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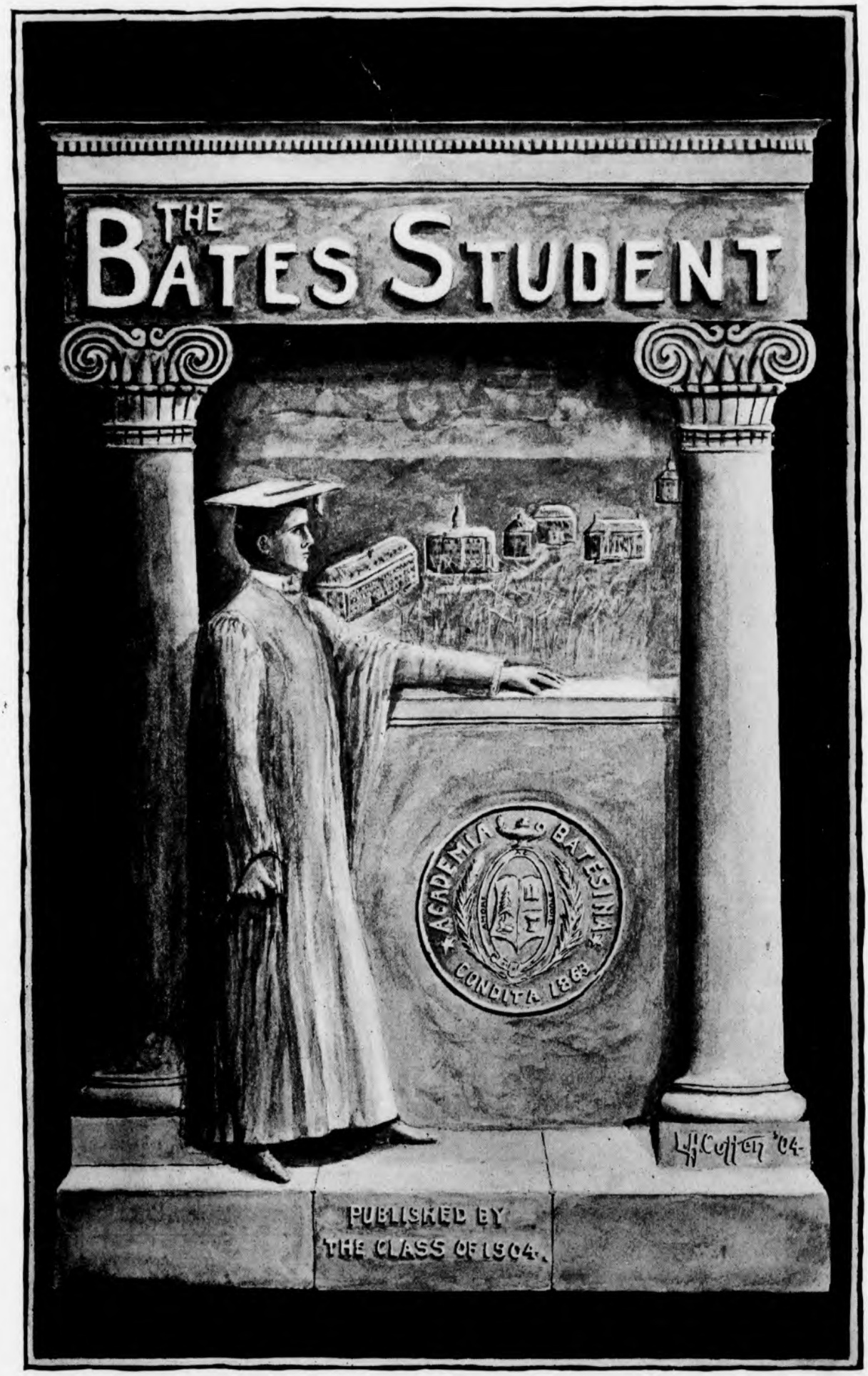

THE

BATES STUDENT.

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Literary.

THE TIDE OF MEMORY.

Faint ripples in the distance lone,
A dreamy surge upon the shore,
Across the deep with brow of foam
Lifting its head a wavelet bore.
Far o'er the shimmering waste a gleam:
The tide of memory flows in.

White sails across the gleaming blue,
Prows golden wet with snowy spray,
Cleaving their way soft billows through,
To realms where glows the dying day.
White sea gulls 'gainst an azure sky:
The tide of memory is high.

Wet sand and ranks of sea-weed chill,
And far below the heaving brine
A waste of sky, gray, sombre, still,
In which the clouds, threatening decline.
The billows rush, the storm winds blow:
The tide of memory is low.

—G., '04.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

AT Bonn in the year 1770 was born one of those men of whom contemporaries are justified in being critical, but who are destined to be loved and reverenced by posterity. Ludwig van Beethoven was a man apparently embittered and entirely eccentric, but at heart sweet and noble and of unconquerable will. He was a man with a fate to be conquered and he conquered it without the loss of one drop of his rich life blood, but with many scars and signs of battle.

Beethoven started life in the midst of poverty, being the eldest of a large family whose father was a poor singer. This boy, Ludwig, was, at an early age, forced to take his share of the burden in supporting the family. He did not show himself to be as precocious a youth as many men of genius, for even until he was ten years of age we are told that it was only through the influence of paternal authority that he could be persuaded to practice on a musical instrument. In spite of this fact, however, the genius was there and soon began to show. At the age of twelve he held the position of assistant organist in the Electoral chapel

at Bonn, and at about the same time was conductor of the Electors' Band.

When Beethoven was about nineteen his mother died and his father's habits of life became such that he was unable to contribute much to the support of the family. Thus Ludwig as eldest son, was left to bear the chief part in providing for himself, his brothers and his sisters. He played in the Court Band and in church gave lessons to as many pupils as he could get, and spent his spare time in composing.

In 1792 the Elector of Cologne sent Beethoven to Vienna, to study music. There his great talent was more appreciated than ever before and there he found several patrons through whose influence his pecuniary troubles were eased and an annuity settled upon him. During his first six years at Vienna he worked hard upon his chosen life work, the composition of music. He gained much of his inspiration from nature, but what was suggested by music in nature was made clear and tangible by the music in his own being. When he had once obtained a conception he would shut himself up for hours having no thought for anything outside of his composition.

Thus for a time Beethoven's career seemed bright. He was successful in his work, was contented with the friendship of the few whom his retiring nature trusted, and was engrossed by the halo of music which surrounded his whole existence. But a foe more dread than poverty was lying in wait for him. When he was only twenty-five he began to be troubled by a confused buzzing in his ears. In spite of anything physicians or surgeons could do, this trouble increased and Beethoven, the musician, became entirely deaf. This calamity seems overwhelming. Deafness is a malady from which all are justified in shrinking, but for a man whose very soul fed on what it could hear, it seems a much worse fate. If Beethoven had been an ordinary man we might have expected, as a result, suicide or insanity, but Ludwig van Beethoven was not only a great musician but also a great *man.* In the face of a future from which was to be forever banished all the beauty of sound which had bound him to life the strength of the man's will speaks out in these words:

"I will as far as possible defy my fate, though there must be moments when I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures—not unhappy, no, that I could endure! I will grapple with fate, it shall never drag me down."

Beethoven did grapple with fate and instead of its dragging

him down he rose to even greater heights than ever before. Some of his grandest works were composed after he was so deaf that he could not hear a single note. Yes, Beethoven grappled with fate and came off sublimely victorious, but not unscarred. He became negligent and irritable and apparently harsh and cynical, though all the time underneath it all was the old depth of love and tenderness which is shown not only by his continued care for the nephew who so illy repaid his kindness, but also by the little ways in which he aided any whose troubles came to his notice.

Thus for over twenty years this man of genius lived his life almost alone, in one world whose sounds never reached him, in another world whose sublime melodies filled his soul and overflowed into those compositions which tell to us the longing, the striving, and the conquering of this great man. In them we read again that although his life was miserable it was not unhappy.

On the twenty-sixth of March, 1830, at Vienna, Beethoven, after a long, painful illness, died. As this life was passing away it would seem that the elements vied with one another in endeavoring to make him once more hear their music. Who can say that this soul was not borne on the harmony of the grand chorus of the thunder, lightning, rain, and hail, to a region where he still lives in all joy, drinking in the music of all the spheres?

Beethoven still lives among us. To the musician his compositions tell his stories of love and beauty, of strife and victory; to the one who studies his portraits the plain, yes, even ugly person tells of strength of purpose and mighty courage; to each and every one of us the story of his life suggests possibilities and victories towards which even we may struggle. We may not all be able to tune our dreams and aspirations in harmony with Beethoven's sonatas and symphonies, but we can all be inspired by his life to say with him: "I will grapple with fate, it shall never drag me down." —I. M. M., '03.

THE FRIEND OF THE SEA.

One day I wandered on the shore,
And heard the waves sing ocean lore,
Until I thought, "That traveled tide
Must learn Earth's secrets far and wide;
And if, like men who sometimes share
With one dear friend the heart's deep care,
To find who that tried friend might be,

Would any thought of mine avail
The burdened waves have told their tale,
That lists to secrets of the sea."
While thinking thus I looked about,
My mind perplexed with hope and doubt.

At first it seemed the wind might be
Best loved companion of the sea:
For winds and waves together play
On many a gladsome summer day;
And when the sky is spread with clouds
That make us think of dead men's shrouds,
And breakers roar, and wavelets leap
Like little demons from their sleep,
And quickly grow to billows large
That threaten schooner or steam barge,
Then could it be that winds and waves
With equal glee dig sailors' graves?

I surely thought that it were so
Until the wind began to blow,
And vexed the waves with stinging lash
That made them writhe and cringe and dash
Against each other or away
To seek the bosom of the bay.

At once I knew that misplaced blame
Has been attached to waves by fame;
And that fierce winds might never hear
From gentle waves their secrets dear;
And breezes, though both kind and mild,
Are children of the winds so wild.
All love about the world to roam,
And seldom can be found at home.
The best friend of that ocean tide
Must quietly at home abide.

I pondered where a home could be
To which the waves might daily flee.
On sandy shore of some deep bay,
Where shells and sea-weed lifeless lay?
Yes, to the sands the waves come back
And leave such relics in their track.
Among them may sometimes be found
The body of a sailor drowned.
"So here," thought I, "the swelling tide
Brings things it can no longer hide.
But does it tell to shifting sand
The story of the distant land?"

I watched the waves roll from the deep,
I listened to their ceaseless beat.

The sand sank down like molten lead,
As if to keep each word waves said;
But when the waves back home had sped,
The sands and winds together fled,
Revealing to the broad daylight
What waves had buried out of sight.

I sighed and turned from sandy beach;
"Let weeds there die and sea-shells bleach,"
I cried, "the wisdom gained through years,
The healing balm for nameless fears,
The best result of Earth's long strife,
The secrets of our present life,
Have never been by ocean told
To any friend so false and bold."

Along the border of the bay,
In musing mood, I took my way
To where around a rocky cove
The waves in whispering eddies rove.
They often come with swelling joy,
But sometimes seem a little coy,
And sometimes, too, they seem to weep
When into arms of rocks they leap,
As children who have been oppressed
Seek refuge on a kindly breast,
And find in tears so quick relief
That laughter follows after grief,
Before the cheeks and lids are dry,
Thus children of the ocean cry.
Then, thought I, "It is surely here
That waves come both in joy and fear;
And now I know the reason well,
If I can find the words to tell."

"We go for sympathy to those
Who change not with our joys and woes;
Who our confidings keep secure;
Who soothe us though they may not cure.
Now rocks are always in their place,
They do not have youth's subtile grace,
But through the ages trying length,
With unspent store of inward strength,
They stand as monuments divine,
Their sides inscribed in mystic line;
And there those wise by study trace
The progress of the human race;—
But those less learned, if not too blind,
The choicest truths may also find."

I knelt upon the jagged rock
And cried, "Do not my fresh hope mock,

But tell me what the sea has told
To you through years of heat and cold.
Oh, why are hearts so often torn
By sorrows that can scarce be borne?
You have been deeply scarred and cleft
By some great power, and bereft
Of much. The reason do you know?"
Just then the waves' incessant flow
Was broken by a gurgling sound;—
A narrow entrance had been found,
And through a long, deep rift, the wave
Went gladly to a dim rock cave.
I heard it gently murmuring there,
Like lover to his lady fair;
And when, reluctant, it came out,
I ventured in my mind in doubt
What water-nymph there might dwell,
Caressed by mighty ocean swell.

I saw no living being there,
But beauty that is very rare.
The tide had painted over all
The bowlder seats and rocky wall,
In glowing colors or deep shade,
With sparkling gems of shell inlaid.
The roof was made of fretted work,
On seaweed carpet starfish lurk,
The whole place was kept clean and bright,
By water's purifying might.

"This is the answer, then," I thought;
"Such beauty could not have been wrought
Had not the cliff been rent apart,
Thus giving entrance to its heart;
So must false pride and stubborn will
Give way, before God's love can fill."

Resolved to drain Life's proffered cup
Whate'er it held, I then climbed up
To where a crag from all the rest
Stood out; and there, intent on quest
For further knowledge, I sat down
Where I could see a distant town.
Then moved by thoughts the sight awoke
The lofty rock I thus bespoke:

"Oh, crag, that towerest so grand and tall
In the most sightly place of all,
Pray let no wanton thought deceive,
Why is it that some men receive
Advantage high position gives,

Enjoyment that in knowledge lives,
The inspiration of the fair,
The brightest sunshine, freest air,
While others are weighed down in gloom,
By burdens that above them loom
So high they leave no breathing space
And even Beauty's sign efface.

While yet I spoke, below the tide
Came rushing to the high cliff's side.
I thought it told of trouble far
Away, where, on a lonely bar
A ship had staggered, tempest-tossed,
And all its freight of lives was lost.

Then spoke the rock: "Those great in mind
Must bear the woes of human kind;
Must prove safe refuge from all wrong;
Must send Earth's treasures forth in song
To cheer those who, less knowing life,
Think theirs is the severest strife."

It ceased, and from the depth below
The waves then murmured soft and low;
Long harp-strings stretched from rock to rock,
And never under selfish lock.
Thus rock to waves will ever lend
Its service till the world shall end.

—ELSIE M. BRYANT, '05.

THE GIFT OF STORY-TELLING.

STORY-TELLERS, like poets, are "born not made." To be sure, the gift, the instinct, may be cultivated thirty, sixty, and even a hundred-fold, but there must be, to start with, the in-born capital.

The gift is not dependent on any other. Perhaps it is all the story-teller has. He may be wholly without the qualifications of the literator; he may lack education, or even extraordinary intelligence; he may have no knowledge of the world and human nature, indispensible as this seems at first sight, but all this is as nothing if only he have the talent, the consummate gift, of story-telling.

This is true of all artists. The master musician, painter, or actor, need not be a man of marked ability along other lines; it is sufficient that he knows his art, and can bring it home to the people.

Prominent among the modern possessors of this gift is Mr. Du Maurier, of "Trilby" fame. He never studied fiction; indeed it was late in life when he discovered, almost by accident, this priceless knack. To take all hearts by storm "Trilby" had only to appear; thousands of readers lay prostrate at those incomparable feet. Delightful as the story is, in its freshness of youth and joy of living, it could easily be torn to pieces as a story merely, were any critics hard-hearted enough to undertake the hateful task. But in spite of the only too obvious shortcomings of the tale, the reader feels the power behind the pen, and bows to the genius of story-telling in Du Maurier.

Irving struggled after Goldsmith in the search for this power, and through careful cultivation exceeded even his ideal, in the development of his naive faculty. So, also, Cooper was a more conscientious workman than Scott, and put his framework together better, inferior as the American romancer was to the Scottish master in richness of humor and in the delineation of character.

George Eliot and Tolstoi are alike in their conscious effort to convey, through their stories, a definite moral to the reader, and neither strikes one as naturally a teller of tales. In both "Adam Bede" and "Anna Karenina" we have a constant sense of effort, as though the authors were struggling with a consciousness that story-telling was not their natural work. That neither of these writers was without the requisite endowment is evident from these books, and their fellows, but the lasting value of George Eliot's and of Tolstoi's writings is not to be sought in their stories, considered merely as stories.

The "Sorrows of Werther" met with instant acceptance all over Europe, but, in the opinion of many, great as Goethe was, his gift of story-telling was very small. There is nothing spontaneous in "Wilhelm Meister," but we feel it to be an effort of the intellect rather than a story. We may point to this as the first novel-with-a-purpose; the pioneer of the romances in which the didactic end figures prominently,—if it is clear in this case what the "purpose" is. Certainly we can believe that "Wilhelm Meister" is the ancestor of "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher,"—just as Miss Austen is the maiden grandmother of Mr. Howells.

It is no task to decide, as we read, to what extent our author possesses this intrinsic art. Intangible, inexplicable as it is, its presence can be felt only less than its absence is marked. It is

this naive faculty of narrative which the writer of fiction must have as a condition precedent to the practice of this craft. Without some small portion of it, the conscious art of the most careful novelist is of no avail.

—A. GERTRUDE HARTLEY, '04.

FOR KILLING "TIME."

GREAT MURDER TRIAL—DOOLITTLE CONVICTED OF TIME-SLAUGHTER—MONDAY'S SESSION OF SUPREME COURT IN AUBURN.

January 19, '03. The Doolittle murder trial was resumed this morning at nine o'clock, at the point of evidence where it was concluded Friday night. Doolittle himself was first called upon the stand and the following questions and answers are taken from the morning's evidence:

Ques.—"Did you know the deceased, Time?"

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

Ques.—"Did you ever have any trouble with him?"

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

Ques.—"Did Time cause the trouble?"

Ans.—"No, sir."

Ques.—"Who did?"

Ans.—"Mr. Sophomore Debate of Bates College has caused all the trouble between us. We were good friends before he came."

Mr. Doolittle was dismissed and Arthur Smart was called upon the stand.

Ques.—"Are you a student of Bates College?"

Ans.—"I am."

Ques.—"Do you know Mr. Doolittle?"

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

Ques.—"How long have you known him?"

Ans.—"I met him the first day I came to college; I have roomed with him three terms."

Ques.—"During those three terms has Mr. Doolittle spent most of his time in study?"

Ans.—"No, sir."

Ques.—"Was he accustomed to going out evenings?"

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

Ques.—"Did you ever accompany him?"

Ans.—"No, sir."

Ques.—"Was Mr. Doolittle out the evening of January 12, 1903?"

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

Ques.—"Where did he go?"

Ans.—"I don't know, he said he was going calling."

Ques.—"Did Mr. Doolittle ever say anything to you concerning a quarrel with Time or threaten to kill Time?"

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

Ques.—"State the circumstances and what he said."

"It was Monday, January 12th, the night of the murder. We were returning from supper. Mr. Soph. Debate and Time had been tormenting him at the supper table. He seemed angry and silent. He said nothing until we had reached the room, then he said, 'If Soph. Debate and Time do not let me alone there will be trouble. I have had trouble enough with Time and I will kill him if this isn't stopped.' "

Ques.—"What did you say?"

Ans.—"Doolittle began to get ready to go out and I asked him to stay at the room with me, for Soph. Debate was going to spend the evening with me."

Ques.—"What did he say?"

Ans.—"He said, 'then I am going out.' "

Mr. Soph. Debate was next called to the witness stand.

Ques.—"Are you a student of Bates College?"

Ans.—"No, sir."

Ques.—"What is your business there?"

Ans.—"Tormenting Sophomores."

Ques.—"Do you know Mr. Doolittle?"

Ans.—"Yes."

Ques.—"How long have you known him?"

Ans.—"A year, but Doolittle does little with me."

Ques.—"Do you know the deceased, Time?"

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

Ques.—"What do you know of Time's character?"

Ans.—"He is regular in his habits and rushes things."

Ques.—"Do you know of any dissension between Time and Doolittle?"

Ans.—"Yes."

Ques.—"State the circumstances and what was said."

Ans.—"Twice Time tried to make appointments with Mr.

Doolittle to study. One night he was in a Freshman's room; Time appeared. There was some talk and Doolittle told him that Freshmen who could sing and speak pieces were more interesting than he. Another night Time entered the room when Doolittle was dressing to go calling. Time stood firmly against the door. There was a struggle in which Time was victorious. Doolittle was angry and told Time he would kill him."

Ques.—"Did you see Doolittle the evening of January 12?

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

Ques.—"State the circumstances."

Ans.—"I was crossing the campus about eleven o'clock when I heard a shout. I looked around and saw two dark figures which appeared to be wrestling. I ran to the spot and saw that Doolittle had badly wounded Time with his jack-knife, though Time succeeded in dragging along for some time. I tried to interfere, but Doolittle struck me on the head and I fell. That is all I remember."

Mr. Soph Debate was then cross-questioned. The jury adjourned. In half an hour they entered the court room and brought the verdict—"Mr. Doolittle, guilty of killing Time, murder in the first degree." —E. A. B., '04.

AUTUMN'S CLOSE.

The last sere leaf had fallen;
The breath the old year makes
As't wings its flagging way
Had brushed him down.

Time was when summer's storms
Had rocked the stoutest trees,
But he had held, and when
The sun came forth to smile,
Forgot the winds.

Ah well! In years to come,
Beneath His smile let us
Forget the storms that rage
Around our path.

And when the cold, keen breath
From Death's broad wing shall fan
Our face, let us lie down,
Mingle with eternity
And never fear.

—J. A. S., '04.

FIDUS ET AUDAX. FAITHFUL AND COURAGEOUS.

THERE are two pictures in the Dresden art gallery which impress the tourist with their beauty and nobility. These are Hoffman's "The Boy Jesus," and Raffael's "Sistine Madonna." Before these the lover of beauty will sit wrapt in wonder and admiration. So it is in life's gallery of the essential virtues of a strong character; there will always be two that will stand conspicuous because of their beauty and nobility. These are faithfulness and courage; the faithfulness that holds one true or trustworthy in the performance of obligations and promises; courage that makes one calm, firm, brave, and resolute. Do you remember the story of the pilot on the burning and sinking ship? Do you remember how he stood at his post, how he saved the lives entrusted to his care by sacrificing his own? Certainly we may say that this man was faithful in the discharge of duty.

In the Apostle Paul we find another example of this same quality, for during the best years of his life he devoted his services to the work of his Master. Giving up riches and honor, which were within his grasp, he chose to be faithful to his heavenly vision.

Courage! It is hardly necessary to cite instances. Our minds turn immediately to such national heroes as Mad Anthony, the terror of British regulars; Paul Jones, who with a small and unseaworthy fleet carried fear to the very gates of London; or in our own day to the boys of San Juan Hill.

Yet courage is not confined to the battlefield alone, where men in the excitement and din of conflict, under the gaze of admiring thousands, face death unflinchingly. Moral courage, which is much nobler than physical bravery, has been well exemplified by our statesmen. John Hancock upheld liberty in the very face of King and Parliament at a time when King and Parliament seemed to have supreme control. Lovejoy gave up his life, the victim of mob violence, in upholding the moral truths, that slavery is inconsistent with the principles of a government by the people, and that the freedom of the press is inherent in the Constitution of the United States. Afterwards when a mass-meeting was called in Faneuil Hall to sympathize with these murderers of Lovejoy, Wendell Phillips had the moral courage to brave popular sentiment in its very stronghold and to give utterance to those principles which for many years the sacred building had not heard. But a few weeks ago Robert M. La Follette, Governor of Wisconsin, dared to antagonize many of his constituency in

the subjection of disgraceful prize fighting, giving a worthy example to other public officials. Surely our country does not lack examples of both physical and moral courage.

Faithful and courageous! How different these qualities! Yet they are not so divergent as they seem to be at first thought. Was it not courage as well as faithfulness that enabled the pilot to do his duty? Was it not courage prompted by this quiet faithfulness that kept him at the wheel while he saw every avenue of escape slowly close? Paul held his faith, but how much fortitude he had! John the Baptist, Christ and Stephen, all martyrs, were examples for him, and in their examples he found a terrible warning; their fates foretold his own. It took wonderful courage as well as faithfulness to pursue a course leading to imprisonment and certain death. Thus we shall always find it true that wherever there is faithfulness there must also be courage. And again if we study some act where courage seems to predominate we shall find that the deed was prompted by devotion to an ideal, to fatherland or to duty. Then these characteristics, so worthy in themselves, are made doubly worthy by the fact that they are so inseparably united that the possession of one necessitates the possession of the other.

We may think that, because these qualities have inspired men to such noble deeds, they are exceptional, but this is by no means true. In every well developed character these qualities are found, and if one has a knowledge of right and a longing for it, they will lift him to higher planes of life. Let us follow a single instance. The Civil War is in progress. In the hay field is a farmer boy at work. Within the last twenty-four hours word has come of the defeat of the Union soldiers at Bull Run and of the President's call for volunteers. Already in the little village close by a recruiting office is stationed. This young man is hard at work, yet in spite of his toil the thought comes to him, "I ought to go. My country needs me." All day he considers the idea anxiously. His mind goes to the little hoard of money that is to aid in fitting him for a lawyer's position. He sees the picture of his friend sent home from the battlefield wrecked in body and mind, one who had such bright prospects before him but three short months ago. His father and mother hold him back with ties of love. Then conscience says, "Duty before self. Think of your country ruined. You must go." At last patriotism conquers and he enlists. We again see this young man, now a soldier. This time he is on a forced march. The road

stretches off into the distance deep with sand; dust fills the air and covers the foliage. The sun beats down mercilessly on the ranks of marching men. Our soldier's back aches with the weight of gun and knapsack. Yes, mind and body unite in the effort to keep in place, to be true to his country's trust. Yet again he is in the din of battle. The Union forces have all but won the day. One fortified hill still stands between them and victory. The steep and rough approaches to this earthwork are guarded by a cross-fire of shot and shell. The order comes to his regiment to take the hill. They advance steadily to its base; on the double quick they reach the belt of fire; as they charge up the hill the storm of shot increases; men are falling on all sides; a ball wounds our soldier in the arm. Does he stop? No! On he rushes and the regiment, giving a shout, gains the breastworks; with a desperate effort they drive the enemy, capture the redoubt and the day is won. What was it that held the young man to duty, that led him to enlist, that drove him on in the dreary march, that closed his heart to fear in the terrible charge? You can give no other answer than that it was faithfulness and courage. In being faithful to his convictions, and in answering his country's call for help he rose from the rank of the untried citizen to the plane of the hero.

You say we cannot all be soldiers. How will these qualities affect the business man, the politician, the every-day life? Review for an instant, if you will, the life of George F. Peabody. It reads almost like a fairy story. At eleven he was a poor, uneducated boy, working as an appentice in a country store. At nineteen partner and business manager of the firm of Riggs & Peabody, one of the best American firms of its day, and at seventy-four years of age nations vied with one another in honoring him. From his youth he was faithful to duty, always working for the best interests of his employers. His entire life was a continual display of faithfulness and courage. When these qualities are the controlling forces of the politician we call him the statesman. Our beloved Lincoln was a politician, yet we never associate him with the ward boss or Tammany leader. The world owes all its highest civilization and refinement, yes, everything it has that is most ennobling, to the Christian religion. Yet where would the teachings of Christ be to-day if the founder and its subsequent leaders had lacked these most essential qualities?

As we have needed faithfulness to duty and courage to fol-

low our convictions in the past, so we shall need them in the life that is before us. Times and conditions change, but human character remains much the same. The virtues that were admired by Socrates and Aristotle centuries ago are admired to-day. The qualities that make the commonest workingman respected are not essentially different from those that are required in the statesman and the hero.

No matter how high the ideal, no matter how rough the way or unsurmountable the difficulties, faithfulness will keep our faces towards the goal and courage will lead us on towards its attainment.

—A. T. S., '06.

THE "MONOGRAM."

"You will never know enough to go to college," said saucy, pretty, and altogether delightful Marion, to her ardent admirer and slave, Jack Armsby. Marion, eighteen and the village belle, considered herself quite a woman of the world. She and Jack were just returning from a party, given in honor of some college men who were home on their vacation. As usual Jack had played second fiddle, with a college man in the place of honor.

Jack received this laughing assertion with a smile. But its significance sunk deep. Was his intellect, then, so inferior? Must he always sit in gloomy silence, while with easy air and assumed manner, another took the place he coveted? He was a good business man. Since his sixteenth year he had been with his father in business. His knowledge of minute detail was greater than his father's. Dimly conscious that he would succeed his father some day, he had been satisfied.

Now he was aware that his opportunities, in business lines, were limited. The town was small; the country purely agricultural. Long years ago the town had stopped growing and the agricultural development of the country completed. There was nothing to make business increase.

All this and more, ran through his mind, as he sat before the dying fire, after his return from the party. Still in his ears rang Marion's careless words. He could see her now as she spoke them, standing on her doorstep in the soft April moonlight. Her shapely head back-tilted, allowed a rippling laugh to escape from her graceful throat. Her dress he could not remember, only that it was feminine and dainty. The mouth and eyes, though hostile, were none the less bewitching.

Jack was young and proud. His vanity was wounded; wounded by a woman; that woman, he admired. His decision soon came. "I will go to college," said he, with an uplift of his square chin and a straightening of his broad shoulders.

It was hard at first. For three years his mind had been trained to other things than study and Latin was rusty, Greek had corroded. Every night in Jack's room the light burned till twelve. Some of his classmates laughed, some pitied. A pair of brown eyes looked on with surprised interest. A dozen times, on the point of giving it all up, that mocking laugh and those thoughtless words drove him back to work.

. . . . . .

Now Jack is a Senior in one of our well-known colleges. Each week he receives a letter bearing the postmark of his native town. The boys call them "Jack's Magazines." The monogram on the stationery is a letter M. —J. C. B., '04.

A STORM.

The night was Sunday, six o'clock, cold and dreary. Leaning against the stone fence of the church-yard of Saint Peter's a man was standing. His attitude was that of dejection or of indecision. His hands were in his pockets, his head was down, but not so low but that one passing by the lamp-post opposite could easily see his face. His beard was a reddish yellow, his eyebrows, black and bushy. But that which struck one was his face. The forehead was horribly wrinkled into an expression in which bewilderment and worry were blended with deep thought into a harrowed and concentrated look impossible to describe. He

appeared oblivious of the world, unconscious that outlined against the church he was presenting a strange picture. What could he be thinking of? Had he just been into confession and was he fighting a battle with sin out there in the cold snow, under the gilded crosses of the church spires? Perhaps he had decided to do what the priest said, to pass by the saloon on the next corner, once and for all to go home to her who still loved him and bid her look up, for her husband would sin no more. Or was he plotting some deed of horror, that his mind was so terribly concentrated? Was he planning to end his life, and did he stop just here in the sight of the church to consider his reckless determination? Perhaps so. It may be that the world had been too cruel, that the measure of his pain had exceeded his power of endurance, and that this was his farewell to earth. Which was it that he intended to do? Alas! we cannot tell. In "the ocean of life" we sail on in our safe little barques. Sometimes we catch a glimpse of a strange ship out there in the storm nearing the rocks. We would help, but as we look back—"darkness again—and a silence." —'04.

THE NIGHT WIND'S MESSAGE.

I was sitting at the open window trying to imagine that I was back in dear old Belmont, where the breeze always comes fresh from the mountain. The day had been unusually hard for me. To begin with, I had had a headache, then something went wrong in school, and, besides, the city air had been stifling. I was tired, homesick, and discouraged.

As I looked out into the starless, murky night, I heard a low murmur among the branches of the elm which shaded my window. I welcomed the sound,—for I knew it well. It was the voice of the Night Wind.

As a child I had heard it often and it had told me strange tales of its home in the far-off mountains, where fairies and elves dwelt the year round.

But to-night it had a new message for me. I listened and heard it whisper: "Ah, old friend, you have not forgotten me. At your home you have listened to me often, and you always understood so well. Yes, I came to-night from my old castle in the snow-covered mountains. It was beautiful there when I came away. The snow gleamed white in the moonlight; every tree

sparkled like silver, for it was the time of the fairies' carnival. They urged me to stay, but I knew that you were waiting.

I looked in upon your old home as I passed. Your mother held your last letter in her hand, and I heard your father say: "Ruth will make us all proud of her some day." And you will not disappoint them—but I cannot stay. Down in the heart of the city the little children are longing for me to come. I tell *them* stories, too,—the same stories that you loved to hear, and they listen and understand, as you did.

You are tired to-night. But you will remember my message—courage—remember." A faint rustle of wings and the Night Wind was gone.

The sky had cleared. One by one the stars twinkled forth. The Night Wind sped on its way, bearing to hundreds the message of hope and courage that it had brought to me.

—M. E. G., '05.

Alumni Round-Table.

STANTON CLUB.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Stanton Club will this year be held in Lewiston, and it is expected that a large number will be present. Those who attend will have an opportunity to see the life-like portrait of Professor Stanton in its permanent position on the walls of Coram Library.

OBITUARY.

AT no time in our lives can unexpected sorrow so overwhelm us as when, having reached some height for which we have been striving, we are just setting out, all absorbed in our task, to solve the problems in one of the different phases of this life's work.

The news of the untimely death of our dear classmate, Arthur Tryon, has fallen like a gray cloud upon the Class of 1902, and enshrouds within its folds each member.

We are almost overcome with the truth that as a united class, starting out in life's work together, one of our number has been called away by the Great Teacher. We each pause and wonder, we meditate, we try to realize and we are almost bewildered and unable to comprehend that the first link has been broken in the chain of love which binds us together as classmates.

The grief which we feel is far too deep to find expression in words.

Throughout the four years that Arthur Tryon was our classmate and friend, his life was an example of a perfect character, which told that his ideals had been fixed upon the highest and best from his youth, for character comes not at will, but is the crystallized emotions and desires of our past lives.

He was always prominent in all the religious work of his class and college, and at all times an influential leader in every religious interest.

His membership of the Methodist Church at Auburn was noted by the sincerity of his conduct and the careful manner with which he discharged the duties of several important offices in connection with that church.

As a student he was among the first in his class. Always energetic, attentive and devoted to his studies, he discharged the duties of the school work with the greatest care and thoroughness.

His deep interest in all athletics made him a favorite among the players upon the different college teams, and although he never gave much time to athletics as a player, his ability as an athlete was of no mean quality.

In the social life at college he was ever prominent and particularly popular among his classmates. He was chosen class vice-president during his Freshman year, and Class Treasurer during his Sophomore year.

Perhaps the most praiseworthy quality in his life, known particularly to his intimate friends, was the reverence, devotion and thoughtful respect which he always showed toward his mother and father. Never at any time did the pleasure and excitement of college life make him forgetful of his home and his parents.

It would be impossible to express all his praiseworthy attributes. The greatest praise that can be said of Arthur is that when among us he was praised not only for his deeds of merit and kindness, but also for the sterling qualities in his character which prompted his acts.

He fulfilled the greatest mission of man for the world, and it has surely been made better because he lived in it.

And we feel

"That somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er his hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim."

—J. A. H., *President Class of 1902.*

Inasmuch as we, the class of nineteen hundred two, keenly feel the loss of our beloved classmate, Arthur Tryon, and desire to express our heartfelt sorrow; be it

Resolved, That we, his classmates, express our esteem for his beautiful and helpful character, and our deep regret for his early and unexpected death.

Resolved, That we extend to his father and mother our sincere sympathy in this, the time of our deep and mutual affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed upon the records of the class, that a copy be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Tryon and be published in the STUDENT.

WILLARD M. DRAKE,
FRANCENA B. RUST DAY,
ETHEL A. RUSSELL,

Committee for the Class.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Among the newly-elected members of the Maine legislature were the following Bates alumni: A. S. Littlefield, '87; F. A. Morey, '85; J. M. Libby, '71; N. W. Harris, 73 (deceased); H. W. Oakes, '77.

'68.—For a few weeks President G. C. Chase will be absent from college on business.

'75.—Frank H. Smith has been elected a judge of the Superior Court of San Joaquin County, Cal.

'77.—Superintendent G. A. Stuart of the New Britain (Conn.) schools recently gave a talk at a meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Association held in Waterville. On his way home he visited the Lewiston schools, of which he was superintendent seven years ago.

'85.—J. M. Nichols, principal of Deering High School, is recovering from appendicitis.

'86.—J. H. Williamson, Esq., was elected to the State Senate from Lake County, South Dakota, at a recent election.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow will preach the sermon here on the Day of Prayer for colleges, January 29th.

'89.—G. H. Libby, a former principal of Lewiston High School, and his wife, have recently visited relatives on Drummond Street, Auburn.

'90.—W. F. Garcelon, Esq., of Boston, spent his vacation in Lewiston.

'92.—Hon. Scott Wilson, now Assistant County Attorney of Cumberland County, has been elected City Solicitor of Portland, Maine, for the coming year.

'93.—Jed F. Fanning, a prominent young lawyer of Portland, has been elected a member of the Common Council of Portland from Ward 6.

'94.—Miss Ethel I. Cummings, now a teacher in the Manchester High School, spent the Christmas recess at her home in Gray.

'94.—Dr. E. F. Pierce is practicing in Auburn.

'94.—John W. Leathers of Machias, Me., is to move to Portland, and open a law office. He will also be associated with the *Portland Advertiser.*

'96.—O. C. Boothby, Esq., of Boston, spent the holidays in Lewiston.

'96.—Miss Alice Bonney was recently married to Dr. Record, an Auburn dentist.

'97.—R. B. Stanley, Esq., is practicing law in partnership with Boothby, '96.

'98.—Henry Hawkins, who finished his course at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School in June, 1902, is now a hospital physician at Bangor, Me.

'99.—W. S. Bassett of Chatham, Mass., is recovering from a long illness.

'99.—Miss Sue Rounds has so far recovered her health as to be able to resume her work at Leavitt Institute this term.

'99.—On December 18th Mr. Fred E. Pomeroy, instructor of Biology at Bates, was united in marriage to Miss Harriet M. Piper of Parsonsfield, formerly a teacher of elocution at Kent's Hill.

'99.—Nathan Pulsifer, instructor of athletics and mathematics at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., spent his vacation in Auburn. Since he has been at the Academy Mr. Pulsifer has done much for athletics there.

1900.—R. S. M. Emrich took first prize in Hebrew at the Hartford Theological Seminary.

1900.—Guy E. Healey, principal of the High School, Winthrop, has been studying law this vacation in the office of H. E. Foster.

1900.—Ralph I. Morse of Liberty has entered the law school at Yale.

1900.—D. L. Richardson passed through Lewiston on his return to the University of Pennsylvania. It will be remembered that he made a record for himself for the 'varsity foot-ball team last fall.

1900.—M. G. Sturgis spent his vacation in Lewiston.

1900.—C. P. Hussey has been at his home in Lewiston during his vacation from U. of P.

'01.—V. E. Rand has been obliged to resign his position at Dexter High School on account of ill health.

'01.—Leo C. Demack spent the holidays at his home in Lewiston.

'01.—W. K. Batchelder has been appointed superintendent of schools in the district lying around Occid, Negros, the town where he is located. Mr. Batchelder has been very successful in his labors in the Educational Department of the Philippines, his salary twice increased and promotion showing the appreciation of the Department for his earnestness and devotion to his work.

'01.—Arthur C. Clark is principal of the grammar school at Highlandville, Mass.

'01.—Percy D. Moulton has returned to his work at the University of Pennsylvania.

'01.—F. P. Wagg who, since his graduation, has been teaching in the Philippines, was recently appointed postmaster-general of the Island of Luzon.

'01.—Miss Lucy Small, after spending her vacation in Maine, has returned to her school in Thetford, Vt.

'02.—Miss Julia E. Babcock has accepted a position at Milo, Me.

'02.—Ivan I. Felker, sub-master of Westbrook High School, has resigned to accept a position as teacher of sciences at an academy in East Greenwich, R. I.

'02.—Miss Florence S. Ames is at her home, Lewiston.

'02.—F. B. Moody has resigned his position at Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass., to accept a better position in Elizabeth, N. J.

Around the Editors' Table.

THE year just ushered in begins but a new chapter in the story of life. The class who leave the duties so faithfully and creditably done for the year past have but finished a volume of the STUDENT, and we who take up the mantle of privilege and duty which they have laid aside but start anew a volume which we hope will add grace and dignity to those which have preceded. We have not meditated long upon the question of where the true strength of our publication lies or how its excellence is best attained, ere we discover that it does not lie wholly with ourselves whose duties have been prescribed. We depend upon the hearty, earnest, loyal support of every member of this institution to make it a publication which typifies the life of the college, the feeling general and far-reaching and the principles upon which it stands. The importance, then, of the STUDENT is not likely to be over-estimated. Let us not then be dilatory in our individual endeavors to give it its share of enthusiasm, talent and time. What better compliment could be paid to the STUDENT than this? It holds a mirror to the life of the college not as cited by some specific instances but as reflected by numerous general contributions of careful, well adapted thought. It is a snap-shot of us in our every-day attire, showing us as we are and suggesting thereby ways of improvement. It is a time exposure of us at our best, showing to an extent the ideals toward which we climb and the hopes and aspirations which inspire us.

The opportunities of this year will soon glide by, the things which lie in our immediate future will soon be delegated to the past. What might have been and what we might be had we ventured upon the flood at its flow will be considerations gone forever. Likewise the manifold opportunities which the STUDENT offers us now for self-improvement and for college will soon cease to be. The possibilities to which we might rise and of which we now little dream may be shapen. Let us then, not one but all, concert our aims and give expression with generous enthusiasm to the best thought that wells up within us. Keeping in mind our ideals as a college, let us contribute our part as individuals cheerfully and bravely for our own self-improvement, our possibilities and our college.

THE college magazine is a mirror of student life which should reflect credit to the institution it represents; therefore it should be our aim to work for its further development and improvement. While to undergraduates the most interesting section of the STUDENT is generally "Locals," our alumni look principally to other departments; they read such things as alumni notes and athletic news, but they cannot appreciate the stories and poems of the paper as much as do we, the students who are acquainted with their authors. Therefore, there is a great need in our magazine of something more under the "literary" head—that is, something of a more solid nature which will be interesting and valuable even to those outside of our *Alma Mater.* Of course we desire three or four original stories and poems, but in addition to those, an article or series of articles each month on some general topic or question of the day, written by students after careful research on the subject, would make our college magazine valuable for information—something which everyone would be interested to read.

USUALLY, after the strain of the foot-ball season is over, the students lose their interest in athletics. The enthusiasm aroused by fiery speeches in crowded mass-meetings dies away. The beseechings and importunings of coach and captain are no longer heard. We should not forget that interests just as vital, just as important, as base-ball or foot-ball need our hearty and united support; that basket-ball and gymnasium work are just as essential to the interests of our college. Basket-ball, especially, needs the united support of student body and Faculty. For the last two years our teams have hardly been worthy of the name. Our sister colleges have good basket-ball teams, which play regular schedules, with the hearty support and co-operation of their athletic bodies. If we are going to have a team, let us make it a good one. If basket-ball is worth playing it is worth playing well. Let us remember that good teams are the result of the support, encouragement and interest of the students as a body.

THERE is one characteristic of us as students that is particularly striking and that is our extreme modesty. Especially noticeable is our reticence in regard to our literary efforts. Rarely do we find an article in the STUDENT signed by the author's name. When such is the case, do we not experience a sense of pleasure? We feel that the writer trusts himself and is willing

to let everyone know that he is not ashamed of the offspring of his brain. It may be hard to thus publicly acknowledge one's efforts, but it is *right*. It is not, as some think, indicative of conceit. On the contrary, it shows a lack of selfishness and a desire for the pleasure of others. For when we sacrifice a little of our Puritan reserve and boldly sign our names to our works, do we not add to the enjoyment of others? It is a greater pleasure to read a story when we know who wrote it. An essay may reveal to us thoughts and feelings that delight us. A poem may help and uplift us. Surely it is a greater inspiration if we know who it is that can so charm us. Let us, then, since it is not a matter of conceit, but rather the opposite to acknowledge the works of our brain, endeavor to cultivate a greater degree of self-trust and unblushingly sign our names to our literary attempt.

IN order to stimulate an interest, now strangely lacking among students, in the study of American History, the *Colonial Dames* offer to the Junior and Senior girls of the Maine colleges who have studied American History, a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best composition on some point in the early history of Maine. This paper, which must contain not less than three thousand nor more than five thousand words, will be accepted any time before May the first. The conditions of the contest limit the contestants to the women of the colleges. Now we have more women than either of our sister colleges, plenty of time and an instructor who is glad to help secure all available books. As Dr. Veditz says, "It would be a feather in the cap of any young woman to carry off that prize." The men have done their best in debate and athletics. Here is an opportunity for the women to do something for the love of Bates.

Local Department.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Gym work commenced Thursday.

How did you spend your vacations?

The teachers are gradually returning.

President Chase is in Boston on business.

Miss Cornelison of Houlton has returned to 1906.

Harry Doe was elected captain of the basket-ball team.

Professor Rand has been ill for a few days, but has now completely recovered.

The girls are delighted with their new quarters in Whitter and Milliken Houses.

F. W. Rounds, 1904, has been engaged to coach the Leavitt Institute track team.

Irving W. Babcock, 1904, has accepted a position as principal of the Milo High School.

Professor Hartshorn was unable to meet his classes Monday owing to a slight illness.

Guy L. Weymouth, 1904, has returned to college after teaching a successful term in Greene.

1905 welcomes back F. L. Doyle of Caribou, who has been out of college during the fall term.

It is a great grief to the girls that their debate is off, owing to the withdrawal of Boston College.

Owing to the bursting of the boilers in the library, it has been closed for the latter part of the week.

J. K. Flanders, 1904, has returned to college after an operation for a severe attack of appendicitis.

Professor Pomeroy was married December 18th to Miss Piper, formerly a teacher at Kent's Hill.

Professor Veditz made a flying trip to Pennsylvania during vacation to attend a sociological convention.

Owing to the bursting of the steam pipes there were no recitations held in Hathorn Hall Tuesday, January 20th.

The glee and mandolin clubs under the efficient management of David, '04, are getting in form for their season's work. The outlook is excellent.

At a meeting of the debating league, C. L. Beedy, 1903, was elected president; J. C. Briggs, 1904, vice-president; Lewis Parsons, 1905, secretary and treasurer.

Thirty-five of our students are out teaching—5 Seniors, 11 Juniors, 4 Sophomores, and 12 Freshmen. Bates certainly does her share in turning out pedagogues.

The Tufts Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert in Auburn Hall, January 6th. Their work was of a high order and well received by an enthusiastic audience.

Gym work is progressing rapidly. Stebbins, 1903, has been appointed leader of the Junior drill; Rounds, 1904, leader of the Sophomore drill; Briggs, 1904, leader of the Freshman drill.

John A. David, the popular college reader, made a three days' trip with the Lotus Quartet, appearing before enthusiastic and appreciative audiences at Rangeley, North Jay, and Livermore Falls.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association January 14th, the resignation of Perley M. Cole, 1904, manager of the athletic exhibition, was accepted, and John A. David, 1904, elected to fill the vacancy.

Captain Stone has put the pitchers at work and the whole base-ball squad will go into the cage in about a week.

Professor C. W. A. Veditz has introduced a historical seminary course of two hours per week. To this course are admitted those who desire a more thorough course in history than the regular courses permit. The subject for study this term is "The American Revolution."

The athletic association chose for their representatives on the Maine intercollegiate arbitration board: From the Faculty, Professor A. C. Clark; from the alumni, W. A. Garcelon of Boston; from the student body, J. C. Briggs, 1904. Each Maine college elects a like representation, and to this body are left for settlement all athletic disputes.

From the names presented to the Faculty for consideration by the debating league, two teams were chosen, one to meet Trinity, the other to meet Boston University. Those chosen to meet Trinity are C. L. Beedy, 1903, N. S. Lord, 1903, and J. C. Briggs, 1904. The team chosen to meet Boston University Law School is A. K. Spofford, 1904, G. L. Weymouth, 1904, and F. M. Swan, 1904.

Exchanges.

THE *Mount Holyoke* for December is as readable an exchange as we have received for some time. Miss Jelliffee, in her article, "The Power of Sound in Swinburne's Poetry," shows careful thought and genuine feeling. The bright little story, "Coming to Her Own," has life, a characteristic not always in evidence.

The editorials in the University of Maine *Campus* are forcible and to the point. For verse, the *Smith Weekly* may be given the preference this month. "We Shall Be Satisfied," "April," and "The Passing of the Twilight Queen," are remarkably well written. In fact, this paper seldom exhibits the want of verse contributions so conspicuous among the other exchanges.

The *Sibyl,* Elmira College, N. Y., *William and Mary College Monthly, Tennessee University Magazine* and *Laurentian* are all excellent in make-up and general appearance; appropriate and pleasing in cover design.

Members of 1904 will be glad to hear from Tyler Dennett who, during his Freshman year, did such good work as tackle and guard on the Bates foot-ball team. In the *Weekly* of Williams College, where he is prominent in debate and athletics, we read:

(14) Tyler Wilbur Dennett, 1904, right guard, prepared at the Friends' School, Providence, where for two years he played at guard. Last season he was ineligible for championship contests, but this year has played in nearly every game. He is 19 years old, weighs 195 and is 5 feet 11 inches tall.

At the suggestion of alumni, Bowdoin is to drop the Class Prophecy from commencement exercises and put something else in its place. Is it possible that there will come a time when graduates will no longer go into trances, rise from the tomb, or deliver thrilling messages from a safe perch on the moon?

The following are from the best clippings of the month:

A FARMER'S IDEA OF FOOT-BALL.

A farmer of Bowdoinham has given a description of the Bowdoin and Bates game that is picturesque if nothing else. Asked by a friend to tell about the game, he said: "Nothing *to* tell. Just let twenty big hogs out on a soft field any day and throw down a peck of corn or so and see 'em go for it, and you'll know 'bout what a game of foot-ball looks like to a farmer."—*Bangor News.*

WORK.

(From an address by the late Emile Zola to the Paris students.)

"Gentlemen, I presume to offer you a faith; yes, I beseech you to put your trust and your faith in work. Toil, young man, toil! I am keenly conscious of the triteness of the advice. It is the seed which is sown at every distribution of prizes in every school, and sown in rocky soil, but I ask you to reflect upon it, because I, who have been nothing but a worker, am a witness to its marvelously soothing effects upon the soul. The work I allude to is daily work, the duty of moving one step forward in one's alloted task every day. How often in the morning have I taken my place at my table, my head, so to say, lost, my mouth bitter, my mind tortured by some terrible suffering—and every time, in spite of the feeling of rebellion, after the first minutes of agony, my task proved a balm and a consolation. I have invariably risen from my daily work, my heart throbbing with pain, but firm and erect, able and willing to live till the morrow. Yes! work is the only one great law of the world which leads organized matter slowly but steadily to its unknown goal. Life has no other meaning, and our mission here is to contribute our share to the total sum of labor, after which we vanish from the earth!"—*Roxbury Enterprise.*

LAD'S LOVE.

Lad's love is laughter like, as merry as the morning is,
When all the wood's a-whisper with the murmurings of May,
His words are like a swinging song where not a hint of warning is
To tell how each brave ballad is forgotten with the day.
Hear me, little maiden, and beware of him, I pray—
'Tis a madcap melody he knows the music of,
Trust your ears to listen—he will sing your soul away,
Hark him not and heed him not, for he's a light o' love.

Lad's love is now a jest, remembered but to smile about,
Careless as a butterfly that dances down the grass,
Now a young May madness that he'll sing to you awhile about,
But all the time forgetting the splendid spring must pass;
So, mark you well my moral, O laughing little lass,
'Ware the bold young lovelace who would swear by moons above,
For moons will wax and moons will wane, and hearts are frail as glass—.
Hark him not and heed him not, for he's a light o' love.

EDWARD B., '04.

Georgetown College Journal.

THE SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Out of the green of the distant hill,
Where the shadows lengthen, dark and still,
While fainter glows the sky—
Under the shimmering, sunset star,
The hermit calls to his mate afar,
Plaintive and wild and shy.
Darker shadows the valleys fill;
Deeper's the hush of the distant hill;
Fainter the glow of the sky;
Still, like a voice from another sphere,
Moving the depths of the hearts that hear,
Comes that lonely cry.

McQueen Salley Wightman.—Nassau Literary Magazine.

Books Reviewed.

MOORE'S HORACE'S ODES, EPODES, AND CARMEN SAECULARE.

This is the latest addition to the Latin Series prepared under the supervision of Professors Morris of Yale and Morgan of Harvard. It presents Horace's lyrical poems with special attention to the needs of Freshmen and Sophomores. An introduction treats of the poet's life and writings, of the metres employed, and the special points of syntax. The commentary gives such assistance in the interpretation as will help students to an appreciation of Horace's art and charm. The notes include quotations both from the poet's Greek models and from other works of his own. Maps of Central Italy and of the region near the villa Horati afford the necessary geographical information. This is an unusually helpful and scholarly edition of the great lyric poet.

Edited by Clifford H. Moore, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin in Harvard University. Cloth, 12mo, 465 pages. Price, $1.50. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

Marion's Experiences, by Lucy A. Hill, published by the Educational Publishing Company of Boston, is a story of school days in Germany. The book is well written and very interesting. The reader gains a good insight into a school on the Rhine, and the fine descriptions of excursions made by the pupils make the work valuable for the tourist. In the closing pages we have a vivid description of the opening and progress of the Franco-German war. The moral tone of the book is excellent, and in the delineation of the heroine's character we have a steadily developed improvement. It is a most charming and useful book for school girls, and will be welcomed by every parent.

We have just received from the press *Select Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,* arranged and edited by A. J. George, who was recently appointed to the Chair of English in the Collegiate Department of Clark University.

This book will, we think, appeal to students and teachers of English Poetry alike because it is a well-done piece of work and because it supplies a need whose existence all high school teachers have long recognized. In his selection of poems Mr. George has aimed to show us the man as well as his art, and therefore has included with the poems commonly recognized as his finest work a great many others not remarkable for their quality but which reveal the influence of Coleridge's life that gave the distinctive note to his poetry.

The portraits of Coleridge and Wordsworth are of rare merit. The mechanical execution of the book cannot but appeal to one so well acquainted with the common faults of school books in this particular.

Edited by A. J. George. List price, 75 cents. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL,

A DEPARTMENT OF BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY.

GEORGE C. CHASE, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT.

REV. JAMES A. HOWE, D.D., DEAN,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Apologetics and Pastoral Theology.

REV. ALFRED W. ANTHONY, A.M., SECRETARY,
Fullonton Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Criticism.

REV. HERBERT R. PURINTON, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Interpretation.

REV. A. T. SALLEY, D.D.,
Instructor in Church History.

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

Certificates of attainment will be granted to those who complete the course.

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

GEORGE C. CHASE, D.D., LL.D.,
PRESIDENT,
Professor of Psychology and Logic.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, LITT.D.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

LYMAN G. JORDAN, PH.D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

WILLIAM H. HARTSHORN, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

A. N. LEONARD, PH.D.,
Professor of German.

ARTHUR C. CLARK, B.S.,
Professor in Physics.

C. W. A. VEDITZ, PH.D.,
Knowlton Professor of History and Economics.

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

CAROLINE E. LIBBY, A.M.,
Registrar and Instructor in French.

RALPH H. TUKEY, A.M.,
Instructor in Latin.

WILLIAM T. FOSTER, A.B.,
Instructor in English.

FRED E. POMEROY, A.M.,
Instructor in Biology.

WILLARD M. DRAKE, A.B.,
Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.

HOWARD C. KELLY,
Assistant in Physical Laboratory.

GEO E. RAMSDELL,
Assistant in Greek.

CAROLINE A. WOODMAN, B.S., A.M.,
Librarian.

WM. W. BOLSTER, JR., A.B.,
Director in Gymnasium.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's Æneid; four books of Cæsar; seven orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough). GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; three books of Homer's Iliad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or equivalents. ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and in English Literature the works set for examination for entrance to the New England Colleges.

The regula r examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

Candidates for the degree of B.S. may present instead of Greek an equivalent in Science and Modern Languages as described in the Catalogue.

Students admitted without Greek may enter upon courses leading to the degree of A.B. by beginning the study of Greek and taking two years of prescribed work in that language.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income o thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.