

# MESSENGER

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# S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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## IN FEBRUARY.

Hide yourself, sun, if you must;  
Wail on, disconsolate wind,  
Like a were-wolf for her kind.  
Weep, teary clouds, all you will.

Now 'tis not winter nor summer.  
Poor Earth, you feel in this strife  
Neither past death nor new life.  
Suffer and wait; life is coming.

Wait awhile. I too had perished;  
Left my old body, like you;  
Lived without life, for the new—  
Ah, that dear new—had not risen.

Hide yourself, sun, if you must;  
Wail on, disconsolate wind.  
Earth, never mind, never mind;  
Soon your new life too will come.  
G. P. S.

## THE HISTORY OF A RENOWNED DRUM.

"ALL hail, thou prehistoric implement for making noise! Thou much-abused but innocent drum, called by a learned man, 'The most barbarous of all instruments!' Thou must have seen better days and livelier times than these. Would that I might learn thy history from thee!"

Thus one afternoon, as I sat smoking my pipe, I addressed the old drum which hangs on my wall. By-and-by, the smoke rose in circling wreath and enveloped it, until, to my intense surprise, I heard a rumbling voice sigh and say,

"You are right, indeed. I have been much abused and have seen better times. But listen and I will tell you as much of my history as will be of interest.

"A young man named Jim bought me in a New York store. I was done up in much paper and took a journey with Jim. When I was unwrapped I found myself in a strange room surrounded by a group of admiring men.

"After this I led a very exciting life. 'Night-shirt Parades' took place at least once a week and Jim never missed any. So I was kept pretty busy. Often in the afternoons, when it was gray and damp outside, Jimmy would knock a cheerful tune out of me,—however, sometimes he got into trouble with fellows who were trying to study.

"One evening, after a particularly exciting 'Parade,' Dr. Jameson, who was then president, while out on police duty caught Jim and me. Jim was warned not to disturb the peace and he promised he would not.

"After this Jim took me out several times on the sly. One night, Jim lent me to another fellow. Dr. Jameson caught him also. Next day, Dr. Jameson informed Jim that I must either be kept quiet or must be given up to him for safe keeping. Jim, seeing that he could have no more fun with me, gave me up. So Dr. Jameson bore me home in great glee and thrust me into his wood-house where I stayed for over three years.

"How I longed for my old life: The air was damp and my lacings grew rotten. My heads stretched and molded; dust settled over me so thickly that one would scarcely recognize me. One day, however, Dr. Jameson came in and seemed to be in a bad temper. I heard him mutter,

"My! My last chance to flunk that little rascal Jim and I couldn't to save my life. If it wasn't for these elective courses I would flunk him yet."

Some time after this, he came back, muttering to himself,

"My! Hate to do it but I have promised I would, so I will give it back to him."

"He picked me up from under a pile of rubbish and carried me into the house. There to my great delight I saw little Jim again. How glad I was to see him! He smilingly took me from Dr. Jameson and tenderly carried me up the campus with much pride. But he manufactured epithets for Dr. Jameson that I thought were very fitting, because my head and lacings were broken. He patched me up as best he could and I tell you, I bellowed with delight when he tried me.

"But there came a sad time when he parted with me. You know how he went away leaving me to you and how—"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wake up, old man. Last bell's ringing for chapel."

I caught a glimpse of my room-mate rushing out the door and I started to follow him. Just as I was about to close the door I glanced at the drum. It blinked merrily in the light at me and I am not so sure yet whether it was all a "Pipe-dream" or not.

STULTUS.

## TO MY ROSE.

**A** little rose with perfumes rare,  
 Thou tender little thing,  
 'Tis strange that thou, so crushed and worn,  
 Shouldst so much pleasure bring.

Each of thy precious little leaves,  
 Tho' bleeding, crushed and torn,  
 I love far more than any flower  
 That earth has ever borne.

I'll keep thee always, little rose,  
 And when my heart is sad,  
 I'll look upon thy precious form  
 And once again be glad.

When times have changed, my little rose,  
 And years have rolled away,  
 Thy dry and withered leaves will tell  
 Of many a happy day.

You ask me why I love you, rose !  
 Can you so stupid be ?  
 She held you once and now you're mine ;  
 She gave you unto me.

ERNEST C. TUTHILL, '04.

## THE LOVE OF HOME.

**H** EINRICH, Heinrich, I fear thou art  
 ever an idle lad. Thou dost love  
 to sing thy wild songs on the  
 mountains more than to tend thy goats.  
 'Tis well thou didst find the lost one  
 again, or we should surely have had to  
 suffer when the frost comes." Thus the  
 tender grandmother chided her grand-  
 son, who did indeed love to lie on his back  
 all day long, up on the Tyrol mountain  
 sides, singing snatches of all the melody-  
 laden folk-songs he knew, till the very force  
 of the music started his heart to beating  
 madly, and he would jump to his feet, fling  
 one sturdy arm aloft, throw out his chest,  
 and fairly hurl into the air the climax of  
 some stirring song with a sweet, well-round-  
 ed, though youthful voice ;—while the  
 goats,—Oh, the goats were safe, and would  
 doubtless be in easy finding distance by the

time the sun sent his cooling shadows over  
 the crest of the hill. The goats were gen-  
 erally forgotten.

"But Grandmother, a wonderful thing  
 happened to-day. A gentleman was climb-  
 ing the hill and heard me singing, and  
 stopped to talk to me." The boy went on  
 eagerly, modestly telling his grandmother  
 how the gentleman praised his singing, and  
 said that his voice was worth more money  
 than the little town ever saw at once. How  
 he wanted to take Heinrich to the great  
 masters and teach him to sing and act. He  
 was coming up that evening to talk to his  
 grandmother about it, and Oh, wouldn't  
 she let him go ? Then, the joy of anticipa-  
 tion taking complete possession of him, he  
 left her to muse, and began to sing softly in  
 the dusk some tender *Wiegenlied* of his early  
 childhood ; and in the midst of it all, this  
 rich gentleman from America knocked.

That he was a gentleman in the true  
 sense of the word, the uneducated instinct  
 of the grandmother told her at once, and  
 this was a powerful argument for him and  
 her boy when coupled with the promise  
 that he would be a real father to the lad  
 after he should have left the home roof.  
 But the good grandmother feared for the  
 boy. Would he not forget this home—that  
 mightiest of all restraining powers ! For  
 the world was full of bad people and evil  
 influences. Yet it was better for him to  
 meet them surrounded with good influences  
 and a noble ambition than to go out of the  
 quiet village, as he must one way or another,  
 without these. Thus she argued with her-  
 self, and at last gave the coveted consent,  
 with a prayer to the kind stranger that he  
 would teach the boy to remember and love  
 his home. As for Heinrich, all that night  
 he tossed on his bed, great waves of

wonderful harmony rolled over him and around him, and in the midst of it he saw himself, quelling and arousing that sea, and swaying thousands of listeners to the noblest emotions music can awaken.

But before Heinrich left his valley-home there was a great struggle in his heart. When he told Elsa of his good fortune she did not rejoice with him at all. Instead, she hid her face in her apron and wept, and when Heinrich began to comfort her, he too found a great lump growing in his throat, and tears running down his cheeks. Innocent children, for they were little else, they had not dreamed that all the years of playmateship, wandering wild and free over hill and through wood, all the stormy winter evenings of years spent before the hearth-fire of one home or the other, could bring this. They loved each other. Though it was love in the hearts of children, yet it was the fast-growing spark of the love that comes between those whom Heaven would make one. They knew not what the bond between them was, or they would have concealed it one from the other; but unknowing, they wept together at the thought of separation, till peace and resignation shone through the tears.

"But I will never cease to think of thee, Elsa," swore the lad. "Give me the locket thou wearest on thy bosom, and where'er in the world I may sing, it will be to thee, to thee and for thee alone."

And to the moment he went away, and out into that Land of Promise, he was never free from an undercurrent of regret that the stranger had ever met him on the hill-side; and he knew that he would never forget to love his own home, those wind-swept, sunny hill pastures, and the maid Elsa.

Year followed year, and Heinrich developed into a musician after the masters' hearts. But this meant years of unhappiness and misery coupled with his joy; the gold must be refined by fire. The lad's early years were full of unpleasant memories. The masters had bad tempers, and the poor boy was at times so discouraged that the sobs choked his throat, whereat the master would storm the more furiously. Then, when those days were over, there were unhappy scenes with business managers. Heinrich had to meet professional jealousy in its worst forms, and blundering, misunderstanding criticism, the coldness of an unsympathetic public, the adulations of silly followers. But through it all he kept his goal in sight. To him music was life, and he determined to live. So he became a great singer, and tasted fame.

"I am succeeding," He wrote home to his grandmother and to Elsa. "How I would love to have you with me, because I know you would be pleased with the reception they give me, however unworthy of it I am." And thus his letters ever were, filled with accounts of his achievements, not boasting, but simple, and speaking more of the appreciation of the people for the music than of their ovations to him. His letters were full of music, music, music, and his delight in his life work.

There was another note in his messages home that the grandmother and Elsa both detected quickly, though neither ever spoke of it to the other. He was filled with the love of new lands, new faces; he never spoke of the old home. Never after the first two or three letters did he mention the old life on the hills, his comrades and acquaintances in the village. He seemed little anxious even to know more about the

grandmother and Elsa than that they were well.

"When are you coming back to us?" Elsa wrote. "Of course I do not mean to stay. We could not ask that. But will you not care to see us once more? The mountains are most beautiful now. I think the tints of morning and evening grow softer and more beautiful day by day. Even the goats are calling for you. And your playmates of old, they ask for you, but I can only tell them you are becoming the greatest singer in the world. Will you not come before the winter covers the hills, and let me show you some grand ravines that (strange to say) we never discovered? Will you not let your own mountains hear your voice once more, as you used to sing to them in the evenings?" So Elsa wrote hoping to revive in his breast the love of home, that he might at least remember it with affection. Elsa thought this was the motive that prompted her appeal, but we know it was not.

There was one thing she never spoke of, partly because she could not be guilty of using such means to entice him back; and partly, she admitted it to herself so that the tears all but came, partly because she feared it would be of no avail, and her pride would not allow her to speak of it; that was the locket he wore. She did not forget; she remembered, with the vividness of the present, the day that she wept instead of rejoicing, because he was going to leave; and that memory was graven too deep in her memory for her to think as maidens must think, unless something like this prevents, of marriage. So, though of course Heinrich never thought of it, she waited for him, yet knowing and feeling, even while she waited, that he would never come.

"But if he does not come," she said to herself, "I am his only." Then she thought of his last words, "I will always sing to thee, to thee and for thee alone." Ah, poor Elsa!

Heinrich wrote to the grandmother and Elsa in greater elation than ever. The climax of his ambition had come. In a week he was to sing before the Emperor of Germany; he had great hopes of being made a Royal Court Singer. "It will be my first appearance before any of the crowned heads of Europe. Is not that an honor to my native town?" And this was all he spoke of home. "It is but natural that he should live in his own life," the good grandmother thought. But Elsa wept this time.

Then in the midst of all the village's festivities over their townsman's fortune, came a sad surprise. News travelled slowly in those days and it was not till several days after that appointed for Heinrich's appearance before the Emperor that the grandmother and Elsa learned that he had not sung at all; but that only the night before, he was stricken with pneumonia and had lain at the point of death. In two weeks more he was to be allowed to come home in response to his earnest request.

Should they at home weep or be glad? They did both. They clasped each other close in an embrace that lay bare the secrets of each heart, locked close through all the years, they laughed outright for joy that he had asked to come home, and then they wept for his bitter disappointment. For the singer was coming home undone.

The winter passed. With the first breath of spring air Heinrich began to feel himself once more. When the grass was rich and green he and Elsa took short walks up the eastern hills in the early mornings. Far



down in the valley lay the village, peaceful on the banks of the silver stream that seemed to have not a ripple on its surface. All the grand Alpine nature rested in perfect quiet save the Spring-laden breezes, that pervaded with life and animation the whole panorama below and in the distance, and over the hills behind and above. The tranquil and yet invigorating influence of it all put new life into the still weak form till Heinrich vowed he was drinking of the fountain of eternal youth.

Here, wrapped in shawls and blankets, he sat in an armchair hewn by Nature out of the rocks; and at his side, pointing out fresh objects of interest in the sight before them, or more often looking into his eyes to watch for the signs of returning strength, was Elsa, glowing with the bloom of new-reached womanhood, the consummation of all this matchless workmanship of Nature.

It was one still morning such as this, when some sheep-boy's horn rang clear through the awakening pasture-hills, that Heinrich first spoke of the old, old life, the dearest of all the memories of the past.

"Oh, Heinrich, is not life sweet here in the Innsbruck Valley!" cried the girl. "Tell me, have you ever seen anything in the rest of the world so worth loving?"

"Never, Elsa, never!" he protested. "I thought I had. I thought the fulfilment of life was to be found in the fame and the pride of the world's great cities, but I was wrong. I would not take all the wealth of Europe for the grandeur of these dear hills of ours."

"And we feared you had forgotten us, we feared you had lost your love for us," she said with quiet gladness. "Oh, how happy I am."

"Ah, but, Elsa, I did forget you. Yes, I

shuddered to think of ever returning, and it was only through my illness that I realized that at the bottom of my heart I still yearned for home."

"Do you know what brought me back? Do you know why I cried to be sent home until the physicians said it was only that that would save my life? Elsa, let me tell thee then to-day. When I lay tossing in delirium, (they told me afterwards,) there was one word that rang continually from my lips. Let me hold thy hand while I tell thee this. That word that brought me home was a name, and that name of one at home was,—I *will* tell it thee,—it was thine,—thine—Elsa."

Her fair head fell. The village below, the river, the hills beyond, the blue sky above, faded out of sight as her head fell into his lap. She was only conscious that her hand was raised softly to his lips.

"Elsa mine, if I love my home, it is because I love thee. Wilt thou become my wife? for then thou wilt be my home also, and my love being heaped all on the one object, will burn, like the sun through the glass, all the stronger. Oh, Elsa, answer me. Dost thou love me?"

There was silence for a minute, and then Heinrich knew that she had said yes, though he heard her not.

The calm walk home saw the beginning of a new dream of joy and happiness. It saw the birth of a vision, which afterwards came true, of a happy wedded life; a life, too, in which a man who cast behind him the allurements of world-wide fame might still satisfy a noble ambition, by gathering around him the young of his native village, and instilling in their souls the beauty and the goodness of God's own gift of song.

CUTHBERT FOWLER, '01.

## THE SEAWIFE'S LULLABY.

**T**USHABYE! Rockabye! Dear little Butterfly,  
 Mother will rock you and watch by your side,  
 Far off to seaward, from windward to leeward,  
 Rocks the Dream-boat on the beautiful tide.

Now we are gliding and Mother is guiding  
 The little Dream-boat to the beautiful shore;  
 Fairies will dress you and gently caress you,  
 And tired little feet will be rested once more

Close your eyes, little one. Sleep, O my pretty one,  
 Rest while the fairies are fixing your curls;  
 Then in the morning come back with the dawning  
 As fair as the light and as pure as the pearls.

See, we are sailing; behind us is trailing  
 A wake of good deeds that is wonderf'ly wide;  
 Far off to seaward, from windward to leeward,  
 Rocks the Dream-boat on the beautiful tide.

2 POTTER HALL.

## HERALD ANGELS.

**I**T seemed as though I had awakened  
 from a long, dreamless sleep, with  
 an awakening that was hardly more  
 conscious than the sleep itself. Or was I  
 really awake? Were my eyes really open  
 and was that a ceiling above, or was I lying  
 in a dream-meadow, looking into a sky—  
 a dream sky—that borrowed its soft tinge  
 from a setting moon? Whatever it was, I  
 cared not to know.

It seemed to me that I was out of the  
 body; at rest; in equilibrium, perfectly  
 poised. Whatever I was, wherever I might  
 be, just to remain so was all that I cared.  
 Supine, passive, astatic, perhaps disem-  
 bodied—just to look up at that blue ceil-  
 ing or that moon lit heaven—that was  
 enough.

Thus I lay: perhaps it was for a moment,  
 perhaps for a long time. How should I  
 know?

And then it seemed as though another  
 sense awoke. I heard a sound, not sharp,  
 but distant and blended—a sound so rich  
 and sweet and content that it seemed as if  
 a genius was pouring the still air full of it.  
 Or was it some angel beyond that blue  
 heaven sweeping his harp-strings into cel-  
 estial harmony? I knew not and cared not.  
 My ears rejoiced. Just to drink the rich-  
 ness in; not to listen, but just to hear—  
 that was enough.

Thus I lay. Perhaps it continued, per-  
 haps it ceased, but I seemed to hear the  
 music still. How should I know?

And then it seemed as though the air un-  
 folded to let the music swell. The grand  
 arpeggios still rolled on, but now they were  
 chariot wheels on which a new spirit was  
 borne—as master.

Suddenly something throbbed within me,  
 nay, hammered, as sledge upon anvil.

I awoke; I felt; I was conscious. Now  
 I did not see; I looked. Now I did hear;  
 I listened. Insensibility was gone; I knew.  
 For it was my heart that had leaped within  
 me. Memory, Love, Hope, Joy and Thank-  
 fulness—all the glad band had awoke at  
 that throb, and I knew that I was lying in  
 my old master's great study, and that it  
 was Christmas morning.

I could not see them, but I knew that his  
 children—his dear children—were coming  
 down the broad staircase in a glad pro-  
 cession as they had come for many years,  
 singing a glorious carol.

Walls shut off the vision, but none the-  
 less I could see that caroling train led by  
 a tottering cherub boy and closed by a tall  
 youth already a man—my old master's  
 eight children—his dear children—singing  
 each one of them with true voice out of the  
 soul.



Walls shut off the vision, but none the less I could see her, the queen-mother, my old master's wife—his dear wife—sitting at the piano. I could see those fair, worn hands rolling forth the glorious harmony. I could see that face turned lovingly toward the procession—that face, touched by the rude hand of many cares, but oh, so beautiful.

Walls shut off the vision, but they could not shut off the sound. What wonder that my heart throbbed within me, and Memory and Love and Hope and Joy and Thankfulness awoke to listen! It was Christmas morning, and my old master's children—his dear children—I heard them singing.

Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King.

And I said—and my throbbing heart and Memory and Love and Hope and Joy and Thankfulness: "Yea, in very truth, Hark the Herald Angels Sing!"

G. P. S.

### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

A VISION.

SLLEEP is a beautiful world!  
More glorious far than this;  
For it gave me a beautiful dream  
Of thee, and bliss.

Denied in the world waking  
What the starving spirit would hear,  
I wandered in dream's elysium  
And found thee near,

Only thee and love in that realm,  
In the mystic orb of sleep.  
Thy look and tone that brought me heav'n  
My life shall keep.

Life now hath never more pain.  
Since the beautiful world of sleep  
Gave me thy look and thy words,  
Eternity will keep.

EDWIN LATHROP BAKER, '05.



ONCE a month it is the custom for the Editor to mount some hobby of his and ride it energetically. This past month several events have occurred, which, while on the surface utterly dissimilar, are yet united by a common characteristic, evince a certain spirit which must rejoice the heart of every loyal son of our Alma Mater. Now this common characteristic happens to be one of our pet hobbies; accordingly, we intend to get on our horse and ride it hard.

First of all, we notice with pleasure the revival of interest in musical affairs as exemplified by the concert given at Stockport on Friday evening, February 20, by a quartette from the Glee Club. It is several years since a concert has been given away from the college and right glad we are to be able to report a showing which will reflect credit on the institution with which we are connected. The Glee Club is doing good work under the direction of Mr. Hinkel and if engagements materialize, it hopes to show what St. Stephen's men can do in the musical line.

Secondly, we take great pleasure in announcing that our track team seems to be an assured thing. At the last meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to organize such a team, Mr. McCoy being elected captain. We feel sure that if any one can make the thing a success, it is Mr. McCoy and we congratulate ourselves on

his election. To our knowledge, St. Stephen's has never done anything in track athletics and we are glad that this stigma is at last to be removed. Here's good luck to our men and first place in everything we enter at Berkeley oval next Spring.

Thirdly, we notice the Kap smoker given Monday evening, February 23. Those who attended certainly had an enjoyable time. The tobacco was good and plentiful, the punch excellent and the programme—well, our supply of adjectives never was very extensive. It could never do justice to the orchestra and the gentleman who sang "several times." Fine music, stunt after stunt, quickly passed away the evening and all too soon came the hour of parting.

Now, by this time, the reader is undoubtedly asking, "Where is the thread of connection?" We answer, "In the college spirit shown." Athletics, Music, Dramatics, THE MESSENGER, all offer a chance to display that quality, and real pleasure does the interest shown in any such channel cause us. Yet higher, truer, nobler is the spirit which unites two men from the same college whenever and wherever they meet. Just for this reason is it that we commend Kappa Gamma Chi for the effort made to draw the undergraduates together. No one who attended that smoker could have gone away without feeling that he knew his fellow-students better, or without wishing that such general occasions of meeting were more frequent. In Athletics, in Music, in Dramatics, in THE MESSENGER, the rivalry without which these activities could not exist, only too often degenerates into strife and bitter feeling. Nothing of the sort can enter into such an affair as the recent smoker and more can be done by such an affair, to counteract the above tendency, to

unite the undergraduates; to make them feel they know each other and thus to lay the foundation for a better, broader college spirit, than can be accomplished by anything else. It was a good stunt; let's have more like it.

### EXCHANGES.

To the Exchange Editor, as he cribs his column for the month, it seems rather strange that most of the Exchanges should apologize for nearly every good article by placing an article of very inferior quality as near it as possible. Our feeling, though, is one of pleasure in finding a number of thoughtful and attractive articles. Undoubtedly it is the same in other institutions as it is in St. Stephen's: A fellow is asked for a contribution, so he sets down and writes something in an hour and sends it in expecting it to be printed. If he is mistaken, he refuses further contribution. The *Bowdoin Quill* make the following excellent suggestions:

After you have written an article, put it away and let it remain for three months at least; then, take it out and read it aloud to yourself. If it does not weary you, send it to your college magazine; if it does, follow the example of the poet Thomson and consign it to the waste-basket.



Perhaps the best story of last month is "His Understudy" in the *Vassar Miscellany*. It is purely a college story and written in a very pleasing and attractive style. In the *Williams Lit.* there are two very good articles, a story, "The Twins' Mine" and "Lewis Carroll and His Nonsense Verse." Both are carefully and tastefully written.

"All on a Summer's Day" in the *Bowdoin Quill* is a typical college love story. The *Trinity Tablet* is largely taken up with the festivities of Trinity Week and the New Constitution of the Athletic Association. The "Editor's Story" in the *Morningside* is unique and well worth reading.



Some of the best verse of the month is the following :

#### MAMMY'S LULLABY.

Huysh, mah li'l' baby,  
Huysh-a-bye.  
Does yo' heah de foxes bahk?  
Does yo' see a shootin' spahk?  
Honey, yo' ain' feared de dark.  
Huysh mah li'l' baby,

Huysh-a-bye.  
Huysh mah li'l' baby  
Huysh-a-bye.  
Moon a-shinin' awn de squashes;  
Pipers w'is'lin in de ma'shes;  
Spahks a-dyin' in de ashes.  
Huysh mah li'l' baby,  
Hush-a-bye.

Huysh mah li'l' baby,  
Huysh-a-bye.  
Moonlight floatin' t'roo de do';  
Shadders creépin' 'long de flo';  
Ripples croonin' awn de sho'.  
Huysh mah li'l' baby,  
Huysh-a-bye.

P. B. M. in *The Morningside*.



#### FLOWER-GATHERING.

Solitary questing violets  
Through the valley sweet,  
It was good to wander aimless,—  
It was best to meet!  
Come, little lady with violet eyes,  
Far have we dared to roam;  
You shall entwine your flowers with mine,  
For now we must turn home.

All the moorland way is easy,—  
Hand in hand is best,—  
Down the sunset's golden highway  
Straight into the West.  
Haste, little lady with happy feet  
Timed to the liting lark,  
Ere it be long, with laugh and song  
We thread the forest dark.

We must mind to keep together  
Through this woodland's night;  
I can never hope to find you  
Once you're lost from sight.  
Come little lady with tired eyes,  
Close to me, sweetheart mine,—  
Dark is the wold, the wind grows cold,  
I hear the gray wolf whine.

When we met this wondrous morning,  
Did you dream or I  
All the rough uncharted windings  
'Neath that rosy sky?  
Fi, little lady, the flowers we twined  
Fresh in the vale below  
Still are as fair with fragrance rare  
As they were long ago!

You are faint with fears and weary,  
Lean upon me more;  
I grow strong with glad assurance  
That our toil is o'er.  
Dear little lady with steadfast heart  
Now we shall leave the gloom,—  
Bright through the wold, through dark and cold  
I see the lights of home!  
STUART PRATT SHERMAN in *Williams' Lit.*



#### MAGIC OF THE SEA.

Fair fields of golden kingcups lie  
Far sloping to the sea,  
On cloth of gold the charmed eye  
Rests in felicity;  
Why should it rove  
To hill or grove,  
Why discontented be?  
What charm the more  
Has sandy shore,  
Or blue expanse of sea?

Tall buttercups dance in the breeze,  
 They nod and laugh in glee;  
 Low dandelions join with thee,—  
 How glad they both can be!  
 And yet the shore  
 With murmurous roar  
 Is ever calling me,  
 Which way I turn  
 Is felt the stern,  
 Wild magic of the sea.

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE in *Bowdoin Quill*.

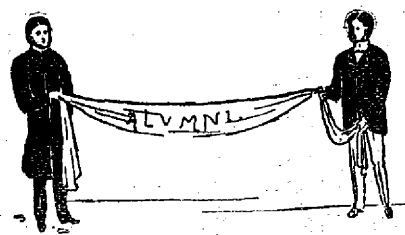


#### TRAUMEREL.

I wove me a dream at sunset  
 From the faint, soft tints of the sky,  
 And put it away in my Dream Book,  
 That it should not wholly die.

And now when the clouds hang darkly  
 To my Dream Book I quietly go,  
 And I live in the azure-lit gloaming  
 Of that dream of long ago.

E. VON B. in *The Morningside*.



(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.)

—'70. We regret to give notice of the death of Mrs. J. T. Worthington, beloved wife of the Rev. George W. West. She died at the Women's Southern Homœopathic hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

—'73. The Right Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D.D., L.L. D., preached at Trinity College chapel, February 3.

—'75. It is with much regret that we give notice in this issue of the death of the Rev. William Foster Bielby, rector of the Church of the Messiah, Rensselaer, N. Y. Bishop Doane officiated at the burial service. Mr. Bielby's death is a great loss to his parish and to the mission at Castleton, N. Y.

—'87. The Rev. George K. MacNaught, formerly rector of Grace Chapel, Hartford, Conn., has resigned and accepted a call to All Saints' Church, Harrison, N. Y.

—'90. The Rev. J. M. Gilbert has been elected rector of St. John's church, Phelps, N. Y., and has begun work in his new parish. Mr. Gilbert was formerly vicar of the Chapel of the Heavenly Rest, New York city. His address is now St. John's rectory, Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y.

—'92. The building fund of St. Jude's Church, Bly thebourne, L. I., of which the Rev. C. M. Dunham is rector, has reached

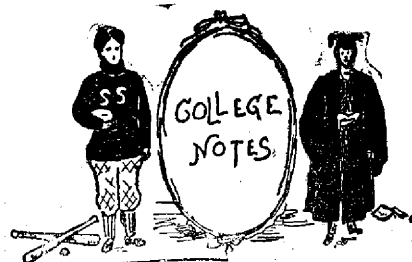
\$2,300. Father Dunham's newly established mission at Fortieth Street is growing wonderfully.

—'99. The Rev. George E. Knollmeyer was advanced to the Priesthood by the Bishop of Pittsburgh, on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, at St. Paul's church, Erie, Pa. Mr. Knollmeyer serves St. Joseph's, Port Allegheny, and St. Matthew's, Eldred, Pa.

—'01. Mr. J. P. Graham and his wife recently spent a few days at St. Stephen's. Mr. J. G. Hargrave also spent a few days at his Alma Mater.

—On February 19 the New York Alumni Association of St. Stephen's College, held its regular alumni dinner, at the Chelsea House, 23rd Street, New York. Some of the members present were: The Rev. Lawrence T. Cole, Warden of St. Stephen's, Rev. George B. Hopson, Rev. A. C. Kimber, '66, Rev. H. C. Chamberlain, Jr., '80, Rev. C. E. Freeman, '83, Mr. F. J. Hopson, '85, Rev. F. W. Norris, '88, Rev. J. Probst, '92, Rev. B. S. Gibson, '93, Rev. J. M. Coerr, '94, Rev. A. M. Judd, '98, Mr. C. Fowler, '01, Mr. O. F. R. Treder, '01, Mr. W. Burrows, Jr., '02, Rev. W. Harrison, and Rev. W. H. Morrison. The Rev. C. E. Freeman presided. The following toasts were responded to: "The New Curriculum at St. Stephen's," Rev. Lawrence T. Cole, Warden of the College; "Home in Relation to the State," Rev. George B. Hopson; "Professional Men," Mr. F. J. Hopson, '85; "In Behalf of the Ladies," Mr. O. F. R. Treder, '01; "The West," Rev. W. H. Morrison.

L. W. SMITH, '05.



—Symons '04, spent a week in New York recently.

—Rockstroh spent several days in Albany recently.

—Chapman, Sp., has left College temporarily and we hope may soon return.

—Mr. Gonzales of Newark, N. J., spent several days recently with Moore, '04.

—Elton '04, visited friends in Yonkers and New York, the first part of the month.

—Brinkerhoff '05, who was badly injured by a recent fall, has almost entirely recovered.

—William Hinkel of Mt. Carmel, Pa., visited his brother, during the latter part of February.

—McCoy '06, while on his way to New York city, was delayed by the recent landslide on the New York Central.

—Mr. Ewald, of Mt. Savage, Md., arrived at College the beginning of this semester. Mr. Ewald is taking special work.

—Will Vandecarr of Stockport, spent several days at College, at the time of the Freshman ball, as the guest of Silliman, '04.

—The Athletic Association has organized by the election of Rockstroh, '04, as President and Silliman, '04, as Secretary-Treasurer.



—At the last meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to organize a track team, McCoy '06 being elected captain.

—Frear, '05 has gone to St. Luke's Hospital, New York city, to receive treatment for an injury occasioned by one of last season's football games.

—The quiet day on Ash Wednesday, on account of the illness of Rev. F. B. Reazor of New Jersey, who was scheduled to conduct it, was taken charge of by Dr. Cole. The meditations were highly instructive and inspiring.

—The Rev. H. P. Scratchley, instructor in the Stevens School, Hoboken, N. J., delivered two lectures before the undergraduate body, February 7 and 14, his subjects being: "Bishop Grosstete, his life and works;" Life and customs of the medical student."

—We congratulate our Warden upon his nomination for the Deanship of the General Theological Seminary, New York City. Although, in case of his election we should deeply regret his leaving, still we cannot but feel proud that so signal an honor has been conferred not only upon himself but also upon the College.

—We announce with sincere regret the death of Mr. Edwin Lewis, which occurred on Feb. 9th, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Lewis was a former student of the College of the class of '05. The funeral service was held in Holy Innocents Chapel, Rev. Mr. Phelps officiating, assisted by the Warden. The students attended in a body, his former class mates acting as pall bearers.

—A quartette of the Glee Club consisting of Eneboe '05, Hinkel '05, Westcott Sp. and McCoy '06, gave several interesting selections at an entertainment given by the ladies of St. John's parish, Stockport, N. Y., on Friday evening, Feb. 20th. Other students who attended, were Addison '03, Cleland '03, Moore '03, Tuthill '04, Rockstroh '04.

—On Monday evening, February 23, K F X entertained the College, in a delightfully informal way at a smoker given in Preston Hall. Dr. Robertson, Westcott and McCoy '06, sang during the evening, the Hinkel brothers played several violin duets and then there was the orchestra. Stunts of all kinds were performed and the celebration lasted until midnight, when the affair was brought to a close by three cheers for the hosts, given with a rousing good will.

—On the eve of Lincoln's birthday occurred the annual Freshman Fancy Dress ball in Preston Hall. The ball was largely attended by out-of-town guests, from New York, Hudson, Stockport and Poughkeepsie and in every respect was one of the most successful ever held, reflecting great honor and credit upon the class of '06. The ball room was richly decorated in the colors of the class, with numerous class banners interspersed throughout the Hall all of which harmonized well with the unique and original costumes of the merry dancers. At 1 o'clock refreshments were served and at four the last strains of Home Sweet Home brought this successful event to a close. The music was furnished by Scofield's Orchestra of Poughkeepsie.



*Please Mention the "Messenger."*

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