

MESSENGER

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- Page 67 A Christmas-Tide Reverie
 Gilbert Prower Symons
- Page 71 Poetry in the Modern Age
 Gerald Lewis
- Page 73 For Thy Country's Sake
 Quondam Quindecim
- Page 76 Albany Alumni Reunion
 R. E. B.
- Page 79 Alumni Notes
- Page 81 College Notes
- Page 85 Exchanges
 Indian Summer
 B.E.H.
- Page 86 The True Quest
 Charles P. Cleaves
- Page 87 The Song of the Pine
 Helen Corliss Babson

S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 4

A CHRISTMAS-TIDE REVERIE.

How old are we to-night, on this frosty Christmas Eve? Well, never mind; but we are so old that for some time that awful milestone, with the big, manly 21 on it, has been left behind in the turn of the road, and, for the questionable happiness of being "of age," we have left the big-hearted house of our father for a

little city attic, whose walls have lost their rectitude in marriage with the roof.

In that far away time, our mother, the dear, gentle mother, worried over the little coats and caps and trousers and stockings for the young gentleman who refused to worry; but to-night there is no mother to go to lavender-breathing linen-presses, and moth-defying clothes-closets. The

no more hand

importance. The older midget is relating in a scared whisper the manner and methods of Old Father Christmas, Santa Claus; while the little fellow looks up with great open eyes to the brother who is wise, and knows all things—even why Jack Frost cracked a water pitcher last night—and with a shiver of delight

and a question now and then drinks in the fable with as much joy as the other tells it.

Presently the floor creaks and the mother steps into the room. Out fly the white imps over to where their new stockings for to-morrow hang on a chair, and down the old staircase they dance, into the room with the big hearth and the fir in one corner. The stockings each holding a note to the Saint, are hung up with several others under the mantleshef, and then up again the imps go, tumbling over each other on the way. Then there is a solemn moment while the little prayers are said, and the mother, taking the candlestick turns to leave them. The candle is a new No. 6, but the imps plead to have it left on their shrine of a dresser, for they want to see it dance as it dies. Economy has cold quarters in this house on such a season, and so the No. 6 remains to die and be offered up on the altar.

The mother's footsteps die away into the lower regions, and when all is still and those mysterious, terrifying creakings begin in the furniture and the great room, the elder imp begins to tell his most harrowing ghost story to the little pink ear just peeping out under the blankets:

"Yes, one dark night after service, old Jerry Sparks was closing up the church and just as he turns out the last light he feels very sleepy, and sits down in Dr. Mordred's pew to rest a minute."

"Were the lights all out?" comes an anxious query from below the blankets.

"Every one was out. Do you want to hear about it?"

"Yes," comes a shivery, smothered answer. "Only please put your hand down so I can feel it, Charley."

The comforting hand goes down out of sight and the Mystic begins again: "And old Jerry was so awful, awful tired that he sleeps, and sleeps till the clock in the tower strikes twelve! And then he opens his eyes and sees a dreamy, squeamy, misty light burning on the head of the brass eagle of the lectern. And just as he's going to say something the carpet in the aisles rolls up quick like a window shade when

you let it go, and a squeaky voice out of the pulpit says, 'Ye wurrms o' the dust, come forth,' and immediately the uncovered gravestones in the aisle rise up a little bit, and what do you think?"

"Oh! Don't ask me! Pinch my hand and go on. Oh, I'm glad I ain't Jerry Sparks," says the submerged one, in exquisite terror.

"Well, the slabs rise up a little bit, and then the gre-e eat gra-a-a-mpshous gra-a-a-ave-grubs come squirming out all over, and there's worms cra-a-awling out, and worms cra-a-awling IN!" This last little word is delivered with a bark that sets the whole bed to shaking. "Then the voice in the pulpit whispers: 'Jerry Sparks, proud man, what is the first stanza of 345 in the Hymnal?'"

"Of course, Jerry knows, but his tongue won't work, so the voice drones out:

'Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry.
Ye mortal men, come view the ground,
Where ye must shortly lie.'

"That's you, Jerry Sparks. You'd better be thinking of coming down with us, and not be so proud and stuck up because you've dug so many selperchers, and only have the rheumatics! Now then! and with that the light goes out, and the slabs fall back, and the carpet rolls down. Jerry lets out one shriek 'Gobulins!' and clatters out of the dark and over the churchyard as fast as he can fly, home to old Crabbed Annie. And that's why the bald spot is creeping out under his hat, and why he sings so hard."

The candle had danced out its death with one great jump during the recital of 345 the funereal, but the submerged one doesn't know it. So when he emerges there is black darkness to startle the big, round eyes, which thought they had seen pale candle beams, even under the blankets. A goose flesh shudder, very companionable and sympathetic to that of the persecuted Jerry, runs through the little body; and then the wise brother slips down into the nice warm bed, and the innocents go to sleep in each other's arms to dream of the wonderful to-morrow.

Ah, the happy morning; who so early to greet it as the little chaps, if we count out the crowing cocks and the hungry sparrows pecking at the frosted windows! As the innocents race down the old stairs they seem in their joy like choristers in holy white surplices, caroling the song of the Christ child. There hang the stockings faithfully laden by loving hands, and up to the tester bed they are borne to be properly enjoyed.

Then follows the day, what a glad day! What a host of kind uncles and grandfathers and big, grown cousins, who will not stop pinching chubby legs, and pretending astonishment! What a Christmas Tree, all flecked with spangles, and hung with glistening Father Christmases and great, romping gingerbread horses, and trumpets and kettle-drums and Monkeys on the Sticks! What fulness in little paunches, of pudding and goose and nuts and raisins and oranges! What Snapdragons and railway trains and rocking horses!

* * * * *

Ah! The dear pictures have ended at last, like a Christmas pantomime or a Lord-Mayor's Show. With one last ecstatic kick I have turned off the tap to the buzzing roast-pan, which thereat went out with an awakening "Pop!" The little lad has grown up, and in that elder age is not so good as he used to be. And yet people are very kind to him. The midnight bells are ringing in the Christ Day. After all, the greatest joy we can have is in others' happiness. Fool were he to miss it, and he will not. Let us now smooth away a little sorrow somewhere. A merry Christmas, and God bless us all, every one.

SYMONS, '04.

POETRY IN THE MODERN AGE.

That the present age is greatly lacking in poets of ability is a fact which cannot be denied. The market is flooded with any quantity of fiction and verse-making, but the "song of songs" seems to be seldom heard.

An occasional noble note is heard from such men as Edwin Markham, Stedman, Joaquim Miller, and others, as well as a grand chord from such a genius as Rudyard Kipling; but the doleful truth is told, when we say that this is not the age of poetry.

We will not ascribe the absence of poetical composition to the growing industrial tendency of the times, although this element in our own modern life seems to have exerted an influence on the poetical production. A great many critics aver that commercialism, money-getting, avaricious haste, have become the prevailing tone of our national life; whereas love of the beautiful, the musical, the artistic, has been choked. But has there ever been a period in the world's history, when such an animus has existed for learning, impartial, unbiased, scientific knowledge? Statistics assert that our schools and colleges are thronged as they have never been before with pupils, both men and women. Surely, the study and cultivation of love of the beautiful form the ground work of our education. It may be admitted that mental exercise, intellectual training, is the chief aim and method in our systems of instruction, but such training is greatly accomplished by the study of the master-pieces of ancient literature.

However ponderous the weight of a rushing commercial life may be in swinging men's minds from the artistic, it does not quench the soul of song enough to stifle the poetic breath. "Poetry (says Richardson) is the rhythmical expression of beauty or imagination, the verbal utterance of the ideal, and therefore the highest and most permanent form of literature." If this is poetry, I cannot see any power at present working in our national life, to stifle the noble expression as he described it.

In many minds poetry is always associated with the sentimental and romantic. If we have become more industrious, more inventive, more ambitious to do and to dare, is there any reason why sentiment or romance should die? Is there not as much romance to-day, in the aspirations, difficulties, and complex situations, of the life of a young knight of honor and

achievement, as in the Elizabethan era? What is more romantic and full of sentiment than the sight of the fearless worker planning the future of his life to meet the awful obstacles confronting him, in the terrible rush of the world's activity? How his heart burns to succeed not only for the sake of his dear ones, but for the Work's sake alone!

No! the poet-soul of man has not changed.

"But in the mud and scum of things
There alway alway something sings."

I think we have to turn to some other theory to account for the lamentable lack of pure, elevated verse. The real solution of the mystery does not rest in the character of our national life, but in the absence of soul-stirring genius from the present world of thought and art. Plainly, to-day brings forth no Longfellow, no Tennyson, no Shakespeare, no Lowell, no Emerson. The songs that these noble geniuses have sung are not taken up by any poets like them. The Muse of Poesy appears according to her whim. Her magic wand will touch the chord of ideal music in the souls of several men all close together in time, as was witnessed in the "anthems of the Elizabethan choir."

The Muse has allowed age upon age to pass, only an occasional new note being heard, as if desiring that the next few ages should be compelled to wait, while the songs of such great bards are heard and sung, their music sounding deeper and nobler as time attests its eternal value.

Through such a listening age, then, we are passing, and we have but to wait, for even now amid the silence around us a voice, even greater than Shakespeare or Milton may be preparing to sing, while

"The Eternal Step of progress beats
To that great anthem calm and slow
Which God repeats."

GERALD LEWIS, '04.

FOR THY COUNTRY'S SAKE.

The slanting rays of the afternoon sun shone warmly into the little "Street of the Pomegranates" and the light breeze, from the Piraeus, played gently with the

long curls of the child, busily engaged in that delight of children of all times and nations, the manufacture of mud pies. So absorbed was the little one that he did not see the young man who tip-toed up behind him and snatched the band of bright ribbon from the tumbled head.

"Catch me now, if thou canst, thou that didst win the boys race; see! I have stolen thy crown," cried the new-comer, as he dodged here and there dangling the stolen trophy.

"Nay, but thou hast the winged sandals of Hermes," panted the child, as he vainly strove to bring his playful tormentor to bay.

As they dodged too and fro, there in the narrow street, the loose outer robe of the young man slipped from his shoulders, disclosing the well shaped and firmly moulded body of the trained athlete, agile and graceful, hampered only by a short tunic of linen. A woman had come to the doorway of one of the houses, and shading her eyes with her hand, watched the two as they frolicked, with a peaceful interest.

Then suddenly there was a tramp of feet, and the blast of a trumpet, and one of the captains of the guard, accompanied by his men, marched hurriedly down the street. The youth and the child ceased their play—the little one gazing open-mouthed and still panting at the officer. The woman had shrunk back into the shadow of the portico. Only the young man stood, calm, expectant.

"The Persians are even now landed at Marathon, all is lost if we have not the men of Sparta to our aid. Bare thou this scroll to the Ephors at Lacadaemon, here is thy wage, do thine utmost for thy country's sake!"

As the soldier was speaking the youth had quickly divested himself of the loose tunic and now stood naked save for the band at his waist and the amulet on his arm. He took the scroll from the outstretched hand of the officer, but scorned the gold with a look. The woman had come out of the doorway and as her son embraced her, she whispered "Do thy best, for thy country's sake."

The youth stooped an instant and carressed the child, then, with the cry, "Hermes be with me," he was off, down the little street, like an arrow hurtling from the bow, scattering the astonished citizens to right and left with his shrill cry to the Messenger of the Gods.

Out through the painted gate, past the stadium, where but a few hours ago he had completed his daily exercise amid the applause of a crowd of delighted spectators—along the Sacred Way he ran, with the fleetness of the swiftest runner in all Greece. The blue waters of the Saronic Gulf on his left grew bright in the light of the setting sun; and the gentle hills of Attica on his right, cast their shadows, longer and longer towards him, as he ran. The startled peasants returning to their farms drew up their carts by the roadside and gazed after him in stupefied amazement, or shouted out encouragement.

The sun was lost behind the hills as he ran through Elusis, alarming the sacred city with his wild news. The moon, now within three days of the full, shone down upon him approvingly as he threw himself flat on the ground, before the temple of Hermes in Megara, for a moment's rest. He refused the wine offered him, but cooled his mouth at the marble basin in the temple wall, and was off once more with the fleetness of a startled bird.

By daylight he was passed the Isthmus, with Corinth far behind, and the hard hill roads of Argos before him, and still his pace did not slacken. On he ran, through the olive groves and vineyards, for in his ears rang the voice of his mother—"Do thy best, for thy country's sake!"

At Argos he paused long enough to eat a few figs and be rubbed hurriedly by the youths, who did not scant their admiration of his splendid physique. A handful of incense flung before the statue of his patron in the public square, and once more he was off and away.

* * * * *

The Senior Ephor had dismissed his attendants and laid himself down on his hard couch to get what rest

he might after the fatiguing exercises of the festival, which, he thanked the fates, was now almost at an end. Outside, the fullsome moon looked down on the dingy squat houses of Sparta, and turned them into a fairy city.

Suddenly there was a stir in the antechamber, the rush curtain at the door was thrust unceremoniously aside, and a youth, naked, dust-covered, breathless, fell at the feet of the startled Ephor, extending a grimy scroll.

The race was run. Phidipides had covered the one hundred and fifty miles between Athens and Sparta, in less than thirty-six hours, and as he sank into well earned sleep he seemed to hear the shrill cry of the child—"Thou has the winged sandals of Hermes," and the gentle whisper of his mother "Thy best, for thy country's sake."

QUONDAM QUINDECIM.

ALBANY ALUMNI REUNION.

The graduates of the College residing within the Diocese of Albany held their sixth consecutive Reunion at the Stanwix Hall, Albany, on Tuesday evening November 10th. In 1892 eleven years ago an organization was formed and held a dinner at the Kenmore Hotel. Between that time and November 1898 three or four reunions were held, and after an interval of two years without a reunion, a committee of eight invited the other Alumni of the Diocese of Albany to join with them at a reunion supper on November 14th 1898, the evening before the Convention. At this meeting the Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman and Rev. Dr. F. S. Sill were appointed a committee on arrangements for the following year, and in fact, continued in office up to the last reunion of this year, so that while this was the sixth reunion at the Stanwix, four others had been held at other places before that.

At the reunion the Committee appointed Rev. James A. Smith, sp. '91, as Toastmaster, which office he very happily and ably performed. Those present were: Rev. Joseph Carey, D.D., '61; Rev. George D.

Silliman, D.D., '67; Rev. Frederick S. Sill, D.D., '69; Rev. Samuel Moran, '69; Canon T. B. Fulcher, '73; Rev. P. McDonald Bleacher, '76; Rev. Hobart B. Whitney, '78; Rev. Charles B. Mee, '83; Rev. Wm. F. Parson, '88; Rev. P. C. Pyle, '90; Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman, '91; Rev. J. A. Smith, '91; Rev. E. N. Curry, '94; and Rev. Frank J. Knapp, '98. The guests of the evening were Prof. W. G. W. Anthony, '90, and Rev. Charles A. Jessup, '82, President of the Alumni Association. Most interesting speeches were made by the two guests dwelling at length on the purpose, present condition and prospects of the College, and by Drs. Silliman and Carey, both of whom are trustees of the College. Faith and courage in the working out of the destiny of the College were the watchwords of the evening's speeches.

The banquet room was decorated with a large flag, the banners of the three College Societies and the College banner. Down the center of the table a red cloth was tastefully spread, flanked with tall porcelain candlesticks, with red shades. The menu was substantial and well served. The souvenirs of the evening were small College banners of red with "St. Stephen's" in white on them, and long-stemmed Dutch pipes, presented by a Holland friend of Mr. Hegeman.

Revs. Smith and Parson were appointed a Committee of Arrangements for next year. There is nothing which tends so effectually to knit together the Alumni of the College and to keep them in close touch with the interests and welfare of their Alma Mater as these reunions. It is not always possible for the Alumni of St. Stephen's, scattered as they are, throughout the country, to come together in these friendly gatherings, but in those localities where a number of St. Stephen's men are gathered, such as the Dioceses of Albany, New York and New Jersey, this rare privilege of being able to unite and revive old college associations should not be neglected.

A large measure of the success of the recent Albany reunion is due to the efforts of the Committee of Arrangements, Revs. Dr. Sill and Mr. Hegeman.

R. E. B.

EDITORIAL.

S. Stephen's has no dramatic club. This we think is a great mistake. There was a good reason for not having a football team but we can see no excuse for not having a dramatic club. This matter was discussed early in the year among the Seniors, but the subject has been dropped. Bring it up again boys, and put it through. We need something of this order to keep up our spirit and bring us more closely together during the winter months. It cannot be said that we have no dramatic material. The success of the Merchant of Venice given by the Juniors last commencement would overthrow any such statements. We have the material, what we need now is to have the matter agitated and brought to a head. The Junior play last year was a step in the right direction, but why stop there? Why not follow it up by another good step? The production of the Merchant of Venice is one bright feather in our cap, but it looks lonesome; it needs a running mate.

Thanksgiving vacation! Yes, that's just the proper time to stay here at college and work of conditions! Its so quiet then and there is nothing to distract one's attention. That's what a couple of the members of the editorial board thought. Poor thought! Of course there is no harm done by thinking but when vacation has passed and the conditions are just as far from being gotten off as ever, it seems a shame that so much time was spent in idle thought. Before vacation we surely thought we should get in three full days of studying but we reckoned wrongly. First comes Wednesday afternoon when the fellows get away, leaving only a few stragglers behind. It always makes a fellow a little *blue* to see the others going home for vacation to have a good time so he must guard against this blueness and keep in good condition for Thanksgiving. It isn't right to be blue and unthankful on the special day set apart for giving thanks. In the afternoon we get a few of the few stragglers together and have a bowling match; then

in the evening we have a little card game and jollification to keep up our good spirits and to remind us that to-morrow is Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving Day comes. At breakfast we learn that the college is going to set up a proper Thanksgiving dinner, with turkey and all the side issues. Well, just then we don't feel very hungry so we set about to work up an appetite; we spend the whole morning in the bowling alley and at dinner time we are as hungry as ravenous wolves. After dinner, Oh such a fulness—too full to study! Thus that day passes. Friday comes; we feel heavy and thick, in no condition for studying, so again we spend the morning in the bowling alley. In the afternoon someone gets a box from home. We help finish up that and play a game of cards just to be sociable; but sociability turns into a heated argument and finally we discovered that it is far pass midnight and another day has gone—no conditions worked off. Then comes Saturday, the day of recreation. We have lost all the vacation so far, what could we accomplish in this one day? We sift in to have a good time. Sunday night after supper we diligently begin to grind out Monday's work. The Thanksgiving vacation has passed and our conditions are just where they were before the vacation—chalked up against us in the faculty's flunk book.



ALUMNI NOTES.

—'69. Rev. Dr. F. S. Sill of Cohoes, N. Y., was re-elected Registrar of the Diocese of Albany at its late Convention for the nineteenth year, and he was also elected a member of the Board of Missions, as clerical representative, nominated by the archdeaconry of Albany to take the place vacated by the election of Dr. Griswold to the Episcopate.

—'69. The Rev. Albert H. Ormsbee, M.A., has returned to his old parish, Grace Church, Copenhagen, Central New York.

—Sp. '69. Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey of Rochester, N. Y., spoke before the Annual Convention of the National Sociological Society in Washington, his topic being "The duty of the white man of the north towards the black man of the south."

—'73. The Rev. William White Hance has accepted a position as assistant at Mount Calvary Church, Baltimore. His address is 816 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore.

—'78. Rev. Wm. B. Guion has been elected to the Rectorship of St. Mary's Parish, Pocomake City, Md.

—'84. The Rev. Alexander A. Cairns, of Raymer-town, has removed from the Diocese of Albany.

—Sp. '90. Rev. John M. Gilbert's address is Phelps, N. Y.

—'91. Rev. A. Randolph B. Hegeman, Rector of Holy Innocents', Albany, was elected Rector of Trinity Church, Binghamton, Central New York and entered upon his new duties, December 1st.

—'95. The announcement that the Rev. R. M. Brestell had assumed charge of the Church of the Incarnation, Knoxville, Pa., is not true.

—Sp. '97. Rev. Adelbert McGuiness, formerly Curate of the Church of St. Mary's the Virgin, New York, has assumed charge of St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—'98. Rev. George Belsey, in conjunction with Rev. C. L. Adams has taken up missionary work in Northern Kansas, with headquarters at Goodland, Diocese of Salina.

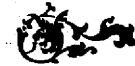
—Ex. '98. Watson Bartemus Selvage, who was editor of the MESSENGER in 1897-98, has been appointed Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Villanova College, Pennsylvania.

—'99. The address of the Rev. Robt. F. Kellemen is changed from Scottdale, Pa., to Hamburg, N. J.

—'00. Rev. Henry Lowndes Drew has moved from Annapolis, Md., and has assumed charge of Christ Church and St. Stephen's Chapel in the Parish of St. Mary's White Chapel, Denton, Md.

—'00. Rev. Herbert Lockwood Stoddard is located at Bradford, Diocese of Western New York.

—'00. The Rev. Horace Wood Stowell is engaged in Missionary work at Blue Ridge Summit, Penn.



COLLEGE NOTES.

—It's about time someone mentioned "early Spring."

—Professor Anthony has a horse named Dick and Disjunct is his Ostler.

—Clinton Durant Drumm, '03, visited the Matron during the Thanksgiving recess.

—Gerald Lewis read services in the College chapel during the Thanksgiving recess.

—George A. Griffiths, '01, ran up from the General Seminary for a little visit in Thanksgiving week.

—J. R. Alton of the G. T. S. was the guest of Professor Popham for a week or so before Christmas.

—Word comes from our friend Ewald, that he is slowly getting well. He expects to return after Christmas.

—The Math. professor secured almost enough Freshman feathers just before Thanksgiving to make him a nice cushion.

—The following committee has been appointed to make arrangements for the Lenten Preachers: Tut-hill, Browning, Chapman and Gray.

—Wm. Brown, Cracker and Chief Cook of the Lower Regions, Orient Hall, is a good hand at pressing clothes, reasonable and worth patronizing.

—There weren't many of us around the old place at Thanksgiving, but those who did cling on were pretty well cared for. We had menus, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, cider, Roquefort cheese, two kinds of pie, celery and many other proper and peculiar appurtenances, thanks to Mrs. Ham.

—On account of the disappearance of the Undergraduate constitution, Professor Popham, and Messrs. Lewis, Frear and Wells, with Silliman as chairman are working at the task of drawing up a new one.

—The Rev. Dr. Silliman was with us for a day or two in early December. It does a man's heart good to see that patriarchal form moving about the old campus and to hear that stentorian voice in chapel.

—Our ancient and nocturnal friend the steamboat "Saugerties" is no more. She burnt up and down at her wharf just as we were coming out of Chapel one Sunday evening in November, making the west glow with a second sunset. The pity of it is that one poor fellow perished aboard her.

—Brinckerhoff, '05, was sent on Dec. 7 as the S. Stephen's delegate to the C. S. M. A. annual convention held at Huron College, London, Ontario. This is no mean sign, when it is considered how few of us there are here to foot such an expense, "Coney" belongs to the diocese of Tokyo. He's a proper delegate.

—The alumnus heart seems to be turning quite fondly to alma mater of late. We've been having quite a gala time with the old fellows right along this Fall. Gray beards or clean shaven, they're all more than welcome, and I think we do not conceal our joy. No matter what the old fellows are in the cold eyes of the world, to us who know them better they are heroes and patterns. So it means much to us when the alumni drop in.

—I wonder how many Lum-Duffs remember the old Rubber Boot that lay for so many years on the roof of Orient Hall. Well, the tinsmiths fired it down last month when they were putting up a new gutter. I heard some of the old men growling about it, so I went on a special hunt the other day for that old Rubber Boot, found it, and put it back where it belongs as a part of S. Stephen's College, on the west roof of Orient Hall. There let it lie.

—The old well-driller is getting to be quite a landmark. There was a rumor floating around that the

college had purchased it as a part of the mechanics apparatus for the physical laboratory, but that is denied in semi-official circles. The old chap who starts her up when she gets balky said to me the other day between bites of an apple, "By," says he, "By, it's jist like Nipoleyin hisself said oncet: 'We're goin' to peg it out in this here hole if she takes all winter!'"

—The regular fall initiation of the Sigma Phi Chapter of Σ. A. E. Fraternity took place on the night of December 4. Four men were initiated: Samuel Hunter Protheroe, a special student, and Curtis W. Knapp, Frank H. Simmonds, and S. Guy Martin, from the freshman class. Two Alumni were present, Mr. O. F. R. Treder, General Theological Seminary and Prof. Watson Selvage, Prof. of English at Villanova College. A banquet was held at the college in Hoffman Hall. The occasion was celebrated with many toasts, fraternal songs and college songs. A hearty toast was drunk to the new Warden, the announcement of whose election made the evening more than ever an occasion for good cheer and rejoicing.

—The Rev. Chas. H. H. Bloor, '90-'93 in company with Fowler '01 and O'Hanlon '02 called on us shortly before Thanksgiving. Mr. Bloor has been laboring for the past three years in the diocese of Alaska among the citizens, miners, soldiers and Esquimos of Nome City and thereabouts—*thereabouts* meaning anywhere within the radius of a hundred miles or so. The mean temperature *thereabouts* in winter is 70 below zero—which is pretty mean. We set out to entertain Father Bloor but we couldnt do it. He entertained us. The worst of it was, one of those C. S. M. A. fellows was all time for breaking in on him with questions. If only they had just let him talk! It was like being a five-year-old again and listening to tales of dragons and Jabberwocks! We editor fellows tried to get an article out of him but he staved us off with a smile and: "No, really, I think we Alaskans appear better in *fur* than in *print*!" Father Bloor preached in the chapel on Sunday, Nov. 22. He is now on his way to visit his old home in England.

—Much has been said and heard about the famous mythical goat which makes its appearance about Initiation times, but on the occasion of the recent Initiation by the Eulexian Society on Friday, November 20th, it was no myth. The goat really made its appearance this time to the dismay of the initiates who dodged from tree to tree to escape his furious onslaughts.

The more formal and dignified ceremony occurred at 7:30 in the Society room when William Schroeder, E. D. Hardcastle, and William E. Allen were duly initiated into the mysteries of Eulexian in the presence of the active body and the following Alumni: Rev. P. McDonald Bleecker, '76; Rev. Frederick W. Norris, '88; Rev. Robert Mackellar, '82; Mr. Keble Dean, '89; Mr. Arthur F. S. Peck, sp. '01, and Professor Popham, '99.

After the initiation all proceeded to Preston Hall where a sumptuous repast was spread. Rev. Frederick W. Norris acted as Toastmaster and called for the following Toasts: "Ye Olden Times," Rev. George B. Hopson, D.D., D.C.L., Acting Warden of the College; "The Political Duty of the Collegian," Rev. Professor Anthony; "Eulexian in Society," Rev. P. McDonald Bleecker; "Judicial Excellence in New Jersey," Rev. Robt. MacKellar. Mr. Peck, Mr. Dean, and Professor Popham also responded to calls from the Toastmaster. The initiates spoke briefly.

—Christmas is almost here again! dear, dear old Christmas. How thankful our hearts grow at the mention of that sweet season, first for the Inestimable Gift of which it reminds us, and then for those purest of earthy joys which it gathers for us around its happy hearth. Grown-ups no longer hang up their stockings because stockings can't hold the blessings that come, for they come by the houseful, by the lifeful. We all can say, "My cup runneth over."



EXCHANGES.

A few days ago there came to me a paper I had never seen before. It is called *The White and Gold* and is gotten out by the undergraduates at Mill's College, California. It was accompanied by a little printed slip asking me to exchange. In looking the paper over I find that it compares more than favorably with our Eastern college papers. It is about the size of the *Williams Lit.* and is printed in clean type. The paper was first printed in November, 1872. No wonder it is full of good, well-worked-out stories and earnest verse. President Susan Tolman Mills may well feel proud of her college paper and the interest displayed by the students in supporting it by their literary efforts. Here is a little piece of verse which I consider as good as any I have seen in our Eastern papers this month. It is from the above-named paper:

INDIAN SUMMER.

All on the marge of the little glade
 The great trees seemed asleep;
 From out October's magic cup
 They had drunken long and deep;
 Over them all and the place beneath,
 She had cast her mystic spell;
 And 'neath the dream-charm, sweet and strong,
 My restless spirit fell.
 O the soft, soft firs with their gray-green sheen!
 O the hemlock shadows deep!
 O the red and gold through the haze a gleam,
 How they lulled my heart to sleep!
 All the glade was dreaming of summer gone,
 Of its warmth and sunshine free,
 Brimming with joys from the vanished days,
 Unmindful of days to be.

B. E. H.

If any of my college contemporaries needs a cure for indigestion, let him read that clever sketch by Marjorie Hughan, in the *October Morningside*, entitled "A Night in Periqueux," and he will get that best of all cures; a good laugh. "Across the Hills," a piece of verse in the same paper, is also worth mention.

The *Hobart Herald* for November contains a well-written life-sketch of Hobart's quondam president, the late Hamilton Lanphere Smith. In literature the *Herald* seems to be lacking this time, but it tends to its duty to the alumni of the institution and is overflowing with newsy personals concerning its own men.

"Sea Poetry of England" in the *Xavier* is an essay which deserves attention. The choice bits of verse imbedded in the article are well selected, and indeed bear witness to us of noble poetry.

In the *Alfred University Monthly* is one of the best stories of the past month, "Mehetable's Vocation." There is also a clever little description of a small village in Tennessee in the same paper.

The story in the *Vassar Miscellany* entitled "An Accident Case," is a simple, sincere story, full of pathos and reality. Though short, it is one of the few good ones for November.

A good college story is "Three Generations" in the *Bowdoin Quill*. However it is written by an alumnus and does not deserve as high a place as it would if written by an undergraduate.

THE TRUE QUEST.

I wondered if all Time could give
 Enough of hours for half my toil,
 Or books, or wealth, or worlds supply
 A mind insatiate for spoil,
 Heart-worn I stole from tasks undone
 To nature's busier haunts and hives,
 Sure no eternity could pay
 For half the pain of human lives.

The sweet airs swept from heaven's gates
 Through apple-blossom and violet meadow,
 The sweet-fern nestled by the wood,
 And from the pool where fell his shadow
 The robin drank his fill and sang,
 I heard the sound of children's laughter,
 Their glad arms dropping blossomed gold ;
 I wondered what I was striving after.

CHARLES P. CLEAVES, *Bowdoin Quill*.

THE SONG OF THE PINE.

There is a border of cool green pine,
 Skirting the edge of a road I know,
 Meeting the sky in a clear strong line,
 Darkening down to the grass below.

Deep in their hearts is a music, known
 Only to those who can understand,
 Hushed in a minor undertone,
 Songs that are born of the sea and sand.

Thither I go when the spent day leans
 Over the dead sun's funeral pyre,
 'Till the low song from the deepening greens,
 Answers the call of my heart's desire.

Gently it breathes on the twilight and wind ;
 Oh, the melody known so old !
 Deep in my home-sick soul to find,
 All the response that a soul can hold.

Soothing the distance that pains, it falls.
 All of the long miles cease to be
 Only the music that calls and calls
 Out of the heart of the twilight sea.

So though my days run in weary lines,
 All through the loneliness still I know,
 There is sea music among the pines,
 Waiting for me in the afterglow.

HELEN CORLISS BABSON, *Vassar Miscellany*.

After all my reviewing and "exchanging," I find that I have failed to quote or mention a single piece of Thanksgiving Literature. There seems to be a spirit of nonconformity springing up among us ; desire to get away from set laws and rules. But why should we not at least remember Thanksgiving and other festivals, as we pass them by, by a kind word or two in prose or verse. Though poorly done, perhaps, such tributes are always acceptable.

2 POTTER HALL.



Please Mention the "Messenger."

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