

MESSENGER

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St. Stephen's Messenger.

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APRIL, 1908.

No. 3.

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Limericks and Literature.

The Board of the S. Stephen's Messenger, in its frantic desire for "stuff" for publication, has made the astoundingly generous offer of a year's subscription for a limerick. Shade of Martin, whose watchword for the Messenger was "Dignity!" The cry of the present management sounds almost like the final gasp before extinction. And no wonder. The Messenger is like to die of Dignity, like Ouida in her poverty. Yet surely this ought not to be. Can it be possible that among fifty such bright wits as are now to be found at S. Stephen's there is not talent enough to feed the college paper? What is the opinion of the gentleman who holds the chair of English in this institution? Two or three times every week he dons the judge's cap and pronounces sentence on themes. Does he find nothing worthy of the undying fame which publication would afford? Modesty pre-

vents most of the students from handing in matter to the Editor, but modesty excuses no man from a class theme, and surely the professor would wish others to enjoy the sparkling gems of thought which he carries daily from class room to his study. Then why does he not assist the Messenger Board and save us from the limerick.

A. E. BOWLES.

The Garden of Romance.

IN the land of Dreams is a garden fair—
I come upon by chance,
As my dreamland soul drifts here and there—
The Garden of old Romance.

The fairest of gardens in all the world,
This wondrous close of green!
Its ravishing beauty lies all unfurled
Thro' mists of Dreamland seen;

All hedged about with red brick walls,
With yew trees old and high,
With the far-off murmur of water falls,
Under the cloudless sky;

Now here, now there, a mirror-like pool
Is set in the velvety lawn;
While the peacock struts on the terraces cool,
And high leaps the timorous fawn.

So out of the busy life of day,
I love to come by chance
(As my dreamland soul soars up and away)
To the Garden of old Romance!

M. DE P. M.

Vae Victis.

QUELQUES semaines de cela, le journal "L'Interet Public" annonçait la mort de M. Victor Merove, envoyé extraordinaire et ministre plenipotentiaire de la republique quisqueenne a Paris; en lisant l'article, je me suis rappele d'un fait assez curieux, qui eut lieu dans sa jeunesse. Et je n'en doute pas, le public sera interesse a le savoir.

C'était sous l'empire, et a cette époque la, M. Victor Merove était age de douze ans. Recommandé par un des amis de son pere, il fut reçu par le cure de St. Antoine comme enfant-de-choeur. En cette qualite il demeurait au presbytere et rendait de petits services au venerable cure. Or, a cette époque-la, le jeune Victor était un amoureux passionné de la toupie, et passait la plupart de son temps a jouer dans la cour de madame LurINETTE. Plus d'une fois le pauvre cure, impatient de l'attendre, allait l'y rattraper. Sa passion pour sa chere toupie prenait des proportions dangereuses, et le digne cure jura qu'il y mettrait fin, a la premiere occasion qui se presenterait.

A la fin, l'occasion tant desiré vint, et en homme de parole, M. le cure fit son devoir. Ce soir-la Victor rentra tres tard au logis. Il était epuise de fatigue, et sans meme se deshabiller, il alla se jeter sur le premier fauteuil qu'il rencontra. Il dormait d'un profond sommeil; et sa toupie, sa fidele amie, était dans sa poche. L'occasion était belle. et le cure en profita pour faire disparaitre l'objet execrable.

"Helas, plus de toupie, est-ce-possible! Comment peut-on vivre une existence pareille? * * * Sapristi! je l'aurai dimanche prochain, ou le diable en dira pourquoi." Sa decision prise; Merove passa tout son temps au presbytere. Il reflechissait sur la situation; et le dimanche prochain il allait se mettre en œuvre.

C'était a la petite messe de six heures et le digne cure était a l'office du saint sacrement; et par un heureux hasard, le jeune Victor servait a la petite messe. Au lieu du bon vin de France, il mit dans la coupe une bonne quantite du fameux rhum des Antilles.

Au "Doremus vobiscum" * * * le "Sursum corda" suivit, et M. le cure avec beaucoup de majeste prit une grande gorgée de la liqueur. Et on devine facilement son etat. C'était la colere, c'était la rage qu'il sentit. La liqueur lui brula fortement le gosier, et tout le sang lui monta a la figure. "De l'eau, de l'eau, vite," il ordonnait,

il suppliait. Mais le jeune enfant-de-choeur reclamait sa toupie comme condition. Le cure ne savait pas de jurons, mais il savait dire "Sapristi," nom d'un nom, ce qu'il ne manqua pas de dire au petit insolent. Mais cela n'arrangeait pas la situation. Enfin etouffant de colere, de rage, et peut-etre l'effet du rhum en etait toute la cause, il fut obligé de se soumettre. L'exécrable objet, la toupie, etait dans la poche de sa soutane, il y plongea la main et en sortit l'objet litigieux qu'il remit a l'enfant-de-choeur triomphant.

Vae victis, malheur aux vaincus.

Le cure jura qu'il prendrait sa revanche. Mais il n'en eut pas la chance, car Victor s'était sauve apres la petite messe.

E. G. C. J. '11.

The Rose Tree: a Ballad.



ALL up and down, thro' dale and town
The clear-voiced hunting horn,
The bays of hounds, such merry sounds
Fill all the wintry morn.

The woodland glade, so freshly laid
All white with new-blown snow,
Now rings about with call and shout;
The king is hunting so!

The sun sinks down o'er dale and town,
The shadows deeper lie;
The chase is done, the stag is run,
So hunters homeward hie.

A cross of gold, so we are told,
The king had lost that day,
So backward then he turned again
To seek it where it lay.

But all night thro' the wild storm blew,
And when the morn arose,
He saw a sight with beauty dight—
A rose tree mid the snows!

The pious king at such a thing
Fell on his knees to pray,
And there held fast, he saw at last
That cross on rosebud lay.

L'ENVOI.

A rose tree in a waste of snows
A miracle to see!
A jewel set in a casket fair—
So is my Love to me!

A rose tree in a waste of snows,
What sight could fairer be?
But fairer still and ever will
My own Love be to me!

M.

[NOTE—There is a German legend to the effect that a pious king, having lost a small cross after a long day's hunting, turned back to seek it and was rewarded by finding it hung upon a rose tree blooming in the snows.]

The Hidden Treasure.

“WELL, if you don't believe me, come and see. I can't make anything out of the hieroglyphics, anyway. Maybe you can help me.”

“Maybe I can. We'll go and see what can be done.”

The speakers were two young men named John Cook and Edgar Compton, who, with myself, were hunting up in the Adirondacks. The subject under discussion was a certain set of symbols and figures which Cook had discovered on a rock some distance from our camp.

The situation of this rock was peculiar. It was set in the midst of a broad level plain, of which few are to be found in the mountains. It had no apparent relation to any of its surroundings, but rather it seemed to have been dropped there by chance. Some distance off, a group of trees was ranged in a most peculiar manner—a sort of oblong with its corners marked by four trees—a poplar, tall and pointed, at one corner, an oak, large and grand, at another, and elms at each of the remaining corners. Some distance away towards the west, was

set another poplar and about fifteen feet from the latter was an oak. The whole group covered about fifty square feet.

Taking our guns, we three started for the place to see the wonder which Cook had discovered. Arriving at the rock, we found that he was right. There, carved deeply, but worn by the elements were the following rough characters P50 O2 E4—PT59—O6 W. I copied them down on the back of an envelope and we left the place.

Arrived at the camp, we all proceeded to conjecture as to what they might mean. No one of us could guess, no one could puzzle it out, so with the mystery still unsolved, we went to bed.

But I could not sleep. The figures and letters kept running through my mind and my brain was trying to figure out what they might mean. "P50." What could P stand for? I thought up all the words I could which began with P, but none of them fitted. I don't know why, but I thought of the trees, and in a moment my mind lighted on "poplar." But what could 50 mean? And what was the meaning of the whole bunch of them?

Now I had heard of an old miser who had lived in this vicinity and who was said to have a great deal of money hidden away. Only a few winters ago, he had died from cold and exposure, and was buried in the Potter's Field of some small town. But no one knew what had become of his wealth.

Could this, then, be the sign he left to show where his hoard was? Visions of gold rolled through my head; gold coins chased P50, O2 and O6 W, and I knew no more.

I told my companions of my conjectures and they scoffed at me. But I was persistent, so armed with a tape measure and shovel we set out for the rock.

Arriving there, I proceeded to measure fifty feet from the poplar—fifty feet toward the middle of the rectangle, two feet from the oak in the same direction. But now came the puzzle. Which elm should I measure from? I carefully examined each tree for a mark and my search was rewarded by finding a deep niche cut in one of the lowest branches, so I measured four feet from that tree. The ends of all the lines thus run coincided, and so far I was all right.

I then looked at my memorandum, and once again I was non-plussed. What did PT mean? My companions derided me, and in my perplexity, hands in my pockets and pipe in my mouth, I chanced to stroll over to the poplar standing apart from the rest, and stood

looking at it. There was nothing peculiar about the tree except a slight abrasion in the otherwise smooth bark. I examined this scar more closely and discovered a shallow PT cut in the tree. This, then, was the PT I was looking for. I made my measurement of fifty-nine feet and measured six feet from the oak toward the West. (For thus I had figured out that the W stood for.) Eureka! All the lines coincided in one point.

Then we three began to dig. First, Cook disgusted, dropped away, then Compton sneaked off, so that at last I was alone with my work. I dug for about three hours, which seemed three days. Suddenly my pick struck something hard. I pulled up a piece of rock. Then I pulled up a piece of old cloth, and caught hold of another piece that stuck. I ran back to the cabin but my companions had gone. I carefully dug away the dirt and pulled up three sacks, which jingled as I shook them. Breathless with excitement, I took them to the cabin and dumped the contents on the floor. My dream had come true! There were the gold coins! I was too excited to count them—I just *wallowed* in them. But soon I began to count them, when—"Come, come, time to get up, old man," sounded in my ears. "What were you counting in your sleep?"

I started up and rubbed my eyes. There was the cabin floor, but no gold on the floor. "Why—why—" I said, "how long have I been asleep?" "All the afternoon," said Cook. "Compton and I investigated and found that my supposed hieroglyphics were nothing but some surveyors' marks, left by some party as they passed through here."

C. H. L. F., '10.

The flowers bloomed,—but now
They withered lie.
The sun shone brightly,—see how
His last rays die.

O faded flowers, O Day
For you I long;
But pleasure-like, ye must away
Ere new joys throng.

F.

The Lesson of the Lilies.



ALL me, fragrant lilies gay
 All sparkling fresh with morning dew,
 Why your beauties grow each day
 Ever new?

Brighter tints have ye, each one,
 Than artists know or can devise—
 Matched alone at setting sun
 In the skies.

Wealth untold could not array
 King Solomon in such attire—
 Modern monarchs never may
 To such aspire.

Say why God so richly clothes
 And feeds you idlers of the soil;
 Spinning every flowret loathes—
 Likewise toil.

W. S.

The House of Memory.



ALL day long the gloomy old house stands there on the village street shuttered and barred as if all ingress and egress were forever forbidden. Fall after fall it has stood there all white and cold in the autumn mists. The stray leaves that fall from the maples before it flutter heedlessly by, brushing here and there against a window or cornice, and then go on their journey shuddering. The wind sighs and moans about its eaves, and now and then, with an odd jarring sound, bangs to and fro a shutter which happens to be loose. The winter snows pile high about the desolate building, and the howling blasts of wind beat against its walls as though they are enraged at their gloomy appearance and have resolved to beat them down. When Springtime comes and all the world grows brighter, the old house remains unchanged, except, perhaps, that it is

a trifle more battered and a little older and dingier from having withstood another winter's storms. The trees take on new life—even the trees before the old house, as if they, in spite of their connection with it, had resolved to join in the feast of Spring—and the grass grows once more, even in the village street, and comes up, knowingly, here and there between the bricks of the sidewalks. And when summer has come at last, and the countryside is a world of beauty, the old, old house remains the one blot, the one jarring note in this nature's paradise. All white and cold and deathlike, it stands in the glare of the purple noon, and white and cold and deathlike in the summer's moonlight.

No children play on its doorstep or on the pavement before it. No one passes by on that side of the street if he can help, but most carefully crosses to the other side. Even the stranger who finds himself unawares before its gloomy doorway, shudders without knowing why, looks around, and hurries on. No friendly face ever appears at its windows; no one tends its weed-grown garden at one side, or ever walks there on pleasant days. All is mystery—the barred door and closed windows—mystery and decay. The people of the village say the house is haunted and that is enough. The bravest of those simple country folk have a dread of darkness and of its powers. The cries of happy school children are hushed in its neighborhood; vendors do not announce their wares about a whisper. Children grow up in its shadow with a sense of some mysterious, unaccountable presence dwelling near them. To awake at dead of night and hear the wind shriek about the eaves and know that it is shrieking with the same mournful wail about the eaves of that house; perhaps to hear far off the rattle of the lone shutter, and the sound of the rain pouring down on that dread house as well as one's own, means that all sleep has fled and that he who has heard must lie awake in mortal terror, and listen through the blackness of the night.

There are two occupants of that old house, an old, old man, now close to death, and an old, old servant to wait upon him. There the two of them live all alone, waiting patiently for death's summons. Every fortnight the old servant goes out to purchase provisions and other needful things. When he comes back the door is closed and not opened until the little store of necessities is again exhausted. The two live very simply and their wants are few.

But within there is little to justify the morbid terror of those who

dwelt without. Haunted? Yes, the house is haunted but by such ghosts as please and charm, and never terrify—the ghosts of memory. If ever a house had a soul, that house has one—and its soul is memory. It is peopled by fairer forms and fairer scenes than ever graced the earth, for memory has cast her pleasant mist of indistinctness about them, so that only their beauty has survived and that increased many-fold. There those two old men live among all their former friends and associates, amid scenes that please them best. For them the house is no longer dark and gloomy. In it they live again in the green meadows or the woodlands, familiar to their boyhood days; in it they wander for hours beside some laughing brook and fish to their heart's content. Now they can take a galloping horseback ride in the cool of the morning or again follow the hounds over hill and dale. Never are summer days so perfect, nor skies so blue, nor flowers half so fragrant, as those in memory's ken. And now the low-ceilinged apartment is transformed into a magnificent ball room, filled with the most beautiful belles and the most gallant beaux of some three-quarters of a century gone by, where the master once again makes all the conquests of his youth.

For those old men the outside world is haunted, not the house. For there without, too far away to obtrude on their pleasant memories, are the phantoms of bygone woes, of sicknesses, of strife and quarrels, of sins and all unpleasant things, which memory leaves half-buried. The loveliest, fairest forms alone dwell in that house; the phantoms are without, peering in at the windows now and then, but only driven back the further into the gloom at the sight of such happiness.

And so while the villagers are terrified at that great, barren house, while they sit about their fire places, as the wind and the rain makes the night hideous with sighing and hissing, and tell you fearful tales of darkness, those two old men sit waiting, surrounded by all their loved ones, created anew and ten times as perfect in their minds. The house is dingy and gloomy, but they see it not; for them it is a paradise.

M.

Both torturing spirit, and angel of light,
Flame though not burning, still shining bright,
Tale never started, long since begun,
Longed and unlonged for, neither in one.

Sorrow.



SORROW, sorrow, thou art welcome,
Thou art welcome for my heart,
For no joyful thing now careth,
Come then, sorrow, ne'er to part.

For my love hath me deserted
And my heart in twain is rent.
When she left, joy she took with her,
Joy she took, but thee she sent.

Thou art welcome then, O sorrow,
Even as a gift from her,
As a sad, but sweet remembrance
Of the joyful days that were.

"Y."

Alumni Notes.

'71. The Bishop of Pennsylvania has appointed as a delegate to the Pan-Anglican Congress the Rev. Dr. Gilbert H. Sterling, of the pro-cathedral, South Bethlehem.

'74. The Rev. C. O. Tillotson, for more than twenty-five years rector of Calvary parish, Santa Cruz, Cal., has resigned, and has accepted Bishop Nichols' appointment to the oversight of a missionary field in the Salinas Valley.

'76. The Rev. D. L. Sanford has resigned as rector of Immanuel church, Bellows Falls, Vt.

'77. The Rev. A. DeR. Meares has given up the work at Marion, N. C. (district of Asheville), a successful mission started three years ago, but continues in charge of Old Fort. Since Mr. Meares came to Marion, in 1901, the church at Shelby has been rebuilt, towers have been erected and equipped with bells at the churches in Marion and Old Fort, and other improvements have been made. Mr. Meares has held 952 services during this period and has baptized seventy-five persons.

'80. Archdeacon C. C. Kramer, of Louisiana, was elected Grand

High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, at the annual convocation in New Orleans, Feb. 4 and 5, and will deliver the oration before the Grand Lodge of Louisiana at its annual communication in 1909.

'83. The Rev. Charles E. Freeman, rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Barre, Vt., has accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, East Lockport, N. Y., and has entered upon his work.

'85. The Rev. William A. Wasson, of Grace church, Riverhead, L. I., and the Rev. Edmund Banks Smith, '85, chaplain at Governor's Island, N. Y., were speakers at the brewers' convention of New York, held recently. Mr. Wasson said he wished to join in the effort to lift the liquor traffic up to a plane of decency. Chaplain Smith advocated the restoration of the canteen to the army posts.

'86. The Rev. Dr. Charles Martin Niles, of St. John's church, Tallahassee, one of the Pan-Anglican delegates appointed by the Bishop of Florida, will sail on May 30. He expects to go to Germany and Switzerland also, and to attend the course of lectures for the clergy at Oxford.

'93. The Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, rector of Christ church, Ridley Park, Pa., has been elected rector of Christ church, Norfolk, Va.

'97. The Rev. Leopold Kroll has gone to Lahaina, Island of Maui, H. I.

The largest class in the history of Christ church, Montpelier, Vt., was presented to Bishop Hall for confirmation on March 8. Of its 44 members, 38 were men and boys, the average age being twenty-four years. There were a father and 3 sons, a mother and 3 children, another mother and 2 children, a husband and wife, 10 members of the choir, and an entire Sunday school class of 11 boys, together with their teacher. The Rev. Dr. Homer A. Flint is rector of the parish.

'01. In a class of 16 adults and 6 young people confirmed on Feb. 2 by the Bishop of Long Island, in St. Luke's church, East Hampton, the oldest was a man of sixty-nine years; 2 had been brought up Presbyterians, 2 Methodists, one a Lutheran; one had been baptized in the Church of England, and the others by the present rector of the parish, the Rev. O. F. Treder.

The increased congregations and renewed interest in church activity at Pinehurst, N. C., are noted by a local paper. Since the coming of the Rev. Alleyne C. Howell, who was formerly a curate in the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, the attendance has more

than doubled, and the varied religious interests have been unified. Mr. Howell's efforts are receiving gratifying financial support and the young people are showing marked interest in the Sunday school and other work.

Spc. The Rev. George Adriance Moore, whose resignation of the curacy of St. Saviour's church, Bar Harbor, Me., took effect March 1, will go to the diocese of Quincy, for his ordination to the priesthood.

The Rev. Andrew Harper, Jr., rector of Grace church, Ravenna, O., has accepted a call to the rectorship of Christ church, Springfield, Mo., and will enter upon his duties on April 1.

College Notes.

A book of odes—I lie down on my cot;

A good old pipe, a grammar and a trot

That shows me how to work it out, and helps

To win for me the coveted ten-spot.

The college basketball team was somewhat dilatory in making its appearance this season. An independent team played several games but was not very successful. Later it was thought best to disband the "Independents" and to use the men, developed by constant practice and hard games, on the college team. This was a good move, for the college five trounced those teams which had beaten the other. Jepson was elected captain and Walt Allen manager for the coming year.

Now that the Spring has come, basketball has been forgotten and the "national game" has become very much in evidence. Captain "Bill" Allen is working the men hard and expects to turn out a good college team.

Awake and hustle up and be alive,

For still awaits you no short, easy drive

Behind a brown-backed pony—Horace trot;

Don't drive him hard, or else your mark is five!

Through the generosity of the rector of Christ church, Poughkeepsie, the choir has had several pleasant trips to that city and the opportunity of hearing some good sermons. It behooves us all to sit in the choir next year!

Look at the fellows all around us—say
 They think its easy, but for them a day
 Is coming, when all those little flunks
 Will change the tune to one that's not so gay!

The following touching lines, with the beautiful simile they contain,
 found their way to the editor's desk:

How does dot leedle busy bee
 Delighd to buzz and hums
 In summer, seeks his honey sweed,
 And in der winder bums.
 Youst like does dear young college poys,
 Who lofe to bum around,
 And when the time for study gomes,
 Are nowhere to pe found!

(7 McVickar)

The sorrow over the swift passing of the Easter vacation will be made up for by the anticipation of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon dance, which is to take place May 1. Then the college youths will once more don their dress clothes and their best "society manners," and trip the light fantastic with the fair maids gathered from near and far. The dances at College are just few enough and far between to make their occurrence events to be long planned for and long talked about.

I'm for the glories of this world—I am,
 I hate to stand up and be called a "ham."
 That's why I always write the meters down—
 A good term mark will always cinch th'exam!

The Lenten preachers this year have been exceptionally good, and much enjoyed (and consequently taken much to heart) by the college men, as was evidenced by the large number which turned out each successive Wednesday night. It's a great idea, this having special preachers on a week-day night, and since there is only one sermon on Sundays, one sometimes (that is when one is feeling especially pious) wishes the custom might be kept up the year through.

These are anxious days for the Freshmen and Sophomores, and they are putting themselves to all sorts of inconveniences in order to non plus one another. It is the annual burial of the hated Algebra by the Freshman class that is causing all the trouble. One Sophomore in particular remembers how, one nighr not long ago, when

sleeping peacefully and dreaming of the summer not far off, he was violently awakened, and the blood-curdling news was whispered to him by an excited fellow-classman that the Freshmen were burying their Algebra. Meanwhile the Freshman class, for no reason at all other than to deceive the other class, were walking about all over the country side, some in this direction and some in that, and putting themselves to all sorts of inconveniences, losing their accustomed sleep, so necessary to children, and forgetting all about the Horace and Herodotus they ought to have translated. The general opinion is that the joke is on both classes.

I sometimes think that never seems so hard
 The bench, as when some poor old ode is marr'd,
 Some ode of Horace, full of grace and charm,
 Cut up and mangled in the walls of Baird.

Alas, but it seems all too true that the students of this College have not the "Limerick sense!" In the frantic appeal of the editor some time ago for original limericks to adorn the pages of this journal, one of the signs of the times was clearly evident. But, alas (as was said before) the brains of the average student refused to climb so high and as a result but few limericks were handed in.

And if by chance you can't get out much sense
 Because the clause begins with some word—"whence,"
 Why shut your pony's face and hold him fast,
 Get out your grammar—then you'll jump the fence.

N. B.—There is no doubt that the youthful Omar who is guilty of the above verses, is the same "green Fresh" who ordered a "trot" for Horace's Odes, but forgot to send his name, so that the instrument of evil fell into the hands of his Latin professor instead.

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