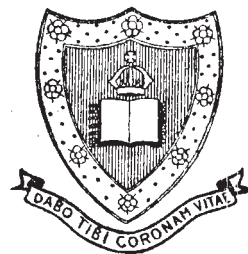


MESSENGER

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The Messenger



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Close beside the glorious Hudson,
With its banks so green,
Stands our noble Alma Mater
Stately and serene.

Dear Saint Stephen's, how we love thee!
True to thee we'll be;
And thy praises we will render,
Here's to S. S. C.!

When life's pathway we shall travel,
Though misfortunes be,
Still thy sons will ever cherish
Fondest thoughts of thee.

Dear Saint Stephen's, how we love thee!
True to thee we'll be;
And thy praises we will render,
Here's to S. S. C.!



COMMENCEMENT.

THE Commencement of 1911 resembled its predecessors in that it marked the passage of another milestone by our Alma Mater in a career of loving service to Church and State, and witnessed the sending forth from her walls men whom she has carefully trained, and whom she further bids take their places in the work-a-day world. It had, also, its characteristic features which individualized it in the minds of those present, and especially so in the minds of the members of the graduating class. One year ago, we were celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the College, and an added interest was given to that Commencement by the realization of the work of half a century, and the bright outlook for the future. The first fulfilment of the successes fore-

that sweetens the life of study. In a word, St. Stephen's, without the distractions of city life, furnishes an ideal curriculum in an ideal situation.

It is the desire of every student or alumnus to forward the interests of the College. We do not want to expand into a university, but we wish to extend the influence of the Church training and study for which St. Stephen's stands. We want the sound culture of Horace, Homer, and Plato, of Ruskin, Carlyle, and Emerson to be offered throughout the country as taught here at Annandale, the American seat of true classical learning.

Oxford University is famed for its scholarship. Its very age makes it unalterably a literary institution with a goodly proportion of requirements. At Oxford are closely linked the Anglican branch of our Church and learning founded in truth. Oxford will always remain in the minds of men a university of Church colleges. St. John's, Corpus Christi, Trinity, Jesus, are names of its colleges. Similarly the name of the American Church is written in the history of St. Stephen's.

There are some other details in which our College here at Annandale-on-Hudson resembles the English institutions. Until a short time ago our Reverend President was known as the Warden. The Oxford cap and gown lend a suggestion of Baliol or Queens as our students pass from the Chapel to the Commons. The collegiate chapel of the Holy Innocents, of Gothic simplicity, echoing the daily offices, and resounding with America's best rendition of the Anglican chant, emphasizes another side of our life that is strikingly in accord with the tradition of Oxford. Our courses in Latin and Greek, although, because of our American system of preparation, not as advanced as in England, give more opportunity for development in this direction than most colleges. The small classes, final examinations, and consultations are not radically different from the tutor system employed at Oxford. Most of the students participate in athletics "for sports sake" as they do at the English universities. In all, considering the manifold diversions of the average American college man, St. Stephen's with its executive from Canterbury is distinctive and suggests the Thames rather than the Hudson.

I would not convey the idea that St. Stephen's is un-American or not democratic, but our community life makes it possible to take advantage of the benefits offered by the English university. No revolution would be necessary to make St. Stephen's the Oxford of America, but the reputation to be gained by a name possessing the associations of Oxford, the seat of sound culture, would probably be of advantage in extending the influence of St. Stephen's.

This idea is, so far as I know, a new one. It possibly will provoke discussion, which may produce benefit in some quarter. It is simply a suggestion—St. Stephen's College: The Oxford of America.

medicine to prescribe. The clergy must learn how to satisfy the innate religious cravings of the people, and to do it, moreover, in spiritual and not material terms. There is nothing so hopeless as to attempt to reduce the Christian religion to a rational vocabulary, because the vocabulary is neither intended nor adapted for such a purpose. Also, a religion which offends no one, helps no one. A comprehension of the intellectual situation of the world today is necessary, therefore, in order to raise a spiritual religion from the materialistic to the spiritual.

The second requisite of the clergy is an active faith. He who goes out as either a priest or a layman with faith can overcome the world, for faith is the motive power of everything. The apotheosis of faith, however, is the only thing we have to go on, for it is impossible to prove the spiritual existence of God by mathematics. Faith in the power of faith is, therefore, the justification of the premise upon which we work. Consequently, everything thus rests on the apotheosis of faith.

The man who goes out into the world either to lead or follow must live a selfless life, apart from all thought of personal gain or advancement. The reason is that when self takes possession of a man, he grows languid in his efforts for the good of others.

The last and most important possession to have is a vision of God, an insight into His message to the world, and an inspiration to make it known abroad. Upon this depends the whole sustenance of his mind, and it is necessary and indispensable to one, if he would overcome the spiritual darkness of the world. A vision of God is, moreover, possible, and he who has seen Him knows Him for He is in his heart. It comes to a man as it did to the painter who went out towards evening to paint the sunset. He placed his easel on the ground before the slowly sinking sun, and prepared his materials to paint. Then he sat and waited till the western sky grew golden and the drifting clouds were tinted with delicate pink, while the vast dome of heaven was stained with scarlet and yellow, fading into blue towards the eastern hills. Still he did not take up his brushes to paint, but waited. He waited until the golden sky changed to scarlet, and the pink clouds to blue. Finally, when the last streak of light faded from the horizon and the shades of night advanced from the east, he arose, and taking his paints, he walked slowly home, inspired because he had seen the hand of God in the Sunset. In this way a man may see a vision of God and be inspired to spread the Word of God throughout the whole world.

MONDAY.

The inclemency of the weather put a damper upon any out-of-door festivities. The Seniors were engaged for the greater part of the day in searching for their Algebra, which they had buried in the Freshman days.

The book was so well entombed (as is some of its choicest lore, no doubt), that they were compelled to exhaust all mathematical calculations, including probability and chance, in order to locate it.

In the evening, Mrs. W. G. W. Anthony gave a reception to the Faculty, Students, and friends of the College.

TUESDAY.

Tuesday was hardly better than Monday as regards the weather. In spite of the rain, the Seniors were able to find their Algebra, after turning up a large portion of a half-acre lot. With deep reverence and great care, they lifted the coffin from the mud-and-water-filled grave and carried it to the Library, where the remains lay in state throughout the day. Early in the evening, a large bonfire was built on the campus, and the Seniors, accompanied by the Juniors, conveyed the Algebra in solemn procession and placed it upon the funeral pyre. By the light of the burning pile, President Holt of the Senior Class delivered the Class Pipe and Spade to Mr. Boak, Vice-President of the incoming Seniors, who acted in the absence of President Jennings. The presentation and acceptance were delivered in Latin. The bottle of champagne, which had been buried with the algebra, was opened, and toasts were drunk by members of both classes. One toast was given by Prof. Upton, whose resignation from the Chair of English had just been announced.

Following the Class Day exercises, the Glee Club entertained the students and friends with a concert in Preston Hall. The audience was very enthusiastic in their reception of the program, which was as follows:

1. a. Jolly Blacksmith.....*Geibel*
b. Ghost Chorus.....*Schubert*
2. Piano Solo.....*Selected*
E. S. LEONHARD.
3. Vocal Solo—The King of the Deep.....*Anon*
J. NER BORTON.
4. Quartet—Pale in the Amber West.....*Parks*
5. I Love Thee.....*Herker*
6. Landsighting.....*Grieg*
7. Vocal Solo—Little Irish Girl.....
J. H. EDWARDS.
8. In Vocal Combat.....*Buck*
9. Quartet—Little Tommy.....
10. The Rosary.....*Nevin*
THE ALMA MATER.

The Glee Club is to be heartily congratulated upon the exceptionally

good manner in which they rendered the various numbers, which showed patient and thorough training. It is the intention of the Club to make the concert a permanent feature of Commencement Week.

WEDNESDAY.

The genial sun of Wednesday dried up the tennis courts sufficiently to enable the contestants in the tennis tournament to complete the singles. Joseph Boak, Jr., '12, was the winner of the racket offered by Prof. Robb in this event. J. R. Day, '13, was runner-up. Owing to the lack of time, the doubles were postponed until Fall.

In the afternoon, from two to four, Chapter Alpha of the Eulexian Fraternity received the Faculty, Alumni, and students, together with their friends in the Chapter House at Camp Eulexian. The weather was ideal, and many friends of Eulexian visited the House so prettily situated at the corner of Annandale Road and Cruger's Lane. It is purposed to make this an annual event to promote the good fellowship between the friends of the College and members of the student-body.

The President's Reception to the Alumni, Former Students, and Senior Class was at four o'clock in Ludlow and Willink Hall. The Juniors acted as ushers.

At five-thirty, Mr. Henry Glaeser, College Organist, gave an organ recital in the Chapel. The annual Missionary Service was held at six o'clock. The academic procession was formed in front of the President's House, as on Sunday. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert J. Johnston, rector of the Church of Our Saviour, Philadelphia, Pa., who departed from the usual custom of touching upon missions in the foreign field. He treated in a very able manner the important question of institutional work in parishes, and pointed out, in conclusive arguments, the dangers of a method of reaching the people solely through the medium of the sewing-class, the manual training-class, the club room, or other social devices instead of bringing the people into closer touch with God through the spiritual offices of the Church.

The Fifty-first annual Banquet of the Eulexian Fraternity was held in Preston Hall after the Annual Meeting. The guests were the Rev. W. C. Rodgers, D. D., the Rev. Robert J. Johnston, the Rev. J. Nevett Steele, Mus. Doc., the Rev. George P. Armstrong, and Mr. J. Henry Leonhard. The Rev. W. G. W. Anthony acted as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to:

- "Welcome".....REV. DR. JESSUP
- "The Future".....B. S. GIBSON, JR.
- "Our Guests".....REV. FREDERICK W. NORRIS
- "Memories".....REV. ROBERT MACKELLAR
- "The Chapter".....J. F. HAMBLIN

Dr. Rodgers spoke optimistically of the future of the College. The Rev. Robert J. Johnston spoke on "The Church College." The Rev. Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Leonhard also responded.

The Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity held their annual dinner in Bard Hall, Wednesday night.

The New York Sigma Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity held their Annual Commencement Banquet at Hoffman Inn, Red Hook. In addition to the twenty-four active members, there were present ten alumni members. The guests were Prof. E. C. Upton, Prof. R. G. Robb, Mr. E. A. Smith, and Mr. E. L. Sanford. The Rev. O. F. R. Treder acted as toastmaster, calling for the following toasts:

"Who Shall Pluck from the Morn, the Promise of the Day"	HAROLD HOLT
"Recollections".....	VEN. HOLDEN
"Back Again".....	REV. R. E. BRESTELLE
"The Alumni".....	REV. JACOB PROBST
"Sigs I Have Met".....	SEYMOUR GUY MARTIN, PH.D.
"The Fraternity Ideal".....	REV. W. M. MITCHEM
"S. A. E. from the Outside".....	E. A. SMITH
"The Fraternity and the College".....	W. B. SELVAGE
"The Chapter".....	E. H. SPEAR

Prof. Robb and the Rev. Mr. Sanford also responded.



COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association.

The Corporate Celebration of the Holy Eucharist was held at seven-thirty o'clock in Holy Innocents Chapel, the Rev. David L. Sanford, '76, being the Celebrant.

The forty-sixth annual meeting convened in Bard Hall at nine-thirty o'clock. The president, the Rev. Scott B. Rathbun, '76, being in the chair.

The following members responded at roll call.

The Rev. Joseph Carey, D. D., '61,	The Rev. C. A. Jessup, D. D., '82.
N. R. Boss, '69.	Wm. Holden, D. D., '83.
F. S. Sill, D. D., '69.	Mr. Arthur Rose, '83.
Sam'l Moran, '69.	The Rev. W. A. Swan, '84.
R. C. Searing, '73.	Mr. F. J. Hopson, '85.
S. B. Rathbun, '76.	The Rev. L. R. F. Davis, '88.
D. L. Sanford, '76.	F. W. Norris, '88.
F. C. Jewell, '81.	Mr. Keble Dean, '89.

The Rev. W. G. W. Anthony, D.D., '90.	Mr. W. B. Selvage, '98.
P. C. Pyle, '90.	E. A. Sidman, '99.
H. S. Longley, '91.	The Rev. O. F. R. Treder, '01.
J. O. McIlhenny, '93.	Mr. W. J. Gardner, '06.
L. R. Sheffield, '93.	S. G. Martin, '07.
F. C. Steinmetz, D. D., '93.	J. E. McKee, '10.
R. E. Brestell, '95.	G. St. J. Rathbun, '10.

The Necrologist reported the deaths during the year of the Rt. Rev. Alex. H. Vinton, D. D., '73, Bishop of Western Massachusetts and Mr. Chas. G. Coffin, LL.B., '76. The Association thereupon took proper action with reference to the loss of these loved and valued associates.

The Treasurer of the Association, the Rev. Dr. Sill, reported as follows: Receipts \$187.92, Disbursements \$88.11, Balance on hand \$99.81.

Mr. E. A. Sidman, as Treasurer of the Gymnasium Fund, reported a balance on hand to the credit of the fund of \$1549.67.

The Rev. P. C. Pyle reported for the Trustees of the Alumni Scholarship Fund that they had received from the estate of the late Dr. A. C. Kimber \$1248.03 and that said amount was on deposit in Savings Banks.

The following important resolution on motion of Mr. F. J. Hopson was unanimously adopted: "That in the opinion of the Alumni Association, it is not advisable to expend any monies in the Gymnasium Fund, for the purpose of repairing or rebuilding, or making any addition to the building formerly commenced and intended for a gymnasium."

The following resolution, upon the motion of the Rev. Mr. Searing, was adopted: "That the President of the Association be authorized, upon hearing of the death of any member, to appoint a committee of two to make a minute and report at the next regular meeting and that the committee be made up as far as possible of members of the class of the deceased member."

The election of officers resulted as follows: *Directors*: The Rev. F. C. Jewell, Mr. Geo. St. J. Rathbun, Mr. Jas. E. McKee, The Rev. Wm. Holden, D. D., the Rev. O. F. R. Treder, Mr. Watson B. Selvage, the Rev. F. S. Sill, D. D., the Rev. J. O. McIlhenny and the Rev. L. R. Sheffield. *President*, Mr. Watson B. Selvage, M. A.; *Vice-President*, The Rev. J. O. McIlhenny, M. A.; *Secretary*, The Rev. F. C. Jewell, S. T. B.; *Treasurer*, the Rev. F. S. Sill, D. D.; *Executive Committee*, the officers and Mr. Geo. S. J. Rathbun; *Necrologist*, the Rev. O. F. R. Treder; *Trustees of the Alumni Scholarship Fund*, the Rev. Wm. Holden, D. D., the Rev. P. C. Pyle, and the Rev. W. G. W. Anthony, D. D.; *Gymnasium Fund Committee*, Mr. E. A. Sidman, the Rev. F. W. Norris, the Rev. P. C. Pyle. *Alumni Classical Prize Committee*, Mr. Watson B. Selvage and the Rev. O. F. R. Treder.

On resolution twenty-five dollars was appropriated to the College MESSENGER.

It was resolved that the Necrologist be directed to copy yearly hereafter into the proper book the names and dates of deaths of the Alumni, and also all proper data and minutes.

The usual felicitations were exchanged between the Alumni Association and the Former Students' Association.

It was more than mere chance that gave the brightest weather of the week on Commencement morning. The sunlight was filtering through the arched branches over the broad approach to the Chapel when the long, sombre line of the academic procession, brightened here and there by a brilliantly colored hood, or the flash of a tassel, swung round from the President's House. The order of formation was: The Band; Assistant Marshal Paul L. Fernsler, '12; The Student-body; Assistant Marshal Frank A. Rhea, '12; The Former Students and Alumni; Assistant Marshal Joseph Boak, Jr., '12; The Senior Class; Marshal George A. Thurauf, '12; The Faculty and Clergy with the President, the Rev. W. C. Rodgers, D.D. The Processional hymn was "Ancient of Days." The Rev. G. B. Hopson, D.D., read the Bidding Prayer, after which was sung a Solemn Te Deum. President Rodgers gave the Benediction. The Recessional was "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." A change in the location of the Commencement ceremonies was instituted this year, the new place being on the north side of the Hoffman Library. When the procession reached the Library, a double line was formed, through which President Rodgers and the Trustees passed to the platform. The architectural style of the Library lent itself greatly to the new arrangement, and gave a classical atmosphere to the scene, equal in beauty to the natural beauty of the old location on the campus.

Harold Holt, to whom the McVickar Prize was awarded, gave the Salutatory and his prize oration. Wm. Tinsley Sherwood delivered the Valedictory. These are published elsewhere in this issue.

Announcement of Prizes and Honors followed:

McVickar Oratory Prize.....	HAROLD HOLT, 1911
Psychology Prize.....	ETHELBERT FOSTER, 1912
English Prize.....	FRANK A. RHEA, 1912
Science Prize.....	FRANK A. RHEA, 1912
German Prize.....	ERNEST M. BENNETT, 1914
French Prize.....	C. GREGORY PROUT, 1914
Mathematics Prize.....	CHARLES S. ARMSTRONG, 1914
Latin Prize.....	CHARLES S. ARMSTRONG, 1914
Preliminary Greek Prize.....	CHARLES E. McALLISTER, 1914
History Prize.....	GEORGE S. MULLEN, Sp.
Hellenistic Greek Prize.....	HARRY L. RICE, Sp.

SPECIAL PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE YEAR 1910-11.

- The Rev. J. M. Gilbert English Essay Prize of books, LAURENCE F. PIPER, 1911.
 The Rev. Wm. M. Van Allen Latin Poem Prize of \$25.00, W. TINSLEY SHERWOOD, 1911.
 The Church of the Advent, Brooklyn, Historical Essay Prize of \$10., FRANK A. RHEA, 1912.



CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

- Charles Eduard Eder, Camden, N. J.
 Harold Holt, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Laurence Frederick Piper, Concord, N. H., *cum honore*.
 William Tinsley Sherwood, Lyons, N. Y., *cum honore*.

BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

- Elwyn Henry Spear, Rome, N. Y.

MASTER OF ARTS.

- Rev. Lewis G. Morris, '94.

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

- Rev. Walker Gwynne.

DOCTOR OF SCIENCE.

- Rev. E. C. Saunders.
 Prof. Robert G. Robb.

DOCTOR OF HUMANE LETTERS.

- Prof. E. C. Upton.

DOCTOR OF LAWS.

- Nelson P. Lewis.

The Commencement Luncheon followed immediately in Preston Hall. The many guests listened to several speeches, of which the one of Mr. John Jay Chapman, published in this issue, has particular force coming from a man who is not moved by a sentimental regard for the College. The Rev. Dr. Gwynne, the Rev. R. J. Johnston, and Dr. Nelson P. Lewis gave interesting talks. The Rev. Mr. Johnston provoked many laughs by his witty references to persons connected with the College, and his apt stories.

President Rodgers was heartily cheered upon his report of the efforts put forth during the year in behalf of St. Stephen's.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY.*

BY HAROLD HOLT, '11.

Side by side with the growth and development of Science and the broadening of the limits of human knowledge there has grown up and developed another equally powerful and broadening spirit which is exerting quite as great an influence in the remolding and changing of the minds and mental habits of men as is science. For want of a better name we have called this new spirit Democracy but it is a poor name to apply to it for we are apt to confuse it with that political democracy which means the equal rights of men in the state.

This new democracy is more than a political doctrine, it is a philosophy. It is a matter of mental attitude and habit. In an age frankly materialistic it is an idealism which has its birth in that materialism. It has been caused by the very things that we are accustomed to think of as the manifestations of materialism. Every invention of science, every increase in the facility for communication between the scattered parts of the world, every advance made in the preservation of life and the promotion of happiness is but another step forward in this world wide movement of democracy. Our telegraphs, railroads, steamships, every thing which we associate with a purely mechanical age are the greatest agents for the awakening and the spreading of the truest idealism, the most real idealism which the world has ever seen. They are agents in that they are drawing the world closer together, they are enabling far separated people to exchange experience and ideals; to see in one another kindred feelings. The old insular and provincial ignorance is becoming a thing of the past, and men are seeing themselves as the parts of a great whole bound by common ties and aims. This is the foundation of our new philosophy. And what is this new philosophy? Is it something radically new and unheard of? It is as old as the Christian religion. It was founded by the founder of Christianity nineteen hundred years ago in Palestine. Announced so long ago it lay dormant while men strove for their individual salvation and fought about doctrines. Then with the awakening of thought it roused itself like a giant from sleep and in a short fifty years is an established fact. There in Judea, Christ first put forth a philosophy of the Brotherhood of Man. There he first taught that all men owed a tremendous duty to their fellows. There he first showed what real social duty was. But a mistake was made in the interpretation of the message and it is only of late that we are getting an inkling of the real meaning of his teaching. We are learning to realize now what he realized then. We cannot understand as yet the full meaning of that message but we are beginning to. It means the end of

*McVickar Prize oration.

child labor; it means that every child, no matter how poor, shall have an opportunity for life and for health. It means the humanizing of the ends and processes of government. It means the breaking down of class distinction through the knowledge of their historical relativity. It means the prevention of corporate greed and the impoverishment of the workers of the world. It means that the fortunate shall stretch out a helping hand and assist the less fortunate up the ladder to a better life. It means a breadth of sympathetic interaction of individuals and the imaginative co-operation of personal wills. Yes, and the meaning of the spirit goes even deeper than this. Is not the cause of the present spiritual unrest to be found in this new philosophy? The church is still busy with her narrow creeds, still putting her reliance on the past while men have found for themselves a new religion,—a new creed. A new, living, temple is being built up on the old foundation—a foundation that is enduring—Christ the Man. Men have taken Him for their basis and worked out a new faith broader, more tolerant than the older one. A religion which admits all forms of thought and opinion, all creeds and temperaments—a religion of the Brotherhood of Man, which is only another name for The New Democracy.



VALEDICTORY.

BY WILLIAM TINSLEY SHERWOOD, '11.

Nearly four years have flown by since that day when we, the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven, gathered for the first time beneath the walls of St. Stephen's. Four swift, short years they have been; and yet, four years full to overflowing with their golden treasure of hours teeming with work and play; four years that have been to us the greatest thing in our lives—and the most precious.

And now they are past; and today we stand on the threshold of Life, to bid farewell to all that has gone to make those years so exceedingly precious to us. It is hard to say good-bye. I find mere words all inadequate to express the flood of feeling that surges over me at this supreme moment—the wave of incipient homesickness that threatens to engulf us in its black depths. The years that in countless other ways have so greatly helped us have not prepared us for *this* day. Our hearts still rebel at the thought of parting.

Yet, in the most real sense of all, we do not, cannot, say farewell to thee, Saint Stephen's! For so truly art thou become a very part of us—a very sharer of our being; so deeply hast thou engraved thy character upon our inmost hearts, that go where we may, still thou art with us, True Mother; guiding the footsteps of thy sons through the blind, dark mazes of life, until thou dost lead us to the light of day! Too long hast thou fed our hungry souls upon the richness of thy bounties, for them now to forego that store. Nay, thou can'st never leave us more—thou who so truly and so faithfully hast moulded our hearts and our lives toward thine own high Ideal!

Aye, the Spirit of our Alma Mater shall be with us always—to thee no farewell need be spoken. But it is otherwise with the separate individual entities that go to make up this composite whole which we name our Alma Mater; and in this sense there must needs be many a good-bye spoken—many a long and sad farewell!

Honored President, and Members of the Faculty, yours, in very truth, has been that largest share in building up the composite whole which we love so well. Your influence has been most effective; your instruction and your personal interest have helped us most of all. And it is with deeply grateful hearts, and with a poignant regret withal, that we bid you Farewell! So deeply we feel—so little we are able to express—the debt of gratitude we owe to you!

And you, Fellow Students! Can we really say good-bye? Can we ever really sever the ties of friendship that for so many years have bound us fast together? Those strong, enduring ties, that have been ever more closely knit in so many ways—in our common experience in class-room and on the athletic field, in our studies and in our games and sports as well—to say nothing of those wonderful walks amidst the surpassingly beautiful scenes of this fairest spot on all God's earth! No! To you we cannot bid a real farewell—nor to the other dear friends whose kindness has blessed our lives in this blessed spot. Wherever we may go, wherever we may be, your memory must ever be present to strengthen and inspire us, to cheer our hearts and make us deeply, truly thankful to the Providence that has cast in this favored valley these years of our lives.

Yet, for a space—Farewell! Farewell to thee, noble, true, Alma Mater! Farewell, friends, and more than friends. Farewell, you who have been our teachers—farewell to you, our President! All that we are—all that we may hope to become, we owe to you. God grant we may be worthy of the loving care so bountifully bestowed upon us!

“When Life's pathway we shall travel,
Though misfortunes be,
Still thy sons will ever cherish
Fondest thoughts of thee!

Dear Saint Stephen's, how we love thee!
True to thee we'll be;
And thy praises we will render,
Here's to S. C. C.!



SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF ANGLO-SAXON POETRY AS REFLECTED IN THE WORKS OF LATER ENGLISH POETS.*

BY LAURENCE F. PIPER, '11.

In the early days of English Poetry, when men were men of war, sturdy fighters, “wielders of mighty brands,” and full of the courageous spirit that knew no fear of earthly foe, when war and love were the only things worthy of one noble and valiant, there arose in England a number of inspired bards, who collected and sang the deeds and desires of those bold heroes. The influence of these songs, the first English Poetry, has been felt ever since in the works of the great poets of our language, for not only are the most effective characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry to be found incorporated in the works of modern poets, but there is a striking resemblance between the thought expressed so long ago and the attitude now taken by our own poets.

The structure of Anglo-Saxon poetry seems strange to those who are accustomed to the precise rhyme and strict metrical verse employed by nearly all the writers of later English poetry; for the early bards depended not upon rhyme or metre, but upon alliteration and accent. While, at first glance, the lines seem of such varying length that only the caprice of the poet can account for them, a study reveals certain definite rules which must be followed. In every verse there are ordinarily four words which are alliterated, but for the sake of variation and greater freedom in form there are occasionally verses with but three alliterated syllables. This is the first rule, and in fact the only one which the writer must obey. The number of un-alliterated syllables is left to the poet, and is determined only by the stress or emotion of the thought. The second rule, which is rather for the singer or reciter, makes these alliterated syllables the points for accent, thus giving a rhythm to the lines as they were sung, usually with a harp

*Awarded the prize offered by Rev. John Mills Gilbert for essay on subject connected with English poetry.

accompaniment. These simple rules were the only ones to be obeyed, but their effectiveness was quite as great as that of more complicated requirements. The following quotations, lines 103 to 105 of "The Wanderer," the first English lyrical poem, will illustrate the application of these rules of structure.

Wintres woma,	<i>ihonne won cymeth,</i>
Nipeth nihtscua,	<i>Northan onsendeth</i>
Hreo haeglfare	<i>haeletum on andan.</i>

The peculiarities may be partly brought out in translation, as follows:

Terror of the winter	when it cometh wan,
Darkness then the night-dusk	driving from the north-ward
Heavy drift of hail	for the harm of heroes.

Melody, fluency, and grace, which are considered so important today, are not found to great extent in the first English poetry, but in their place is a forceful, vigorous, and rugged form of expression. There is the clang of weapons to be heard in this poetry, the movement of armed men advancing to battle, the hoof-beat of the proud war-steed. There is, too, a briskness that is almost a blustering in the rapid utterances, and one almost feels the victorious warrior advancing resistlessly against the ineffectual blows of his foemen. Of all our modern poets, no one has so clearly caught the spirit as has Robert Browning, whose vigorous style and overwhelming vitality is but a reproduction in later poetry of the great energy and power of the first English verse.

The Anglo-Saxon poems are full of compound words, that lose much of force and beauty when translated into modern speech. Such phrases as "sea-wearied," "ice-chilled billow," "the eagle, carrion-greedy," when kept in their literal form are of the true spirit of the early songs. There are many other forms that suffer from change when put into present-day English, as the "eardstapa," or "earth-stepper" loses much of poetry when rendered by the more ordinary "wanderer." Tennyson, perhaps more than anyone else, has kept to this early form of expression, as is shown in the random selection of the following lines from "The Lady of Shalott;":

"All in the blue un-clouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot."

The attitude taken by the early Saxon poets toward life is also reflected very strongly in later writers. As is natural of men who live to fight rather than fight to live, there is a strong element of fatalism in all the

poetry of this period. The thought that "Wyrd (Fate) is All-mighty" is one that is very frequently expressed. There is, the bards taught, for each man, a destiny which he may not avoid, but which, if faced with firmness, will give him honor in the sight of his "mead-companions" and bring him to a brave death which shall be honoured in song in the halls of many noble earls. Was it not a belief in such a destiny that awoke in Byron feelings of revolt, which were changed to despair by the thought of the unfairness of it and the helplessness of man to avoid "Wyrd?"

There is, too, a noble sorrow, and a stoical resignation expressed in the Anglo-Saxon poetry that finds its reflection in our own times. For a particular instance, "The Wanderer," which is typical of the lyric poetry of the early period, may again be cited. The dominant note is sadness. There is expressed in this poem, grief at bereavement and exile, destroyed hopes of happiness, and lamentation for the death of dear friends and protectors. More than this there is the same atmosphere of gloom and helplessness, especially with reference to the future, that is found in later times in the works of Arnold and Clough.

In one notable respect, however, there is a change in attitude. This is in the feelings expressed toward Nature by the Anglo-Saxon poets. Their conception of Nature was of a stern and hostile force, always seeking to overcome man, and fighting against him with every possible means. The descriptions in "Beowulf," the great Anglo-Saxon epic, are full of angry clouds and devouring seas and relentless winds. The following lines from Brooke's translation give the effect.

"Thence the welter of the waves is upwhirled on high,
Wan towards the clouds, when the wind is stirring
Wicked weather up; till the lift is waxing dark,
And the welkin weeping."

The connection of Grendel and his mother, in the same poem, with the marshes and the ocean, as being representatives of those terrible forces of Nature, gives the same idea of a great enemy to be overcome. The beauty of Nature was but a pretext to entrap man into unwariness that he might be the more easily destroyed. Not until the time of Wordsworth was this conception rooted out of our poetry, Shakespeare is full of it, the Middle Ages reflected it, and only very recently has man come to know and love Nature.

In the Anglo-Saxon poetry are to be found, also, many of the traits that are most commendable in human nature. There is a splendid uplifting moral tone to it. Courage is praised in lofty strains. Faithfulness is inculcated as being requisite in a noble warrior. Earnestness is portrayed in such way as to inspire to emulation, and devotion to duty is up-

held as a cardinal virtue. The Anglo-Saxon poetry is full of the human qualities that are the best in man's nature, and stands so full of help and inspiration that it would be strange indeed if it had not exerted a great and lasting influence on the work of the later English poets.



ADDRESS AT COMMENCEMENT LUNCHEON.

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

There is a cycle and periodicity in the movements of society, so that everything is either coming or going, getting nearer or getting farther away. But, as a rule, we only see things clearly when they are receding; those coming towards us are unfamiliar, and change their shapes so rapidly as they unfold, that they mystify and confuse us. When something is on the wane we feel at home with it; we can place it,—or rather time has placed it for us. On the other hand one can never give more than a prophetic account of the present. Therefore, and with regard to St. Stephen's College, where a new little revival of learning has been going on, I shall confess to feeling the irradiations of new power rather than attempt to name its works.

The fluctuations and tides that change the world are nowhere more visible than in institutions of learning. These little communities are always rising and falling in temperature, changing colors and turning into something new. They have enough continuity of life to mark their identity: the rest is change. They really change more slowly than the rest of society; but the drag of the past holds them down and allows us to see what is happening. The simplicity of their structure holds them down and enables us to study tendencies in a college which we cannot see in society at large. Nevertheless we know that these changes in the colleges are somehow the record of invisible agencies at work in the larger world.

A month or two ago a friend of mine and his wife happened to attend a service at St. Stephen's, and to pass through the grounds. They were enchanted with the institution, with its gravity, its decorum, its heartiness,—the atmosphere of old-fashioned education and piety which they found there. Now my friends were very experienced people, who knew everything about American and English institutions and a good deal about the rest of the world. I suppose they were really a little surprised to find just this kind of plant growing on the banks of the Hudson. It was not in response to any prodding from me that they testified. I never thrust St. Stephen's down people's throats; but use it as a stop-gap and something to

go to see as a matter of recreation. St. Stephen's is a part of our household furniture at Barrytown, and to praise it would hardly show a becoming pride on our part.

The fact is that during the last half dozen years St. Stephen's has begun to reveal itself as a place of ideals and inspiration. You can feel the waft of them as you pass through the grounds in a phaeton; and the neighbors are becoming woven into the institution. They find themselves aware of it, interested in it, proud of it. This new life in St. Stephen's has been rising during the very epoch when the somewhat rude advance of our American Juggernaut of Education was condemning the small college to extinction. The average business man who directs the fate of art, religion, and learning in America, had just decided that the small college was insignificant. It had no function in his theory of education, no place in his capacious mind. And yet St. Stephen's began to move in its sleep and to mutter that it was not dead. It lifted up its voice and proclaimed its mission—the mission of unobtruding virtue, learning for learning's sake, and that old-fashioned education which makes men unselfish and leaves them poor. Those things are not counted as valuable by the current age. They are not written upon the slate of progress; they are not desired by anyone,—so far as appearances go—and yet, behold them springing up in this little patch of green sod,—St. Stephen's College. Your struggle has been severe but availing; your cry has been heard. In spite of your physical distresses,—your lack of water and of heat, of light and of the means of recreation,—in spite of the discouraging temper of the average man, who thinks that your survival is an accident, and your desire to live longer a kind of impertinence,—in spite of your own weaknesses and imperfections—for what college has them not?—your subscription list has been steadily growing and your waiting list is long.

These things are significant. It is evident to me that some force has been at work bringing back into education what nobody seems to want and what everybody needs,—character. Do not think that this is your doing. You are a mere dial of the age,—a little divining rod which records the existence of living waters running at some unstatable depth below the surface of society. The response to your appeals has come from these sources. It is no very great response, but it is significant.

I know that, historically speaking, St. Stephen's has always been in some way bound into the Episcopal Church, that part of your funds are drawn from its treasury, and part of your graduates go to replenish its ministry. Nevertheless, you have never been a mere agent: you have a direct relation with the great public, which a purely creature college cannot have. You have your own ambitions, your own future, and it is of this future that I would speak.

The heart and soul of any institution is separated from the heart and soul of the world by its own body corporate, by its directorate of governing persons. The priest has always a priesthood somewhere behind him, which supports and in some degree controls him. This is the inevitable result of men's working together for a common object. The arrangement has certain disadvantages, well known to us all. But in the case of a College like St. Stephen's in its relation to the Episcopal Church, you have *two* organizations between the spirit and the public. You have the St. Stephen's trustees and you have the Episcopal Church besides. In other words, the soul of any sectarian college is confined in a double jail,—the jail of its own directorate and the jail of the greater inquisition that stands behind. That is the reason why sectarian colleges are narrow. Their product is double extract of dogma.

This condition, which hangs over St. Stephen's, has been concealed from you because the Episcopal Church has always let you very much alone. But, in the moment that the Church becomes interested in you, it will wish to influence you; it will incline to control you, it will, in one way or another, get between you and mankind. This is as certain as anything can be in human affairs. And, by the way, we may see herein the truth that lies at the bottom of the prejudice against tainted money. Tainted money is merely money that affects the imagination of the recipient,—that leaves behind it a sense of restrictive obligation towards particular persons, or interests, or ideas.

In musing on these things, I have often wondered whether there was not something of good fortune in the neglect of this College by the Episcopal authority. This neglect has forced you, is forcing you to look out for yourselves, to go straight to the public for support, to carve out your own future, to be somebody.

Of course you are an Episcopal College. I do not mean to suggest that you abandon that; but that you go to find your Church right into the bosom of humanity. You can draw your inspiration and your revenues directly from the age—and you can send forth your influence directly into the age. It may make a great difference in your future how far your imagination relies upon that group of bankers and practical men who have the handling of the funds of the Episcopal Church. The new little fronds and green tips that have appeared on St. Stephen's have not been due to the inspired activity of Episcopal conventions or of church-managers in New York City. They have been the flowering of spiritual life,—an organic inward thing.

Now, I will confess that whenever I see a good and noble man running to a business magnate for money in order to carry on the work of Christ, it gives me the shivers. I search the New Testament and the example of

Christ without finding the precedent. What must these bankers be brought to think about themselves if the Church waits upon them with so much unction? They own not only the earth, but the sun also. Really, I believe that the Church, whether Roman or Episcopal or Hardshell Baptist, had better perish upon the earth than subsist through subserviency to the monied classes.

These things, however, are all relative: even bankers are men, and some of them good men. Let us not avoid them altogether, but let us not think much about them.

Support you must have. I say therefore, Go abroad and seek small subscriptions. The search for them is a part of your mission. The search for them will bring St. Stephen's into a new field of its labors. If the College is to be a place that supplies the Episcopal priesthood with men of learning and character, the sooner the college is known about and understood by the masses of Episcopalians the better. Nay,—the sooner your College is known to the masses of men and women who make up the world and who may find their spiritual life waiting for them in the Episcopal Church,—the better for all of us. This is the way to keep the College liberal and to keep it living. I really believe that this is what has been happening and that the rank the College is beginning to assume is due to the militant appeal, the large and various appeal which you have recently sent forth up and down the land.

In the end, the great question is what kind of men are you? The students you draw are going to be chosen by that attraction. It is all, sooner or later, a question of the personal influence of one man upon another. You draw men to this place through personal influence: you educate them here through personal influence; you send them out into the world for the sake of their personal influence on the world. Now, the mere fact that you, or any other college, have the seal of Episcopacy upon you is not going to draw the right young men to your side. If that fact is the fact chiefly known about you, it will drive away the very classes you need, and must have. This is a commonplace: I will not apologize for it: the remark applies to all sectarian institutions. The difference between your College today, and the college of a few years ago is that today the college is beginning to be known for itself. It is beginning to send forth its roots into the soil.

What has happened is really an incredible revival, considering the shortness of the time in which the change has come. I have lived for about ten years in this neighborhood and I have witnessed the evolution of the College. Let those people, whether in or out of the College, who are still perplexed by its condition and concerned about its future, remember the years when it lay like a hull in the trough of the waves, and was avoided as

a danger to navigation. It was not known, and could not be known, that during this very epoch there were certain souls aboard the vessel who went about their duties and lived in their ideals as usual, precisely as if all were well. They did not know how to do otherwise. In this way the tradition of scholarship was maintained, the tradition of personality, the vision of character. It is a strange gift that an old gentleman gives to a neighborhood—merely by being an old gentleman,—he educates everybody. So these officers were really keeping the ship's discipline alive. They preserved and transmitted something which you could not see,—yet which made possible all that has since come to pass.

Today there is a rag of sail rigged upon the craft. A pennon is fluttering upon her stump of a mast. The rudder is in working order and there is a hand upon the wheel. Are you disappointed at the headway she is making? I am not: I am amazed.

And remember, also that when Christ called to Lazarus, "Lazarus, come forth,"—Lazarus did not step forth dressed in Sunday clothes and ready to dance, or give an exhibition of the trapeze. He struggled forth, he edged himself out of the mouth of the tomb, covered with grave-clothes and scarcely able to move. But he was alive. He had responded to the voice.

Your great good future is that you need so little money. You need a few thousand dollars a year to keep body and soul together, to clothe you and wash you, to pay for a candle and a bottle of ink. The rest is danger, the rest is illusion. We shall have in this country enough great library buildings, cathedrals, monumental Halls of Music,—all over the land. These things are not your inheritance nor your affair; you must get on without them. Nay, you can only do this work provided they shall be withheld from you. For St. Stephen's to become the fashion, or grow suddenly rich, would ruin it. Let us then welcome obscurity and slow growth, if they be our portion. It may be that these things are the greatest blessings God can give to a house of learning in this age.



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With this issue of THE MESSENGER, beginning Volume XVIII, begins also the regime of the incoming editorial staff, entirely new in its personnel, the whole of last year's board having been lost through graduation, or completion of the special course. We, of the new board, are reluctant to burden the readers with excuses for our shortcomings as editors,—they will be weight enough in themselves, but we do ask the hearty co-operation of all the student-body in supplying material, and of the Alumni and

friends in giving us criticisms or suggestions. We urge a spirited competition on the part of the students in submitting articles for publication. A college paper which is the product of an editorial board solely is not representative of its institution, and, therefore, falls short of the requirements which justify its existence. The fact that so many contributors were lost at one time should be an incentive to us to see that a recurrence does not jeopardize the success of our college paper.

It is with great pleasure that we amend the announcement in the June number of THE MESSENGER of the resignation of Dr. Upton from the Chair of English. Instead, Dr. Upton is absent this year on his sabbatical leave of absence. The Rev. H. K. Garnier, B. D., is taking the work in English and History. We regret to announce the loss of Prof. E. S. Hale from the Faculty. He has taken up work in the parish of the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C. His ordination was in June. Mr. Laurence F. Piper, B. A., has returned to St. Stephen's as Instructor in English and Oratory.



College Items.

The opening of the social season of the year was marked by a reception tendered to the student-body by the new men living in Orient Hall, on Monday evening, October 2. It is to be hoped that these men will not indulge their social proclivities to the extent of hampering their pursuit of knowledge.

Judge the character of the Class of '15, when even the baby member is found deeply absorbed in meditation on the steps of Hoffman Library at an hour when all Freshmen are supposedly tucked away in bed.

English Professor to Mr. W.—
"Were you thinking, Mr. W.?"

Mr. W., in a tone suggestive of denying malicious accusation, "No Sir! No Sir!"

The doubles of the tennis tournament, which were postponed in June on account of the continued rain, are now in progress. Eleven teams are entered, and great interest is aroused over the possible outcome. The handicaps given some of the players are causing the better players to keep on their toes. President Rodgers has offered cups to the winners.

Mrs. W. G. W. Anthony is giving a series of "At Homes" to the Faculty and Student-body during the month of October.

Two of the tennis courts have been materially improved by the erection of back-stops.

The water supply may fail, and the electric lights (?) may be switched off, but there is one certainty left us,—“Will.” We grow to depend so much upon him, that in case of any disturbance in the “tenor of our way,” we appeal to him at once.

The Convocation has adopted the following rules to govern Freshmen and Special Students under Sophomore rank:

1. No Freshman shall wear a hat of any sort on the campus.
2. Freshmen must wear a green skull cap with a red button; except when a college cap and gown is worn.
3. Freshmen may smoke only a short clay pipe on the campus.
4. Freshmen may not carry canes, or wear insignia of any preparatory school or High School on the campus.
5. Freshmen must obey Upper Classmen in interest of college business.
6. All students must rise at the approach of any member of the Faculty.
7. The Sophomore Class, under the direction of the Upper Classmen, shall enforce these rules.

The Freshmen this year have been very active, and in spite of the numerous attempts of the Sophomores to interrupt their meetings, they succeeded in organizing early. The Flag Rush, which took place on the morning of October 4th, in the midst of a drizzling rain, was the best fight the students have witnessed in years. The Freshmen were victorious, although the Sophs came very near making good their threat of last year. They owe their defeat to the questionable training method of Bessey in feeding his braves on cake so early in the morning.

The green caps with red buttons have been received, and the Freshmen may be seen hurrying around the campus adorned with the color which is so symbolic of them.

A committee, consisting of two representatives from each Fraternity and the non-society men, has been appointed by President Rodgers to confer on rules governing pledging of men by the Fraternities. The following agreement was drawn up and accepted:

“We, the committee, appointed by the President of St. Stephen's College, Rev. W. C. Rodgers, and consisting of two men from each of the three Fraternities, do hereby agree for our respective Fraternities to the following conditions:

1. That there shall be no further pledging of men before nine o'clock A. M., Monday after the Thanks-

giving recess, 1911. Pledging shall be defined as any verbal or written contract.

2. All new men shall remain at the non-society table until after the date of pledging.”

Signed by the Committee.

“We, the undersigned non-society men, do hereby agree to the foregoing conditions.”

Signed for the Non-society men.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Joseph Boak, Jr., was elected captain of the football team. No inter-collegiate games are to be played, but the purpose is to play several inter-class games. A committee has been appointed to consider the advisability of constructing an athletic field on the part of the campus east of Orient Hall. Plans are under way to build an outdoor basketball court, in order that the team may begin practise at an early date.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The prospects for the Glee Club for this year are excellent both in new material among the new men, and in securing engagements for concerts. Manager Borton has seven points in view, including a trip in the vicinity of New York City. If any of the Alumni can assist in arranging a concert, they are urged to do so. The opening concert will be given in Rhinebeck during the first week in November, for which the Club is now rehearsing the new music.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

The first meeting of the Brotherhood Chapter was devoted to the discussion on the nature of the work for the year. It was decided to continue the Bible Class, and if possible under the direction of a member of the Faculty. Further details as to the scope of the course, time and place of meeting will be announced. It is hoped the Chapter will have one or two delegates at the General Convention, which convenes in Buffalo, October 18th.

Of the members of the Class of 1911, four have entered Seminaries; Holt and Spear are at the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill.; Sherwood is at the General Theological Seminary, and Eder has entered the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. Piper has returned to St. Stephen's as Instructor in English and Oratory. The others who left last June have entered Seminaries also. Mullen and Rice are at the General; Morgan, Thurauf, and Whitleigh are at Nashotah.



Who's Who in St. Stephen's.

CONVOCAATION:

President—Elroy Jeffreys Jennings, '12.
Vice-Pres.—Joseph Boak, Jr., '12.
Secretary—Paul Leonard Fernsler, '12.

STUDENT COUNCIL:

Elroy Jeffreys Jennings, '12, *ex-officio*.
Joseph Boak, Jr., '12.
Paul Leonard Fernsler, '12,
John Ner Borton, '13,
James Lannon Whitcomb, Sp.

THE MESSENGER:

Editor-in-Chief—Frank Archibald Rhea, '12.
Business Manager—Paul Leonard Fernsler, '12.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION:

President—Frank Archibald Rhea, '12.
Secretary—John Ner Borton, '13.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM:

Captain—Joseph Boak, Jr., '12.

THE BASKETBALL TEAM:

Captain—John Day, '13.

THE GLEE CLUB:

Director—James Howard Edwards, '14.
Business Manager—John Ner Borton, '13,
Pianist—Henry Glaeser, '14.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW:

Director—Frank Archibald Rhea, '12.
Vice-Director—
Secretary—Albert James Wilson, '14.

The President's Page.

The enthusiasm of the Alumni and Former Students and friends of St. Stephen's at Commencement was inspiring. It has taken shape, or will do so in a few days, in a well and cleanly lighted College. This good will has also enheartened the President, and given him a new lot of courage to go ahead and try to get the College permanently established beyond the danger of want and consequent inefficiency. The purpose in my mind is to perfect what we have, to do thorough work, and to pay our bills. If we do that, help will come, our buildings will be completed, our endowment enlarged, and our plant fully equip-

ped. We must not relax in our efforts. Let every St. Stephen's man pray hard for us up here, and let him register a vow always to be on the keen lookout for an opportunity to bring the College to the notice of someone who can help in however small a way. One thing I think you can do, and that is to see that you all have a copy of Dr. Hopson's most interesting "Reminiscences." It is a really valuable contribution to our archives, and every St. Stephen's man ought to possess it.

Yours sincerely,
W. C. RODGERS,
President.



Alumni and Former Students.

'86—Mention is made in *The Churchman* of the reduction of the debt of the Church of the Ascension, Atlantic City, N. J., of which the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Niles is rector.

'91—The Rev. E. E. Madeira, of Titusville, Pa., has removed to St. Petersburg, Fla.

'98—Watson Bartemus Selvage, M. A., has gone to the University of the South as Professor of Ethics in the Arts Department, and Professor of Apologetics in the Seminary. Mr. Selvage has the distinction of being the only layman teaching Apologetics in a Church Seminary.

'03—It is with deep sorrow we chronicle the death of the Rev. Walter S. Cleland, who was drowned while out with some boys of his parish.

'05—The Rev. Fremont N. Hinkel assumed charge of St. John's Church, Huntingdon, Pa., diocese of Harrisburg, on July 1.

'07—The Rev. Frank Herbert Simmonds was ordained to the priesthood in Trinity Church, Plattsburgh, N. Y., in June.

'08—The ordination of the Rev. W. Frank Allen to the priesthood occurred in June. Mr. Allen continues as Assistant to the Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman, '91, Trinity Church, Binghamton, N. Y., and in charge of the mission station at Endicott.

'09—Edward Stuart Hale was ordained to the diaconate, June 21st, in the Bishop's Chapel, Washington, D. C., and is now Assistant to the Rev. Mr. Nelms, rector of the Church of the Ascension, in that city.

On June 11, at the first ordination service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, William Schroeter was ordained to the diaconate.

Clarence B. Riggs, now acting as lay-reader at Webster, S. D., has been recommended to the Bishop of the diocese as a candidate for Holy Orders.