

The Messenger.

VOL. XVIII

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NO. 2

“EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE, CHRISTMAS TONIGHT.”

HAPPINESS, the king of mirthful sprites, the prince of good fellows, reigns supreme. Every eye sparkles with joy, every heart brims over with sympathy and good-fellowship, and every soul is tuned to an exquisite harmony of peace and goodwill. The gladsome Yule-tide is once more here, and the spirit of the Christ Child guides the actions of men, women, and children, on every side. The choir of angels, which first hovered over the meadows of Bethlehem so many centuries ago, once more heralds its heavenly proclamation over the lonely expanse of the rural hillsides and the crowded thoroughfares of the busy business centers. “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men,” is the message which the very atmosphere itself is breathing.

Oh! How true are the words of that saintly bishop and poet, Phillips Brooks, “Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.” Hearts and souls are everywhere light and buoyant, as friends prepare for beloved friends gifts which are rewards for kindness bestowed, gifts which are to make glad some sorrowful heart, and gifts which are a mark of love and affection. Kindred minds have caught the spirit of the season; it is Christmas, a festival which can not be observed alone; another must enter into the joy of the soul.

Who should this sharer of the Christmas joy be? It is obvious that the companion of your happiness should be one whom you love most, one who has showered many thoughtful attentions upon you. Should not, then, your mother and your father and your nearest friends be partakers with you? But are these all? Are you sure that there is no other who has a right to expect a Christmas gift from you?

“I can’t think of anyone else,” do you say? Oh! You have overlooked your best friend, your greatest benefactor, the one who is entitled to expect most from you—your Alma Mater, St. Stephen’s College. Do you ask what she can possibly look for as a present? She seeks a gift which is small and yet great, which is a trifle to bestow and yet powerful in its influence and manifestation of love. She asks the simple favor that on each day during the year nineteen hundred and twelve you will pray for

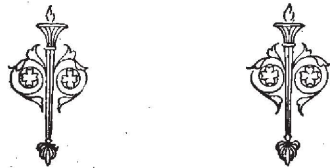
her prosperity and welfare by using in your private devotions the prayer for the college.

Is this too much to ask of you, Alumni and Undergraduates of St. Stephen's? Is it not just that the college, which you wish to prosper, should long for your intercessions in its behalf before the throne of the Master Builder? How can this college advance and become strong if the earnest prayers of its sons are not with it day by day? Your Alma Mater appeals to you. Will you satisfy her yearning? Will you give her the long deferred present by remembering her daily in prayer? Remember! It is "Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight."



THE PRAYER FOR THE COLLEGE.

Almighty God, we beseech Thee of Thy great mercy to preserve and bless this College of St. Stephen, that it may be a bulwark of Thy Church and that the youth of the land may find herein a home sanctified by religious discipline and sound learning. Preserve us in unity of the Faith and enable us to bring forth the fruits of Righteousness. Grant that pious benefactors may be raised up to establish by their gifts this and all other institutions of Religion and Learning so that from them men may go forth throughout all generations to bear the light of Thy Truth to the world through Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honor and glory, world without end, Amen.



ON THE HEATH.

C. THORLEY BRIDGEMAN, '13.

IT was a wild November night upon the heath, the lowering clouds that swept before the face of the waning moon obscured it partly from view, and a biting wind howled from the northern hills. When, for an instant, the fleeting clouds drew aside and through a rift the moon appeared, it cast its pale light upon a rock-strewn plain, overgrown with heather and stunted bushes. Here and there a tall oak raised its naked branches to the flying clouds, like some fiend that inhabited the dreary place. Across the heath there stretched a frozen sheeptrack winding in

and out between the clumps of bushes and outcropping rocks. Occasionally it crossed a partly frozen brook that gurgled lonesomely between its ice-encrusted banks. The north wind whistled shrilly through the last withered leaves on the undergrowth and rubbed together the gnarled limbs of the naked trees so that they creaked and groaned as though their souls cried out in anguish.

On the whole waste not a wild creature dared to stir from its snug burrow. The only signs of life were the figures of a man and his horse moving swiftly along the winding path. The horse, a great black beast, with quick nervous movements, trod with rhythmical pace the frozen earth. Its steady gait was only disturbed when it turned aside to avoid a projecting rock, or paused to break the ice and tread the slippery stones in the bed of a brook. Its rider sat motionless, wrapped in a great cloak that sheltered him from the wintery blasts.

As the rider let his horse pick its own course along the rough path, his mind wandered from the chill scene around and was picturing expectantly the cheery welcome that awaited him beyond the heath. Musing thus, forgetful of his surroundings, he did not notice anything unusual until his horse dropped to a walk and advanced along the path reluctantly. He then saw for the first time a small fire that burned beneath a great oak.

The flame, fanned by the wind, rose and fell uncertainly. Then it suddenly flared up and mounted rapidly towards the heavens. In the quivering flame there slowly took shape a horrible figure that swayed to and fro in the wind-blown flame. With leering face and uncanny, boneless limbs the monster remained suspended for an instant and then with fascinating movements began to swoop nearer and nearer to the trembling travelers as though to clasp them in its horrible embrace.

The terror-stricken horse reared wildly and wheeled about, casting its rider helplessly upon the frost-bound earth, where he lay motionless. Then the frightened animal galloped frantically back over the newly-trodden path.

When the last echo of the galloping hoofs had died upon the night air, the storm again reigned supreme in all its fury. The wind howled fiercely and the trees tossed and shook in its terrible blast. Overhead the moon rode the windswept heavens and gazed down coldly upon the lifeless plain.

As the eastern sky began to grow pale with the approach of day, an early-risen shepherd found the body of a man lying by the frozen track. A little beyond lay the dead embers of a fire and above it in the branches of a blasted oak swung the suspended body of a robber hung the day before, who even after death blighted the fair earth.

LITTLE JIM.

CHARLES S. ARMSTRONG, '14.

"GUESS there won't be any Santa Claus for me this year. There never wasn't no Christmas like this."

Little Jim turned slowly away from the fairyland of toys in the department store window as he brushed a lone tear from the corner of his eye. Poor little fellow, he was all alone in the world. And yet he was not entirely alone; for he still had tucked securely under his arm the most valuable of his treasures—a violin.

Seven months before this time, the last of Jim Ross's family, his overworked widowed mother, had passed away, leaving him at the tender age of eleven to fight his own battles in the city of New York. After having been knocked about here and there, from pillar to post, and having found shelter in many odd places, on Christmas eve the little waif again found himself without a protecting corner in which to rest his weary limbs and his discouraged soul.

For hours Jim had wandered aimlessly along Broadway, looking with wistful eyes into the beautifully decorated store windows. Crowds of people laden with mysterious bundles hurried along the street, but none noticed the poor orphan boy. (He was jostled from side to side of the wide walk, clinging all the more tightly to his violin box at every blow more violent than the last.) Tired of knocking against the multitude of bustling shoppers, he turned into a deserted side street. He had not gone far when he stopped before the impressive brownstone structure of St. Michael's Church. Many times he had wondered what the interior of this magnificent structure could be like, but he had never dared to trespass on what seemed to him to be forbidden ground.

"Can this church be just like the one mother went to," the boy mused. "Yes, it must be. There's the same sort of a cross on it, only it's much bigger and much beautifuller. Then, this must be the home of the little baby Jesus Who came so many years ago to be good to men. Mother used to say that this little child liked small boys that didn't have no nice things, for He was like that Hissself. I wonder if Jesus is in here now. I guess I'll peek in and see. Maybe He'd give me a place to sleep tonight."

After looking around to see if anyone was watching him, Jim tiptoed quickly up to the door. As he turned the knob and pushed, the massive portal swung on its hinges. Stepping inside, the waif stood in the presence of such beauty as he had never witnessed before. The interior of the mighty temple alone was a wonderful work of art, but the thick evergreen decorations made it twice as inspiring. Overcome with awe the boy recoiled into the rear pew, from which he stared in all directions with amazement. His tired eyes became drowsy because of the brilliant splendor, and

his weary limbs were soothed by the soft cushions, so that he soon fell into a restful slumber. The Child Jesus had given him a place to sleep in.

Several hours later little Jim awoke with a start. What were these angry words that he heard? Could anyone be quarrelling on this joyous night? Peering into the darkness the boy saw two men standing near the chancel, one of whom was gesticulating very violently.

"I tell you, Langdon, that picture *must* be taken down. Either that goes out of here for good tonight or I go out. I'll have—"

"But, Mr. Bates," interrupted the rector, and continued in a quiet tone, "let us arrange our difficulties peacefully. Remember that such violent anger is inappropriate both to the place and to the day. I am willing to—"

"I don't care whether it's in a Church or not, and what's more I don't care even if it is Christmas eve. One thing I know! That picture of the Madonna must be taken away. Do you understand? You act, and that quickly, or tomorrow morning you have my resignation as senior warden of this parish. I'll stand for no more of this tomfoolery ritual. If *you* want to be a Romanist, go to Rome! You can't be one in this church."

"I wish you would listen to quiet reasoning, Mr. Bates. Perhaps I could explain why—"

"No! I'll not listen to an explanation! I don't want to hear any reasoning! My mind is made up. What I want you to do is to—"

The angry words of Mr. Bates were cut short by the soft, plaintive notes of a violin. Now the music swelled into joyous trills as if the soul of the player was transported into a world of worship, happiness and joy. Then it died away in the soft, heart-throbbing tones of a person in earnest and deep prayer. A master hand was playing the noble "Ave Maria."

The last note faded away into space so softly that it was several seconds before the two intent listeners fully realized that the selection was ended. Instinctively they looked at one another. Their hands met in a hearty clasp.

"You win, Dr. Langdon," said Mr. Bates, "and I wish you a Merry Christmas."

"And a little child shall lead them," responded the rector.

In this way it happened that little Jim found the child Jesus Who gave him a place of rest; that the lonely orphan brought "peace on earth" on this Christmas eve; that the little waif came into his own and found a pleasant home; and that the small violinist accompanied the large vested choir the next morning as they sang with melodious harmony,

Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!

A FIRST CHRISTMAS.

CHARLES E. MC ALLISTER, '14.

THE young Roman paused at the portal of the temple. Doubt, irresolution swept over his entire being. Should he forsake his native Mars for this wonderful virgin, Athena? All the pleasing perfection of oratory, letters, the whole Grecian culture was from her.

He turned his head as the ringing command of a centurion sounded. Down the street, their armor flashing in the bright sunlight, with clanking tramp, a body of Roman troopers bore their way, escorting a prisoner. The faces were hard and stern and lacking the least trace of emotion. The countenance of the poor culprit, undoubtedly a political refugee, was expressive of absolute doom. With sudden resolution, shocked by the brutal aspect, the young worshipper turned and entered the temple.

The place of worship was deserted. The polished steps, crowned by the peopled niches, gave no sign of the many penitents, who had reverently knelt at their base. The dim light of the altar flickered, shedding a glow of soft beauty. Far above, her staff clasped in her left hand, Pallas Athena dominated. Struck by all its appeal, the young Roman knelt in silent devotion.

When he awoke from his reverie, not far from him there was a maiden, offering her prayer. The half drawn veil revealed refined features of an extremely delicate type, suggesting an uncommon nobility of intellect. The footfall of the entering priest caused her to raise her eyes, and as she discovered Quintilius regarding her, she started, frightened.

In company, they followed the priest in his ceremonial prayer; together, they touched the knees of the goddess and deposited their olive wreaths at the base of the altar. The service ended, they left the temple. Hesitation lost Quintilius this, his first, opportunity of addressing his companion.

Quintilius, wealthy in his own right, had now entirely severed his paternal bonds. That pure strength of character had prompted this was evident by his clear, frank, self-possessed air. He was a student but not a recluse. To return to Rome was to enter the army and lose his personality. His whole nature had long been deadened by the excessive ostentation and entire lack of true culture in Roman life. The repulsive, brutal tendencies had driven him to the lofty ideals of Greece, which he had come to appreciate as his own. Not to return meant voluntary exile. He had chosen.

Another day, Quintilius set out for the temple and on drawing near perceived a veiled figure before the portal. He could not but recollect how he had stood there pondering not long before. A disturbance down the street, near the waterfront, attracted his attention. The woman before

the temple also looked and with sudden decision passed down the way to where the little crowd had gathered. Quintilius, seized by curiosity, followed and stopped on the outskirts of the group, keeping the veiled figure, evidently a lady of patrician rank, in sight.

A man, rather tall, with a long black beard, was talking very earnestly. His quiet tones had a convincing quality and Quintilius was forced to acknowledge his ability as a speaker. The young Roman soon found that his discourse was on Christ and His doctrines, this new and untried philosophy. It promised a future far more hopeful than the Elysian fields, and sought to elevate this earthly existence. It was almost too alluring, yet in some respects it was logical. But how could this rabble appreciate such doctrine? The successive consideration of these questions banished the veiled maiden from his thoughts for the moment.

As the speaker ceased, the white clad form hastened away. Quintilius followed, now impelled by a sense of duty as they were passing through the lower quarter of Athens. Falteringly, he offered his service as an escort and the quiet acceptance stirred him. Conversation disclosed that this veiled maiden was the devotee of Athena, whom he had encountered on his first visit to the shrine. Although non-committal with respect to her attitude toward the new doctrine, Quintilius learned that two days hence a ship of Christians would sail for Rome. Rome, his fatherland, the "patria" which he had renounced. A great desire to see once more the Campus Martius, the Capitoline Hill, the temple of Jupiter, all that formerly meant patriotism, came upon him. Why not, disguised as a plebeian among these struggling Christians? The dangers attendant upon detection were fatal, and beyond this, unutterable scorn awaited him there. Youthful enthusiasm and a desire to learn more of this new doctrine fostered the daring scheme.

Dressed as a boatman, he spent most of the following day along the docks. He encountered the Christian preacher and asked if he might join the pilgrimage to Rome. The kindly, honest manner of this early follower of the Master influenced Quintilius in some inexplicable way. His very earnestness and simplicity denoted a kind of faith hitherto unknown to the studious young Roman. He felt a genuine happiness in the expectation of the time to be spent in the company of this magnetic man. Once he caught a fleeting glance of his unknown companion of the previous day.

A faint breeze ruffled the waters of the Piraeus as the galley slowly moved toward the Aegean. On the deck, Aquilius, the Christian teacher, explained his marvelous doctrine more fully to Quintilius. Himself an educated Roman slave, he had been driven from Rome by persecution, but now was returning in an endeavor to enlighten his less fortunate brothers. The bravery and self sacrifice and strength of his character proved an argument for this new creed, which Quintilius could not answer.

Good weather favored the journey and when the rushing waters of the Tiber were reached, Quintilius had the first opportunity of considering his former "sister in the faith." The feelings, which Rome alone could rouse in his breast, raised his spirits temporarily. But then, there was the inevitable contrast with his experience at Athens, in which this maiden had played a part.

Before they disembarked, a mammoth galley, undoubtedly some rich man's ship, swept proudly by their moorings. On the rear platform or "fori," with a slave before her playing a harp, was seated his unnamed subject of thought.

Perhaps he would see her in Rome again. He waited the chance expectantly. Staying at the house of a poor and devout cobbler, he attended the meetings of the early saints and debated their assertions with all the pagan doctrine he possessed. Gradually, point after point, he yielded and the truth was fast dawning on him.

A slave brought a scroll to the cobbler's one day, which read "Cape laborem apud Cheirisasa." Quintilius immediately applied to the "hero" at the wealthy Greek's Roman house. This house in the Via Comitina was the rendezvous of many great, cultured Romans. Among other tasks assigned to the young servant was to attend the "viridarium" or garden. Here each day, he saw his mysterious patroness whom he had learned to be Ione, the daughter of Cheirisosos.

Quintilius, although he did not formally accept the doctrines of the Christians for some time, made strong friendships among the converts. Although he never saw Ione at any of the gatherings, he was sure she was interested because of her kindly attitude toward him.

About the first of December Ione dropped another scroll for him. It directed him to meet her at the rendezvous of the Christians that night. Upon arrival he found her already waiting. She told that her slave, Placida, had overheard a plot against the emperor Galba, which was to be followed by a sudden onslaught against the Christians. The conspiracy was arranged for December fifth.

The mission made plans to leave Rome. The ship was loaded and the pilgrims embarked the night of the fourth. At the last moment, a man, accompanied by a woman heavily veiled, hastened on board. It was Quintilius and Ione. Ione, the daughter of the cultured Greek, won by Christian simplicity, having betrayed her father's conspiracy, fled to her sympathetic companions in belief.

Hostile winds buffeted the galley and after three weeks of dangerous and disastrous sailing, they anchored off Pompeii, just as a faster ship arrived with the report of an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the emperor at Rome.

The gay city was brilliant in its splendor. The brightly colored shops, the highly ornamented chariots, the flash of ancient life in all its peculiar characteristics, was everywhere apparent. Two people followed a guide along the streets of the lower quarter of the fateful city. A mean dwelling was their destination, whose inmost chamber harbored a secret, now the happy possession of the whole world.

A carefully opened door admitted them to the room. The only light was furnished by a single torch. In a semicircle about a plain, wooden cross knelt a devout congregation. As they paused, with the same deep thankfulness that has echoed from generation to generation, this Roman and Greek heard, for the first time, the words "For unto us is born this day a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord."



Exchanges.

The Exchange Editor feels time hanging heavily on his hands, due to a dearth of exchanges. He will renew his efforts to secure a place on the exchange list of several new periodicals.

The Rochester *Campus* is the most frequent exchange. The Editor maintains a high degree of interest in the face of the fact, as he realizes, of the difficulty of keeping every week's edition up to a high standard.

The Book Review of the *Normal College Echo* is a commendable department. The entire paper speaks well for the support given the editorial staff.

The new board of *The Magpie* has well maintained the standard of former years which the editors modestly place beyond their powers.

We acknowledge receipt also of: *The Raysonian*, and *The Normal Graduate*.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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It is a happy coincidence that this edition of THE MESSENGER leaves us so near the Yule-tide. It means that we, the undergraduates, may send a Christmas greeting to the Alumni, Former Students, and friends in general, of St. Stephen's, who have her welfare at heart, and we do so in the fullest meaning of the true Christmas spirit.

We wish to correct an error in the October issue in the report of the Treasurer of the Gymnasium Fund. The balance on hand is \$2549.67, instead of \$1549.67, as printed.

Discipline is a necessary adjunct of any community, and especially so in the case of a body of students. Witness the various rules and regulations imposed by a faculty. But there are various phases of student life which do not come within the province of faculty regulation; they are too trivial for such a recognition, and yet they are of great importance to the students themselves. In this college, as in other institutions of a like nature, the Upper Classmen are responsible for the general tone of the life, and in return for that responsibility, they receive certain rights, viz., the formulation of rules to govern Freshmen. Fortunately, it is very seldom that a new man considers himself of enough importance to set at nought the provisions made for the welfare of the college by men who have learned these by experience, (and perhaps have been governed by them in their day), or if he does, profits by the punishment he brings down upon himself to observe them thereafter. These rules are not made, nor are punishments inflicted, for the delectation of the authors, but for the better government of our student body. A man who enters here must be willing to observe the established regulations of the Faculty and he owes it to the institution to uphold the self-imposed rules of the

students even at the cost of a little self pride.

The forthcoming catalogue of the College for the year 1911-12 shows very clearly to even the most casual reader what the aim and specialty of this College is. The emphasis which is placed upon the study of the classical and humane arts is not too great in this age of scientific and technical education, when the tendency is rather away from than towards the classical education. The training in the classics afforded by St. Stephen's fits a man for specializing later in almost any profession for which he may be adapted, as the comparatively large amount of required work gives him a good foundation upon which he may build almost any structure. This amount of required work, however, has not a tendency, as might be supposed, to produce a stereotype character of man. Quite the reverse is the case, for although men are prevented from too early specialization by having their inter-

est aroused in widely diverse subjects, still they are allowed some latitude in their choice of electives.

Another important function of the College has been dwelt upon rather strongly in the new catalogue. That is of sending out into the Church not only good priests but also good laymen. This cannot be over emphasized, for owing to the small number of colleges under the influence of the Church, the number of college graduates who are Churchmen is also comparatively small. The maintenance of the old ideal of a college education under the influence of the Church is a sacred trust to Sewanee, Kenyon and St. Stephen's, which they ought to guard jealously. If St. Stephen's were to be increased greatly in size, what we should like most to see perhaps, would not be more postulants entering College, but rather more men who intended to take up some other profession. What the Church today really needs is not only better priests but also better laymen.



College Items.

The annual Promenade given the Senior Class by the Juniors came on Friday, Nov. 3rd, this year instead of Monday in Commencement Week as heretofore. The precedent is commendable in that it obviates difficulties which have presented themselves year by year in June.

It is almost impossible to secure accommodations for visitors when the Alumni are back, while at this time of the year, Hoffman Dormitory is available. The rush of Commencement Week is not present and the fortunate youths who have partners have more leisure time to

show off the beauties of our surroundings. There is also the advantage of a break in the monotonous months between September and February. The Juniors took advantage of the proximity to Hallowe'en and worked up a tasteful and novel decorative scheme. In the dim light, one almost expected to see black capped witches astride broom-handle steeds flit from leafy bower to jack-o'-lantern-topped corn shocks. During the intermission, Dr. Rodgers threw consternation into the hearts of the upper classmen, not to mention the Freshmen, by announcing his intention to mete out suitable punishment to two students who had taken advantage of his recent absence to indulge in—evidently something serious. A sigh of relief came from many breasts when the culprits were summoned by name, Perram and Hale, to receive the President's cups for winning the doubles in the tennis tournament. The Glee Club rendered a short but pleasing program during the intermission. The Juniors may be justly proud of their efforts to make the dance a success. May they, as Seniors, enjoy one equally good; certainly they cannot be given a better.

For once the Freshmen were lords of the campus, and could look upon the upper classmen with something "akin to pity." This was on Saturday evening, Nov. 18th, when they were the guests of President and Mrs. Rodgers, who entertained them in their inimitable manner.

Member of Senior Oratory criticising a class-mate's delivery: "He waved his arms like a metaphor."

Wilson has been startling the basketball squad by his spectacular runs of fifteen and twenty yards with the ball.

The Seniors were the guests of Miss Johnson one evening recently.

OVERHEARD ON THE APPIAN WAY:

Dr. H.: "Translate into Latin: You and I left New York unwillingly."

Junior: "Ego et tu invitissime Novo Yorko abiimus."

Bashful He: "How do you prefer to spell parlor—p-a-r-l-o-o-r, or p-a-r-l-o-o-u-r?"

Indifferent She: "I don't know."

Bashful He, blushing profusely: "Why, I, ah-h-h-I prefer to spell it with u in it."

A college "bust" was held in Preston Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 24th. The success of the evening, and the display of good fellowship, we hope of the right sort, should make such affairs popular and of frequent occurrence. All the men joined heartily in singing and dancing. Whitcomb and Richards in original costumes provoked a great deal of laughter by settling with the gloves a dispute over their musical abilities. Boak, the "Brooklyn Kid," proved his superiority over some would-be champions by "coming back" and outpointing "Pat"

Rhea in a four round bout. Glaeser gave an exhibition of artistic dancing which was worthy of a "Gabbie" Dalys.

Prof.—"How often shall I have to speak to you about coming in late?"

Student—"Let me see. How many more recitations are there?"

Special services were held Thursday, Nov. 23rd, under the auspices of the College Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. At evensong, the Rev. Frank B. Reazor, D.D., '79, preached a sermon of great practical value on the human side of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. At a later service, Mr. Alexander M. Hadden, Member of the National Council of the Brotherhood, applied the spirit of Dr. Reazor's sermon in a talk on "Who's my Man?" referring to two or three experiences in his extensive work among the prisoners of Sing Sing Prison. The Rev. J. G. Magee also addressed the students in behalf of the Student Volunteer Movement. Mr. Magee himself sails for China Jan. 23rd, where he will take up work.

On Hallowe'en the Freshman class took Glaeser, the President of the Sophomore Class, for a trip to Rhinebeck. There he entertained the crowds around the town pump with his impromptu speech. Later he was treated to so much ice cream

by the joyful class that he almost froze. After exchanging greetings with some College men who were at a Hallowe'en party in the village, the Class hired a rig and drove back to College.

Several additions have been made to the reference books in the Library, including an India paper edition of the New Encyclopedia Britannica. The Greek Department has received a number of modern books.

The College catalogue for the year 1911-12, which will be issued shortly, has been rearranged and corrected, so that it will appear in somewhat better shape than in previous years. Some unnecessary matter has been omitted and many obscurities, especially in the curriculum, have been cleared up. The greatest improvement has been in numbering the full-years courses by semesters and not by the course, thus doing away with much confusion.

Several changes have also been made in the courses of instruction. In the English department, the Freshman class will hereafter devote several hours a week under Dr. Martin to the consideration of the logical expression of thought. Dr. Upton will take them the rest of the time in the study of the principles of imaginative writings. The Sophomore year will be occupied in the study of epic and dramatic poetry, and the short story.

In the philosophical department,

there will be more time devoted to the history of ancient and modern philosophy, a whole year being given to each. Opportunity will also be afforded those wishing to do advanced work in this department to do so under the direction of Dr. Martin. In addition to the required course in psychology there will be an elective course in advanced psych-

ology which may be taken in the place of Ethics.

The Advent preachers are:

Dec. 7—the Rev. C. S. Hutchinson, rector of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dec. 14—the Rev. C. L. Gomph, rector of Trinity Church, Bridgeport, Conn.



Athletics.

On Saturday morning, Oct. 28th, on Zabriskie Field, the Freshman football team was defeated by the Varsity team, 11-0. The game proved better than was expected inasmuch as the teams had not been organized long enough to be rounded into fast playing conditions. Considerable fumbling occurred, mostly on the part of the Freshmen when in critical places. The Varsity made frequent attempts at the forward pass but always in vain. The Freshmen succeeded in making one pass for considerable gain, Nichols to Hale. For the most part of the game, the Varsity kept the ball in their opponents' territory, and were never called upon to fight at close quarters near their own goal-line.

A bad kick-off by the Freshmen at the beginning, Wilson falling on the ball near the center of the field, gave the Varsity an advantage. End runs carried them within striking distance of the Green goal,

but a penalty, the error of the umpire, stopped their march, only to arouse the older men to renew their attack more surely. After a few more plays, Half-back Day carried the ball over, and Capt. Boak kicked goal. The quarter was up with the ball again in Freshmen territory. Score 6-0.

The second quarter was played without a score on either side. Hale, of the Freshmen, proved particularly strong in breaking up the interference of the Varsity. The next score came in the third quarter on an end run by Bennett. Boak failed to kick goal. Score 11-0. No further scoring came in the last quarter, as the Varsity lost the ball on attempted forward passes two or three times. It was the general lament after the game that a schedule had not been arranged. There is some promising material for a good team next year. The line-up was as follows:

Varsity	Freshmen
Foster-Prout L. E.	Hale
J. Bond L. T.	Williams
Shoemaker L. G.	Middleton
Wilson C.	Olsen
Barr R. G.	Tikiob
Hamblin R. T.	Childs
Richards R. E.	Evans
Boak (Capt.) Q. B.	Nichols (Capt.)
Bennett L. H. B.	Sanford
Day R. H. B.	Johns
Rhea F. B.	Lamond
Touchdowns—Day, Bennett. Goal from touchdown—Boak.	
Substitute—Prout for Foster. Referee—E. J. Jennings. Umpire—W. Bond. Head Linesman—Edwards. Attendant Physician—Whitcomb. Time of periods, eight minutes each.	

Basketball practice began with a rush on the new outdoor court, but

has not been so well attended since the snow has driven the players back to the chocolate factory. The prospects for a better team than we usually have are bright, and it is the duty of the students to support the team by giving the members some hard work here at home. Capt. Day has been elected Manager as well, and has placed several games on his schedule, the first of which is a practice game in Madalin.

Bennett, '14, has been elected Manager of the Freshman football team, and has attempted to schedule some late games. As yet, he has met with no success.



The President's Page.

On October 4th, I left New York City on the D. & L. R. R. by a route which I can strongly recommend for beautiful scenery and comfortable travelling, and arrived at the LaSalle Street Station in Chicago, at 5.30 P.M., Thursday, October 5th. The Rev. Harry S. Longley, Class of '91, met me and took me out to his Rectory in the charming suburb of Evanston. I was astounded to find that my arrival in Chicago was not unheralded. The first thing that met my eye in glaring red type at the head of the evening paper was "RODGERS APPROACHES THE CITY." I thought to myself "Well, St. Stephen's College is becoming known at last," and I

pictured large gatherings of the multi-millionaires of the metropolis of the Middle West assembling in The Auditorium and pouring into the coffers of Mr. Moran, the Treasurer, unlimited streams of gold as a result of the President's eloquent appeal. However, I discovered that it was Rodgers the Bird man, who was getting near Chicago in his aeroplane.

St. Mark's, Evanston, is one of the finest parishes in the Diocese of Chicago. Mr. Longley went there as Rector about a year ago and is making a grand success. The church is a very beautiful one. There is an excellent choir and the most reverent service. It was my

privilege to preach there on Sunday morning the 8th. This parish has enrolled itself among the number pledged to give St. Stephen's \$1,000. in five years. Its first year's installment is already paid up.

In the evening of the same day I preached in St. Peter's, Chicago, on the subject "The Supply of Men for the Christian Ministry." I never saw anywhere in this country such an evening congregation and such a large voluntary choir, in which there must have been seventy or eighty men and boys.

On Monday morning I met the Bishop of Chicago and heard him speak at the luncheon given to the clergy by the Laymen's Diocesan Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. Bishop Anderson expressed himself as deeply interested in St. Stephen's and promised to pay us a visit. On the 10th I went to Milwaukee where I was most hospitably entertained by Mr. Morehouse, the well known churchman and Editor of "The Living Church." Next day we went to Nashotah. It was a brilliant autumn day, and the beautiful buildings of the Nashotah Mission standing on the verge of a lake formed a most attractive scene. We had dinner in the Refectory with the Dean and Faculty and I soon spied out Morgan, Thurauf and Whitleigh, all looking well and happy. They showed me their pleasant rooms, and I found out afterwards that these representatives of our College are doing good work and bringing credit to their Alma

Mater. All the Nashotah men struck me as earnest and energetic. The life there is free, healthy and cheerful.

On my return to Chicago I paid a visit to the Western Theological Seminary, where I found Holt and Spear quite enthusiastic about their new home and both highly spoken of by the authorities.

The next few days were spent in Davenport, Iowa. On Sunday morning I preached in the Cathedral for the College and on the following evening I addressed the Men's Club. The Bishop of Iowa, Dean Hare, some prominent business men, University Professors, and others were present. The argument for the small college, the Church college, and the Classical college led to an interesting discussion on education in general which lasted for about three hours. I have reason to think that as a result we shall get some students from Iowa.

From Davenport I went on to Denver. There I found Dr. John H. Houghton, Rector of St. Mark's, Class of '69. Everyone in Denver seems to know Dr. Houghton and to love and respect him. I met Dean Hart of the Cathedral. This cathedral is at last finished with the exception of the Chancel, which, while it is built so solidly that it appears to be permanent, is really only temporary. When the plan is fully carried out it will be one of the most magnificent churches in the country. On the following Sunday I preached for the College in the

morning at St. Mark's and in the evening in the Chapter House, where the Cathedral congregation was then worshipping.

At first these good western people were disposed to wonder why a man from the East should come out and try to interest them in an Eastern institution. It is, as we know, usually the other way round. But when they appreciated the fact that St. Stephen's College has served the whole American Church from the Atlantic to the Pacific for fifty years, they came to the conclusion that it was not unreasonable that they should be asked at least to become interested in its work and welfare.

October 29th was spent in Buffalo with Dr. Jessup, who became Rector

of the Church of the Ascension there about a year ago. He gave me the opportunity of speaking to the Junior Assembly of the B. S. A. These boys were just at that time full of enthusiasm resulting from the recent Convention of the Brotherhood in Buffalo. It was a good chance to turn their thoughts towards the Sacred Ministry.

On Monday morning, October 30th, I spoke of the College to the "Clerus," a club of fifteen or twenty clergymen from Buffalo and the neighborhood. Amongst them was the Rev. Phillip W. Mosher, Class of '84, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls. Then I came home for All Saints' Day after what we may hope was a useful trip. It was certainly a pleasant one.



Alumni and Former Students.

THE MESSENGER *again appeals for items for this department.*

In Memoriam.

'73—The Rev. William White Hance, died Nov. 14, 1911, in the sixtieth year of his age, at Palenville, N. Y. Requiescat in pace.

'77—The Rev. Armand DeRosset Meares resigned the rectorship of Christ Church, Delaware City, Del., Nov. 15. His new address is 2620 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

'79—The Rev. James Pattison Faucon is assistant at St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. and Tenth

St., New York City, where the new rector, the Rev. W. N. Guthrie, has made the innovation of assigning certain pews to the alumni of Church colleges who care to avail themselves of the invitation. In addition to St. Stephen's, Sewanee, Kenyon, Trinity, Hobart, and Racine are designated.

'85—Francis Johnstone Hopson, LL.B., is recovering from an illness of several weeks.

'86—The Rev. H. N. Tragitt of Milbank, S. D., has been made priest-in-charge of the Mission at Ortonville, Minn., diocese of Duluth.

'86—Col. Clarence Wainwright Murphey, of the Governor's staff of Louisiana, has been in Panama and the Canal Zone, after a visit to Guatemala and Costa Rica. Col. Murphey has been identified with railroad interests in New Orleans, but has now retired from active business.

'94—The Rev. Geo. Henry Kaltenbach is on the Faculty of the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill.

'95—The Rev. Thomas E. Swan has resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, Washington, Pa., and has removed to Saginaw, Mich.

'95—The Rev. B. E. Brestell has been elected to succeed the Rev. R. Bowden Shepherd, as secretary of the convocation of Burlington.

'96—The Rev. T. P. Maslin and family escaped the recent dangers in China, we are glad to note in reports. They were forced to abandon Wu Hu and come to Shanghai.

'99—The Rev. Chas. W. Popham is now rector of Christ Church, Belleville, N. J., diocese of Newark.

'05—The Rev. Henry V. Saunders, rector of Linganore parish, Frederick county, Md., has accepted the rectorship of William and Mary parish, St. Mary's county, Md., diocese of Washington. His address is Valley Lee, Md.

'07—The Rev. Frank Herbert Simmonds, M.A., who has been curate of Trinity Church, Plattsburg, N. Y., and minister-in-charge of two missions in that vicinity, has become curate under the Rev. Dr. Tibbitts, Hoosac School, Hoosac, N. Y., as chaplain of the school.

'08—A chapel has been opened in Endicott, N. Y., under the care of the Rev. W. Frank Allen, curate of Trinity parish, Binghamton, N. Y., of which the Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman, '91, is the Rector.

The Rev. Isaac Yohannan, formerly curate in St. Andrew's Church, Yonkers, N. Y., is now chaplain of the Kearney Military Academy, Kearney, Neb., and instructor in German and the classics.

The Rev. F. H. Staples has declined the call to become rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Astoria, L. I., and will remain as vicar of St. Paul's Chapel, Baltimore, Md.

The Rev. W. H. Larom, of Saranac Lake, was unanimously renominated to the Bishop of Albany as Archdeacon of Ogdensburg, at the fall convocation of that archdeaconry, held in Trinity Church, Potsdam, N. Y.

The Rev. Joseph Sheerin has resigned Trinity Church, Steelton, Pa., to date from Jan. 1, and has accepted a call to St. Mark's Church, Medford, Ore.