

MESSENGER

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 11.

DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 5.

TO A PAINTING.

Thou standest sad, I know not why,
With gaze forlorn, with tear-dimmed eye,
Looking afar through the wide, latticed pane
Over the lake silv'ry bright with a lane
Of shining Luna's beams, whose light
Reveals thee clad in robe of white,
Holding a note plainly telling of woe.
What is thy woe, fair maid, I cannot know—
No title names thee, who thou art,
Nor what sad message wounds thy heart.
Is it thy lover gone, ne'er to return—
Saddest of sorrows that lovers can learn—
Or has he fallen in Duty's name,
Defending his fair country's fame?
Lonely and silent one, in thy heart keep,
Cherishing ever my sympathy deep.

BUSTER.

SION.

SION! We are not there now, but we have been there
and some day we shall come to that fair place again.
It is the city of our fathers before us; it is the Canaan
of those to come after us. But just now we are in the
land of Egypt and hard task-masters, and the hand of
Pharaoh is heavy upon us.

SION! We do not remember the first time we saw
the place but it was very long ago; so long ago that
when we speak of that time, we talk as one reciting
a story from some book of Fairy lore, and say: "Once

upon a time." Yes, once upon a time, when the snow lay in great heaps about the yard, and the wind had blown fiercely all the night long and had picked up the snow from the harbor, scattered it in wave formations along the shore and left the glare ice staring up blackly into our kitchen windows, then some one from that same kitchen called up the attic stairs to us two boys, fast asleep in the little room at the head of the stairs. Then what a scrambling there was, you may believe! And how we chattered as we hurried into our little blouses and trousers and slipped on the stockings which let the little pink pig-that-went-to-market look out into the wide world on this fair Christmas morning! And how the little nervous mother held her breath at the swift patter of four reckless feet until we were safely down the creaky stairs, and in the old fire place the blaze had sprung higher at our appearance and two tiny voices had chirped in unison a great glad "Ah!" Sion indeed, that kitchen of our fathers—that kitchen where the wind lifted and undulated the broad breadths of rag carpet; where the table stood piled with jellies and pails of crullers and books and paper weights and pictures and writing paper for the little mother; where father's chair groaned beneath its weight of carpet slippers and smoking jacket, cigars and tobacco, hand-knit wristlets and mittens and scores of handmade tokens of love for the man who bore our burdens for us all through the year and at every ill stroke of fortune whistled and waited patiently and went about his work with that cheerful smile on those lips we so often have kissed, where the stockings hung heavy under the mantel and the little Dutch shoes stood at either side; where all the happiness of a whole year seemed to be crammed into that one morning as tightly as were the goodies in the toes of those new long stockings. After that one glad "Ah!" came the rush for the stockings and the bundles piled up on the new sled or over on that old black painted wooden high-chair. Of the things we found, we cannot speak much, but we remember that way, way down in the toe of each stocking was a bright new coin, and when this last was out and every thing duly examined, came the breakfast of hot cakes and thickened ham gravy and how we hurried to get through, so that we could eat

the big butterscotch rooster or that stripped red and white peppermint shepherd's crook, which we had set by our plate to wait till we had finished breakfast that we might not eat "on an empty stomach." How that phrase of mother's used to worry our young souls! How could we begin to eat if we didn't eat on an empty stomach? The trick was too much for our little brains so like many other things we accepted it as a part of that fate—though fate in those days was only a kindhearted father and a tender, gentle, little woman—which was to rule us for life.

Since that time, though still "once upon a time" we made up our mind that fate was then what it had been before; a kindhearted father and tender, gentle, little woman. The father we had never seen, though that he was kind we did not doubt for a moment, nor do we yet. And the other, the tender, gentle, little woman? Well, we had found her too, and she had crept into our life and cared for us as a woman alone can care. "Ah!" we had said many a time to ourself; and the "Ah!" was gladder and bigger than it had been in those smaller years, as was only right, for all things grow with age. Yes, all things, even ignorance. Days came and days passed away and we made many sweet trips to Sion; but these too, passed away. The little woman went away from the pleasant rivers of Pharpar and Abana and left us alone. Nor was this all, for someone came and carried us away captive and said unto us "Go, ye, make brick without straw," and away in a strange land we must learn, learn to work, to make brick to build the houses of Hope for the people of this world; must learn to make them without straw, without the help of the tender, gentle, little woman who had been borne away from us by the breath of the wind. It was very hard in those days and like the people of Israel, we too, sat down by the rivers of Babylon, yea, we wept when we remembered Sion.

Last night we read again the story of Israel, the wanderings of God's people in the wilderness, and as we read we thought we saw the poor dissatisfied race of chosen people complaining against God and of the bitter waters of Marah. But as Moses cast in the tree and made the waters sweet and as afterwards the people

came to Elim and the palm-trees, so we are given a tree to cast into that water which is bitter to us. It is the Tree of Life, we thought as we sat up in the lonely room last night. And it was true, for to-day it is Christmas morning and "they that led us away captive require of us a song, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Sion." Outside the children are singing "Good King Wencelaus came down," and we are glad that we do not have to make the response, "How shall we sing the Lord's song?" for on our heart strings someone is playing a sweet song, a song of Sion—of the Sion of memory.

It comes to us now, as we sit here this Christmas morning that we were not alone in our joy of Sion in those childhood days; nor even alone in that Sion of our youthful love. It comes to us that the joy of living comes to all at times, but to most on Christmas day. And so it is. The good times and places which for a time mark our hills of Sion, one by one pass away; the old home is gone, father no longer calls to us from the foot of the stairs and the gentle mother trembles for our safety no more, yet the Sion of memory none can take from us. "If I forget thee, O Sion, let my right hand forget her cunning."

2 POTTER HALL.

FOOTBALL.

The Alumni of the College have without doubt noticed a lack of foot-ball news in the columns of the MESSENGER. It is not our purpose, however, to let the excellent work of our squad go without recognition.

When College opened in the Fall, football prospects were at low ebb. There had been no team during the preceding year and most of the old players had graduated in the class of '04. Not even had there been a Captain or manager elected for the present year, nor was there a single game on the schedule.

A spark of enthusiasm was left, however, in the few remaining veterans, a determination that St. Stephens must reawaken to her duty in athletics. The new men caught this spirit and rallied with the older ones to

form a team as follows: C., Jones; R. G., Eneboe; L. G., Bold; R. T., Hargrave; L. T., Weston; R. E., F. Allen; L. E., Wells; Q. B., Thompson; R. H., Brinkerhoff; L. H., Shroeder; F. B., Jepson. In addition there were the following substitutes: Beckett, Matt, Smith, Snell, Hopper and Spettigue. Saunders, Oehlhoff and W. Allen also played during part of the season.

Hargrave was selected captain and Prof. Popham, coach. These two by faithful perseverance have led the team through one of the most discouraging seasons possible; a season late in beginning, destitute of a scrub, with no schedule and with raw material to train.

In spite of a determined spirit and hard coaching the team could not be gotten in proper shape in time for the first game with R. M. A. We had to give them a victory with a score of 6 to 5. But the work of the remainder of the season more than compensated for this slight discouragement.

The next game, with the Yara-Cuban team of E. B. C., made our team feel their power, for, in the two halves of 20 and 10 minutes, they ran down their opponents for a score of 33 to 0 in favor of S. S. This showed the improvement of the team in concerted play and especially the effectiveness of the tackles-back formation.

Both these games had been played at Annandale. But on Nov. 5th, at Poughkeepsie we met our heavy rivals, Eastman, in one of the hardest games of the season. Yes, Eastman won, but with only a score of 5 to 0; a score of which we are not ashamed.

At last on Nov. 12 we reached the climax of the season in a score of 0 to 0 against Eastman, on the Annandale field. Considering the lightness of our team—averaging not more than 152 lbs—we look back on this as one of our most successful years. Steady progress made every game better than its predecessor, showing that only experience was necessary to draw out our worth.

Such then is our success, not measured alone by the results in scores, but also by the new stand for the future, a new uplifting out of past discouragement. For this success much credit is due to every man on the squad.

EDITORIAL.

Ding! Dang! Dong! First the old broken Chinese gong; next the noise of a worn out dishpan and now the cow bell making its uncanny sounds in our ears hour after hour. Honest, if there's any one thing that needs a change of air or a vacation, it's our system of class "Call-bells." ¶Every morning the janitor gets up and goes the rounds, setting the clocks in the different class rooms, dining room and kitchen. The results are, first the clocks are not absolutely alike in point of time, and secondly it necessitates a very close watch of the college time in order to have one's own clock in keeping with that of the college. ¶Now, I haven't decided on any course of action for the authorities to work on in order to improve this system but I am simply crying out like a foolish, hopeful child: "Why can't we have some such electric system as is used at the General Theological Seminary and other institutions. It wouldn't cost so very much and lots of people are rich."

LITERARY.

Among the books received during the past month, is a copy of *The Most Popular College Songs*, published by Hinds, Noble & Eldridge of New York. The selections have been carefully made and the book is sure of a gratifying appreciation.



EXCHANGES.

December is here and the November exchanges are at hand. As a rule they seem to contain more than the usual merit and ought undoubtedly all to be reviewed, etc., but somehow or other, perhaps its from lack of time or maybe it's just down right "tiredness," it can't be done. Possibly the following editorial clipped from the University of Vermont *Cynic* will serve instead. It will at any rate shed some little light on what seems to be even yet at St. Stephens a most perplexing question.

"If we only knew what you want we would write something for *THE CYNIC*.' This is the statement which

CYNIC editors are forced to listen to over and over again. Such a statement from a wouldbe contributor seems to indicate thoughtlessness and a not very strong desire to contribute. The best and indeed the only way to ascertain whether we wish a certain kind of article is to write it out and put it in the editor's box. Then it would not take more than average intelligence on the part of the author to find out whether we wanted the article or not.

It might be well, however, for the editors to state as carefully as possible just what articles will and will not be given space in *THE CYNIC*. Yet before we do so it must be clearly understood that the only sure test is that of handing in the manuscript and waiting for its publication or return. Now let us endeavor to make clear just what sort of copy we want.

First, *THE CYNIC* is the only record of college life that is kept—always excepting that kept by the Committee on Studies. Consequently all happenings and events should be faithfully recorded, all items of common interest, locals, alumni notes, etc., must be printed. Therefore whatever material of this sort is contributed will be given a place in our columns. Secondly, *THE CYNIC*, since the University has no literary monthly, should be more than a mere news sheet. It should encourage and promote the literary ability of the members of the University as well as being a record of college life. Of course we desire good stories, but alas! story-writing is a gift very few of us possess and it is not often that a story really worthy of publication is given us. The trouble with the stories we receive is that every one of them, with just enough exceptions to prove the rule, might have been copied from some prep. school paper. They are just such stories as one would expect to see in school publications. They show neither the maturity of thought nor the skill of portrayal which one has a right to expect from the average college man or woman, and they are really not what *THE CYNIC* cares for or needs.

Now we do not mean to discourage story-writing among the students of the University, but we do mean to discourage the writing of stories which we feel sure would never have reached the editor's box if their au-

thors had read them over carefully and thoughtfully two days after they were written.

We want good stories and we want good essays. A good essay may be written by one who has no ability whatever as a story-writer, and essays on any subjects which will prove of interest to our readers, especially essays written on questions of vital interest to college men and women, are earnestly requested by the editors.

Good verse is also desired. Several years ago many good things appeared under the head of "CYNIC Verse," and it seems a pity that more students do not use *their* ability in this direction.

We have been wondering lately why some student who has ability in the story-writing line does not write for publication in *THE CYNIC* a series of "Vermont Stories," the scenes of which are laid here round the campus and town.

Remember that we are only to glad to publish anything which we consider worth while to our readers."

x '05.



ALUMNI NOTES.

—Canon Groser, who has spent the last twenty-five years in the Sandwich Islands and Australia, will shortly visit the College.

—'73. The Rev. Wm. M. Jefferis, D. D. has set sail on the S. S. Finland, for a seven months trip around the world.

—'77. The present address of the Rev. Chas. E. Quinn is St. Clements Clergy House, Twentieth and Appletree Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

—'98. The present address of the Rev. W. B. Sams is Abbeville, S. C., where he has charge of Trinity Church.

—'00. Mr. Linden Harris White has recently been elected secretary of the Wm. Bacon Steven's Chapter of the C. S. M. A. He is at present studying at the Philadelphia Divinity School.



COLLEGE NOTES.

—We understand that there is to be a basket ball team organized very soon and for that we are very glad. If there is any one thing that keeps life in a place it is life in the individual. Let us go in for it hard and undertake or rather *overtake*—in point of merit—some of the colleges of our own calibre.

—Dr. John C. Robertson, professor of Greek, has gone to Washington for a short vacation. He was obliged to leave on account of his failing eyesight.

—The freshmen are beginning to talk over their annual dance. Let us hope it will be as good as last year's. We are looking forward to it with much pleasure, and doctoring our corns therefor.

—The snow is here boys and it's a long ways ahead till spring; but keep up a good heart, Christmas is coming, and the relatives will begin to unpack.

—A recent storm blew down some of the trees along the edge of the road to the postoffice. As one of the workmen on the Zabriskie place said to me the other day; "Nature's been doin' some tall old trimmin' around here, eh!"

—Here's a new limerick for your perusal, fellows:

There was a young man from St. Ives,
Who never was known to tell lies.
His bees in one day
Filled ten boxes they say,
Because Hinckle contracted the hives.

—Professor Davidson is now living at his new home in the old Stryker place up the road.

—John C. Matt, Albert Jepson, Howard H. Bold, Ernest J. Hopper and Willet Mills were initiated into the Kappa Gamma Chi Society on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22nd. Messrs. Elton, Tuthill, McGay, Lewis and the Rev. Mr. Pyle of the society's alumni, were present at the initiation. After the ceremony a lunch was served in 16 Hoffman.

—There was a Thanksgiving dance at Red Hook, given by the Tea Cup Club. Several of the college men were in attendance.

—Tuesday evening, November 11, the members of the Eulexian Fraternity were entertained very pleasantly by Professor and Mrs. Anthony at their apartments in Hoffman Hall. Cards were played and enjoyable refreshments served.

—Friday evening, December 2, Mr. A. J. Lovelee, Mr. I. Jones, Mr. G. Vandecarr, Mr. J. H. Kerley and Mr. P. A. Fancher were initiated into the Eulexian Fraternity. The initiation was followed by a banquet in Preston Hall at which the Rev. Prof. W. G. W. Anthony acted as toastmaster. The following alumni were present: The Rev. Dr. George D. Silliman, '67; the Rev. Frederick Griffin, '87; the Rev. F. W. Norris, '88; Mr. Keble Dean, '89; the Rev. Prof. W. G. W. Anthony, '90; Mr. B. S. Gibson, Jr., '93; Prof. C. W. Popham, '99; Mr. Mortimer Stacy Ashton, '04 and Mr. George S. Silliman, '04.

—Already during this season of advent we have had two bishops and one priest visit us and preach in the college chapel. Bishop McKim of Tokyo, Japan; Bishop Gear, coadjutor of the diocese of New York, and the Rev. Father Hall, of Kingston.

—More innovations have crept into the chapel: two new large lights over the choir stalls and several new prayer books.

—The work in the library of cataloguing the books and re-classifying them, is advancing rapidly under the instruction of Prof. Davidson, the librarian in charge.

—The Rev. Henry McNulty, traveling secretary for the C. S. M. A., spent a few days in college recently and gave a very interesting talk to a gathering of students in the missionary room on Saturday evening, Dec. 3rd and on the following Sunday.

—Leonidas W. Smith has been appointed delegate to the Missionary convention at Alexandria, Va.

—A kind-hearted senior was looking over the shoulder of a sophomore who was studying his German lesson the other day, when he—the sophomore—points at the word *Nordlicht* and remarked: "I know what this is; it's the Oreoborolis."



Please Mention the "Messenger."

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