

# S. Stephen's College Messenger.

---

## BOARD OF EDITORS:

H. EUGENE ALLSTON DURELL, '02, Editor-in-Chief.  
DUNCAN O'HANLON, '02, Associate.  
GEORGE SEYMOUR WEST, '03.  
ROBERT EVANS BROWNING, '04.  
CHARLES EVERETT McCOY, '05.  
BENJAMIN MOTTRAM, '02, Business Manager.  
JAMES F. ELTON, '04, Subscription Agent.  
ELBERT C. ADDISON, '03, Advertising Agent.

---

Vol. 8.

MARCH, 1902.

No. 6.

---

## A DEAL IN STOCKS.

I HAD been staring for some time at the Private Office door, which bore the inscription, "Brown & Burroughs, Brokers." To while away the time of waiting I had counted the letters backwards, compiled some statistics in regard the alliterations, and had just given up an effort to make a pun about "Busy Bees," in order to compute the area of gilt in the lettering, when the inscription was taken away by the opening of the door. Mr. Brown was dismissing a caller and still stood looking after him as I, with a nod, passed into the private office, where the broker joined me, just as I succeeded in finding the cigar box.

"Do you know that man?" he asked, referring evidently to the person who had just left.

I was too busy putting a cigar into commission to answer him at once. He went on.

"A good man to know—at least it is good thing to know which side of the market he is on. It's one of the 'Unknown' buyers for a big financier."

Speculating was not one of my fads and the matter had only a passing interest for me. I finished my business as quickly as possible and rose to go.

"Weston, how is your charming cousin?"

"Dorothy?" I queried. "I am going up to lunch with her now. She is well."

Mr. Brown did not look directly at me but busied himself readjusting the tidy papers on his desk as he continued.

"Her husband—he is well fixed, financially, I take it?"

"Well," I answered, "his business is going smoothly so far as I know, but I hardly think he could raise more than ten or twelve thousand dollars all told."

"Indeed," commented the broker. "I supposed he had considerably more than that."

"Why?" I asked as I caught his eye. "Is he speculating?"

"If he has no more than you say, he might do a little less," was the only answer I received.

I made no comment as I passed out, but on my way up-town the matter gave me some thought. Jim Vernon had been my friend at college, and it was through me he had met my cousin Dorothy. She was my only relative of her sex and I had always made her the object of my solicitude and my model for studies in chivalry. Vernon had married her soon after he left college, settling down to a wholesale hardware business which his father had left in none too good a condition. What possessed him to begin dabbling in stocks when the business must require all his energy and capital was more than I could fathom, but for Dorothy's sake I hoped it might not be altogether true.

Dorothy opened the door for me and after a cousinly greeting picked out the cosiest corner of the couch for a chat until Jim arrived on this, his one day of the week at home for lunch. I watched Dorothy

carefully while she talked in hope of learning something that would discredit what I had heard down-town.

"Does Jim seem contented with the old business?" I asked at length.

She looked at me to find the reason for such a query, and apparently reading in my face a guess at the true state of affairs, she dropped her look.

"He is contented enough—but—too sanguine, it seems to me, about other things."

"Such as margins, for instance," I ventured.

"How do you know?" she asked, "Has he been telling you about it?"

"No, but never mind. You tell me."

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't have anything to do with bulls and bears," she broke out, with a little irritation in her voice. "He started about six months ago; said he had a splendid opportunity. Then when he lost a thousand dollars he declared he had been deceived. Ever since that he has seemed determined to get the money back. Some weeks later he said he had the chance to get revenge. Needless to say he lost again, more than a thousand this time. He was very blue about it, but he said it was the merest mischance and that it couldn't happen that way again. I was afraid to appear angry with him for fear he would not tell me of his plans another time—he always tells me, at any rate," she added, brightening at the thought that this was something to be greatly thankful for.

I made no observation and she went on.

"Now he says he has some inside information about another deal and declares he cannot lose this time. He was so confident when he told me that he wanted to invest all he had and borrow a little more; but we talked it over and he agreed finally not to

risk more than eight or nine thousand dollars. That isn't so much, is it?"

She looked at me wistfully as she concluded, and I was glad she could not read my thoughts, for I pitied her. It was not much unless it was "all," and I felt pretty sure it was. However I said simply, "Not much."

"Can't you do something, Tom," she continued, "to get Jim out of this bad habit? He doesn't know how much it worries me and I don't want to be mean about it."

"Well, little woman," I said, "we'll see."

The bell rang at this moment, Dorothy rose.

"He is here now," she said.

I stopped her with a gesture long enough to say:

"Keep a bright heart, Dorothy. I have a plan. I'll call to-morrow and tell you what it is."

Jim came in bright and cheerful, glad to see everyone, and, as I rightly guessed, so full of stocks that it took little engineering to get him on the track which is traveled easily to a wreck of fortunes, for nine out of every ten who try it.

"Great thing, Tom; some of the biggest men on the street are working up a corner on G. P. & I. stock. They let me in for a little just as a favor. Have you noticed that it is climbing? A whole point this morning. I haven't much," he qualified, with a furtive look at his wife, "but I could sell out now and make good the loss I had some time ago."

"Why don't you, Jim," asked Dorothy, with a plaintive note in her voice.

"My dear," her husband returned, with an accession of dignity, "you don't understand. The corner is practically effected by

this time and the stock will take a big jump before the week is out. We shall be independent when Sunday comes around."

I gave Dorothy a look to suggest that she leave the subject.

The lunch passed off pleasantly and Jim and I went out together, he to his store and I for a run across to Philadelphia.

My plan was not so good as I thought or pretended. It might work but if it did not my reputation as a business man would suffer in the eyes of Jim at least. I was busily turning over the scheme in my mind as the train hurried along. The seat ahead of me was occupied by a couple of men whose interests were apparently along the same lines. They talked in low tones but I overheard some pointed remarks about G. P. & I. stock. My cigar went out for want of attention as I listened intently to their talk. Struck by a sudden idea I leaned over and asked one of the men for a light. He turned and politely offered me his cigar. A glance at his face showed him to be the man I had met in the private office of Brown & Burroughs.

By the time we reached Philadelphia I had a fair idea of the situation, as a guess at least, and my plan seemed more feasible.

I called on Dorothy the next day and by dint of infinite patience and many concrete illustrations taught her enough of the intricacies of speculation to make my scheme comprehended—and left her happy.

A visit to Brown and a short talk with that astute business man ended the work. Then came two or three days of waiting. I had told Dorothy I would be on hand at the right moment, which came toward the close of Friday afternoon, when the ticker told me that the corner had been nicely rounded out.

That evening I dropped into Dorothy's for dinner. Jim had not arrived and his wife seemed a trifle excited at my news, I spent a few minutes preparing her for the interview with her husband. Then came a sharp ring at the bell.

"Be calm, Dorothy," I said as she rose, though I was nervous enough myself. There was no telling how he would take it. "Be calm, Dorothy; you have the highest card."

Jim came in without a word to either of us, dropped down on the couch and buried his face in the pillows.

Dorothy looked at me and then crossed over and kneeled by him.

"Jim," she said, "tell me what is wrong."

He paid no attention to her. She continued.

"Are you ill?"

"No," came from the pillows.

"Has something terrible happened?"

He indicated an affirmative by a slight motion of his head.

"Tell me, Jim," she persisted. "Have we lost some money?"

"All of it," came in a smothered, savage tone from the hidden lips.

Dorothy was silent for a time. Then she put an arm around his shoulders.

"Jim dear," she begged; "promise me you will never try it again."

Surprised perhaps, at her calmness, he raised his head and looked at her.

"You don't understand," he said grimly. "I have nothing to try it with again."

"But promise," she insisted.

I began to feel a little in the way. The library was adjoining and there they found me fifteen minutes later, Dorothy quiet, Jim despondent—myself apparently the only hungry one of the trio.

"Dinner is ready," Dorothy said, simply.

Jim went in without a word; but after we had taken our seats, he said:

"Dorothy says you suspected there was trickery. Why did you not warn me? Tell me about it?"

I ignored his question for the time, but told him something of meeting the broker that morning down-town and a little of the interview with Dorothy afterwards. Jim looked at me with a shade of mistrust in his eyes but I went on, mentioning the fact of overhearing the brokers on the train and the recognition of one of them.

"I heard the unknown broker declare that the G. P. & I. deal was a double headed affair—that certain men were being sacrificed. As nearly as I could figure it out, the stock, which was practically worthless, was to be bought in steadily up to a certain day and hour. There were to be a dozen more or less in the deal before it ended. But just half of that number, who were on the inside, were to begin to sell out as soon as a certain figure was reached, leaving the other six still buying until the insiders had unloaded. That was virtually what happened. You were to sell to-morrow, but meantime the larger holders were dumping the stock on the market. That of course broke the corner. The bottom fell out of the thing just twenty-four hours before you were to reap your share."

Jim had not tasted anything during this speech. He was toying with his spoon and evidently trying to understand why I had deliberately permitted him to go to ruin when I could have warned him. Before he was ready to make any comment, Dorothy took the floor.

"How bad is it, Jim?" she asked, with well-feigned sympathy—real sympathy, I suppose, for I pitied the poor fellow myself.

He looked at her sadly, "I gave my check for eighty-five hundred dollars," was his answer. "The stock at this minute is worth about eighty-five dollars."

"And the one who held your shares when the corner broke reaps the profit, doesn't she—he, I mean?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes," assented her husband.

"Well—Jim—I—you won't do it again, will you?"

"If I would I couldn't," was his moody reply.

"Well—Jim—you mean it, don't you—I held your stock!"

Jim looked at her, stupidly dividing his surprise between us. His wife's arms were about his neck and she seemed to think no more was needed; so, in answer to his questioning glance, I vouchsafed a little.

"Brown and Burroughs held the stock, you know. I lent Dorothy the money and had the stock transferred to her. You lose and she wins. You bet on the rise, she bet on a drop."

Jim could appreciate the trick at once but for a while he said nothing. At last Dorothy looked up at him fondly and said, "It was your deal, Jim, but hearts were trump and I won."

A little color came into Jim's face as he realized how she had defended him against himself. How long he would have sat moralizing about it I do not know, but I had made haste to finish my soup before it grew cold, Dorothy noticed that, despite the occasion, and struggled somewhat to be up and about her duties as hostess. It brought Jim back to the world. A smile came into his face as he drew her closer for a minute.

"Dorothy," he said, "if the game has been played there has been a misdeal. I still hold the queen of hearts."

POTTER HALL.

### LULLABY.



Come little baby, thy mother would sing to thee;

Nestle thy head in thy mother's soft breast;  
The sheep on the moor-land are calling full tenderly,  
Calling their dear little lambkins to rest.

So come to my bosom, my own little baby lamb,  
Night winds are chill but the mother is warm—  
Or would'st thou the birdling be? Then I the mother  
am

Ready to guard thee and shield thee from harm.

Then lullaby little child, time is for slumbering,  
Float into Dreamland so old yet so new,  
And there shalt though hear the old moon who is  
numbering

Each little star as it peeps into view,

Fear not little birdling, our Savior Lord Jesus mild  
Once slept a babe on His Mother's warm breast,  
From Heaven He'll guard and protect thee my dar-  
ling child,

Sleep, little lamb of mine, slumber and rest.

C. E. Mc.

### THE CHURCH STUDENTS' MISSION- ARY ASSOCIATION.



THE fifteenth annual convention of the Church Students' Missionary Association met at S. Stephen's College on Feb. 22-25 under peculiarly favorable conditions, and although the inclement weather delayed some of the delegates and prevented others from coming, yet there was present nearly a full quota representing the various Colleges, Universities and Seminaries where chapters of the association are located.

There was a reception to the delegates in Ludlow and Willink Hall, preparatory to a formal address of welcome by the Warden of the College in Holy Innocent's Chapel.

At 7.45 the convention assembled in Ludlow and Willink Hall. After an address by the President of the Convention,

Mr. Samuel C. Fish, a preliminary business session was held.

Owing to the delay of some of the delegates in arriving, the reports of the various chapters were postponed until Monday.

The President then introduced to the convention Mr. Silas McBee, who spoke on the subject "The Spiritual Life." The speaker, who is the editor of one of our leading church paper, *The Churchman*, and intimately acquainted with every phase of the church's progress, portrayed with such great earnestness and force as to carry conviction along with it his idea of what the ideal spiritual life should be. He said in part: "When we endeavor to think or speculate on the spiritual life, we are apt, I think, to deal with it in an abstract way or to take a certain portion of our life and sublimate it. The spiritual life, which is but the grounding expression of the whole man, the spiritual intent, is the life that fulfills in its measure God's life, and that means a life that gives itself freely to others. We have no part in God or His life nor can we begin to understand His spirit until we understand that the only question of the perfect life is the absolute giving of ourselves. Our progress in spiritual life, therefore, is measured absolutely and inevitably by the extent to which we are missionaries, to the extent that we are giving all that He gave to us." The speaker closed by paying a glowing compliment to the Church Students' Missionary Association for their endeavor to spread the gospel among the brethren, saying that to the students must the church in the future look for her ablest support, and reciting the great influence which Oxford students have exercised on almost every reform in England, whether moral, political or religious.

On Sunday morning the Rev. Charles H. Evans, a missionary at Toyko, Japan, preached an interesting sermon on his work among the Japanese. He told of the many agencies which tended to counteract the work of the missionaries there, and emphasized very strongly the fact that the efficiency of the churches work, not only there, but in every foreign field would be materially enhanced if she should not only send men and women who were willing to go, but should choose out those who were peculiarly well fitted and equipped for the work.

At 3.30 in the afternoon two conferences were held in Ludlow and Willink Hall, the first on "Prayer and Missions," led by Mr. Robert White of the Alexandria Theological Seminary, and the other on "Men and Money," led by Mr. Van Meter of the Phil. Divinity School.

At 7.30 in the evening the Rt. Rev. Peter T. Rowe, Missionary Bishop of Alaska, preached a sermon in Holy Innocents' Chapel on "Missionary Life and Work Along the Arctic Circle." Bishop Rowe, it is said has endured more hardships and deprivations than any of our Missionary Bishops, and this statement was certainly borne out, judging from the graphic description of the perils and dangers which everywhere beset the adventurer along the Arctic Circle.

The Bishop mentioned the great avidity with which the natives there received the teachings of Christianity, the loyalty and trust which one may repose in them, and their great facility in comprehending the purport of the Gospel.

The convention assembled at 9.30 o'clock on Monday morning for a business session. The President announced the names of

those delegates appointed on the four regular committees. Letters expressing their regret at not being able to be present were read from Bishop Peterkin and Rev. T. B. Sakai of Japan. The Bishop resigned from the chair of the Advisory Committee, and Bishop A. C. A. Hall of Vermont was elected to fill the vacancy.

The reports of the several chapters showed a healthy state of affairs. Two new chapters petitioned for entrance into the association.

The Rev. Robert L. Paddock reported on behalf of the Executive Committee.

The committee appointed to consider a place suitable for holding the next convention, reported that the General Theological Seminary has been determined upon. The report of the committee was accepted.

There was rather a unique feature about the report of the committee appointed to consider the prayer manual. It recommended that a prayer manual be got out containing the photographs of all those missionaries sent to the foreign field by the Church Students' Missionary Association. The committee also recommended the use of the Cuddington Prayer Manual. The findings of the committee were adopted by the convention.

Through the resignation of Rev. Edward J. Lee, as traveling secretary of the association, the need for the appointment of one to fill the place was very imperative. The committee having this under consideration advocated the appointment of a general secretary, and recommended that the good offices of the Executive Committee be secured toward the attainment of such an object. The report of the committee was endorsed by the convention.

The Rt. Rev. Chas. D. Brent, D.D., the

newly-elected Bishop of the Philippine Islands, addressed the convention on Monday afternoon on "The Church and Nation in the Philippines." The speaker defined very clearly the conditions and needs existing there which justify our establishment in the Islands from which salutary results must surely follow. The discontentment arising from the old order of things in the Islands made it imperative, said the speaker, that the Church lose no opportunity of extending its influence.

At 7.45 P. M. the convention listened to an address by Mr. Robert E. Spear of the Foreign Board of Missions.

The President called the convention to order at 9.30 Tuesday morning, and after a final business session introduced the Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd, D.D., Secretary of the General Board of Missions, who spoke on "The Machinery of Missions." The speaker said that the Church, from its earliest period, had associated with its workings a methodical and business-like principle. He defined very accurately and minutely the manner in which the Board of Missions is conducted. Speaking of the results attained by the students in our institutions of learning, who have interested themselves in the Missions, Mr. Lloyd said: "Your organization has enough members in the Seminaries and Colleges to mould public opinion, and it is public opinion which will send men to the foreign field. Your organization is doing a grand good work. Only present a brave front, and don't be afraid to let your colors appear. You will shake the Colleges, and the Colleges will shake the nation, and the nation will take God's Church, wrap it up in its glory and present it to her Master."

At 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon Rev.

Robert L. Paddock conducted the farewell meeting, after which Mr. Lloyd again spoke on the subject, "Missions and the March of Civilization."


The convention then adjourned.

Through lack of space the proceedings of the convention have only been briefly given.

It can be said without hesitation that a more zealous and enthusiastic body of students, having at heart the interests of the Church's Missionary life, has never assembled under her auspices. One needed not a second glance to assure him that the delegates had a definite purpose in view—a purpose to enlighten themselves as to the needs, demands, and possibilities of the Church's Mission in the domestic and foreign fields. That zeal and enthusiasm which they evinced in all the workings of the convention has, it is safe to assume, been carried home to their several chapters and cannot fail to elicit favorable results in infusing among the students of our Colleges a lively interest in Missionary Endeavor. The convention has been a great success. May her future conventions be quite as successful.

ROBERT E. BROWNING, '04.

### THE RIVER.

 FT I sat there on my door-step,  
Sat and thought and deeply pondered  
As I gazed upon the river,  
Gazed and marveled at its splendor;  
Wondered at its strange behavior,  
Now so quiet, calm and gentle;  
Now as playful as a kitten;  
Now in fury, frenzy, madness  
It would rage and curse and threaten,  
So that I—its friend and neighbor,  
Even I, who loved it dearly,  
Dared not venture on its waters;  
Hardly dared behold its horrors.  
Then at other times it sadly

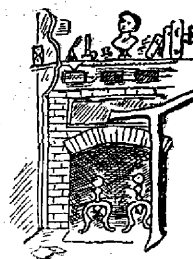
Cried and moaned, not as a baby,  
Or a frail and lovely maiden  
Weeping for her dying lover,  
But as men who are defeated.  
Thus the river calm and peaceful;  
Thus the river wild and dreadful;  
Thus the river sad and mournful;  
I have seen and studied often  
As I sat there on my door-step.  
"Tell me oh thou wonderous river,  
Thou most glorious of all rivers,  
Why is it at different seasons  
Thou dost change thyself entirely,  
From the happiest to the saddest,  
From the gentlest to the fiercest?  
Why it is that thou so mighty,  
Often weepst as a maiden,  
Often ragest as a mad man?  
Hast thou too, as men, thy sorrows?  
Hast thou too thy disappointments?"

O'er the water rose a ripple,  
Rose a sweet, melodious murmuring;  
Clear, yet sounding very distant.  
Music sweet and pure and lovely;  
Sweet as though the choirs of angels  
Chanted to the Lord Almighty,  
Chanted to their glorious Master.  
And I listened to that murmuring  
Listened there almost affrighted;  
For it seemed the waters called me;  
Spoke my name amidst their chanting;  
And in sweetest accents bade me  
Listen to their gentle chanting,  
And from it receive their answer,  
Why the river great and mighty  
Was not always calm and peaceful.  
Then I listened to its murmurs,  
As with voice both sweet and gentle,  
Almost lost amidst the ripples  
Of the waters on the pebbles.  
And I heard the waters answer:  
"Over me there rules a master  
The great ruler and the maker,  
Of the smallest and the mightiest,  
He that rules these mighty waters,  
Also driveth where he listeth  
All the mighty winds of heaven.  
Often like a fretful baby  
I rebel against his biddings,  
But his arm almighty holds me  
Turns me back into my channel,



And with force beyond resistance  
 Sends me on my way appointed.  
 Often like the bulls of Basan,  
 I have roared; have hurled my waters  
 In great billows towards His heaven.  
 I have cried and screeched defiance  
 To the Lord, the King of Heaven.  
 But when all my powers are wasted  
 And I cry in grief and anguish,  
 Moan not as a lovely maiden  
 But as man in desperation,  
 Then I feel his gentle breezes,  
 Feel his soothing rays of sunshine  
 On my torn and troubled surface;  
 Hear the birds so sweetly singing;  
 Hear the very fish within me  
 Laugh and see them dance in gladness.  
 Then I bow before my Maker,  
 Who's kind rays keep growing warmer,  
 Throw my form prostrate before him  
 And confess with deep contrition:  
 'Thou art King and I thy servant.'

ERNEST C. TUTHILL, 1904.

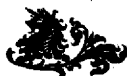


THE Convention of Church Students' Mission Association held at Annandale under the auspices of the S. Stephen's Chapter was convened Saturday evening, February 22, and adjourned Tuesday afternoon, February 25, after having had a very satisfactory meeting. The reports from the different chapters were interesting, the conferences helpful and the addresses inspiring. The amount of business transacted was much greater than that done at any previous C. S. M. A. convention. All these things helped to make the convention a successful one.

S. Stephen's is pleased to know that this meeting of church students was so satisfactory to all who were interested in the convention and the students too are pleased because of the opportunities the convention afforded them; the opportunity of meeting and entertaining students from the different colleges, universities and seminaries throughout the United States, the opportunity of hearing the distinguished men who addressed the delegates and last but not least the opportunity of getting into touch with missionary spirit of the Church Students' Missionary Association.

But this is not all that the convention has done for the college. Besides stirring up the missionary spirit among the students at Annandale; it has brought many people in

contact with S. Stephen's, and it has brought S. Stephen's prominently before churchmen. In many ways the convention has been of great benefit to Alma Mater.



### REPORT OF BUSINESS MANAGER.

**D**URING the last year the MESSENGER has had a taste of financial comfort. For seven years we have struggled, being in debt a great part of the time. Some may be interested to know the reason. It is simply this. The subscription list has been too small. Even now it will meet only a small part of the expenses and being small prevents us from obtaining the needed amount of advertising. If the present comfortable condition is to be continued, the circulation must be increased. The Alumni Students or Advertisers get little from a poor circulation. An increased subscription list will mean a more interesting magazine for the Alumni, a wider field for student contributions and a better chance for the advertiser to get returns for his money. Let me repeat it again. The circulation *must be* INCREASED. The older men can help us by getting their classmates to subscribe.

The manager takes this opportunity to thank all those who have supported the paper during the year and trusts they will not withdraw their support because they see a small balance turned over to the new manager.

The report herewith will give you some idea as to what we have been doing with the money received.

### REPORT OF BUSINESS MANAGER.

March 18, 1901, to March 15, 1902.

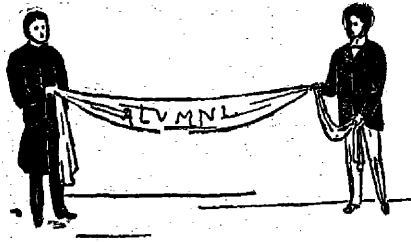
DR.			
Former Manager .....	\$3.08		
Advertisements.....	294.87		
Subscriptions .....	122.10		
Gift John Aspinwall, Esq.....	20.00		
Gift Dr. Cole.....	10.00		
Collected on the campus at Com- mencement, 1901.....	26.45		
Cash sales .....	15.30		
Total receipts .....	\$491.80	\$491.80	
CR.			
Paid debt to A. V. Haight. ....	\$119.00		
Total for printing.....	274.60		
Traveling.....	23.12		
Express .....	3.65		
Postage and mailing.....	12.79		
Interest on shares.....	2.95		
Incidentals.....	7.08		
Total expenditures.....	\$443.19	\$443.19	
Balance on hand March 15, 1902.....		\$48.61	
Liabilities.....	\$00 00		
ASSETS			
Balance on hand.....	48.61		
Advertising.....	8.50		
Subscriptions.....	17.00		
Assets over liabilities.....	\$74.11		

The assets here represented are accounts due and collectible at this date. Bad debts and accounts due shortly are not included. A number of advertisements to be had for the asking and a few to be renewed in the next two or three months will swell the assets greatly.

The MESSENGER is in a good condition. Let us keep it so.

Respectfully,

BENJAMIN MOTTRAM.



(We shall be glad to print in these columns any news whatever of interest concerning our Alumni. Please send notes addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.)

—Rev. Arthur E. Gorter has resigned the charge of St. Paul's, Kilburn, Wis., the resignation to take effect June 1.

—'74. The Ven. Geo. H. Keller, Dean of Chester, died at St. David's Rectory, Wayne, Delaware Co., Pa., on March 5th.

—'75. Dr. Henry A. Fairbairn has recently been elected President of the Kings Co. Medical Society. This is one of the greatest honors the Brooklyn medical profession can confer.

—'75. Nelson P. Lewis has been appointed Chief Engineer of Greater New York, one of the most responsible and highly paid offices under Mayor Low. Mr. Lewis is a graduate of S. Stephens' and of the Troy Polytechnic. He was for some time connected with the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company, and removed to Brooklyn to take a position as engineer in charge of the streets of that Borough.

—'86. The Rev. Charles M. Niles, D.D., is among the Lenten preachers for St. Mark's Church, Islip, L. I.

—Sp. C. '91. The Rev. J. Morris Coerr is in Elmira during Lent.

—'97. The Rev. Edward H. Young was advanced to the priesthood by the Bishop of Pittsburg on Sunday, Feb. 23. The ordination service was held in St. Andrew's Church, Pittsburg.

—'98. On Ember Saturday, Feb. 22, at the St. Mary's Memorial, Pittsburg, Bishop Whitehead advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Frank Jacob Knapp, who is serving as missionary at Blairsville, Pa.

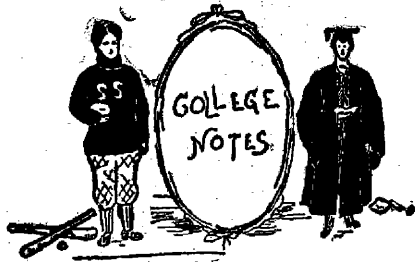
—'99. Charles Bennett McGuire died at his home at Johnstown, Pa., on February 16. He began a post-graduate course in English literature at Johns Hopkins University shortly after he left S. Stephen's, but was forced to give it up on account of the illness from which his death resulted.

—Two priests of the diocese of Newark have received praiseworthy mention for notable Christian service and heroism lately shown in several critical times.

—Sp. C. '92. The Rev. W. M. Mitchem, priest-in-charge of St. James's Church, Hackettstown, served loyally at his post during the recent small-pox scourge when 120 persons in a population of 3,000 were stricken. He officiated at all the burials, and held himself in readiness to do anything in his power for the afflicted and their families.

—'86. Following the disastrous fire at Paterson, the Rev. D. S. Hamilton, rector of St. Paul's Church, won for himself golden opinions by the way in which he jumped into the breach and administered the public and private relief. His good offices were again solicited when the subsequent flood visited the town.





—The Rev. Elbert Floyd-Jones of Cold Spring, preached the second sermon in this year's Lenten series on Wednesday evening, February 26.

—The blizzard of February 22, filled the campus so full of snow that the students had to assist in shovelling paths and roads through the drifts before the delegates to the C. S. M. A. convention arrived.

—The Rev. William Mansfield Groton, Dean of the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Phila., preached the first of this year's Lenten sermons in the Chapel Thursday evening, February 20.

—Mr. James H. Canfield, LL. D., Librarian of Columbia University, delivered the second lecture in the Hoffman Library lecture course in Ludlow Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 10. The subject of his lecture was "The Place and Value of the Public Library." The gist of the lecture was that the people who are the state are educated by the state by means of the public schools and the public library.

—Father Huntington, O. H. C., conducted a Day of Devotion here on Ash Wednesday. The services were well attended and much earnestness was manifested. Father Huntington is noted for his plain speaking and forcible preaching. His addresses here were to the point. Following is a list of services :

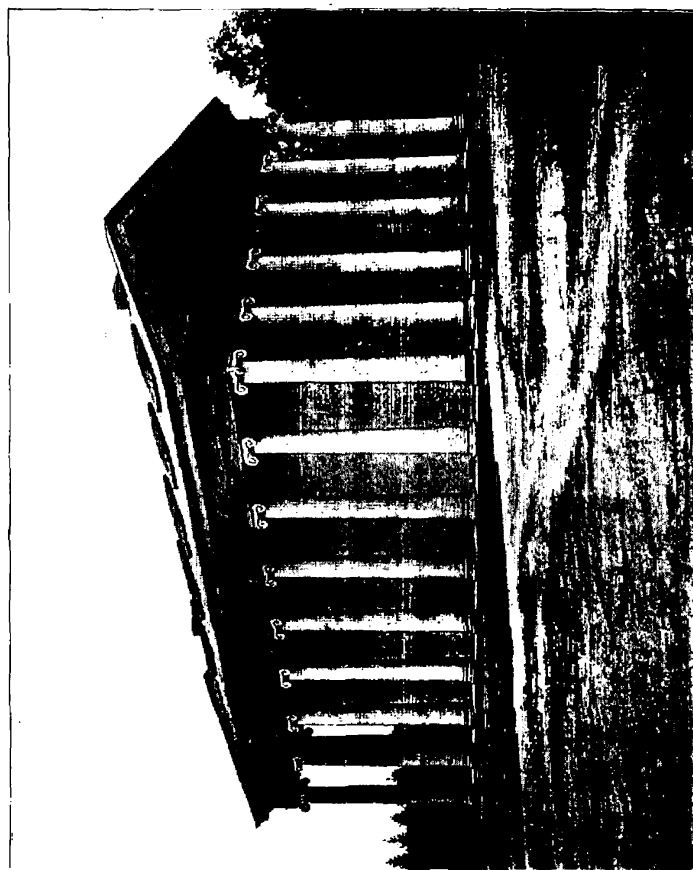
Tuesday evening, February 11, at 7.30, Address. Wednesday morning at 7.30, Holy Communion and address. 9.15, Address. 10.30, Morning Prayer, and sermon. Wednesday afternoon at 2.30, Litany of the Holy Ghost and address. 3.00, Address. 5.00, Address. 6.00, Evening prayer.

—The annual fancy dress ball given by the Freshmen in Preston Hall, Thursday evening, February 6, was much enjoyed by all who were present. The hall was prettily decorated with draperies of white bunting and wreaths and hangings of evergreens. The floor was in good condition for dancing. The music by Scofield's Orchestra was so pleasing that every number on the program was encored. The number of guests present was not so great as to make dancing uncomfortable. Some of the fancy costumes were very pretty, some quaint and some comically fantastic. Every one present seemed to be pleased with the evening's entertainment, and pronounced the ball a success.

—Students who had the pleasure of working under Dr. Foster's directions last year, and who have heard him read extracts from translations of Greek poetry, will be interested in and appreciate the following clipping from *The Dakota Republican* of March 6th :

" Nicely assisted by Prof. Thompson who read the stage directions, by Miss Lapham who read the minstrel songs, and by Professor Grabill, Mrs. Logan and Miss Lathrop who rendered the incidental and descriptive music, Dr. Foster held a large audience of students and citizens spellbound for about three hours, Tuesday evening, with, in substance, Homer's old, old, and ever delightful story of Ulysses' wanderings and

adventures on his way from Troy to his island home, Ithaca, and his loving, constant wife, Penelope, and the apple of his eye, his son, Telemachus. Who will say, after this night, that Greek literature is not the finest of literatures? And who will say that Homer is not, as he is called, 'the chiefest of poets?' Greek and Latin literature dead! Their charm is perennial. And if Dr. Foster did nothing more than to open our eyes, as he did to the strength, beauty, and humanity of Greek literature, he did us all an immense service. But he did more than this. He appeared himself as a 'natural elocutionist'; and displayed the finest conception of the mind and action of the characters, and rendered his conceptions by the most expressive shadings in voice-tone, and in sentiment. Practically, he made us see his characters and the situations, and other backgrounds (scenery) so vividly in the imagination that it was as if we had been the very companions of Ulysses in his wanderings and adventures. Further, by his vivid reading, he secured the sympathy of the audience with his hero. It is not too much to say that in the scene containing the descent to Hades, and in the scene of the slaying of the suitors with the reunion of Ulysses and Penelope the audience was breathless. It is, indeed, not too much to say that all were spell-bound."



HOFFMAN LIBRARY.