

S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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EUREKA.

'Tis hard to find something new,
Something never yet exposed
To the light of day.
'Tis hard, but if ever we do,
'Tis a treasure never supposed
To lie in our way.
Let's work where God puts us. True,
Sturdy, firm to the nature enclosed
Within. It will pay. F. B.

MUSIC PICTURES.

My child, have you ever seen a music picture? Not a picture of a trite musical subject done in the prosaic pose but one of those ethereal, mysterious, inspiring scenes drawn from the instrument by an artist whose soul has "seen the vision." If you have not seen such a picture you have much to live for.

True, as you say, the picture appears but an instant and then vanishes, yet, if the painter be a true artist, the very illusiveness of the picture he makes lives forever stamped on your heart.

And what a store of colors the great masters have left us. Enough shades and tints to paint almost any music picture of which the mind can dream. Just think of all the

material left us by that "strange exotic spirit," Chopin. Take one of his preludes to a man who *knows* and see what a wonderful picture he will draw from it and present to your mind's eye—that prelude written when Chopin was sick unto death and which is a picture of one of his own days. See the emaciated form stretched beside the casement waiting for the return of his love. Always that same note of longing, of yearning that *will* be satisfied, and outside the rain,—the ever persistent tap, tap, tap of the drops falling on the window ledge. And now pent up nature hurls thunder and lightning—great, black clouds sweep across the sky. All nature seems to bewail his sorrow but his anguish is only increased lest his loved one come to some harm. You can hear his cry even above the turmoil of the departing storm. And after the storm has gone he sinks back utterly exhausted and caring little how soon the end may come.

But look! She is coming. She is here! Ah! what an expression of peace steals over the sufferer's face as he clasps her in his fond embrace. Again he sinks back, but this time content to suffer all, yea even death so long as his loved one be near.

Again, let us look at that wonderful picture of Wagner's, called the "Good Friday Spell." But do not look for a picture of the great agony of the Son of Man. Nay, when Wagner painted that scene he was looking down through the ages to the time when Good Friday will no longer be for us a day of humiliation, but when all creation will raise a glorious hymn of praise and thanksgiving to God for its redemption. You can see the fields, bright with blooms of Paradise, stretching before you for endless distances. Man and beast and nature are all at peace with God and the joy of heaven has come to earth. There is a peace on the earth like the blending

of all the spring days since Eve walked in the sunshine of Eden. No suffering, no pain, no tears. Only the smile of the contented, the joy of the forgiven and the rest of the weary.

What a vast gallery it is which the masters have bequeathed us. Not pictures which the ever changing ages will obliterate but pictures which are immortal and need only the "human touch" to make them glow with the colors of imagination and fill the soul with comfort and joy.

P. A. F.

THANKS.

"Thank you," they say is quite proper
Whenever you wish to be *nice*
But I'm willing to bet you a copper,
You scarce use it without thinking twice
For, the words that best speak our feelings,
When pleased by a show of good-will,
In our common every-day dealings
Are: "That's good, good night, thanks Bill."
B.

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Night was coming on and very fast indeed. The sun had sunk below the horizon and the sky took on deeper and deeper shades of gray. Prone by the wayside lay a woman. Weary, oh so weary, tired, sick unto death, like that other woman who died on the way to Ephrath, and whose son was called Benoni—Benoni, the son of her sorrow. She had been trudging along toward the city of her childhood and love. She had been told by a passer-by that it was just beyond the hill, yet it was still out of sight, but still so much nearer, nearer than they thought. Mother and daughter drew closer together as they felt the chill of the evening about them.

Was it a dream or did they really hear music. The sounds were far sweeter than anything they had ever heard and then a still small voice said ever so gently: "Come unto me all ye who are weary, and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."

In the morning two miserable forms were found by the wayside. "BECK."



EDITORIAL.

The editorial board finds little material at its disposal this month, perhaps because the students are turning more actively to their studies in preparation for the final examinations. Each man must feel that the efforts of the next few weeks will count for much not only in relation to his class standing but also in relation to his usefulness in the world. Especially to the Seniors is this an important season. It is the last opportunity to pick up the straggling ends of their work, to gather the result of four years' study into a comprehensive unit.

Then comes Commencement, the last sad days when almost with tears we realize that we must leave our dear old campus, perhaps to begin a life in the jostling activity of a city.

Such times as we have had! they can't be had again. At least the *lumdums* tell us so and surely they ought to know. Why is it that they crowd back here to sit gossiping under the old hemlock? Why is it that when visiting here they leave at home everything strained and artificial? Ah! I think I know.

They simply peel off to take another dip in the fountain of youth. It is always a joy to the "undergrad" to see the old fellows come back again, full of old-fashioned college spirit. No matter what disappointments have occurred during the winter, they are all forgotten at the sight.

And the fact that you, dear alumni, so gladly turn your faces this way, does the college more good than you imagine. It revives hope in our ideals, it instills into our spirits an uncompromising allegiance to St. Stephen's. So we are ready to welcome you again. You know how to take possession here. Your interests are so closely knit with ours that we are sure that you can conveniently adapt yourself again to our life. The best that we have is yours; you certainly will come if circumstances permit you.

While talking to and about the alumni, it may be of interest to note recent efforts made among them for sending men and for raising funds to carry on improvements for the college. They could scarcely engage in a more worthy cause. The colleges of our country have departed too far from the true idea of education as opposed to the more modern university instruction. Therefore we should not let an institution suffer, which clings so faithfully to the well-defined course which we have chosen. In many of our larger institutions the arts degrees are made cheap and insignificant by granting them for courses which include few—if any—of those subjects which are represented in the degrees at present held by the world's scholars. If then we can do something—be it ever so small—toward maintaining the high standard which the degrees have gained, if we can help the scholastic standard of our nation from drifting back any farther into a chaotic state, let us do it vigorously. To help St. Stephens maintain

her ideals, to help the spread of her influence is one method of accomplishing this end which ought to commend itself heartily to her sons.



ALUMNI NOTES.

—'73. The temporary address of the Rev. Wm. M. Jefferis, D.D., will be in the care of the Grand Hotel Yokohama, Japan.

—'99. The Rev. M. A. Barnes has left his position in Waterbury, Conn., to enter upon new duties at Christ Church, Fairmont, W. Va.

—'88. After the Rev. F. W. Morris arrives home from abroad—about May 10th—his address will be 157 Pulaski St., Brooklyn, L. I.

—'93. On May 1st the Rev. F. M. W. Schneeweiss entered upon new duties as curate of St. Clement's Church, Phila., Pa.

—Ex-'97. On Aug. 31st the Rev. C. H. H. Bloor will discontinue his work in Alaska.

—'00. There are faint rumors that the Rev. James Robert Lacey of Stamford, N. Y., is soon to be married. We hope he will make the report certain.

—'00. The Rev. Henry Lowndes Drew has removed from Denton, Md., to assume a charge in Brooklyn. For three months we have been ignorant that he possessed a little daughter, Mary.

—'01. The Rev. Alleyne Carleton Howell has resigned his work at the Church of the Holy Communion, N. Y. City, to accept a curacy at St. Johns Church, Yonkers, N. Y.

—'01. At Albany, on April 15th, the Rev. O. F. R. Treder was advanced from the diaconate to the priesthood.

—'04. The Huested prize of the Albany Medical College has been granted to George S. Silliman for the best set of final examinations in first-year work.



COLLEGE NOTES.

—At the April meeting of the Missionary Society, Mr. Leonidas Smith read a paper on the "Qualifications of a Successful Missionary," and Robert M. Beckett spoke upon the work which our church is doing in the Philippines.

—The attendance of the Missionary Study Class has fallen off somewhat lately. But there are several earnest men left yet. Those who attend cannot fail to be impressed with the tone of the meeting.

—We were glad to see several of our alumni with us this past month. The "glad hand" just expresses the feeling we undergraduates have when we welcome them. It does us good to see them and they like to come back.

—Clinton Durant Drumm '03 visited the matron recently.

—The Glee Club was entertained very pleasantly over at the Wardens' on Tuesday, May 2d.

—The Σ A E Fraternity are to give a dance on May 12. It promises to be a mighty

enjoyable affair and we are all looking forward to it with no small degree of pleasure.

—K. Γ X held an initiation on Friday, April 14th. W. Frank Allen of the Freshman Class was "put through." Two alumni were present, Mr. Henry Lewis and the Rev. Jos. Ivie of Newburgh. After the ceremony a lunch was served in 16 Hoffman.

—You will all be glad to know that the piano is paid for at last. We can enjoy it now without thinking of a debt hanging over our heads. The men of the Glee Club have aided us in a very substantial way in helping to pay for it and deserve the thanks of the student body.

—On Monday, May 1st, the Glee Club gave a concert under the auspices of the Masonic lodge of Tivoli.

—The men seem to be taking more interest in base ball this year than usually. Under Capt. Oehlhoff's direction they are practicing every afternoon on the Zabriskie field.

—On April 15th our first game of the season, played with Kingston Academy, resulted in a defeat for the college. The score was 10 to 1.

—Last Friday afternoon the 'varsity played against the scrub. Runs came in so fast that they stopped counting them. Allen and Jepson are doing good work at pitching and that sore finger of Bolds has got well during the vacation so we expect great things from him.

—There will be a game on May 10th with Eastman College and May 13th with the State Normal School of New Paltz.

—The tennis courts have been kept very busy since vacation. Perhaps you have heard some of the old men boasting of strokes they were able to make last year.

—Mr. Leonidas Smith entertained a number of college men at his home in Brooklyn during the vacation.

—Mr. Edward Frear visited Harold M. Vanderbilt ex-'05 of Cambridge, Mass., during the vacation.

—How hard it is to brush off the dust of vacation! But we do it much more quickly since the new cut system came into effect.



EXCHANGES.

With this number of the MESSENGER, the exchange editor, along with the greater part of the MESSENGER board, retires to private life, but in the going he takes with him many pleasant recollections of hours spent in reading various exchanges and in thus peeking, as it were, into the workings of numerous institutions whose name alone had been familiar to him hitherto. Accordingly, the editor repeats, it has been pleasant work, and if he has failed to make his exchange column what it should have been he can only ask the reader's most kind indulgence. It is only one more of those many cases of the ready spirit and the too weak flesh.

Of course in this, the last exchange column of the present volume, it would be good to give a general summary of the college periodical literature of the year just passed, but such a review hardly seems necessary. Year after year in the past it has unfailingly been made and nearly always in the same tone, for really, if it must be said, there is very little variation in the quality of productions from year to year. The same sort of short story exasperates the patience, the essay is laden with the same important views, while here and there the same sort of verse enables the much-abused printer to

"make up" his page. Hence is explained the unvarying tone of the criticisms and reviews, and hence also it is hoped, the absence of a final criticism in this volume.

There is, however, one thing upon which comment might be made and that is the number of Alumni contributors in many of our very best exchanges, instance, the *Vassar Miscellany* for April in which six of the seven articles were signed by Alumni. Now, of course, the MESSENGER does not expect and perhaps does not desire any such support from St. Stephen's Alumni, but it would appreciate a much larger number of Alumni articles than it has received during the past few years. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that the MESSENGER *needs* such articles. The college, as is well known, is not as large just at present as in the years past and articles from undergraduates often come hard. The MESSENGER is slim and the editorial board receives its "just and merited" kicks. A few alumni contributions would often change the aspect of affairs. If you want to make the editorial board smile and at the same time help the MESSENGER, send along an article the next time you send your check to the business manager.

There's only one more thing for comment and that is an article in the *Bowdoin Quill*, written by an alumnus on the ever-living question of the Small College. Like St. Stephen's, Trinity, Williams and Hobart, Bowdoin is standing up to her ideal of a small college with its accompanying liberal education, as against the too early specialization of the university and like St. Stephen's, Bowdoin believes that though the way may sometimes seem difficult and arduous, still finally her ideal will be realized and the common sense ideas upon which the small college is founded will prevail.