

# S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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## EASTER BELLS.

THE darksome Winter days that hush our song  
birds  
And strip our forests bare,  
Would make all warmth and bloom but dream-words  
But for the Springtime fair.  
How sweet to hearts grown weary of the frost-time,  
The Spring's first violet,  
How sweet to hear the swinging Easter bells chime,  
And all past ills forget!  
Blow on sweet flowers, in waving grasses hiding  
Your timid heaven-hued eyes,  
Ring on, glad Easter bells, all sorrow chiding,  
Ring on, till thought shall rise  
Beyond this bounded vale of snow and tempest,  
Unto that lofty height,  
Where skies are calm and deep the heart's rest  
Where Christ Himself is light.

L. M. D.

## A SULTANIC IDYL.

THE Sultan of Zambeesi sat wrapped  
in deep thought. His kingdom had  
been steadily on the wane and he was  
wishing for it to gain its old place among  
the kingdoms of the world. Pressing an  
electric button, he summoned Al Bluffer,  
the court Sage, who was two hundred and  
forty-nine years old and steeped in all kinds  
of lore, both true and false.

"What is thy will, O Light of the  
Earth?"

"O most Wise of Men, rack thy brains and think thou of a plan to make my kingdom rise above par."

The old Sage drew a figure on the floor and after much calculating obtained the result,  $\log. = 3.1416$ .

"O Heaven-born, by the beard of the Prophet, now am I ready to answer. By Allah (may His name be praised) to restore thy kingdom so that its name may be known to the ends of the earth, it is necessary for thee to found a university. At this university all the young men will learn what it is proper to know, besides many other things. They will develop their lungs in the resounding college yell. Yea, on the gridiron they will learn all the tactics of war in the mighty mass plays, and they will be swift of foot as they try each morning to reach the dining-room before the door be closed. As for our young women they will learn everything that is useful and that most useful of all accomplishments, how to make good fudge, also how to understand Browning and how to play such instruments as the mandolin, banjo and guitar. Yea, the magical figures 3.1416 declare it to be the only way." So saying, the Sage became silent.

"Truly did Abdul Damit, my father, say that thou wert of all men the most wise. Thou hast well spoken. I will confer a gift on thee that has been conferred on none other. Instead of five automobiles thou shalt have twenty. Yea, I will issue an edict that sundry libraries be established throughout the kingdom and that they each bear thy illustrious name, much the same as is done at present in that republic of North America, wherein the people are unbelievers. So be it."

JAY PRESTON STONER, '06.

### A REVERIE.

**I**SIT alone in my study  
While my lamp is burning low,  
And my mind goes wildly wandering;  
Flitting vaguely to and fro.

On the bare, white wall before me  
Her face appears to shine,  
And I sit enrolled in raptures  
As it gently smiles on mine.

I hear her merry voice ring  
As she sings so sweet and clear,  
And seems to bid my aching heart  
Be strong and cease to fear.

Lulled by her voice melodious,  
Enranced by her smile of mirth,  
As an innocent babe I slumber,  
Forgetting the cares of earth.

Oh Fate, so cruel to wake me!  
Why didst thou make me see  
That this was but an passing dream,  
And she had forgotten me?

E. C. TUTHILL, '04.

### UN SOUVENIR.

"**Q**U'OMME le flot que le vent chasse  
Et qui à mes pieds va mourir,  
Tout passe et tout s'efface,  
Tout, excepté le souvenir."

INCONNU.

### JENESAIS.

**I**N the latter part of August, his guide announced at one of the Adirondack summer resorts, that Jack Webon had wandered off into the trackless forest. There was no small stir at that place, for Jack was one of the most handsome and brilliant of the summer visitors and the idol of his parents, as well as a leader in all out-door sports. He lived in the open air, his particular hobby at this time being to hunt for days at a time and to sleep in the open air.

It was on such a trip that he was sepa-

rated from his guide, too eager in his pursuit of a sleek looking buck, which they had aroused. In his wild pursuit, he lost all idea of distance and direction, until the buck disappeared and he became aware that he was alone with his gun and scanty provision.

On and on he wandered, circling time after time and shouting until his voice failed and night fell. It was misty and dark when he sought a cozy nook to sleep in. As he lay there beneath a tall pine, crouching close to the trunk, he thought how his mother would worry and how his little sister would spend the next day, with no one to tease her or to row her about the lake, just for exercise. Thus he fell asleep quite conscious of the fact that he was lost, but not yet despairing.

It was broad daylight when he awoke. The bright sun was shining in patches through the dense branches of the pines. It was cool and quiet; quiet as the grave, Jack thought. He was aroused from his reverie by the cracking of a twig and a gentle step on the needle-strewn ground. He grasped his gun, but instead of shooting, gazed in admiration at a young doe, tripping by gracefully, sniffing the air and wholly unaware of his existence. His heart melted with pity as he thought how wild he had been but the day before to slay so innocent and artless a creature, and he sat quietly watching it. Suddenly the doe, seeing a slight motion, darted away into the labyrinth of trees and was lost to sight in a twinkling.

"Well," he muttered, "that's a gentle hint. I must be off." The thickly crowded trees and their interwoven branches made his progress difficult and slow. He continued cutting out his own path for the rest

of the day. That evening he finished his scanty provision. "Travelling for a whole day," he murmured as he sank down wearily by a great chestnut, "and no nearer civilization." He determined not to let himself become discouraged.

The next morning he awoke at sunrise and pushed forward eagerly. It seemed that he made no progress at all. His courage was failing, but still he pushed on. Those who have been lost in a forest, even for a short time, will realize what horrible desperation seizes one's mind, and drives him onward. It is verily a will-o'-the-wisp which whispers to him to follow this way and presently leads him in just the opposite direction. One opening shows up more favorably than the present path, and he takes this only to be plunged into greater difficulties. Thus Jack wandered, driven on incessantly by his desperate will, and still no path, no hope of escape from this gloomy and extensive prison! On, on he wandered till by noon he came to a rift in the forest where the underbrush and vines grew more luxuriantly and luscious blackberries hung on drooping bushes; beech trees and alders grew intermingled with the pine, thus indicating the nearness of water. Gradually the pines were left behind and only the fresh and gently waving leaves of the white birch were visible. Still Webon pushed on, anxious to see what lay beyond, and hoping that this was a sign of civilization.

About an hour or two before sunset, he suddenly beheld, a hundred feet below him, a beautiful valley, of perhaps ten square miles, surrounded by steep mountains, and cradling in its bosom a shimmering lake. To the right directly below him trickled a shallow creek, on whose shady bank, herds



of sleek cattle grazed or basked in the sun. Clustered about the foot of the lake, was a collection of some seventy-five or a hundred stone houses, square and spacious structures, well built, with narrow slits in their heavy masonry for windows, doors of roughly hewn wood and square chimneys, from which smoke curled up lazily and lost itself among the innumerable trees. The village was laid out in the shape of a heart, the centre of which was apparently reserved for meetings, for it contained many roughly-hewn benches in circular tiers about a huge block of stone with rude but fantastic carvings on each side.

"What peace and quiet!" whispered Webon. "Surely this is not deserted. Let's go closer!" Having made his way to a mound not far from the outer row of houses, from which he could see everything perfectly, he sat down.

While Webon waited, admiring the picturesqueness of the place, there came from the houses in perfect silence, a crowd of boys, and men with long beards tucked in at their belts, clothed in the fashion of the Colonial period, but entirely in white. These were led by a man dressed similarly, but with his beard flowing on down to his knees, and a white turban-like cap on his head, who ushered them into the benches. He then approached the granite block, first prostrating himself three times. In the absolute silence Webon heard the voice of the priest ring out loudly and clearly words which he could not understand and which sounded like a mixture of French and English. The congregation uttered responses which sighed through the valley like the wintry winds. Presently boys brought wood and built it upon the altar, and on this the men laid a body of a deer. After they had

retired to their seats, the priest kindled the fire on the altar. It burned fiercely, while the priest knelt and the men arising, went in silence to their homes. A bell was sounded presently and the women came out of the houses as silently as the men, but presenting a more picturesque appearance in their close fitting shirts and their various colored shawls thrown over their shoulders, like tunics and flowing loosely down to their knees. They approached in order and took their seats first prostrating themselves. Then at a given signal they began to sing most wildly enchanting music, which ravished the ear of the astonished listener. This continued till the fire had entirely gone out and the priest had scraped the ashes into a brazen urn, which he left standing on the altar. Then the priest led the women back to their houses still singing their wierd songs, which gradually died away as they returned to their homes.

The sun had set; all was quiet. Lights appeared in the windows. Webon watched these interestedly. Presently a bell sounded from the midst of the village, and immediately every light disappeared.

Our wanderer stood in amazement, trying to comprehend all that he had seen, but in his bewildered astonishment he had no power to think it out and was soon wrapped in slumber near one of the houses in front of which was an enormous elm. How long he had slept he did not know, but he was awakened by the sound of voices very close at hand. He found himself surrounded by a crowd of these peculiar people, each expressing his opinion of the newly found man. As he had thought, their speech was a mixture of French and English, which he understood fairly well, and made himself understood with little

trouble. An admiring crowd followed him to the house of the priest, whether he was led and placed before a well-filled table and bidden to eat. Presently the drowsy sound of the morning worship crept stealthily through the place.

It was noon and Webon had been sleeping after his meal. He was aroused by a cry outside and picking his way through the rambling corridors of the priest's house, made his escape into the open air. In the midst of the village, he saw his father with several guides, expostulating with the priest, who was unwilling to give up the "new man." Webon rushed into his father's arms, exclaiming; "Shake me, father; it's all a dream!" "Not a dream by any means, but stern reality and many a tear has your mother wept for her lost boy, and now for home!"

Webon thanked the priest for his hospitality, asking at the same time the name of the place. The priest turned away sorrowfully, answered "Jenesais" and disappeared silently into his house, while the other men betook themselves to their daily occupations.

F. U. R., '04.

#### THE COURSE OF THE SUN.

ONCE on a time I woke and rubbed my eyes,  
My brain half waked, half slept; then did I see  
The sun arise and shine full ruddily,  
Where, just before, the grey was in the skies.  
It crept o'erhead, but faster, faster hies  
The afternoon, and twilight seems to be  
A Heaven, till pausing o'er the western sea,  
The dull disc droops into the dark and dies.  
The morning, fair; the noon, too bright a day;  
The afternoon, too short; the twilight flies;  
The night is dark, but morn comes rapidly.  
At dawn my heart was free, at noon 'twas gay,  
At twilight sweetly sad—but now it cries:  
"The night is dark"—but morn comes rapidly.

2 POTTER HALL.

#### THE WHITE ROSES.

INTO the little village of Northrup there came one spring morning a woman, young and handsome, but with a face so sad that it awoke a feeling of sympathy in even the most flint-hearted villager. To every one it was apparent that some awful grief was breaking her down both in mind and body. She lived alone, always sad, but kind and gentle to even the most insignificant of God's creatures. Soon she became the gossip of the village. They wondered about her past and even pictured her as some great criminal. Gradually, however, her gentleness and silently suffering won their respect and even love. For two years she lived in the village. Then the fever came. Her poor constitution, already wrecked by severe mental suffering, could not withstand the force of the fever. She died and the villagers buried her in the little neglected grave-yard. Years passed by. The gossips found other subjects and soon the little woman was almost forgotten.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several years after her coming a strange man visited Northrup. He was tall and muscular; his face handsome and proud, but strongly marked by sorrow. His speech and every movement indicated pride and aristocracy. He enquired for the little woman. Silently he listened to the story of her suffering and death. Above her grave he erected a large granite monument, with the inscription: *MARY. May God grant you eternal peace. Amen.* Then he left the village. The next day a bouquet of white roses were found upon the grave and concealed within were these verses:

## TO MARY.

Last week I heard an old time tune  
That woke up mem'ries that which too soon  
Flooded my eyes with burning tears,  
And pierced my heart with a thousand spears.

You used to sing that song to me  
When we were young and gay and free,  
When every look from you would say:  
"With love we'll brighten every day."

The days are long now. Stern and cold,  
I loathe and hate her who with gold  
Bought me as a beast to display,  
And caused all joy to melt away.

My love, I know I broke your heart!  
Oh would that I anew might start!  
But no! I filled the cup with gall;  
I to the dregs must drain it all!

\* \* \* \* \*

The weather was bitter cold. All night long the wind had howled and the mercury crept gradually down until at sunrise it stood below zero. Two grave-diggers came early in the morning to the little graveyard. As they drew near the grave of Mary, both stopped frightened and looked at each other. Was it a ghost? There close beside the grave lay a man. They called, but receiving no answer came to him. He was dead—frozen stiff. On the grave was another bouquet of white roses and tucked under them a sheet of paper upon which, in a cramped hand, was written:

I've drunk deep of the bitter cup  
Through each long, weary year;  
I've strove to put thee from my heart,  
By every kind of cheer.

I've crossed o'er hill and valley;  
I've worked and fought in vain;  
By day and night I cry for thee.  
Oh Death relieve my pain!

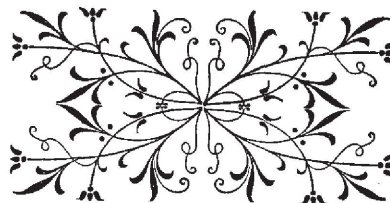
My God, why did I take that step!  
Why did I break her heart!  
I fear no hell! Oh come dark death,  
I must from earth depart.

*The White Roses.*

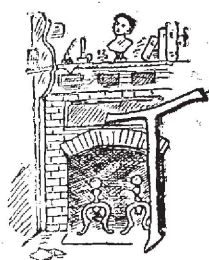
I'm raving, madly raving,  
Cursing both God and man—  
Oh Hell canst thou torment me  
As living this life can?

I'm freezing, burning, dying!  
My God I now thank Thee,  
My Hell is past; I see the light,  
I come, dear love, to thee.

E. C. T., '04.







## The Editor's Corner.

Several months ago, we spoke of the necessity of supporting the MESSENGER from a literary point of view, but there is another side to the question of support, of equal importance; that is the financial. It goes without saying that without money, it is impossible to run a college paper.

Now there are a number of sources from which we derive our financial support. *First, there is the advertising matter.* Only one thing needs to be said about this issue. Perhaps few of the students realize the difficulty of securing advertisements for the MESSENGER. Our business with most of our advertisers is comparatively small and unless they receive a proportionate amount of trade they will not advertise. So we would entreat you, students, to trade with our advertisers in preference to other business men.

*Of the support derived from the subscriptions from the students* little can be said except that it is fairly satisfactory. Quite a large item in our list is the number of our friends who subscribe, but what of the alumni from whom we have in right to expect considerable support? Out of our three hundred or so living alumni, less than one hundred are subscribers.

Some alumni might remark: "Why should we subscribe for the MESSENGER?" because it is a production of your Alma Mater. If you care anything for her, you

will desire to keep in touch with her; this can best be done through the MESSENGER. We have heard complaints once in a while, because the Alumni Notes were uninteresting and few, but remember that unless you let us hear from you we can publish very little about you. We have to rely upon the papers and the few students who have friends among the Alumni. Since we have been on the Editorial Board not one item has come through you, are we to blame?

Nominally we are clear from debt but you must remember that there are shares of MESSENGER stock out, on which we are paying interest and some day the principle will have to be paid. To keep the MESSENGER up to the standard of other college papers, without your support is impossible. Will you help us? All we ask is your subscription promptly paid and certainly you will get your money's worth.

So this is the final plea of the Board for 1903-1904. This has been a hard year for the MESSENGER; necessarily it has suffered from the changes in the Board. Affairs look rather dubious at present, but with your help we can succeed. To all of you, Alumni, students, friends, we say, "support the MESSENGER in every way you can, by contributing to its columns, by giving us your subscriptions by doing your best to extend the circulation of the MESSENGER among the Alumni whom we cannot reach, and above all by paying your subscriptions promptly.

## EXCHANGES.

The Editor has finished reading his Exchanges. Through the open window comes the merry noise of his friends playing tennis on the campus beneath him. How nice it is out in the air! The room is hot and close

and what good is an Exchange Column? He hears "Foxy Willie" calling the fellows to go to the swimming-pool for the first swim of the season. He wanders over to the window; the swimmers are moving down the hill. Miss the first swim of the season! Yes, and throw about yourself the garb of a critic! What mockery!

Again he turns to the pile of magazines before him. The first is the *Alfred Monthly* and for the second time he reads a rather poorly written but just article on the disadvantages of a college education. In part the writer says:

"College life tends to make a man impractical. He does not fully understand how hard the struggle is outside. He is not accustomed to bearing responsibility and he feels unable to adequately meet the burdens which he knows are coming. He is apt to estimate his own value too highly, and to believe that he will find life easier than most people have found it. In fact he looks at life as something smooth and easy and not as an earnest struggle and endeavor."

Next he picks up the *Bowdoin Quill*—the good, reliable *Quill*. In it he finds a good story of the *Black Cat* style, "The Drugged Communion." "Ye Postman," as usual, is the best exchange column of the month.

*The Morningside* has two praise-worthy pieces of fiction: "Mabel" and "Her Point of View." A very pretty tale of a mother's love.

The most attractive edition of the month is the *Monthly Maroon*. Its fiction is ad-

mirable, except, perhaps, "Eloa, La Fille Aux Cheveux Roux," which, as no pony was furnished, the Editor did not read. "Out of the Darkness," a long story for a college paper, is skillfully executed and an exceptionally good story.

"Christopher Marlowe," in the *Vassar Miscellany* is an attractive essay.

The verse of the month is not up to standard. In our opinion "The Thunderstorm" in the *Syracuse Herald* is one of the best of the month but is too long for re-printing. We submit the following:

#### THE YOUNG SINGER.

He sang the charge song of the Guard;  
A mad, wild fever seized me.  
He crooned a mother's cradle song;  
What far, fond dreams it weaved me!

With bursts of laughing opera airs  
Tumultuously he'd wake me;  
And through a flaunting Gipsy dance,  
His tripping voice would take me.

He sang of love; my blood caught fire,  
For lo! soft hands caressed me.  
He sang of death; a calm, cold breath,  
With mystic power oppressed me.

He sang, but now his voice is still,  
Why should his memory grieve me?  
For in the spirit of his songs  
He lives, he ne'er shall leave me.

—F. M. L., *The Monthly Maroon*,

#### THE BRINK O' THINGS.

Come stray with me to the brink o' things,  
In the land of the rolling hills,  
Where you never know,  
As on you go,  
What the winding roadway wills.



'Tis now from the summit an aisle of elms  
 Blurs all but the beauty near ;  
     Where they arch and meet  
     With idle feet  
 You linger, and forward peer.

'Tis on the rise you look before,  
 And over the crest their peeps  
     The eye of a lake;  
     And the leap you take,—  
 Will that land you in its deeps ?

'Tis dawn sometimes and sometimes dusk  
 When over the brink there blows  
     A wildering mist,  
     And all things whist;  
 And we wander—where, who knows ?  
 —ROSE ALDEN, 1901, *The Mount Holyoke*.



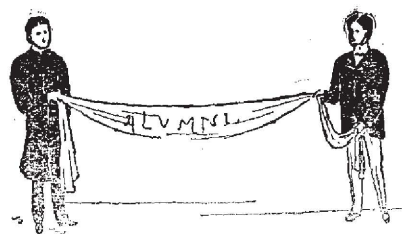
#### WHEN BIRDS DO SING.

When birds do sing their carolling  
 O'erleaps the tuneful lips of Spring;  
 Then hearts are gay to welcome May  
 With Nature's jovial roundelay.  
 And join in choral songs to bring  
     Hither the Spring  
 When birds do sing.

When birds do sing, their carolling  
 Wakes memories in the heart of Spring;  
 Wakes trout and bream from winter dream  
 Of music from the running stream;  
 Then quicken buds of gorse and ling  
     To opening  
 When birds do sing.

When birds do sing upon the wing  
 To lead the tardy foot of Spring,  
 The brook and rill, the rock and hill  
 With gladness shout, with gladness thrill,  
 And all the woodland echoes ring  
     With praise of Spring  
 When birds do sing.

—ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62, *Bowdoin Quill*.



—'67. The Rev. G. D. Silliman recently spent a day at the college.

—'73. The Rev. Wm. M. Jefferis, D.D., sailed from Bermuda for home on April 18 having entirely recovered from his recent illness. Mr. Jefferis is rector of Calvary Church, Wilmington, Del.

—'94. The Rev. J. Morris Coerr has accepted an election as rector of St. Andrew's Church, Albany, N. Y. Mr. Coerr was formerly rector of St. Paul's Church and the Chapel of Our Holy Savior, Norwalk, Ohio.

—'99. The Rev. Arthur Sanford Lewis, '99 was ordained to the priesthood on Tuesday, in Holy week, by the Right Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, D. D. The ordination took place at the Church of the Ascension, Pittsburgh, Pa., where Mr. Lewis becomes curate from April 1. He was presented by the Rev. Dr. Grange, rector of the parish.

—'99. On Thursday, April 2, the Chapel of the Holy Innocents beheld the solemn splendor of the marriage ceremony performed by the Rev. George B. Hopson, D. D., by which the Rev. A. S. Lewis, '99, and Miss Edith Harris, of Annandale, were united in eternal union. Mr. W. W. Silliman, '00, acted as best man and Mr. Keble Dean, '89, as usher. The church was crowded to the doors, and after the ceremony a reception was given at the Harris home.

—'02. Ben. Mottram spent his Easter vacation at Stockport at the home of George Silliman, '04, his former room-mate while at St. Stephen's.

*Please Mention the "Messenger."*

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