all is ready, a last flutter comes from the quieting
audience; the conductor is in his place—tick! tick!
Hush, the first story has begun. Dear old Papa Haydn
is telling of all the gilded folly and gaiety of his time.
We can see the stately minuet, the dancers all powdered
and painted move in kaleidoscope symmetry. Now the
dancing ceases and the gallant lovers lead the fair maid-
ens out in the balmy moonlight. Can't you hear them
singing their love songs? Yes, you say, I can see it all
as plainly as though it were true.

But, my dear, it is true, for Papa Haydn's music
says so and music you know, never lies.

Now another story, just a short one by the master
of masters, Beethoven. How different from our first
story. All is serene and noble and majestic. We can
lean back in our seats and wait with perfect confidence,
for it is the master who speaks and his is no uncertain
voice. His story is of strength and towering greatness.
But through all the majesty steals a still voice of grief,
a mysterious grief permeating and pervading all, a
strange, far away grief like cold rain falling on forgotten
graves. But it is a noble grief—he asks for no mercy.
Though he bears the marks of suffering, yet we know
he will overcome all in the end.

Still one more story have we, one told by a "modern."
Now we have no housing of resources. All the charac-
ters are rushed on, all with the same depth and intensity
of emotion. It is the story of a mighty people;
Tschaikowsky likes not to deal with the paltry few; he
deals with nations. Will you hear of joy?—listen. He
tells of joy so intense that it is tinged with grief. A
frenzied, wild joy that has somewhat of hollow mockery
in it. Will you hear of suffering? then listen. He
tells of such suffering as only the lost souls in hell can know.
In one mighty chord you can hear a thousand sighs.

* * * * * * * *

Come, dear, come, the symphony is over. Was it
not wonderful. Come, applaud!

* * * * * * * *

Yes, applaud! applaud! The great masters are in
dishvelled garrets putting their very heart's blood into
their work, and we hear them not, but long years after

their poor, tired bodies have turned to dust we sit in
luxury listening or mayhap talking while their sym-
phonies, the stories of their souls, are unfolded before
us. And when they have finished we pay our tribute, a
great tribute you say?—nay, we simply clap our hands.

P. A. F.

VERS.

(He sent her with a black feather and a sprig of ever-
green.)

'Tis in Lent that the Violet's sweet and shy,
And 'tis June 'fore the Rose will blow.
And where's that Nightingale now? O fie!
He's down where the rubber trees grow.

'Tis easy at Easter and June to be fine;
But in absence and cold comes the Valentine

I went out into the winter's cold
To get for my lover a sign;
And nothing alive did I behold
But a crow perched up in a pine.

Oh ho Mr. Crow, and oh ho Mr. Pine,
You'll both of you do for my Valentine!

My love is a bird that bides all year around,
My love is an evergreen fine.
And better's a caw than nightingale sound,
Than Roses and Violets, the Pine.

So oh ho Mr. Crow and oh ho Mr. Pine,
You'll both of you do for my Valentine!

"So, so?" said the Crow, "Off home I must go,
I've left ye a feather,
I've left ye the pine.

'Tis very cold weather, but put 'em together,
They'll both of 'em do for your Valentine."

Jux, '04.

[This Valentine verse comes, perhaps, a little late. But since
it is one of those rare bits honestly inspired by actual fact
and not one of those vain compositions that are made to suit
the occasion, we consider it perfectly proper to insert it in the
present issue.—Ed.]
THE VERSE OF POPE NOT POETRY.

In a recent critical essay on Pope, Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, tells us that in the early part of the last century, the wits of Blackwood's Magazine were accustomed to felicitate themselves upon the fact that there would never be lacking a subject for discussion for there would always be the question of the writings of Pope. And while the critical world has never been reduced to the dire extremity of being compelled to consider this question and this only, yet it is with us still. "Is or is not the verse of Pope poetry?" is still asked and it is still answered, as indeed it must always be, according to the temperament and tastes of the individual.

In order, however, to satisfy oneself upon the question, it is necessary first of all to establish a true and valid definition of the term poetry by which the much-disputed writings may be measured and appraised. And although possibly as Byron says in one of his rough and ready letters to John Murray, "the principles of poetry never were nor ever will be settled," still for our purpose some sort of definition must be assumed and none is perhaps more satisfactory in all things than that of Theodore Watts as found in the Encyclopedia Brittanica (Vol. IX, p. 257). "Poetry," he says, "is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." Other definitions may have expressed the idea more beautifully and with greater grace but this cannot, at any rate, be denied the merits of clearness and inclusiveness and it is these qualities which especially make for good definition.

But what does this definition mean? If anything, it means that while true poetry demands "artistic expression * in rhythmical language," that is, meter and form, yet there must be feeling and emotion also. Poetry like music must "raise a mortal to the skies and draw an angel down." And it is precisely here that the verse of Pope fails to rise to the height of poetry. Pope may have been a master of form and metrical elegance but he does not move. His antitheses are undeniably brilliant and his epigrams sparkle with wit but nowhere is there feeling. The intellect is titillated but the emotions are left untouched.

Take for instance the Rape of the Lock, which all thinking critics agree in regarding as the author's masterpiece. Nowhere in the language is more perfect form and seldom if ever is there found more delicate, fanciful wit than crops out everywhere throughout the work. Still with all its merits, the Rape of the Lock is hardly poetry. It entertains, it surprises, but it does not exalt. It possesses fancy but nowhere is there the slightest trace of that deeper feeling which is the mark characteristic of all true poetry.

In the Satires, also, and in the Moral Essays, which are really satires under another name, one finds this same lack of feeling, except, perhaps, in the famous Atticus passage where alone has Pope at all attained to the satiric level. For the most part, as De Quincey says: "The satires seem to have arisen more in a sense of caustic effects rather than from true satiric feeling." Take for example even the celebrated attack on Sarah Churchill as Atossa in the Moral Essays.

Here as always in Pope the lines are undeniably brilliant but somehow one cannot help feeling that it was for the sake of this brilliancy that they were written rather than from the real indignation of a great satirist. This indignation was given to Juvenal and although often mean in its quality and false in its direction, still it rendered his satire tremendous in its thunders. With Pope the thunder, if heard at all, is all too plainly the thunder of a manufactured tempest. The feeling necessary to true poetry is entirely absent.

As for the Essay on Man and the Essay on Criticism it is hardly necessary that their claims to rank as poetry should even be discussed. Openly and frankly didactic, for this alone they must ever be excluded from the high realm of poetry where feeling and not instruction is the great and potent word. Not that poetry cannot teach, but it cannot teach openly and professedly as must all didactic verse. "It must teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sea teaches, as infancy teaches, by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion." To teach directly, that is, to make instruction the end and aim, is, as one writer says, "to lay aside the Prospero's robe of poetry," to abandon that devotion to feeling and emotion which must ever be the essence of all true
poetry. And the didactic verse of Pope is no exception. Like that of Parmenides, of Lucretius, it cannot move, it cannot feel, consequently it cannot be poetry.

Even in the author's nature verse this essential feeling is seldom present. Take the following selection from the Windsor Forest which Wordsworth himself took under his protection as "containing new images of external nature:"

“Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp in scales be dropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.”

This is undeniably exact and highly colored but that is all. For the delicate feeling which makes for the highest excellence in nature poetry we look in vain.

But while in these, which are undisputably the author's characteristic works, he utterly fails to anywhere reach the level of true poetry, still there are at least two of his other works in which he seems to catch at least a slight glimpse of the real poetic vision. These are the Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady and the Eloisa to Abelard. The former is very short, containing only eighty-two lines but many of these are full of music and of tenderness. The passage beginning:

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored and by strangers mourned"

is almost poetry in its feeling and emotion. The Eloisa also rises to a height of passion which although perhaps sometimes a trifle artificial, is very near to the poetic. But while the feeling is often true and deep, the Elegy and the Eloisa are not highest poetry. This time the reason is in the form. As one reads the Elegy he cannot but feel instinctively that it should have a varied lyric measure while the pentamer with its antitheses is hardly the proper vehicle for the words of the distracted and impassioned nun. The heroic couplet may sound the call to arms but it cannot sing the emotions of the soul. Hence, not through lack of feeling, but rather from the lack of the "artistic rhythmic expression" of our definition, must the Elegy and the Eloisa miss the mark of highest song.

But while these may be said to have somewhere nearly approached the requirements of true poetry, still it must not be forgotten that they are merely exceptions. Taken as a whole, the works of Pope stand only for polish and artificiality. It is the apotheosis of form. Nowhere is there feeling and consequently nowhere poetry but only verse.

HICKS.

**THE COCOON.**

(A tale with a moral.)

A boy there was and he had a desire
To learn about frogs and ants and bees
And birds that flew, and animals too,
Which walked or crawled 'neath the forest trees.

And the things of the sea swam laughingly
And sought, by walking her garden fair,
To find a cue as to how things grew,—
But the birds flew far in the creamy air.

And the things of the sea swam laughingly
Away, and the beasts slunk back to the wood,
So he took by theft the only thing left,
And laughed, and pronounced it good.

Men said to the boy: "What sort of a toy
Do you think you have found? It will only die.”
But the boy said: "No, it's going to grow
And be sweet and beautiful bye and bye."

So the Cocoon grew, and the boy well knew
That hidden beneath that silken thread,
Was a fair, warm life. He called it his wife;
"For it's going to stay with me always," he said.
S. Stephen's College Messenger.

But, ah, when first the Cocoon burst,
And the beautiful thing swept past his eyes,
It dazzled him quite, till, out of sight,
He watched it fade in the darkening skies.

* * * * *

So children dear, in this Toyland here,
Don't play too long with the secrets of earth;—
For the veiled Cocoon bursts all too soon,
And Beauty will leave on the day of her birth.

2 POTTER HALL.

EDITORIAL.

Wells is gone, at least gone from the editor's chair, to give him a better chance to fulfill the demands of his studies and other college duties. Who can fill his place? Another will try, but with how much success the future alone can tell.

This loss would be a serious misfortune at any time, but especially so thus late in the season. It necessitates that every other member of the board work all the harder, and that the college at large contribute more liberally their time and talents.

Every editor has not Well's ability to write the whole paper when others have failed. So we call for the most earnest support. Plea for copy is not characteristic of St. Stephen's paper alone, for a glance over the editorials of other college papers—even where the college numbers hundreds or thousands—will soon convince any one that students everywhere fail to meet their responsibility. So it is not strange that we must add our cry to that of others. Send in something, whatever you can. A try is all that we ask.

Too often a humble estimate of our own ability prevents even an attempt. But this is not the attitude of true men, who expect at some time to have an influence among their fellows.

Even the ex-editor—overcrowded as he is with studies and other college duties—will be sure to contribute occasionally as he is able. If others will only imitate his example we need not fear the future.

Another dance and another uplift! The Freshman ball is now over and we who attended have chance to laugh once again at a clipping recently placed on the bulletin board by some wag.

It was entitled "Nimble Heads or Nimble Heels" and was a tirade against the degeneracy of modern college men who carry on the barbarous customs of the dance. The writer evidently forgot that college is a place for education in a broad sense; that it is not only a place for cramming knowledge into our weary heads.

Any true idea of education must include at least the two large items, character building and training the intellect. A well chosen course may safely be trusted to develop the latter, still leaving the problem of how to get character and culture.

Both of these come largely by association with live people—men, women, children. And one very agreeable means of thus meeting with real life is found in the dance. There the heads must be as nimble as the heels, perhaps more so. Exchange of compliments, wit and perhaps even serious conversation fill the hours. There is also a healthy relaxation in the very pleasure of the evening. Bright eyes and glowing cheeks have a charm which stirs the heart. Who then can thus spend an evening of mirth without having his blood warmed and his mind quickened. He who can do so had better busy himself in his musty den, with more articles against such treats. In spite of such persons, we go home after a dance and as we lie upon our pillows we listen to the ticking of the clock on the wall. All the scenes and incidents again float through our mind. We scarcely wish to sleep. For our heart beat is clearly saying: "You are now bigger and better."

Men in every station of life, yes, even college professors and perhaps here and there a clergyman, at times feels as if he must relax from his customary dignity. However, he is usually careful not to let everybody catch him at it. But suppose by chance he is sometime observed, he loses nothing but rather has a new hold on our affections as being a man, still in touch with the vigor of youth.

How foolish it is, then, for men on the outside
of college facts, men who are not in sympathy with their younger brothers, to expect college men to be above all joyful demonstration. Such types of men would have a college resemble the quiet of an old woman's home. Strangers—perhaps without due consideration—are especially fond of criticising our own college. Simply because many of us expect to enter the ministry of the church, we must even now sit down with long faces and be amused by twirling our thumbs. If that is the meekness and humility which some churchmen require, then let us wish them continued disappointment.

A majority of Christian people, however, do not ask for such a condition. Our faith in human nature cannot permit us to believe that men would thus have all animal spirits exhausted before a fellow has learned to wield a razor. It must be only the few, and they surely of that type whose criticism we scorn.

And now, just a word to our Alumni; you who have faith in the ideals at St. Stephen's, you who know that St. Stephen's has produced men and will do so again. You are certainly familiar with the fact that in every community of men, there is bound to be an occasional display of spirits. Here it is confined perhaps more than is just. Our record for behaviour is heartily approved by our Warden.

Recently, however, a demonstration occurred, innocent in itself, but magnified by some unknown reporter it spread to the public and we were at once censured as rowdies. This is probably due to the fact that the few inhabitants in the neighborhood need something to gossip over. They take deep interest in facts which in a larger place would pass entirely unnoticed. Thus the least thing that is done seems to bring discredit. We ask you, however, to be fair in judging us. All of you know individuals here whom you can trust. Get the facts from them and judge us fairly.

This appeal may apply equally well to any member of the board of trustees who may chance to see it. We are loyal to St. Stephen's; we wish her every success and are willing to fight hard for it, but we ask you not to attempt to turn our college into a button factory.

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**Alumni Notes.**

"ATHLETICS."

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, St. Stephen's College football letters were voted to Messrs. Arthur Eneoe, S. Raymond Brinkerhoff, Leonidas W. Smith and Wallace Thompson.

A great deal of interest is now being shown in basketball. The association has elected Mr. William Shroeder, manager and temporary captain of the team.

Mr. Joseph Hargrave has been chosen captain of next year's football team, and Mr. Henry Oehlhoff, manager.

A recent meeting of the Athletic Association was held to elect officers. Mr. Wallace Gardner succeeded to the office of president, and Mr. Geo. C. Van de Carr to that of secretary-treasurer.

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**ALUMNI NOTES.**

—'90. The Rev. D. Russ Judd is the victim of a singular malady. He has almost lost his voice and cannot speak above a whisper. His physician tells him that his voice will come back in a few weeks.

—'92. The Rev. C. M. Dunham, rector of St. Jude's, Blythebourne, L. I., who broke a ligament in his knee on New Year's day, is still doing his parish work on crutches.

—'92. The Rev. C. M. Dunham, rector of St. Jude's, Floating Church of Our Saviour, New York, recently presented to Bishop Potter a confirmation class including in its membership seven Lutherans, two Presbyterians, two Roman Catholics and four scamen.

—'93. The Rev. C. B. Carpenter, formerly of Tenafly, N. J., is now rector of St. Thomas' Church, Brandon, Vermont.

—'98. The Rev. Frank J. Knapp is now curate at St. Peter's, Albany, N. Y. His address is Guild House, 107 State street.
'00. The Rev. Ernest A. Smith, missionary at the Church of the Redeemer, Bloomingdale, diocese of Albany, has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. James', Fort Edward, in the same diocese, and has entered upon his new duties.

'01. The Rev. Cuthbert Fowler, assistant at Caribou, Maine, has become private secretary to the Bishop of Maine, and assistant at the cathedral.

The following alumni have recently visited the college: C. G. Coffin, '76; the Rev. P. C. Pyle, '90; the Rev. O. F. R. Treder, '01; Mr. E. C. Tuthill, '04.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At last the College Glee feels competent to perform. The members are: Shepard W. Wells, Edward M. Frear, S. R. Brinkerhoff, Wm. Shroeder, Gerald Lewis, W. H. Mills, H. Bold and Fremont N. Hinkel (leader). On Thursday evening, February 23rd, a concert was given at St. John's parish house, Cohoes, N. Y., at which the following program was rendered:

2. "The Boatswain Bold" ............... Frank Lynes Baritone Solo with Double Quartette Chorus, sung by Gerald Lewis.

College Notes.

INTERMISSION.

4. Selection of Irish Melodies ... Arranged by Bowman Violin Solo, played by Fremont N. Hinkel.

On Friday night, February 17, Mr. J. Henry Oehl- hoff was initiated into the Sigma Alpha Chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. The Rev. O. F. R. Treder was present. A banquet was served in No. 17 Hoffman.

The Freshmen gave the customary Fancy-dress Ball, Tuesday evening, Feb. 21st, in Preston Hall. The Hudson valley maintained its reputation for sweet girls, the orchestra was just as obliging as ever and the costumes were unusually fine. What more could we ask for?

On Friday evening, Feb. 24, Mr. Wm. Simmon was initiated into the Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity. The Rev. Percival Pyle and Mr. Ernest Tuthill were present. After adjournment, the members were treated to a very enjoyable banquet by Mrs. Henry Lewis, at her home.

The Glee Club would be all right if Coney wouldn't sing "I leveled my head at his gun and fired pop." Gerald also has an ingenious mixture of sweeter and finer. You have to hold your nose and sing "swi-i-ner."

The custom of securing special Lenten preachers for each Thursday of Lent has been carried out again this year. The following is the schedule: March 16th, the Rt. Rev. Richard H. Nelson, D. D. Bishop Coadjutor of Albany, N. Y.; March 23rd, the Ven. A. T. Ashton,

—The Misses Harris gave a delightful dance in Ludlow and Willink Hall, Friday evening, March 3rd. About twenty-eight guests were present.

EXCHANGES.

After almost countless months of nearly absolute silence, the exchange editor had at last persuaded himself to turn out a little “copy” of the traditional sort, when his eye met a little paragraph in the exchange column of the January Queen's University Journal which changed entirely the tenor of his thoughts. The paragraph follows:

“The exchange editor of the Victorian offers a criticism of this department because, as he says, we ‘evince a disinclination to exercise our prerogative of commenting on the work of our brethren.’ To this we must plead guilty, but hardly consider the charge a serious one. An exchange column, we believe, can justify its existence only by giving to its readers something which will be interesting and profitable to them. This can be done, not by commenting on, censuring or eulogizing the work of our brethren, but by selecting from the various journals that come to our table that which is spiciest and best. The comments, we acknowledge, are most interesting to the ex-men, but these, after all, constitute but a very small part of a journal’s readers.”

Then, too, an appeal in the leading editorial of the Mill’s College White and Gold for criticisms on the various departments of a college paper could hardly be disregarded, and the exchange editor found himself confronted with the question, “What ought to be the character of an exchange column, anyway?” Is it merely to make interesting reading for the subscribers by clipping, without comment, certain supposedly brilliant specimens of undergraduate wit, as seems to be the object of the Queen’s ex-man?

If so, he would respectfully submit a petition for the abolition of the department. For the aim of a college paper, with the possible exception of the news and alumni departments, seems to him to be nothing else than to body forth the original literary work of the undergraduates, or even graduates, of the institution in which the magazine is. The filling up of something over six columns with pure scissored matter, as is the general custom of the Queen’s man, may furnish interesting matter for his readers, but it is hardly representative of the original literary ability of Queen's. Not that the writer would for a moment deprecate the value of the scissors. An experience in practical newspaper work has only too clearly opened up to him their immense possibilities, and he has long since learned that “Aut Scissors, Aut Nulla” is no joke. Still he maintains that even in an exchange column of a college magazine, pure scissored matter is somewhat out of place. Even here there is a chance for original work. “But,” says the Queen's man, “such original work is not of general interest to our readers.” Although this may or may not be true, let it be granted. Still, isn’t there just one other little thing to be taken into consideration. Can’t it perhaps be conceived that each college magazine owes something toward keeping up the standard of college papers as a whole? And where, as is often the case, the editorial boards of many papers undergo a complete change in a single year, what can be more helpful than good, honest criticisms intelligently directed. If, for instance, the Messenger is failing in the quality of its verse, make it known. If its stories are even a trifle more uninteresting and colorless than usual, make that known also. And on the other hand, perhaps the Messenger may once in a
great while make some suggestions itself which may possibly be of value. Hence, isn't it just barely possible that an exchange column which deals in reviews and comments, although perhaps not always of highest interest to its readers, will in the long run, while at the same time escaping the charge of utter selfishness, make its magazine just a trifle better and thus even more acceptable to those readers of whose interests the Queen's man especially seems to have constituted himself a watchful and zealous guardian.

Hicks.

POSITIONS FOR COLLEGE MEN.

We are beginning our annual search for capable College, University and Technical School graduates to supply to a large number of the 12,000 employers whom we serve. If you will be ready for work next June or before, write to us to-day stating what position you feel qualified to fill and we will tell you if we have the right opportunity. It is none too early to be getting in line for a good place especially if you want one that will prove permanent and offer chance for advancement. Our system is endorsed by leading college presidents, as well as by thousands of young graduates whom we have satisfactorily placed.

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