

MESSENGER

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St. Stephen's Messenger.

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The news of the death of the late Bishop of Springfield came to the MESSENGER just too late for the December issue; and it seems unfortunate that, owing to the quarterly scheme of publication under which we are now working, the death of the first Warden of St. Stephen's should go so long apparently unnoticed. While the late Bishop Seymour was connected with the institution only a comparatively short time, his unique position should endear his memory to alumni, students and all who owe their present station in the world to the College of which he was the father. It seems a little strange, to the editors at any rate, that the article which appears in this number should have to come from outside the ranks of the alumni; we would have had it otherwise. But that it was written by one who has the College and its interests, no less than the memory of its founder, close to his heart, was evident in the prompt and able manner in which our request was met.

That this number of the MESSENGER contains considerably more

literary material than the previous ones of the year seems a mark of decided improvement. The proportion of verse is good and indicates capacities before undeveloped. The only source of regret is that a larger number of articles is not contributed by those not yet on the editorial board who should, if not for their own sake, at least for their Alma Mater, have aspirations in that direction. Students, one and all, *wake up, realize your abilities*, and make use of them by fulfilling an important one of your College obligations. Let the last issue of the year be a "surpriser"—one which shall find a sufficient number of men qualified to conduct the MESSENGER through the next College year in able fashion.

February, always the shortest month of the year, has had fewer working days than usual this year owing to the observance of holidays and the carefully-to-be-distinguished *Holy-days*.

Hope.

H, let me feel that when
I die, after me then
The sky to her will still seem bright—
To her the one I love.

That neither darkness nor the night
Will serve to call me to her mind,
Left all alone, and left behind,
With nothing but my love.

But rather let me hope,
That when the hollow moat
Is crossed to Heaven beyond,
That resting place above,
Then may she with pure fond
Love, think of me more
When brightness comes, for
All happy was our love.

'09

In Memoriam.

THE RIGHT REVEREND

George Franklin Seymour, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

BISHOP, DOCTOR AND CONFESSOR.

Bishop Seymour was my friend and counsellor for more than twenty years. I have always been a hero-worshiper and as a very young man at S. Mark's, Philadelphia, I was caught by the spell of this modern Chrysostom, then past the prime of a vigorous manhood.

Since then I have gladly sat at his feet, he has eaten at my board and slept under my roof and, like a true father-in-God, preached and ministered to my people. I learned to love this great-hearted and great-minded man of God, and now that he has passed to his well-earned rest, a void has been left in my life which cannot again be filled.

Bishop Seymour was born in New York on S. Paul's Day, A. D. 1829. He studied at Columbia Grammar School and graduated from Columbia College in 1850. Deprived of the sight of one eye by a severe sickness at the age of eight, he was, nevertheless, a profound student and was the Greek salutorian of his class.

He graduated from the General Theological Seminary in 1853, was ordered Deacon in the Church of the Annunciation, New York, December 17, 1854, and he received Priest's Orders from the same Bishop, Dr. Horatio Potter, in Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry, September 23, 1855.

Bishop Seymour began his ministry at Annandale, N. Y., in 1855. Here he founded and became first Warden of Saint Stephen's College.

In 1861, he was rector of S. Mary's, Manhattanville; 1862, of Christ Church, Hudson; 1863, of S. John's, Brooklyn. In 1865, he became professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, and in 1875 he was made Dean of that venerable school of the prophets. In

September, 1874, he was elected Bishop of Illinois, but those were the days of liturgical polemics in the General Convention, and his election was not confirmed. In December, 1877, he was elected first Bishop of Springfield. This election he declined, but in May 1878, the diocesan convention unanimously requested the withdrawal of his declination. He then accepted the election and was consecrated in Trinity Church, New York, on S. Barnabas' Day, 1878. He fell asleep December 8, 1906, and after services were held in his own diocese, his mortal remains were brought again to Trinity Church, New York, which had been full of many hallowed associations to him, and there the final Requiem was celebrated, as he had requested, by the Bishop of New York.

In the words of Bishop Perry, the late historian of our Church, Bishop Seymour was a man of great culture, a scholar and an ecclesiastical historian; a sound and exact theologian, an accomplished canonist, a skilful controversialist, a ready writer, and wise and conservative in his judgments. His friend and classmate, the venerable Dr. Dix, says of him, "It is impossible to imagine George Franklin Seymour, whether postulant, candidate for holy orders, deacon, priest or Bishop, breaking a vow, violating a pledge, or denying an article of the faith as contained in the Creed. He was a steward, and he knew that it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful. * * He was square, honest, and true * * He certainly did not know the art and craft of 'spiritualizing' doctrines, which seems to be only another phrase for spiriting them away."

To give a personal touch to this brief article, which it is my very great honour to write at the request of the MESSENGER, I quote a few excerpts from some of Bishop Seymour's letters to me; they show the man: "It is harder to work successfully in small places than in great cities. The shepherd must know his sheep and win them, so that they will follow him when they hear his voice." * * "As far as modern Romanism is false, it is largely an exaggeration or perversion of the truth, and so is a counterfeit. A counter-

feit to be successful must resemble the true coin or bill." *
 "Thank God the Mexican horror is suspended. I protested and am soundly abused. No matter, so long as God's Church is saved from such awful immorality." * *

"I shall probably feel obliged to attend as a matter of duty (the meeting to elect a Dean of the G. T. S.), to keep out unsuitable persons rather than to choose any favorite of my own." * * "Pardon this shabby letter. I write 4000 a year and haste does not improve chirography." * * "I am so thankful that Cole is at the head of St. Stephen's Coll. *my own child*. * * and again that Robbins is to be Dean of the Gen'l. Theol. Sem'y. I do not know him personally, but all that I hear of him is so good, that I am greatly cheered and say from my heart, *Laus Deo*. It is a little odd that I am the Father of St. Stephen's Coll., its *first Warden*, and I was the *second Dean* of the G. T. S. These Institutions are the "*fontes et origines*" of the clergy." * *

And lastly, regretting his inability, to attend a gathering of the clergy in New York: "I fought the battle years ago on a *lower level*. The enemy pressed us sore, and robbed us of much, not least the Diocese of Chicago, Illinois, in 1874. God rewarded dear DeKoven more than 25 years ago, when He called him to Himself, and lifted him up, and rescued him from the strife of tongues, and granted him rest, and peace, and light. 'He hath hidden him in His tabernacle.' DeKoven preached from that text once in New York (Ps. 27, 5) and I heard him, and we walked to my home together and talked about the rest which remaineth for the people of God. I have but a little time to stay. Pray for me, a miserable sinner, that I may be the least in the kingdom of heaven—that will be infinitely more than I deserve. May God bless you all." And later, "I cannot walk much now, I get out of breath. My Coadjutor came none too soon. He is most congenial, and a great help." And then a shadow fell across his window and he was in the arms of the Great Shepherd of the sheep.

"Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now, Thy servant, sleeping."

CHARLES MERCER HALL.

“Striking Snags.”

TOM Phillips stood before the mirror in his bed-room, in Number 22, Hoffman. Tom was one of those fellows who have little use for any but his familiar friends, and these were very few. Not that he was unpopular in college, but he was big, bulky, painfully bashful; and was little understood by the majority of the students. This afternoon, sometime in May, Tom was complacently shaving, and thinking what he was going to do after graduation, which was only a few weeks away.

Jack Burton, Tom's room-mate, and one class below him, lay partly buried in a mass of sofa-pillows on the window-seat, evidently in the usual condition of an amateur athlete after an hour or two of base-ball practice.

Vigorously stropping his razor, Tom said, “Jack, I've decided that I won't go to the Junior Ball.”

“What, Tom, won't go to the ball? Why, half the pleasure of the hard work in preparing for it has been the expectation that you would be present.”

“No, Jack, old man, not this time. Never went to a ball in my life except the Freshman three years ago, and then I made a fool of myself and the girl too. No, I'm not a lady's man. Besides that, I haven't any girl, and I'm ashamed to ask one, for I know she'll refuse me. Girls, as a rule, you know don't like to dance with clod-hoppers, as I learned very well three years ago. No more dances for me. You see, if I were going to be a clergyman, and have to learn how to conduct auxiliary meetings and pink-teas it would be all right, but I don't need that practice. As it is, I'll be just as likely to find myself drawing plans for a bridge over the Brahmaputra, as you will be to be addressing Mother's Clubs. I guess a minister and a civil-engineer have mighty few things in common.”

“Yes,” retorted Jack, “I guess they have. Tom, I'm tired of your staying around in the ‘dorms’ all day for the simple reason that you're actually afraid of meeting a girl. You nearly spoil my fun every time we go anywhere together, and now I tell you frankly, if you don't go to the hop, you will spoil every bit of pleasure I have had in preparing for it.”

“Well, you see, old fellow, I'd go, just to please you, but I haven't

any girl, and they'll refuse me if I ask. It's very different with you. You'll have that girl from home, of course, and the moment you see her, you'll forget all about your “dear friend” as you call me, and leave to me the delightful task of entertaining the chaperon.”

Jack wearily gave up the argument, and sought for a new method of procedure; for he was indeed very anxious for his room-mate to attend the ball. At last a bright idea occurred to him.

“Oh Tom,” he exclaimed, “I'll tell you what we'll do. When Miss Lawrence comes, I'll have my sister come too. I've written and talked a great deal about you, and she's often expressed a desire to see you. She doesn't know that you're not a spoke in the Saint Stephen's social wheel, and if you will only make up your mind not to be bashful you'll pull through all right, and I can assure you, you'll have a dandy time.”

“No, Jack, I wouldn't take your sister.”

“My sister! Why? I should like to know.”

“Well,” remarked Tom, “for the simple reason that I think too much of you; and besides you know, I've got to plug for that examination in Calculus. What a place Saint Stephen's must have been when there was only one professor for mathematics and science! Why the wonder is that they ever ——.”

“Oh quit talking about work, will you? Can't you think of anything else for a minute? Now Tom, without any more ado, the thing is settled. My sister is to come on with Miss Lawrence, and you are going to take her to the ball. After dinner, for the next two weeks, when the orchestra practices in the refectory, you are to stay until the mail comes and let me show you some of those things about dancing that you have forgotten, since that awful Freshman dance three years ago. Do you understand?”

“Yes, if you say so, I suppose I do.”

Thus the argument ended. Jack, with a yawn, closed his eyes, and went to sleep, heedless of the first chapel bell which had just begun to ring. Tom meekly finished shaving, put on his gown, and turning the lamp low, went to chapel.

Three weeks passed, during which, with many heart-failings, Tom bunglingly followed Jack's instructions in Preston Hall, most of the time heartily wishing that the art of dancing had long before become extinct.

Jack had sent the fatal letter, his sister had answered and accepted. Tom, groaning in spirit, realized that it was too late to draw back.

The final morning arrived, with the "rig" waiting at the door to take Tom and Jack to the Barrytown station to meet Miss Burton and Miss Lawrence.

That afternoon as the room-mates sat in their room, thinking of the approaching event, Tom said, "Say, Jack, that sister of yours is all right. Do you know, she's the first girl in whose presence I haven't felt uncomfortable for a long time. I guess the dance will come off all right."

"Of course it will, old man, only don't get nervous, and don't talk if you haven't anything to say. You know it's better to say nothing than to say too much."

"Um! I've no fear but that I'll get through all right. I guess it isn't so bad after all, when you use a little common sense. Anyone would think I'd never been anywhere, to hear you talk."

"Oh well, have it your own way," good-naturedly answered Jack. And why shouldn't Jack be good-natured with the assurance of two or three day's enjoyment in the company of Miss Lawrence? Is it any wonder that some fellows cheer up at Commencement?

The hour of the dance arrived. The first dance Tom considered a huge success, and Miss Burton endured it. The next was somewhat better. Although Tom kept improving he had a serious desire to spend most of the evening in "Battle Alley." Perhaps he thought that Miss Burton might be getting tired, or that he himself was becoming too ludicrous in his endeavors to appear like an old dancer.

At last the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," sounded through the hall, and the dance was over.

The next day a walk was planned, and the four, Jack and Miss Lawrence, Tom and Miss Burton, sauntered across the campus in the direction of Barrytown. Of course Jack did not want Tom's company, and immediately set his mind to work to find some way to get rid of him. In a moment he saw his opportunity. His sister was very fond of canoeing, so the topic of conversation was immediately turned to the delights of canoeing.

Miss Lawrence, to Jack's great pleasure, did not care for the water, and had rather not attempt a canoeing trip. Miss Burton, however, insisted on the trip, and so she and Tom Phillips took an opposite direction, while Jack and Miss Lawrence continued their walk.

Tom and Miss Burton walked slowly across "Montgomery Place," chatting about the college affairs, the dance of the previous night, and the Commencement exercises of the morrow.

At last they reached the shore, and Tom, dragging his canoe from beneath the overarching branches of a willow tree, helped Miss Burton to a seat. Soon they were far out on the cove. After an hour or two of paddling, much to Tom's dissatisfaction, Miss Burton expressed a desire to return.

So Tom started to paddle for the shore. A few yards from the bank the canoe scraped along a floating branch, which was partly submerged. Carelessly trying to get rid of it, Tom gave a vigorous push with the paddle, thinking that he could clear it; but instead, the force caused by the quick start of the canoe forced a hole in its side, and the water immediately began to pour in.

They were only a few feet from shore, but the water was deep and full of snags, and Tom realized it was an extremely uncomfortable situation.

Tossing his felt hat behind him, he shouted, "Miss Burton, we must work fast or we shall be swamped. Take my hat and bale, just as fast as you can."

His companion realized the situation, and taking the hat, she set to work with a will. Tom immediately began to strain every muscle to force the canoe through the branch. At last, after severe tugging, he cleared it, but not until he had enlarged the hole several times its original size.

Although they were only a few yards from shore, the canoe was half-full of water and the occupants were wet to their waists. With a last, long stroke they succeeded in reaching the shore. Miss Burton had scarcely succeeded in clambering on the rock, when the canoe gave a lurch, and went under. Poor Tom was a moment too late and received a cold bath before he caught hold of the rock and swung himself up on the land.

The sorry-looking pair hurried back to the old house on the estate, and an hour or two later returned to the campus, as if nothing unusual had happened.

The rest of the day and that evening Tom spent in his room, in deep thought. Suddenly he sprang up and began pacing the room. A little surprised, Jack looked up from the letter he was writing, and exclaimed, "Why, Tom, what's the matter? This ought to be the happiest time in your life; to-morrow you are to be graduated! What makes you so blue?"

"Oh nothing I guess, Jack, — only I'm a fool; yes, a fool and an idiot, — I guess I'll go to bed. I'm sick."

Jack chuckled to himself and resumed his letter writing.

The next day dawned as if it had been especially intended for a Commencement Day. Tom delivered his address splendidly, and received his degree. But hand-shakes and congratulations did not satisfy him. Something was evidently troubling him, and Jack was beginning to get anxious. That afternoon they had all planned to be present at the Alumni lunch. Tom and Jack waited on Aspinwall steps for the ladies, who soon appeared.

Imagine Jack's surprise when Tom said, "By the way, Miss Burton, we have several minutes to spare. Would you object to a little walk up to the library?"

"Why no, Mr. Phillips, if it would please you, I have no objections," answered Miss Burton.

So hurriedly taking Miss Burton's arm Tom Phillips, faithful friend of Jack Burton, sauntered away, leaving Jack and Miss Lawrence looking after them in amazement.

Tom was silent until they reached the gymnasium, when he ventured to say, "Pretty poor gym. for a college like this, isn't it, Miss Burton? Almost as poor facilities for athletic work as for canoeing."

Then stopping short, facing Miss Burton, and covered with confusion, Tom stammered out, "M-Miss Bur-Burton, I want you to let me paddle your canoe for you ——— always."

His friend was silent for a moment, and then answered, "Don't you think we had better paddle it together? ——— and then you know, it will be easier if we strike any snags."

H. L. B. '10.

Lament for a Pipe.



My darling pipe with well burned bowl,
That used to nestle on my shelf,
No more a solace to my soul,
An aid to draw me out of self.
Some vandal hand has basely torn
Thy heart and mine from each apart:
With out thee, I could live, forlorn;
With thee and changed I have no heart.

Oh rue the day when careless hand
Did brush thee from thy resting place.
And thou on flinty-stone did land
Which broke thy soul, thy form, thy grace.
Thy glorious golden amber stem
In all it's pristine glory clad
With one fell swoop was dashed, and then,
Some life less bits were all I had.

That cold, black, heavy vulcanite
The cruelly stupid workman wrought,
Has taken from thee every mite
Of comfort, joyful amber brought.
Who's light soft touch upon my lips
Was more like maiden's virgin kiss,
And smoke I drew through you in sips,
Changed all my woes to happy bliss.

So little pipe you still would live
A memory in my aching heart,
Did not that cruder stem now give
A sting that must the harder smart,
As every day, I see thee shorn
Of charms which never should depart.
Without thee I could live, forlorn,
With thee and changed I have no heart.

McVicker

Haunts and Aspects.



It seems as if we all ought to be very familiar and intimate with the things with which we come into close and continued contact. Yet when every opportunity is offered us and when they are even actually forced upon us we are sometimes very slow to realize and appreciate the character and nature of the conditions which surround us. It is true there are distinct senses of observation along different lines and while one sense may be inherent and natural yet it is perfectly possible to develop and promote a reception for other impressions.

We are not indifferent to the indications of the transition of time. Perhaps all have felt a fresh joy spring up within at the sight and sound of the first bluebird or robin in the springtide of the year. But the first signs of the season have long been in existence and have only escaped our notice because we were not watching out for them.

The birds, emboldened by a few warm days, first wing their way toward the north along such a sheltered valley as that of the Hudson.

Once when we were living in Aspinwall a robin whose arrival was somewhat in advance of the regular time began to build in the elm outside. A few days after a light snow fell during the night and when the sun came out the next morning the earthen walls of the nest becoming water-soaked soon crumbled away. Not discouraged by this, as soon as the weather permitted, the bird started to build again, and this time with success. The nest was well filled with the unfledged brood when a disaster, even still worse was destined to happen. A red squirrel in its roving had discovered the nest and every day we were drawn to the window by the distracted cries of the mother bird. At last the continued silence which pervaded the neighborhood gave token that the marauder's work was complete. On looking out we were well pleased to observe the scene of the tragedy almost hidden from view by the green leafage which was rapidly bursting forth.

Soon after the arrival of our feathered friends begins the rapidly succeeding changes in wood and field. It is with difficulty we follow the rapid and varied alterations. We may come upon a flower withered and faded and not until then do we realize that the time for its appearance has passed. Yet we know where and when the lilacs and and dogwood will bloom again and how often we will make our way to the Livingston estate to wander along the paths shut in by the fragrant shrubbery. Or we will turn down Cruger's lane and passing out on the island will watch the fish hawks circling above the waters of the mighty river.

These are spots familiar with long and close association and bring to us remembrance of days gone by. Shall we ever forget the hours thus spent and doubt whether those hours were spent in vain? Let us rather hope that they will bind us closer to the place for which we have come to feel such a kindly attachment. E. V. S.

The Call of the Game.*



HAREY came from Ottawa—the fellows called him “Canuck.” He was a clean-cut, muscular chap, with a retiring modesty that wasn't a bit like his looks. He said that he came to college to study and he told the truth all right. He never had much to do with the other fellows; and after a while we tired of going up to his room, only to find him plugging away like a conditioned Senior. When we got after him for foot-ball, he'd say that he came here to work, and—well, that was all there was to it. But just the same he always seemed to cast a covetous eye toward the training-table, as if he'd like to be with the bunch—and, say, he'd have made a peach of a half-back, too.

He kept pretty much to himself most of the time and the only exercise or recreation he'd take was a daily walk. When winter came and the hockey team was out working, old Harey steered clear of the pond in his walks, and seemed even more lonesome and distant than ever. Once I caught him picking up a hockey-stick and “hefting it” in a well-acquainted way, but the minute he saw me looking at him he tossed the stick in the corner. I asked him if he ever played the game, but he said “yes” so promptly, and turned the conversation so sharply, that I just couldn't put it to him again; although Heaven only knows how we needed men.

The next few days I was so mighty busy managing affairs that I forgot Harey easy enough. The Colton team showed up two days later for our first game, and everybody was worked up to the limit, for we just had to win—but how? That was the rub. Captain Archer was out of the game with a broken collar-bone; and Benson and Seaver, our two fastest “forwards,” had bum knees. Well, the game wasn't on more than ten minutes before Archer called out Benny and See and sent in two subs. Lord, what a battle it was; our boys seemed to be playing for their very lives—against big odds, too; still at the end of the first period Colton only had us three to one. Oh, but the strain was awful, and before five minutes had gone in the second half, Beman got knocked out. The fool is a corking good “cover,” but he tried a grand-stand stop and caught the puck plump in the neck; down he went like a log and no one to put in his place. We had three subs in already and we didn't have a fourth to call on. Somehow I thought of the “Canuck,” the way he handled the stick

two days ago, and I shouted his name. I don't know why, but I yelled again, and I almost fell over when I heard an "all right, in a minnit," come from the pokey little dressing-room. I hadn't even gotten over my surprise when I saw the old "Canuck" shoot through the doorway like a streak of red fire. He scooted across that ice like a breeze, straight to the officials. There was a short confab and the game started again. Everybody was sort of dumbfounded; they knew that Harey had never "done" anything in athletics, and here he was butting into our big game. Only about three minutes of play, and everybody gave a relieved sigh when they saw old Harey steal the rubber from a bedazed Colton man, dodge his way through the whole blasted field, and shoot it to little Allison, who pushed it in for a tally. Oh, he was a regular wizard, Harey was. He covered his man, and he played the whole field, and he took that little black rubber disc from those Colton people like candy from an infant. Why he had the whole Colton crowd scared stiff. Three different times they tried to bowl him over, but every time they were the ones that lost out. Our crowd was wild; never before had we seen such reckless hockey, such phenomenal checking and covering as Harey was showing. The score was four to five in our favor, when poor old Harey got mixed up in a bad scrimmage--roughed a man a trifle too hard and got suspended. Oh, but those two minutes were long. Long enough to give Colton new life, for they shot another goal and made the seconds seem like hours. But Harey was in it again and in it to win, too. Lord! but he was a fiend--like a red-devil he shot all over the ice--here, there, everywhere--wherever that little chunk of rubber was. He made that Colton team-work seem like a game of cross-tag with the whole bunch after him. Back and forth the battle raged then--a scrimmage in mid-field, Harey dove in, hooked out the buck and with one vicious sweep sent the disc smack into the goal net with the winning point.

We had just time to face-off when the whistle blew. The crowd tried to nab Harey, but he beat it into the dressing-room, pulled off his shoes, slipped on a coat and cut for dormitories. That night we tried to get him to tell why he never had come out before, but all he'd say was--"Don't ask fellows. I've fought it off as long as I could, but I've just got to play. That's all."

*Many a good athlete comes to college with a firm determination to cut-out athletics. But the love of some one game is so strong in him that, for his own peace of mind, he finds he just must play. This was the case with Gordon Harey, '98.

Alumni Notes.

'67. The Rev. George C. Houghton, D. D., rector of "The Little Church around the Corner," has been contributing interesting articles on marriage to the Sunday issues of several New York newspapers during the month of January.

'69. The Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, D. D., delivered a speech entitled "An Apostolic Injunction" at the annual dinner of the Society of the Genesee, in the Waldorf-Astoria. February 2nd.

'73. The Rev. Frederick P. Davenport, D. D., has accepted an invitation of the faculty of Bexley Hall to reside in Gambier one week each year and deliver a course of lectures on canon law to the undergraduates. Dr. Davenport is also giving a series of six lectures on "The History of National Churches" at the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago.

'77. The Rev. William E. Allen, M. A., assumed charge of St. John's church, Salem, N. J., on the Fourth Sunday in Advent.

'77. The Rev. Henry F. Auld was in Kingston, Jamaica, during the recent earthquake, and was one who petitioned the Governor to allow safe quarters to be prepared for American citizens.

'85. February 4th., the Rev. Edmund B. Smith sailed on the steamer, "Deutschland," for the Mediterranean. He is planning to spend a few months in Egypt, the Holy Land, and Southern Europe.

'86. The Rev. J. W. Burras, of Morris Park, Richmond Hill, Long Island, has accepted the rectorship of Epiphany Church, Ozone Park.

'87. William M. Wildman, formerly of Danbury, Conn., is now engaged in the wholesale hat manufacturing business in Denver, Col.

'90. The Rev. George H. Trickett has taken charge of the parish at Marlborough, N. Y.

'93. On account of poor health, the Rev. John F. Marley of Morgantown, W. Va., has been granted leave of absence by his vestry, and has gone to New Mexico.

'95. The Rev. Thomas E. Swan has been appointed priest-in-charge of Trinity Church, New Haven, and St. Bartholomew's, Scottdale, diocese of Pittsburgh.

'98. The Rev. Alvah I. E. Boss, formerly priest-in-charge of St. John's Church, Shenandoah, Ia., entered upon his new duties as rector of Trinity Church, Muscatine, in the same diocese, the first Sunday in January.

'98. The Rev. Christian A. Roth, who for more than four years has been in charge of work at Juneau, Alaska, has resigned, and will leave the district. He expects to continue frontier mission work, possibly in Oklahoma.

'00. The Rev. J. Robert Lacey, rector of St. James's Church, Oneonta, N. Y., has accepted the rectorship of St. Thomas's Church, Thomasville, Ga.

'01. Among the delegates to the recent missionary convention in North Carolina was the Rev. George A. Griffiths, whose portrait appeared in the January number of the "Spirit of Missions."

'01. Arthur C. Saunders is on the editorial staff of "The American Silk Journal." New York City.

The Rev. George D. Ashley, rector of Christ Church, Manlins, N. Y., has accepted a call to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Camden. He entered upon his new duties February 1.

The Rev. George N. Deyo, missionary in the diocese of California, and for six years curate of St. Augustine's Chapel, New York City, has been elected rector of the Church of Advocate, New York City.

The Rev. George L. Neide has accepted the rectorship of St. Thomas's Church, Fall City, Nebraska.

The Rev. Francis V. Moore, rector of S. Andrew's church, Princess Anne, Maryland, has accepted a call to become assistant minister of St. John's church, Georgetown, D. C.

The Rev. Charles Fiske, of Somerville, N. J., has been lately appointed by the Bishop of California, in connection with the Board of Missions, as missionary in the General Mission of San Francisco.

'05. M. Wilford Hicks, who entered the Berkley Divinity School last September, has been compelled to discontinue his studies on account of impaired health, and has gone to Kansas.

Arthur J. Eneboe, tutor in the Preparatory School of the University of the South, has been visiting his fraternity brothers at the College.

College Notes.

The list of Lenten Preachers has been posted, as follows:—

The Ven. F. B. Van Kleeck, D. D., Archdeacon of Westchester.

The Rev. F. St. George McLean, Trinity Church, Albany.

The Rev. W. W. Davis, Church of Redeemer, New York.

The Rev. F. B. Rezoar, D. D., St. Mark's Church, Orange.

The Rev. F. W. Norris, President Alumni Association.

The services will be held every Thursday evening during Lent.

Frank H. Simmonds was the delegate of New York Sigma Phi, at the Fiftieth Anniversary National Convention of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, held at Atlanta, Ga.

The Class of 1910 are to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which they conducted their dance. Freshman Hops as a rule are a trifle bumpy but this year's was the best ever. Why, I don't suppose Preston Hall ever looked so genuinely artistic as it did on the night of February eighth. Orange and Blue bunting was looped and knotted, twined and twisted and fluttered all over the ceiling. Great huge canopies of parti-colored ribbons hung from the ceiling and long, filmy streamers radiating from these were fastened to the walls with gorgeous pompoms. The pine boughs bordering the walls had pretty little poppies of blue and orange instead of the pine cones; and on the west wall was blazoned the numerals—1910—in all their splendor. Any way every one enjoyed themselves because the music was fine and the floor was perfect and the girls ——— well ——— Madame Sevigny is the only one I know who has adjectives enough to really do them justice.

Oh, Carrie, dear, oh Carrie, dear,
No pane of glass can keep me here.

E. V. Spettigue evidently told the truth when he said—Veni-vidi-reverti. For he's with us still.

Prof. Willock isn't sure whether he's alive or not. The Pittsburgh papers reported the death of James H. Willock, but the Math. classes know it wasn't true.

Socrates, according to Xenophon said:—"A man who has once ridden a horse successfully can always ride one." Now what do you make of that?

On Tuesday, February fifth, the Rev. Henry A. McNulty, Secretary

of the C. S. M. A., made a short address to the students. He spoke of the grand opportunity, for missionary work, at St. Stephen's and told of the work of other colleges. He also suggested that the students raise money for the building of a chapel in Tokio. This chapel is to be the gift of American Students to their Japanese brothers, and almost every college is starting a fund.

Speaking of gifts, Oehlhoff, last year's foot-ball coach, received one from the undergraduates in appreciation for his services.

Little Bobbie, new pair of skates,
Hole in the ice, "Golden Gates."

1908 has received the first "bolt" ever given given by Dr. Clark.

The Basket Ball team is rounding out in good shape for their New England trip. We want a good sized bunch of rooters to travel along and help 'em win.

The Warden has returned, very much recuperated, from a three week's visit to his old home at Cambridge.

Willie on his father's knee
Scratched his father's chin,
Papa's hand went in his pocket
Now Willie has the "tin."

Poetry, Fine Arts and Aesthetics." Say this to '09 and then—well run.

There was a big green button trotting around the campus last week. The button was on a cap and the cap was on a Freshman from R. P. I. and this Freshman was — Billingsley.

The nearer to "Bohn." The better the translation.

I wonder what the Sophomore was dreaming about when he put two bottles of beer outside the window with the mercury around zero. He wasn't thinking about the bottles, for he left them there over an hour — and then — warm beer is good.

Manager Spettigue of the base-ball team has not quite filled his schedule. So far games are booked with the following teams:

May 4—Eastman.
9—Hobart.
11—C. C. N. Y.
18—Columbia.
25—Eastman.
June 1—Spencer.

The Hon. Robt. Chandler, Sheriff of Dutchess County, has very kindly given us the use of Chandler Park.

Alumni Association Meeting.

The Alumni Association held a special meeting at the Graduates Club, Fifth Avenue, New York City, Monday evening, February 4th. At the same time the annual banquet of the Association took place.

Although the weather was bad, a goodly gathering indicated the spirit which prevailed at the meeting.

The following members of the association were present: Dr. A. C. Kimber, '66; Dr. Geo. C. Houghton, '67; E. L. Toy, '68; W. W. Hance, '73; S. B. Rathbun, '76; C. G. Coffin, '76; W. E. Allen, '77; C. A. Jessup, '82; R. Mackellar, '82; W. Holden, '83; F. J. Hopson, '85; F. S. Griffin, '87; F. W. Norris, '88; P. S. Dean, '89; K. Dean, '89; W. G. W. Anthony, '90; L. D. Bonnet, '90; F. W. Cornell, '91; W. A. Robertson, '91; J. H. Ivie, '92; A. R. Mansfield, '92; B. S. Gilson, '93; L. R. Sheffield, '93; F. C. Steinmetz, '93; J. L. Lasher, '95; A. L. Longley, '95; W. B. Selvage, '98; C. W. Popham, '99; E. A. Lidman, '99; H. L. Drew, '00; W. W. Silliman, '00; O. F. Treder, '01; B. Mottram, '02; C. D. Drumm, '03; J. F. Elton, '04; E. C. Tuthill, '04; S. R. Brinkerhoff, '05; E. M. Frear, '05; F. N. Hinkel, '05; L. W. Smith, '05, and W. F. Thompson, '05. In addition the following Special Coursemen and former students were present: J. P. Fancon, '79; J. Probet, '92; W. M. Mitcham, '92; J. M. Coen, '94; Dr. Bennett, Dr. Bullman, and Messrs. McFarland, J. Holmes, McGuinness, Oliphant, Parce, Verder, Lewis and Gray.

We are told that many important things were discussed at the meeting, but we cannot always believe rumor. Five hundred thousand dollars for the college, the abolishment of Greek as a compulsory entrance requirement for those students who do not intend to take orders, a division of the Modern Language Department, and a division of the work of the Professor of Mathematics and Sciences, are little items which are supposed to be true.

At any rate, we know that the meeting was characterized by enthusiasm and loyalty to the college.

Exchanges.

The question has always presented itself to us, whether it is the office of the Exchange Department to assume the part of a critic towards the magazines with which it is favored. We are especially confronted with this question on finding in the Exchange Department of some magazine what is in some respects a rather narrow-minded and unjust censure of some other college periodical; unjust in the light that the magazine which has assumed this critical attitude, has in itself considerable chance for improvement. In our opinion, it would be far better for those who wish to criticise, to consider first the merits of their own publication.

That the fresh touch of originality is wanting in most of the undergraduate publications is very apparent. On the other hand the pervading characteristics are of a healthy and favorable quality. They give assurance of a latent force in existence in college life, which, having found expression so satisfactorily through other channels with a little directive influence, will also do so from a literary standpoint.

Among the magazines which come to our table, we are always well pleased to receive those appearing with innovations. The *Xavier* in its new dress is truly a decided change for the better. It is plain, and yet at the same time distinctive. Of its contents we might say that the editorial on college journalism is an encouraging presentation of that subject.

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Alfred University Monthly*, *The Mount Holyoke*, *The Colgate Madisonensis*, *The Queen's University Journal*, *The Trinity Tablet*, *The Xavier* and *The Hobart Herald*.

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Fifteen schools have already been asked to send two representatives each to compete for these prizes, but there will probably be some vacancies later, and correspondence concerning these prizes and possible entrance to the competition should be addressed to

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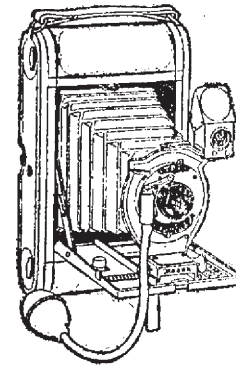
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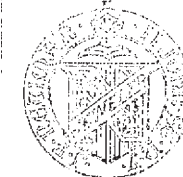
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