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MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. V.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., APRIL, 1899.

No. 5.

"Respice Finem."

BY HENRY LOWNDES DREW, 1900.

THESE words spoke Philo, one of the Greek sages, who devoted his life to the development of Greek morals.

This great ethical precept, *Respice finem*, has been re-echoed by all succeeding generations to the present time, resounding as the keynote of the Christian faith.

Long before Philo gave voice to it, was it cherished as an invaluable treasure of thought by the secret priesthood of the Egyptians, which existed as the only sure repository for the monotheistic doctrine of the Godhead and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, when the common herd of the Egyptians was gradually, but surely, drifting towards and being overwhelmed by its belief in polytheism.

Look to the end! What end? We supply *vitalis*, and the thought is complete, look to the end of life. Any religious body which teaches its member this precept must surely look for something beyond, for it would be folly, waste of time, to be continually considering the end or accomplishment of our duty, were there to be no reward after having reached the long sought for goal.

The successful and skilled contractor plans his work in advance, and then, having launched forth upon it, looks steadfastly to the end, each day laboring and building that the results may show good honest work, worthy of the time and energy expended; so ought we to labor, awaiting the end of each day, as though fully aware of its being our last; then when the sun sinks below the western horizon of our lives it may set upon works well done and, perhaps, more worthy of the bright and glorious rays of the dawn of an immortal life.

How happy was the closing scene of the life of that great and profound thinker; he to whom we are so much indebted for the example of a noble life and peaceful death; he who was continually looking forward to that end which, he said, was to him the beginning of a journey to a far better and more glorious country, and thus Socrates with due reverence might be said to be the preparer of the way for the Christian faith.

Happy was he when the time came to make the journey, for although about to leave behind those who were near and dear to him, he was comforted by the thought that he was to enjoy the most sacred and blessed of all intercourse—the intercourse with his God.

We may all learn a lesson from the death of this firm believer in a one, true, supreme God, since Socrates was not a polytheist as were most of the people of his day.

Marcus Aurelius, a Roman philosopher of the Stoic school, has embodied the same precept in the following words: "Since it is possible that thou mayest depart from life this very moment, regulate every act and thought accordingly."

These words, although coming from a pagan moralist, are well worthy of the thought and attention of every Christian, since they comprehend a great truth which the Catholic church tries to impress upon the minds of her children.

As the ancient philosopher disseminated this precept among the people of his time, so does the church, the propagator of the Christian faith exhort her people to watch and ever look forward to that great end, when it will be necessary for every one to lay aside the temporal body and assume the robe of immortality.

If the living of a life in accord with this maxim was the source of such a pleasant and happy death for Socrates, how surely it will be for every Christian who is willing to hearken to and obey these words so full of meaning and of so much value: *Respice finem.*

Soliloquy of a Shaver.

BEING DIVERS REFLECTIONS CONCERNING BEARDS, RAZORS, AND BARBERS;
TO WHICH IS ADDED INFORMATION OF AN HISTORICAL CHARACTER, WITH EXCERPTS FROM CLASSIC SOURCES.

BY HORACE WOOD STOWELL, '01.

"TO shave, or not to shave?" That is the question which keeps pestering me, as gazing into the mirror, I view my incipient growth of beard, and ponder over the advisability of my using again my new shaving outfit. Shorter and shorter, I notice, are growing the periods in which my "new born

chin" becomes "rough and razorable." And the times of rasure are becoming so frequent as to be annoying. Why not, after all, let it grow as nature intended it? If the beard were not a necessary part of man's being, why was Adam made already provided with one? For that Adam had a beard, is a fact which all Hebrew legend and sarcophagic inscriptions unmistakably prove. If then, Adam and his immediate children and his children's children were honored for the length of their beards, why must I not permit my chin to be combered by the least covering of down? Why is it not permitted me to rejoice as a *barbatulus*, and later to take pride as a *barbatus*, as it was to the Ancient Romans before Scipio Africanus imported his 200 Sicilian barbers? No; fashion ordains that I must shave. So, again my chin becomes "new born," for thus fashion maketh slaves of us all. Thus fashion has always made slaves of men; and thus it is I suppose that the history of civilization is so largely intermingled with the account of the caprice of mankind, as witnessed in its hair-cutting, beard-clipping and shaving. I am almost tempted to write here, that the history of civilization is a record of the triumphs and failures of the beard. When I find that whiskers in the past have been the distinctive marks of conquerors and conquered; that they have been causes of civil strife; and that they have influenced religion even, and brought about heresy and schism in the church, I am forced to the opinion that this important historical key is worthy voluminous treatment.

That beards have always been matters of great pride to their holders, is a fact repeatedly demonstrated from biblical writers to those of the present day. In their treatment of the beard, it seems that the Israelites displayed joy, or sorrow, or pride, or despondency; and the important part it played in their social life is seen in the incident of Joab and Amasa. Joab in greeting the latter took his beard, saying "Art thou in health my brother?" And so it was that Amasa took no heed of the sword in Joab's hand, which Joab at once thrust beneath the other's fifth rib. No wonder that among such a people the beard should have become the glory of every man! Chaucer seems to give an ideal expression to this form of vanity in his "Knight's Tale:"

"My berd, my here that hangeth long adoun,
That never yet felt non offenseione
Of rasour ne of shere, I woll the geve,
And ben thy trewe servant while I live."

So fond were the Egyptians of the vain adornment of their chins, that on festive occasions, so the illustrious "Father of History" has told us, they wore false beards. What a pitiful picture in history,—nature denying to the Egyptian dudes that which would have been so loved by them! Familiar to all of us are the old tablet drawings, representing the braided and fantastic arrangements which the Chaldeans and Persians gave to their beards. And so I might go on and furnish instance after instance of the vanity of nations

finding expression in the beard ; but to do so would make an essay full long and tiresome ; for of such instances, history is replete.

" When Greek meets Macedonian
Then comes the tug of beard,"—

is an old couplet which has come down to us through the ages, and which had for its inspiration nothing less than one of the world's famous battles, in which Alexander the Great suffered one of his few defeats ; due only to the fact that the marauding Macedonians grabbed the flowing beards of the Greeks, and in modern colloquialism " wiped the earth up with them." It is needless to say that the great conqueror saw at once in what point his forces failed. Henceforth Greeks kept their beards clipped ; and from that time the length and shortness of the beard among civilized people have been governed by the whim of fashion.

The historian Pliny has given us the first recorded instance of the introduction among the arts of the craft of barbering. For in those days it was considered both an art and a science ; and the " tonsorial artist " ranked with the surgeon and the teacher. An old English translator thus amusingly and quaintly gives us Pliny's account :

" The next thing that all people of the worlde agreed in was to entertain barbers, but it was late first ere they were in any request at Rome. The first that entered into Italie came out of Sicilie, and it was in the 454th yere after the foundation of Rome. Brought in there by P. Ticimus Meno, as Varro doth report ; for before that time they never cut their haire. The firste that was shaven every day was Scipio Africanus, and after him cometh Augustus the emperor, who evermore used the razour."

The barber was soon a lion of Roman society. His was one of the most favored of positions. His patrons were the first of the land, and such was the demand made upon him by the aristocracy, that to have unkempt hair or whiskers was soon regarded as a sign of despondency, and has remained such to this day. Accordingly Plutarch mentions that after the overthrow he had Modena, " Anthony suffered his beard to grow at length and never clipped it ; that it was marvellous long." And Shakspeare makes use of this fact when he puts into the mouth of Enobarbus,

" By Jupiter !
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard
I would not shave't to-day."

Shakspeare further witnesses that even then a shaven face was considered necessary before entrance into female society, and we learn that the charms of Cleopatra influenced Anthony's beard, as well as did despondency.

" Upon her landing, Anthony sent to her,
Invited her to supper ; she replied,
It should be better, he become her guest,
Which she entreated ; our courteous Anthony
Whom ne'er the word of NO woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o're, goes to the feast."

Rome not only first established the barber among the requirements of society, but she also forced shaving upon the Church, and gave to the world a shaven christianity. To-day, it is still the followers of the Eastern schism who persist in going unshaven. Tyndall condemns the Roman priests in this respect.

" The clergy with their false and subtil wyles had beguiled and mocked the people, and brought them into the ignorance of the worde, making them understand by this worde ' Church,' nothing but the shaven flock."

Rome gave to our mother country, barber shops ; and though these institutions have degenerated somewhat, to-day they are substantially the same as they were in the time of Henry VIII, when men had to pay a tax on their goutee. England showed Peter the Great how to shave, and thus transmitted the unnatural custom to both Russians and Turks, though indeed shaving was not unknown to Mussulmen. Mahomet, however, had allowed nature to have her course, and his had been a long standing example to his followers, until contact with Russian civilization brought the barber into Bagdad and other Turkish capitals.

The barber in our own time has lost his standing ; and from a profession barbering has degenerated to a mere trade. The barber is still a wealthy member of the community, however, and hard times furnish no diminution of his income. The necessities of his association, his mingling with all sorts and conditions of men, have perforce given him brightness and versatility of conversation, and his shop is a place where the talkative ever love to dwell. English literature has many a reference to both the craft and worker. In the *Tatler*, Dr. Johnson gave this amusing tribute to tonsorial versatility :

" Watermen brawl, cobblers sing ; but why must a barber be forever a politician, a musician, an anatomist, a poet and a physician ?

The learned Vossius says his barber used to comb his head in iambs."

And Goldsmith has given testimony to the important office of a barber in making a gentlemen.

" To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber.

To appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbors, and clap it like a brush on his own."

Philosophers tell us that man's persistency in relieving himself of his beard must eventually result in the total disappearance of any hairy growth from his face. However that may be, such a time is certainly far in the future, as the shaving of the face seems as much a necessity as ever to all who would be beardless, and the free silver heresy has proven that beards of the long, white silken type are possibilities to-day as they have ever been.

If it is true, as a Mr. Muntz of England sometime ago said, that " Shaving is a breach of the Sabbath, and a hindrance to the spread of the gospel," the Sabbath is destined to be desecrated for centuries, I may say ; and the gospel still to be hindered, notwithstanding " Raines " bills and Lexow investigations.

He was Gathered unto His People.

BY ANGUS MACKAY PORTER, '99.

FAR north of the border line, which separates the States from Canada, there nestles among the tall pines and rugged hills a small lake, cold and clear, and in winter ice-bound and piled high with snow. This sheet of water is many miles distant from any town, but along its shores are scattered the huts, which form the homes of the nickel miners. Years ago it was the station of the Hudson Bay Company; but now only the Indians and half-breeds remember the station in all its prosperity, a time when rich furs and good hunting were more plentiful than bad language and poor whiskey. Leading out from the northwest end of Lake Opashika lies a twin body of water, very small and very beautiful, called Locken-fraux. On this lake stands a log cabin and in the cabin lived a man. When the mines were first located a young American, tired by study and wasted by disease, had crossed the border and made his way to this neighborhood to hunt, smoke, fish, and incidentally to get well. The dwellers of the district told the young American strange tales of the old man who lived all alone on Lochen-fraux, so before he left he went there one day and, inspired by the wildness of the scenery and weirdness of the story, he wrote the legend in queer doggerel verse. When winter came the man went home only to die, but before he left he gave the legend to Pierre Dumont. Years came and went. Pierre Dumont grew from boy to man, and the legend, though marked by much handling of rough fingers, still remained. Dumont read the story until he knew it by heart. The legend grew older and older, and as the years of the story increased, so did the age of the old man of Lochen-fraux.

* * * * *

When Lee Grenville's uncle died he left him a great many shares of stock, representing a large interest in some nickel mines in northern Canada. Lee declared his purpose of going to attend to the mines himself. Of course his mother and sisters considered the scheme very useless, but as Lee said, "An Englishman ought to attend to his own property himself. What did my uncle leave them to me for," he continued, "unless he wished me to have some money and to gain more?" So, having bought an outfit of blankets and furs, he came to Canada. His journey was for a great distance simple and over the track preceded by civilization. At the lake post of Temiscamingue he obtained the services of two guides. Fine specimens, they were, of the native Indian, not above ordinary height, but every movement showed strength and latent endurance. What a glorious ride it was! Lee wrapped warmly in furs, leaned back in the sledge and watched with admiration the rhythmic, steady swing of his guides, as their snow shoes glided swiftly over

the glittering surface. All day long, except when the halt was made for lunch, they went steadily forward. The start had been made early in the morning, and shortly after sunset, as twilight crept on, the smoke of the huts of Opashika arose near at hand. Long, low-lying huts they were, but they gave the appearance of security and rest; then, too, the bright fires, and the light of the lamps, shining through the dingy windows, seemed to Lee to offer a hearty welcome.

The guides halted before a building at the edge of the clearing, and with scant ceremony, opened the door and dragged the sledge in after them. This house was the abode presided over by M. Pierre Dumont; the bachelor quarters of the camp. A kind of queer, old inn where every one felt at home and talked or smoked or was silent, as he chose. The door they had just entered opened into a wide passageway, arranged with bunks along the sides of the walls; in the farther end of the room was a fireplace, extending across the entire hall and down the center stretched a long table with benches on either side.

The men were sitting down as Grenville and his guides entered. Pierre Dumont arose when he saw his visitors and with a pleasant welcome seated them at the table. Soon all were talking, little ceremony but agreeable freedom, asking questions of the outside world, for in winter a visitor was a rare treat. When Dumont heard of Lee's wish to go directly to the mines on the following day he remarked that it would be a good six hours' trip, but as the guides thoroughly knew the country, Lee experienced little uneasiness on that score. It was a jolly supper and soon the men were stretched lazily on their blankets around the hearth, puffing idly at their pipes, and looking into the blaze of a great log, which snapped and glowed on the irons. As the fire reached some concealed pitch the flame would hiss and sputter, then sink back into a steady glow. Dumont was an excellent story-teller, and Lee found himself drowsily musing into the fire, and yet heeding the events which Dumont was relating.

"Yes," said Dumont, "I remember him well. I was a lad then, but I admired the man, and when he went away he gave me the poem he had written about the old man of Lochen-fraux. I have read it often. Yes, yes," he went on, "they say the poor boy went home and died, and died. Too bad, too bad." His voice had sunk lower and lower, then ceased altogether. There was silence a few moments, then Dumont turned to Lee. "I crave pardon, Monsieur," he said, "you must be tired, permit me to show you your room. To-morrow I will let you read the story, the old man of Lochen-fraux is alive yet they say." Lee arose with a sigh of contentment and knocked the ashes from his pipe. "I am tired," he said, "but I wish you would let me read the story to-night, it is very interesting." "Very well," replied Pierre, and he brought Lee a lamp and a small brown volume filled with writing in a hand small, but very distinct. Then Dumont opened the

door of the room in which Lee was to pass the night; pausing on the threshold, he said, "It is a strange story, but it is true. Good night. I wish Monsieur a pleasant rest."

Soon Lee was on his couch, snugly wrapped in warm blankets and furs, the lamp on a table by his head and the book of verse in his hand. He read on and on, unmindful of time and place. The strange tale carried him back many years. As Dumont would say, "Bon Dieu! How strange it all was!" The story told that a young Frenchman had come to Canada with money and energy, a beautiful wife and child. He lived near the camp and brought skins to the Hudson Company. Here he was happy and loved. Then the small-pox came. How he fought it day after day, night after night. In the end he too was stricken down by the disease and when it left him his wife and child had been buried. Perhaps the sorrow, perhaps the disease, perhaps the long watches had driven him mad, but mad he certainly was, and to his disordered brain his wife and child seemed to have been murdered, not carried off by the disease. So he left his fellow men and built a hut to wait for the murderer whom his brain had conceived. The legend told that his imagination had painted a perfect man, hair, eyes, features, height, even the very scene of the supposed murder. Standing over his wife and child he had seen a man with a bloody knife in his hand. Then the last verse. How the letters danced before Lee's eyes and rushed through his brain. When one is wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement he will often endeavor by one effort to assume false calm. This was the case with Lee. Pulling himself together he closed the book, threw it upon the floor and blew out the light. Still he could not drive from his mind the horror of that last verse connected with the pitiful story. Again and again he heard the words,

" His madness painted a window,
With the cold moon streaming in,
His madness showed him the features
Of a man who was steeped in sin.
And showed him the man,
With the knife in his hand
That was gory, and grewsome, and grim.
So he fled away,
To wait, as they say,
Until God should send him to him."

* * * * * * * * *

Out in the hall Lee could hear the regular breathing of the men in their bunks, but sleep had deserted him. He kept thinking of the Frenchman. How he had suffered, what kind of a man he had pictured? When at last he fell asleep it seemed but a short time until he heard Dumont busying himself in the kitchen, preparing breakfast. The path to the mines was too rough

for a sledge, so Lee and his guides, strapping on their snowshoes and bidding Dumont good-bye, were soon on their way. Their road led through a forest of tall pines; often it was necessary to make a long detour to avoid rocks and gullies.

During the morning the air seemed very still and as the afternoon crept along the sun became hidden by heavy fleecy clouds. The Indians said little, but Lee noticed that they had increased their pace and occasionally looked uneasily toward the sky. Then the snow began to sift gently down through the trees. The guide near Lee turned to him, "It will be a big storm, Monsieur, we must hasten." Soon Lee could see barely three feet before him. The wind, too, had risen, and a dense wall of blinding snow from the north blew steadily into their faces. It seemed to Lee that they had been fighting on for hours. The snow was very deep now and the shoes were heavy as lead. He attached no blame to his guides for what followed, but in the blinding snow and thick darkness he became separated from them. They, thinking him close at their heels, had gone steadily on, but Lee must have turned off from the path. Blindly he stumbled ahead, at one moment striking against a tree, at another, sinking up to his waist in a soft hill of snow. He had been facing the storm for some time now, and his strength was almost spent when he struggled out upon the edge of a small lake. Through the fast drifting snow he saw a light gleaming not a hundred yards distant; summoning his remaining strength he made for the light. As he approached he saw that it came through a pane of glass in the opening of a small cabin. With a muttered thanksgiving he opened the door and staggered into the room.

As Lee entered a figure seated by the hearth sprang to its feet and reached for a gun. Lee had never seen such a man before. At first in the dim glow of the fire the face seemed nothing but eyes. Like two bright coals they looked, which danced and shone from their dark background. As Lee became accustomed to the light of the room, he saw a thin wiry man, with glossy black hair which fell in heavy folds upon his stooping shoulders. His bright eyes were fringed with heavy black brows. The small part of his face, which was not covered with hair, was horribly marked and scarred by disease. Lee thought him hardly an inviting host, but feeling the storm at his back, he closed the door and walked into the room. "I beg your pardon," he said, "for intruding, but I lost my guides and saw your light." The man put down his gun and walking to the door placed a heavy beam across the panel, fastening it with a chain. Then turning to Lee he said, "A heavy storm. Sit there by the fire and warm yourself." He spoke very slowly and his voice sounded cracked and dry from disuse. Lee seated himself by the fire and looked about the cabin. It consisted of a single room, heavily hung with furs, in one corner a cot. In the center stood a rough deal table. The old man placing some food on this turned to Lee and said, "Let us eat now, then

I will talk to you. I did not expect you to-night, so there will be few dainties," Then he laughed, "Dainties here!" When he opened his mouth he showed two rows of beautiful white teeth. Lee was warmer now, so the fierceness of the storm outside seemed to him less wild. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over him. How much better had he stayed a day or so longer with Dumont. The meal here reminded him of his evening supper the day before at—he paused with a feeling of horror. That poem! "Until God should send him to him."

Why couldn't he rid his mind of that weird tale? The old man arose from the table and pointed to a seat near the fire. Lee sat down and filling his pipe began to smoke. The hermit, too, sat down and looking into the fire talked of France, of Canada, of days that had gone, of a woman, a child, of sickness, of death. As he talked the candle burned lower and lower, sputtered, hissed, and then went out.

Meanwhile the storm still raged. Lee could hear the sighing of the wind in the trees along the shores of the lake. On the floor and walls shadows from the firelight danced in fantastic forms. Suddenly Lee felt the eyes of the old man glaring fiercely into his. His voice was no longer low now, but his words came out short and sharp like the crack of a pistol. "I remember perfectly," he was saying, "that man killed my wife and child, while I was sick, ill, almost dead. I saw it with these eyes. Look at them, look, I tell you! They were soft and deep and full of love then, but, my God, now look. I saw his face in the moonlight. I will never forget that man. He killed my family and the people let him live. God has told me he would send the murderer to me some day." He was crouched down by the corner of the fireplace now. His long arms and fingers twitching and working, his thin, dry lips drawn tightly back over the gums, showing his teeth and snarling like some mad animal. Lee sat as one fascinated by a snake. Slowly through his muddled brain came the knowledge that this madman had been describing *him*, every feature, his face, his hair, his eyes. It was horrible. He staggered to his feet, but he was too late. Out of the dusk that crouching heap sprang. The long snakey arms entwined themselves about Lee pinning his hands to his sides and deep into his throat sank the strong, white, teeth. He could feel at his neck the thick hair and hear the sputtering, gurgling sound as the teeth of the madman sank deeper and deeper into his throat. Around and around they fought. Outside it seemed to Lee that all the snow had melted and that a great torrent of water was flowing about him. The sound of many waters filled his ears. It was very cold now and his legs and arms seemed numb. There was a crash of falling glass, the sound of a shot. Then Mr. Lee Grenville, Englishman and gentleman, fell asleep and was gathered unto his fathers.

The guides had missed Lee and after searching for him many hours had

come to Lochen-fraux just as the struggle was almost over. One had broken the window and shot the hermit of Lochen-fraux, but too late to save Grenville. They took them both back to Camp Opashika and buried them and no one worked in the mines for a whole day.

Man cannot judge the mad, so they buried the hermit and Grenville side by side, and dug the grave as deep for one as for the other, and read the same burial service over both. Moreover it was Fate; so, as Pierre Dumont says, "God be merciful unto us all."

A Reminiscence.

IN a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan* appears a very cleverly written "point of view" regarding the English gentleman. The ideas of Englishmen on the subject are set forth in such a clear manner, that one is, in a measure, enabled to comprehend how our English cousins became possessed of such preposterous notions.

It seems that on the other side a man may be a gentleman by either of two methods. If one has been born to a title, he is a gentleman in spite of himself; but if he has not given sufficient thought to that subject before entering this world, he may, upon discovering his mistake, enter one of the learned professions. He is not even a gentleman then necessarily, but is entitled to become one and may do so by giving due attention to society, thus indicating his desire.

To offset these peculiar sentiments, Mr. Walker follows this article with another, in which he dwells, with a naïve charm, upon the traits which go to make up the American gentleman. He represents our home product as a rare combination of all the catalogued virtues.

These two articles recall an occasion which produced two incidents worthy of being considered apropos. It was back in '91, when Lord Hawkes with his team of cricketers made a tour of our country. Incidentally he played a series of games with the Gentlemen of Philadelphia; and during one of the games the following incident developed:

The time was about half over and the score had reached a critical point when one of the American players was crippled and sent from the field. The crowded grand stand was in a fever of suspense lest a poorer player should be brought on to lessen the chances of the home team. Then it developed that our side had no spare man and must borrow from the Englishman. The suspense increased. Everyone knew that Hawkes was worth any two of our men; also that he had one or two players vastly inferior to the poorest player on the American team. What the "gentleman in spite of himself" would do, was a pertinent question. Well, after a consultation, Hawkes left the

field for a few minutes; and then a player was discerned coming from the dressing room. Only a moment to identify the man and then a roaring applause, which would have drowned the approach of a cavalry legion, escorted Hawkes himself to the wickets. The arrival of an American "sub" at this moment rendered the services of Hawkes unnecessary; but the hasty retreat which his modesty compelled, was not suffered to take place without increasing and deafening appreciation of his act, by the assembled thousands. Nor did Hawkes afterward forget to acknowledge this instantaneous recognition.

For the evening of that day a grand reception had been arranged in honor of the visiting Englishman. The unsuspecting players attended, only to find, when too late, that a thrifty policy had planned to admit any and everybody at the unfashionable price of a dollar a head. Nor did Lord Hawkes afterward forget to express his disgust and indignation.

All's Well that Ends Well.

THE OUTLINES OF A SUMMER ROMANCE.

BY J. PAUL GRAHAM, '01.

Summer man,
Maiden too,
Faithful love,
Promise true.

He is rich,
Owns café;
Heiress, she—
So they say.

Summer flies,
Days go by;
Each swears love
Will never die.

Autumn here,
Summer o'er,
Back in town
From the shore.

Summer maid
Shopping goes,
Ten-cent store—
Buys some hose.

Hears his voice
Shouting, "Cash!"
Bundles fall
With a crash.

Summer maid
Gives the mit?
Cupid mourns?
I guess nit.

He's not rich
Neither she;
Marry—live
Happily.

Experientia Docet.

ONCE a Freshman tried to kiss her;
Only once the youngster tried;
Then he said he'd drop the matter,
And to him the maid replied,
"You '02."

When a Soph'more, with presumption,
Made a desperate attempt;
Swore he'd steal a dozen kisses,
Then said she, with cold contempt,
" '01."

Next a gay and festive Junior
Tried to win the precious paize;
Only once is he rewarded;
Even then the maiden cries,
"You '00."

But a Senior, skilled in loving,
Wooed the maiden for a while;
Kissed her once, then asked another,
Said the maiden with a smile,
"Take '99."

E. D.

SOME men reckon him as wise
Who greatest wealth obtains;
Or makes of Fame a prize,
And to that prize attains.
Others count that life as great
Which most unselfish strives;
Content to work and wait
Its mark on other lives.

College Notes.

- Prof. Seaver's Spanish and Italian classes are being well attended.
- G. Lewis has re-entered the Sophomore class.
- At a meeting of the Executive committee of the S. Stephen's College Athletic Asso. the privilege of wearing the foot-ball letters was granted to Duncan O'Hanlon, 1902, and E. A. Smith, 1900 Sp. C.
- F. W. Starr has been re-elected Manager of the Foot-ball team for the season of 1899.
- Class elections for Trinity Term of the Class of '01 resulted as follows: President, H. D. Clum; V.-President, C. Fowler; Secretary, G. F. Morang; Treasurer, A. C. Saunders; Executive Com. Athletic Asso., J. P. Graham.
- Elections of the Class of 1902 for Trinity Term resulted in W. H. Darbie being elected President; R. B. Henry, V.-President; Secretary and Treasurer, D. O'Hanlon. Executive Com. Athletic Asso., H. E. A. Durell.
- H. H. Pease, '01, has left college.
- The K. A. X. Society recently initiated C. P. Burnett, 1900 Sp. C.
- At a college meeting held March 20, 1899, H. L. Drew, '00, was elected Business manager of the "MESSENGER" for the year '99-1900; A. C. Saunders, '01, was elected Advertising agent, and W. Burrows, Subscription agent.
- The Class of 1900 is making preparations for the Junior Ball, which is to be given, as usual, on Tuesday evening, in Commencement week.
- At a meeting of the Senior class, C. W. Popham was elected Senior member of the Executive Com. of the Athletic Asso.

Alumni Notes.

- E. G. Gilbert, who has been very ill with fever contracted in camp, has now recovered.
- The Rev. Chas. A. Jessup, '82, was appointed an Examiner for the McVickar prize in Greek at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Associate Alumni of the Gen. Theo. Seminary recently held. Mr. Jessup graduated from S. Stephen's as "primus" of his class.
- The Rev. Alexander H. Grant, Jr., '92, has resigned the parish at Franklin, N. Y., to accept the Rectorship of S. Peter's, Bainbridge, N. Y.
- Thomas Albert Halstead, '96, is engaged as a private tutor in New York city.

- Charles W. Ivie, M.D., '80, is now practicing medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y.
- The Rev. A. R. Balsley has accepted Bishop Doane's appointment as Priest in charge at Howe's Cave and Middleburgh, N. Y. Address, Howe's Cave, N. Y.
- The Rev. Wm. C. Maguire, M.A., '76, was stricken with partial paralysis and forced to give up his work at St. Matthew's Church, Jersey City. He has been in the Sanitarium at Fordham, N. Y., for some time.
- The work is progressing at the Gen. Theo. Seminary on the new hall which is to include a refectory and gymnasium, besides additional rooms for the students.
- C. B. Carpenter, '93, was recently appointed Gen. Missioner of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, by Bishop E. Talbot.

PRESENTATION OF A LOVING CUP.

About fifty of the Alumni and friends of S. Stephen's College were present at the banquet given at Delmonico's, on the evening of April 10th, for the purpose of presenting a loving cup to the family of the late Dr. R. B. Fairbairn, for thirty-five years warden of the college. Among the invited guests were Dr. Geo. B. Hopson, the acting warden, Dr. Haskins of St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Mr. J. V. L. Pruyn, and Mr. John Aspinwall.

In the absence of Mr. Post, Mr. F. B. Reazor, of Orange, N. J., presided. The loving cup was a handsome silver goblet with two handles, having the following inscription:

Roberto Brinckerhoff Fairbairn, sacerdoti sacrosanctae theologiae doctori utriusque juris doctori sancti collegii Annandiae Neo Eboracensis triginta quinque annos praesidi.

Cum alumnorum et academiae civium amore atque honore.

Anno Domini MDCCCXCIX.

It was presented by Rev. Dr. Gilbert H. Stirling, D.D., to Dr. Henry Fairbairn, who accepted it with a few well chosen and fitting remarks. It was then filled and passed to each member of the company in turn in solemn silence. Dr. Hopson was then called upon to make a few remarks upon the present condition and future prospects of the college. Mr. Pruyn spoke as the representative of the trustees, and the Rev. H. H. Roche, '85, spoke in behalf of the Alumni. Prof. Anthony spoke for the Faculty. Other speakers were Dr. Haskins, Mr. Aspinwall and Lieut. F. V. R. Moore, U. S. A.

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