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MESSENGER

Vol.2 No. 2 October, 1895

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 2.

October, 1895.

Entered as second-class mail matter, at the Post-Office at Annandale, N. Y.

Prospectus of The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

This Magazine will be published every month from September to June, inclusive, by the students of the College. Its character will be literary. A special feature during the present year will be an article in each number by a member of the Faculty, a prominent alumnus, or some noted friend of the college.

Subscriptions may commence with any number, and will always be for ten months, exclusive of vacation. Terms, \$1.00; single copies 10 cents.

All business communications and subscriptions should be addressed to the Business Manager.

While notes and items of interest about the Alumni and friends of the College are desired and requested, the chief purpose for which the paper is maintained is to exhibit the best literary work of the undergraduates.

A prize of \$10.00 will be given to that undergraduate whose contributions of essays, poems or stories, during the college year, judged in respect to excellence and number, shall be considered the most deserving.

No contributions will be published if written on both sides of the paper.

Contributions will be returned, if stamps are enclosed.

All contributions must be accompanied by the names of the authors, and will be published only under the full names or an initial of the names of the writers.

Contributions to appear in any particular number must be received before the fifteenth day of the preceding month.

Address:

"EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,"

THE S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 2.

In Memoriam.

Benjamin Augustus Robbins.

Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon him, and may he rest in peace.

BENJAMIN AUGUSTUS ROBBINS was born September 8th, A. D. 1873. The last three years of his young and happy life have been spent among us here at S. Stephen's, and it is of these we would write. He entered the Junior Preparatory department in September of 1892. He was soon recognized as a leader, and being elected president of the embryonic class of '98, held the office through successive elections until Saturday, the feast of S. Matthew, when, obedient to the call of his Master he left all, and followed to go hence and be no more seen.

That we will not see "Ben" again in these dear familiar haunts, that he will no more cheer us by his ever ready enthusiasm and warm hearted sympathy, that the society and class life in which he was so earnest a worker, must go on without him,—these are the thoughts that have for many of us made the days of late seem so lonely.

He will be missed in numberless ways, for he was one of those who merit the name "all around men." He lived and worked for his society: Kappa Gamma Chi (which he entered in November, 1892). He strove to make "'98" the best class in college, and could we but come up to his intellectual standard there would be no doubt that this class would be worthy of its leader. We are not guilty of eulogistic hyperbole when we say that his intellectual capacity is not excelled among us. The social life of the vicinity in which he was deservedly popular will miss him sadly. Athletics, over which he was always enthusiastic, will feel his loss.

We are utterly unable to express the feelings of those nearer friends; his fraternal brothers and those of the other societies, who, in these happier days that are dawning upon S. Stephen's, feel that the friend they so sadly miss was as dear as a brother.

Is there any college man who can fail to understand why we loved Ben. so dearly, when we say that he was an *affectionate man*? Will any one, who has lead the family life in college, fail, at this, to picture the happy walks with arms interlocked; the confidential chats; the faults confessed and forgiven; the sympathy freely bestowed; and love pledged with earnest words and warm hand pressures?

Some of us, to whom this loss has appealed as no other grief in our young lives has done, have found comfort in the little poem "Somewhere," by Mrs. Julia C. Dorr, and in using it here we make its words our own, poured forth from our hearts and choked with our tears.

"How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day,
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin,
Somewhere within his ken thou has a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him,
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb,
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray—
O true, brave heart! God bless thee! Wheresoe'er
In his great universe thou art to-day."

Editor, '98.

RESOLUTIONS.

NOTE.—The following are the resolutions drawn up by the committee appointed at a college meeting held for that purpose.—*Ed.*

WHEREAS, The Great God of Quick and Dead hath taken into the rest of Paradise the soul of our beloved companion and fellow student, Benjamin Augustus Robbins; Be it

Resolved, That we, the Faculty and Students of S. Stephen's College, express our earnest and heartfelt sympathy to his family and friends; And be it

Resolved, That they, his relatives and friends be assured that we thank God

for having been permitted to know him, and for the helpful influence of his warm and loving nature. And furthermore, to this end, be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and also published in the S. Stephen's College Messenger, and in the Churchman.

Signed,

WILLIAMS EVANS KUNKLE, '96,

EDWARD SLATER DUNLAP, '97,

HERBERT SEYMOUR HASTINGS, '98,

Annandale-on-Hudson, September 24th, 1895.

Committee.

In Hoc Signo Vinces.

MAKE on thy brow and thy breast, faithful Christian,
The seal of the Passion thy dear Lord once wrought,
And think of the blessed gift of Redemption
He, by blood-shedding, for sinners then bought.

Make thou His banner thy constant companion,
Gaze on the wood, and think of the woe,
Know that the Cross will never forsake thee
Where'er in life the Lord bids thee go.

So take it gladly, and bear on the trophy,
A faithful, and valiant soldier to be;
Did not our Master when He was with us,
Say, "Faithful Soul, take thy Cross, follow me?"

Shrink not before men to make thy confession,
Fear not the insult, or scoff of the foe,
Think of the last, and the blest compensation
When by that mark His faithful He'll know.

"K."

Joan of Arc.

A METEORIC character has just passed through the literary firmament. Its light, once exceeding bright, is steadily growing dimmer; and Napoleon has ceased to be a topic of paramount importance in the magazine world. His greatness, his complexity, his ability; at times, his strangeness, what he did accomplish and what he might have accomplished had he not been defeated at Waterloo, have supplied an abundance of material for literary composition. The first faint rays of another meteoric wonder have lately appeared. A pure and heavenly light comes to us from this character, and may Joan of Arc occupy the zenith of the literary firmament for many

months to come. The character of the Peasant Girl of Domremi seems strangely out of place in this advanced rationalistic period. Her humility, her simplicity; at all times, her firmness, what she accomplished, her mission ended and consequent loss of power, give food for earnest thought, and incitement to literary endeavor. Strange that France should have produced two wonders, so diametrically opposed to each other.

When Joan had finally raised the siege of Orleans and delivered her country from the foreign yoke, her mission was ended. Her trial but served to put upon the scroll of her miraculous sayings and deeds the seal of truth. Her's is the only history stamped with the judicial seal.

Her condemnation, as a witch, was the verdict of a mind of unbelief. Her execution, seemingly, finished her great work. Her short and authenticated history, however, was only the sowing of the seed. To-day is the day of the real conquest of Orleans, the battling against the tendency of unbelief which has laid siege to the great analytical mind of our advanced age. The rationalistic mind refuses to believe in the Maid's divine mission. In fact, this untutored village maid of nineteen years, who placed artillery with a better foresight than Napoleon, who marshalled her troops with the skill of the victor of Waterloo, who inspired a dispirited and worn-out army, who advanced at the head of her countrymen, who foretold events and even the hour of the day in which her prophecies would be fulfilled, had, forsooth, a diseased mind.

Her voices and visions, substantiated by her deeds, do not appeal to our sense of understanding; therefore, to such a mind she is a fit subject for an asylum. There are, however, processes all around us in nature which we cannot understand, yet we take for granted and believe. The life of Joan of Arc is teaching men to believe, and is surely raising the siege of unbelief. May her history be spread, her deeds exploited, and may the cultus of the Maid of Orleans lead men toward the belief and acceptance of Him who was sent into the world to redeem mankind.

George A. Green, '97.

A Question.

THE question of a state Sabbath in our country is as old as the country itself: from the time when in one of the colonies, as we are informed by that somewhat inventive Peters, the law provided that "No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting," to the present when the crisis is perhaps being reached in the struggle between law and custom in New York city.

When the landed founders of American Patriotism claimed to desire a land of religious freedom untrammelled by creeds, when, practicing what the Puritans preached, Roger Williams actually established such a veritable Canaan, when

later under "undenominational" influence our constitution, carefully excluding even the name of the Creator, received its first amendment, these United States seemed started on the world's highway as non-sectarian.

Now the question of the Bible in schools has been effectually answered in the negative, not by proving, do I mean, its unfitness, but by pressing the unconstitutionality of an attempt, under any cover, at theological instruction in our schools whose very secularness is as, it were, sacred.

When we review the Sunday question we meet similar arguments. One party, no matter how large, observes the Lord's day; another no matter how small, rests on Saturday; while another and growing body of persons, without religious scruples in this matter, yet by right of citizenship enjoying equal constitutional rights, sets apart no day as sacred. And yet we have laws, founded confessedly upon a principle of theology, providing punishment for Sabbath-breaking. Many years ago, a Fast Day, coinciding with Good Friday, was, in one commonwealth, appointed by the executive, and "All servile labor and vain recreation were by law (intended to be) prohibited;" but none will say that the governor's proclamations in the last twenty years have prevented this day from becoming, for the masses, a holiday. Indeed, more than one Christian rejoiced when the State Fast was discontinued in Massachusetts, and to the Church alone was left the responsibility of keeping Good Friday; that henceforth outwardly, as well as at heart, Christians might observe that day, not at the request of some politician, but for very piety.

Is there not a similarity in these cases? The State, never, with us, a teacher of any too great moral influence, seeks to enforce what may be called a partisan law: the observance of Sunday. Sixty years ago when our Calvinistic friends, so far in the darkness, into which they had proudly marched, scoffing at "Papacy," would have rejected a proposition making Christmas a day of enforced rest; yet we, as a nation, are to-day striving by political power to enforce a religious law, distasteful to many in this land of religious toleration. When our religious freedom was purchased did not our statesmen tie the hands of posterity? Under the Constitution of the United States, what right has any state to forbid labor or recreation on the Lord's Day?

Seth Wolcott Linsley, '97.

De Amicitia.

IT is, indeed, eminently appropriate, that Cicero's essay concerning friendship should be read by each successive class, as it enters college. Man has been defined as "the social animal," and this definition is more thoroughly justified by students, than by any other class of men, in the community.

Friendships are necessary to the student, not only because he must have friends if he is to be happy, and so, successful in his work; but because it is

only from friendly intercourse, that that broad and catholic culture, which forms so large a part of a liberal education, can possibly be obtained. A man may have the learning of Macaulay and like him be a veritable "book in breeches," and yet a boor. The culture is quite as important as the learning.

The boy, who finds himself for the first time deprived of the loving support of home, or freed from the restraints of the "prep" school, naturally seeks friends among his new companions; and, unless he is a very remarkable individual, makes some mistakes. He reads Cicero's "De Amicitia," and, though he struggles hard with the Latin, he comes to feel that, somehow, it was meant for him. Cicero must have gone to college, and, of course, wrote this essay for the benefit of Freshmen.

Since the time of Cicero, however, another and greater teacher has taught us, concerning friendship, and His teaching transcends that of the Roman, as the light of the sun transcends that of a candle; for high as Cicero's ideal was, he never rose to that sublime height, which Our Lord apprehended when He said, "Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends." Human nature is frail, and, therefore, this high ideal is seldom realized; but the fact is, we ask too much and we give too little. If we are to experience such friendship, we must bear one another's burdens, sharing alike sorrows and joys, and, as the coral animal, be content to give our very bodies, if need be, to build up the structure of a true friendship, which shall be to us a sacrament of the love of GOD.

S.

To My Bed.

MY little, narrow, iron-posted bed,
 Thou guardian of a very precious drug,
 That drug of sleep, with which once swathed, my troubles
 Flee away; to thee, my cot, I offer up
 This tribute of a thankful heart, bestowed
 As freely as thy gifts are given. Some men,
 When knotty problems vex their brains, to wreaths
 Of ringed smoke themselves betake. The arm-
 Chair, and the crackling fire drive out from some
 Their cares and their perplexities, yet yield
 But passing quietude. Nor yet must be
 Forgot the bracing walk 'long lonely lanes,
 When from the trees above hang down the cold
 Blue blades of dripping ice, which seem to cut
 Like very swords down to the very marrow;
 The quiet stroll 'mong fields of friendly daisies,

Where here and there some brown-eyed Susan breaks
 The dull monotony, and gives their charms
 A brighter hue, as moles somewhat enhance
 The loveliness of lovely woman's neck;
 The ramble on the knoll near by, that looks
 Down on the river, at what time there drifts
 Upon the startled ear, in quavering tones,
 The sweet yet resonant call to evensong.
 All these are passing pleasures: they are—they're not,
 In special moods alone they have to heal,
 Anon, they're impotent, without avail.
 But thou, my bed, thy balm is ever sure.
 Let but thy snowy folds enwrap my limbs,
 Through every pore the healing enters in,
 While through my stretched-out length there slowly steals
 The sense of utter restfulness. My form
 Within thy frame doth fit as snug as did
 Within his fairy cap of mouse's skin
 The little prince's head, which made him all
 Invisible. While thus I lie, myself
 Composing for my nightly draught, the sieve,
 Which GOD hath given us to separate
 The good and bad, doth thoroughly filter all
 The actions of the day just passed; and slow
 And slower steals a pleasant drowsiness
 Which makes me well-disposed to all mankind.
 And if, at that fine line which separates
 Our hours of sleeping from our waking hours,
 There stood within the compass of my voice
 All who have slandered me or me abused,
 I think I freely would forget it all.
 I freely would forgive their unkind deeds.
 Thou art, though gentle, yet inflexible,
 My cot, and all in their due time must yield
 Obedience to thee or thine, whom poets
 Call thy sister. More cruel, she, and more
 Mysterious; for she to comfort one
 Casts many into grief by taking him
 Away, whilst thou dost ever soothe. So, if,
 My cot, I do not seek thee more, or having
 Sought, abide too little time, be this

Your comfort: though I leave thee, yet I love
Thee, and for peace and counsel come to thee,
For rest, for healing, and for sympathy.

Thos. P. Maslin, '96.

Caveat Actor.

“TO be or not to be” is no longer the question; for, as the class of '98 with a record of enterprise and laudable determination to lift us all from a dangerous rut, as this class, we say, again gathered at the opening of this year, a veritable dragon to be slain presented itself, namely, these questions: “How shall our standing be maintained? What new laurels are there to gain? What new worlds to conquer?” Was this to remain unanswered. Impossible!

Gazing through the telescope of '98, by which her members look back over the vista of their college course, kindly loaned us to aid in getting material for the MESSENGER, we, too, see the world which these modern Alexanders propose to conquer; for, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, as the result of unpardonable oversight in previous years; canes, the fasces of sophomoreic dignity have been sacrilegiously carried by the herd of Preps, nay, even by very Freshmen, and this in a College with an eighty thousand dollar Library! This at Annandale!

Glorious rose the moon on that night, when to '98, in solemn conclave came the thought of rescuing S. S. from this awful(!) condition. In vain have we searched for an equal among the labors of Hercules, but a greater than Hercules is our present hero. Woe to the man, who, not yet admitted to the delights of Trigonometry and Lysias, so disregards his Alma Mater and overlooks class spirit and standing as to indulge in the use of a cane. *Sic semper praefidentibus.*

L.

Foot-Ball at S. Stephen's.

IT is hardly necessary to state to those who are familiar with S. Stephen's that an important feature of College life has for a long time been lacking. Men come here, it is understood, for a two-fold purpose—to study and develop the mind and also to develop their spiritual nature. They hope that thus, at the end of their course, they may be the better prepared for the arduous but noble work for which they are being fitted. If this is their reason for being here they are to be commended; and our advice to them is “study hard.” But that they may be the best kind of students and the best and most useful men, we would ask them to call up the old adage, “Sana mens in sano corpore.” If physical strength and power of endurance for Life's battle are

necessary for men in general, surely they are doubly important for those who are to officer that great army aligned against the powers of “The World, the Flesh and the Devil!” The important feature so markedly lacking at S. Stephen's is athletics. As limited space is given us, and as this is the foot-ball season we will confine ourselves to a short discussion of this manly and healthful game.

Among athletes and in the college world generally, foot-ball is undoubtedly the most popular of autumn games. The weather—much cooler and more invigorating than in spring or summer—is of course conducive to such energetic exercise. During later years momentum-mass plays (the moving of large bodies of men at full-speed before the ball was put in play) had developed to such an alarming extent that the game was actually becoming dangerous to life and limb. Were this kind of play continued, we would be the first to cry “Down with it,” and agree with “The Mothers” that the game should not be played. But, thanks to the better judgment of coaches, captains and college graduates, the momentum-mass play has been ruled out; and the game as now played contains no more liability to injury than one would be subject to in riding, playing Polo or many another manly exercise. We do not wish to convey the idea that the game is not rough. On the contrary we state *most emphatically* that that is one of its advantageous features. A certain amount of good hard work and rough handling is productive of hardiness. It teaches one not to mind every little bruise or scratch he may get, and has already done a good work in making the mere Dude, or Chappie as he is popularly called, a back number and bringing to the front men whose bodily presence is but a reflection of vigorous minds and hearts.

Foot-ball is eminently a game for gentlemen to play. It has never, like some games, gone into the world of professional sports, but is confined exclusively to school, college and athletic clubs. There is most certainly no reason why a man should not be a gentleman on the foot-ball field as much as in the drawing-room. There is *never* an excuse for him either to be dishonest in play or to hit an opponent. No doubt he is sometimes tempted to strike a man if he loses his temper; but does not this give him a golden opportunity to exercise self control? If a man in the transaction of the ordinary affairs of life should in anger strike another, you would not lay it down as a rule that he should cease from the transaction of business: you would tell him to control his passions. Well be consistent then, and tell the foot-ball man the same thing. Do not censure the one if not the other. Foot-ball is a game in which one's entire attention is demanded throughout the period of play. No man can do good work on the field whose mind is occupied with subjects foreign to the game. He must drop care and worry as though they had never come into his life, and should not for one moment take his eyes off the field of play, but

leave the spectators to be taken care of by others. This concentration of thought is productive of two inestimable advantages to the student. It takes his mind *completely* from his studies; and teaches him to put all his energy and force into whatever he undertakes, be it study, play or prayer. The great benefit derived from having one's mind taken entirely from his studies for a short period daily cannot be too strongly emphasized. He returns from the field ready to "tackle" anything and to "tackle it *low*" too; that is to get to the very root meaning of his Greek and Latin and so forth, and not "let it up" until he has overcome it.

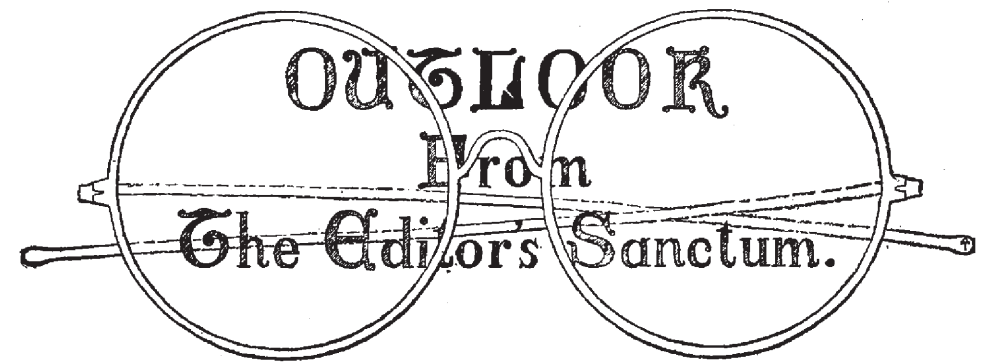
Francis Van R. Moore.

The Betrothal.

SOFT though the breezes blow,
Brightly her eyes do glow,
Aflame with love.
Soft whispered words are said,
"Aye, till we both are dead,
Our love shall last."

Lightly the shallop flies,
The day to westward dies,
Stars shine above.
A grating on the beach,
Tells that the shore is reached
And Dreamland past.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.



AT last our dream has been realized. This number contains the work wholly of the students in college, and is the first number of its kind published here. We call the attention of our subscribers to the fact, and ask if the magazine is in anyway inferior. Our brother editor of '98, who wields the quill in the editor's corner this month, has given us some thought on needed funeral reforms which we think and hope will please all. We have also, speaking of the Editor's Corner, adorned this department with an ornamented title, making the magazine more artistic and tasteful.

We beg all to keep up the good work of writing for our paper and so enable us to make it better. We have many poets among us who

"—waste (their) sweetness on the desert air."

Now do not wait to be coaxed boys, get right at work and write. There is not a man in college who cannot, at least, try. Then again, our business manager is continually complaining that men do not subscribe. Why is this? It is our duty to subscribe, as we are just as much responsible for the fate of the paper as he is; he being only our representative acting for each one of us. Get your parents, friends, and rector to subscribe and so aid us to make this literary endeavor permanent.

Desiring our magazine to be a true interpreter of the condition and life of the college to the Alumni and our interested friends, it has seemed best to the Board to enlarge our sphere of usefulness by adding a department both of correspondence and of Athletics. To be sure, both of these departments will only be continued so long as we see that they are desired; and we here again declare that in this, as in everything else connected with the paper, we depend *solely* upon the undergraduates to give us that necessary support to which we feel we are entitled.

We have again changed our prospectus, substituting the words "to exhibit the best literary work of the undergraduates," for "to train the undergraduates in the art of composition." As we are not acting in the capacity of a

professor of English, the words seemed to us to be slightly presumptive. We do not intend to take the place of the professor who corrects compositions, nor is our magazine a composition book.

It is a trite saying that "it takes all kinds to make a world;" and as this is true of the world, so is it especially true of organizations. Too often, however, we find, mingled with the desired variety of ruling and obeying elements, a class of rebellious spirits, another of unwilling workers, another of continual fault-finders, and still another of those tired people. How delightful it must be to belong to an organization which is honored (!) by the membership of such men! How enjoyable must be their company!—Imagine yourself in a ship at sea. A storm has suddenly arisen. The sky is darkening; the roar of the waves, as they roll in the distance, is deafening; the frequent clap and pealing of thunder, and the streaks of lightning darting dangerously in all directions announce the nearness of a squall. The wind blowing fiercely is tearing all that is not firmly fastened; the moment is a critical one. The captain, anxious to avert calamity, shouts "All hands on deck!"—Few appear. "All hands on deck!" he shouts again; but few more respond. Meanwhile the storm is rapidly approaching; and the waves rise higher and higher until it seems impossible for the captain and his few faithful sailors to save their ship already disabled. Cursing the mutinous set who had not responded at the word of call, and vowing that should the ship ride the storm safely they would pay well for their disobedience, the captain sees his vessel plunge violently forward and then reeling backward disappear beneath the waves.—Could one go below just before the ship sank, what a sight he would see! Some lolling in the hammocks with that tired feeling; others, debating whether they or some one else should go; still others; more willing even, to perish, than to offer the necessary aid to a captain whom they hated because he kept them at their work. Mutinous and worthless lot, well deserved they the fate that soon overtook them. Now how many organizations we know like that crew! The elements all, seemingly, combining to sink them; the captains shouting for "all hands to the rescue; the following mutiny; the reeling and sinking;—death. It would be well for rebellious members of organizations to realize always what mutiny means, and to consider the inevitable fate that is sure to overtake them. Indeed "all kinds" *are* needed in an organization, but they should be "all kinds" of willing workers.

We need a gymnasium. Who is going to help us get it? Is there not an alumnus who has some large hearted, practical soul in his parish or among his friends who could and would materially aid us in procuring this our GREATEST NEED? We know that there is. The only reason why we have not had a gymnasium long ago is because no one seems to know that we have none and so greatly need one. We have worked to get it ourselves, and that,

too, earnestly in the face of all kind of discouragement, by giving entertainments the profits of which were, algebraically speaking, more minus than positive. If ten more generations of students are willing to continue to give valuable time and energy for getting up minstrel shows for the rural population of this county, we may (and even then it is doubtful) be able to think that some day (no one could ever tell just when) S. Stephen's would be in possession of a gymnasium for which her sons had worked so hard that posterity would consider it an act of sacrilege to use the building, (a monument, indeed, of so much energy), but would exhibit it as a memento of the numerous attempts made in the name of good intention. Now gentlemen of the Alumni and friends, we have been stroked on the back and told so often that that gymnasium was coming, that we feel like the dying man who was told that better days were coming; "Yes?" he replied grimly "so is the Day of Judgment." Five years ago we were aroused and our hopes vainly raised, by being assured that we should see the gymnasium completed before three years had passed. The years have since rolled around and that gymnasium is a minus quantity yet. How long it will remain so, rests with the Alumni and friends of the college to decide; but we cannot help giving vent to our bitter disappointment, and confessing our loss of faith in those who so soon forget the needs of a home, which needs they have almost all felt while residing in that home. We do hope these words will appeal to many, and that our hairs will not be gray (should God bless us by allowing us to live that long) before we see a building in which the men who are to be the future spiritual leaders of the "New World" may have an opportunity of developing that strength which will enable them when they say in the Communion service "and here we present unto Thee ourselves, our souls and bodies" to have more noble, more robust and healthy bodies to offer, and not the weak emaciated forms which are too often the possession of the present day prophets of Jehovah.



Editors' Corner

Note.—Delicacy demands the explanation that this article was conceived and partially worked out, long before the occurrence of the event which has recently saddened us.

WE are confident that the discussion of no subject is more likely to gain the attention and sympathy of men and women than one entitled "Our Dead." Here we do not intend to especially emphasize the glorious doctrine of the Communion of Saints, although in this age it is perhaps the least understood and appreciated of all the Apostolic tenets; but we have a few practical thoughts to express about the treatment of the dead. In fact we intend to join the not overcrowded ranks of the Funeral Reformers.

We are well aware that in joining these ranks we may be rewarded, in our generation, with no better degree than that of rather doubtful honor: "B. W." (Bachelor of Whims) or, what may seem infinitely more fearful, be spoken of, with nasal twang and prolonged rolling emphasis of the initial consonant sounds, as "Cranks!" But will any one (save perhaps the money making undertaker) after sober thought, hesitate to say that many of our funeral customs are relics of barbarism?

We are also fully persuaded that in attacking these strongholds of custom we have before us adamant walls whose foundations were laid in the remotest past; but these were shaken and shattered beyond repair, when on the first Easter morning, the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre; and to-day we are holding them together with bands of superstition and barbarian sentiment. However, if we as reformers are to accomplish anything, we must deal with particulars and not with generalities.

Where, in revealed Christian truth, is there authority for the use of funeral black? This question virtually opens the whole discussion. Let the Christian answer what it is to die, and he will say that it is but a step into the happy beyond; the entrance into the rest of Paradise. Is that so dark and dismal a place that, to put ourselves in harmony with our beloved departed, we must shroud our churches, our homes, yes, our very selves in the color of darkness? Black, to be sure, is the color of sadness; and we are sad at the death of

friends; but is sadness the only feeling? If we were truly consistent Christians, would not the feeling of holy joy at the beatification of our loved ones predominate. Now if the grief is so hard to master in our human hearts—and we ourselves know how very hard it is—can we not take one advance step toward Christian consistency by hiding the darkness in our hearts, and letting white, and all it symbolizes, do away with black, both in our homes, in church and in our dress. Let not the church be sombre with black hangings and vestments, as if she were committing a soul and body to perdition. Let a wreath of flowers, or a hanging of white, take the place of the crêpe on the house door. Our departed friends have gone into a place of light and refreshment; why commemorate them with the color of Satan and sin? Let the heathenish black veils of our women, if worn at all, be relegated to seasons of grieving over sins and wickedness.

It is necessary to recall only a few of the items of funeral expense, and their corresponding consolations to see, that in comparison, nearly every luxury of life has more to commend it. What peace (and peace is undoubtedly the beginning and end of all happiness) is there to be gained in the expenditure of a hundred dollars, or more, for a casket in which to lay away from sight and to decay the mortal and corruptible body?

What is it but a foolish and despicable desire to have a "fine funeral" which prompts a lavish expenditure of money upon an abundance of costly flowers? The same motive can truthfully be ascribed to those who would have a long funeral parade of carriages. (Happily this seems to be following the fate of the custom which opened the casket in church and hired mourners to weep and lament.)

It is sad to have to tell Christian people that they are neglecting a sacred duty when they confide the body of one beloved to the care of an undertaker. The body of a Christian has been the temple of the Holy Ghost, and demands the most loving and reverent care.

We would complain also of the choice of hymns at funerals. In recalling the list of "funeral favorites," is it not true that they are often chosen for their dirge-like strains more than for the truth they teach? We have often been harrowed by such a choice as "When our heads are bowed with woe" or "In the hour of trial," both of which, as will be seen upon a careful reading, are more fitting for penitential sorrow, than for that sacred grief which we should feel when God calls home those who are near and dear to us.

As remedies for some of the above mentioned evils we urgently advise the substitution of a plain, neat box, for the highly ornamented and expensive casket; the more frequent use of the request "No flowers;" that friends or even casual acquaintances, who would be sympathetic, may not feel bound to express their feelings by anything more than a kindly earnest note of condolence.

It may be that in these remarks we have found sympathy among our readers; but sympathy alone will not satisfy us. Are you, who believe that we have common sense on our side, willing to give us a practical exhibition of your co-operation. When the test comes, in the event of the death of a friend or relative, are you willing to adopt at least the spirit, if not the letter, of our suggestions, and strive with us to show the world, by the reformation of our funeral usages, that we are children of a God of Light and Love and not of Darkness and Misery? Or will you be too weak to stand out against these fads, and continue to cherish your misery, blindly rejoicing therein; while you surround yourselves with the harrowing details of funeral and mourning customs which we have not hesitated to term relics of barbarism?

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

Alumni Notes.

'85—The Rev. E. B. Smith, B.D., has resigned St. Paul's, Vergennes, Vermont, and has accepted a call to Hazleton, Pa.

'86—The Rev. D. Stuart Hamilton, B.A., has resigned St. Paul's, Columbia, Pa., and has accepted a call to St. Paul's, Paterson, N. J.

'86—The present address of the Rev. J. Chauncey Linsley, B.A., is Trinity Church, Torrington, Conn., and not Irvington as last month's MESSENGER stated.

'90—The Rev. Daniel Russ Judd, of Poughkeepsie, was the guest of Kroil and Lasher, '96, in September.

'90—Prof. W. Geo. W. Anthony, M.A., for three years Tutor of Latin and Mathematics at this College has been appointed Tutor of Greek in place of The Rev. W. H. Pearson, B.D., resigned.

'91—The Rev. Harry S. Longley, B.A., has resigned St. Paul's, Troy, N. Y., and has accepted a call to Trinity, Milford, Mass.

'91—The Rev. Francis McFetrich, B.A., has resigned St. Michael's, New York City, and has gone to the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania.

'92—The Rev. Wm. M. Mitcham has recently accepted a call to Stanhope, N. J.

'92—Mr. Albert J. Knock, B.A., has been appointed Tutor in Latin and Mathematics at S. Stephen's in place of Prof. W. Geo. W. Anthony, '90, transferred.

'92—The Rev. Jas. M. Blackwell, M.A., of Mechanicsburg, Pa., was the guest of A. L. Longley '96, at the College, in September.

'93—Mr. Francis C. Steinmetz, B.A., has left the Philadelphia Divinity School and entered the General Theological Seminary in New York City.

College Notes.

—Mrs. Wm. Vanamee, of Middletown, N. Y., visited her son Talcott in September.

—L. L. Knott entertained his mother at Annandale for a few days recently.

—H. Harrington Pease, Sp. C., returned to College Sept. 23d.

—Reported on the sick list during September were T. Vanamee and L. L. Knott, both of whom recovered in due time.

—Most of the students at College are now possessed of wheels, either in their heads or in bicycle form.

—We regret to state that William Ives Rutter '96, will not return to College this year. He has taken a position as book-keeper in the Tradesman's National Bank, in Philadelphia. Possibly he will return next year to graduate with '97.

—A. W. Hind '99, of Sea Cliff, L. I., returned to College Sept. 30.

—The following men were elected Class Presidents for this year: '96, Thos. Paul Maslin; '97, Isaac Yohannon; '98, Benjamin Augustus Robbins; '99, Angus William Porter.

—Green '97, and Toop of "Blarney Castle" were entertained at Poughkeepsie by H. C. Plum, Harvard '97, on Saturday evening, Sept. 21st. Fudges "à la Vassar" were in order during the evening.

—The office for the Burial of the Dead was said in the College Chapel at noon on Tuesday, Sept. 24, simultaneously with the funeral of the late Benjamin Augustus Robbins, at his home in Austin, Ill. Mr. Robbins was the President of the Sophomore Class and half-back on the Varsity Football eleven. A more extended notice appears elsewhere in this number.

—Some ardent young reformer, desirous of promoting the increase of good fellowship between the men of different societies, has conceived the idea of dining in common once a week. That is, that the custom of dining together as societies be abolished for the time being and the men sit in other than their accustomed places; thus, over the tea cups, getting better acquainted with some spirit less familiar than the daily table companions. Enthusiasm for this innovation has not yet attained the desired end, but the originator of the idea has at least produced an effect upon the men of his own society who have agreed, among themselves, to change their places at table on one evening.

of every week, having found varied grouping very conducive to an enjoyable meal.

—Lasher '96, Green and Flint '97, Allison '99, and Toop were entertained by "Judge" Gedney at his home in Red Hook, on the afternoon and evening of Sept. 19. A bountiful dinner was served at seven. The party, consisting of seven young men and as many young ladies, broke up at about 12:30, and all went home feeling that the "Judge" still retains the distinction of being a most excellent host.

—The following new men have registered and are living at the College:

FRESHMEN.

Herbert L. Hannah, Salem, N. J.
J. William Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Adelbert McGinnis, Bristol, Conn.
Edward A. Sidman, Oil City, Pa.

SENIOR PREPARATORY.

Arthur P. Kelley, Nashua, N. H.
James R. Lacey, Albany, N. Y.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY.

Chas. P. Bispam, Richmond Hill, L. I.
S. Edward Farmer, Elizabeth, N. J.
Hugh P. Hobson, Marlborough, N. Y.

THREE YEARS' SPECIAL COURSE.

Jacob B. Greiner, Terre Haute, Ind.
William B. Sams, Rockville, S. C.
J. B. Walker, Charleston, S. C.
Elmer Young, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SPECIAL STUDENT IN GREEK.

Frank H. Staples, Portland, Me.

—There are, in all, about 65 men in College this year. All occupy rooms either in the new buildings or in Aspinwall Hall with two *only* in North Orient. We are pleased to note the fact that most of the Junior special coursemen have changed to the regular course. This is often the case, while we *seldom* hear of a regular courseman changing to the special course; a fact which, above all, shows that men who come here are perfectly well satisfied to stay with us as long as possible.

—A twelve mile drive after Chapel recently found the Junior Class in the best of humor to appreciate a generous repast and strengthen true class feel-

ing at a model country hotel, Blue Stores, New York. After the "spread" came a set of Toasts, all of which were responded to in a most pleasing manner. The following is a copy of the Toast Card:

'97.

Mens Sibi Conscia Recti.

Sept. 25, 1895. "Blue Stores."

TOASTS.

Toast Master, Edward Slater Dunlap.
"οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυνοῖρανία."

I. Class Histories, Seth Wolcott Linsley.
"Acribus initiis incurioso fine."

II. Persian as an aid to the study of Greek, . . . Isaac Yohannon.
"There's a boy, we pretend,
With a three-decker brain,
That could harness a *horse*
With a logical chain."

III. The Coming College Woman, . . . Joseph Patterson Gibson.
"Oh! flesh, flesh,
How art thou finished!"

IV. "Busts," Edward Hudson Young.
"The Belly is their God."

V. "Cutting," Homer Abial Flint.
"Sic Fuit."

VI. Our Alma Mater, George Andrew Green.
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my 'Alma Mater' dear."

VII. (1) The Summer Girl,
"Varirum et mutabile semper femina."
(2) Farewell, Paul Shimmon.
"How can I bear to leave thee!"

The supper was in honor of Mr. Paul Shimmon, who leaves '97 to enter Columbia College, there to complete his B.A. course, hoping with the class to re-unite with them when they enter the Gen'l Seminary in the fall of '97. Mr. Shimmon has, with unflagging zeal, labored successfully during the past summer, in New York and Massachusetts, lecturing in behalf of Missionary Work in his native country, Persia. Mr. Shimmon left friends, country, and home in Persia to come to this country for the purpose of promoting the Missionary Spirit in the Church in America and of gaining an education himself, intending to return as a missionary to his own people. During his stay

at S. Stephen's he has gained many friends, not only among the students and faculty, but also among the Alumni and friends of the College, all of whom regret that he is to leave S. Stephen's, and all join in wishing him the highest success both in his course at Columbia and in his labors for the Church. He leaves Annandale to go to N. Y., not S. Stephen's to enter Columbia.

Athletic Notes.

Mirabile Dictu! The Athletic Association has at last called a meeting.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, Sept. 16, A. L. Longley '96, was chosen manager of the foot-ball team.

The use of the athletic field has been granted to the foot-ball team, and the Warden has kindly put it in suitable order.

Frank Van R. Moore was unanimously chosen captain of the foot-ball eleven at a meeting on Sept. 27. This insures both good government for the team and strict obedience.

Base-ball ought to flourish in its season since we now have a cousin of the famous Mike Kelley of the Boston team, in College.

Tennis, like the summer girl, seems to have lost its attraction. The "Sig" court is entirely overgrown with grass and weeds. The "Kaps" use their court for chestnut gathering; while the Eulexian court—well, the young ladies of the neighborhood played on it a few times during *vacation*. Those who are not interested in foot-ball during the fall, ought to arouse some interest in tennis. There are enough men loafing on the campus every afternoon to make a full set for each court. Tennis is a most desirable game, furnishes splendid exercise and should not be neglected. We are glad to note the great interest which is being taken in foot-ball, not only by the students but by the faculty as well. Frank Van R. Moore has kindly offered to coach the team, which means that they will be *well trained*. Mr. Moore has had a large experience in the game and understands it thoroughly. Although the number of men on the field has as yet not been what it should be, nevertheless we feel that, if the men will only come out and practice, S. Stephen's can put a fine team on the field this fall. There is plenty of raw material in College; come out and develop it. Several challenges have been sent and one or two received, so that we are sure to have a series of games. The importance of having a second line for practice cannot be overstated. Men cannot practice without others to give them some opposition. Let us all remember this and come out to give the Varsity team practice even if we do not get on it ourselves. If a man plays on the second eleven and excels, there will always be a chance to get on the first. Though no team has been "picked," yet from the present outlook (considering simply the way in which men have

practiced) the following men appear, at *this* writing, to stand a good chance of positions:

	WEIGHT.	AGE.	HEIGHT.
Centre Rush { Judd,	160	21	5.9
Tully,	140	24	5.7
Right Guard—Mayers,	165	21	6.0
Left Guard—Vanamee,	155	16	5.9
Right Tackle—Moore,	150	23	5.9
Left Tackle—Greiner,	150	26	5.10
Right End—Flint,	130	20	5.6
Left End—C. Wheeler,	135	21	5.8
Right Half-Back { Devall,	140	20	5.5
A. Wheeler,	130	21	5.6
Left Half-Back—Carroll,	145	19	5.11
Quarter Back—Dunlap,	130	19	5.7
Full Back—Coerr,	155	20	5.11
Average,	143	21	5.9

New sweaters, jerseys and stockings have been ordered for the team and are expected soon. We again plead the necessity for a "*second*" eleven and hope the men will come out to practice. Let us make the S. Stephen's Varsity eleven the best along the River. We can do it, if we all will try.

Exchanges.

THE first number to reach our table last month was the Student Record. We notice the change in the staff and beg to offer our congratulations. This little paper is, we judge, very newsy for those attached to the University of Nevada, and certainly shows great skill in saying "*multum in parvo*." We would, however, suggest a lengthy article occasionally and so avoid monotony.

Of all the papers which come to our table it gives us most pleasure to review that attractive little magazine, the Bachelor of Arts. The September number of this truly literary paper fell in no wise below the high standard which it has set up for itself. One article in particular we would mention that entitled "Of interest to Parents and Guardians." Full of practical common sense and good judgment it likewise showed a clear and comprehensive knowledge of a subject which is of vital importance to every college student. The remarks on examinations and their true significance in *testing* the student were doubly interesting to us as our Alma Mater tries her children in this manner each term. The appearance of the final paper of Mr. Corbin's American Collegian at Oxford was a disappointment to us. It is always with regret that we see the last of a good thing.

Extracts.

A SPIDER'S WEB.

LIKE fairy tents on the glistening fields
Wrought by an elfin crew,
Are the gauzy webs, right deftly spun
And spangled with drops of dew.

And through the gleaming, shimmering webs,
The sunbeams come and go,
And the dew-drops lie like limpid pearls
On the grass-blades bending low.

The silver light seems caught and held
And woven with wondrous skill
By these magic weavers, taught of God
Their dainty warp to fill.

And the dwellers in these mystic bowers
Prove clearly by their ways,
They hold the magic heritage
Of fairies of former days.—*H. D. P.*

“Trinity Tablet.”

Correspondence.

Note.—The Board desire to state that they are in no way responsible for the answers given to the questions sent, but will try to keep the sentiment and language consistent with the tone of the paper generally.—Ed.

“Japanese Lanterns.”—No vaudeville is allowed without license. Politics strictly forbidden.

“Chip.”—Game laws of the state prohibit the slaughter of Welsh *rabbits* after November 15th.

California.—For points on Home Missions we refer you to Laura Jean Libbey's latest: “How His Love Grew Cold.”

Fudges.—We agree, the Vassar receipt is the best.

Sanctum.—Carbolic may be good for the microbes in dictionaries, but it is certainly obnoxious to one's neighbors.

“Pope.”—Your holiness ought to consult the Ceremonial, that hereafter you may appear in the proper vestments at midnight celebrations.

“Noah's Ark.”—It is certainly to be regretted that the recent flood left but one calf as a relic of the menagerie.

“Friend Fritze.”—We would not advise the forming of a whiskey bottle syndicate.

“Blind Thomas.”—“Essence of Emphasis” is now sold in b-b-b-ulk.

“Socrates.”—No, “Harem” beauties in this country are not taxed.

“Whitecaps.”—Thanks! Just received your new edition of the “Song of the Shirt,” and “Night Thoughts.”

Lilli-an.—Your order will be somewhat delayed owing to the recent depredations of midnight maulauders.

“Diavolo.”—Sorry, old man, you're all out. Better go hunt in the garrett.

Dunlap.—Yes you are right; green *peas* need to be well seasoned. We refer you to *farmer* for harangues on cultivation.

“Father Abraham.”—We would advise thy *little* school girls to meditate upon the fate of *Blue-beard's* wives.

“Mephistopheles.”

We append the following lines sent us by one of our poets in honor of the kindness of friend Mephistopheles in relieving us of the responsibilities of this new department.

TO THE COLLEGE MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dear Mephisto, thou comest to us in the dead of night,
Slow and measured is thy tread, thy knock is light;
An almost spectral figure thou seemed to be
When in my first term here thou cam'st to me.
Thy simple childish air I did mistrust;
I bought none of thy store to grace a “bust;”
But now my faith in thee shall so remain,
That when again thou *traverse* moor and plain,
And to the weirdness of the hour thy coming suit,
I'll open wide my purse and buy thy fruit;
And offer thee my couch, where free from cares,
(For having sold the last of all thy tears)
Thou may'st repose until the early dawn
Then take thy basket up and soon be gone.

Jocularia.

HIC jacet. (?) The Athletic Association.

A thing of the past :—The Missionary Society.

Until one has visited "Blarney Castle" in the Midway Plaisance, and has viewed the master pieces of art which are on exhibition there, he cannot fully appreciate the following advertisement which recently appeared on the bulletin board. "For Sale!! Two OIL Paintings.

One OIL Stove.

The speed with which our old friends (?) the College felines have disappeared is certainly most marvelous. In fact we never before *sausage* a CATAstrophy

Prof. James put his hands in his trousers' pockets, leaned back in his chair and remarked in his off-hand way: "There is one primal teleological reactivity in a protoplasm." A wan smile of grateful intelligence lighted the eager boyish faces of the class.—*Harvard Advocate*.

A mosquito lit
Upon a Freshman's head,
"I guess I'll get
Poor pastures there," he said.

Student Record.

Things must be green to grow
But pardon me if I suggest,
"You think me green I know"—
Said Freshman sprout to Senior stalk.

"*Sibyl*"—Elmira.