

# MESSENGER

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# S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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## NIGHT FANCIES.

WHEN in that silent time of night—  
A ghostly hour hushed like the tomb—  
When only my one constant light  
Shines star-like out upon the gloom.

Ah, in what fairy land of dreams,  
In what a quaint, sweet world I dwell,  
Whose bounds within my candle beams  
Hold joys too rare for me to tell.

There in a soft and gentle mind  
I sit, all hedged about with friends—  
Dear, ancient books, whose pages kind  
For all my worries make amends.

Sweet singers out of every shore  
At one mere beck beside me meet  
To chant me songs and hero lore—  
And naught is held too rare, too sweet.

Then curtseys many a maiden fair;  
King-warriors stalk in armor dight;  
Sweet shepherds pipe away all care  
In that dear, silent time of night.

GILBERT PROWER SYMONS, '04.

## CLASS NUMERALS.

A St. Stephen's Essay.

THE day is past. The wind without  
screeches a melancholy accompani-  
ment to my wandering thoughts and  
the driving snow rushes by my window like  
a great, white cloud in the darkness of night.  
But I settle back more easily into the pil-

lows on my divan and dream of pleasanter things than wind and snow. This red, St. Stephen's pillow, for instance, that now gives such grateful rest to my weary head, suggests a thousand thoughts of people and things that are slowly drifting into the past. But are they? How many men speak of their surroundings drifting into the past, when it is they who are drifting into the future!

However that may be, my mind has turned to days gone by and friends departed. It is strange how our thoughts bound eagerly into the future, when we are fresh and keen, but, when the rush of a busy day leaves us tired and weary, they turn naturally to the past, where there are no problems to solve, no uncertainties to face, but instead a host of pleasing memories and soothing recollections.

Upon my wall hang some foot-ball posters and a battered pig-skin. Some MESSENGERS lie scattered on my table, while on my bed-post hangs a time worn college cap. For out into the life beyond, I have carried all I can of St. Stephen's and St. Stephen's life. Above all other keepsakes I value my class banner. It did not die when the men who had sworn allegiance to it left college. Its numerals, to be sure, no longer ring across the campus; its graceful folds are no more seen in the dormitories or at the dances, but to-day instead it embodies the inspiration of our college life.

As I look upon it my thoughts scatter to the four corners of the earth; clergymen, physicians, professional and business men spring up before my fancy and in each I recognize a classmate, a soldier in the little army that fought under our class banner. How, I ask myself, do I compare with these men, who have known the same joys, shared

the same advantages and lived the same life as myself! Here, I think, comes in the inspiration; and let no man say that ambition to excel is unworthy. True ambition is not a desire to surpass another man, but to develop and use what is in us; to excel, as it were, in the use of our own gifts. But comparison of ourselves with other men is sometimes a healthful stimulus.

But in a hundred years, you say; what then? We shall still live, I answer. When a homeless man dies, his passing away is as that of a sparrow. He is unmourned, unmissed and soon forgotten. A man of family is lamented by his kin, but his fate differs only in degree. But we are alumni of a college. Our careers are watched by anxious eyes, our deeds are recorded in the annals of her growth. So long as she lives, our names will go down to posterity. Under the same old numerals, that once we danced under in youthful gaiety, our names will live eternal, telling to men unborn that we were St. Stephen's men, whose lives and works are the foundation upon which rests the fair fame of Alma Mater.

ARTHUR C. SAUNDERS, '01.

#### A CRY FROM THE DEEP.

INTO life's tempestuous ocean,  
 With its raging, howling waters,  
 With its waves of strife and tumult,  
 Sinking many in the darkness  
 Of disgrace and degradation,  
 Like to those who went before me,  
 I have launched my bark so feeble;  
 Launched it almost without knowing  
 How to overcome the madness  
 Of the waves of sin and sorrow;  
 How to steer safe past the breakers,  
 Hissing, howling, ghastly breakers,  
 That with hellish fascinations  
 Ever drag poor simple people  
 On to wreck and dissolution.

From this ocean, O Great Father,  
 Tossed and whirled by storm and current  
 'Till I almost sink exhausted,  
 I do call on Thee, my Savior,  
 Who canst save me from destruction,  
 If I but obey Thy bidding.  
 Teach me how to guide my vessel,  
 Overcoming all the forces  
 Of the raging waves and tempests,  
 Of the breakers and the whirlpools,  
 Which, but for Thine aid, would wreck me  
 And exulting in my ruin,  
 Writhe and scream in mad derision.  
 Help me to push bravely forward,  
 Till at last I drop my anchor  
 In the haven where I would be.  
 Or if I should fall exhausted,  
 Striving hard to save the vessel,  
 Wilt not Thou, O God my Father,  
 Right the boat and hold the tiller?  
 Guide me safely from the ruin  
 Into which, without Thy succor,  
 I must sink and be polluted  
 In the waves of sin and sorrow?  
 Guide me to the port I make for,  
 To the refuge of Thy haven,  
 There to rest in peace unbroken.

E. C. T., '04.

### AT THE CONVENT CROSS.

THE institution of learning which I attended was small in size, there were few men and but a meagre quota of professors. But being a college which stood second to none in the country in its ability to swell the student's head with Greek and Latin and other classic stuffs which I abhorred, it drew many men of many countries to enter therein. James Netol was one of these many, and upon his head be the blame if this story fails in point of truth.

One evening Netol and I had occasion to call upon Prof. Aphomp, our French instructor, one of the best entertainers with whom it has ever been my pleasure to converse. The professor had regaled us

for some time with song and story, when at the close of one more than usually good anecdote, he turned to me, asking if I did not know some ghost or fighting yarn, and I, in turn, referred him to Netol.

Netol was an Englishman who had been educated to some extent in France and Germany, tall and slender, with sharp, pleasant features, and blue eyes, which gave one the impression that they had been formed for a woman and had gotten into his head by mistake. Crowned, as a man, with wavy hair, he had as many moods as a man crowned as king with the golden ornament. When I appealed to him for a story, and jestingly exhorted him to make it a good one, and fill it with the two inseparables, blood and love, he replied that he could indeed tell us such a story, but that as it was true and moreover concerned himself, perhaps we would be bored by listening to it. As he received no reply from either Prof. Aphomp or myself, he began:

"My mother died when I was but a small boy, of a malady which no doctor has ever been able to diagnose. After her death, my sister, who was three years my senior and whom I loved then and grew to worship as time went on, was brought up and educated by my father, who would trust her to no governess. Then one autumn day Editha (that was my sister's name) was sent to France, and my father summoned me to him, after her departure, and explained to me the cause of her sudden journey and his own intentions concerning her. He said that the malady which had caused my mother's death had also caused the death of my grandmother and that of her mother; that it was inherited and invariably had carried the women off after the birth of the first male child; that the world should be rid

of this curse, and that he had sent her to a convent that she might never marry and so blot out this disease forever. Little did he think that this plague took them whether they married or not, and that the simple fact that they had all married, was no proof that it passed by the maidens. 'Go,' my son, he said, to 'France, and there in the town of B—— watch over Editha and see that no harm befall her. Keep the wolves from the sheep.' In three days I was at the place, a small village whose chief claim to existence was the convent.

"Hardly had I had time to wonder what there could be to watch or what to ward away in so small and so insignificant a town, when I was accosted by a small, wiry looking man of perhaps five and twenty, with jet black hair and little, cunning, twinkling eyes, who asked me where the Sign of the Pigeon was. I replied that I was a stranger and that I was also seeking an inn, and together we walked down the broad paved street and, finding the place he sought, accosted the landlord and obtained lodging. We supped together and as we ate he told me, in his pleasant way, why he had come to the village. Except he spoke lightly of his love at times, I thought his errand a pleasant one indeed: 'to carry off my own true lady love who is holden there,' and he pointed with his lean finger at the convent.

"'And what might be the name of your lady love,' I ventured.

"'It might be and is,' said he, 'as pretty a name as ever graced the card of a pretty English maiden, Editha Netol.'

"'God,' I cried, 'you traitor,' and struck him in the face with my open palm.

"His face blanched for a moment, and then he laughed lightly. 'Look 'e, friend,' he said, 'on coming hither I noticed a

beautiful little graveyard behind the convent yonder, just over the wall. Perhaps we can settle our differences.'

"'Immediately,' I answered, then without another word I snatched my rapier from the table and strode away. When I reached the back of the convent I heard light footsteps behind me, and turning quickly I saw my opponent approaching through the gloom, sword in hand. Instinctively I raised my rapier to parry, but he only laughed, threw his own sword over the wall and clasping his two hands together, formed a stirrup to assist me. Then as he followed me to the graves of the already dead, he hummed a light air from a Spanish opera. Breaking off suddenly he said: 'We'll wait a little, the moon will soon be up.'

"Even as he spoke the pale disc clove a ghastly way through the darkness, and colored a new made mound near where we stood with a sickly hue.

"'We'll wait no longer,' I cried, 'on your guard.'

"He leaped to his feet and saluted, then our blades crossed and the duel began. No seconds, no doctor, naught for us but disgrace or death. I fought with all the energy of hate, throwing all my strength into every stroke, and he, with an adroitness I could not comprehend, parrying every thrust, beating down my guard, tantalized me continually. Behind us was an old stone cross, and I backed to this, thinking to fight in the shadow, and thus have him at a disadvantage, but he walked around me and only laughed again, while I cursed him with my hard-drawn breath, and ever and anon as we walked around each other, he pricked me with the point of his weapon. Slash, cut, stroke, parry. I fought desparingly now, but suddenly he took his eyes from mine

for a second, and in that second (God forgive me), I cut him on his sword arm, and his blade fell from his grasp.

“‘Hark! you fool,’ he said, scarcely noticing the wound and the red blood forming a pool at his feet, ‘some one is singing.’ Listening I heard a strangely familiar voice:

‘Near, near thee, my son,  
Is the old wayside cross,  
Like a grey-friar cowed  
In lichens and moss,  
And its cross-beams do point  
To that bright golden span  
That bridges the waters  
So safe——’

“The song stopped suddenly and the same voice that had sung the song broke into a low moan, then all was still.

“When I reached her side, my opponent was placing his sound arm under her head, and he leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. It was Editha, and she was dead.

“‘Go,’ I said, ‘this is my sister.’

“Without a word he rose and went, the blood spurting from his wound and turning into a yellowish green as it spat upon the ground. His sword I picked up from where it lay, glistening in the light of the moon, and preserved as a memento of the bravest man I have ever met. But the malady has left our family forever.”

Netol stopped and looked up. The lamp had gone out and the new moon shot its mellow gleam through the study windows. As I rose to go, Prof. Aphomp reached his hand across the table and took that of Netol’s. “James,” he said, “I loved your sister, may God forgive us both.” And I left them standing there in the shadows, with hands clasped, gazing into each other’s eyes.

2 POTTER HALL.

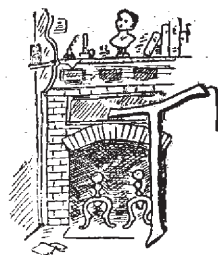
### A SIMILE.

AS when the boatman, who along the river  
And wearied with the toil at hour of sunset  
Plies still his bark. The cliffs on either hand  
Covered with tall dark pines, shut out the light;  
The leaden river flows with sullen wave  
And beats against the rock with hollow sound.  
How chill it is! A silvery grayish mist  
Hangs o’er the valley and softens all the outlines  
Once so rugged. Slowly the light fades away;  
All nature seems o’ercome with weariness  
Complaining bitterly of labor and sorrow  
Of toil and suffering. And then  
The river bends. Lo, a golden glory  
Streams from the sun, which in the west is sinking  
It lightens up the landscape, kissing the river,  
Awakening and transforming it; changing  
The mist to a shower of golden radiance.

So, when we journey through this valley of sorrow  
Almost exhausted by the weary round  
Of trivial tasks, of suffering, and life  
Seems hardly worth enduring; then  
We stop, we look to Heaven for solace, comfort.  
And then descends a blessing on our souls  
Which lightens labor, scatters far the shades  
Of darkness, and renders life a gracious gift  
of the Creator.

WALTER SCOTT CLELAND, '03.





IF there is one subject of prime interest to the editor of a college paper it is "writing for the paper." Now when the time comes to make up an issue and the editor finds one or two available manuscripts on hand, he surely cannot be blamed if he resolves to state his views on that subject in the next issue.

One thing we have noticed during the time we have occupied the editorial chair. That is, the scanty support the MESSENGER is receiving from the undergraduate body. Considerably less than one-fifth of the students are anything like regular contributors to the paper. How can the MESSENGER thrive and represent the best work of the college in the face of this spirit of indifference?

There are two sides to this question of contributing to the MESSENGER; first, the support due it as a college institution; second, the support due it because of the opportunity it offers for exercising and improving one's gift for writing.

If there is one thing which needs to be impressed on every student's mind, it is the fact that it is his duty to support, in his own way, every kind of college activity; that it is the aim of the college to develop a man in every way; that anyone who fails to take advantage of every opportunity to support a college institution is lacking greatly in loyalty to his college. The MES-

SENGER is an undergraduate publication for the benefit of undergraduates, run by undergraduates and should be supported by the undergraduates with as much enthusiasm as athletics, dramatics or music. What if your contributions are not always accepted? You are only showing a proper spirit of loyalty by continuing to contribute and by so doing you are encouraging others to like action. Besides, a high degree of literary excellence in the articles accepted can be better obtained if the board have a large number from which to select. Let me repeat, "Support the MESSENGER because it is a college institution."

Then, too, the MESSENGER offers a splendid field to improve your style of writing. Here you are hampered by no assignment of subject and have a good chance to show what you can do. One thing, an educated man must know how to do; that is, how to write simply and yet well. Here is an opportunity, use it. Practice makes perfect; even if your articles are not accepted you will derive benefit from the exertion. Therefore, support the MESSENGER because of the opportunity it affords you to improve your style of writing.

Now a few suggestions: First, as to subject and form. The essay, whether descriptive or expository is a rather dangerous thing to handle and beginners at least would do well to leave it alone. The ability to write serious verse is a gift of the gods and nothing more can be said. However, there is one kind of verse which can be cultivated and that is the kind known as college verse. The dialogue offers a good field for the display of wit and humor if you happen to possess that gift. Then there is the story. Now don't fall into the mistake of thinking that the love story is the only

kind wanted. One field is almost wholly neglected here and that is the college story. We have discoursed on that subject before and so will not dwell on the point now. However, this much may be said, even if it is a commonplace, that one writes best on the subjects with which he is most familiar. Incidents occur here every little while, which if cleverly worked up would make splendid stories. Then there is the article which for want of a better name we shall call a sketch. A short anecdote, a single incident well worked over will do just as well, nay better than the long story for it will give others more chance to get their articles accepted.

Then, write carefully. Go over your whole work and scrutinize every sentence, every word. You will save yourself mortification and others a lot of work. Above all, avoid sophomore language. Fine writing can be done only by a master; simplicity is your best policy.

### EXCHANGES.

As a general rule the January issues of our college papers show considerable deterioration from their usual standard, and certainly this year's issues are no exception to the rule. Every college activity experiences the results of the Christmas vacation and our exchanges show most decidedly the effects thereof.

As usual the *Williams Literary Monthly* is the best. Almost every article in the January issue from cover to cover can be thoroughly commended. Especially noteworthy is "Fireflies—A Japanese Illusion," by George Mather Richards. The *Mount Holyoke* contains an essay on Equal Suffrage,

frage, which won the first prize offered by the College Equal Suffrage League for the best essay on that subject. "The Passing of the Golden Age," by Dorothy Furman, has pleased the editor very much. The *Vassar Miscellany* contains a good article on Santayana, by Abbie Caroline Rhodes.



The following sonnet from the *Mount Holyoke* was "suggested by a picture of the room where Shakespeare was born."

### SONNET.

Just as the radiance of a star, long dead,  
Still travels to us from infinite space,  
So does thy presence linger in the place  
Where thou wert born, and seems to shed  
The truth, the simple grandeur that has led  
Through all the year enthralled the human race,  
Oh thou great Master Bard from whom we trace  
Our inspiration; in whose steps we tread,

For thou couldst read man's nature as a book,  
A book wherein thou too had writ uncouth  
The restless passions, the wild strivings of thy youth,  
And having written, gained the power and truth  
Which comes from deep experience, and in sooth  
Despised not man for frailties thou forsook.

— 1905.



Very charming in its phraseology is the following:

### VITA BREVIS EST.

"Eat, drink and be merry  
For to-morrow ye die!"  
Here's to Charon's old wherry  
In rich amber sherry.  
Two bites of the cherry  
Of life? You ask why?  
"Eat, drink and be merry  
For to-morrow ye die!"

CYNICUS, in *The Morning-side*.





In addition to the above we quote ;

NANCIE.

Beyond yon lift's a lassie rare,  
An' aye she's bright an' bonnie  
Gin there be ither anes as fair,  
I vow they arena monie.

CHO : Aye bright an' aye tight,  
Cheerie aye an' sonsie  
I gaed to the but door  
To be alaine wi' Nancie.

M' waesome heart, fu' sunk in spleen,  
Twixt cares was rended ;  
Wi' ae kind blick o' twa blae een,  
It gie a stoun' an' mended.

Could Michael Angelo hae seen  
A prent o' Nancie's face  
He'd gathered a' his works, I ween,  
An' hid them in disgrace.

For Nancie has sic jet black locks,  
An' cheeks sae bonnie wi' rose ;  
She gaed wi' me tae tent the flocks,  
I tint twa yearlin' yowes.

I'll big a cot on yonder knowe  
By yonder burnie side,  
An' then, my Nancie, gin' ye'll go,  
We'll let the world slide.

CHO : Aye bright and Aye tight,  
Cheerie aye an' sonsie  
I'll big a cot on yonder knowe  
To be alaine wi' Nancie.

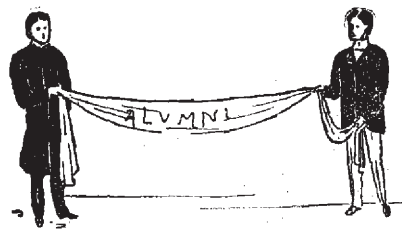
BRUCE WALLACE BROTHERSTON, in *The Williams Literary Monthly*.

A PICTURE.

Ah you dear lass in the black oak chair  
Sitting and smiling silently there,  
Come from your restful, easy grace—  
Stretch both your hands—Ah touch my face.  
Thine eyes, dreamfilled, to mine upturn—  
There in their depths let me discern  
The living love that holds my soul  
Enwrapped with thine—as roll on roll,  
The petals weave a rosy nest  
That holds the perfumed heart caressed.

RALPH CHILD ERSKINE, in *The Williams Literary Monthly*.

We acknowledge: *The Williams Literary Monthly, The Syracuse Herald, The Morningside, The Vassar Miscellany, The Mount Holyoke, The Bowdoin Quill, The Alfred University Monthly, The Trinity Tablet, The Hobart Herald, The New England Conservatory Magazine and The Queen's University Journal.*



(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.)

—'69. The Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey gave a unique lecture last week at the Hall Memorial House, Holy Trinity parish, Brooklyn. His subject was, "The Un-organized Forces of Religion." The lecture was interesting, and illustrated by exhibiting plants, seeds and clay.

—Ex. '72. The post office address of the Rev. George W. West is Holy Trinity rectory, South River, N. J.

—'77. The Rev. Armand de Rossett Meares is at present located at Marion, in the Diocese of Ashville, having charge also of the Mission Stations at Lenore and Rutherfordton.

—'78. The Rev. Geo. W. Bowne's address is changed from Erie, Pa., to Christ Church Rectory, Meadville, Pa.

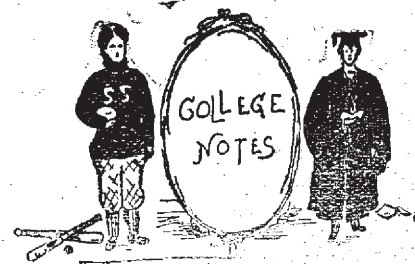
—'82. The Rev. Charles A. Jessup has been appointed a member of the committee of the alumni of the General Theological Seminary, on the examination of candidates for the McVickar Greek prize, for the present year. Mr. Jessup has served as one of the examiners for this prize, almost continually since 1890.

—'92. The Rev. Clarence Manning Dunham, rector of St. Jude's parish, Brooklyn, expects to begin the building of his new church, early in the spring. The site of the church has been changed to 14th avenue, corner 55th street, Borough Park, a more central location for his parishioners.

—'96. The Rev. J. H. Wilson's present address is No. 30 South Second Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

—'98. The Rev. A. C. Stengel was ordained priest on Jan. 18, by Bishop Walker, in the church of the Good Shepherd, Buffalo, N. Y.

—'98. The Rev. George Belsey was ordained to the priesthood, on Dec. 21, by Bishop Millspaugh, in the Cathedral Topeka, Kansas. The Rev. Mr. Belsey will be transferred to the diocese of Salina.



—Several men spent part of examination week at home.

—Beckett, '06 has left college on account of ill-health.

—Examinations are over now and now the next subject of interest is the Freshmen ball.

—It is announced that the Rev. Frank B. Reazor, '79 is to conduct the retreat on Ash Wednesday.

—We are pleased to announce that Chapman, who was severely injured by a fall while returning from St. Peter's Mission, is improving.

—In our last issue, announcing the election of the athletic association. Mr. Thompson was spoken of as a member of 1906 instead of 1905. We regret the error exceedingly.

—We have recently received the announcement of the gift of \$250 by the Right Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D., L. L. D., Bishop of Western Mass., for the Laboratory fund. The convocation at a recent meeting passed a vote of thanks and directed the secretary to communicate the same to Bishop Vinton.

*Please Mention the "Messenger."*

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A. V. HAIGHT, President.

WM. T. WARD, Treasurer.

WM. D. HAIGHT, Secretary.

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