

# MESSENGER

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# Saint Stephen's Messenger.

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“Heap on more wood, the wind is chill!

But let it whistle as it will

We'll keep our Christmas merry still!”

And so the “long-nighted December” has come at last—but how cosy with a roaring fire and a joyful looking ahead to the holidays, within; while the air is filled with blinding snow, or else that fallen a day ago crunches under the heels as one walks through the sharp, frosty night under the cold stars, without!—bringing with it Christmastide and Home! Ever since the first stray leaf fell from richly-clad tree in now distant August; ever since the last withered leaf, torn rudely from the naked boughs, as they stood cold and gray against the stormy November sky, fluttered trembling to the ground to join those already rustling there; ever since the first snow-flake went scurrying across the fields: the year has been preparing for Christmas. And now that overbubbling season of mirth and joy has come; in the cities, the shops are thronged with a pressing, pushing, good-natured

crowd, the poorest and richest, the worst and best; all seeking gifts to gladden some other heart, whether it be done consciously or no, and all because a Gift so priceless came to mankind on a winter's midnight long ago; in the country

"The ways and woods are strangled with the snow,"

but it is a merry sort of strangling, for it rings with sleighbells and happy voices. Here at college we are counting off the days, as they slip by one by one, until at last the day comes that gives us Home. Then on Christmas day, in thought, St. Stephens will be in many widely distant parts of the country, as it sleeps here peacefully on its little hill, while snows spread far and wide beyond. To all our friends, the undergraduates, the alumni, and to whomever else this chance MESSENGER may come, we give those words so old and yet so ever new, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

Now that the football season is over, we of the Editorial Board, and we know we speak for the entire student body also, wish to express our hearty thanks to the warriors of the gridiron for the noble way in which they battled for the Red. It must have seemed a hard and thankless task to have turned out for practice one sunny autumn afternoon after another, only for some four games—and losing ones at that: and especially so for those who did not make the team. But it must be a sufficient reward for them to know that they have done their work for their alma mater faithfully, and have gained the admiration and applause of their fellow-students.

The MESSENGER board wishes to acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of an invitation from the rector, wardens and vestrymen of the Church of Saint Matthew, Brooklyn, to the consecration of that church on October 18. The board extends its best wishes for the success and welfare of such a noble work.

Tout s'est évanoui: parfum, rayon, rosee!  
L'aube en se reveillant, l'aube pleine d'espoir,  
Odeur! n'a trouve qu'une tige brisee;  
Une existence d'or s'est éteinte en un soir!

## December.



HE winds blow cool  
In month of Yule  
And snowflakes fill the air;  
Build high the fire,  
While children choir  
Blithe carols full and fair!

Tho' nights are chill  
The angels fill  
The snowy ways with song—  
For Christ is born  
On Christmas morn,  
So merrie strains prolong!

Tho' end of year  
'Tis far from drear—  
December's ruddy glow!  
The brightest Day  
From May to May  
Brings holly and mistletoe!

## The Mistletoe.



HIS step was light, but his heart made up for it in the wild throb of excitement it surged through him. Happy he was—happy with Christmas joy pouring through and around him—happy, but more excited; for the lady of his dreams was going out with him that evening.

Soon he reached her home and was waiting for her there in the sitting room—awaiting the arrival of his goddess. Now a man in love is not gifted with over much repose of spirit, so that we cannot blame this particular mortal for gazing around the room, listlessly to be sure, but still he was gazing, now here, now there. In the course of his waiting the chandelier came in for a due share of attention, and upon it he noticed a piece of traditional mistletoe, a good-sized piece with many a berry.

And then she came; a rustle in the hall and she was before him. How all the poetry he had ever read or heard of seemed to flood through his mind as she stood there in the doorway! But when she innocently lingered under the mistletoe, that, ah, that, was tragedy blacker than night itself!

All through the evening he could not forget the opportunity he had neglected. Would it come again? Would he have the courage to do his part if it should? Oh, how long the evening seemed! But the longest times must pass, much more so one short evening. On their way home his every thought seemed to cluster about that mistletoe, and as they entered the house—well, he almost prayed for just one more chance. Any moment now might tell the tale; to see him you would have thought him awaiting the gallows.

When they went into the room that was the first thing he saw; there was the mistletoe still in the same place, and there again she artlessly loitered as if deeply interested in his few, stumbling remarks. He drew nearer; his chance had come; again the fates seemed to smile upon him; the Christmas gift he most desired! Something lightly brushed by his face and fell to the floor. He glanced down; there lay the mistletoe at his feet.

L. D.

“Omne ignotum pro magnifico est.”



**SITUATED** as we are in one of the most historic spots of the Hudson Valley, we are given unlimited opportunities for reflecting on the famous deeds which took place in and about this vicinity during the memorable days of the Revolution. To all these interesting stories and legends, which we have often heard, there seems to be an important element lacking.

It is in regard to this element especially, that we like to reflect most, to turn over in our minds certain events which might have, and perhaps did, happen in connection with those which are known. If we only knew them, how much more interesting they would appear to us, we say, than those which we really know!

It is the same old story again. Man is never satisfied with his present condition. But just think for a moment how much better off we are to-day because of this dissatisfaction. If our ancestors had been satisfied with the conditions of life into which they were

born, we would still be existing under those same primitive conditions. Fortunately for us, however, it has always been a function of the human mind to look higher, to aim at the moon, as it were. It is this desire for something better that makes life what it is and helps to strengthen the old adage, “man’s reach should exceed his grasp, or what’s a heaven for.”

The desire to improve ourselves and our fellow men, to become acquainted with the unknown, and to discover causes of phenomena, does not belong to science alone but also to our every day life. In our every day observations of ordinary events we seek a cause for this thing and that thing, and if we fail to find it are, in most cases, sadly disappointed.

And so it is in our observations of historical and traditional events. As we wander about the old estates in this neighborhood, how deep do our thoughts penetrate into those ancient landmarks which have become familiar to the most of us. If they could only talk, we say, what interesting stories they might tell! Sometimes, perhaps, we even wish that we could transfer ourselves and the world back for an hundred years or more in order that we might see just what was happening then.

But, alas, all our wishes and dreams are of no avail! The past can not be changed and what it has not handed down to us must remain in deepest oblivion. The greatest and noblest deeds, such as acts of self-sacrifice and of unvaunted patriotism, which have no doubt taken place, have passed out of existence with their authors. The most that we are able to do is to think about them and give them the full credit of being as great as they are made by their very obscurity.

J. E. M. '10.

## The Midnight Mass.

1



**FROM** meadows enwrapped with the clogging snow,  
Which, tilting adown to the ice-chained stream,  
At last lose themselves in the woods below,  
Ghostly and wan as tho' born in a dream;  
Thro' lances of snow which shivering break  
On fields now untracked and the silent trees:  
The gray castle walls, like an isle in a lake,  
Stand leaping and tow'ring the wide snow seas.

## II

Far out into night shines the glowing Yule  
 From casement and slit in the storm-beat wall,  
 And life and fair love grow all warm with the fuel  
 Which Christmas tide lights in the cot and the hall;  
 The roar of the flames in the great fire-place,  
 Sweet laughter of childhood, the hurrying feet,  
 The scent of the boar's head—the trophy of chase,  
 Betoken the home that the Christ will greet.

## III

Tho' snows and the rage of the storm beat high,  
 Where window-shrined saints look out on the waste  
 The chapel is spread for the mass that is nigh,  
 And broider-robed priest with a godly haste  
 Is girded for meeting his midnight Guest;  
 With rustle of silk and clank of steel  
 The pavement is thronged: they come to His quest  
 Who cometh Himself as a Saviour to heal.

## IV

Hark! out of the silence of dead'ning snow,  
 While Sanctus yet bridges the earth to the skies,  
 A horn note comes winding from moat-wards, now low,  
 Again rising clear,—then yet fainter it cries  
 Thro' night in its anguish! "It cannot be  
 An enemy comes on a Christmas Eve?"  
 "The land is at peace! There's no warder to see!"  
 "The crib of the Christ-Child a man may not leave!"

## V

Again comes the horn on a howl of the wind—  
 In chillness 'tis dying,—and yet piercing thro'  
 Those kneeling all rapt while the Christ-Child is hymned  
 Who Himself would have done that they will not do.  
 A pitying churl stealing soft to the door  
 Leaves behind him the beauty of Christ in the host  
 Aloft lifted starward, while sweet blessings pour,  
 He alone not the gainer,—so much kindness cost!

## VI

With mightier thud than the thunder's roar  
 In green-painting showers of summer's day,  
 The drawbridge falls; o'er its shivering floor  
 Ice-mailed a poor man makes his way;  
 A moment he stands; thence to chapel porch  
 Should'ring the worshippers, strives to pass—  
 Transfigured, kneels Godlike in glare of the torch—  
 And Christ, lo! is come to His midnight mass! D.

## "A Still Small Voice."

BY ALBERT E. BOWLES.



MOST of us, I suppose, have some kind of a working philosophy with which to get through life. For years I have had mine: sometimes it works, and at times it fails.

In a zealous moment one day I thought I would go to the good old philosophers of note, and get some points first hand. I consulted a wise man on the subject, with the result that I returned to my room with two fat volumes of philosophy and instructions to compare Locke, Berkeley and Hume with Kant. That sounded so simple to me, that I already felt well on the way to true knowledge. I began to read, starting with Kant. Things began to be not quite so simple: the farther I read the less simple they became. I was interested, but exceedingly puzzled. What did it all mean, I wondered. In my perplexity I turned to a book by Professor Royce, of Harvard, hoping for enlightenment. I became fascinated, then hopeless, for

"Now I know I never shall know  
 And never shall understand."

Royce tells how the average student reads Kant in a translation for the first time, and feels that he grasps the meaning. I feel it to be something to be able to thank God that I *didn't* imagine I understood. Then this same Royce—who seems to be a man of some intelligence—tells how he gained a degree by writing a thesis on Kant: afterward he lectured for a decade on the subject, and at the end of that time came to the conclusion that he knew nothing about it. Thereupon he entered upon the life of a penitent—a hard life, but

very fruitful—and in time learned humility, so that, speaking of his progress he could say, “— after all, Kant is Kant: and the Lord made him, and many other wondrous works besides; and it takes time to find such things out.” I agree with the sentiment, but feel that Royce should have added “brains” to time, as absolutely necessary to the finding out of such things as the meaning of the philosophers.

So, because it is not permitted to me to enter upon the “Via Dolorosa,” the way of true Knowledge, I can but quote the sayings of others more favored. They say then, that *Locke* gave us, as a result of his travels, Experience and Reflection with which to construct—every man for himself—a world and a God. And to *Locke* the process seemed quite satisfactory, for *Locke*'s world and God were very real to him, and he had no intention of letting either escape him. But to *Berkeley* (and here we see how the world fares when dependent upon each man's experience), *Locke*'s world of sense-perception and Experience did not exist. For *Berkeley*, substance was non-existent. His world was one of *ideas* and their laws. He challenged any man to prove the knowledge of any *thing* apart from the mind. All things exist as ideas in the mind and all ideas and minds are comprehended in the One Omnipresent Eternal Mind, which is God. Eventually, then, we find that to *Berkeley* also experience—*his* experience—was sufficient. He retained his world and his God, different as they were from *Locke*'s. With *Hume* all is changed: he says it may do for fools to live in a world of Experience, but it can be easily shown that that does not constitute a real world. Do we know anything? That is the question. And *Hume* proceeds to show that all we can discover by all our thinking is mere habit of mind and sequence of events, the whole resulting in our being able simply to measure quantity and tabulate numbers. As for there being any necessary connection, that, too, is an outcome of mere habit of mind. No man ever yet saw *Cause*.

So *Hume* leaves us with “the aggregate of disconnected sense impressions,” and the extremity of scepticism. But he had his place in the Eternal Order, for it was his very scepticism which played so large a part in the life of *Kant*, just when *his* great mind was struggling to find out the nature of outer things by the laws of logic. *Kant* found that it was impossible: that man must look within, and in this looking he discovered what *Royce* calls the “sane” man, the man so beautifully balanced that—no matter what else goes down in the

maelstrom of doubt—he can still hear the still small voice of the moral law directing to the high path of duty and right living,—even if we cannot prove to Sense the existence of the world of Substance; even if outer facts are mere phenomena; if men find only doubt and chaos and disconnected events, yet we still have our understanding and wills, and with the one we can conceive order, and with the other we can make things orderly and connected. If God cannot be measured and weighed, yet still in the mind of every man there is a sense of right and wrong, and man knows—as by direct revelation—the sense of oneness with God by the approval of conscience.

I had been told that philosophy courses in colleges did much to unsettle men's minds, so that when they got out into the world most college men were mere sceptics. I can readily believe this to be so, unless colleges see to it that their chairs of philosophy are filled by men who have the Unity of Apperception,—or as *Royce* would say—by *sane* men.

If men gained nothing from college courses in philosophy but a portion of the Spirit of *Kant*'s devotion to the still small voice calling to Duty, we should have few Sceptics to depress us. And if most of us have not time to live awhile with *Kant*, and catch his spirit, yet all of us can, in our measure, say with the poet *Tennyson*—

O Living *will* that shalt endure  
When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
Rise in the Spiritual rock,  
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure.

That we may lift from out the dust  
A voice as unto him that hears,  
A cry above the conquered years  
To one that with us works, and trust

With faith that comes of self-control,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

## The Coming of Winter.



WIFTLY the days speed past us,  
 Bringing the winter gray!  
 Now through the forests Autumn  
 Wendeth her silent way,  
 Stripping the leaves from forest trees  
 Yellow and red and gay;  
 Chill grow the nights and longer,  
 Daylight is fading fast,—  
 Fall's tints are gone—soon sinks the sun—  
 Winter is come at last!

Silent and cold and starlit  
 Winter hath made the night;  
 Snow flakes like diamonds sparkle  
 Glistening points of light.  
 Crunches the snow beneath us  
 Above us the stars shine bright,  
 Filled is the night with splendor  
 Winter is at its height!

w. s.

## The Voice in the Soul.



NOW for a long time he had been praying there in the dusk before the dimly lighted altar. But could one call it all prayer, this looking back over his life gone by and these noble aspirations for his new life about to begin on the morrow? In any case it was meditation, and such meditation as one unused to the religious life can only make on some momentous occasion. But this was indeed such an occasion for Giles. When after all his hours of watching the day at last would break, they would come to lead him to the Duke. He pictured himself kneeling there awaiting the accolade which would bestow knighthood. Then might he, too, take his place among the warriors of the realm, unsheathing his sword only in defence of God, the King or Womanhood. How noble was the heritage which the morrow would bequeath him! How good it was for

him to feel that soon he was to take his place within the world of deeds: how thankful was he that his sword was to be enlisted in the cause of righteousness, and how grateful to his gentle birth which gave him that sword! Then his thoughts took another turn (it may be downward, or upward, who can tell?) The general term Womanhood, in whose service the ideal knight in Giles' mind was daily to do and even to die, if need be, had narrowed itself down to a specific example, and the Lady Ellen took possession of his thoughts. Giles was to be betrothed to her only after his first deed of knightly valor, but that would come soon enough if the knight were all on fire with the love of his vocation. She was fair, oh, how fair she was! How beautiful to spend his life in her service! If only—

Suddenly, far off in the great chapel, he heard the first Psalm of matins. The first nocturn had begun, and he knew he had many hours of watching still before him. Very peacefully sounded those distant voices, as they sang the midnight praises of Him who had come on a midnight so long ago for the salvation of the world. Giles' early training in the monastery had done him some good. He had a much higher ideal of the call of knighthood than had most of the gay young nobles. But for all that a good many of his dreams had been tinged with selfishness. It was his own glory for which he would fight. It was only the woman whom he loved or some other fair lady of gentle or noble birth for whom he would give his life. And now as those plainsong chants came to him, borne along through the vaulted corridors, stealing into the gloom of the little chapel, a great change took place within him. The two tapers which before had burned steadily on the altar had flickered and gone out. The one light now in the chapel was the small lamp with its red flame which hung over his head. And as this one little light shone dimly through the darkness, betokening as it did the presence of his Lord in the Sacrament within the tabernacle, it seemed all the more as if he were alone with his Redeemer, and as if those far-off strains of singing had led the Christ Himself to that dim chapel. No longer came thoughts of himself or of his lady-love; he heard a voice speaking to him. Was it truly a voice which another could have heard, or was it only the wee small voice of his own conscience? No one can tell, for he was alone there with his God.

“My son, far off thou hearest my own knights singing. For they too have been knighted even as thou hopest to be on the morrow. But how much harder a battle have they to fight than thou, how

much subtler an enemy, how much more glorious a Lady, and how much more mighty a Liege-Lord."

The voice ceased and Giles thought on. True those were knights-errant and had their battles to fight. But, oh, how different were their battles from those which he must fight! Were there not knights needed in the world as well as monks? Surely it did not matter in what way one fought as long as he fought valiantly and as a Christian man should.

"They fight not for themselves but for Me, for Me and for Mine own—the Poor."

These words came to him not once but many times. The Poor? —the Poor? No, they had no knights to fight their cause except those whom he now heard singing and their like. But the Poor were altogether a bad lot. Aye, but who made them bad? Who now makes them bad? This thought intruded itself again and again.

"My son, thy path doth not lie where thou would'st have it; it lies with those whom thou now hearest singing. With them thy battle must be fought, with them thou must fight for Me, and for thy fellow man! I call thee to a Life at once so high and lowly that one Man only ever walked it perfectly and that because He, too, was God. He went about doing good. Go thou about and heal and preach as He did, and I will make thee strong. Serve thy Master through thy fellow man and not the Devil through thy God. I call thee, wilt thou come?"

Then all thoughts of the morrow, all thoughts of her whom he would one day have made his bride, vanished. He only heard the voice; within his heart or from the altar-throne, he did not know. He only knew that he had been summoned and that he must obey.

"Wilt thou come?" Was it only the echo of the former words whispered in his ear from the vaulted roof?

"Yea, Lord, I come!" He spoke aloud, and the echo came back, "Come."

He had answered. His whole life was changed; but yet not changed. He was still to be a knight, but instead of a sword placed in his hand he would receive a chalice, instead of a coat of mail, a chasuble, and instead of a helmet, a cowl. O what a glorious future was now before him, in which he was to lose all thought of self in service!

All too quickly the hours passed as he knelt there. Then the plainsong chant again came to him as the monks began to sing their

lauds. The first gray dawn of morning had come—that morning which was to have meant so much to Giles and would now mean far more. His all night vigil had only strengthened him in his resolution. He felt very happy. The words of the first verse of the office hymn he heard distinctly:

Ales diei nuntius  
Lucem propinquam praecinit;  
Nos excitator mentium  
Jam Christus ad vitam vocat.

He had always known the hymn, but never before had the last few words so driven themselves home—"ad vitam." Yes, from now on his life would begin, because he would live not for himself but for others.

M.

## C'était Bien Malheureux.

DE L'ESPAGNOL.

Depuis le matin Leon s'était installé dans son cabinet d'étude et étudiait une question de droit qu'il avait à développer dans sa thèse pour les prochains examens.

Margueritte frappa vivement à la porte du cabinet, et sans même attendre de réponse, elle l'ouvrit; et se jetant au cou de son mari, elle lui dit tout en pleurant.

—oh! Leon, comme c'est malheureux, si tu savais comme Julie est triste. Malgré tout ce que j'ai pu faire, elle reste inconsolable. J'ai en beau la caresser, lui demander de me confier ses chagrins; nenni; tout fut inutile. Que veux-tu que je fasse? Réellement je ne sais qu'en penser.

En entendant sa femme parler de sa belle-sœur Julie, Leon savait bien qu'il allait avoir toute une histoire à entendre, aussi s'y résignait-il en bon enfant, ou plutôt en bon époux.

Depuis la mort de leur mère, les deux sœurs vivaient comme deux amies inséparables. Margueritte qui était la cadette, devait une grande partie de son éducation à la pauvre Julie, son aînée. Aussi lui avait-elle voué un culte de reconnaissance ardente et passionnée, faite d'amour filial et d'amour fraternel avec un profond sentiment de pitié pour son infirmité. Car l'infortunée Julie était infirme, difforme et bossue; cependant elle possédait un cœur vraiment affectionnant et un esprit très cultivé.



—Et chere petite amie, que penses-tu en etre la cause, lui demanda Leon.

—Mais te dis je, elle n'a point voulue me repondre, toutes mes questions furent vaines.

—Et cependant, son cœur t'a toujours ete un livre ouvert. Elle n'a jamais eu de secret pour toi.

—Non, mon cheri, jamais auparavant.

—Mais maintenant que j'y pense, c'est la saison.

—La saison ?

—Eh! je le croirais bien. Ne vois-tu pas les roses et les jasmins, tout ne te dit pas que c'est le printemps? Et le printemps c'est "la saison d'amour."

—Ah! voudrais-tu me dire \* \* \*

—Oui, je veux te dire que la pauvre Julie sent le besoin d'aimer. L'amour est un besoin de l'ame. Tu ne le sens pas, toi, ma mignonne, simplement parceque toi, tu aimes et es aimee. Mais Julie, elle \* \* \*

—Eh, mon cheri, voyons, c'est pas la mer a boire ca. Ne pourrions-nous pas trouver un epoux pour elle.

—Quoi! Un epoux! Avec son infirmite quel homme voudrait la prendre pour epouse. Anjourd'hui, tu sais, il n'ya que l'argent et la beaute, qui attirent des aspirants. Sans l'un ni l'autre, une demoiselle ne pent pas trop compter sur un epoux. En ce siecle ci, soit un homme achete une demoiselle pour sa beaute, ou lui vend son nom pour de l'argent. Comme dit l'Americain, "it is business."

—Mon bon ami, voila un long discours, et tout cela n'arrange pas la situation de ma sœur. Pense donc a quelque chose.

Cing long minutes se passerent. A ce moment Margueritte regarda son epoux comme si elle voulait se persuader de quelque chose. Oh oui, elle avait une inspiration.

—Devines-tu a quoi je pense? Ecoute, tu vas lui donner l'illusion de l'amour.

Leon ne savait qu'en penser. Plaisantait elle, ou etait-elle serieuse? Aussi resta-t-il tout stupefait. Il attendait une explication d'elle.

—Comment mon Leon, tu as l'air de n'y rien comprendre. Tu vas lui faire latcour. Mais que ce soit en secret. Et du moment que Julie se croira aimee, la voila toute heureuse et rayonnante.

—Ma chere petite, sais-tu ce que tu me proposes? Comment puis je aimer une autre que toi. Et puis, faire la cour a ma belle sœur, pauvre infirme! l'idee meme! elle ne souffrirait pas une telle chose.

—Bien, bien, mon Leon, tu sais ce que je dois a ma sœur. Au moins la moitie de mon bonheur est a elle. Et toi, je t'en donne la permission, fais ton mieux et rends la heureuse.

Le langage de Margueritte etait trop sincere pour laisser aucun doute dans l'esprit de Leon, aussi prit il le parti de lui plaire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Margueritte n'avait jamais en d'arriere-pensee, dans toutes ses actions il y avait toujours de la franchise. Leon devait faire la cour a sa sœur, et il n'y avait pas a sortir de la. Pour cela, ella trouvait mille pretextes pour le laisser en tete-a-tete avec elle. Et Leon s'appliqua consciencieusement a son role.

Une grande intimite se developpa entre eux. Ayant un esprit bien cultive Julie s'interessait aux choses qui interessaient Leon. Elle devint son amie de toute heure.

Leon ne pouvait s'empecher de comparer les deux sœurs. La femme etait la cigale joyeuse et vive dont les chants remplissaient les heures du repos et du plaisir. Julie, elle, etait la fourmi laborieuse et patiente, l'aide devouee qui apportait dans le travail de chaque jour l'appoint d'un jugement solide, affine par toutes les ressources de la sagacite feminine.

Aux yeux de Margueritte, tout cela allait trop vite, et le succes de son complot anivait plutot qu'elle ne l'attendait. Et deja il y avait de l'inquietude dans son esprit.

Un matin revenant d'une promenade, elle surprit son mari et sa sœur dans les bras l'un de l'autre, dans la salon. Sans meme leur parler, elle se retira dans sa chambre. La pauvre Julie surprise et confuse, et toute honteuse de sa trahison, s'arracha des bras de Leon et s'enfuit. Un grand bruit se fit entendre dans la cour. Julie s'etait jetee par la fenetre. Leon et sa femme arriverent a temps pour entendre les dernieres paroles de la mourante: —Oh pardonne moi! Cinq minutes apres Julie n'etait plus.

11.

Just as the MESSENGER goes to press we learn that at the last meeting of the trustees, Greek was formally abolished as an entrance requirement in St. Stephens. From now on a man may take beginning Greek in College and get a B. A. for two and a half years of Greek. He can also take a course of one hundred twenty units with absolutely no Greek and get a B. Phil.

## Athletics.

On Saturday, October 24, we were beaten by Eastman to the tune of 5-0, and a week later went back to Poughkeepsie only to incur a still worse defeat, by a score of 16-0. The loss of a number of our players, and the poor condition of others, owing to injuries received in the first of the two games, easily account for our second defeat; for Eastman had in the meantime considerably strengthened her team with fresh material. But most of us are still wondering *why* we lost the first game. To those on the side-lines, the game seemed to be ours, from the very start. Time after time our boys would rush the ball steadily down the field—now for a touch-down! But no—within ten yards of the goal we would see Eastman get the ball on a fumble, and the struggle begin all over again. Now it's a place-kick that misses the goal-posts by the barest margin—now a fumble just at the crucial moment—but always, and consistently, "Luck" or "Fate"—call it what you will—is dead against us. And a team which had held N. Y. U. down to five points, must perforce lose to Eastman by the same score!

We have at least great hopes for football next year. Not more than one or two of the present players will leave; and the "scrubs" of this year bid fair, in more than one instance, to develop into good 'varsity material. Best of all, we have the assurance that Schroder, of Princeton '08, and a former student of St. Stephens, whose coaching did such good even in the very short period he was with us this fall, will give the team several weeks of thorough coaching next September and October. Few realize just how much this will mean to us, but we confidently hope for some big results, and it is "up to" every man who can to turn out at the very first call and *work, work*, for his alma mater.

In the inter-class field meet held on Wednesday, December 2, the following points were scored:

Freshman, 4 first place, 2 second place, 1 third place—27.

Sophomores, 3 first place, 2 third place—17.

Seniors, 1 first place, 2 second place, 1 third place—12.

Preparatory, 3 second place, 2 third place—11.

Juniors, 1 second place, 2 third place—5.

The Freshman carried the day chiefly through Boak's sensational running and jumping.

## Alumni Notes.

'75. The Rev. S. Unworth has gone to England with his son.

'79. The Rev. C. Groser, canon of St. George's cathedral, Perth, West Australia, who was a delegate to the Pan-Anglican Congress, returning home via the United States, visited Richmond, Va., and preached in Christ church, in that city, on October 15.

'80. The Rev. Walter H. Larom, of Saranac Lake, has been re-elected archdeacon of Ogdensburgh, diocese of Albany.

'82. The address of the Rev. E. D. Sutcliffe has been changed from Lake Mahopac to New Paltz, N. Y. He also has charge of Holy Trinity church, Highland, N. Y.

'90. The Rev. Percival C. Pyle, recently chosen to succeed the Rev. Edward Wallace Neil, deceased, was instituted as rector of the Church of St. Edward the Martyr, New York, on All Saints Day, by Archdeacon Nelson. The bishop of Fond du Lac preached the sermon.

'90. The Rev. Prof. Anthony is now assistant warden of the college.

'71. The Rev. E. E. Madeira, of Christ church, St. Paul, having accepted the call to St. James' Memorial church, Titusville, Penn., entered upon his duties on All Saints' Day.

'92. The Rev. Joseph H. Ivie, formerly of Trinity church, Fishkill, N. Y., began his duties at St. Bartholomew's parish house, New York city, as successor to the Rev. C. B. Ackley, on Oct. 15.

'93. The Rev. James O. McIlhenny was instituted rector of the Resurrection, Rising Sun, Philadelphia, on All Saints Day, by the Rev. Dr. T. De Wolf Perry, who also preached the sermon.

'73. The Rev. Charles Fiske assumed his duties as rector of St. John's church, Norristown, Pa., on Saturday, November 15th, closing his service at St. John's, Sommerville, N. Y., the previous week.

'98. The Rev. G. H. Hallenbeck, of the diocese of Fond du Lac, has been elected to the clerical staff of Mount Calvary church, Baltimore.

'98. The Rev. Herbert Hastings has been elected to the clerical staff of Mount Calvary church, Baltimore.

'99. The Rev. Morton Barnes, rector of Christ church, Fairmont, N. J., has resigned to accept work in Grace church, Newark, N. J.

'01. The Rev. Alleyne C. Howell, rector of All Saints church, Briarcliff, N. Y., has accepted the rectorship of St. Stephen's church, Sewickley, Pittsburg, Penn.

'03. The Rev. Clinton Drum is visiting his friends at college.

'03. The Rev. Benjamin Mottram, assistant at St. George's church, Flushing, L. I., has accepted the appointment to become vicar of St. Paul's chapel, College Point, L. I.

'04. The Rev. James Elton, of Williston, N. D., has been placed in charge of Grace church, Pembina, N. D.

The Rev. C. M. Dunham, for a number of years rector of St. Jude's church, Brooklyn, has resigned.

Dr. Kenneth Syvian Guthrie, formerly a clergyman in the diocese of Pennsylvania, has asked for Presbyterian ordination at the hands of the Presbytery in Brooklyn, N. Y. Eight years ago he was deposed by Bishop Whitaker, at his own request.

The Rev. S. Moran, for some time acting rector of St. John's parish, Tallahassee, Fla., has been unanimously elected rector by the vestry.

The new mission chapel of St. John's church, Norristown, Penn., the Rev. Charles Fiske, rector, was formally opened for service on Thanksgiving Day. The building which will be known as Holy Trinity mission, is of stone, and was erected at a cost of \$10,000, exclusive of the cost of the land. It serves the east end of the town, and already there are large congregations and a Sunday-school of 175 members. This is the second venture of St. John's in Church extension, the parish being the mother of All Saints' in West Norristown, now under the Rev. W. Herbert Burk, grown into a large and prosperous parish, with church, rectory and parish house in stone.

## College Notes.

The most important event in St. Stephen's social life during the past two months was the dance given by the students with the following committee in charge: D. H. Craigie, F. H. Smith, W. W. Allen and J. W. Johns. Viewed from every stand point the dance was a success—there were *the* prettiest girls (as there always are at every dance), the best music and the best floor. And added to all these attractions, the fact that the dancing stopped at a more reasonable hour than usual, makes it one long to be remembered. Great credit is due the committee for the able way in which everything was managed.

A poem of great merit was recently handed to the editors of this periodical for publication. Written by a "prep" newly come to Annandale, it shows an alertness to present conditions beyond that which his tender years would lead us to expect of him. We regret that the almost epic length of the composition forbids us giving it to our readers in full; but the last stanza sets the keynote for the whole:

Is it Beethoven, Wagner, Liszt,  
Or Chopin, Bach or Brahms?  
It has the soothing influence  
Of zephyrs through the palms!  
Ah, yes! now we remember it—  
This tune that thrills us all—  
They've turned the water on again  
In lower Hoffman Hall!

These are stirring days for the Freshmen and Sophomores. There's no telling when the night may come in which little Willie Freshman, after he has blown out his lamp and crept into his bed with no friendly hand to tuck him in, may not be awakened out of his sound slumbers, filled with dreams of Thanksgiving turkey and Santa Claus, and be called upon to do battle (in his pajamas) for his class banner! Or in which sturdy Johnny Sophomore, having so newly put off his nursery habits, as he sits "plugging" up his sin this, cosin that and tangent what not, may not be aroused from his study-dreams with a call "to arms!" It was but the other Friday morning that serious Juniors and Seniors, rolling out of bed at the "last call for breakfast," or enjoying(?) their morning's shave, were startled by sounds of a deadly conflict. Now the forces of the Sophomores are holding the portal of the warden's house, while the promiscuously clad Freshmen warriors are advancing valiantly to the attack; now the Freshman flag is waving triumphantly aloft, now is degraded in the dust; now a truce is declared and now they are at it again hammer and tongs!— But words would fail to tell of such a mighty battle; it is not yet clearly known who came out ahead. The same morning witnessed also the flying of the Freshman kite; and a few nights previous some attempts at decoration, or landscape gardening, or some such feeling after the æsthetic, dictated by the rather questionable taste of the same band of belligerents. O yes, these are stirring days!

"No graft," nor feed of any kind,  
Coffee nor tea with me you'll find,  
And those who come for such relief,  
Will kindly make their visits brief.

A few old pipes hung on the wall  
And a can of "Grain" is there for all;  
Who care to come,—who talk desire—  
Come smoke with me before the fire.

L. D.

The following is the list of lectures to be given under the auspices of The Dragon Club, during the winter:

Dec. 12. An Evening with Dickens; Mrs. F. W. Norris (Mary E. Cherry).

Jan. 16. Shakespere's Attitude Towards the Supernatural; Thomas G. Taaffee, Ph. D., College of the City of New York.

Feb. 6. Richard Crashaw and the Little Giddings Community; Watson Selvage, M. A., College of the City of New York.

Feb. 13. Student Life in Germany; Mortimer W. Thayer, Ph. D., Princeton.

Mar. 6. Macbeth, an Exposition; Benjamin Lee Wilson, M. A., Principal Wilson School, Fishkill-on-Hudson.

Mar. 13. Everyday Psychology; Robert Harvey Gault, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy, Washington College.

## A BIT OF SARCASM.

Of all meat that we have had  
 Since college life began,  
 The one I like for every day  
 Is good old "college ram!"  
 I eat it in the morning  
 And then again at night,  
 And if I get it not at lunch  
 I'm in an awful plight.  
 Now all the other meat can go,  
 Of them I've had enough,  
 But when the waiter comes to me,  
 I want the same old stuff.

W. W. A.

The forty-eighth annual initiation of Chapter Alpha, Eulexian Fraternity, was held on Friday, Nov. 13, 1908. Ethelbert Foster was admitted into the fraternity. The annual initiation banquet followed in Preston hall, to which, besides the active chapter, the following Alumni sat down: Brothers Anthony, Dean, Gibson, MacKellar, Moore and Fr. Paul James Francis.

Of course we must ask pardon of the shade of Horace for the following lines, which we believe very much "Venusina digna lucerna" (as our friend Juvenal hath it), and a rather close(!) imitation of his "Puer, apparatus Persicos":

Boy, I hate the well-cooked dinners,  
 Salads, roasts and broth of clam;  
 They're not fit for us poor sinners—  
 Bring me good old college ram!

On Friday evening, Nov. 20th, New York Sigma Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon initiated Paul L. Fernsler, '12. At the banquet following the ceremony, the following responded to toasts: Craigie, '09, "The Active Chapter;" Martin, '07, "Idealism;" P. Fernsler, '12, "Under the Aegis;" Spear, Sp., "St. Stephens;" D. Fernsler, '11, "Phi Alpha." Watson B. Selvage, '98, acted as toastmaster.

## 'SOMEWHERE'

Sung by the Agony Quartette of S. S. C.  
 Somewhere the light is shining,  
 Somewhere the youths are out,  
 Somewhere the snipe are lying,  
 Somewhere proceeds a shout,  
 Somewhere a bag's held open,  
 By a Quaker City son,  
 Watching lest they escape him  
 In the fields of Livingston.

The "powers that be" have ordained that running suits be ruled out for the basketball squad on their daily journey to and from our impromptu "gym," and also for the cross country runners. No doubt the powers and the tenderhearted ladies who live up and down the road are afraid the young men may catch cold.