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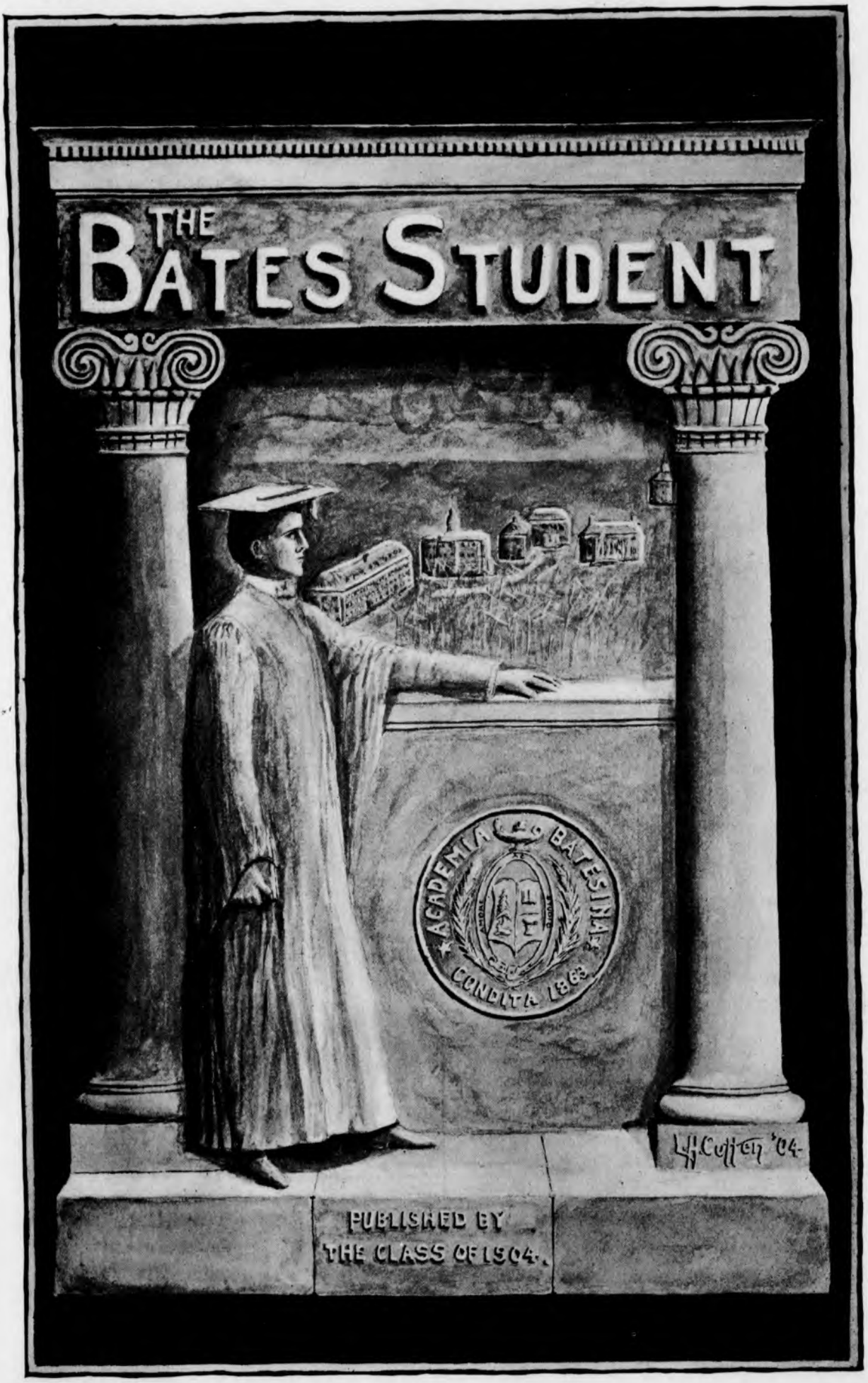

THE

BATES STUDENT.

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Literary.

AFTER VISITING A HOUSE BUILT IN 1760.

Majestic mansion, sombre still amid
The oak's primeval shade, o'erlooking years
That unto dust have given the hands that laid
Thy base of stone, that raised the beams secure,
Whose might has braved the winter's icy frown,
The storm's tempestuous blast thy walls around.

What myriad feet have trod thy stately halls,
O mansion grand, in festive days of yore;
What voices mingling in command have called
That time's stern hand has silenced evermore!
What memories linger in thy stately rooms
Of men once mighty but forgotten soon!

The stately coach dashed swift thy street along,
Its bays foam-flecked in mighty gallop driven
To bear the news of declaration drawn,
Proclaiming a nation's freedom under heaven.
Thy dancing halls echoed with dancing feet
When o'er the ocean came the note of peace.

The thunders of a war upon the deep
Against a tyrant conquered yet once more,
Unjust, echoed thy walls around e'er yet asleep
Had fallen the men that forced her from their shore.
Again you stood and saw the peaceful end,
And stars still floating to triumphant wind.

Deep as the rumbling voice of lowering clouds
When mighty storms are near—'rose slavery's groan.
Trembling thy country stood till burst aloud
The deluge of fraternal strife. Fair homes
In ashes lay—red ran the blood—till conquest o'er
Brought peace and brotherhood forevermore.

And naught is changed, the hills still lift on high
Their craggy peaks, the forest green looms deep
As in the century past; the river by
Still murmuring floats to greet the waiting sea.
And firm as height where rests eternal snow,
You stand unmoved while seasons come and go.

You breathe the spirit of the land I love,
In you I see the pure, unchanging life
That formed my native land. Firm as above

The years you rest strong to endure the strife
Of time, so stands my native land a shield
Against all storms--and ne'er to foes to yield.

Stand firm, old mansion dear, may yet more
Centuries find you strong to brave the storm;
Still looking calmly down the years and o'er
This mighty land, a sentinel with form
Unmoved! Teach us like thee to ever stand
One body firm, guarding our native land.

—J. H. GOULD.

BOW-GUNS.

THE two farm-houses stood less than twenty rods apart. Their great barns and sheds stretched toward each other like clumsy arms outspread.

A path led from the back door of Joe's big barn down through the orchard to the side door of Joy's long wood-house. Of course, Joe did not really own any buildings, he was only eleven. But he always said "my house" and "your house" to six-year-old Joy. She did as Joe did. The fathers did not mind at all.

As for the path, the two children took care that it should not become grass-grown. No other playmates for several miles, and even if there had been I doubt if,—but that's not telling about the bow-guns. Never saw a bow-gun? Poor unfortunate that you are. Only yesterday I asked my mother,—I mean Joy,—to tell me about hers, and you should have seen the gleam in her eye at mention of that word.

It was a glorious morning in early October forty years ago. Joe came tearing down the path under the apple-trees, brandishing his first bow-gun proudly aloft. He found Joy moving,—from the pile of boards that had been her residence all summer to the garret where she proposed to store her goods through the winter.

Joy placed a pile of broken dishes carefully on the ground, and, thrusting both hands into her tier pockets, gave her entire attention to the bow-gun and Joe.

"Father made it for me. It's ter shoot squirrels 'n crows with," he announced condescendingly. Down in his heart he had determined to try a few robins also, on the quiet, just to keep in practice. But it was not necessary to mention this to Joy. She would tell. And if mother found out, there would be an end to

his fun for a week may be. Mother had a way of hiding weapons on occasions.

"You put th' arrer in so, 'n your hand on so. 'N' when you get ready just hist your forefinger so." Twang! Away went the arrow. "See that?"

Bows and arrows they had both known about. But bow-guns! Here was something entirely new.

That evening, after the early supper, Joy climbed into her father's lap to tell him about this modern invention.

"It's just a wooden gun, father, 'n' it shoots along a kind of trough on the top,—the arrer does. 'N' the bow is on the front end of the gun. You pull the string back over the crooked part; 'n' when you want to shoot, hist the string, just the leastest bit, father, 'n' it snaps onto the arrer, 'n' it goes."

This last triumphantly, with clasped hands and wide-open eyes.

" 'N' father," she continued, "will you make me a bow-gun?"

"Ho, ho, ho, a bow-gun for a girl!"

Father lifted her down to the floor and rose at once. But Joy danced, for he walked out through the long shed to the bench, and stooping down selected a piece of wood from the pile beneath.

"I'll go and get Joe's for you to look at, father, if you want me to," she said as he took down the saw. But father laughed his slow, quiet laugh and shook his head. "I guess I can remember, little girl. I made a good many bow-guns when I was a boy."

Then Joy tried to imagine how her father could ever have been a little boy, with a bow-gun, too, and decided she "would like to have been there, then."

They went to sit in the big shed door while father finished the bow-gun with his jack-knife. The shadow of the house and barns had stretched out nearly to the woods,—an irregular line. Joy propped her head in her hands and watched for the longest part to begin to climb the wall of trees still bright in the sunshine. The chimneys would show first. She knew just where to look for them. Every turn in the shadow line was familiar to her. In the early afternoon while it was still in the yard she had walked the entire line, stepping carefully just where the dark green met the light.

Over the tops of the trees a mile away, the glory of the setting sun was being flashed back from the windows of two other houses, near together like hers and Joe's.

That view had been the first Joy's eyes had seen,—the narrow line of woods, the two houses; farther away a white church and a glimpse of the village; beyond, Boardman Mountains and the hills. It was the world and it looked large. Then.

Long before the bow-gun was finished the shadow had climbed the woods and put out the light in the windows of the two houses. Then, there was the arrow to be made. One would be enough, father said, "for a girl."

It was later than usual that night when Joy went to bed, but she carried the precious bow-gun with her, quite finished.

Next day they decided to go hunting. Joe strapped an old fish basket over his shoulder for the game they would kill, and Joy carried a pail full of doughnuts and cookies in case the game should not be eatable.

Up through the orchard and the second field and the third. So far from home! And what a wide, wide country! They could look off here on all sides. The two houses and the white church showed even more clearly than at home.

"The higher you go the further you can see," observed Joe sagely. Then he continued, quoting from a favorite book, "until now, madam, we have been travelling due north. At this point we change our course and move toward the rising sun."

"The sun's all rised," said Joy, scanning the heavens with critical eye. "He's going over to the place where he sets now." But Joe was already climbing a stone wall, quite indifferent to her criticisms. And the small huntress made haste to follow. No easy task, for on the other side the ground fell away abruptly into the pasture, and you had to jump, bow-gun, pail, and all, and take your chances of alighting right side up.

By digging their heels into the bank the hunters managed to arrive at the foot in good order,—that is, Joe first and Joy immediately after. But a moment later our Diana discovered that the arrow had slipped from her bow-gun.

Back up the bank again, but the wall was high for a six-year-old and Joy's yellow head had not reached the top when Joe shouted from the field:

"I've found it, 'n' 'taint broke either." Less poetical but quite as full of meaning as Longfellow's famous line. "Girls are considerable bother," Joe announced, as they scrambled down the bank again.

"But you wanted me to come."

"Course," sighting at a thistle-top, "it's no fun alone."

Joe was on the road to manhood.

Through the "sap grove," scuffing the maple leaves at every step; and then down an old wood road under the firs and beeches. Falling leaves everywhere, but not a single squirrel.

They sat down on a fallen tree trunk and opened the lunch pail. Only a few minutes later Joe actually did spy a squirrel and fired, hitting the exact spot where chippy *had* been and breaking his arrow, while the squirrel lost not so much as a hair. Thereupon they agreed to hunt no more for that day; and Joe led the way out of the woods into a pasture quite new and strange to Joy, and covered with coarse brakes that cut and scratched tired small folks in a most trying way.

"Joe, are we lost?" she kept asking, but he did not seem to hear. "Oh, no, there are the two houses," she exclaimed. "We can go and ask 'em 'n' they'll tell us where we live, won't they?" She pushed ahead eagerly and Joe followed this time, grinning.

"They've got a big rock in their lane, too, Joe. See? Just like ours, 'n' the same kind of a watering trough. Ain't that funny?" They were in the farm-yard now.

Round the corner and through the gate and there was the house. Before the shed door stood a wagon. "Whyee, Joe, that's our wagon. What are you laughing at, Joe?"

She heard some one coming through the shed, and a moment later mother stood in the door.

"There, it's our own houses, after all. Why didn't you tell me, before?"

—Edna Cornforth, '03.

OUR IDEAL LIFE.

EVERY one has an ideal, something toward which he is striving. This ideal may be low or high, but it is there. Every act, conscious or unconscious, in a measure reveals the person's ideal.

The attempt to reach a high ideal is like striving to gain the summit of a mountain. After we have made up our minds to attain a certain height, we set out with hearts beating high with hope, and belief in our own powers. For a short distance our progress is easy, and possibly we deceive ourselves into thinking that the task before us will be speedily accomplished.

But soon the path grows narrower, the way steeper, unforeseen difficulties confront us which we overcome only to meet others

more formidable. Many times we are on the point of giving up the attempt, but thoughts of the lofty summit urge us to try again, and so we struggle on.

Sometimes loose pebbles in our way cause us to step back almost as fast as we advance, but with perseverance and perhaps by the aid of friendly twigs and branches, we slowly make our way onward.

Now and then from an abrupt turn, we catch glimpses of the valleys below us, and are surprised that such a short climb could give us such a fine view. If we are wise, we stop and enjoy each beauty placed before us, but usually, determined to enjoy nothing until the goal has been reached, we hurry on, leaving many blessings unnoticed.

After many hours have been passed in toil, and many obstacles overcome, we see before us the peak, and a few more efforts bring us to the top.

Imagine our surprise when we discover that this is not the real summit as we had supposed, for we see in the distance and far above us another and fairer height. Each achievement makes us more eager to gain the next, so, although the sun has passed its noon, we again set out to reach the top at any cost. The higher we go the steeper and more rugged the way, but our courage is renewed by each victory, and slowly we advance.

With a feeling of triumph we at last pull ourselves up over the last cliff. Now, surely, we may rest and enjoy what we have striven for. Again, we are doomed to disappointment, for high above us in sublime majesty towers the sun-crowned summit.

In the distant valleys long, dark shadows are creeping, one by one, the mountains take on violet hues, only the unattainable peak catches and holds the last lingering rays of the sun.

In despair we say that we have failed. We have not reached our goal, have not attained our ideal life. And yet, have we failed? The highest pinnacle has not been reached, our fondest hopes have not been realized, but has our day brought us nothing? Suppose, if possible, we had gained the high ideal, with nothing higher above us to strive for, what could we have done but stood still or gone back. The poet meant this when he said, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a Heaven for?" And Lowell has told us that "Not failure but low aim is crime."

In climbing this mountain of life, no honest effort is in vain. Every opportunity improved, every noble impulse obeyed, every

pure thought lived is a step onward, and each step, however small, helps build the ladder and brings its own reward. Patience must be our companion, for

> "Heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upwards in the night."

As each new and nobler ideal presents itself, let us not be discouraged, if to reach the highest seems impossible, but rather let us thank God for the heights that have lifted us out of the valleys up to a plane nearer Him.

—LILLIAN M. OSGOOD, 1906.

EVOLUTION.

PART II.

The Theistic theory advances the idea that the present conformation of the earth's crust, the distribution of land and water, and the infinitely diversified forms of plants and animals which constitute its present population are merely the final terms in an immense series of changes which have been brought about, in the course of immeasurable time, by the laws of God which have been in operation since the beginning of time. Inorganic was slowly transformed into organic matter, as the earth was falling from high temperature by a chemical process. Out of this simple protoplasmic matter, germs were in time evolved which gave origin to forms of life, the plants appearing first. All living things in their development started from the same point—a common germ state—in which no distinction can be perceived Growth from this state involves a succession of partings and divergences. Every individual varied in some ways from the forms which preceded it, and those forms whose variations were most suitable to the environment were the ones which in the end survived. The change from the protophyta, the lowest class of plants, to the protozoa, the lowest class of animals, could not have been very difficult, considering the condition in which the earth was at that time. Even to-day with all the modern microscopes it is not possible to clearly draw the line between the lowest plants and the lowest animals.

At first there was a chemical change by which inorganic was changed into organic plant life. In the next change it diverges

from the plant world into the animal kingdom. It then diverges again, leaving the lowest animal forms; and thus it has continued down to the present forms. Thus man, for example, sprang indirectly from a germ which differs in no sensible respect from the germ out of which every plant and animal has evolved.

This theory is a compromise between the other two and is on the side of science. It is in advance of the first in that it acknowledges the Divine Hand as working through nature. It is in advance of the second theory in that it raises God to a higher plane. The second seems to belittle Him. There is no one but will acknowledge that if God had so willed it He could have brought every creature into existence by a separate creation. But which would be the greater, a God who brought every creature into existence by direct command or one who instituted certain fixed laws from the beginning and developed the different creatures according to these laws? Which would be the greater, a man who could by cunning workmanship build, in the good old way, a large and beautiful palace, or one like Aladdin who could only by a magic lamp cause a large and beautiful palace to be erected during a single night? To me there is but one answer. The man who could build a palace by natural laws would be far in advance of the other. And it is the same with a Creator who could by natural laws cause the different species to be developed from lower to higher and higher forms, till at last man is developed with an immortal soul. But, some may say, this theory is open to the objection that a Newton or a Shakespeare sprang from a germ that cannot be distinguished from that of an oak or a polyp, and it hardly stands to reason that the trillions of different animals, varying in size from those that can scarcely be seen by the aid of the most powerful microscope, to those that weigh tons, that all the different plants and trees, and that all the birds and reptiles sprang from the same germ. In reply to this I will say, that we have the record, preserved in the most trustworthy of books—the book of nature, of the growth of new species, by gradual change, from former ones. Prof. Huxley once said,—"On the evidence of paleontology"—the science which treats of the life of previous geological ages—"the evolution of many existing forms of animal life from their predecessors is no longer an hypothesis, but an historical fact." The history of the horse is known in detail through paleontology. All the stages have been found which intervene between the four-toed Eohippos of the Lower Eocene and the zebra and horse of the present day.

Then, too, in following back the development of animals, we find that the earlier the stages, the more the embryos of related forms resemble each other, and there is a remarkable parallel between the paleontological record and the embryological evidence. This is intelligible to all who have a passing knowledge of biology. The highest vertebrates recall in their earlier stage the first representatives of its type in geological times and its earliest representatives at the present day. Man himself, in his embryonic development, passes through the fish stage. These may be repugnant to some, but looked at in a broad, intellectual way, they truly show the unity of the organic world, at the head of which stands man, and they mark the incipient steps in revelation of God's hand, till through evolution the immortal soul was implanted in the highest representative of the vertebrates.

Man thus became a being with a soul. He is the crowning work of God on earth. But though so nobly endowed and continually looking Heavenward, he is, notwithstanding this, rooted deeply in the animal kingdom. He must not forget that he is but the lofty child of a race whose lowest forms are prostrate in the water with no higher aspiration than the desire for food. As we behold the degradation and moral wretchedness of man, we cannot help knowing that his physical nature is grounded in the characteristics that belong to his type and link him even with the fish. The moral and intellectual gifts which distinguish him from them are for him to use or disuse. If he choose he may neglect his better nature and be more vertebrate than man. He may, if he choose, sink as low as the lowest of his type, or he may rise to heights that will make the higher side of his nature the controlling one, rather than that which binds him to them.

I am no pessimist. I believe in Revelation and I believe in evolution. I think they should go hand in hand. In speaking of science, Wordsworth said:

> "Its most illustrious province must be found
> In furnishing clear guidance a support,
> Not treacherous, to the mind's exclusive power."

I believe that Omniscience, through evolution, is creating the heavens and the earth. And since we are allowed in a measure to participate in this creation, we ought to take pleasure in observing, studying, and enjoying the beauties so profusely spread around us and never allow ourselves for a moment to forget the possible expansion and the eternal value of the human soul.

Thus alone will this life be a preparation for the broader, fuller life beyond.

"What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like more than on earth is thought?"—*Milton.*

—GEORGE EDWIN RAMSDELL, '03.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

IT was the day of the great game between the college at Albany and its rival. For weeks the game had been the subject of much conversation at the Farley home, and now,—this day of all days in the year,—Tom must stay in the house. "As if I was a girl," he said angrily, "and couldn't stir out of the house without taking cold." But the doctor was firm. Tom was just recovering from a very severe cold, from the effects of which he had come near losing the use of his voice. The next week the intercollegiate debate was to come off, and Tom was one of the debating team. The slightest addition to his cold would mean the loss of his voice, for some days at least. Great things were expected of Tom in the debate, and his mother, the college faculty, and the doctor, were unanimous in saying that every possible precaution must be taken.

Constance, Tom's pretty sister, was "dreadfully sorry" poor Tom couldn't go, but she really couldn't miss the game, so she started off in good spirits, leaving as a parting injunction for Tom, "Now, brother, if anyone calls to see me, you must entertain them for me, and tell them I will be back soon."

"I didn't want Tom to know," she confided to her dearest friend, Lucy, "but I think Jack Spencer may call sometime during the week. I heard that he was in town. Tom has never seen him, but, if he knew that I was expecting him it would be just like him to try some practical joke."

After the girls had gone Tom said to himself, "I wonder what Con meant. She doesn't usually leave such explicit directions. Something must be up. At any rate, if I have got to stay in the house all the afternoon, I'll get some fun out of it. I know what I'll do. I'll be Constance for this afternoon."

It must be explained that Tom and Constance were twins and looked so much alike that when Tom was dressed in his sister's clothes, a casual observer was sure to mistake him for her, and even those who knew both Tom and Constance well were often deceived, for Tom was fond of parading, at home, in his sister's dresses.

He ran up the stairs to Constance's room, and began to look for a suitable afternoon dress. He discovered a shirt-waist which he declared was just the proper thing, but somehow he couldn't make it fit right. He pulled and wriggled and tried to get it into shape. At last he saw where the trouble was. "O, bother," he exclaimed, "this is one of those things that button in the back." It was of no use—he could not button it, and he wondered how Constance "ever got into one of those things alone."

At last, however, he hit upon an old blue dress, which his sister had discarded. Into this he managed to wriggle. With the addition of a lace collar, a belt, and one of his sister's perfumed handkerchiefs he was all ready—except his hair. He remembered that there was a wig somewhere around, so up to the attic he went, carefully holding up his skirts. The wig was one that had been used in amateur theatricals, and could hardly be told from Constance's own hair. Tom carefully adjusted it, took a fan from the dressing-table, and, book in hand, descended to the parlor. He was alone in the house and the quiet was almost oppressive. Suddenly the door-bell rang,—a loud, insistent ring that brought Tom to his feet so quickly as to greatly endanger the equilibrium of his wig. He hastily readjusted it, and tripped lightly to the door.

When he opened it he saw there two ladies whom he recognized as belonging to a charitable society in which his mother was interested. "Mamma is out," he informed them, "but I think she will be in soon." The ladies decided to wait, as their errand was important, so Tom, with his sister's best company manner, ushered them into the parlor.

"How *can* I entertain them," he thought. "I suppose I must ask them about the orphans' home." "Where are those dear little children you were telling mamma about?" he questioned, "they must have looked so sweet. (There, Constance herself couldn't beat that.)" The ladies were delighted at his interest and went on to describe the home, until, as Tom afterwards said, he "almost wished he was an orphan."

Tom was all attention—everything was going well, and not a word of slang had he spoken, until, without warning, a crash was heard in the dining-room.

"Confound that cat, er-yes, I was just going to say—Constance found that cat (we call my sister 'Con' for short)," he hastily explained as he saw surprise in the faces of his visitors.

"You must excuse me while I feed her, she is a great pet," and he hastened into the dining-room as fast as his clinging skirts would allow him. The ladies exchanged comments. "I didn't know Mrs. Farley had two daughters. I noticed this one spoke of her sister." "Yes," said the other, "and I do not approve of the custom our young people have nowadays of shortening their names into nicknames. 'Con' is a poor substitute for 'Constance.' "

Just then Tom returned. "We cannot stay longer," said the ladies. "I am so sorry mamma was not at home," said Tom politely, "but I will tell her you called."

"So far so good," he thought, "but it is quite a strain on my nerves. Guess I had better get out of this rig." But as he was speaking, the door-bell rang again.

This time a young man, whom he had never seen, stood at the door. Tom was about to make a formal bow, but the look of pleased recognition on the young man's face made him change his mind. "Why, what a pleasant surprise. I didn't know you were in town. Do come in," cried Tom in his most cordial tone, at the same time saying mentally, "Oh, bother, I know that isn't what Constance would say."

He led the way to the parlor. "Now for all my airs and graces," thought he.

For some moments all went well. They talked on various impersonal subjects. Tom sat by the window, reclining gracefully in an easy-chair, his dainty handkerchief in one hand, while the other toyed with his fan. Tom tried in vain to get a clue to his visitor's identity. At last the young man said suddenly, "Do you remember, Miss Farley, that last boat-ride at Bay Point?"

"You bet I—ahem—why, yes, to be sure—how we all enjoyed the songs. (Wonder if I hit that right)."

"Yes, indeed," assented Tom's guest, "but I think I enjoyed the walk up from the landing better."

Tom looked down, with what his visitor construed as a conscious blush, but he was only thinking of the fun he would have teasing Constance, and trying to hide a smile.

"And where is your young scapegrace of a brother, as you used to call him?" ("She did, did she?" thought Tom), but he answered sweetly, "Oh, he's really the dearest boy, only he likes to tease me now and then, like all brothers. He's gone to the ball game. ("Really, this is getting uncomfortable. I do wish Con would come.)"

"What is that?" asked his caller suddenly. Tom listened—looked—and flung the window open. Down the street came the band, followed by a great crowd of college boys, who were cheering and shouting over the hard-won victory.

Dress and fan, airs and graces, yes, even the caller himself,—all were forgotten in the excitement of the moment. As the boys came opposite the house Tom leaned out of the window, waved his hand and shouted to the captain of the team, "You're all right, old man. What's the score?"

But the visitor had risen to his feet in horrified astonishment. Tom's wig had fallen off, his dress was disarranged, and he looked anything but the sweet and sedate Constance Farley of Bay Point memory.

He stood for a moment irresolute. What could he say?

The dining-room door opened, and Constance, flushed with the excitement of the recent victory, stood in the doorway. The situation was dramatic—not to say tragic, but the girl took it in at a glance—and rose to the occasion. She came forward with a charming smile. "Mr. Spencer," she said, with a withering glance in Tom's direction, "you know small boys must amuse themselves some way, and—I am very gad to see you."

—May Evelyn Gould, 1905.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

BORN amid the wild grandeur of the Corsican mountains, reared under the stirring influence of an age dissatisfied with a corrupt political life, roused to action by the final battle clang of the French Revolution, the greatest product yet the most terrible child of that awful upheaval appeared on the stage of history. Truly a man of destiny, one whose career seemed preordained by Fate herself, whose feet were destined to shake thrones in their march to power and echo in the palace halls of many kingdoms.

There was a crisis in the affairs of Europe. The French Revolution was in full sway. Since the overthrow of ancient Rome by the barbarians from the North history furnishes no parallel to this mighty upheaval when the French aristocracy reaped the whirlwind which they had so blindly sown and the maddened masses proclaimed to dismayed Europe their right of self-government. Thrones which had stood secure for centuries were

ages, had broken forth with all the fury of a volcano and was pouring the lava of its wrath upon the hated institutions of despotism. The combined efforts of the kings and princes of Europe had failed to crush it, and now the greatest military genius of modern times had appeared in its defence. Yet, defender of liberty though he was, he approved not the horrors committed in its name. The guns by which he checked the advance of the Parisian mob sounded the death-knell of the Reign of Terror and marked the beginning of military rule in France. Now her destinies were to be controlled by a master-mind, her fortunes swayed by a genius respected and feared by all Europe.

In the year 1805 a coalition, formed by the diplomacy of the court of St. James and cemented with British gold, united Slav and Teuton, Swede and Anglo-Saxon against him. Could his genius and energy withstand such odds? The champion of France seemed doomed. But his destiny was not yet complete. The campaign closed with the battle of Austerlitz, which swept away the clouds obscuring his star and left it shining with greater brilliancy than ever.

But his enemies gave him no peace. Almost daily was he compelled to fight and almost daily did he defeat them. Victory piled on victory, but the day of doom drew near. The invasion of Russia in 1812 was the greatest and saddest mistake of his life, for the combined armies of Russia, Austria, Sweden and Prussia rolled back upon France with such disastrous results as to leave the empire a heap of ruins.

The return from Elba, Waterloo and its tale of woe came not much later. Gallantly but fruitlessly they fought the battle. The trained and hardened armies of all Europe were against them, armies which our hero had taught to fight against his own invincible genius. The die was cast, the day was lost and the dying embers of Waterloo presaged the fate of Napoleon. Confidence in a sense of justice and faith in international law prompted him to surrender himself to British arms with the result that was witnessed at St. Helena.

With regard to the military genius of Napoleon there is no need for words. His deeds speak for themselves, unsurpassed, unequalled. With regard to his character, many various opinions have been held, many conflicting statements have been made. We are told he was ambitious and that his ambition centered entirely in self. Munificent tribute from an oft-beaten foe, worthy praise from those who had fallen beneath his arms!

Ambition is the word which has been hurled at the head of nearly every prominent man. Ambition was the weapon that struck down Cæsar in the halls of the senate. Ambition was the term applied by the enemies of Napoleon to his wonderful genius and foresight. He had his faults and they found his detractors; he had his good points, but they have been mostly overlooked.

For executive ability, energy and power of application the world has not seen his equal. To his wonderful works of peace, his engineering ventures, his architectural works, his educational triumphs, his codification of the laws, we might accord great praise. The carrying out of such vast internal improvements in the few moments of peace granted by his foes, shows the tireless spirit of the man and the diversity of his genius. He was the central figure of the earliest and greatest of those continental revolutions which have done so much to ameliorate government on the continent of Europe and to assure to its lower classes their proper place in the sphere of life. A prisoner on a barren isle, beneath the burning rays of a tropic sun, amid the fierce strife of the elements and the crash of Heaven's artillery he perished, but his name went down to posterity as one who won the confidence and support of his soldiers, the faith and trust of the masses, the envy and fear of the aristocracy, and the undying hatred of the English historian who seeks to justify his country's policy by blackening the character of her opponent.

—N. S. L., '03.

AT SUNSET.

All the afternoon had the maiden sat there, alone on the white rocks at the Point. The south wind had been blowing angrily and the rushing waves seemed to her typical of the passionate trembling, swaying, falling. The spirit of liberty, pent up for

storm within her heart. Now the sun was setting. With evening the waves had stilled and only the ocean swells told of the storm that had passed. Everything in nature was tranquil. Toward the east she could see the white steeple of the church at Harpswell, and as she gazed over the sea, the bells sounded faintly, calling the peaceful villagers to evening meeting. Away, in the distance, she could see the big city stretching out into the bay. Over across the western water she could hear the thunder of the cars as they whizzed by. This life that she knew was pulsating there, only accentuated the loneliness and calm. But there was peace in her loneliness. It had been the same old story of the struggle between her virgin's heart and conscience. But now she had conquered, and as she looked away toward the west, where the sun had sunk so quietly, she was filled with ineffable peace. It was a sunset unlike her others, not a blazing red one, not a delicate pink and tender one, but majestic, sublime, harmonious. There was little color; the dark clouds were tinged with deep purple, with now and then a gleam of orange. There was something so grand in this dark sunset that the maiden felt alone with the Infinite One. No one was visible. Behind her, among the pointed firs and green spruces, were the cottages, but all was at rest there. God alone understood it all. He knew the unspeakable battle down in the white rocks. He understood all the happiness that she was denying her heart. The sublimity lifted the maiden above the material, sorrowing earth. She could not have expressed a thought, she only felt. She felt alone in Immensity, she felt something singing within her, as if choirs of angels up in the purple above her were shouting Hosannas. As she started to go, one last farewell look she gave to the rocks, to the church and all she loved so dearly. She turned away firmly. Her duty was calling. She knew it would be hard, unthinkably so. Many a sorrow lay before her, but behind her and above her was glory. She had heard the eternal harmony in her soul, she had seen the sunset that God had made on purpose for her. And as the maiden turned away, Someone Above seemed to say, "I am with thee."

—ALICE SANDS, 1904.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'72.—George E. Gay, superintendent of the schools of Malden, has just finished a tour of Maine in search for teachers.

'74.—F. P. Moulton, instructor of Latin in the High School at Hartford, Conn., has a series of very interesting articles in the "Latin Leaflet." Mr. Moulton has no superior as a Latin scholar and a teacher of the Latin language, among the teachers of secondary schools in the country.

'77.—Benjamin T. Hathaway is U. S. Emigration Commissioner, located at Helena, Montana. He is also practicing law there.

'77.—Franklin F. Phillips is building for himself a beautiful summer home at East Boothbay, Maine. Mr. Phillips' residence is West Somerville, Mass.

'80.—W. A. Hoyt is superintendent of schools at North Brookfield, Mass.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick and C. S. Flanders are editors and proprietors of the "Hillsborough Messenger" of Hillsborough Bridge, N. H.

'84.—Cyrus H. Little has been appointed chairman of the State Board of Licensed Commissioners of New Hampshire. Mr. Little was Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1901.

'86.—T. D. Sale is proprietor of a large printing establishment in Portland.

'86.—J. H. Williamson was elected president *pro tempore* of the eighth session of the senate of South Dakota, 1903. He is also a member of several important committees.

'87.—Professor H. E. Cushman of Tufts College has a sonnet entitled, "The Philosopher's Prayer," in the March number of the *Tufts Collegian.*

'87.—E. K. Sprague, M.D., is U. S. surgeon for the Marine Hospital at Detroit, Mich.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee is rector of St. Mary's (Episcopal) Church, Newport, R. I. Mr. Peaslee recently suffered a slight concussion of the brain by being thrown from his bicycle, and has been under treatment in a hospital in Newport. The lecture upon Dante which he was to deliver at an early date before the students of Bates may have to be postponed.

'91.—W. B. Watson is employed on the editorial staff of the *Lewiston Journal.*

'92.—Lauren M. Sanborn, who has been superintendent of schools at Gardiner for the past three years, has resigned to accept a similar position in the South Portland schools.

'95.—W. May Nash has been appointed to a position in the Harvard School, Cambridge, Mass.

'95.—R. F. Springer, Esq., of Lisbon Falls, has been elected superintendent of schools for Lisbon.

'96.—Hal R. Eaton has been elected principal of the Belfast High School.

'97.—On Thursday, March 26th, at Young's Hotel, Boston, Mass., Mr. Edward F. Cunningham was united in marriage to Miss Clara Dexter Buck of Chatham, Mass., formerly a teacher of Needham, Mass. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Stanley Durkee, pastor of the Warren Street Free Baptist Church, Roxbury, classmate of the groom. On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham left for Washington, D. C., for their wedding tour. On their return they will reside in Sudbury, Mass., where Mr. Cunningham is principal of the High School.

'97.—E. F. Cunningham, principal of the Sudbury High School, Mass., was married on March 26th to Miss Clara Dexter Buck of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham will be "at home" after May 1, Sudbury, Mass.

'97.—H. L. Palmer is principal of the High School at Mars Hill, Maine.

'97.—J. F. Slattery has been elected clerk of the city of Lewiston.

'98.—E. L. Collins is principal of the High School, North Brookfield, Mass.

'98.—M. E. Stickney is instructor in Biology at Harvard.

'98.—O. H. Toothaker is editor of a paper in Berlin, N. H.

'99.—W. S. Bassett has recently visited Lewiston. He will graduate in May from the Newton Theological Seminary.

'99.—Mrs. Edith (Irving) Leonard will return with her husband from Japan in July, after a residence there of three years.

'99.—O. C. Merrill is employed in the U. S. geodetic survey.

'99.—Frederic S. Wadsworth, a member of the 11th Cavalry, has returned from the Philippines and is now stationed near Hot Springs, Arkansas.

1900.—Grace Perkins, who held the position of assistant in the High School at Whitefield, N. H., died very suddenly on

March 17th; her funeral was held at Farmington, N. H. Miss Perkins was very successful as a teacher and much loved among her associates.

1900.—Agnes E. Beal was seriously injured in a railroad accident on the Grand Trunk some months ago, and has been obliged to relinquish teaching and devote herself to the recovery of her health.

1900.—E. V. Call and A. M. Jones are in Portland as students in the Maine Medical School.

1900.—D. L. Richardson, a student in the Medical School at the University of Pennsylvania, is to coach the Bates foot-ball team next fall.

1900.—L. G. Staples is principal of the High School, Pascoag, R. I.

1900.—Clara M. Trask is teacher of French and German in the High School at Hillsborough Bridge, N. H.

1900.—F. H. Stinchfield, after spending one year in the Philippines, entered Harvard Law School last fall.

1900.—Carl S. Coffin has entered upon a three years' course in the Dental Department of University of Pennsylvania.

'01.—Anna H. Fisher has been spending a vacation at her home.

'01.—Bertha M. Brett is teaching in the New Britain (Conn.) High School.

'01.—Frank P. Wagg, in connection with his duties in the postal service in the Philippines, will travel during the coming months in Japan and elsewhere.

'01.—Florence E. Osborne has a position in the High School at Jefferson, N. H.

'01.—William K. Holmes, after a two weeks' vacation spent at South Paris, has returned to his school in Lubec.

'02.—George S. Holman is employed in the pulp mill at Rumford Falls.

'02.—Mabel E. Drake recently spent her vacation at her home in Auburn.

'02.—Ernest F. Clason has been chosen principal of the Newport (Me.) High School.

'02.—Margaret E. Wheeler is in the public library at Wayland, Mass.

'02.—C. F. Donnocker is teaching in Medway, Mass.

'02.—Katherine L. Shea has been elected assistant in the Richmond High School, to take the position made vacant by the resignation of Nellie B. Michels, Bates, '97.

'02.—Willis A. Densmore, who is teaching at Alfred, Me., was married on March 25th to Miss Junkins of York.

Around the Editors' Table.

IT appears to have been the custom of those gathered around the editors' table to correct the mistakes and censure the faults of their erring fellow-students. You will pardon the departure from this established precedent, if just once we forbear to exhort our readers to the way of duty and bestow a bit of praise upon our long-suffering friends.

It seems to us that everyone must have noticed the change that has occurred in our conduct at chapel. We can remember the time when it was uncommon if we did not talk incessantly before the exercises began. Now it seems strange to whisper even once. An air of sanctity pervades our chapel such as has never before been felt. We act and feel as if we were in church. There are several reasons for this rapid and marked change. The formation of the girls' study-room has freed the chapel from much confusion and noise. Then, too, the personal efforts of the Faculty have been instrumental in effecting this reform. We think that before our attention was called to it, we did not notice that we were doing anything wrong, and were simply careless. As soon as we were urged to be careful, we realized our error and tried to correct it. This improvement must be gratifying both to the Faculty and to us. Let us congratulate ourselves on our improvement and be glad for the quiet and reverent spirit that we have brought to chapel. This thought of Milton is worthy that we remember always, "God attributes to place no sanctity, if none be thither brought by men who there frequent."

THIS is the time of year when "all the world is young" and the poet celebrates the glories of spring. Bird walks with the class or without seem to be the order of the day and all of us enjoy being out of doors when it is pleasant. Unfortunately for us, however, the professors do not, for that reason, lessen the number of required hours, and we are confronted with the usual amount of work which must be done. It is not a good plan, then, to spend more than a legitimate amount of time in exercise —study still demands a good share of each student's attention in spite of so many temptations and distractions. During this summer term we like to gather up some of the loose ends and round out the year in as good a manner as possible, to be able to start

in afresh at the beginning of the fall term. We can do this only by applying ourselves when we *do* study—"work while you work"—and the times for pleasure will be all the more enjoyed.

THERE is no reason whatever why Bates cannot be as successful on the track as on the gridiron or diamond. Men are lacking for this no more than for the other branches of athletics, and they have at their disposal the best equipped field in the State and an instructor always ready to help. There is one thing that has been lacking, and that is interest in this important department. The time of the meet is fast approaching, and it rests with the students whether or not Bates will be represented as she ought. Every one cannot play on the foot-ball or base-ball team, for all have not the physical ability, but anyone can go out on the track and run, if nothing more. It is earnest, faithful work that wins the points. Everybody get out and do something.

WHAT READING IS WORTH WHILE?

SINCE we are in college not only to gain the means of earning a livelihood, but also to cultivate a keener appreciation of the good things of life—to learn how to be happier men and women—it may be consistent with this purpose to stop long enough before the next recitation to ask ourselves what, after commencement, will really yield lasting pleasure. We shall grant, possibly, that the symbol for a particular compound may slip the memory; that the various Folios of Hamlet may, in time, fade into a comfortable obscurity; but when shall we forget to read? Whether the matter be the *Scientific American,* the *Bibliotheca Sacra,* a current novel or the "Great Family Newspaper," we shall probably keep on reading something and do we know how to perform this seemingly easy exercise? Even of those who study English the entire four years, many fail to spend their reading hours to the best advantage, or to develop a taste which demands only what is worthy the attention of a thinking man or woman. Charles Albert dispatches his college course, eyes open only to the demands of the instructor, with no systematic method of application or discriminating sense of the material consumed.

As a remedy for the former ill let us determine, so far as possible, what the relative value of the material is—then pay it the time it deserves, for reading has become such an art that one

writer gives specific directions: "Milton is to be taken in words or phrases; Macaulay, in sentences; Thackeray, in paragraphs; Conan Doyle, in pages"—a modern phrasing of Bacon's philosophy, "some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested."

Treatment of the second ailment is far more difficult, for good taste in reading is largely a matter of cultivation. Some students have such a dread of being thought ignorant of "the newest thing" that they reach the condition of a member of the "Book-lovers' Club," who said, when told that her choice of "the late publications" had been unfortunate that month, "Really? Then I shan't have to read them!"

While following in the train of the petulant heroine, let us ask ourselves if we are not, after all, seeking rather inglorious company. Are we spending creditably the eleven years which are said, by De Quincey, to comprehend all the time, after that necessary for growth, eating and sleeping has been subtracted, which is granted to enjoy the whole world in? We have yet to meet the individual who has not a well-rounded opinion of his acquaintances; perhaps you, yourself, have heard such an opinion expressed by a girl who knows another scarcely by sight. On the other hand when we meet these dream-figures whose inmost thoughts are revealed to us, after pausing a little while to look into their faces we brush lightly by to a group farther on—blind to the grime that may have rubbed in the passing or to a spirit that might have grown dear with the years. Poets we may not be, nor can we all of us acquire the ultra-sensitive ear to perceive the exquisite melody of musical prose, but we may, with truth, pronounce our college course of little value if after four years spent with books, we have learned to love none of the great works of literature.

Local Department.

THE DEBATE.

WELL, it is all over. The great event has occurred, and once again our good old Bates has come off triumphant. For weeks the debaters had been hard at work and were visible only at dinner time. Even then as they walked sedately down the

campus they saw their fellow-students as trees walking and forgot to steer out of the way. We forgive them; they were thinking of the Standard Oil Company and—Sarsaparilla.

It really did not rain on that memorable evening of April 17. At eight o'clock the City Hall was crowded. Lewiston and Auburn turned out an enthusiastic audience which showed itself appreciative and unprejudiced.

After music by the orchestra, and prayer by Rev. C. R. Tenney of Auburn, Mayor Skelton, the chairman, made a brief speech in which he emphasized the value of intercollegiate debates, and also read the rules by which the debate of the evening was to be governed.

Then the battle began. Mr. Thomas of Trinity was the first speaker of the affirmative. He stated the question, *"Resolved,* That industrial combinations commonly known as trusts, are likely to promote the welfare of society." After defining the question and stating the eight points on which the affirmative argument was based, Mr. Thomas developed the first one that "trusts have raised the standard of living in saving the tremendous wastes of competition which are so destructive and unnecessary." Mr. Thomas showed a marked hesitancy in his speech, which seemed to be due to a lack of preparation. Lack of care was apparent also in the construction and expression of his argument. The assertion of statements without authority was noticeable. On the whole, the first speaker on the Trinity side was disappointing.

Lord was the next speaker, and carefully defined the question, quoting from countless authorities to substantiate his views. He then stated the three points on which the negative was to base its arguments, and developed the first, that trusts are harmful to society in their aim. The moment Lord spoke, the audience were attracted by his confident and forceful manner. His delivery was excellent and his thought irreproachable. His argument was certainly one of the most carefully planned and logically set forth that has ever been heard at City Hall.

Next came Meyer of Trinity. He proceeded to develop the next three points stated by his colleague. These were that trusts are beneficial. (1) In raising the wages of the employees, (2) In lowering the price of commodities, (3) In providing commodities for a greater demand caused by an ever-increasing population. Mr. Meyer certainly was untrammeled by any hesitation. His manner was enthusiastic and emphatic, to say the least. He

quoted from the sugar trust, and his argument contained less assertion than that of his colleague.

The second speaker on the negative side was Briggs. His manner, dignified and self-possessed, was effective. His voice had great carrying power and his force as an orator was marked. He showed that trusts are harmful in their methods of organization and maintenance. Mr. Briggs cited many examples of prominent trusts, and defended his argument by convincing proofs.

Golden, the last speaker of the affirmative, entered the fray with quietness and assurance. The language of his argument was more carefully chosen than that of his colleagues. His task was to develop all the rest of the points. Trusts are beneficial (1) In preventing industrial crises and in mitigating their evils when they occur; (2) In causing a greater distribution of wealth among the midde and lower classes; (3) In facilitating the more amicable adjustment between labor and capital, thus preventing strikes; (4) In stimulating the incentive to individual effort.

Next came Beedy, "the magnetic." Words fail us here. It makes us think that the orator is born, not made, after all. No amount of training can make a Beedy. "He is what he is from nature." Beedy closed the negative by showing that trusts are harmful in the ultimate results.

In rebuttal Lord led and ably refuted the affirmative argument for cheaper prices. He could not have ended more happily if he had tried. Just as the gavel rang, he said, "Take sarsaparilla, for instance—" then took his seat amid roars of laughter. The audience were in high spirits to hear what Golden would say. His thoughts seemed to run on watered stocks. Then Briggs attacked the watered stocks again, overwhelming the affirmative. Next came Meyer. While the debate was progressing he had made a remarkable discovery, namely, that we had the oratory but that they had the facts. Beedy's eyes blazed at this charge and in rebuttal he crushed the "logic" of the affirmative with marvelous wit and power. Thomas closed with no new argument.

As Judge Bonney said, both teams could not win. Each knew that one must be defeated, but that in some cases defeat was honorable; and this was one of those cases. What a rousing good cheer Bates gave for Trinity and what a noise those three Trinity men made when they generously shouted for Bates! Surely the best of feelings exist, and Bates ought to be proud to have so honest a rival.

February 10, 1903, a special meeting of the Class of 1906 was called to take action on account of the death of Mr. Dolloff.

Representatives of the class were appointed to attend the funeral, and a committee was appointed to draw up the following resolutions to be sent Mr. Dolloff's family.

Whereas, The loving Heavenly Father, in His infinite mercy and wisdom, has removed from our midst and taken home to himself our dear classmate, Charles Tolford Dolloff,

Resolved, That we, the members of nineteen hundred six, his classmates, manifest our love for him who is no longer with us, our esteem for his personal worth and nobility of character, and our appreciation of the earnest, simple way in which he performed the duties of student, classmate and friend during his brief stay with us, by fitting resolutions.

Resolved, That we express our heartfelt sympathy for those to whom he was so dear, his father, mother, brothers and sister, whose loss far exceeds our own great loss.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to his parents, spread upon the class records, and published in the STUDENT.

ROSS M. BRADLEY, *President of Class*,
LEON PAINE, *Chairman of Executive Committee*,
FLORENCE E. RICH, *Secretary of Class*.

STUDENT CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD.

Plans are being perfected for the conduct of the Student Summer Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada and the East to be held at East Northfield, Mass., June 26th to July 5th. This Conference was started through the invitation of Mr. D. L. Moody in 1886, and since then has been held annually with increasing attendance. Last year there were over 700 representatives from 132 institutions at the Northfield Conference. This is one of the five Student Conferences which are held under the auspices of the Student Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Asssociations in different sections of the country. The Southern Conference will be held at Asheville, N. C., June 13th to 21st. A conference for the Middle West is inaugurated this year, and will be held at Lakeside, Ohio, June 19th to 28th. The Western Conference at Lake

Geneva, Wis., will meet on the same date, while the conference for the students of the Pacific Coast is held at Pacific Grove, Cal., during the Christmas holidays.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Cats.

Debates.

Bird walks.

Junior parts.

The teachers have almost all returned.

Mr. Pray has a large bar of castile soap.

President Chase was in Boston during vacation.

Thanks to Horace, the Freshmen can once more ride.

"Nate" Pulsifer, '99, has been seen on the campus recently.

Mr. DeMeyer is teaching in South Paris High School this term.

Puzzle: Find on the map, Bingham, Caribou and New Sharon.

Our genial manager, Mr. Rounds, requests that he be not overlooked.

The Juniors are remodelling President Chase's room in Hathorn Hall.

Many of the boys in Parker Hall have had their rooms renovated during vacation.

President Fellows of U. of M. was present at chapel, April the 10th, and gave a pleasing talk to the students.

Are all those letters bearing one-cent stamps, which the Seniors are receiving, offers for thousand-dollar jobs?

On the morning of March 18th President Tucker of Dartmouth gave an instructive address to the students in the college chapel.

D. L. Richardson, 1900, the star end on U. of P. last fall, was on the campus the ninth of this month. Mr. Richardson is to coach the Bates team next fall.

A debate has been arranged between the Juniors and Sophomores. Messrs. Milton Weymouth, Fortier, and Sinclair will represent '04; and Messrs. Maxim, DeMeyer and Reed, '05.

Professor Hartshorn has kept a record of valuable information which he has found in examinations. Among other things that he told the Class of '04, was that one student interpreted "conveyancer" as "hack driver." In the examinations last term the professor was more startled by learning that opinions differed in regard to the occupation of Milton's father, but some of the best authorities say that he was a hack driver.

Athletics.

In order to encourage track athletics, the four present classes have presented to the Athletic Association a very handsome shield which is to be the trophy of an annual interclass fall meet. The shield bears the following inscription:

BATES COLLEGE,
CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP.
TRACK ATHLETICS.
TROPHY PRESENTED BY
CLASSES '03, '04, '05, '06.

Near the edge of the shield are twelve metal studs which bear the dates of the meets until 1914, and on each one of these are to be engraved the numerals of the winning class for that year.

The athletic spirit among the women of the college is rising. More interest was shown by them, in the Gym work, this winter, than ever before. The principal incentive was the woman's exhibition held in City Hall the last of the term. For this the girls had worked faithfully under Professor Bolster and his assistant, and the result was a fine entertainment composed of drills, horse work, relay races, dashes, and basket-ball. This was the first woman's exhibition ever given in Bates, and really the only chance they have had to show their skill in athletic lines. The STUDENT congratulates the women on their success, and wishes their exhibition to be an established thing.

May the rest be as successful as the first!

The second week of the term the base-ball team used the new field for the first time this year. Under the earnest work of Coach Pappalean the team is getting in shape. Captain Stone

will be behind the bat, and Towne and Doe will be in the box. Bucknam and Allen will be in their old places of left field and second base, respectively. The other positions are yet uncertain. Austin is working hard for shortstop, Cole and Dwinal for first base, and Maerz for third. Kendall, Russell and Page are doing good work in the field.

The first afternoon of the term Captain Flanders had a squad of almost forty men on the field, and the number has been increased since then.

Exchanges.

BATES Seniors may find interest in the following significant paragraph taken from the University of Maine *Campus:*

The Seniors of Williams College have presented a petition to their faculty asking that all Seniors whose recitation marks average over seventy-five in their term's work be exempted from the final examinations in June. The question arises, why would not this be a good plan at the University of Maine? It is believed that if this plan was adopted here that the students would try a little harder to get better daily rank and thus increase their knowledge of the subjects. It would be well, however, to raise the mark from seventy-five to eighty or perhaps eighty-five.

An editorial in the *Mt. Holyoke* treats of a psychological fact which has, perhaps, been overlooked by some of us. The writer says:

Just as many events of life occur in rhythm, so moods may come and go rhythmically. Depression of mind alternating with hope and joy as seen among girl students illustrates this fact. To the person who is sensitive to the changes of mood in the student life of a dormitory this rhythm is evident.

There may be as many rhythms as there are individuals, but several in a group of intimate friends are prone to have their "blues" at the same time. One of a group remarks to her friends, "I'm discouraged," and one or two are sure to say, "Well, *so* am I." Such a confession acts with depressing force on the listeners.

Among the characteristics of this mood rhythm, the observer has noted the following: A girl with a strong physique has a longer swing between the extremes of her moods. The swing toward depression occurs from three to six times in a college year. One may be precipitated in the direction in which she moves, but the precipitation is always in that direction

toward which the movement already tended. Very discouraging things may happen at the middle of the swing and be easily, gracefully, and quickly thrown off. During examination week the exact rhythmic condition of each girl's moods is most noticeable.

. . . . . .

This rhythmic recurrence of depression is not noticed by every one, because the student, realizing that such a state is a hindrance to progress, strives to disguise her discouragement and to throw off care. Strangest of all, a student while judging other students may not perceive this rhythm in herself.

We quote what we consider the best piece of verse to be found in the March exchanges:

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

They are presumptuous systems that we raise
To compass life's last miracle and frame
The glory with its source, forging a name
Exhaustive of the meaning of our days.
Is there no peace among sweet finite ways—
No rest forever from the inward flame
Of troubled question over chance or aim,
Real and unreal, and what's to blame or praise?
Can we not wait, patient with life awhile,
Somewhat content to speak the given word,
Go the appointed way, and ask no more—
Then, if the work be done, with quiet smile,
When in our darkened house the voice is heard,
Pass silently with Death through the last door?

—*Harvard Monthly.*

Books Reviewed.

"IN ARGOLIS," by George Harton.

"In Argolis" is a description of the Greece of our day, changed from the Greece of Pericles, yet the skies and scenes and rivers are there. He who has delved deep into the history and literature of this classic country cannot but experience long reaches of the imagination, as the narrator visits scene after scene where some of the great events of history have taken place, and as he talks with the people who lead lives far from strenuous. "In Argolis" charms with its clever, flowing diction and the rich color of its descriptions.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.75 net.

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., LL.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 regular 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 of 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.

I. G. Davis.