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MESSENGER

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 8.

JUNE, 1902.

No. 10.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

 COMMENCEMENT began with the Baccalaureate sermon, which was preached at evensong on Sunday, June 17th, by the Warden, the Rev. Lawrence T. Cole, Ph. D.

The chapel was filled with a large number of visitors, who were friends of the graduating class. At four o'clock, the procession entered, led by the assistant marshall, E. C. Addison, '03, and followed by the student body, after which came the marshal, Clinton Drumm, '03, followed by the graduating class and the Faculty.

After the choral evensong, Dr. Cole preached the Baccalaureate sermon from the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," Ecclesiastes, 9: 10, in which he portrayed to the students the toils and difficulties of this life as compared to the petty strife and tribulation of their college career. He likened the taking of the A. B. to the man who had reached the crest of the foot hill and saw beyond the towering summits of a mountain range. He also warned the graduating class about the choice of vocation and produced an abundance of deep thinking within the minds of his hearers.

On the following morning was the con-

test for the McVicar Prize, which is the income of \$1,000, to be awarded to the member of the graduating class who, intending to enter the ministry, excels in elocution. The contestants were Wm. Burrows, Jr., of New York City, his speech being upon "Happiness"; Henry Eugene Allston Durell, of Renova, Pa., on "Liberty"; Benjamin Mottram, of Brooklyn, on "Activity," and Duncan O'Hanlon, of Wilmington, Del., on "Friendship."

The prize was awarded to Mr. O'Hanlon.

JUNIOR BALL.

The Junior ball was held on Monday evening, June 16th, in Preston Hall. The hall was tastefully decorated in the college color with ferns and daisies worked in. There was a profusion of class banners and college pennants which gave the affair a distinctly college appearance. As a lounging room, "Battle Alley" was lined with divans soft and enticing, while the walls were draped with tapestry and dotted with classic pictures.

The fairest ornaments by far were, as is needless to say, the ladies, all of whom were beautifully gowned.

A merry throng it was that tripped lightly to the selections beautifully rendered by Schofield's orchestra, and, when the last, low tones of "Home Sweet Home" died away, the chorus of birds, heralding the approach of dawn, twittered merrily among the trees as though infused with the spirit of the disciples of Terpsicore.

The Senior Class gave their class yell and a "tiger" for the Juniors just before departing to indulge in refreshing sleep.

CLASS EXERCISES.

Tuesday evening, June 17th, the Senior Class, led by fife and drum, marched from

the library down to the platform on the campus, bearing their Algebra which had been lying in state in the library for several weeks.

The Juniors followed the Senior Class upon the platform and, after the cremation ode and the igniting of the Algebra, the Senior Class, represented by Durell, '02, Class President, surrendered, according to custom, the class spade to the Junior Class. Fish, '03, with some witty remarks received in the name of his class. Next the pipe of peace was passed around and when all had partaken of the soothing weed, Dr. C. E. Ide, '02, made a short presentation speech and surrendered it to Addison, '03, who replied with a few appropriate remarks.

Next morning, June 18th, the Senior Class had their class exercises on the campus.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

The First Anniversary of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two.

Dialogue by Durell. Class Ode and Farewell Ode by O'Hanlon.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Eugenius, A Gaul, Governor of the Feast.... Henry
[Eugene Allston Durell.]

Medicus, A Scot, Guest..... Clarence Edward Ide.

Hibernicus, A Celt, Guest..... Duncan O'Hanlon.

Indicus, A Jew, Guest..... Benjamin Mottram.

Germanicus, A German, Guest... William Burrows, Jr.
Place; Annandale. Roman Caenaculum,

Costumes White Roman Togas. Sandals.

Medicus, Germanicus,

Eugenius,

Hibernicus, Judicus.

Curtain up. All reclining, drinking wine. All yell: Hí-ú; Hí-ú; '02; '02. Ka-a-ú-a-a-r ba-tí-na-de-a-lá-ka, bar-ba-rá-ka M D C C, C C I I. Hí-ú; Hí-ú; '02; '02. All sing:

Here's to S. S. C. Drink her down, drink her down:|
Here's to S. S. C. May she prosperous ever be. Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down.

A-a-a-lma Mater, Mater:|

A-a-a-lma M-a-a-ter, she's all right.

Here's to S.S.; S. S. C.:| Here's to S. S.; S. S.; S. S.;
S. S.; S. S. C.

Here's to the Faculty. Drink her down; drink her
down.

Here's to Noughty-three. Drink her down, drink
her down.

Here's to the Faculty and the Class of Noughty-
three. Drink her down; drink her down; drink
her down, down, down,

A-a-a-lma Mater, etc. (Curtain falls.)

Here's to S. S.; S. S. C., etc.

EUGENIUS—Fellow class mates, a jovial occasion is
this. We are met to celebrate the first anniversary
of our graduation from dear old Alma Mater. Here
under her sheltering arm we can sing her praises and
tell of her glories. Long may she live and prosper!

Friend Medicus, you have done well to remain near
her sacred walls practising your profession through-
out the length and breadth of the country side. Your
love for Alma Mater was greater than your love for
the mountain fastnesses of your dear old Caledonia.
And happy are we to have it so; for had you returned
to your home after your graduation we might not
have had you with us on this joyful occasion.

Friend Hibernicus, you have come a long way to
be with your class again. You left your beautiful
island home and native city, Cork, six months ago
to visit America and attend this reunion. We
welcome you to America and to Annandale. Your
Irish wit becomes an affair of this kind.

Friend Germanicus, you have left for a time your
dear old Kaiser and German beer to be here to-day.
You have been in the arena at Rome a gladiator and
with your powerful arm have slain many men. Un-
less your modesty overpowers you, we expect to hear
something of your experiences.

And you too, Friend Judicus, are a gladiator. A
Hebrew gladiator is a rarity indeed. Fortunately
you were in the arena at Pompeii when Friend Ger-
manicus was fighting at Rome. Had you and he
met in mortal combat a battle between Titans would
have been a child's play in comparison and besides
we should have been without one or other of you at
this time.

So Friends we are all gathered here to-day for our
first anniversary. May we have many such reunions
and may I always have the pleasure of having you
at this my Annandale villa.

Happy was I when I knew that I was to have the
pleasure of meeting you here. Gladly I left my Gal-

lic vineyards and hurried to my country home to
prepare for you, my fellow class mates.

Let us rejoice and be merry. It gives me great
pleasure to entertain you.

HIB.—By Jupiter! Eugenius, you entertain us
well. I've not had so sumptuous a repast since I left
Alma Mater.

EUG.—Thank you! Hibernicus, you flatter me.
The banquet which we have just finished can in no
way be compared to Alm Mater's bounteous provision
for her sons.

MED.—You are modest Eugenius. By Jove! Every-
thing from blue points to liqueurs was far superior to
the grub we got at S. Stephen's in my day. Why!
Man alive! those delicious bivalves you set before
us would make college oysters turn green with envy.

EUG.—My dear Scotus you were most unfortunate
in not boarding at the refectory in your Senior year.
I assure you I have *not* eaten the most delicious
oysters in the college dining room.

JUD.—O hang your oysters! I hate them! Give me
soup for a starter! By Zues! Eug—

GER.—Well, wouldn't that jar you! Listen to the
Jew swearing by a Greek god.

JUD.—Well! You piece of German insignificance!
I swear by all the gods.

THE OTHERS—O my! Don't swear! Let the an-
cients do that. (Laughter.)

JUD.—As I was about to say, Eugenius, that soup
was certainly red hot.

HIB.—Amen! That soup was fine. You must have
had that made especially for me.

EUG.—Yes, Friend Hibernicus I did have that soup
seasoned for your special benefit. I hunted over the
empire for a chef who could cook all things as we got
them at S. Stephen's, but alas! that style of cooking
is now forbidden by law. I did persuade my cook,
however, to fix up the soup to college temperature.
I am glad you liked it.

MED.—Like it! Of course we like it! We liked
everything. But the beef Eugenius! By all Appolo's
cattle! I had an especially fine piece. As it melted
in my mouth I thought of the Armour beef Alma
Mater feed us. She was a kind old mother and her
ideas about beef were all right. By Appolo! fellows;
it makes my stomach fill with cramps when I think
of those plates of Armour beef we had to use for rib
lining. I tell you fellows, given the frame of a man
and Armour beef for rib lining, slipped into position
with lubricating college gravey, cemented in with
cold potatoes, riveted together with bones of salt
mackerel and bound down with strong cheese, and

you have a creation that is absolutely projectile proof.

EUG.—Ha! Ha! Friend Scotus, you are on the war path I see, but your proposition is wrong. Armour beef can never make men projectile proof. Why, Ye gods! S. Stephenites are not even bullet proof. See how we run to cover when the Canons and other big guns of the Church bombard us with criticism.

JUD.—Of course we run to cover when under church fire. I'd sooner charge up San Juan Hill in the face of the Spaniards than to face an Ecclesiastical Canon. A Spanish Mauser will make it hot for a man for the moment but a Ecclesiastical Canon will make it hot for him for eternity.

MED.—Ah, go on! You don't believe in Purgatory do you?

HIB.—Of course he believes in Purgatory. All good Catholics do.

JUD.—But I don't believe in Purgatory, Irish, it's too Romanish for me.

HIB.—Well! It's not Romanish.

JUD.—Oh yes it is, Hoosey.

HIB.—But, Bennie it isn't.

JUD.—Now look here Irish, don't try to stuff any Roman doctrines—

EUG.—Peace! Friends! No church arguments. Let us sing something. What shall it be?

GER.—Don't let's sing Gregorians.

JUD.—Sing that Dutch song. What do you call it?

OTHERS.—Yes, let's sing that.

HIB.—Dutchie you start it.

GER.—No. You start it Irish.

All Sing: Das Lied, vom Rheinwein

GER.—Well, by the gods, Irish! Your pronunciation of German is rank.

MED.—That's all right Germanicus, you can't expect an Irishman to talk good German.

HIB.—Well, by gum! I pronounce as well as Eugenius does.

EUG.—Of course you do, Hibernius. For all that I agree with Germanicus on the subject. But be content, Irish, if you can't pronounce German you can perhaps someday pronounce papal benedictions.

JUD.—Wouldn't Hibernicus make a great Pope?

HIB.—I'd make a greater one than you would You little runt! But you couldn't be a Pope. They don't have Jew Popes.

JUD.—O yes they do. There was once a Jew Pope.

HIB.—Never! Church history does not say anything about a Jew Pope.

JUD.—How about St. Peter?

HIB.—That is so; St. Peter was a Jew, wasn't he.

MED.—But he wasn't Bishop of Rome.

HIB.—Church history says he was.

MED.—Church history doesn't say anything of the kind.

JUD.—Here! No church arguments! What do we care about church history now. Where is our class history? Let's hear that.

GER.—Yes, Eugenius, what about the class history you've been writing?

HIB.—Give us the class history, Eugenius.

JUD.—The clals history. Hooray!

MED.—Yes, Eugenius, where is the class history? Read it to us.

EUG.—Certainly, Friends, I shall be pleased to read to you the results of my labors in compiling a history of the class, if you will hear me patiently.

Many thousand years after Adam had been driven out of Eden; and Cain had gone to his eternal sleep in the land of Nod; and Abraham had been called to be father of the Hebrews; and Joseph had been sold into Egypt; and Isreal had gone into that land and become a great nation; and Moses and Aaron had brought the Children of Isreal to the land of Caanan with a mighty hand; and the Hebrews had established themselves at Jerusalem; and Jeroboam had rebelled; and the ten tribes of Isreal had been scattered no one knows where; many thousand years after all these things had come to pass Bard landed Eastward on the banks of the Hudson.

He bought himself an estate and called it Annandale.

Now this whole country, of which Annandale is but a small part, is a land flowing with milk and honey; it is a goodly land. To the North is the land of Bartletts, producing sweet pears and other lucious fruits, still on the North is the land of the Livingstones, a peculiar land where pillars of the Church once walked and talked and enjoyed life; a land where "rocks" went in and out of the inhabitant's pockets; still further to the North is a land known throughout the valley of the Hudson for its beautiful horses, its blooded dogs and its thoroughbred Kids. To the N. E. of Annandale is the land of the Lewis' known for its whale's back and products thereof. To the West is rolling country inhabited by many people. To the South is the country of Aspinwall where asps and adders and great vertebrates abound. Directly to the South of Annandale is the land of Hunt wherein wild animals and the descendants of Nimrod rejoice.

Now the descendants of Nimrod dwell only in the land of Hunt, but the descendants of Cain dwell

throughout the length and breadth of the land. They are many nations but all one people. To the North are the Tivolites, the Exaggerites, the Defamites and the Calumnites; to the West are the Rualites and the Gossipites and to the South are the Cedarites, the Chocolites, the Gabbelites and the Slanderites. These are some of the peoples who dwell in the vicinity of Annandale, ungodly people, lazy, shiftless, immoral.

The conditions of these people Bard tried to better. He built a temple to the Most High God where the Caananites would be taught the Most Holy Christian Religion, but this perverse generation could not be taught.

Eight years after Bard landed Eastward on the banks of the Hudson he gave this Holy temple and 18 acres of Annandale to Horatio, Bishop of the Most High God, for the founding of a nation of students. The following year this student kingdom was regularly established with Seymour as its first King. He did that which was good in the sight of the Lord and afterwards became Bishop of the Most High God. He reigned eleven months in Annandale and resigned and Richey his successor reigned in his stead. Now all the acts of King Seymour, which he did, are they not written in the College catalogue?

King Richey reigned two years in Annandale and he did that which was good in the sight of the Lord and he resigned and Fairbairn his successor reigned in his stead.

Now in the thirty and third year of the reign of Robertus Fairbairn, Omynius Hopsonius being Governor of Latium, and Nananius Olssenius Governor of Mathematicum and Hovardicus Malcomius Governor of Britania and Bunpon Logius, Governor of Uterior Graecia, Alburtus Nockius and Antonius Zeus being Tutors, behold there came striplings from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South to found a colony in Prepdom of the Kingdom of Annandale.

Now the names of the striplings are these: Wilhelmus Burrows Germanicus Juniorius, who was afterwards called Dutchie; Duncanus O'Hanlon Hibernicus Irish, who was afterwards called Hoosey; Benjaminis Mottram Judicus Shennius, who was afterwards called "The Jew;" Fredricus Wilhelmus Starr Britanicus, who afterward left the colony and Henricus Eugenius Allstonius Durell Gallicus, who was afterward called Hairy.

These five striplings settled in Prepdom of Annandale to serve the two years probation necessary before they could be admitted into the Kingdom.

Now the history of this colony in Prepdom, how it fought with the class of '01, how it hung its colors on the College campus and how it grew and prospered, and all the abominations that these striplings committed and all their pranks which they did on the lofty plains of Nigger Heaven, are they not written in the minds of each one of them?

When this colony of striplings was about to be admitted from Prepdom into the Kingdom of Annandale, King Robertus Fairbairn resigned, having reigned thirty and five years in the Kingdom and Omynius Hopsonius, Governor of Latium, was made acting King for a season.

Now King Robertus had done that which was good in the sight of the Lord. And all the noble acts that he did and the rest of the good works that he performed, are they not written in the chronicles of the hearts of many priests in the Anglican Church and in the *S. Stephen's College Messenger*, Vol. 5, No. 4?

Acting King Omynius Hopsonius reigned one year and one month in Annandale and he did that which was good in the sight of the Lord. During the reign of acting King Omynius Hopsonius, King Emeritus Robertus Fairbairn died and great lamentation was made for him. His life had been one of self sacrifice and his many sons wept at his death.

It was during the temporary reign of King Omynius that the Class of '02 came into existence as part of the Kingdom of Annandale. It was organized and established on Sept. 7, A. D., 1898. The whole colony came over from Prepdom into the Kingdom and there was added to the class Wilhelmus Henricus Darbie, Reginaldus Buchananis Henricus and Robertus Wilhelmi.

During the year the Commonwealth of the Class of '02 lost Fredricus Wilhelmus Starr and ostracized Robertus Wilhelmi.

Now the Class of '02 found, upon its return to the Kingdom after the summer vacation, that the Kingdom had been reorganized after the resignation of King Robertus Fairbairn. All the Governors and Tutors had been deprived of their scholastic jobs but were all again reinstated in their respective provinces except Alburtus Nockius and Hovardicus Malcomius. Alburtus Nockius was succeeded by Irvilus Davidsonius Rufus and Hovardicus Malcomius was succeeded by Horatius Seaver Britanicus Encyclopaedicus Junk. Bunpon Logius also was succeeded temporarily by Carolus Goodwin Effeminatus and Eliphilus Nott Potter Doctissimusserissimus was made Governor of the provinces of Morality, Civicum and Philosophum.

During the first year of its existence the Class of '02 gave a fancy carnival and invited all its friends. Great preparations were made. The Hall of Preston was made ready, musicians were imported for the occasion and many guests were entertained by the newly made citizens of the Kingdom of Annandale. Later that same year the class eluded the vigilance of the Class of '01 and buried Algebray in the country of the Kids to the north of Annandale.

The following year the Class was advanced one step in the Kingdom and passed the year without much happening, so far as the class itself was concerned. But in the Kingdom great were the changes which took place.

Bumpon Logius returned again to the Kingdom after an absence of one year. In honor of his return the citizens of the student Kingdom gave him a grand reception and conferred upon him the ancient and honorable title "Fossilissimus."

In October of that year Acting King Omynius was restored to the exclusive Governorship of Latium and Laurentius Thomas Cole Doctissimus Philosophus began to reign in the Kingdom. Immediately he raised the standards and began an egressive campaign in the interests of S. Stephen's. Heavy are the responsibilities upon the shoulders of this young King, many are his annoyances and worries and great are the obstacles in the way, but if his patience, courage and faith sustain him he will some day see the Kingdom occupy the exalted and unique place it ought to have.

The young King found that in the provinces of the Kingdom there had been a few recent changes. Antonius Zeus was made Governor of several provinces and Carolus Whitnius Popham Germanius and Jacobus Dominus Atheleticus were made Tutors in the Kingdom.

During the second year of the reign of King Laurentius, the Class of '02 gave its second festival. On this occasion the carnival was given in honor of the Class of '01. During this same year also Bumpon Logius Fossilissimus left the Kingdom for another year's vacation and Herbertus Foster Energeticus ruled the Province of Graecia. This same year Wilhelmus Burrows Germanicus Juniorius left the Kingdom on vacation, and Wilhelmus Hericus Darbie, having become a Specialis, on account of ill health quitted from the Kingdom in June of the following year.

In the third year of the reign of King Laurentius, the Class of '02 came to its Seniority. The events of that year were numerous and varied.

First of all the hearts of the Class of '02 were made glad, not only by the return of Wilhelmus Burrows Germanicus Juniorius, but also by the addition of a new citizen to the Commonwealth. Clarencius Edvardicus Ide Scotus Dotissimus Medicus, after a long absence from Alma Mater returned to the Kingdom to become a member of '02 and take his degree. With him came Clarencia Edvardica Ide and Duo Scotuli Mediculi and settled in the Villa of Maria Gia. So Clarencius boarded not at the Hall of Preston with the other citizens of the Kingdom but lived with his wife and children in his own private villa.

Then Bumpon Logius Fossilissimus returned again to govern the Province of Ulterior Graecia, much to the delight of the students in the Kingdom.

Horatius Seaver Britanicus Encyclopaedicus Junk was succeeded this same year by Thomas Henricus Yardley Interestissimus in the Province of Britania.

But of all the changes which took place in the Kingdom, the ones nearest and dearest to the stomachs of the students were these, a new Prophetess was appointed over the Culinary Province and Belshazzar Black was crowned with a white linen crown and established as King in the Province of Cookery.

Now Belshazzar the King had some tough beef whose beginning was roast, whose continuation was stew, whose extension was meat-pie and whose consummation was hash; he set this upon the tables in the dining room in the Province of Annandal. Then Belshazzar the King sent to gather together the Governors, the Tutors, the Seniors and the Juniors, the Sophomores, the Freshmen and the Specials, to come to the mastication of the beef which Belshazzar the King had set up. Then the Governors, the Tutors, the Seniors, the Juniors, the Sophomores, the Freshmen and Specials were gathered to the mastication of the beef that Belshazzar the King had set up, and they sat before the beef that Belshazzar the King had set up.

Then a herald cried aloud, To you it is commanded O Faculty, students and specials that at what time you hear the sound of the thumping, and the banging, and the clanging, the tin-pan, the busted-gong and all kinds of music ye fall to and devour the tough beef that Belshazzar the King has set up; and whoso falleth not to and devoureth shall the same hour get nothing to eat.

Therefore, at that time when all the people heard the sound of the thumping, and the banging, and the clanging, the tin-pan, the busted-gong and all kinds of music all the people, the Faculty, the stu-

dents and specials fell to and devoured the tough beef that Belshazzar the King had set up.

Wherefore at that time certain special students came near and accused the Seniors. They spake and said to King Belshazzar, O King live for ever! Thou O King hast made a decree that every man that shall hear the sound of the thumping and the banging, and clanging, the tin-pan, the busted-gong and all kinds of music shall fall to and devour the tough beef. And whoso falleth not to and devoureth that he shall get nothing else to eat. There are certain Seniors, who are in the province of Annandale, Judicus Hibernicus, Eugenius and Germanicus, these men O King have not regarded thee, neither do they masticate the meat nor devour the tough beef that thou hast set up.

Then Belshazzar the King in his rage and fury commanded to bring Judicus, Hibernicus Eugenius and Germanicus. Then they brought these men before the King.

Belshazzar spoke and said unto them: is it true Judicus, Hibernicus Eugenius and Germanicus, do ye not masticate the meat nor devour the beef I have set up? Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the thumping, and the banging, and the clanging, the tin-pan, the busted-gong and all kinds of music ye fall to and devour the beef I have set up, well, but if ye devour not, ye shall have nothing else to eat in the same hour, and what is that food which will satisfy your hunger? Judicus, Hibernicus, Eugenius and Germanicus answered and said to the King, O King Belshazzar, cook forever! We are not careful to answer thee in this matter.

If it be so, the food we want will satisfy our hunger but if not, be it known unto thee O King that we will not masticate the meat or devour the tough beef that thou hast set up.

Then was Belshazzar full of rage and fury and the color of his visage was changed against Judicus, Hibernicus, Eugenius and Germanicus, and he commanded that they should keep these men till their hunger was seven times more acute than it was wont to be. And these four men, Judicus, Hibernicus Eugenius and Germanicus were kept till they were almost famished and then at what time they heard the thumping and the banging and the clanging, the tin-pan, the busted-gong and all kinds of music, they fell to and devoured the tough beef that Belshazzar the King set up. Thus Judicus, Hibernicus, Eugenius and Germanicus masticated the tough beef in the Kingdom of Annandale.

Now during the third year of the reign of Lauren-

cus King of Annandale, the Class of '02, having served four years in the Commonwealth, was graduated. The Algebray was resurrected and cremated; the Class Spade was handed down to the Class of '03; the Pipe of Peace was smoked; Class day was celebrated, all according to custom and on the 19th day of June, 1902, the degree Baccalaureus in Artibus was conferred upon each member of the Class of '02 by King Laurentius and the members of the class were made Alumni of the Kingdom of Annandale, the College of Saint Stephen.

The following year they held their First Anniversary.

HIB—By Hercules, Eugenius! you missed your calling; you ought to have lived in Moses' time, you could have helped him write the Pentateuch.

EUG—Thank you, Hibernicus. I prefer to live now. Besides I am not writing Pentateuches. Moses did that well enough.

MED—But Moses didn't write the Pentateuch.

JUD—O yes he did, and he knew how to do it too.

MED—Benny, you don't really believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch? Why higher criticism—

GER—Here! No church arguments! By Zeus! Medicus, you are as bad as Socrates, always arguing: but whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch or not you must admit that he was a great law giver.

MED—Yes. So is the Faculty of S. Stephen's. Moses was a great prophet no doubt, but higher criticism shows that he—

HIB—Here, Medicus! No church arguments! Cut out the higher criticism. Give us the class prophecy. Let us see whether you can beat Moses in the prophesying business.

MED—Ah! Cut it out! Let's sing the class ode.

EUG—You'll give us the prophecy afterwards?

MED—Certainly, Friend Eugenius, if you wish it.

EUG—Good! The Class Ode. Then the prophecy. Judicus, you start the song.

Hail to our class of 19-2,

The sons of S. S. C.,

We've passed the four short years of toil

Now joyful let us be.

CHORUS—Then hand to hand, and heart to heart,

The class of nineteen two,

Stand faithful sons of S. S. C.,

And to each other true.

The years to come may bring sad care,

Yes, sure to come 'twill be,

To-day we stand a happy class

From care and sorrow free.

CHORUS—Then hand to hand, etc.

The four bright years have quickly past,
 Since first united, we
 Our pledges gave for 19-2,
 And also S. S. C.
 CHORUS—Then hand to hand, etc.

In years to come we'll ne'er forget,
 The friendships firm and true,
 We formed while we together strove,
 The class of 19-2.
 CHORUS—Then hand to hand, etc.

May health and strength and will be given,
 To every brother true,
 Thro' life to thrive and honors gain,
 For dear old 19-2.
 CHORUS—Then hand to hand, etc.

Tho' Fortune be adverse at times,
 And clouds of darkest hue
 O'er hang, we'll think with fullest joy
 Of dear old 19-2.
 CHORUS—Then hand to hand, etc.

MED—By Jove! Fellows, it's great to hear the old ode again. How we did whoop her up, when we were Seniors. None of us could sing, but we whooped her up just the same.

EUG—Medicus, I object to that statement that none of us could sing. Of course Germanicus and I never could sing. But you and Hibernicus and Judicus, all three, are good singers. Why, for a while in our Senior year you and Hibernicus were precentors in the College Chapel.

GER—Yes, Eugenius, but it was only for a while. Between the Marshal and the Choirmaster and the Organist the Gregorgians thought they had struck a musical butcher shop and the singers didn't know whether they were afoot or on a horseback, so the Senior percentors resigned and left the Gregorgians to their fate.

JUD—Poor Gregorians! I wonder if Gregory would recognize them. They are pretty bum for Angelican use anyway.

HIB—They are not any such thing. Nothing else written is one half so good.

GER—Well, I don't see anything beautiful about Gregorgians.

HIB—Well, I do. See!

MED—Well, I should say so. Why Gregorians are the—

EUG—Excuse me, Clarence, but we are getting into a church argument again and moreover you have not read us your prophecy.

THE OTHERS—Give us the prophecy, Scotus.

MED—With pleasure, Friends. But beware. My prognostications will come true.

As I sat musing one day, during a quiet hour, a series of visions came to me. So restful was my mood, I had almost fallen into slumber; when music suddenly burst upon my ear. It was the sound of voices, singing: The royal banners forward go, the cross shines forth in mystic glow. Nearer and nearer it came until at last vision aided hearing and I could see a procession. At its head was carried aloft the sign of the Christian faith, a crucifix. Then rows of singers marched along, in whose rear walked a man robed in priestly garments. His face seemed familiar to me, and as he walked along he came near enough for me to see that it was my friend of former days. My heart warmed within me, as this friend made his way along, with eyes fixed on the banner carried before him. On the banner were embroidered, in letters of gold, the words: He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it; and underneath: Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.

The procession wound its way along, until the music died away in the distance.

Then I fell asleep; but I was soon awakened by the sound of a kindly voice. I roused myself and listened. Soon it all came clear to my ears. The voice was saying;

"I held it truth with him who sings,
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things."

Let old things pass away for you, my brethren; let all things become new. Even as the old Jewish dispensation passed away and in Christ all things became new; even as the long, dreary Winter has passed and all things have become new in the glories of Spring; even as Paul the Apostle rose out of the ruins of Saul of Tarsus, a new being; as the Magdalene rose above her old self, purified and worthy to sit at the feet of her Lord; as Stephen's face shone like the face of an angel while he soared above his former self, through suffering to become a martyr and saint of God; as Christ was transfigured on the mount; so may you, my children, rise above your former selves, out of your neglect and ignorance and sin; out of wanderings after vain fancies in unbelief; out of the following after Baal; even out of all uncleanness above cursings and desecration; above theft and murder; above the love of money-getting which is the root of all evil, above dishonor to parents, above destruction of men's souls and happiness and reputation. Only open your hearts and lives and the grace of God shall come in and you shall be transformed. All

things to you shall become new and you shall be the children of God indeed !

Yester-even, at the hour of evensong, the shower of rain, which had fallen so heavily, suddenly ceased. Shafts of light filtered through the clouds, and the sun, which had been hidden from our eyes through the long afternoon, dropped below the edge of the clouds, low-hanging in the West, flooding hill and valley with a sea of glory. Red and maroon and magenta and gold and yellow tinged the heavens, and for a brief space, it seemed that the last days had come and we must soon see the Lord of Heaven, surrounded by his angel hosts, coming to reclaim his own and place the kingdom, which is his by divine right, in the midst of men again. The purple which fringed the farthest edge of the clouds reminded me of the purple tide which flowed to purchase us that salvation which I proclaim to you. Darkness has long hung over you, and while you have groveled in the dust, steeped in sin, grace has flowed from above to fill your souls and nourish you unto everlasting life. The day is at hand when light shall gleam through the darkness, warning us that there is another life beyond the veil; and suddenly, in a sea of heavenly glory, the Sun of Righteousness shall appear. Shall we then be found like unto Him; or shall He say to us; I know you not?

To the preacher it had been like a bloody sweat, a mighty effort; for he yearned over the souls of the people who had been committed to his charge. Their souls were seared. There was scarcely a righteous one among them; and to see them going on in sin in spite of prayer and example and entreaty, was to him his earthly cross.

Weak and all but breathless the preacher announced the closing hymn, and then, with the blessing breathed over them, the people departed.

I saw the preacher leave the church and make his way with downcast eyes to his lonely study. Home? He had none. Wife? He had none. Children? He had none. There were none to caress him and make him forget for a time, his burden.

Then I heard the footsteps of one who slowly followed the path taken by the Priest. When he approached me, I said: my friend, can you tell me of that procession, and of him who walked along so thoughtfully at its end? He replied: I can indeed. The procession was made up of co-workers of the crusader whom you saw at its end. He is *our friend*—the staunch and faithful friend of all of us poor and sinful ones. He came into our midst when we were all astray, going hither and thither without a leader.

Light had never dawned upon our darkness. So low were we as scarcely to be worthy of the notice of any in higher stations. Our lives were sordid; black. We had no sense of duty, to ourselves, or to others. Our only thought from morning till night was to gain the wherewithal to satisfy the appetites of our bodies. One day was like another to us, life had no meaning. We had never realized that there was any purpose of our existence. We had never even realized that we were created. We simply knew that we were here, and had never stopped to think that we were made for anything, to do anything.

One day a man came down here in our quarter. A child had been knocked down in the street. The Priest, for such he was, picked the boy up in his arms and inquired as to the whereabouts of the little fellow's home. Somebody answered that he had no home; that he would be better off if left alone to die. The Priest said; Why he is one of God's little ones. Let me care for him. So he went away and we gave him and the child no further thought. But next day we saw him again, and everybody looked upon him as an intruder. Some were even willing to do him violence. But he never seemed to fear for his own safety. Some one of us, more thoughtful than the rest, warned him that he might come to harm, but he only said: They shall smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered. Yea, they smote the Shepherd, and the sheep have been scattered. I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. We then thought him crazy, for we had never heard such words. He lingered among us, however, and 'twas not long before he gained our confidence. This is our Church and he whom you saw is our Priest. Father O'Hanlon is all heart. He tried to work among the better classes, but they thwarted him in his attempt to do them good. He tells us it was then that he received his call. He felt it his duty to come down here amongst us. Many times his life has been in danger. His friends have told him he is impetuous and is throwing his life away; but we love him and believe him to be the salt of the earth.

In an instant I was transformed to the busy scenes of a court room. On the docket sat the prisoner, a young man of frank and open countenance. The terrible charge of murder had been brought against him. Although he was in a trying position, hope shone from his eyes, and no sign of guilt could be descried upon his face. The accusing attorney had forged an apparently formidable chain of evidence against him. Still he hoped on with the hope which is born of a consciousness of innocence. Ever and

anon he cast an appealing, though trustful, glance at his attorney.

The latter was the picture of confidence. His alert ear caught every legal slip made by the prosecution, and appeals for the decision of the judge were frequent on his part. His activity struck me forcibly, so I looked upon him intently. The longer I looked the more familiar his form became. As yet I had not caught even a glimpse of his face. He was small of stature, with bent shoulders which give evidence of long and concentrated study and careful searching of legal authorities. His busy pencil made frequent shorthand notes, no point being neglected which gave any hope of opportunity for a telling stroke when his turn should come for the presentation of evidence. The witnesses found him merciless in searching cross-examination.

I looked about the court room, as the case went on. In the front row, near the prisoner's seat, sat a woman, every expression of whose face bore evidence of the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were fixed, now on the prosecuting attorney, now on the judge. Then she would scan the faces of the jury for evidence of the effect produced on them by the strong case made against the prisoner by the prosecution. Momentary expressions of despair passed over her face. Then a yearning look of love and longing would be cast toward the prisoner. I knew she was his mother. Her widow's weeds led me to fear that her only support lay in her son, who had come into evil straits.

It was proven by the prosecution that the prisoner was found on the ground, immediately after the murder, and that upon him alone could be cast the suspicion of guilt in the case. His intense agitation upon being found in such close proximity to the seat of the murder and upon being charged with complicity in the crime, if not the full guilt, was described; also his inability to explain away his apparent connection with the crime. I shuddered as I thought of the apparently clear nature of the evidence brought against him, and the task which lay before him upon whom devolved the labor of proving the young prisoner's innocence.

At last the prosecution rested its case and the aged mother was the picture of despair. My interest and anxiety knew no bounds. The case went on until it reached the point where the attorney for the defense was to sum up his case and address the jury. He arose, almost a boy in size and appearance. His opening words came from tremulous lips, yet the words were to the point and his manner was calm. Going back to the beginning he followed the case

through, point by point, laying bare the weak points in the case against his client, demonstrating that all the evidence presented was only circumstantial, that no complicity in the crime had been proved, to say nothing of the fact that no one had seen the crime committed or elicited even the smallest evidence of guilt from the prisoner's words or manner. As his address advanced his speech and action waxed eloquent. New hope grew in the prisoner's heart, of which his face gave evidence. His widowed mother saw rays of hope filtering through the cloud that had overspread her heart.

Conviction of the prisoner's guilt which had possessed the minds of the jury, changed into doubt, this doubt grew into conviction of his innocence, and all in the court room felt that but one decision could be reached by the twelve.

The time spent by the jurors in reaching their decision was but brief, though filled with anxiety for the onlookers, and agony for the mother. At last the jury returned, and the foreman announced in clear tones, we find the prisoner not guilty.

The attorney for the defense turned his face toward the anxious mother and smiled. Then for the first time I saw his face. It was none other than that of my classmate Ben. As the judge passed from the court-room he said, I congratulate you Mr. Mottram. You have won your case against great odds.

Again I slept. When I awoke I found myself in the midst of an audience, which was composed of men, mostly young, with thoughtful, scholarly faces. They were listening attentively to the words of one who was speaking from a dais at the end of the room. He was seated at a desk on which were spread open before him papers and books and brochures. His words were indistinct to me at the first because of my bewilderment. Then I understood clearly. He was saying: Higher criticism, gentlemen, is not a faith destroyer. It is rather a clarifier of mind for those who seek a store of reasons for the faith which the Christian Church desires, not to implant in but to elicit from and develop in men's minds. For faith is inherent in men's souls. It simply needs to be nurtured and supported. Those who are so bigoted as to cling tenaciously to the old ideas, question the wisdom of such a course of study as you will follow with me. But you must be prepared, not only to combat successfully the arguments brought against the Christian faith, and the Scriptures, but also to satisfy fully the desire of scientific minds for a satisfactory exposition of the faith that is in you. This is an age of criticism, even of agnosticism; and this

agnosticism has largely arisen in the minds of students, even of philosophers, because the faith which you will teach has been expounded in too dogmatic a manner. You will find that it will not be sufficient simply to state what men are expected to know and believe; you must also give satisfactory reasons and trace from out of the past the footprints left by the onward march of not only the Christian Church but also of the Jewish and Patriarchal Churches, its antetypes. So the lecture went on.

I had been so absorbed with listening to what was said, the face of the lecturer had escaped me. But now, as I looked, it dawned upon me that it was the face of someone whom I had known. The sound of the voice too, was familiar. The lecture ended and the professor walked from the room, while the auditors stood deferentially. The professor's gait was as familiar as his face and voice had been, the stride being long though the body was small. The shoulders had a scholarly stoop, and the man's whole mein was that of abstraction.

Then I saw another scene. Seated at his desk, in a study lined with books, I saw the professor writing, evidently oblivious of his surroundings. No sound from outside had the power to disturb him. I thought of the picture drawn by the biographers of Immanuel Kant. Now and then the professor would leave his seat to consult some authority, a veritable bibliophile.

On flew his pen. There were intervals of deep thought, followed by others of rapid writing. Bent over his desk the little man appeared smaller than ever. But I caught no glimpse of his face.

So rapid is the course of thought in dreams and visions, that in the brief space during which I mused, I followed the professor in his daily walk, in his study and in his lecture room. There was no diminution in the number of those who attended his lectures, no lack of eager attention as he spoke; day by day his work went on. His criticism was developed so systematically, no phase of any question which touched upon his subject being neglected.

As yet I had not placed the professor; but one day as I listened, a picture rose out of the past. I could see a fellow student pouring over his books in the quiet hours of the night, one subject after another being mastered with ease. In the midst of this retrospect the face of Billy rose clearly before me. This little professor, with clear head and masterful treatment of his subject was no other than Dutch of the old days. I could see it all now.

I asked one of his students what he could tell me

of the professor. He related how, though he was modest indeed his knowledge and mastery of the special subject which he was teaching had spread abroad, until men flocked from far and near to listen to him and gain a store of knowledge concerning the Scriptures, both historically and critically considered. My informant characterized the professor, not only as a thorough student, but a man of philosophical turn of mind, who at the same time followed such scientific methods that when he had treated a question, the resources of the subject were exhausted and the last word had been said. Again I thought of Kant, the sage of Königsberg. Billy had indeed found his work. I felt proud to have been his friend. But the vision withheld the pleasure of a grasp of his hand and his kindly greeting.

When next a vision came to me, my slumber was broken by the sound of applause and three rousing cheers, for the senator. I rubbed my eyes and looked down upon a mass of humanity. Their faces were turned toward a stage, whereon stood a man whose eloquence was carrying them with him, whither he would. He had evidently become a leader of men. As he proceeded in his discourse I became as fully possessed with interest and attention as his auditors were. I forgot that I was an outsider and looked upon the crowd as fellow citizens. They were not such men as are pleased to come out from their homes to hear a harrangue. They appeared too thoughtful and determined and responsible for that. Yet the speaker carried them along with him as he described the model state and made a plea for wise and intelligent use of the legal franchise. He laid bare the weaknesses of existing political systems, showed the men before him how they had robbed themselves of their most precious privileges by allowing themselves, through neglect of their duty as citizens, to be represented by unworthy men. Argument after argument was presented to them. Frequent quotations of facts gave full evidence of his knowledge of the world's history. Telling statistics were at his tongue's end. He showed them how, if the family, which they guarded so jealously, were the miniature model of the state, it certainly is no less their duty to guard the state from fraud and subtle violence; how society could be properly regulated and advanced only by wise legislation, that it was the duty of each intelligent citizen to study political questions for himself and to know, not only whereof he spoke, but why and how he should vote. He laid plans for an ideal state, treated exhaustively the relations of the family and the state, the church and the state, treated of

educational systems and their essential importance, and finally of men's political duty to their neighbors. No important civic or political question was left untouched by the speaker. He made plain each man's duty as a unit in the state. He argued and pleaded until I became lost in the maze fact and persuasion. Then having almost lost the trend of his remarks I fell to musing as to his identity. Then another cheer brought me to myself. I could see that he fairly possessed all the power residing in that mass of humanity to wield as he would for the good of the state.

Then he vividly described the horrors of war and argued for peace. He pictured ideal international relations, and then returning to the subject which evidently lay nearest his heart, ended in a burst of oratory regarding the use and abuse of personal liberty and the performance of individual duty, in building up an ideal commonwealth.

Cheer followed cheer, as he ended, and the leaders among the crowd lifted him upon their shoulders and bore him away.

The question: Who is he? Who is he? possessed my thought. I have known him somewhere, was my first reply. Then it became as clear as day. Why, that is Gene. His favorite subjects were always political or historical. He has made his way into the hearts of these people by holding up to them an ideal which is possible of realization. And more than that he has gone to the bottom of things by showing them, minutely, just how they may attain to it. If society is not regulated and purified, how can men be led on to higher things? Their relations to one another are important. No man lives alone in the world. Each individual must influence others for good or ill, and be influenced by them. All this he had taught, and the fruits of his labors were already apparent.

I overheard two men talking as they walked away. One said: That is Senator Durell. His firm stand for the right has put his colleagues to shame.

In spirit I followed the Senator to his home, and saw that his family relations were such as to give him support and encouragement in his life-work. He, too, had found his place.

Then we were all together again discussing our work and aspirations, our pleasures and our troubles. No power of divination was necessary to see that we stood together, hand to hand and heart to heart, working for the advancement of mankind.

Our discourse carried us back to the old days which we enjoyed in the happy hey-day of youth. And there my vision left us.

Here's to the health of Alma Mater, and our Future.

HIB—By Hercules: Medicus, you beat the Jews, Moses and all.

JUD—What are you going to be Hibernicus?

HIB—I am going to be Crusader. Wouldn't that galvanize your grandmother's tea kettle! What are you going to be, Dutch?

GER—I am going to be a Prof. Watch me!

EUG—Well, Friend Medicus, we have been treated as well by you as we shall be by the Fates. What more can we ask? There is a consolation, however, in knowing that neither prophets nor the Fates are infallible.

HIB—The Fates not infallible? Why, by the gods! they are as infallible as the Pope.

JUD—But the Pope is not infallible.

HIB—Of course he's infallible. Who says he isn't?

THE OTHERS—I do.

MED—Do you expect to be infallible when you get to be Pope, Irish?

HIB—Certainly. There will be no mistakes about what I say ex-cathedra.

MED—Well, Dunc, it is just as well that you will be allowed to cover up your Irish blunders with papal bulls.

HIB—But, Scotus, Popes don't make blunders.

MED—Well. By Jove! They certainly do bull things.

HIB—That's all right.

JUD. AND GER—But it is not all right.

HIB—Of course it is.

JUD—Well, by the gods! it isn't, Irish. If you think—

MED—Here! HERE! HERE! No church argument.

Curtain rises. All Stand. Curtain falls.

We've reached the goal through four short years,

Which to others may seem long,

We've shared each other's tears and joys,

For the bond of Nought-two is strong.

Four happy years have glided by

Like a pleasant mid-night dream;

But sadness fills our hearts to-day,

For the parting long will seem.

To Alma Mater now farewell

Who to us has been so dear;

Let's drain the cup to drink her health,

Though embittered by a tear.

When settles down the battle's smoke

O'er our separated band,

Think not that we'll forget the chain

Which has linked us heart and hand.

In after years we'll rejoice to live
 O'er again these scenes we love;
 And now that College days are past
 Worthy sons we hope to prove.
 We leave thee not without a sigh,
 Once our lovely college home;
 It pains our hearts to say good-bye,
 In the cold, cold world to roam.

And now we stand prepared for life,
 Having passed the halcyon days,
 Much cheered by friendship's sacred bond,
 We'll sing Alma Mater's praise.
 In after years when we look back
 On that brightest time of life,
 Twixt smiles and tears we'll think full oft
 Of the joys with which 'twas rife.

We hope that you we leave behind,
 For Alma Mater may shine
 More brightly than has been our lot,
 At dear Saint Stephen's shrine.
 Garner the joys she yields for you,
 Do all you can to do well,
 For soon 'twill come, yes very soon
 When you too may say farewell.

The Warden's reception to the Alumni, Students and their friends was held in Ludlow and Willink from four to six p. m. on Wednesday. It was well attended by the numerous visitors who came up for the occasion. As usual, the welcome extended by the Warden made all feel at home and kindly disposed towards our Alma Mater.

MISSIONARY SERVICE.

Wednesday evening at 6:00 the procession of undergraduates and alumni, under the direction of Drumm, '03, Marshal, and his assistants Addison, '03, and West, '03, marched to the College Chapel to participate in the annual service of the Missionary Society. The congregation was very large. The absence of the students from their proper places caused the singing to be rather weak. This was rendered more dis-

tressing by the substitution of the Gregorian chants in place of the hearty, full, vigorous tones of the men's voices in the Twentieth Selection of Psalms.

The Rev. Frank B. Reazor, '79, preached a very interesting sermon from the text, "The Sower is the Son of God."

It was universally conceded that it was the best sermon ever delivered on the occasion.

FRATERNITY REUNIONS.

The Eulexian Society held its 43d annual reunion banquet in the Refectory and, after an elaborate collation, Rev. G. D. Silliman, D. D., took the floor as toastmaster which position he filled most happily. The following toasts were responded to: "The Eulexian as a parish priest," Rev. Samuel Upjohn, D.D., '63; "The Eulexian as a physician," Dr. C. E. Ide, '02; "The Eulexian as a professor," Rev. W. G. W. Anthony, '90; "The Eulexian as a headmaster," Rev. Robt. H. Mize, '94; "The Eulexian at the Seminary," Rev. C. A. Roth, '98; "The Eulexian at Old St. Stephen's," Benjamin Mottram, '02.

The Kappa Gamma Chi Reunion and Banquet was held in Bard Hall. A large number of the older Alumni were present and a very pleasant time was the result. The Rev. H. P. Roche, '85, acted as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to:

"The Permanency of *K. Γ. X.*," Rev. P. C. Pyle, '90; "The Unique Character of *K. Γ. X.*," Rev. C. M. Niles, D.D., '86; "The Fraternity and the Frates," Rev. A. C. Clarke, '86; "The Faithful Old Fossil," Rev. H. S. Smith; "*K. Γ. X.* and the College," Mr. F. T. Hopson, '85; "*K. Γ. X.* in my day," W. M. Sherwood; "The Highest Purpose of *K. Γ. X.*," Rev. F. B. Reazor, '79; "The Beginnings of *K. Γ. X.*," Rev.

Geo. W. West; "Recollections," Rev. H. F. Auld, '77; "The Friendships of K. F. X.," Rev. F. Jewell, '81; "K. F. X. and its Ultimate Purpose," Rev. E. B. Smith, '85; "The Active Members," Mr. Culbert McGay.

A Business Meeting was then held at which the Rt. Rev. A. H. Vinton, D.D., presided.

The Annual Reunion and Banquet of New York Sigma Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity was held in the Gymnasium at 8:30 Wednesday evening. After an enjoyable repast the Reverend Canon Thomas Fulcher, as toast-master offered the following toast-list:

"The Old Alumnus," Archdeacon Wm. Holden, '82; "The Young Alumnus," Oscar F. R. Treder, '01; "The Future," William Burrows, '02; "Changes," Rev. Wm. H. Morrison; "New York Alpha," Mr. Voorhees, Cornell University; "New York Sigma Phi," H. E. A. Durell, '02; "The Ladies" Rev. R. E. Brestelle, '95; "Annapdale," Rev. Jacob Probst.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The Corporate Celebration of the Holy Communion for the Alumni was held Thursday morning at 7:30, the Vice-President of the Association, the Rev. T. B. Fulcher, B.D., acting as Celebrant.

The 37th Annual Meeting of the Association was held in Bard Hall at 9:30. The President Mr. F. J. Hopson presided. The following members were present:

Rev's A. C. Kimber, D.D., E. L. Toy, B.D., T. B. Fulcher, B.D., Rt. Rev. A. H. Vinton, D.D., Rev's P. McD. Bleecker, M.A., W. E. Allen, M.A., F. B. Reazor, M.A., Dr. L. A. Harris, M.D., Rev's F. C. Jewell, B.A., C. A. Jessup, B.D., Robt Mac Kellar, B.A., E. D. Sutcliffe, B.A., W. B. Clarke, B.A., Wm. Holden, B.A., W. J. C.

Agnew, B.D., Mr. F. J. Hopson, M.A., LL.B., Rev's H. H. P. Roche, M.A., A. C. Clarke, B.A., C. M. Niles, D.D., F. W. Norris, B.A., W. F. Parsons, M.A., Mr. Keble Dean, B.A., Rev's P. C. Pyle, M.A., J. M. Blackwell, M.A., F. C. Steinmetz, M.A., E. N. Curry, M.A., R. H. Mize, B.A., R. E. Brestell, M.A., H. A. Flint, M.A., J. P. Gibson, B.A., C. A. Roth, B.A., Messrs. W. W. Silliman, B.A., J. P. Graham, B.A. and O. F. R. Treder, B.A.

The Treasurer, Rev. Dr. Sill, reported that he had received from dues during the year the sum of \$83.00 and the balance in the treasury amounted to \$28.30.

He also reported that in response to the notices he was instructed to send out regarding the Incorporated Association he had received fifty-one replies which made the incorporated membership 102.

Dr. Kimber, Trustee of the Scholarship Fund, reported \$681.22 in his hands.

The following were nominated and elected as the Board of Directors for the ensuing year: Mr. F. J. Hopson, LL.B., Revds. Messrs. Wm. Holden, B.A., T. B. Fulcher, B.D., J. M. Blackwell, M.A., F. W. Morris, B.A., Robt. MacKellar, B.A., P. C. Pyle, M.A., C. A. Jessup, B.D., and F. S. Sill, D.D.

The election for officers resulted as follows:

President, Mr. F. J. Hopson, LL.B.
Vice-President, Rev. T. B. Fulcher, B.D.
Secretary, Rev. J. M. Blackwell, M.A.
Treasurer, Rev. F. S. Sill, D.D.
Necrologist, Rev. H. H. P. Roche, M.A.
Executive Committee, Mr. F. J. Hopson, LL.B., *ex-officio*, Rev. Wm. Holden, B.A., Rev. C. A. Jessup, B.D., Rev. F. S. Sill, D.D., and Rev. Robt. MacKellar, B.A.

Mr. A. C. Zabriskie, through the President invited the Alumni to visit Blithewood.

The Secretary was instructed to thank Mr. Zabriskie on behalf of the Alumni.

A committee consisting of Rev. T. B. Fulcher, B.D. and Rev. C. M. Niles, D.D., was appointed to wait upon the Board of Trustees, and express to them the interest of the Association in the College, and the desire to co-operate in any way possible toward promoting its welfare.

On the recommendation of the Executive Committee \$20.00 was appropriated to the College MESSENGER with an added resolution that a copy containing the account of commencement be sent to every Alumnus.

A committee consisting of Bishop Vinton, Dr. Kimber and Mr. Holden, was appointed to prepare a suitable minute relative to the death of Dean Hoffman of the Seminary.

The congratulations of the Association were extended to Bishop Vinton who addressed the Association.

The Necrologist reported the deaths during the year of Rev. G. A. Keller, M.A., class of '74 and Rev. Wm. Bardens, B.A., class of '79. After brief addresses by several members of the Association a committee of three, Rev. Messrs. Fulcher, MacKellar and Reazor, was appointed to prepare resolutions relative to the death of Messrs. Keller and Bardens.

On the suggestion of Dr. Kimber the Vice-President was appointed to see the Warden relative to having a service immediately preceding the exercises of commencement.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Nearly all morning the rain had been pouring heavily and without interruption. Although the sun came out before noon and shone brightly the rest of the day, it was deemed advisable to hold the exercises in the chapel, instead of using the stage erected

on the campus. After the processional hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the opening prayers by the Rev. Dr. Hopson, the speakers of the graduating class were introduced. Duncan O'Hanlon spoke on "Friendship," C. E. Ide, M. D., read an essay, "Know Thyself," Wm. Burrows spoke on "Happiness" and delivered the valedictory address. Each speaker was heard with attention and interest.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Wm. Burrows, Jr., New York City, H. Eugene A. Durell, Renovo, Pa., Clarence Edward Ide, M. D., Annandale, Benjamin Mottram, Brooklyn and Duncan O'Hanlon, Wilmington, N. C. The Master's Degree was conferred on the Rev. Hobart Bingham Whitney, B.A., '78, and Edward Arthur Sidman, B.A., '99. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Rt. Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D.D., '73, Bishop of Western Massachusetts.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

Greek, L. W. Smith, '05.

Latin, M. Wilford Hicks, '04.

Mathematics, M. Wilford Hicks, '04, with Honorable Mention to Messrs. Smith, Frear and Neiler.

Physics, Samuel C. Fish, '03, with Honorable mention to Messrs. Cleland and Drumm.

Ethics, C. E. Ide, '92, with Honorable Mention to Wm. Burrows, '02.

Psychology, Samuel C. Fish, '03.

Logic, Samuel C. Fish, '03.

History of Philosophy, H. E. A. Durell, '02.

McVickar Prize in Elocution, Duncan O'Hanlon, '02.

The Warden then introduced Bishop Vinton, the first graduate of S. Stephen's to be called to the episcopate, who addressed the graduating class. It was a pleasure and

privilege, he said, to speak as an old S. Stephen's boy. It made him young again and carried him back to his own college days. He spoke of the benefits that S. Stephen's men derive from their college, counting it not the least that they are privileged to enjoy the intimacy of the members of the faculty. Reminding the graduates of their duty he bade them honor and revere their instructors, and especially the Warden, for their good example, their faithfulness to duty, and their devotion to the interests of the students. "S. Stephen's places her reputation in your hands," he said in conclusion, "go forth resolved that it shall not suffer and that as long as your life lasts you will do your best for old S. Stephen's."

ANNUAL BANQUET.

After an interval of half an hour, the old familiar gong announced that the Annual Banquet was prepared. No gong was needed to announce the fact that the alumni, students, and guests were also ready. The trustees, however, though perhaps no less eager, were not so prompt. Their meeting, which had occupied all the morning until the Commencement exercises, was resumed. The short time of waiting for them was made pleasant by the singing of old College songs.

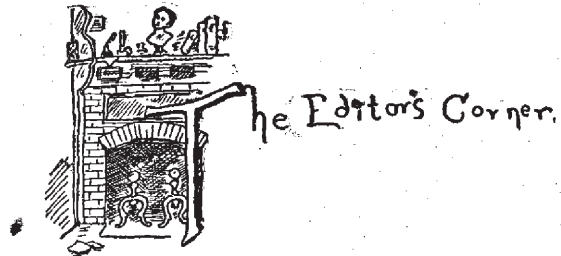
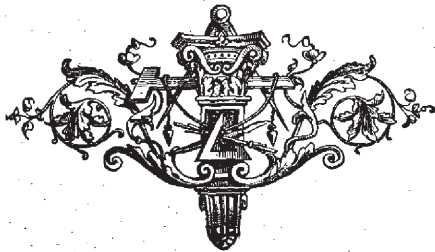
The inner man having enjoyed a gratifying inning, the upper man was in prime condition to display his abilities. The Warden called first upon Mr. F. J. Hopson, LL.B., '85, the President of the Alumni Association, who responded with a story and a plea to the alumni to co-operate, as far as possible, with the students in athletics and other college activities. The Rev. Dr. C. W. E. Body and Mr. Douglas Merritt responded in be-

half of the Board of Trustees. The former expressed his confidence that S. Stephen's would take no secondary place as to excellence and high intellectual standard. He also referred feelingly to the late Dean Hoffman, dwelling on his simplicity of character, his entire freedom from ostentation, and his faithful, self-sacrificing work. Mr. Merritt told of the good financial condition of the College and assured the alumni of the enthusiasm of the trustees. The Rev. F. C. Jewell, '81, paid an earnest tribute to the memory of Dean Hoffman and of Dr. Fairbairn and concluded with well merited and enthusiastically received praise of Dr. Hopson. The Rev. Dr. Upjohn, '63, reminded the alumni of their duty of advertising the College and interesting influential people in its behalf. The Rev. C. A. Jessup, '82, spoke of the excellent work of S. Stephen's graduates. The Rev. H. H. P. Roche, '85, after saying very truly that it was not the first time he had opened his mouth in the College dining room, recalled pleasant memories of Dr. Cole's visits to his parish to preach "S. Stephen's sermons." The Rev. Dr. C. M. Niles, '86, spoke of the unique character of S. Stephen's men. The Rev. Dr. F. S. Sill, '69, told of the steadfastness and tenacity of purpose that characterize the sons of our Alma Mater.

At the conclusion of the banquet three hearty cheers for old S. Stephen's were given, and Commencement was over.

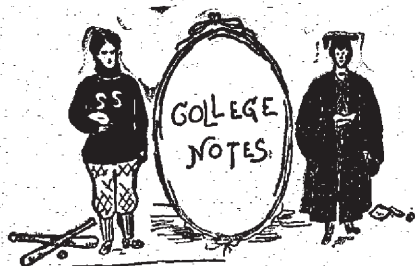
For an hour or more the campus was again thronged. Up and down through the crowd bustled those who were seeking out chums and friends to squeeze their hands in hurried farewell. Slowly the throng melted away, until only groups were left here and there. Then the groups diminished in number and size, until the scene began to look lonely.

When dusk fell, a stillness had settled over the campus. Under the old hemlock sat a few who smoked and gazed at the well beloved buildings of their Alma Mater. They talked very little, for their minds were occupied with thoughts and memories.



THE editorial mantle has fallen upon us. It is not a perfect fit; new garments seldom do you know; it hangs a little loosely as yet, but we sincerely hope that we have not reached our full growth.

We, the new board, are particularly fortunate as the financial side of the paper is in such good condition. It has been customary for editors of the MESSENGER to state that the debt has been materially reduced, but now we take great pleasure in stating that we will begin the year, not only with no debt whatever, but a surplus in the treasury. This pleasant state of affairs is due to the painstaking care and energy manifested by the former Business Manager. The present manager, we are glad to state, possesses the same traits and the MESSENGER is sure of remaining on this basis if the Alumni and Students do their part. We have our troubles too. In regard to the contributions it is the same old story. Apathy reigns. The support received in the past year from the student body in the way of literary contributions has not at all been worthy of the number of men at S. Stephen's. The clauses in the new MESSENGER Constitution requiring that a certain number of articles be accepted before a student may be eligible to the MESSENGER Board, will obviate this. We take this opportunity to thank the Alumni for their assistance in the past and thank them in advance for the help which we are sure will be forthcoming.



—College will open September 17th, when the Semester method of dividing the year will be inaugurated.

—The tennis-courts are having a well-earned rest.

—The foot-ball manager announces that his schedule is nearly complete and that more home games than usual are to be played. According to the new Athletic Association Constitution the students will be admitted without charge.

—Mr. George Seymour West, '03, is spending the summer at Manhattan Beach.

—Mr. Charles E. McCoy will sail for Europe shortly where he will spend the summer. He expects to return to college in the fall.

—Mr. Harold M. Vanderbilt, '05, is taking a course in English Literature at the Harvard University Summer School.

—Lost, Strayed or Stolen. The golf links. Where are the golf enthusiasts? Did tennis get the upper hand and keep it. The courts which are in excellent condition and have been used continually seem to answer "yes."

—At the recent tennis game the Freshmen in the doubles defeated the Sophomores by a score of three to one. In singles the Sophomores won by a score of two to one. Elton and Tuthill constituted the Sophomore team and Brinkerhoff and

S. Saunders the Freshmen. The score by games is as follows:

DOUBLES.	1st	2d	3d	4th	SINGLES.	1st	2d	3d
Sophomore,	2	3	1	0	Elton,	3	7	7
Freshmen,	6	6	3	6	Brinkerhoff,	6	5	5

—The Athletic Association, which has been recently reorganized, has elected for its President, Elton, '04 and for Secretary-Treasurer, Addison, '03.

—A departure has been made in the way of marshall baton's, let us see more of the kind.

—The manager of the MESSENGER considers it the duty of every loyal Alumnus of this college to assist the paper, by sending in his subscription.



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