

MESSENGER

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Page 67	Resolutions Charles E. McAllister
Page 69	A Vision Victor Richards
Page 70	A Reminiscence of a Day's Trout-fishing Clarence Edward Buxton, Sr.
Page 72	The Progressive Party Charles Thorley Bridgeman
Page 74	[Editorial]
Page 75	The President's Page Report of St. Stephen's College to the Convention of the Diocese of New York William C. Rodgers
Page 77	Res Collegii
Page 79	Under the Lyre Tree
Page 81	Alumni and Former Student's Notes
Page 82	Exchanges

The Messenger.

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY, 1913.

No. 4.

RESOLUTIONS.

CHARLES E. McALLISTER, '14.

RESOLUTION, more than any other one word, is representative of the New Year spirit. The monthly publications, the daily papers, the busy pulpit, the lecture platform, all echo and re-echo the possibility of the New Year. The dignified matron, the frivolous school-girl, the thoughtful college senior, the thoughtless college freshman, the serious-minded preacher, even the blasé clubman all determine solemnly to secretly reform. Of course, the reform will be secret for, much credence as we give these good intentions, their accomplishment is seldom evident. True, the shop-girl confides to her sister sales-girl that she isn't going to drink a Coca-Cola for three months; and the dignified society woman in a different tone supplemented by a different attitude, at the same time, is entrusting to her dinner companion that she intends to keep Lent strictly this year. But these little exchanges don't alter the fact that the reform is decidedly secret.

We have too, the light banter about the uselessness of resolutions. Madame X declares that they're perfect nonsense and that no one keeps them, and little Miss Z relates in nervous glee how miserably she failed last year when she tried to keep a diary. All agree that the making of New Year resolutions is a barren and useless task. Yet each individual, when he gets by himself, "solemnly determines to secretly reform."

For, can you or I or Mr. Anybodyelse resist the call of the New Year chimes? The soul of Tennyson spoke forth in poetic form the New Year message that starts in every human heart, when he wrote in that inspired moment:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

To the unscrupulous man of wealth it is a sting of conscience; to the wretch in the hovel, it is a ray of hope. But, unhappily, the sting soon loses its bitterness, and the ray its light.

Resolution, like many other English words, has several shades of meaning. It can mean "purpose or determination of mind" but it also means "steadiness or constancy in execution". No one will question but that it is easy to invent and form purposes and determinations, but can you and I and Mr. Anybodyelse execute our purposes with constancy and steadiness?

Lack of firmness prompts us to agree with Madame X and little Miss Z that resolutions are perfect nonsense, for so they are if we want the resolution to back them up. Is your resolution the kind that is written on paper or the kind that is written in character? The strong man is the firm man. The firm man is the resolute man. If you and I and Mr. Anybodyelse made resolutions on the first of January and have already fallen short of our aims let us stop and consider that instead of resolutions we need resolution, that instead of "purposes of mind", we need "constancy in execution", and you and I and Mr. Anybodyelse will be better, stronger men.



A VISION.

Alone, alone in the darkness,
When the stars seemed cold and still,
I gazed toward the sky in its blackness;
My blood with the cold was chill.

I saw the army of brothers
Who heed not the lamp-post's light,
As their steps, grew weaker and weaker
While they trudged the streets at night.

Friendless they found few welcomes,
While Winter's hurrying blast
Drove them wearied and shaken—
Will they find rest at last?

They had no roof for shelter,
No place to call their own:
They paused at the sound of laughter—
Had they no hearth nor home?

The shimmering glow of luxury,
The sound of Christmas glee
Had nought but a cheerless meaning
In this passing pageantry.

Oh Pageant of Joy, so entrancing,
Thy Heaven's but a dismal shoal,
For cries of "Traitor! Traitor!" rise
To greet thy fevered soul.

Victor Richards, '15.



A REMINISCENCE OF A DAY'S TROUT-FISHING.

CLARENCE EDWARD BUXTON, SP.

THE fever had come. The far-off call of the woods in Spring was telling me that a certain Arcadian stream was well stocked with the joy of a fisherman's heart. I wondered if the angling spirit had taken hold of Jim, and accordingly started for the Lawyers' Building, on the sky-floor of which was Jim's office—a place that never failed to remind me of the little poem that starts:

“Upon the fourteenth story, where the elevator stops
At the end of elevating, is a lawyer's busy shop.”

I found Jim—otherwise known as Judge Thomas—nearly buried in files of court proceedings, and trying to fight off the spring fever. However, when I approached him on the subject of trout fishing, he succumbed to the attacking disease, and we arranged to go to the North Country the very next day. Jim relieved himself of his legal affairs and documents by turning them over to his partner, who would attend to them until his return.

I spent the evening getting out my tackle, testing the tips of my rods and making ready my flies; doing everything with pleasant anticipation of the coming sport. That night I had all sorts of strange dreams; in one of which the trout actually jumped upon the bank in their eagerness to grab the bait.

Well, Jim and I left town on a morning train for a place which had been recommended to us, and which soon became a beloved haunt. There were two or three other parties on board, each with an unmistakable air of “going a-fishin'.” It was about eleven o'clock that night when we arrived at the little station of Saxonville, which was about as pleasant as the dreariest phantasm of Edgar Allen Poe. We couldn't see anything or find anybody until at last a man, with his face covered by a thick growth of whiskers, came into the feeble light of the one oil lamp. We asked how to get to the hotel and he said, “Waal, jes' foller this ere road 'til ye cum to th' crussroad, reckon 'bout two stone's heave mor' nor less, an' ye'll find a bunk-up house, misters.” We found the “bunk-up house”, and after endangering the panels of the door, starting a full choral service of dog music and causing Jim to mumble some rather strong adjectives to express his feelings, we woke up the night clerk. Jim told him he ought to be sentenced to a month in jail and—, but anyhow, we got a bed and a good night's sleep. We were up early the following morning, and, taking our tackle and a bite to eat, started

for the fishing grounds. It is best in angling for trout to fish down the brook, so we went to the headwaters, up “under the mountains.” Here the brook was small and the crystal waters only now and then formed a trout-hole. From these we took some fair sized speckled beauties by means of worm bait. A little further on, as the brook became larger, the number of the deep pools increased. Generally these were at the bottom of small falls, where the foaming water came tumbling down and spent its energy in curling eddies. Shelving rocks, covered with moss, made a good place to sit and fish. So here, enclosed by the forest, we smoked our pipes, angled for the prince of fish and inwardly thanked God we were living. If I should stop to tell you of each strike, the lunges and antics of the trout, the thrill of joy when we landed a fish, and the pang of sorrow when we lost one, it would make a long tale—sufficient to say, we enjoyed glorious sport.

A mile below, the brook emerges from the woods and takes its course through pasture lands. Here we changed our bait to flies. Jim persisted in using a Doctor, despite my favoring a Silver Hackle, with the result that we both decided to try out our respective flies in a near-by pool. Jim's line no sooner touched the water than an old trout, with a monstrous swish, grabbed it! Jim didn't hook him. We were in great expectancy, when we heard something tearing along, right across the brook. It made noise enough to scare every fish within a mile. Presently “It” appeared,—a red-faced, fat, little man dragging a bamboo rod. Jim and I looked at each other and then we stared at the stranger.

“Say,” he informed us, panting for breath, “I vas Yacob Fritz, und I haf been following you already fiftéen minutes. I haf a fishhook stuck in mine preeches, und I can't get him out!”

“Well, I'll be jiggered!” ejaculated Jim. “Why didn't you cut out the hook with your knife and—, but we are glad to meet you Mr. Fritz; this is my friend Mr. Livinggate.”

“I vas glad to shake your hands Mr. Live-on-der-gate,” responded the excited German.

Jim cut the hook out of the man's trousers, and then, feeling hungry, we started lunch; Jim frying some trout on hot rocks while I made cups and plates of birch bark. After lunch and during our smoke, our guest told us his recent experience.

“Vell, the first hole I dropped mine hook in, vone trout took it,—I mean der hook und not der hole,—und I yanked, und der trout shumped up und den shumped pack in der vater, und I fell in on top of him, und it scared him so he vas gone before I could pick mine self up on mine feet. Vell, I vas pretty mad vid dat trout. Den I tried anoder hole py some pushes, und got a fish on der fish hook. I yanked der pole und der hook flew up der tree und I climbed right up after him. Vell, by schiminy, while I vas up der tree some mosquiter bugs come along und fell on mine neck und

pit me, und I lost mine hat und scraped der skin off mine legs when I tried to climb down der tree. Den der fish hook caught me in der preeches und I got madder dan never before. Shust den I heard you down der prook und I started for der noise, vid der fish pole in vone hand, der line in der oder hand und der hook in mine preeches. Vell, when I tried to crawl under der vire fence I caught mine self vid oder hooks on der pack, und I had vone awful time; und den I saw you und I vas never going fishing again yet."

Jim and I both laughed heartily and as we had a full creel we decided to accompany our unfortunate friend to Saxonville. Herr Fritz took the next train home, while Jim and I rested preparatory to our salmon trip up the St. Croix, which I will tell you about some other time. Often since then, when a few whiffs of our faithful old briars have carried Jim and me back to those fishing days, have we laughed over the troubles of Jacob Fritz, Angler, and swapped praises of a little trout brook 'way up in Arcadia.

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

CHARLES THORLEY BRIDGEMAN, '13.

THE rapid growth of the Progressive Party has been of considerable interest to all in America, in spite of its defeat at the polls in November. Almost everyone, even of those opposed to it, is trying to divine the future of this "infant prodigy" of the political world. The Chicago convention of the party in December, at which the leaders met to form plans for the campaign in the next four years, heightened the enthusiasm of its supporters and drew from all sides comments on the probable result of the Progressive movement. The future of the party is still shrouded in uncertainty—at least for the average reader—, for while there are many who find such grave defects in its platform and leadership that the ultimate dissolution and failure of the party seems inevitable; just so there are as many others who see in the Progressive movement the expression of a nation-wide sentiment, which will make it a success regardless of these drawbacks. The one deciding test of time and adversity is yet to be tried. Not until the next Presidential election four years hence can it be surely known whether the four millions of voters who supported Col. Roosevelt for a third term were influenced merely by the personality of a great man, or honestly believed in the aims of the Progressive Party. Even then the real strength of the Progressives as a party will not be known if Col. Roosevelt, having found no one better fitted than himself to lead the people, persists as a candidate for the Presidency.

There is something about the Progressive Party which seems to be of more consequence than even the various planks in its platform. It is a certain idealism, if you will, a loftiness of purpose, such as is not found in the

two older parties, which gives to the movement a dignity and a sanctity in the minds of its supporters. This peculiar element has been so influential that it has drawn into the party many who, although they have felt that many of its principles were wrong, have still had such confidence in its sincerity of purpose and wish to do only what is best, that they have considered these radical principles of its platform defects which will be eliminated in due time. The only justification for the forming of a new party was that the old one had become too corrupt to be reformed. And the one really good thing about the new party is that it has tried to make a fresh start with higher ideals. If, however, the Progressive Party loses these ideals, the wonderful purpose of doing anything and everything that will better the whole American people, it will have lost its chief cause for being and in the end will be of no more use than the other parties. When in its cry of "Progress!" the party forgets the modifying clause, "for the good of the American people", it will have become but an unguided locomotive which, far from subserving a good purpose, has lost the governing brain and become but a menace to the community.

The success of Progressivism as a social movement, and not merely a law-making system, depends entirely on the integrity and continued high purpose of the present leaders and members of the party. It may be useful to the nation and a partial success even if it loses its ideals, but it will not have justified its existence as a third party or fulfilled the expectations of the great majority of its more intelligent advocates. Everyone, therefore, who feels that the Progressive Party deserves encouragement, either because it has the right spirit or the best platform, should see to it that he retains himself the chief asset of the party—its lofty purpose, and a determination to fulfil that ideal.

There is another factor which will determine to a large extent the political future of the Progressive Party: that is the Democratic administration. The Democratic Party under the leadership of Wilson claims for itself the designation "progressive", saying that it is sufficiently progressive to accomplish all the necessary reforms. The Roosevelt party, however, they consider is radical. If, then, the present Wilson administration is satisfactory to the majority of the people, fulfilling the promise of bettering prevailing conditions, the chances are that in 1916 the Presidency will again be in the hands of the Democrats. Were such the case the opportunity of the Progressive Party would be postponed for another four years. But on the other hand, if Wilson fails to fulfil the expectations of the Republicans and independents who supported him in November, they will probably turn to the Progressives in the next Presidential election. Thus it is that the moral success of the Progressive movement depends upon the calibre of its present advocates, its political, on the outcome of the Democratic administration in the next four years.

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With the recurrence of the New Year when everyone seizes the opportunity to form resolutions and try to make a fresh start in life, it is well to pause for a moment to consider what it all means. One day in the three hundred and sixty-five or six has been accepted by the government as the beginning of the new

calendar year. And for that reason the majority of people, with a superstitious faith, set apart that day as the one time when it is well to take stock of oneself and try to do better than in the past. But is there any rhyme or reason in waiting till the first of January to perform this mental housecleaning? Are resolutions formed on this day more easily accomplished? Is not every day in the year the beginning of a new life for us if we chose to make it so? Those who hesitate before doing what they know is right are morally weak. Each day we should search our own lives to find defects, and straightway set about to eradicate them, without waiting in a foolish manner for the beginning of the calendar year.

There is another aspect of New Year resolutions which is worth considering seriously. A great many of us, in a half credulous manner, speak of "turning over a new leaf", or "wiping the slate clean and making a fresh start". Such expressions are nonsense if we mean that in any way it is possible for us to wipe out the past in one sweep of the hand, or leave behind forever what we have done before. It is an impossibility. We can shake off the past of neither the physical nor the mental world, and the sooner we realize it the better it will be for us. We should see that what we do

next year will largely be determined by what we do this year. If we wish to better ourselves in the future we must begin as soon as possible for it takes a long time to make any perceptible change in our characters. And if we cannot do well now it is because we have not prepared ourselves for this change.

Perhaps this will sound very discouraging. You will say that as our past determines our future, there is no incentive to try to improve ourselves. But there you are mistaken. You do not know what your future will be, so it is better that you not give up the fight but fight all the harder, confident that our present does determine to some extent our future and that no past effort is wasted.

Our readers will observe that the Board has appointed six men as reporters to help in the work of getting out the MESSENGER. This is the first of several much needed changes in the constitution of the MESSENGER which the Board will place before Convocation in the near future for consideration. The amendments discussed so far have to do especially with the eligibility and election of new members to the Board. The purpose of the proposed changes is to allow greater scope in the choice of new members so that those who have shown greatest fitness for the work as well as interest in it may, if possible, be elected to fill the Board. In selecting the men for reporters the Board has tried to secure those who have manifested an active interest in the MESSENGER and ability to be of considerable assistance.

The President's Page.

REPORT OF ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE TO THE CONVENTION OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

By the Courtesy of the Convention.

The College opened on Sept. 18th with 75 students. Three have since dropped out, leaving 72, of whom 67 are either Postulants for Holy Orders or hoping to become Postulants. These are from 20 different Dioceses distributed as follows:	Kentucky	1
	Missouri	1
	New Hampshire	4
	Pennsylvania	5
	Washington, D. C.	2
	Central New York	1
	Delaware	1
	Long Island	7
	New Jersey	1
Albany		4
Connecticut		6

New York.....	7
Rhode Island.....	1
Western Michigan.....	1
Chicago.....	2
Harrisburg.....	5
Massachusetts.....	8
Newark.....	6
N. Carolina.....	1
Vermont.....	2

These men have been admitted to the College after careful investigation into their characters and abilities, and on the strong recommendation of either their Bishops or Rectors, or both.

There are also six students who are not studying for the Ministry.

By the generosity of some new friends of the College and of others whose interest has been re-awakened, the sum of \$10,000 has been contributed for a new residence for the President. A compact, good-looking house is now being built on the high ground to the north of the Campus near the Library. It will be much more convenient and less expensive to live in than the palatial mansion in which former Wardens have, with more dignity than comfort, hitherto resided. The scheme is to put some of the Faculty, each of whom is now occupying the room of two students in one of the dormitory buildings, into what is now the President's house. In this way there will be accommodation for several more students. For the present we are crowding three men into some of the rooms which are only intended for two.

The old College Missionary Society, which has a history contemporary with that of the College itself, has recently been revived. Practically all of the members of the College have joined it, and much enthusiasm is being manifested. Some of the men have, for example, commenced a simple little service on Sunday evenings for the College domestic helpers, most of whom are West Indians. They have gathered together some of the children of the countryside and organized them into a Sunday School at St. Peter's Mission two miles away, where they also hold a Sunday evening service with the knowledge and consent of the Rector of the Parish, the Rev. Dr. Cookman. This society has also expressed to the neighboring Rectors its readiness to render them any help within its power.

And so St. Stephen's College goes plodding on, ever hoping that in God's good time the Church will discover and appreciate the value of the work that it is doing. Meanwhile we are persuaded that the work is God's work, "being confident of this very thing that he who hath begun the good work will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) W. C. RODGERS,
President.

The following prayer has been sent to all Alumni and Former Students by the President. If any have not received it, upon application, it will be mailed at once.

A PRAYER FOR ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.

Almighty God, we beseech Thee of Thy Great Mercy to preserve and bless the College of The First Martyr Saint Stephen at Annandale. Grant that this College may be a stronghold of the Catholic Religion and a Bulwark of Thy Holy Church. Preserve the students in the Unity of The Faith and enable them to bring forth the fruits of Righteousness. Guide the authorities so that they may wisely direct the affairs of the College to Thy Honor and Glory. May Pious Benefactors be raised up to assist this* institution by their gifts, so that men may be prepared to go forth throughout all generations to bear the Light of Thy Truth to the World, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

On the Fourth Sunday in Advent the President preached at the

*Or our Alma Mater.

Church of the Transfiguration New York City, at the invitation of the Rector,—the Rev. George C. Houghton, D.D., '67,—before a very large congregation, in behalf of the College.

The Preachers for Lent are not all arranged for, but the following arrangements have been completed: Feb. 6th.—The Rev. C. A. L. Stromborn, Rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Feb. 13th.—The Rev. W. H. Vibbert, D.D., Vicar Emeritus of Trinity Chapel, New York City.

Feb. 30th.—The Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, D.D., '93, Rector Christ Church, Norfolk, Va.

March 6th.—The Rev. Theodore Sedgewick, Rector of Calvary Church, New York City.

The President hopes to give some short addresses relating to the Catholic Church, at the Sunday evening services during Lent.

Res Collegii.

The Concert given by the Glee Club in Madalin on Wednesday, December Fourth, was a partial success financially and a complete success as an effort in providing a delightful entertainment. That the venture did not prove a financial failure was due to the loyal support of the residents of Annandale and the undergraduates not members of the Club. The success as an

entertainment was obtained by the consistent hard work of the members. The singing was not up to the Club's usual high standard, but the two-act farce entitled "The Chaperon" was a decided hit. There was not a dull moment in it. The compiler of the sketch, Mr. J. H. Edwards, is to be complimented for his most successful production. It would be useless to attempt to

praise any one or any few of the actors, for each played his particular part with an ease and proficiency which promises well for the future dramatic efforts of the Glee Club. The members of the cast may justly be proud of their maiden appearance before the footlights, since they were widely praised both in College and in the neighboring towns.

The Initiation Banquet of the New York Sigma Phi Chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity was held in Hoffman Inn, Red Hook, on the evening of December Sixth. Elwyn Henry Spear, '10, acted as toastmaster. Beside the active chapter of twenty-one members, Brothers Hardy, Drumm, Mullen, Martin, and Spear were present. The speeches were a happy mixture of the witty and the serious. The keynote of the evening was the expression of a sincere endeavor to live up to the lofty principles of the fraternity, and in so doing to make St. Stephen's stand for all that is best. The following men responded to toasts:

S. A. E. Bro. Mullen
The Task Ahead . . . Bro. Alexander
St. Stephen's Bro. Martin
The Message of the Newly Born . . .
. Bro. Gresham
Ever a Brother Bro. Staller
Pray for the Best Bro. Macquire
Honor of Fraternity . . Bro. Hardy
Even an S. A. E. . . . Bro. J. Goostray
Nearer, still Nearer . . . Bro. Prime
S. A. E., the Chapter
. Bro. Deckenback

Earlier in the evening, William Arnold Alexander, Meriden, Conn.; Joseph Goostray, Dorchester, Mass.; Geo. Seddon Gresham, Cambridge, Mass.; William Bruce Macquire, Concord, N. H.; Harold Mark Prime, Oak Park, Ill.; Harold Waldo Staller, Mount Carmel, Pa., were initiated into the fraternity.

At evensong on Sunday, December Eighth, the College had the great pleasure of listening to an Advent address by Bishop Burch, who was able to make an unexpected visit to St. Stephen's because of his ministrations at St. John's, Barrytown, on the same day.

Nine new men were "Kapped" on Thursday evening December Twelfth: Dumbell, Gerould, Heal, Kearn, Kitts, Morse, Severe, Taber, and E. Whitcomb. The Initiation was followed by a K. G. X. banquet at Hoffman Inn, Red Hook.

On December the Thirteenth Glaeser, '14, visited Rhea, '12, at Berkeley Divinity School, where he also saw Jepson, '10, and Fairman, a former student.

The Faculty and a few friends were entertained at a card party by Professor and Mrs. Upton on Friday December Thirteenth.

Richards, Glaeser, Edwards, Nicholls, Rose, and Rhea, '12, formed the St. Stephen's delegation at the Christmas Dance of St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn., on Saturday, December the Fourteenth.

From all reports they evidently made a hit with the cheer which they gave for the St. Margaret's girls at their departure.

The Dragon Club has decided to

present Sheridan's "The Rivals" at Commencement this year. The cast has been selected and work was begun on the play immediately after the Christmas recess.

Under the Lyre Tree.

Woman is a creature of mood;
generally the imperative mood.

IN THE "LAB."

How's your South Carolina Rock?
What? Oh! Appetite? Poor as ever.
(If you don't understand the joke,
apply to one of the Chemistry
sharks.)

With the prevailing feminine
shape the chances of the fat woman
are mighty slim.

A pretty girl,
A glorious whirl,
(A cross twixt walk and prance)
A winning smile,
A cunning wile,
This constitutes a dance.
(O you Freshman Ball!)

The Connecticut police are very
much on the alert, judging from the
fact that three of our men came back
from Waterbury wearing "bracelets."

Queer thing about a cold in the
head. It usually has to run its
course, but not until you catch it.

AT THE FACULTY TABLE.

1st Prof: I haven't been up in
"Nigger Heaven" for a long time.
2d Prof: Let's get up a slumming
party and make a visit.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

By empirical tests during the
Christmas vacation Leonhard has
arrived at the following truth:
Beauty is only skin deep. Kissing
in the dark demonstrates that a
homely girl tastes just as good as a
pretty one.

Popularity consists of giving the
minimum of advice and maximum
of applause. (Take heed, ye stu-
dents who like to give another fellow
advice when he is working.)

AN ECHO OF LAST NOV.

Think of a man without a coat
Puffing around like a ferry-boat
Making speeches in dark and day,
Banging tables in such a way,
Kissing babies and shaking hands,
Paying canvassers, cabs, and bands,
That's a picture serene, sublime,
A politician—election time.

IN THE LIBRARY.

Senior student to the Librarian:
Can you tell me where to find a copy
of Chaucer's "Pilgrim's Bunions."

First Year Student to the Librarian:
I would like to have a copy of
Kingsley's "Hypatica".

The Senior Class seems to suffer
from the comparison. What do you
think?

She: My hands are cold.
He: You should have brought a
muff.
She: I did.—*Ex.*

Sufficient unto the hour is the ex-
amination thereof.—*Ex.*

Professor: You say you are en-
gaged in original research. Upon
what subject?

Sophomore: I'm trying to dis-
cover why the ink won't flow from
my fountain-pen, unless I place it in
an upright position in the pocket of a
light fancy vest.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT OF
CHRISTMAS.
THEORY.

Hear the chiming of the bells—
Christmas bells—

What a world of happy thoughts
their mellow tone compels!
In the crisp, cold air of night,
While the stars o'erhead shine
bright,
People hurry with delight
To their homes.

Thinking each one of the dawn,
Of the blessed Christmas dawn,
When the present each is bearing
Underneath a warm-clad arm
Will bring cries of pure delight
From a loved-one safe from harm,
And they'll feel like bloomin' kings
Upon their thrones.

FACT.

Hear those cussed Christmas bells!
What a joke
To the poor, forsaken devil who is
down and out, and BROKE!
Through the haunted ghastly night
How they clang out their affright
To the Hoffmanite, whose name's
Best left unsaid!
Who sits thinking, sadly thinking
Of to-morrow's awful dawn,
While his ship is slowly sinking,
How his overcoat's in pawn,
And his dress-suit's gone to Kingston
For some waiter to adorn,
And his bill at Sandy's store
Is still unpaid.

J. H. E.



Alumni and Former Students' Notes.

In Memoriam.

'71—The Reverend Gilbert Henry Sterling, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, Pa., on Friday morning, November eighth at three o'clock, died after several weeks' illness, in the Rectory of the church. Gilbert Henry Sterling was born on the fourth of May, 1850, in Philadelphia. He was educated at St. Stephen's, Annandale, N.Y., and graduated with high honors in 1871. He finished his preparation for the priesthood at the General Theological Seminary. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his Alma Mater in 1896. Dr. Sterling became assistant at St. Matthew's Church, Jersey City, in 1875. He was assistant at St. John's Free Church, Jersey City Heights, 1877-1888; of St. Mark's Church, Jersey City, 1888; of St. James' Church, Brooklyn, 1888 to 1892. In addition, Dr. Sterling held for twenty years the Head-mastership of the Parish School of Trinity Church, New York, bringing it to a high state of efficiency. In July, 1892, Dr. Sterling became Rector of the Parish of the Nativity, succeeding the Right Reverend C. K. Nelson, D.D., the present Bishop of Atlanta. During the twenty years of Dr. Sterling's Rectorate, the Parish equipment has been materially increased.

Dr. Sterling was admitted to the diaconate in 1876, by Bishop Pierce

and was advanced to the priesthood in 1888, by Bishop Starkey. On January first, 1872, he was united in marriage to Elizabeth von Rapp. He leaves a widow and a son, Frederick Arthur. The funeral took place at the Church of the Nativity on Monday November 11, at 11:30 A.M. Between the hours of nine and eleven an opportunity was afforded the Parish and the community to pay their respects. Interment was made in Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia. *Ex.*

With great sorrow we learn of the death of the Reverend Dr. Sterling, and we extend our heartfelt sympathies to his loved ones in their bereavement. Constant application to the Redeemer's work has brought forth praises from friends far and near, and his Alma Mater is justly proud of him. Of one more the College can truly say "*Dabo tibi coronam vitae.*"

'77—The Reverend William Ernest Allen, Jr., of Hague, Va., has been appointed by Bishop Talbot as priest-in-charge of St. Paul's Church, Peckville, and of St. John's Church, Scranton, Pa.

The Reverend Arthur T. Randall, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Meriden, Conn., has been obliged to go to a sanitarium. During his absence the Rev. John F. Nicholls of Portland will act as Rector.

'98—Mr. Watson Selvage, M.A., Professor of Ethics and Apologetics in the University of the South, has been elected President of the Tennessee Academy of Science. The Academy, like those of other states is composed of the chief scientists of the state. We congratulate Mr. Selvage on the honor that has been done him.

'09—The Reverend Edward S. Hale, curate at the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C., has accepted a call to become Rector of St. David's Church, Manayunk, Phila. He will take up his duties as Rector on December 24, 1912. His Alma Mater extends her best wishes to Mr. Hale.

'09—The Reverend Stephen Gardner, deacon, has been assigned

to duty in Christ Church, Rushville, Ill., assisting the general missionary of the diocese of Quincy.

Dr. Charles Fiske, Rector of St. Michael's and All Angels' Church, Baltimore, has declined the call to St. Mark's Church, Evanston, Ill., and there is rejoicing in Baltimore. Press and people united in urging Dr. Fiske to remain, and protested so strongly, that his letter of acceptance, already written, was withdrawn.

The Rev. Isaac Frederick Jones of Georgetown, Pa., diocese of Pittsburgh, and Miss Mary Adelaide Gibson, late of Dover, England, were married on Tuesday, November 19, 1912, by the Rev. Bruce V. Reddish at Trinity Church, New York City.

Exchanges.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

The Campus.

The Echo.

The Hobart Herald.

The Chronicle.

The Magpie.

The Alfred University Monthly.

The Williams Literary Monthly.

The Thanksgiving number of *The Magpie* was very good; quite "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

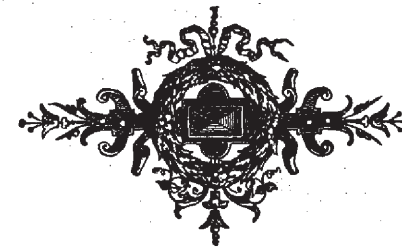
"The Chapel on the Hill" in the *Williams Lit.* is an unusual story.

It has the charming characteristic of meaning more than it seems, and by a clever analysis of the situation, conveying a message without moralizing.

The exchange column of the *Echo* is well edited. It is rather amusing to see exemplified twice in the same way in one magazine the old rhetorical principle that about that which you know the most you can write the best. For in two cases in the December issue very interesting articles were written about the difficulties of writing for the *Echo*.

We have read with considerable interest our exchanges' comments on the MESSENGER. We realize as fully as they that there is not sufficient variety in the material and that it is often of purely local interest. But that they may not think that it is because we would not have it otherwise, we would explain that none of the issues this year have been satisfactory to us. The usual difficulties attending a college publication have been ours this fall. It has not always been possible for us to get what material we wanted at the right time. although there are

many who have really tried hard to help us. When, however, the Board gets out an issue which in every respect comes up to its ideal of a college paper, it will be time for our critics to comment on our standard. Until then let them content themselves with telling us how poorly we write or what foolish mistakes we make. As for the paper being very local in its interest, it must necessarily be so; for as it is the only publication of the students, it is forced to devote much space to what is of interest to only the undergraduates or the Alumni.



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