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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet

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EDITORIALS

FOUR years, to those who have just entered, may seem an endless vista stretching to heights of collegiate learning which they faintly hope to have the good fortune to scale before they leave, but to those who have by four more or less easy degrees reached the pinnacle where sits the president, enshrined with countless diplomas, and, like the Oracle at Delos, drawing his sacredness from former dictums, how easily and quickly the time has passed. It almost seems a dream—yes a broken slumber through which shoot comet-like remembrances of baleful examinations, debts and book-bill collectors. Now the time has come to say “Good-bye 'Ninety-seven—Good luck, 'Ninety-seven.” As Kipling writes—and we know well—“Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints.”

Yet we are sure that what is best and truest will be cherished by you, and as it is on the battle field that barrack-room men show their heroism, so in the struggle for life in the world at large you will show nothing but what will bring honor to our Alma Mater.

* * * * *

WHEN Commencement Day, with its rich profuseness of color and crowd is a thing of the past, the graduating class can depart with the assurance that 'Ninety-seven will not be forgotten, at least in outward appearance, with the removal of the bunting from Alumni Hall. They have left in the decoration of the place some permanent benefit for the College behind them. Permanent, if the College Treasurer can be awakened to a sense of his duty, and mend the leaks around the cupola and chimney, whose disgraceful stains have warped the floor and cracked the side wall of the entrance. When the pictures of departed worthies resume their accustomed places, and Mr. Flagg's new additions are hung, the hall will become the Art Gallery of the College. Why should not the paintings hidden in the Library be exhumed and added to the collection?

* * * * *

THE past year's work of THE TABLET Board has been successful in every way, both in the literary line and financially. The new members of the Board are well aware of the merits of those who are now severing their connection with THE TABLET as editors, and earnestly hope that with all their powers fully exerted they may be able to keep the paper up to its present standard. For the Alumni, new fields of literary work are open in which those who have been editors of THE TABLET are well qualified to enter and distinguish themselves. Therefore the new board wishes the outgoing editors all success possible in literary work.

IT is at all times a pleasure as well as a profit for us to realize that we belong to a small college, but especially is this the case when we read paragraphs in *Harpers' Weekly* like the following which, talking of Commencement at Harvard and Yale says: "The name alone remains to tell the tale. Modern college life, in the range of its opportunities and the diversity of its interests, graduating itself from a past of tradition, is becoming slowly adapted to the demands of the present and the pressure of numbers. Of a truth, this is brought home to the graduate by the changed character of the very Commencement which ushers (or 'hustles') him out of the gates of Alma Mater. His part in it is only a minor one at best, an ostensible occasion, indeed, for observing the day, but actually an opportunity for the elevation of others at his expense. In short, the coming graduate is almost crowded off what is left to him of the "Commencement stage." At Trinity, there is still time for the graduating class to be addressed on the Sunday before they leave, by a well-known clergyman, the church crowded with dignitaries, where the outgoing class in cap and gown sit prominently. It almost reminds one of the days when each town sent its "ablest representatives" to watch and ward the fledgelings and show them that the world, at least so much of it as is composed by the collegiate city, does not consider his "diploma from Trinity," as the *Harpers' Weekly*, talking of the larger colleges remarks, "a diploma of disqualification; a certificate that its possessor knows nothing of what alone is worth knowing." Yes, for five days the new graduate is the lion of the hour. There is the Class-Day Poet, the Orator, the Presenter, the Statistician, the Class Song, the Class Cheer, before hundreds of sympathetic friends, crowding the College Campus. It is not the old alumnus who returns, as the *Harpers'* says, "who dominate," who is the sinosure of all eyes. The old Bishop looks down

at them and the old friends of the college regard them with love and honor. To be sure, it warms the heart of our Alma Mater to have them back again, but it is the graduating class which the College looks to as its latest born, its youngest son in the family of college children. In the theater still are the orations delivered before the president and the faculty, and an other assembly of notables and fashion, the valedictory and the salutatory, and the delivering of diplomas. Shall we mourn the splendid Commencement of Yale in 1871, where an oration on "Oriental Learning" by Dr. Stiles, the president, was edifyingly delivered in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; where the graduating "scholar" discussed some such subject as "The Effects of Science in Diminishing the Empire of the Imagination;" the programme was often diversified with anthems, debates, and "dialogues;" where the college authorities passed statute after statute to suppress unseemly noise and drunkenness, as well as undue extravagance of dress and entertainment;?—not we, we have something better, truer and deeper.

A SIMILE

HAVE you not seen in airy blue, high-vaulted,
 A butterfly with wings pinked 'round with gold,
 And spotted with a dusty blue, assaulted
 By some smooth sailing swallow growing bold?
 Thus in the flute-song, sorrow seems to fold
 Frail love within its hov'ring pinions sure,
 Until love is o'powered and controlled,
 Then sorrow swiftly wings through ether pure.

D. H. V.

WHERE NO LOVE DWELLS

THE very sun was mocking me that rose that day to shine,
When I stood before the altar, and she laid her hand in mine.

And yet, God knows, I loved her, in her noble mien and pride,
When she rose a wife beside me, yet the sculpture of a bride!

And the household politicians told the tidings with a zest,
That the discord of a century at length was laid to rest.

Oh! their trite congratulations made my bitterness the more,
As they showered their roses on us and they crowded to the door.

So she took me for a hostage, and I took her as a spoil,
A landlord in possession of an irresponsible soil.

And the sluggish days go by me, and I watch her pallid cheek,
That shows no flush upon it when I turn to her and speak;

For her hand will hold mine passively—her head ne'er turn away,
Without a sign, accepting all the worship that I pay.

And my spirit dies within me, as month by month I prove
Her meed of child obedience, but not a ray of love.

And I know my heart is withered when my yearning glances rise,
From the summer of her bosom to the winter in her eyes.

H. C. O.

TOO LATE.

PILE on more logs and make the fire blaze! So, that is better.
The night is cold. See how the flames dance and roar. Pile on
more logs, I say; don't you hear the wind howl? Ah, it does me
good to hear it, as if the spirits of the night were contending for my
very soul. Perhaps they are. Who knows? How the logs blaze

and crackle ! The smoke writhes and twists into a thousand fantastic forms as if it were striving to clear itself free from the rushing flames. So it was years ago. I remember that night, it was cold like this, but oh, how hot the fire seemed then !

Why was I never married? Why do I sit here now a lonely, comfortless old man with no other companions than the fancies of years gone by? Ask the flames; they will tell you. They are the same now as then.

Do you see her portrait there above the mantel? How beautiful she looks even there! How the dancing shadows make her smile and frown even as she used to years ago! She was ever haughty as that picture shows, but how happy we might have been.

I was young then too. Proud and haughty as she, and jealous of each look and word of hers. She said she did not love me, but I knew she did. She would have married me long before, that I found out later, but for her accursed pride in seeing me ever at her feet. Even then she had to say she loved me when I wished it for she could not resist my will. Ah, what a damnable power to give to man! I saw she was playing with me and I met her at her own game, but with a weapon far more powerful than hers. Yes, I was after all the stronger. Slowly I made her bow to my will; unconsciously she was forced to obey my commands. Call it hypnotism, or what you will. I call it the power of hell! What did I gain by it? Cold satisfaction then, and later this empty life and years of sorrow and remorse. Why did I wish to control her as I did? For the mere pleasure of seeing her imperial will submissive to mine, for when she scorned my attentions, a steady look from me and she was as calm and yielding as a child. God knows I never used my power except for pleasure of seeing her obey. I would not command her love.

Pile on more logs! The fire is burning low.

I can see her now as she stood before me for the last time. Beautiful as a dream she was, and fairer than love itself. It was in the early evening after she had written me she was going to the dance that night with Jack Richmond, and would not go with me as she had promised. She did it to annoy me I know. She always played Jack against me, but he, poor devil, didn't know it and thought she loved him. He was always calm and quiet, not wild and reckless like me. I saw her before the dance and told her she should not go. Ah, how superb she looked when she confronted me in her anger and dared me to forbid it, but she grew calm before my steady gaze. "You shall not go," I said; then lower and fainter I dropped my voice as she looked at me, "You are sleepy, sleepy, you will go to sleep now at once and will not awake until I wish it. Do you understand? Sleep." She swayed and would have fallen. "Now go to your room and sleep." I laughed and left her, knowing she would not go to the dance that night. No power under heaven could waken her when once she slept at my bidding unless I willed it so.

I was mad with delight to think I had gained my end. I went to the club and drank with the best that night. Why should it have pleased me so to see her obey my will? God knows, I don't. I was mad with jealousy, I suppose.

Did I say I drank? That is too mild a term. My brain became on fire; I forgot her and the world too. About midnight I left the club. I had to pass her home on the way to my rooms. It was a cold windy night like this. How the flames roared then too. How did it happen? The fiends in hell only know. As I approached her home the cry of "fire! fire!" rang through the night. Her home was burning. No one knows how the fire started. In an instant I

was sobered. She was there and sleeping! "Is every one out?" called the chief. "No, there is still some one there!" I burst through the crowd in the burning house. I called to her. She did not answer. Why did she not awake. Too late! Too late! The fire was quickly mastered. Her room was untouched. Calmly she slept as I had commanded, and slowly the smoke had suffocated her before my maddened brain could call her from her sleep. The path was opened for her to safety had she been awake. I burst into her room, but it was too late! She lay there calm and still, but, oh, how beautiful!

Do I again hear the clang of the engines, or is the city clock striking the hour of midnight? How hot the fire is! My blood leaps as it did that night. I am young once more. I must join her! I once rushed through the fire too late, but now I am in time. Wait! see, I am coming to you! Awake! Awake!

C. B.

HELEN

I N the twilight time of youth,
 You and I made love together;
 Hope of boyhood's zeal and truth
 Wove us smilingly love's tether.
 Soon, too soon, came manhood's day,
 And like larks that greet the dawning,
 On light wings we flew away.
 "Dove-like eyes," knew not dove's mourning!

H. U. M.

A REFRAIN

OH listen to my song, my love,
Oh listen to my lay,
And if it seems too long, my love,
Just tell me so, I pray ;
Oh listen to my song, my love,
Oh listen to my lay.

Were I a babbling brook, my love,
And thou a silver stream,
We'd glide together on, my love,
And life would be a dream,
Were I a babbling brook, my love,
And thou a silver stream.

If I were Heaven's dew, my love,
And thou a blushing flower,
Would not I kiss thy lips, my love,
And haunt thy leafy bower,
If I were Heaven's dew, my love,
And thou a blushing flower ?

If I were a brave fisher-lad
And thou wert Laurelei,
Then would I linger here so sad
Or in thy soft arms lie,
If I were a brave fisher-lad
And thou wert Laurelei ?

If I were young Adonis, love,
And thou fair Venus sweet,
Oh whither would we wander, love,
With wingèd sandals fleet,
If I were young Adonis, love,
And thou fair Venus sweet ?

And so I've sung my song, my love,
And so I've sung my lay,
Oh did it seem too long, my love,
I did not hear thee say ;
And so I've sung my song, my love,
And so I've sung my lay.

PLACIDITY

I.

I'D rather be a clod of common clay
From which a tree could draw some nourishment,
Than like a drone pass through my short-spanned day,
With mere existence perfectly content.
To know not what is love and soul devotion,
Nor grow enraptured o'er the beautiful,
To scorn sensations and intense emotion,
For me would be a life most cold and dull.

What virtue has a man who never acts,
For fear that none will follow in his tracks?
He is a dastard coward and deserves
Not e'en the title of a common fool.
With every wind his weak opinion swerves,
Of thinking men he soon becomes the tool.

II.

He lets no one his heart-soul ever know,
For he is wrapt in smooth pretensions sleek.
He never is with passion all aglow,
Nor does swift anger pale his placid cheek.
Oh, but to make on him one real impression!
But lo, it is erased ere half-complete.
He makes of joy and sadness no confession,
His intellect becomes soon obsolete.

He is a pool of stagnant water dark,
Which mirrors naught of trailing foliage,
With surface never skimmed by lover's bark.
He is a white, unprinted, useless page,
Within a book of prose and pleasant rhyme,
Which grows throughout eternity of time.

D. H. V.

A REVELATION

IN a cloistered room apart
Thou and she can come together
In the darkest midnight weather
Where no earth-born creatures start.
There, in secret—bliss to bliss,
Canst thou drink of passion's power
In the darkest midnight hour,
When no star or pale moon is.
Breast to breast, and mouth to mouth,
Can she sell thee all her dower.
Through that darkest midnight hour,
Shall thou feel of love no drought.

That was done in secret dark,
In the gloom that should conceal it,
Thou thyself shall yet reveal it.
Man shall read the deep sunk mark
That was hid in midnight's breast—
Burnt so deep that men may *feel* it.
Thou thyself shall yet reveal it,
Shall be heir to thy bequest.
In the glass thy face grown thin,
Ghost-like shall arise to seal it,
Thou thyself shall yet reveal it,
E'en the grave shall gape thy sin.

In a cloistered room apart
Thou and she may come together
In the darkest midnight weather
Where no earth-born creatures start.
What was hid in midnight's breast,
Burned so deep that men may feel it,
Think thyself shalt thus reveal it—
Does thou shrink from thy bequest?

H. R. R.

A VIRELAY OF THE MIDDLE AGES

SUI-JE, sui-je, sui-je belle ?
Surely so, my heart has said.
While my dark eyes see full well,
How you love my lips of red,
Dites moy se je sui belle ?

I have wraps fur-lined with gray ;
Satins soft and silks full gay ;
Wealth to ward misfortune's spell.
Sui-je, sui-je, sui-je belle ?

Bold indeed must that man be
Who would want to wed with me.
Yet love should light fears dispell.
Dites moy se je sui belle ?

See, I freely pledge it you
That my heart would prove full true
Long as one should love me well.
Sui-je, sui-je, sui-je belle ?

Ah, a paradise of bliss
Is an unworn love like this !
Thou hast stormed its citadel !
Sui-je, sui-je, sui-je belle ?

A QUATRAIN

I'D rather have a crumb of fame
In days that show of life no sign,
Than have a banquet given me
And die, after the nuts and wine.

H. U M.

A SOUL'S ADVENTURE

WHILE in Germany last year I hunted up and after a long search finally found Herr Tenfelsdröckh the reknowned German philosopher. I discovered him living in the top story of an old brick building on a narrow, rather dirty street in Frankfort. I was somewhat surprised at his appearance, as I expected to find him very feeble from age but, although his hair and scraggy beard were quite white, yet his deep set, gray, thoughtful eyes looked as clear and young as ever, and showed that his mind, at least, had not been enfeebled by age. I told Herr Tenfeldrockh that I had come to find something more about his philosophy of clothes. At the mention of this subject the old philosopher's face flushed up and those wonderful grey eyes flashed and sparkled, and he stretched out his hand and grasped mine and said ; "are you then interested in clothes ? I am so glad because I have longed to talk to someone on this subject, and since poor Carlyle I have found no one who cared anything for it. And I have discovered something new since then too. I have proved beyond question that the body is only the garment of the sentient being of man. I can now separate myself from this garment. I will tell you how so that you can too, if you care to hear?"

"For many years I have mused on this subject, and I have finally gotten as far as to be able to lay aside my body as I do my other clothes. It took a long time, many fameless efforts before success crowned my labors ; but on one beautiful calm starlight night I finally succeeded in leaving my body. I had retired about nine o'clock as is my custom, and had propped myself up with pillows in bed so that I could gaze at the wonderful stars. There was no moon that night and not a breath of air stirred the trees. I lay

reflecting on the wonders of eternity and infinity. Then I began to feel as if I were floating up towards the stars. I was too dreamy and restful to think much about it. I only remembered that I enjoyed a sensation of delicious bliss and peace more perfect than I had ever felt before. I had a sort of vague impression too that it was all a dream. Then it gradually occurred to me that this might not be a dream but a reality, and perhaps I had at last separated from my body and was even now, in fact as well as in feeling, flying through the air. The sense of enjoyment and rest was so complete that for a long time I didn't dare rouse myself for fear it should be only a dream. But after a time curiosity got the better of me and I decided to rouse myself.

“Now one of the remarkable phenomena of my bodyless condition is that a desire and its fulfillment are almost simultaneous; and as soon as I desired to be awake it happened immediately. Now that I was thoroughly roused, I knew that this was no dream but that I was, at last, separated from my body. I saw the stars above me, and they seemed brighter and more lovely than I had ever seen them before.

“The city was just below me with its thousand little twinkling lights. My sense of seeing as also that of hearing was much more keen than when in the body. I must have been about half a mile above the city but I could both see and hear as distinctly as if I were close to it. I went down closer, but at first I was afraid to go too close lest people should see me. It must then have been about twelve o'clock for the people were just coming out of the theatre. For a time I watched the gay crowd disperse. Some went home in carriages, some in street cars and some walked. Some went into saloons or hotels, others into the still brilliantly lighted beer gardens.

“There were two men, evidently foreigners, most probably

Americans, who particularly attracted my attention. They were richly dressed and had on an amount of jewelry such as we Germans would call vulgar. They talked loudly and laughed boisterously. They went into a saloon and came out decidedly the worse for liquor. They departed in the direction of the poorer part of the city and I should have left them then and turned to something more pleasant had I not noticed four men evidently following them. There were two on one side of the street and two on the other, slinking along in the shade and treading so lightly I could hardly hear them although I was hardly twenty feet above their heads. Presently the two foreigners turned into a narrow side street, lit here and there at great intervals by gas lamps. The four thugs, for such they undoubtedly were, began to close up nearer and I wondered what I ought to do. I thought if I appeared to them they might think I was a ghost and, being frightened, run away. So I placed myself right in their path, and they came on and went right past me as if I hadn't been there. I then placed myself right in front of one of them and he came on and walked right into me and pushed me on in front of him as if I had been so much air. I could offer no resistance; all I could do was to slip out of his way. I was convinced that he didn't see me. And now two of the thugs were close behind the two foreigners and I tried to tell them of their danger but I could make no noise. I evidently could neither be heard nor seen. I then watched the knocking down and robbery of two men without being able to help in any way. I was nearly frantic. I rushed at the thugs but I doubt if I even stirred the air. I know they didn't feel me. A block away was a policeman but I couldn't make him know what was happening. I never felt so utterly helpless before in my life.

"I decided to go back to my room and put on my body. As I

was drifting home slowly, because I was thinking of the things I saw as I passed along, I saw the open window of a room lighted up. It attracted my attention because there were very few lights at that time of night. As I got close I distinctly heard some one sobbing. I went to the window without fear this time of being seen. I saw within a woman, crying bitterly, kneeling beside a bed on which lay the dead body of a man. On the mantel-piece leant another man a good deal younger than the dead man, and whom I judged to be the dead man's son. At the other end of the room stood a middle-aged man putting some bottles into a bag, and from his appearance I had no doubt that he was the doctor preparing to leave. I stole into the room to take a look at the dead body in order to compare it with mine when I got back and see if there was any difference between a body whose spirit had left it for good and one whose spirit had only left it for a short time. For it never occurred to me at that time that I might be dead too, and unable to return to my body. I approached the body, and as I got nearer there seemed to be some charm about it which drew me towards it. I got nearer and nearer and then, horror of horrors, I felt myself enter right into it. I tried to get out and in doing so raised the body with me. The doctor gave vent to an exclamation and dropped his bag; the young man at the mantel-piece just stared at me with eyes and mouth wide open; the woman who was kneeling at the bed-side gave a cry of joy and threw her arms round my neck, or rather, not my neck, but the neck of the body in which I was a trespasser. I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life before. I didn't dare say or do anything. I knew I would only make matters worse if I did. So I just fell back on the bed and closed my eyes, or rather, the body's eyes (but in the future in speaking of this body while I was in it, please excuse me if I call it mine). The doctor laid his hand

on my chest and said, 'His heart is beating, though in a most erratic fashion : I will give him a stimulant.'

"You can't imagine what a horrible fear came over me. I wondered if I were doomed to live the balance of my days in someone's else body ; and I realized too, that it would probably be in a lunatic asylum, because I should not know anything that the other inhabitant of the body had done. How could I love his wife and his children, I who had been a bachelor all my life? How could I attend to his business, who knew nothing about it? I shouldn't know any of his friends, but I should probably forget myself every once in a while and go to speak to one of my old friends, and he wouldn't recognize me. Yes, they must think me insane. Was ever man in such a predicament before?

"The doctor returned and I heard him say, 'I think he is asleep. I never quite saw a case like his before. I don't know whether to wake him and give him the digitalis or let him sleep. I think it will be better for him to rest, and in the meantime I will go and get Dr. Gedies and perhaps Dr. Meisner as well. I will be back as quickly as possible. Be very quiet and don't rouse him ; but if he should wake give him three drops of this in a teaspoonful of water !'

"I felt relieved, and now I thought I would try and get out of that body as quickly as possible. So I set my mind on it in the same way I had done before, and presently I felt myself gliding out, and with less difficulty than I got out of my own body I was soon free from this. I left the house immediately, and soon found myself in my own. I looked for a while on my own body lying calmly there, and as I drew nearer I felt the same irresistible power draw me that the other body had exhibited. I entered it and got up and dressed. I read the account of the robbery in the morning papers, and also the announcement of the death of a Mr. Müller,

which from the account I had no doubt was the rightful owner of the body I had entered that night. Since then I have made many excursions out of my body and seen many wonderful things, and also proved some very important facts concerning life and death, and the soul and body, which I will tell you at some other time if you care to hear."

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

AMONG the alumni who have visited college recently are Thomas, '96, W. W. Parsons, '96, Holcombe, '96, and Washburn, '96.

Warner, '99, has been elected leader of the Glee Club ; Carter, '98, manager, and Littell, '99, assistant manager.

Morse, '99, has been elected leader of the Mandolin Club.

A poem by Richard Burton, '83, recently appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

Baxter, '99, has been elected captain of the Track Team.

Lecour, '98, and Pratt, '98, have been appointed chapel monitors for next year.

The 'Ninety-Eight *Ivy* appeared June 11th.

L. A. Ellis, '98, has been elected captain of the Basket-Ball Team, and Littell, '99, manager.

Lord, '98, Colledge Marshal, has appointed the following men as assistants : Wildman, '98 ; Burnham, '98 ; Travers, '98 ; Austin, '98 ; Carter, '98, and Woodward, '98.

Warner, '99, has been elected Literary Editor of the 'Ninety-Nine *Ivy*, and Nichols, '99, and Hedrick, '99, Managing Editors.

Cogswell, Langford and Beecroft, have been presented with gold foot-balls, having played thirteen 'Varsity games.

A new walk will be laid in front of the College during the summer vacation.

H. VonW. Schulte is Valedictorian of the Senior Class, and J. R. Benton, Salutatorian.

Robert McFetridge, head janitor, will spend the summer at his old home in the north of Ireland. The assistant janitor will carry on the work at College during his absence.

AWARD OF PRIZES

The following prizes were awarded June 18th : The Tuttle Prize—Wood, '97. The Chémical Prizes—1st, Johnson, '98 ; 2nd, Verder, '98. The Latin Prize—McElwain, '99. The Mathematical Prize—Prince, '00. The Goodwin Greek Prize—1st, Tomlinson, '00 ; 2nd, not awarded. History and Political Economy Prizes—not awarded. Douglas Prize—White, '97. Mackay-Smith Prize in Mathematics—1st, Willcox, '99 ; 2nd, Hedrick, '99.

John Robert Benton, '97, has been appointed assistant in Pyhsics and Astronomy.

The following rules governing college sweaters were adopted at a recent college meeting : The college sweater shall be navy blue with two old gold stripes, each an inch wide, one near the bottom, and one on the sailor collar. This sweater may be worn by any student of the college. No man shall be allowed to wear a T or any combination of letters containing a T on his cap or any part of his clothing, who has not the right to wear a similar letter or combination of letters on his sweater.

Baxter, '97, who competed in the I. C. A. A. A. games at New York, tied with Merwin of Yale, Morse of Harvard, and Carroll of Princeton, for second place, at 6 ft. On the jump-off for medals Baxter won third place, at 6 ft. 1 in.

PERSONALS

The Rev. Dr. PYNCHON, '41, presided at the annual meeting of the Trustees of the General Theological Seminary in New York.

E. M. FERGUSON, '59, and GEORGE C. BURGWIN, '72, have been elected members of the standing committee of the Diocese of Pittsburgh.

The address of ROBERT H. SMITH, '69, is changed to 542 West 150th street, New York.

The Rev. Dr. L. W. RICHARDSON, '73, formerly Professor of Modern Languages here, now Professor of Ancient Languages in the State Normal College, Albany, has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Griswold College.

The Rev. E. K. TULLIDGE, '76, has published a small volume called "The Truth Sworn Unto Our Fathers."

The Rev. R. H. NELSON, '80, should be addressed at 717 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

MARRIED—In the First Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, O., June 1st, JOHN ROBERT CUNNINGHAM, '85, and Miss ANNA MACBETH.

The Rev. F. F. KRAMER, Ph. D., '89, has become rector of All Saint's Church, Denver, Col. His address is 2222 32d Avenue.

The Rev. Messrs. E. B. DEAN, M. C. MAYO and G. H. WILSON, '93, and the Rev. R. C. Tongue, '95, were ordained to the priesthood on the 26th of May in St. Paul's Church, New Haven.

The Rev. MARCH C. MAYO, '93, received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, at the recent Commencement of the General Theological seminary.

L. I. BELDEN, R. L. PADDOCK and N. T. PRATT, '94, were ordained deacons in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Middletown, Conn., on the 2d of June by Bishop NILES, '57. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. W. HARRIMAN, '72.

MARRIED—In Christ Church, Hartford, June 9th, GEORGE WILLIAM ELLIS, '94, and Miss AIMÉE FREELAND CORSON.

CAMERON J. DAVIS, '94, was ordained Deacon, in Rochester, N. Y., June 6th. He was one of the essayists at the Commencement of the General Theological Seminary. On the 20th of June he became assistant minister in Trinity Church, Buffalo, N. Y. Both Mr. DAVIS and E. B. STOCKTON, ex-'91, received their diplomas with honor from the Seminary.

The office of EDGERTON PARSONS, '96, is at 27 William Street, New York City.