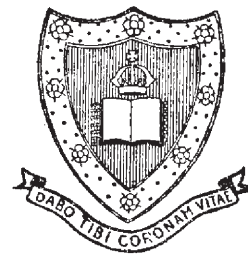


MESSENGER

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The Messenger



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"Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow;
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year."

—Havergal.

1914

"Animo et Fide"

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

MAY Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen be a year crowned by the labor of Loyalty and Love. May every human soul feel inspired within and inspiring without that new bond of helping affection which will prove a worthy, nay, the worthiest product of human creation. May December see the man of to-day brought as much nearer the goal of our ideal as Science and Philosophy and Religion, as Life itself, will allow. May the constant practice of Loyalty and Love mean the constant improvement of you and me and all mankind and may the symbols "1914" always suggest to us, to leader and follower, to happy and sad, the thought that existence, even, is a joy of joys, for to live can be to love and to love is to ennoble and serve humanity. May "Everyman" be truer and purer and stronger and braver, but, above all, may "Everyman" be a Friend, for as Ruskin says, "Friendship is the nearest thing we know to Religion. God is Love and to make Religion akin to Friendship is simply to give it the highest expression conceivable by Man."

As St. Stephen's College pursues its work this year, may every blessing attend our Alma Mater. May Faculty, Students, and Alumni realize more than ever before their duty to their fellow-men. May the love of old St. Stephen's be to us all an inspiration to greater activity and usefulness. May our service to our College and the service of our College to mankind be such that deep in the hearts of all who know her will resound, sincere and true, "Hail St. Stephen's."

THE PASSING OF FATHER TIME

In a mystic region far remote
 From any world's as yet conceived by man,
 Cut off by space from sight and sound of earth,
 There sits alone a figure wonderful.
 His head no cover knows except a few
 Stray wisps and locks of frosted hoary hair,
 And slowly nods with age, as sunk it lies
 Half on his breast, half in one wrinkled hand.
 His garb is tattered, worn thin, and gray,
 But still its folds are graceful, and, as bold
 As might those be of shining royal robes;
 Upon his feet, held fast by rotting thongs
 A pair of ragged sandals—
 A beard untrimmed, unfettered, ripples down
 Upon the shrunken breast. Beside the sage
 There lies a rusted scythe, its handle scored
 By cracks of age and wood-destroying worm,
 And countless scars upon the dulléd blade
 Attest to vigorous usage in the past;
 Upon the other side an hour-glass,
 Gigantic, filled with trickling whitened sand,
 Bears witness that but little time is left
 Before another year will be complete.
 Although the end is near and age has dimmed
 The sight of once-bright eyes and once-keen ears,
 Still, in a way that we cannot describe,
 This grim old guardian does not yet relax
 His dumb attention to his 'lotted task.
 His face, although but faintly to be sure,
 Reflects his knowledge of the passing haps
 And mishaps taking place upon the earth;
 He too can feel our pain and know our joy,
 But in far greater measure, for to him
 All feelings of all men are but as one.
 Thus time goes on and in the hour-glass
 The trickling silv'ry sand is almost gone.

From far thro' endless space, there comes at last
 A murmur as of many tolling bells,
 And at the sound the sage's head is raised,
 With weary eyes he glances toward the glass—

The trickling sand is still; his work is done.
 And as he reaches down with trembling hand
 To gather up his useless glass and scythe,
 Another figure suddenly appears;
 Upon his baby brow the golden curls
 Shine in new-found glory—his, the world.
 The sage, struck blind by unaccustomed light,
 Arises feebly, tottering alone
 Out into space; the New Year now is born.

THE HELDERBERG WAR

IN MATTERS historical, it is my misfortune that I cannot be interested especially in history as a whole, in its great movements and tendencies, but in the minor events which are hardly noted in the text-books; I am rather interested in the individual man and his reasons than in the race of men and its tendencies, and in the little plans and movements that promised much but failed, rather than in the successful schemes which make up a part of a nation's progress. I am attracted by the disconnected anecdote more than by the orderly development of historical tendencies.

None of us at Annandale can fail to be interested in the old patroon system of land tenure which prevailed in Eastern New York under the Dutch Governors and until the Revolution, which resembled so closely the feudal system of the Middle Ages. The effects of this system are still woefully apparent in certain parts of the Hudson Valley, chiefly shown in a lack of moral responsibility in certain classes of society. I should like to show you the effect of this system in another region and under slightly different conditions.

In most text-books of United States history, a single brief paragraph tells of a small political party, called the "Anti-Renters," who for a few years in the middle of the last century, had considerable influence in a limited section of New York State. But, to me, it is not the party which is of interest (the matter became political only because certain candidates saw an opportunity to gain votes by showing sympathy with land-holders who sought to escape oppression); it is the little story of the cause of the anti-rent struggle and the trouble and sorrow which it caused to those most active in it.

Under the Dutch Governors, wealthy Patroons were given grants of land on the condition that they would settle these tracts with a certain number of colonists; and they did this, taking from Europe whole shiploads of sturdy colonists of all trades whom they settled in the new home and made of each estate a little realm, subject to the Patroon, the lord of the

manor, and, through the provincial governor, subject to the Home Government. Each citizen of this little realm owed the Patroon certain duties, exactly as the serf under feudal rule had owed his fealty to his lord.

Under the Dutch Governors and the English rule, these estates descended by inheritance from the father to his eldest son, but with the Republic, a new law came into force, that the estate should be divided equally among the sons of the old Patroon.

In that part of New York State which we call now Albany and Rensselaer Counties, this simple change of law, with the attempt of the land-owner to fulfill its letter without its spirit, brought about a controversy which "in its day, in this locality, was hardly excelled by that of anti-slavery in intensity of interest."

The last of the Patroons of the manor of Rensselaerwyck, comprising the present counties of Albany and Rensselaer, was Stephen Van Rensselaer III, who succeeded to the estate in 1769, when he was only five years old; he lived until 1839, and saw the change of the system with the change of government. He desired that, so far as possible, his vast estates might be inherited by his eldest son, Stephen, and with the advice of his attorney, Alexander Hamilton, he offered for sale certain parcels of land to be held in fee, on condition of the payment of a yearly rent of wheat, fowls and day's labour; also he reserved to himself and his heirs the natural resources such as mines and minerals, water-power and the like; and, lastly, provided that if any such land should be sold later, one-fourth the price of such sale should revert to the estate. To us, now-a-days, such conditions seem a trifle ridiculous, and, I think, no one would care to buy land for which he was obliged to pay rent, and which he could not sell without giving up a large percentage of the price to the former owner. By the terms of the last condition alone, if a farm changed hands four times after the original sale, the Van Rensselaers received again the amount of the first sale, and if any of the owners had made improvements which raised the price, the Van Rensselaer estate received a quarter of the benefit. Nevertheless, many farmers took advantage of the opportunity to own the land, even under such conditions, and as the "Old Patroon" was a generous and obliging old gentleman, there was no trouble during his lifetime. But after his death in 1839, when his sons, Stephen and William, came to control affairs, it was not long before the farmers commenced to feel the weight of the unfair conditions. The "Old Patroon" had not been extremely careful about the collection of his rents which in some cases had fallen into many years' arrears, and now came the agents demanding payment of rents of which non-collection had made the farmer careless. They protested, and the agents insisted; and from this arose much bitter feeling, and then abuse and meetings of indignant land-owners. The agents were misused, man-

handled, and driven forcibly away. They complained to their employers, and the employers asked help of the county sheriff.

Early in December, 1839, not a year after the death of the "Old Patroon," Sheriff Archer set out from Albany, with a posse of six hundred citizens, for Reidsville, a hamlet in the Helderbergs, understood to be a hotbed of rebellion. A few miles from the village, the sheriff selected seventy-five of his best men and advanced at the head of this picked force. But before he could reach the village, he met a band of fifteen hundred armed and mounted anti-renters in the highway. After an embarrassing moment of hesitation, the leader of the anti-renters bade the sheriff return, and he, making a virtue of necessity, obeyed.

But Governor Seward, when he heard the sheriff's account of the armed force opposing him, felt justified in calling out the militia and, six days later, December ninth, eight companies of military men marched toward Reidsville, led by the sheriff and Major Bloodgood. They marched unresisted, "with colors flying, drums beating, cannon rumbling, and bayonets gleaming in the sun." They marched to Reidsville, and, meeting with no opposition, camped for a week, and marched in bands about the surrounding country, nowhere meeting resistance. Then a tremendous rain-storm came up and drove them bedraggled back to the city.

In this particular incident we cannot but be amused at the thought of armed bands of men wandering unresisted over the rough roads and through the rocky fields of these peaceful upland farms until the weather drove them back to shelter, but to the farmers it was gall and wormwood. When the force had returned and the agents tried again to collect rents they were even worse treated than before by the insulted farmers; they were beaten, driven away with scythes and pitch-forks, and narrowly escaped tar and feathers.

And now comes the pitiful chapter of this little story; when Stephen Van Rensselaer began to have trouble with his tenants he solved the difficulty for himself, at least, by selling his conditional titles to the land to speculators, the chief of whom was a Mr. Church, who bought up the Van Rensselaer rights to a number of farms in Albany and Rensselaer Counties, and he oppressed the tenants even more severely than Van Rensselaer had, demanding not only the current rents, but also uncollected money long owed the Van Rensselaer estate, sums, in some cases exceeding the value of the farms. Of course, many farmers were unable immediately to pay the sums demanded; then Mr. Church commenced suit for dispossession and pushed his claims pitilessly in the courts. The land laws of the country were, even sixty years after the Revolution, in a rather uncertain state and the courts upheld Mr. Church. Ejections came which were almost barbarous in their cruelty. Peter Ball, who had lived for years on

the finest farm in the Helderbergs, was thrust with his family out of his house, on a winter's day in a severe snow-storm. Great tracts of land were seized and the former owners dispossessed. The inhabitants were turned off from the farms which they and their fathers had more than doubled in value, and the profit of the whole transaction was with the speculator.

As I have said, this movement produced a small political party which elected some men to the Legislature, but which never gained great power, for, while the principle involved may be universal, the interest was, after all, purely local. Its effects were rather economic than political. They can be seen today in the undeveloped and abandoned farms and unused natural resources, in the lack of initiative in business and education throughout the Helderberg region.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MOTHER GOOSE.

AGES and ages ago, arose a singular spirit whom, whether mythic or real, we call Mother Goose. This spirit of spirits, so dear to the childish heart, forms a part of the Christmas atmosphere, and a book of her Fragments is always found at least once on every Christmas tree. She bears an overflowing glass bubbling with nonsense, seeming nonsense at all events until we have blown away the foaming froth. Then, deep in its effervescent glory we discover the wisdom of Minerva and the sagacity of the Oracle.

When this familiar spirit came, the world was but an infant willing and eager to give ear to her soothing song and rhyme. However, since reaching its majority, the world will listen to nothing but Wordsworths, Shakespeares, Byrons and Longfellows, relegating the while our dear old Mother Goose to the nursery. In this new realm she indeed reigns supreme, allowing the children to toss her utterances about like balls, balls enfolding secretly enclosed shining jewels of philosophy,—a philosophy that a Thales or an Anaximander might well be proud of. In these lightly treated utterances are to be found bits of unalloyed truth, in forms, to be sure, disjointed, whimsical and rude, but still present and to be uncovered if we only take the trouble to search. Let us examine the following and see what we can discover of worth.

“Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.”

Scores and scores of schemes fall down, are broken and shattered beyond repair. Fortunate it is indeed that such is the state of affairs, for if all eggs reached the chicken stage where would we humans find a place to exist? Truly, to Mother Goose should the theory of Natural Selection or The Survival of the Fittest, be attributed, and not to Darwin, for has she not in these few lines told us that it is out of the question for *all* of us to attain to our hopes? Has she not shown that some must have a great fall and that only the best remain securely seated upon the wall? Only the best can succeed, for some must be subservient and stand by the ropes. Everyone's dreams cannot come true; only the best and fittest can survive. Failure is an ingredient of the Divine plan; those who can't, must step out in favor of those who can; and as this elimination proceeds, each tumbles and “has a great fall” into his suitable place.

Again, may we not say that,—

“Solomon Grundy
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Sick on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Dead on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
This was the end
Of Solomon Grundy.”

presents the epitome of life? Has not Shakespere stolen his text from Mother Goose when he speaks of the “Seven Ages of Man”?

“Going to Dover” has been handed down to us through the generations to illustrate the sterling qualities of Patience. Suppose we look at it for a moment.

“Leg over leg
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.”

As we may see the little dog trotting along the roadway with his nose close to the ground and his tongue hanging out, quietly forging ahead, mile upon mile, and drawing himself together for a bound at every stile in his path. till finally, tired out, he reaches Dover; just so may we see human endeavour and progress win the day. We may seem to repeat the same steps day after day, the dull routine being broken only now and then when sudden ideas stimulate an extra amount of effort and cause us to jump over a stile. The scientist may struggle on unnoticed in his laboratory to unveil some

hidden law of nature, until a sudden inspiration crowns all of his efforts with glory and marks a leaping place in the lengthy road of invention. No century, no nation, no individual, achieves success or reaches a goal by leaps and bounds. Hopes and dreams are realized only by the patient steady pace of those endowed with "stick-to-it-iveness."

And so I might go on indefinitely, quoting from this world-wise philosopher. "Verbum sapienti sat," but if further gain be sought, like specimens of gold, the mine still holds abundance more. Just pick up your mental prospecting tools and set to work apickin' and adiggin'.

"One parting word, and I am gone:
If I've prevailed to make you see
These things as they appear to me,
Then have I proved my Goose a Swan;
And I, descended of her line,
And bearing yet the ancient name,
May, for this ancestress of mine,
Claim place upon the page of fame;—
That not a bard of Saxon tongue
More true to nature ever sung;
More surely soothed, more deeply taught,
Or passing fact more keenly caught;
And that—exalted side by side
With him of Avon, in the pride
And love of millions—we should lay
The tribute at her feet to-day
That owns her, in this latter age,
Goose, truly,—but, in savor, Sage!"

Edwin William Ely, '14.

COMMENTARIII OBSERVATORIS

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.

* * * * *

WHEN you read these words, the New Year's bells will long since have lapsed into their year of silence; nineteen hundred and fourteen will be several weeks old. But as I sit in my "Sanctum," writing this in my note-book, even now those wild bells immortalized by Tennyson are pealing through the crisp midnight air, proclaiming the death of the old and the birth of the new. A Happy New Year to you all!

My New Year message to you is simple. It is merely this: "Look up and love and laugh and lift!" The words are not my own; they are taken from the splendid lines penned by Howard Arnold Walter. Probably some of you, perhaps all of you, are familiar with those virile verses. But since they so readily bear repetition, I commend them to you as worthy of the most serious thought at the beginning of this New Year.

I would be true for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure for there are those who care,
I would be strong for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave for there is much to dare,
I would be a friend to all the poor and friendless,
I would be giver and forget the gift,
I would be humble for I know my weakness,
I would look up and love and laugh and lift.

* * * * *

"The Inside of the Cup."—"The most profoundly interesting novel of the times," "A notable book which is the product of an epoch,"—such and many more of a like nature are the comments made about this book which has created such a disturbance in certain circles. In unqualified terms some have praised it; in a like unqualified manner others have condemned it. Viewing it impartially we must both praise and condemn.

The book, broadly speaking, seems to have three lessons for three classes. These classes are the people of the world at large, Christians in general, and the members of a certain Christian organization. To the largest class he gives the largest lesson: that the movements of these modern times are "not merely moral, but religious. Religion, as yet unidentified, is the force behind these portentous things of politics in our country from sea to sea." To the second class he gives the particular lesson of his book: that certain professing Christians are not real Christians at all; they are merely using the Church as a cloak to protect themselves from the present economic evils for which they are responsible. To the third class he gives an individual interpretation of the creeds and theology of their Church.

Our criticism of the first two lessons must be favorable. The purpose is a noble one. And no one could be better fitted than Mr. Churchill to reveal such lessons; for he is one of the few men who thoroughly understand that religion to be sincere must be the dominating motive of one's

life. His candidacy for the governorship of his state, his literary productions, his membership in directly religious conventions have been to Mr. Churchill works equally religious.

But in regard to his third lesson our criticism must be unfavorable. In the first place, the expression of such individual views has no vital connection with the principal purpose of the book. In the second place, Mr. Churchill, although he is entitled to hold such opinions, is not entitled to fling those opinions far and wide in a work so popularly read as one of his novels. His theories, as he himself says, are incomplete and not fully worked out. "No one realizes, perhaps, the incompleteness of the religious interpretations here presented more keenly than I." Let Mr. Churchill but turn to the pages of his friend Professor Perry, and he will find abundant reasons for not popularly publishing incomplete theories. This, we think, is the pathetic weakness of a book otherwise strong, inspiring, and noble.

* * * * *

Rotten! It isn't a pleasant word, is it? But it certainly is expressive. It is also a word which we must face squarely at this present day. It describes most accurately certain aspects of our current drama and literature. "The Lure," "The Fight," "The White Slave Traffic"—are but a few of the well-known titles representative of the class of unwholesome sex plays all too prevalent on our stage. But this over emphasis of sex difference is not confined to the drama alone. It is equally rampant in fiction, in the periodical and the novel.

And why? Because it *pays*! It isn't rampant because men are seeking art for art's sake, or because they are trying to face bitter facts, or for any other high reason. No! It is rampant simply because the manager has an eye to his box-office receipts, and the publisher a high regard for his profits. They are both exploiting the passions for business purposes. They have discovered that there is a class in the community which is attracted by indecency so long as the gratification of that taste does not endanger their social standing as respectable people. The publishers and the managers are bidding for the support of that class. And in this bidding they have tried to outstrip one another in their presentation of the vulgar.

There is but one remedy for this public disease. It must be treated and eliminated by public opinion and action. Public opinion must be roused to the danger of the situation. The consciousness of the danger must be followed by individual action: the refusal to patronize unwholesome plays and the withdrawal of names from the subscription lists of obscene journals. The tide has already begun to turn. The public, and even some of our magazine publishers, are awakening to their responsibility. May this welcome change continue in rapidity and in certainty! Are you helping?

* * * * *

Observer.

President's Notes.

Dr. Rodgers and Professor Phoenix had the privilege of representing the College at the Inauguration of Dr. John Huston Finley as President of the University of The State of New York and Commissioner of Education, Friday Jan. 2nd. The ceremonies and exercises were held in the wonderfully beautiful Auditorium of the New York State Education Building at Albany. This new building is a very impressive marble structure of Classic architecture, extending the whole length of Washington Avenue from Hawk Street to Swan Street, with a great wing reaching back to Elk Street. This has had the effect of completely over-topping the beautiful Cathedral of All Saints and hiding it from the general view. However let us console ourselves with the thought that while modern education has at times seemed to overshadow Religion and to try to get along without it, yet here in Albany the State Education Department has gone as close to the Church as it could get, and the two, let us hope, will henceforth ever be inseparable.

The exercises were as follows:—

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

The Inauguration of

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY

as President of the University and

Commissioner of Education

Friday, January 2, 1914

Auditorium of
State Education Building

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES

Ten a. m.

Informal gathering in Library reading room (228) for registration and greetings

Two p m.

Invocation by the Right Reverend Richard H. Nelson

Bishop of Albany

Opening address by the Honorable St Clair McKelway

Chancellor of the University

Address in behalf of universities and colleges, Nicholas Murray Butler

President, Columbia University

Address in behalf of secondary schools, Frank H. Fosdick

Principal, Masten Park High School, Buffalo

Address in behalf of elementary schools, A. R. Brubacher
Superintendent of Schools, Schenectady
 Address in behalf of educational departments of other states, the Hon-
 orable Calvin N. Kendall
Commissioner of Education of New Jersey
 Address in behalf of the citizens of the State, William Church Osborn
 Inaugural address by John Huston Finley

President of the University

Greetings from delegates

Benediction by the Right Reverend T. M. A. Burke

Bishop of the Diocese of Albany

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES

Seven-thirty p. m.

The Chancellor of the University, presiding

Address by the Honorable Martin H. Glynn

Governor of the State of New York

Address by the Honorable Franklin K. Lane *Secretary of the Interior*

Address by Charles William Eliot

President Emeritus, Harvard University

Address by His Excellency, Jean J. Jusserand

Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from France

Reception

Following the exercises a reception will be held in the rotunda
 of the Education Building

On Saturday the 3rd, Dr. Rodgers attended a meeting of the Associa-
 ted Schools and Colleges of the State of New York, when the new State
 Scholarship Law was the subject of discussion.

The following are the arrangements for Special Preachers until Com-
 mencement:

LENT

Thursday Feb. 26. Rev. Professor F. B. Blodgett, G. T. S.
 " March 5. Rev. Dr. C. F. J. Wrigley, Rector of Grace Church,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 " " 12. Rev. E. A. Lyon, Rector of Christ Church, Hudson,
 N. Y.
 Wednesday " 18. Rev. C. L. Gomph, Rector of Grace Church, Newark,
 N. J.
 Thursday " 26. Rev. Dr. F. B. Van Kleeck, Rector of Grace
 Church, White Plains, N. Y.
 " April 2nd. Rev. Dr. F. B. Reazer ('79), Rector of St. Mark's
 Church, Orange, N. J.

SUNDAY PREACHERS.

Jan 18 Rev. Professor S. Dickinson Miller, D. Sc., G. T. S.
 Feb. 22 Rev. Dr. C. M. Niles, Atlantic City, N. J.
 March 8 Rev. Dr. L. T. Cole, Rector Trinity School, New York City.
 April 26 Rev. Harvey Officer, O. H. C.
 May 3 Rev. Phillip W. Mosher, M. A. ('84), Niagara Falls, N. Y.

COMMENCEMENT

June 7th—Morning—(not filled)

" " Afternoon, Baccalaureate

Rev. Milo H. Gates, D. D.

*Vicar of the Chapel of The Intercession
 New York City*

June 9th—"Missionary" Sermon

Right Rev. Alfred Harding, D. D.

Bishop of Washington.

President Rodgers in extending the congratulations of the "baby"
 college of the State to Commissioner Finley, expressed the wish that on one
 of his long tramps, the Commissioner would visit Annandale and the Col-
 lege. He also notified President Finley that he and his work were being
 remembered by prayers in the College Chapel.

The following is Dr. Finley's reply:—

January 6, 1914.

President William C. Rodgers,
 St. Stephen's College,
 Annandale, N. Y.

My dear President Rodgers:

Before I send your letter on to its custodian here, I must thank you for the cordial-
 ity of the greeting which comes from the youngest college in our University. It was a
 pleasure and an honor to have you here, but the pleasure is heightened in having this
 delightful word for our archives.

I shall be helped by the knowledge that prayers are made in your chapel for the
 granting of strength to me according to my need.

Sincerely yours,
John H. Finley.

Editor:

CHARLES ELDREDGE McALLISTER, '14.

Managing Editor:

CHARLES STEEL ARMSTRONG, '14.

Literary Editor:

CHARLES GREGORY PROUT, '14.

Alumni Editor:

CHARLES W. VICTOR RICHARDS, '14.

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JAMES H. EDWARDS, '15.

GARDNER P. COFFIN, '16.

Business Manager:

CLAUD HUMPHREYS, '15.

Assistants:

DAVID R. JOHNS, '15.

S. WHITNEY HALE, '15.

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"From the wreck of the past, which hath perished, Thus much I at least may recall, It hath taught me that which I most cherish'd Deserved to be dearest of all."

—Poe.

Edgar Allan Poe once wrote a paper, which he entitled "Ligeia" and in which he described and an-

alyzed a woman, a creature of his imagination. With the wondrous touch of genius, he enumerates detail after detail until we gradually find our way from the marble-like figure of unequaled beauty; a spirit-lifting vision of wild divineness, skin of ivory, "hyacinthine" tresses, "harmoniously curved nostrils," a mouth, heavenly, teeth of brilliancy, eyes with marvelous "strangeness" of expression, to the full bloomed, living, rose, representing the full-fired heat of his vivid imagination.

First we have uttered forth a description of perfection of form, of magnificence of technique and we feel that subdued, reverent emotion which possesses one in the presence of pure art. Here we feel that goodness which tells us of the truly worthy.

And then, a flash, and we are in the presence of Life, Life, itself, and Ligeia is the warm, breathing being. The lip is "voluptuous," the dimples "sport," the eyes are "expressive." Outwardly calm, Ligeia was rocked by the whirls of tumultuous passion. Her fierce spirit writhed, yet the words of her voice were likened to an immortal melody of angelic sweetness.

Gradually Ligeia waned and harder grew the conflict for the desire to live was her highest passion. She dwelt on the all-power of the Will of Man and when her last grip-

ping moments were come, the last words whispered into her ear were

"Lo! 'tis a gala night

Within the lonesome latter years! An angel throng, bewinged, bedight

In veils and drowned in tears, Sit in a theatre, to see

A play of hopes and fears, While the orchestra breathes fitfully

The music of the Spheres."

And then that "play of hopes and fears" is worthily described for God and Man and Woe and Sin combine to do their worst.

All the black darkness of Poe's creative genius is huddled in a few brief lines and we view the absorbing horror of Life in all its brevity. And then comes the last stanza,

"Out-out are the lights—out all!

And over each quivering form, The curtain, a funeral pall,

Comes down with the rush of a storm—

And the angels, all pallid and wan, Uprising, unveiling, affirm

That the play is the tragedy, 'Man' And its hero, the conqueror

Worm."

Thus Ligeia died amid darkest desolation of a barren lack of Hope. Blackness enveloped all things. Even the angels were "pallid and wan" and over all was the chilling cloth of the "funeral pall." Bowed and laden with sorrow, the intellect labors on and Edgar Allen Poe, the unfortunate, ekes out his living of darkened despair.

I pray that Poe, with the privilege of genius, did not believe in fact all that he wrote. That any human soul could live, rather exist among the charred embers of such meditation is deeply awful.

And now, what is the message to us as we eagerly press our way down the channel of the New Year? Are we to gasp fascinated by the pessimistic mystery of Poe's reflections and finally lose ourselves in its yawning horror or are we to derive from it a driving, goading stimulus to greater activity and greater usefulness? It is for you to answer.

Are Poe's words a desperate challenge which calls forth to battle for the sake of the victim "Man" and the cause of "Man's" Father, God? To me, they are for they inspire a feeling of thankfulness that I have been endowed with that feeling of trust in "Man" and in God that holds me safe and inspires me on, not only to alleviate unhappy misery but to further in my little way, the cause of humanity fostered by the providence of Divinity.

Let me conclude with those powerful words of Phillips Brooks that will never lose their vigor,

"Be the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect as it is, can make you be. Live up to your present growth, your present faith. So, and so only, do you take the next straight step forward, as you stand strong where you are now; so only can you think that the curtain will be drawn

back and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond."

How wonderful! You have sometimes, perhaps often, heard this exclamation uttered with intense feeling. But have you ever stopped to examine this spirit of wonder and to inquire whether or not you still possess it? It is this attitude of reverent wonder which has enabled and still enables man to appreciate the intellect and power of the Ruler of the Universe. It is by such wonder that the spirit of man is humbled before the marvelous works of the Creator around him and above him. But this faculty of wondering becomes dulled with familiarity. It is the old case of "Familiarity breeds contempt." Men used to wonder at the steamboat, the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone, the trolley car, the wireless, the aeroplane and the many other marvelous inventions. But they have

ceased to wonder. This loss of the inclination, the desire, and the power to wonder is a bad sign; for when men cease to wonder they have begun to turn from the spiritual and the other things in the world that really count. Let us never cease to say of the marvels of the world, "How wonderful!" Let us ever keep alive and fresh within our hearts the childish spirit of wonder. It is one of the things really worth while.

The period of demagogic agitations and thunderbolts from the critic's seat is now well upon us. Plenty of fresh air and long walks, and less tobacco and fire-side smokes are good cures for the annual unrest. Blow off your surplus steam in the great outdoors where it will have plenty of space for evaporating, and not in your room where it will stifle you into a lethargic state of despondency.

Res Collegii.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' NOTES,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

—Burns.

The special preachers during Advent this year were: the Rev. George R. Van der Water, D. D. Rector of St. Andrew's, Harlem, New York City, who preached after Evensong on December 10th, and the Rev. John R. Harding, D. D. of New York, the Secretary of the Second Missionary Department, who made an address on December 18th.

The College clergy, acolytes, and organists were delightfully entertained by Professor Phoenix in his rooms on Monday evening, December eighth. After a bountiful spread the affair resolved itself into the inevitable "smoker," enlivened with informal contributions of stunt and story by those gifted with powers of entertainment. Tuesday's as-

signments dismissed the gathering at a reasonable hour.

Saturday, December the sixth, Dr. and Mrs. Upton entertained at an informal card party. The guests included Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Brigham and the Faculty. The Reverend President, Dr. Rodgers was not able to be present.

Thursday evening, December the fourth, found several members of the Faculty in the room of one of their number. The occasion was a very informal card party, given by Coach Whitten to several of his colleagues. His guests were Dr. Robb, Rev. A. D. Phoenix and Dr. Martin.

Coach Whitten spent the week end of December the twelfth in New York City where he attended the wedding of his fraternity brother and former classmate, Mr. E. W. Henofer, Amherst '11.

The class of 1917 have announced that the annual Freshman Ball will be held on the eve of St. Valentine's day, February the thirteenth, 1914. Because of the few members of this class, it has been decided to charge the following fees; subscription one dollar and a half; stag, one dollar; refreshments, thirty-five cents.

December the fifteenth, Mrs. Upton entertained at a tea for Mrs. Anthony. Those present included Mrs. Anthony, Miss Knapp, the Misses Harris, Miss Frances Upton,

Rev. A. D. Phoenix Rev. L. F. Piper and several students. To those who were acquainted with Mrs. Anthony, when her presence was not uncommon on the college campus, the opportunity of renewing those friendships was eagerly welcomed.

The examinations will be held during the week of January twenty-sixth.

Exams! That week of dire darkness is upon us again—To some it may appear a wall, insurmountable; but ere that week is past let us hope that we shall have found that mystic gate which will be for us, an opening to a bright new field of rich endeavor.

On the evening of December 5, 1913, the percentage of fraternity men in Saint Stephen's College was increased by the initiation of Thomas L. Small '16, Walter F. Hoffman (special) and Ernest C. Gehle (special) to Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity by the New York Sigma Phi chapter. The alumni who were present for the occasion were, The Reverend Samuel Andrew Chapman, The Reverend David MacDonald, Professor Martin and W. Seymour Hardy.

Later in the night, when a rousing Phi Alpha had announced that the initiation ceremonies were over,

the Sig Alphas with their guests, The Reverend President William C. Rodgers, and Professors Upton and Robb gathered in Ludlow and Wil-linck Hall where the annual Fall Initiation Banquet was held. Brother Chapman acting as symposiarch offered the following toasts:

"Thoughts that Arise."

President Rodgers

"The Sig. within S. A. E.

Bro. Alexander

De Votie's Dog . . . *Bro. MacDonald*

"Hail to the Goat with Yawning Throat" . . . *Bro. Hoffman*

"It's Something Awfully Excellent"

Bro. Small

"The Sig's Duty outside S. A. E."

Bro. McAllister

"Phi Alpha Sounds the Call"

Bro. Gehle

"The Chapter . . . *Bro. Bond*

Eulexian Fraternity held its annual initiation ceremonies and banquet at Rhinebeck, December twelfth, in the Odd Fellows' Hall and in the Rhinebeck Hotel. The initiates were Arthur B. Dimmick, George E. Spitzli, and Walter R. Whitmore. The alumni brothers present were the Rev. P. Mc D. Bleecker, the Rev. F. W. Cornell, the Rev. George H. Toop, and the Rev. Walker M. Gage. The Rev. Geo. H. Toop acted as toastmaster. The toast list was as follows:

"The Most Perfect Harmony"

Rev. P. McD. Bleecker

"A Goodly Frame and a Goodly Fame."

Mr. Charles S. Armstrong

"The Anchors of Thy Hope"

Rev. Walker M. Gage

"Be Yours to Bring Man Nearer Unto Man"

Mr. Edwin A. Leonhard

"The Hero in the Strife"

Rev. F. W. Cornell

"Within the Light"

Mr. Arthur B. Dimmick

The Rev. Dr. George Bailey Hopson sails on the "Bermudean" January the fourteenth for Hamilton, Bermuda arriving there on the sixteenth. The fact that this ship is now styled "the President's", because President Wilson honored her by his presence is interesting. Dr. Hopson expects to meet a few friends and acquaintances during his stay and will probably return to New York on the Steamer "Arcadian" about April the sixteenth.

We all extend our sincerest wishes to the "grand old Man of St. Stephen's" for a safe and happy voyage.

On the evening of Friday, December 12, 1913, five new men were "Kapped": Bierck, Carthy, Wood, Smith and Keedwell. Following the initiation, the K. F. X. banquet took place at Wiltwyck Inn, Kingston, N. Y.

The Freshmen have decided upon Feb. 13 as the date for their annual dance. We haven't a calendar handy or we could tell you whether or not there will be a moon on that evening. If, however, there isn't

going to be one, the Frosh ought to be made to get one somewhere, or change the date. Now that brings up the question, will they charge more for the dance if they have to provide a special moon that night. It will be darned mean of them to do so because they ought to have thought about the moon in the first place; if they forgot it, *they*, not we, should suffer the consequences. Oh well, if they give us

a decent time, even at the present exorbitant price, we should worry.

Herr Heinrich Glaeser gave an organ recital at the Methodist Episcopal Church of Hardwick, Vermont, during the holidays. Herr Glaeser's performance was creditable and remarkable in many ways. We quote from an article—"He is a young organist of more than local reputation."

Editor's Letter Box.

It is not with sheer ache to take a "dig" at the fresh and vigorous youth whoever he may be that returns to the fold of this institution after a long Christmas vacation filled with the glory mayhap of an ever approaching graduation day but more likely the glory of what some call love.

Love at Christmastide, and that too, just revived by seeing HER again. But it is with some vital interest we speak to him. Who knows but what we might cheer him and possibly unfold to him a greater meaning of that word by quoting from that wonderful book

of Drummond's, "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World." "The Sovereign will which sways the sceptre of that invisible empire must be granted a right of freedom—that freedom which by putting into our wills he surely teaches us to honor in His. In much of His dealings with us also, in what may be called the paternal relation, there may seem no special law, no law except the highest of all, that law of which all other laws are parts that law which neither Nature can wholly reflect nor the Mind begin to fathom—The Law of Love.—"



Under the Lyre Tree.

"True is it that we have seen better days"—Shakespeare

The MESSENGER offers a reward for the best lines submitted in answer to the question "Why" in the following. All contributions must be in on or before February 5th.

Like a mouse in the desert aloft on the Sphinx,
A hoot-owl sulks while he blinks and blinks,
With a drunken leer, and a ruffled air,

He floats to Hoffman Hall, to tear
The silence from the night.
"It's a blamed cold night for a bird like me

To feather his nest in a tennis-ball tree,"

Quoth the owl in the amber light.
Then he paused in his flight on the landing

Of the stairs in Hoffman Hall.
All covered with snow on Christmas Eve—

The first since beginning of fall.
Here he beheld, twixt himself and the grate,

Two lone "studes," ordained by Fate

To spend their Christmas there.
"Whence hail *you*, you feathered freak?"

They asked with tremors. He thumbed his beak,

And the answer came with a crash.
"I came, came I," came an awful squawk,

From window wishing on Matab-can's walk."

And he backed himself to the grate.
The questions they asked him were answered in squawks
As he baked his back at the fire,
With a claw at his beak he cussed a blue streak,

While his feathered frame shook with his ire.

"You baffling, mysterious, personified 'glum,'

We entreat you, speak up, tell *why* you come—"

Why *did* the birdy come? Perchance he had a message to deliver.
Perhaps he merely sought shelter.
Let's have *your* ideas.

Did you know we had a millionaire in our midst? 'Tis whispered that Holly Smith indulged in "Tom Collins" at forty cents a throw.

She had another guy home for the dance. Rose should worry.

"Mac" says he had "some" time in Washington. Somehow or other, though, in his four years here, he has developed a fondness for the north. Even the waiters at Vassar Inn know this popular young man now.

"Povey" made some experiments in "glue" while home, and wanted to stick around a week longer, but—

By the way, just how many members of the faculty went South? Of course there were Dr. Upton and Dr. Robb, but—

Prof. Whitten met his German classes as usual after the holidays.

"Gar" Coffin tried to duck away to Albany, but mother was wise and went along, too. Cheer up "Gar," there weren't any good shows.

Favorite Songs.

Leonhard—"How dry I am!"

Rose—"For tonight I am a widow in a cottage by the sea."

Prexy—"Those Chapel Bells."

Prof. Whitten—"There's a girl in the heart of Maryland (Virginia, W. Va., N. C., S. C., Georgia—well, it's *one* of those blamed southern states.)

Favorite Dishes.

Gage—Lobster à la Newburg.

Goody—Fish. (How is she, Goody?)

Dumbell—Young chicken.

Riley—Crab Flakes.

Ridgeway—Any old thing and lots of it.

Favorite Towns.

McAllister—Poughkeepsie.

Richards—Albany.

Hale—Buffalo.

Nicholls—Annandale.

Everybody (this time of year)—
Glasco.

"WE'RE BACK AGAIN."

(Apologies to G. P. C.)

We're back again, oh drat the luck
We've little joy, but lots of pain.
There's lots of snow and slush and muck

Oh yes, we're glad we're back again.
The dorms are cold—oh drat the luck—

To Easter week we would attain.

We're back again—a year ago
We cussed the self-same way, or worse,

When from a rousing Christmastide
To this cold, bleak, three-storied hearse

We came—oh darn my bloomin' hide—

Exc-c-u-se my t-eet-h- they ch-chatter-s-so.

The guy who wrote that doggone rot
"O Alma Mater to thy side

A call will bring us," he was shot.

He must have been most petrified,
On red ink cocktails, was he not,
To rave like that, or else he lied.

We're back again and I'm so mad
That I could chew on rubber hay.
When Easter comes we'll all be glad
About a week—then h-l—I say
I'd like to get just one good crack
At the guy that's glad because we're back.

Life is just one blamed thing after another.

Love is just two blamed things after each other.

Now-a-days going to a musical comedy is just like studying astronomy—two or three stars and a lot of heavenly bodies.

1st Stude—"Saw a wooden wedding today."

2d Stude—"How was that?"

1st Stude—"A couple of Poles were married."

Sayings of one of our "Locals" whom you all know: "A boil in the kettle is worth two on the neck." "You don't need an umbrella when

silence reigns." "I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, but I swallowed it, and haven't stirred since."

It is reported that "Greg." is looking for a shoe-horn.

What d'ye know, Mac hasn't been to Po'keeps for nearly a month! ! ! !

Athletics.

The following is the football schedule for 1914:—

- | | |
|----------|---|
| Sept. 26 | Hamilton College at Clinton. |
| Oct. 3 | New York University at New York. |
| 10 | Middletown High at Annandale. |
| 17 | Middlebury College at Middlebury. |
| 24 | Pawling School at Pawling. |
| 31 | Webb Academy at Annandale. |
| Nov. 7 | New York Military Academy at Annandale. |

Few remarks need be made about our 1914 schedule. New York University is an old opponent with whom St. Stephen's has played many times in the past. The last game played with them was in 1908, with a score of 5-0 in their favor. Hamilton, Middlebury and Webb need no introduction inasmuch as each of these three colleges was on our schedule of last season.

Of the preparatory schools Mid-

dletown is the only one whom we have met before. We feel sure that both Pawling and New York Military Academy will give us good games, as both of these schools are noted for strong teams.

Coach Whitten has some interesting plans to unfold in the near future. It is vitally necessary for the men to be occupied in an athletic way during these "shut in" months and we are glad to announce that arrangements are practically completed which will mean activity for all who desire it. To further any movement, however, the co-operation of the whole student body is essential. So, when Coach Whitten announces his plan, get together, fellows, and everybody pull hard.

A new element in athletics at Saint Stephen's was introduced during the month of December in the form of cross country running. Answering to Athletic Instructor Whitten's call for class teams to

compete in a series of three cross country races for a prize cup, the Seniors, Sophomores and Specials immediately placed teams on the three mile course around Whales-back for practice runs. Every afternoon following, the course was lined with fleet-foot roadsters testing their speed and endurance and doing the three practice runs necessary to qualify for each race.

As an individual cup was also offered to the man making the best time for the course in any one race, interest did not wane throughout the whole series although the Sophomores early showed their ability to lead the field. Early in the series Medford '14 and Brown '16 began to pound over the course in time which augered that the college record, held by Boak '12, would soon be broken.

The first race was held on December 3rd under ideal conditions. The roads were in good shape and the weather was not too cold. Nine men lined up for the start and at the crack of the pistol Nicholls jumped to the lead, setting off with a good pace, the pack closely following him. The entire student body was present and cheered the men as they left the barrier. After a wait of about fifteen minutes Brown '16 rounded the turn and came down the home-stretch far in the lead of the next man, Medford '14. Small '16, Nicholls '16 and Bierck Sp. followed in quick succession. As each man broke the tape the campus echoed with the cheer of his respective

class. The entire field finished, although it is rumored that at some time later in the evening the Seniors assisted Wilson over the line. The order in which the other men finished was Keedwell Sp., Gresham Sp., Prime '16, Wilson '14. Time, Brown 15 min. 48 sec. Total points gained by classes: Sophomores 24, Specials 12, Seniors 9.

In the second race on December 6th, Brown '16 broke the college record for the course, leading Small '16 to the tape by a few feet in an exciting sprint down the straight-away. The others finished in the following order: Nicholls '16, Medford '14, Whitcomb '16, Keedwell Sp., Gresham Sp. Record time, Brown '16, 15 min. 38²/₅ sec. Total points scored by classes; Sophomores 21, Seniors 4, Specials 3.

The final race, one week later, was rather slow and uninteresting, the weather being extremely cold and the course furrowed with frozen wagon tracks. Brown '16 again won. Small '16, Bierck Sp., Whitcomb '16, Keedwell Sp., and Prime '16, finished in the order given. Time, Brown '16, 15 min. 55 sec. Total score by classes for the three races: Sophomores 60, Specials 21, Seniors 13.

Until the winter season loosens up and allows the runners again to take to roads and try for new records, the Sophomore class stands as the champion in the cross-country game and Brown holds the college record for the Whale's-Back course, with the time 15 min. 38²/₅ sec.

Alumni and Former Students.

"When midnight came to close the year,
We sighed to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us—hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments!"

—Moore.

'70—The Rev. Archdeacon Irving McElroy died at St. Thomas's rectory, Farmingdale, L. I., on Wednesday night, Dec. 31st. He had not been in good health for some time, but his death was not expected so soon.

Archdeacon McElroy had been in the Episcopal ministry for about forty years. He was Archdeacon of Northern Iowa with Bishop Perry in the early 90s. In the course of his career as a clergyman he served in Brooklyn, Baltimore and Washington. He had been in Farmingdale for three years, and for eight years preceding that he was rector of Christ Church, Bellport, L. I.

He came of Revolutionary stock, being a member of the Albany McElroy family. He was born in Albany in 1849, the son of Samuel McElroy and Catherine Knapp McElroy.

Mrs. Albert Bunker and Miss Mary H. McElroy of Yonkers are his sisters. He was educated at Trinity School, St. Stephen's, Annandale, and the General Theological Seminary.

He was known to a wide circle of friends as a man of charming personality and rare erudition. He was a thirty-second degree Mason and belonged to the Sons of the American Revolution.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Grace P. Williams of Fordham; two sons, Robert and Thomas Percy, and three daughters, Margaret (Mrs. T. M. Dieuaide), Mary (Mrs. W. H. Mackay) and Katherine.

Funeral services were held in St. Thomas', Farmingdale, at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon Jan. 4th. The other churches of all creeds united in a memorial service on Sunday morning.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Rev. Leonard W. S. Stryker, rector of St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, West Virginia, has resigned, to take effect January 1, 1914, and has accepted a call to Emmanuel Church, La Grange, Illinois, where he will take charge at Epiphany.

'11—Mrs. Edward S. Hale and her son Charles spent a few days during the Christmas vacation with President and Mrs. Rodgers. Mr. Hale is rector of St. David's, Manayunk, West Philadelphia.

'10—It is with great pleasure that we find the class of '10 busily at work. We here at least give the addresses of all the members of this group of young men with the hope that ere long we may know somewhat more in detail of their usefulness in their chosen community.

The Rev. Malcolm de Pui Maynard we note has been elected secretary of the Archdeaconry of Altoona which met in St. Paul's Church, Philipsburg, on November the 19th

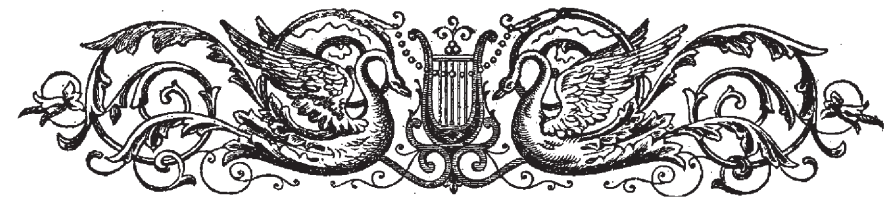
and 20th. Mr. Maynard who was ordained to the priesthood recently is engaged in work at Holy Trinity Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

The Rev. Albert Jepson is assisting the rector at Torrington, Conn.

The Rev. George St. John Rathburn is still teaching in Hoosic School, Hoosac, N. Y. and The Rev. James Elmer McKee is stationed at North Bennington, Vt.

Rev. Charles H. L. Ford of Windsor, Rev. A. J. Springstead of Homer, and Rev. E. J. Hopper of Waverly, will be ordained to the priesthood Sunday morning, Jan. 25. The ceremony will be conducted in Trinity Church by Bishop Charles Tyler Olmstead, assisted by Archdeacon Cooke of Utica, and Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman.

'07—The Rev. F. H. Simmonds has been acting priest in charge for the past few weeks of St. John's parish, Paultney, Vermont and is considering a call as rector.



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The charges for Tuition, Room, Board, Heat and Light are \$300 a year. The College is easily reached from the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station at Barrytown.

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