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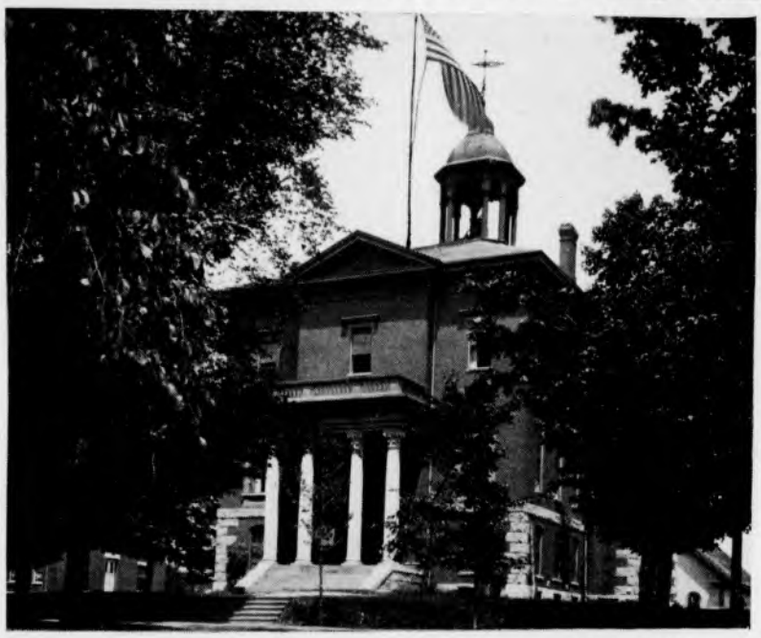

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Literary.

SPRING.

Cold Winter's icy reign is o'er,
He leaves the way for gentle Spring,
O, give her welcome one and all,
And hear the message she doth bring.

"Depart ye days, so cold and dark,
With all your ice and frost and snow,
Ye chilling winds and wintry air
I've come to warn you now to go.

"Wake into life, O slumbering earth,
Birds, sing once more your melodies,"
All nature feels the glad, new life,
Which spring-time to her always gives.

Welcome, O days so warm and bright,
Ye tell us that the summer's nigh,
With sunshine warm and gentle breeze,
And all the blue and cloudless sky.

Spring, lovely spring, is here again,
With hours of brightness and of cheer,
Old Winter, we must now bid you
Farewell until another year.

—1903.

LEGENDE DE LA CHUTE DE MONTMORENCY A QUEBEC.

AU temps des persécutions des Huguenots par les Catholiques, demeuraient au midi de la France deux grands seigneurs, dont les domaines étaient contigus. Un de ces seigneurs, qui se nommait Montmorency, avait une seule enfant, une jeune fille de seize ans, plus belle et plus charmante que toutes les autres dames de ce pays. L'autre aussi n'avait qu'un enfant, jeune homme de vingt ans. Cette dernière famille portait le nom de St. Cyr.

Pendant qu'Angéline Montmorency était encore dans son berceau, les deux pères avaient arrangé un mariage entre leurs enfants, qui aurait lieu aussitôt que la petite Angéline aurait atteint sa dix-septième année. C'était un mariage de convenance, fait parce que les deux pères s'aimaient; mais, chose étrange! les jeunes gens s'aimaient aussi d'une vraie passion inébranlable.

Quand le jeune Pierre St. Cyr eut déjà seize ans, son père l'envoya en Italie pour y finir son éducation. Il devait rester dans ce pays quatre ans. Au bout de ce temps, il reviendrait en

France et l'on célébrerait les noces de Pierre et la belle Angéline.

Mais, pendant son séjour en Italie, le jeune homme abandonna la religion catholique pour embrasser le protestantisme et renonça à la foi de ses ancêtres et de ceux de sa jeune fiancée. En revenant chez lui, il déclara franchement à son père ce changement d'avis à l'égard de la religion. Son père fut naturellement furieux contre lui et le chassa de son domaine, en lui ordonnant de ne jamais paraître devant lui.

Le jeune homme, dévoré de chagrin, courait chez sa chère Angéline, pour lui confier sa douleur. Il la rencontrait dans le parc, près du château de son père, et lui racontait toute sa triste histoire. La pauvre Angéline était presque hors d'elle, parce qu'elle savait à n'en pas douter que son père aussi éloignerait son amant de sa maison et ne lui permettrait jamais de se marier avec un hérétique. Mais l'amour était la reine de ces tristes cœurs, et ils juraient sur la sainte croix que portait la petite Angéline que jamais l'amour qu'ils se portaient mutuellement n'éprouverait de refroidissement. Puis, le jeune homme se présenta devant Monseigneur de Montmorency et lui ouvrit son cœur. Mais en vain: son dernier espoir s'évanouit.

Angéline l'attendait au rendez-vous, et avant de se séparer l'un de l'autre ils se promettaient de se joindre à une bande de Huguenots qui devaient embarquer dans quelques jours pour l'Amérique. Ce plan réussit; mais, hélas! le père d'Angéline découvrit sa fuite, la suivit au port et partit le même jour qu'elle pour le nouveau monde, avec un vaisseau anglais qui se trouvait par hazard à ce port à cause de quelque équipement qui lui manquait.

Dans le cours du voyage, il faisait un temps fort orageux, et le vaisseau anglais fit naufrage. Personne de ses voyageurs ne fut sauvé excepté, ô miracle! le père d'Angéline, qui fut ramassé presque mort par les Huguenots.

Mais sa délivrance merveilleuse ne lui attendrit pas le cœur. En débarquant, il fit prisonniers Angéline et son amant, et les enferma dans le château abandonné de son frère, qui se trouvait au bord d'une haute falaise sur la rive gauche de la rivière Charles, branche du grand fleuve St. Laurens au Canada.

Ce château avait deux tours grandes et hautes, l'une exactement comme l'autre. Au haut de ces tours se trouvait une petite chambre avec une seule fenêtre; mais ces deux fenêtres étaient en face l'une de l'autre. On arrivait à chaque chambre par un escalier en spirale long et étroit. Ici le cruel père d'Angéline

emprisonnait les deux amants, chacun dans sa tour, et il y mettait une garde qui était de service jour et nuit.

Rien de plus triste, de plus pitoyable que cette vie solitaire dans les tours. La seule consolation de ces cœurs brisés, c'était que par sa fenêtre Angéline pouvait voir indistinctement de loin les traits bien-aimés de son amant; et lui, pouvait remarquer que chaque jour la figure de sa petite amie devenait de plus en plus maigre, pâle et soucieuse.

La seule consolation, ai-je dit? Non, pas la seule; quand l'oncle d'Angéline fuyait de son pays et venait se cacher dans les forêts du Canada, il portait avec lui, parmi les autres animaux pour son nouveau domaine, deux colombes blanches, dont les descendants habitaient encore les toits de ces tours, quoique leur maître fût depuis longtemps mort. Des vingtaines de ces petites aériennes circulaient le soir autour du château, et quelques-unes se perchaient de temps en temps sur l'embrasure des fenêtres de ces tours. Quelle joie pour Angéline! Avec quel soin elle y semait quelques miettes de son pain pour les attirer de nouveau et les séduire jusqu'à ce qu'elles fussent devenues ses amies!

Mais, un soir après que quelques-unes des moins timides avaient fini leur repas chez Angéline, elles allaient voler droit à la fenêtre de Pierre qui leur avait préparé aussi un petit goûter. Le lendemain au coucher du soleil une petite courrière ailée portait à Pierre un billet de la part d'Angéline qu'elle lui avait attaché au cou. Ah, c'était alors que les jours devenaient moins tristes, et les joues d'Angéline reprennaient un peu de leur teint délicat d'autrefois. Chaque soir la colombe portait à Pierre une toute petite lettre tracée avec le pied pointu de sa croix d'or à la marge d'une feuille arrachée de son livre de prières.

Mais un soir, après avoir envoyé son message quotidien à son amant, elle restait longtemps debout près de la fenêtre, les bras appuyés sur un barreau; et toute rêveuse elle tournait, tournait la bague d'or que Pierre lui avait mise au doigt au moment de leur séparation. C'était une bague que sa mère lui avait donnée sur son lit de mort, en lui disant qu'il devrait la porter à sa mémoire et qu'une tradition affirmait que la bague apporterait un grand bonheur à la personne qui en découvrirait le secret. En la tournant, Angéline toucha par hazard à un petit ressort caché, et la grande pierre bizarre de la bague sauta, laissant ouverte une petite boîte remplie d'une poudre blanche.

Dans son enfance elle avait lu des histoires des bagues empoisonnées que portaient les rois pour se débarrasser en secret de leurs

ennemis; et elle se doutait que cette poudre fût du poison. En approchant la bague pour en examiner le contenu de près, un courant d'air fit souffler la poudre qui alla se déposer sur ses lèvres. Elle se hâta de les essuyer, mais elle goûta immédiatement une saveur douceâtre. Après quelques minutes le sommeil s'empara d'elle, contre lequel elle luttait en vain. Elle alla tout en chancelant s'asseoir sur son lit et perdit bientôt connaissance.

Le matin quand la garde venait apporter son déjeuner, elle la trouva encore plongée dans un sommeil profond, dont elle avait beaucoup de peine à l'éveiller.

"Ah," se disait-elle, après le départ de la garde, "c'est bien la poudre qui m'a fait endormir comme cela," et pendant qu'elle le disait, son regard tomba sur la petite bouteille de vin que la garde lui avait laissée sur la table. Une idée lui venait dans la tête!

Ce jour-là lorsqu'elle eut écrit sa petite lettre, elle enferma dans le papier la moitié de la poudre qu'elle avait trouvée cachée sous la pierre de sa bague. Le lendemain Pierre devrait la mettre dans sa bouteille de vin, comme elle devait le faire elle-même. Puis, ils ne mangeraient ni ne boiraient pendant la journée afin de faire croire aux gardes qu'ils se trouvaient un peu malades; et comme faisaient toujours ces gentilhommes-là quand leurs prisonniers ne pouvaient pas manger à cause de la tristesse, ils boiraient eux-mêmes le vin qu'ils emporteraient le soir. Naturellement ils s'endormiraient, et voilà l'occasion de s'évader de leur prison. Au signal donné par Angéline à sa fenêtre, ils descendraient les escaliers tous les deux, et au clair de la pleine lune ils trouveraient leur chemin au travers de la forêt et chercheraient une retraite cachée.

Elle avait bien arrangé tous les détails, et pas un seul échoua; mais, hélas! elle n'avait pas pensé aux chiens de la garde qui se couchaient hors de la porte du château. Au moment où sortaient Angéline et Pierre, les chiens se mirent à hurler de façon à faire croire aux domestiques que les sauvages, qui habitaient ce pays, venaient faire attaque.

On découvrit immédiatement la saille des prisonniers et on les poursuivit. Ancun moyen ne resta à ces pauvres malheureux de se sauver! Derrière eux était le château, à chaque côté la haute falaise maintenant bien gardée, en face la rivière qui saute avec un son de tonnerre par-dessus le précipice. Pierre saisit sa compagne dans ses bras.

"Il est mieux de mourir ensemble, n'est-ce pas, ma bien-aimée," lui dit-il, "que de vivre éloignés l'un de l'autre. Et

l'amour donne de la force: peut-être que nous atteindrons l'autre rive." Et la tenant encore dans ses bras, il se plongea dans les eaux tourbillonantes. Un moment on les voyait luttant avec les vagues; puis, ils disparurent à jamais.

On dit que, jusqu'à ce jour, si l'on se met sur le bord de la falaise par une nuit de pleine lune, on peut voir la répétition de la tragédie—la belle Angéline avec sa chevelure d'or dans les bras de son amant sur la rive, la lutte dans les eaux cruelles, l'enfoncement dans le gouffre; mais je n'en sais rien.

—CAROLINE E. LIBBY, 1901.

A BIRTHPLACE IN A VALLEY.

IT is only a plain, two-storied brown house, with a tiny ell in the rear. There certainly is nothing inspiring in its appearance, and its surroundings seem equally commonplace. There are bare, rocky hills rising on all sides. The general dullness of the scenery is relieved only by a quiet, dreamy brook which flows along the valley, brightened here and there by cardinal flowers or darkened by overhanging shadows.

Let us go up the hill. As we climb we gradually see more than dull, gray rocks. The tops of distant hills and mountains appear. Then, as we higher climb, these grow clearer, and we are able to distinguish green fields, woodlands, and streams of water. When we reach the top of the hill we have won a view well worth the climb. We have spread before us that which brings rest and pleasure.

We must, however, not leave this vicinity until we go down to the valley again, for here, in spite of the monotony of its scenery, we may find our inspiration. Across the road from this plain brown house is a plain gray rock, above which floats the American flag and upon which is written the secret of our inspiration. This was the birthplace of Daniel Webster. In the ell of the old house New Hampshire's greatest statesman was born.

In the study of history we often find an interesting analogy between the life of nations and their natural surroundings. Similar comparisons may be made between individuals and the homes of their childhood. The possibility of a comparison of this kind seems especially noticeable in the life of Daniel Webster.

The brook near Webster's birthplace may represent his home life; first in his father's home, then in his own. This brook flows over many rocks, but it does it quietly. There were hard places,

many of them, in Webster's home life, but they were passed over quietly, heroically, with no noisy complainings. We almost lose sight of the hard places because of the silent force with which they were covered. And then the cardinal flowers! touches of crimson! How many such bright places there were in Webster's home life! How many bright flowers his parents, brothers and sisters, wife and children placed beside him! There were also dark places. Shadows hung over his home and hid loved ones from his view. These shadows darkened the course of his life for a time, but farther on cardinal flowers gleamed in the sunshine.

On one side of Webster's birthplace was a quiet brook; on the other was a steep hill. On one side of Webster was his home; on the other a steep hill which led to usefulness and fame. The man Webster alternated between the two. He refreshed himself with draughts from the home brook, and then toiled up the hill of fame.

If we watch a man climbing a steep, rocky hill we notice that he aids himself in two ways. He may either cling to the trees and bushes which grow along his path, or carry a staff in his own hands and, by driving this into the ground as he advances, make his climbing easier. So Webster climbed; but the trees to help him were few. Here and there he found a faithful friend to aid him, but oftener they were enemies anxious to hold him back. Webster's chief aid was his own staff, a nature of flint. His was a strength sufficient to drive this even into the solid rocks. His grandest speeches are the sparks sent off as he drove this staff of flint into the rocks in his way.

As we climb a hill we gain new visions; we see a little more at each step; but we know there is more ahead of us. Even when we reach the top we shall not be able to see the whole world. So Webster climbed: so his vision grew. He saw not only a general outline of what lay before him, but also many of its details. We know, however, that Webster was not ignorant of the fact that much lay before him. He never thought that he had seen everything. Some one has said of him: "He never was guilty of seeking to prove himself master of universal knowledge."

If we should start for the top of a hill and come so near our goal that we could anticipate all we should see were we there, and then be forced to fall back, we could, perhaps, feel more sympathy for Daniel Webster. Webster started to reach the top

of political fame. He came so near his goal that he could catch a glimpse of all that lay before him; but he never reached the height of his ambition. He was never President of the United States.

However much we may criticise Webster's actions during the latter part of his life, we can only feel that his attitude toward slavery and other questions of the day was only the frantic efforts of a proud man to regain his footing. Webster not only failed to reach the top of political fame, but in endeavoring to go higher he seemed to slip and fall. As he fell his staff, that nature of flint, hit against the rocks and struck off sparks in a reckless way. These were not the true blows of the Webster who had full control of himself.

There were times when Webster must have felt that he had fallen to the foot of the hill and must have been glad to bathe once more in the peaceful brook. It is pleasing to think that at last, as he was about to go out of this stream into the dark waters beyond, he saw that by posterity he would be placed by the side of those who had reached the top of the hill. His last words, "I still live," seem prophetic of this.

Yes, Webster lives in our memories not down in the valley but on the hill-top. So, let us leave the birthplace in the valley and climb once more to the hill-top where, as we view the grandeur around, we may feel increase that inspiration which we have received from meeting a truly great man. —'03.

HALF A STORY.

AT the close of a fine summer day, Mr. Halstead, the teacher of the country high school, was on his way home. Leaving the main road, he went down a path which leads through the woods at the back of the Irving house. He preferred to go this way for two reasons. One was that, if he went directly home, it shortened his walk by a quarter of an hour; the other was, that it often gave him a chance to lengthen it, by sauntering home with Miss Irving, whom he usually met there. One could easily see that he was looking for some one now. He had unexpectedly been detained at school and was wondering whether she had waited for him or not. He walked along rapidly, but had almost given her up, when just as he came out of the woods, he saw her in the path ahead.

Miss Irving was standing back to him, and although she knew that he was coming and heard him quicken his step, it was not

till he had overtaken and accosted her that she looked at him. As she turned, he did not see the pleasant face which he had expected, but one full of anger. Surprised, he waited for her to speak first; but, since she said nothing, he began pleasantly:

"I was almost afraid that you would not wait for me, Margaret, but I could not come any sooner."

She looked at him coldly. "Yes, and I presume that you were not anxious to come any sooner. However, I waited because I have a question which I wish very much to ask you.

"I have not the slightest idea as to what you can mean, but I will try to answer it."

"Why did you punsh my brother this morning?"

He closed his lips firmly, but there was also an expression of relief on his face. "Because he lied to me."

"He did not, and you know it. He has told me the whole story. He told me how he found out that you were making secret engagements with that Eva Schillings, and how you were duping me all of the time. He told me how you tried to hire him not to tell me, and then tried to frighten him out of telling me—you, a great strong man, tried to frighten that little boy. Yes, he has told me all about why you whipped him, and I stayed to tell you that your little game is up. Good-night."

She turned and walked rapidly down the path toward her home. Mr. Halstead had been accustomed to accompany her (at a somewhat slower pace). Now he stood in the main path as if dazed; then, grasping the situation, he sprang forward.

"Margaret, wait, there is not a word of truth in that story. Wait, let me explain."

The sun was now beginning to set and it was a pretty picture that the chagrined man was left looking at. And for years there remained in his mind the picture of the tall, lithe figure, deluged by a shower of golden rays, clearly outlined upon the dark green of the woods beyond. He watched her till, without looking back, she passed from his sight; then with a sigh he started on again.

It lacked only two weeks to the close of the third term of school he had taught there. The first time he had met Margaret Irving, he had been attracted toward her, and she had been by no means displeased with his attentions. The pleasant acquaintance had grown into a deep friendship, which both secretly hoped would terminate in something stronger.

Frank Halstead knew that Margaret was impetuous, but he hoped that a little time would show her the unfairness of her posi-

tion and that an opportunity would be given him to show her the unreasonableness of it. He had found it necessary to punish her brother in the morning, and the little rascal, for revenge, had told that story about him. Well, he could trust to Margaret's good sense to clear it up.

He looked for her at their meeting place the next two days in vain. The third day he wrote a note asking if he might call. That afternoon he met her on the street. He looked at her eagerly and lifted his hat. Not a shadow of recognition passed her face. "Cut dead!" he muttered. "I guess that answers my note."

In about a week Mr. Halstead left. He had not seen Margaret again, and in spite of the successful finish of his term of school, it was with unpleasant thoughts that he went away. During the summer vacation he met an old school-mate who had just finished his second year at Yale. He knew that Halstead had formerly considered going to college, and was anxious that he should go now with him. "Come on, now! You're just the boy! My room-mate and I have changed our rooms and we want another fellow to go in with us."

In a few days Frank told his friend that he had decided to go to college and would be glad of the chance to go in with him. "What is your room-mate's name?" he added.

"Tom Irving."

Frank started at the name, then laughed at his own folly.

Tom Irving soon received a letter saying that a fellow by the name of Halstead would be their third room-mate if agreeable to him. Tom was just getting off for his summer vacation. He scribbled back a note saying that Halstead was all right as far as he was concerned, and forgot all about the matter.

Margaret had been almost heart-broken at the turn affairs had taken. Pride alone kept her up, but it also kept her from going to Mr. Halstead and apologizing. She became convinced that her brother had deceived her, and finally wrested the truth from him; but too late. For Mr. Halstead had gone, and she knew nothing of his whereabouts, or of his plans for the next year. Her mind was somewhat taken up by the coming visit of her cousin, Tom Irving. She had not seen him since he was a little fellow. Now he was a Yale Junior, with all the love of fun of an underclassman, and a touch of the dignity of an upperclassman. He was a fine athlete with agreeable manners, and these two accomplishments made for him a host of friends wherever he went.

When he first saw Margaret he was struck with the fact that she was a remarkably pretty girl, and he saw no reason at all for a slow summer. He did not find one. Every advance he made was skilfully blocked, every jest, turned on himself, and often his self-esteem suffered, but never his good nature. One time after the lash had cracked rather dangerously around his head, he drawled out: "Margaret, you ought to write a story. It wouldn't trouble you any to find words, would it?"

"No, not if I had such a good-for-nothing, lazy, self-conceited fellow in it as you are." Both laughed, but Tom continued, "No, I really mean it. I'll bet you could write a great story. I've got to have one for next term. Won't you please write it for me? I'll love you forever if you only would."

"If you will promise not to make love to me any more, I will do it."

"The conditions are hard, but I'll submit. When will you have it ready?"

"Some time next term I will send it to you."

The next term Tom met his new room-mate. Halstead soon found out who he was, but said nothing which would disclose his acquaintance with his cousin.

The second week of the term Margaret's story arrived. Tom read the accompanying letter and made a few remarks which might have failed to please Margaret, had she heard them.

"Boys," he said in a helpless way, "you've got to help me out. My cousin has only written half of that story she promised me. She says I've got to finish it. Help me out, won't you?"

Frank asked to hear it and Tom read it. It was, with but little disguise, the story of Margaret's own life and love. It told of a girl who had been hasty and inconsiderate. She had unjustly accused her lover, but her pride had kept her from confessing it till it was too late and her lover had left town. She waited a long time for him.

"And I guess she's waiting yet, for she says that she can't finish the story. She can't find any good way to bring them together; she can't make them miserable the rest of their lives; and she is sure they can never marry any one else. Isn't that just like a girl, anyway? Why doesn't she have him taken up in a cyclone and landed down through the roof of her house, repeating her name all the time in a mournful way?"

Frank gathered up the papers. "I will try to finish the story," he said. The next morning he handed his work to Tom, who read

it and signified his approval. The story had been finished by making the lover, who, by the way, was a school-master, come back to the town, drawn by a feeling which he could neither understand or resist. While there he saw the girl who had formerly meant so much to him. Through a brother of hers, who had been instrumental in bringing about the quarrel, and was accordingly anxious to make up for it, he found out that she still cared for him. Emboldened by this he called on her, and the result was—well, when he left, he had a much pleasanter idea of life.

"You put a lot of feeling into it," said the Junior friend.

"Here is another copy, which you might send to your cousin, and if I may I would like to send a note with it," Frank said.

Tom looked up curiously, but could read nothing from his impassive countenance. "Certainly," he said lamely.

In a few days Miss Margaret Irving received the complete story with two notes:

Dear Cousin:

Your story arrived at just the right time and helped me out a lot. I got my new room-mate to finish it. He's an awful lot like the man you described. Perhaps you will meet him sometime, then you will see. He's a pretty good sort of a fellow, I guess. Yours as ever, TOM.

Miss Irving:

I wish to apologize for the liberty I have taken in finishing the story. Your Cousin Tom, knowing nothing of our former acquaintance, read it to me, and I could not resist the temptation to make your little story, our little story. I think I understand the girl's position exactly, only she did not realize how willingly the schoolmaster would have come back. The only satisfactory way to finish it, is to bring them together, and I have tried to do this. If I have finished the story in a manner agreeable to you, I should be pleased to hear from you. Any way your opinion on the subject would greatly oblige

MR. FRANK HALSTEAD.

The following answer, when it came, was by no means calmly read.

Mr. Halstead:

I had no idea that you were Cousin Tom's new room-mate, so you can imagine with what surprise I read your note.

I thought your ending a very good one. I would make one suggestion, however. The brother figured so prominently in the

first part of the story that it seems to me it would be much better if he could be left out entirely in the second part. Don't you think it could be so arranged?

Yours truly,

MARGARET IRVING.

Mr. Halstead thought the suggestion a good one. And the next vacation he proved to Margaret that it could be thus arranged without any difficulty. The result was—well, when he went back to college he seemed to have a much better idea of life.

THE DRAMA AND THE NOVEL AS EXPONENTS OF HUMAN NATURE.

TO learn what men are doing, we turn to the newspaper. To learn why they do it we turn to the drama and the novel. The newspaper shows the results of the working of human nature. The drama and the novel show, or attempt to, how our inner and our outer worlds influence each other.

Since both drama and novel have much in common, perhaps we can best see their success in interpreting human nature by considering them together. We may then try, by contrasting them, to determine which is better. We regard both as to be read, not considering the drama as a spectacle.

The field for both is wide. The author may take any phase of human nature, give it any setting, and then work out the results.

But while men are so different, yet they constantly repeat certain striking characteristics. Just as in outside appearance, we all belong to certain types, so it is with character; and the author can hardly escape setting forth some type through his individual creation.

It is most difficult to interpret human nature exactly, judging by our authors' success. True, little touches show here and there; but the balance of the whole is rarely steady. Perhaps the chief reason is that, through their differently colored eyes, the authors see correspondingly colored worlds.

There are some other important ways by which fiction fails to show us real life.

Some authors create characters *too* commonplace, perhaps even ridiculous. We would charge William Dean Howells with this. It is much easier, indeed, to represent our common feelings and impulses, lying out in plain sight, than the choice selves hidden perhaps from our own consciousness.

Others idealize, giving their heroes and heroines better qualities than fall to the lot of real people. Dickens' favorite heroines are literally too good to live. As in painting the most delicately beautiful parts are brought out and the rough places smoothed by refining touches, so in the work of an artist author our few really noble moments are put in the foreground and our harsher selves softened by mellowing lights.

Sometimes the author does not understand what he tries to portray. From lack of observation, from borrowing ideas already second or third hand, even from want of capacity to comprehend, come mere abstractions, improbable and superficial natures. To create good characters the writer must have lived long enough to have much experience, or he must be wonderfully sympathetic and a most keen and healthy-minded observer of life.

In addition to these imperfections fiction is limited by the authors themselves or by their readers' demands to present love as the chief aim in life and youth as the most interesting time. They do not tell us why. But if we believe at all in fiction as reflecting human nature, we must believe in these its pervading elements. Yet it may be that some genius will still interest us just as much in the human nature of middle age.

Perhaps after all fiction succeeds best in interpreting the character of the author. In spite of his mistakes, he lets us clearly see himself, most interesting of all because he is real, and so sometimes most sad, because we see a distorted mind and an unhappy heart.

All this is common to both drama and novel. But which shall we choose as the better exponent of human nature?

In real life people reveal themselves through speech and action. We see at once that the drama reveals its character through speech, the novel through both, together with the author's comments and the thoughts of the characters themselves. The drama makes the utmost use of its one means, the novel a limited use of each of its several. In the drama we judge the characters for ourselves, as in real life. In the novel we have to judge the author's judgment. In the drama the characters are always before us and our attention is never distracted. In the novel so many descriptions and so to speak stage directions are introduced that we often lose sight of the actors.

In the drama passion is usually more emphasized than plot; in the novel, plot than passion. The drama moves more slowly, we may stop to study the action. The drama is more condensed. It

is higher pitched; we see the people at crises, while in the novel we see them more as they are every day. And it is at crises that we see the deepest and best parts of human nature.

Accordingly, although the atmosphere of the drama is more mysterious, and the characters appear in a more poetic light, although the drama tends toward too much eloquence and exaggerated effect, although it leaves much to be imagined, yet on the whole it seems to be the finer and better exponent of human nature.

Notwithstanding the many faults of both, we must feel grateful for the views that they give us of our neighbors through other men's eyes, and more still for the glimpses that we catch of "oursels as ithers see us."

BESSIE D. CHASE, '02.

A STRANGER.

The arrival of the first French family signified that the town was beginning to grow. There were three in this family, the father and mother, and a little boy of six. The little fellow did not know a word of English and, left alone all day by his busy parents, he often fell to dreaming of his other home and his former little playmates. There, all the children had been glad to see him when he came out to play. But here all the boys mocked and laughed at him, and the girls avoided him as though he were something which, if he came near enough, would hurt them. This was partly because he wore poor clothes and partly because he did not know English, a fact which it was impossible for them to comprehend.

These cuts and jeers, which his lack of English by no means prevented him from understanding, hurt his affectionate little

heart as only children's hearts can be hurt. He was a stranger in a strange land, alone in the midst of many.

As he sat all alone one day on his doorstep his thoughts had gone back to the frolics and games of the little boys of his own nationality. How lonesome he was now, and how he wished he was with them! Just then he looked up and saw a little American boy leaning against the door of the store opposite. The little French boy thought at first that he would go into the house and avoid all chance of being teased, but there was something so friendly in the other's look that he remained.

The little American boy was eating an apple and held another in his hand. He started slowly and came across the street, keeping his eye all the time on the little French boy, who in return was watching him as closely, to see whether it was best to run or to wait. The sight of the apple turned the balance and he waited. As the little American boy came up to him he impulsively held out the apple.

"Say, don't you want it?"

The words were not understood, but the action was. The little French boy timidly reached out his hand. He was not yet sure that he was not being fooled. When he felt the apple in his own possession a smile spread over his face which seemed like a ray of sunshine from his heart. This was the first act of kindness that anyone in this country had shown him, and this was the boy who henceforth would be his hero.

They sat down together on the doorstep and each began to eat his apple, all the while watching the other intently. One saw a ragged, hungry-looking, friendless little French boy, whom he regarded as a curiosity. The other saw a well-dressed, pleasant-faced, rather quiet American boy, whom he regarded as his ideal.

"Say, can't you really talk?"

The little French boy had no idea what was said, but he sadly shook his head. Then the American boy took out his knife. He wanted to see if this other boy knew what it was for. Just as he was showing off the wonder of the third blade his mother came out of the store. She looked around a moment before she caught sight of him. Then, quickly crossing the street, she seized him roughly by his shoulder and dragged him away.

Soon the American boy in his beautiful home was crying bitterly. He had been punished for playing with that little French boy. At the same time the little French boy, in the

wretched little cottage was sobbing with heart-broken sobs. The tendrils of friendship which his heart had so readily thrown out, had been rudely broken off.

THE GALLANT.

My curled moustaches resemble the tail of the tarask, my linen is as white as the tablecloth of an inn, and my doublet is not older than the tapestries of the crown.

Would one imagine, seeing my smart bearing, that hunger lodged in my stomach, is pulling—the torturer!—a rope that strangles me as though I were being hanged?

Ah, if from that window, where dances a shrivelling light, a roasted lark had only fallen into the cock of my hat instead of that faded flower!

The Place Royale, to-night under the links, is as clear as a chapel; look out for the letter! Fresh lemonade! Macaroons of the Napales! Here, little one, let me dip a finger in your *truite a la sauce.* Rascal!—there lacks spice to your April fool!

Do I not see yonder Marion Delorme on the arm of the Duc de Longeville? Three lap dogs follow her yapping. She has fine diamonds in her ears, the young courtesan! He has fine rubies on his nose, the old courtier!

* * * * * * * * *

And the gallant struts about, fist on hip, elbowing the men and smiling on the women. He did not have enough to dine on; he bought himself a bunch of violets.

—*From the French.*

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The *Boston Globe* of January 18, contained the following account of the reunion of Bates alumni in Boston:

The Bates College Alumni of Boston held their eighteenth annual reunion and dinner at Young's Hotel last night.

The retiring president, Hon. A. M. Spear, presided, and seated on either side were the guests of the evening, President George C. Chase of Bates College, William A. Foster, instructor in English at Bates, Benjamin E. Bates and H. W. Perry of Boston, Frank L. Washburn, the newly elected president of the

alumni association, and ex-President Smith of the Massachusetts Senate.

The presiding officer congratulated the association and spoke of the remarkable advancement in every direction that the college is making.

He presented President Chase of Bates, who said in part: "As I look about me and see the number of ministers, doctors, lawyers and teachers that have gone out into the world from Bates and made their mark it makes me doubly proud of the institution.

"It can be truthfully said that Bates imitates no other institution. The world has use for men and women and Bates' mission is to develop them.

"Fundamentally and essentially it is the spirit of democracy so simple, so true and so unconscious of itself that makes our college so strong in this grand work.

"Bates does not draw the line on creed, color or sex, nor does she inquire into a student's family history or how long their purses are, but recognizes men and women."

He said her 300 students placed Bates as the largest college in Maine.

"Let us strive for larger endowments," he said, "in order to keep pace with the times. We need an auditorium that will seat 2,000 persons, so that our students can have the opportunity of the very best of everything obtainable in an educational way.

"This building should be open to Bates societies at all times and should cost from $50,000 to $100,000. Our college has no facilities for housing the women students, and this should be attended to. They live at the president's house which can at best accommodate about 14, and there are 20 there at present."

Nelson W. Howard, '92, told funny stories and advocated more worldliness being taught to the students of Bates.

He did not mean that they must drink or gamble, but a broader training in order that graduates may make an appearance in business and not be merely educated men.

Mr. Spear spoke of the need of an organized movement and of financial assistance for the athletic association. He said an effort will be made to raise funds among the graduates, as plans had already been outlined.

He advocated establishing a bureau of information at Bates and keeping in close touch with the graduates. He believed that positions might be secured for those about to graduate in that way.

Remarks were made by Messrs. Berry and Foster, O. F. Cutts of Harvard, formerly of Bates, and Scott Wilson of Portland.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected: Frank L. Washburn, president; Nelson W. Howard, vice-president; Richard B. Stanley, secretary and treasurer.

Among those present whose names have not already been mentioned were E. C. Adams, B. E. Bates, Miss Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Smith, O. B. Clason, A. C. Wheeler, U. G. Wheeler, Miss Kenney, Miss Buck, E. F. Cunningham, O. C. Boothby, Miss N. A. Houghton, R. B. Stanley, W. A. Waters, E. Whitman, A. L. Dennison, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Garcelon, W. B. Cutts, Miss L. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanley Dunham, C. S. Flanders, Miss Adah M. Tasker, Miss Mabel Wood, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Swan, Miss Blanchard, Miss Fisher, Mr. H. E. E. Stevens, Mr. N. Pulsifer, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Wentworth, Miss Josephine Hodgdon, Mr. William Sturgis, Mr. W. H. Bolster, Mr. Miles Greenwood, Mr. R. L. Thompson, Mr. C. W. Cutts, G. G. Garland.

'76.—Rev. Thomas H. Stacy has resigned his pastorate in Saco to accept a call to Concord.

'96.—E. C. Vining is studying medicine at Phillips, Me.

'96.—L. G. Purington, M.D., is practicing at Yarmouth, Me.

'96.—Luther S. Mason is interne at the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

'96.—Friends of A. B. Hoag have received copies of the *Lebanon* (Ore.) *Criterion,* of which Mr. Hoag has recently become the publisher.

'96.—I. P. Berryman is in the employ of the George F. Bradstreet Co., Real Estate Brokers, Boston, Mass.

'99.—Wildie Thayer is very successful in her work as reporter on the *Lowell Sun.*

alumni association, and ex-President Smith of the Massachusetts Senate.

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Around the Editors' Table.

THE BATES STUDENT with this issue again changes management, and a new board of editors enter upon their unfamiliar duties. The first thought, perhaps, that comes to us is, "What shall our paper be?" It has been said—so often, indeed, that it has nearly become trite—that a college magazine should faithfully portray the college life in all its various phases and departments, and at the same time maintain a high standard in its literary product. We all recognize this to be true, and we ought to realize that in order to attain this much desired end the editorial board must of necessity have the active support, not only of its own class, but also of the entire college. We have received many hearty expressions of good-will and best wishes for our success which we fully appreciate, but do not forget that the sympathy which will be of the greatest value to us is that which assures us that you will do all you can to have our college magazine achieve the success which we hope for it during the coming year. We do not expect the manager of the track team to win the meet alone. We do not ask the foot-ball team to win its games without student support. Why, then, should we expect a successful college paper with a lack of interest among the students? Our magazine is a part of our college, and we wish each one to feel a personal interest; to report any items of interest that may come to his notice; to send in contributions of a literary character; and, by no means the least important consideration, to be *paying* subscribers. The editors will do all they can, and with the support of the students we may confidently look forward to a year of value and success for the STUDENT.

THIS is the term when we ought to get the best results from our college work. There are fewer outside matters to distract attention from the regular duties than at any other season of the year. With little probability of having our plans interrupted we may arrange our work so as to accomplish the most possible from the term. Twenty-four hours often seems wholly inadequate for all the duties required, but a carefully arranged system of work will greatly aid the student in using his time to the best advantage. A day's work should be carefully considered, and each task should be assigned its proper allowance of time and energy, the most important matters being given first place. A

student who understands how to utilize thus his time and talent accomplishes all he undertakes without apparent difficulty, while one who works without a definite method finds himself behind in his work and always in a hurry. If we learn in our college work to study methodically we not only avoid a waste of time and energy during our school life, but also form a habit of concentrated, systematic labor which will follow us through life and is one of the greatest preparations for success in the activities of the world.

THIS term has brought many new duties and additional tasks. Even the college curriculum is fuller by one number—"gym work." Whenever this subject is brought up among the girls there is immediately a strange mingling of delighted "Ohs" and disgusted groans. The origin of the former can easily be traced to what our maiden aunts would call "tom-boys." But the sources of the latter are harder of classification.

Does this dislike for gymnasium exercise arise from our inborn love of study and unwillingness to leave our books, or is it caused by—we will be kind and say—a general disinclination for physical activity. Of course these remarks do not at all apply to the considerable number who for good reasons *cannot* take the work. But we know how readily *mala ego* conjures excuses for non-attendance at gymnasium. We must remember that heads older and possibly wiser than ours laid out this work for us; and on consideration it may seem to us desirable to get a little of the hard study crook from our shoulders and a little more breathing space into our lungs, not to mention many other improvements. Good results will certainly come from the gymnasium work if we take it regularly and "do it with our might."

And if, perchance, we have excuses which satisfy our conscience but not Professor Bolster's, let us not adopt a tart—not to say acidulous tone—in reply to the instructor who in humble accents informs us that "the pleasure of our company is requested at the gymnasium on three afternoons of the week."

IT is certainly gratifying to all of us to note the increase in the spirit of reverence shown at our chapel exercises. Certainly no one desires to be classed among the irreverent, among those who have no thought or care for the best things in life, and yet

our thoughtlessness leads us many times to do that which helps much to place us in this very class. It is thoughtlessness which leads us to tread heavily past the Association room and up the stairs while a meeting is in progress. It is thoughtlessness which leads us, by unnecessary whispering and laughter, to disturb such meetings in another way, but by these very acts we are judged and by these same acts the standard of college reverence is measured. Is it not then for our best interest, while we are developing a reverent spirit and attitude in chapel exercises, to extend that spirit and attitude to all other departments of the religious life of the college? Surely we can in no way show more clearly a gentlemanly spirit than by respecting the rights of those about us and adopting a reverent manner toward those things which should be sacred to all.

Local Department.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. has been marked at the beginning of the term by a new spirit, and yet it can hardly be said to be new, it is rather a revival of the old. Its motto is "Personal Work," and the hope and aim is that each member of the Association may feel himself called to be a committee of one to do all in his power to promote the growth and work of the Association. There are unusually good opportunities for service here, and we shall be held responsible if one of these is neglected.

Prayer circles have been organized to further aid in the work. At present there is one in each class, and a short meeting for prayer is also held directly before the weekly union meeting. Both of these promise to be of great assistance to our spiritual growth and development.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

During the absence of the president of the Association, Miss Richmond, who is teaching, Miss Manuel, the vice-president, is acting in that capacity.

Miss Truell has resigned from her position as chairman of the Social Settlement committee, and Miss Leggett has been appointed in her place.

There are to be prayer circles organized among the young ladies as in previous years.

Plans are being made for a Y. W. C. A. social in the near future.

The Bible and Missionary study classes are to be resumed this term, and it is hoped that a greater interest will be taken in this work than ever before. Since in the winter term there seem to be fewer vital interests to take our attention from the routine work of the college, we should feel a greater enthusiasm in the Association work; though we are somewhat handicapped at the beginning of the term by the absence of some of our best workers, let us all who are here make up in zeal and earnestness what we lack in numbers.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Oh! here is a tear
For "the home folks" so dear,
And a sigh for the lessons in store.
But cheer up, mates,
Here's nine 'rahs for Bates!
We're glad to get back once more.

Of course you have seen the new catalogues.

1905 gladly welcomes Miss Thompson of Round Pond as a new member of the class.

The date for the Bates-Harvard debate has been fixed—February 14, at Lewiston City Hall.

The Stanton Alumni Club banquet is held at Riverton this year on February 7th. It promises to be especially enjoyable.

Miss Libbey spoke before the Lewiston and Auburn History Club on January 14th, on "The Origin of the French Salon."

Miss Cornelia Warren of Boston, who has been a kind friend to Bates, visited the college not long ago as the guest of President Chase.

Miss Marie Bryant, formerly of '03, has returned to enter '04. She is accompanied by her sister, Miss Rae Bryant, who has entered in '05.

The B. S. course offered for next year will no doubt make a great increase in the enrollment for the Class of 1906. Really, we are sorry for 1905.

The adornments for our Library are beginning to come in. During the last vacation Mr. Amos Stetson of Boston gave a fine

decorative picture. He has recently given also a figure piece, a copy of one of the old masters.

To increase the number of your correspondents, use the Bates souvenir postals issued by Sanderson and Sawyer, 1903. Your friends will all want one.

Some new apparatus for work in heat and light has recently been added to the Physical Laboratory. This department is growing rapidly under Professor Clark.

We are very glad to announce the convalescence of Mr. Lothrop, '03, who has been critically ill with appendicitis. We wish him a speedy recovery.

In accordance with the custom, the Junior Class has voted to renovate one of the recitation rooms this spring. They have decided upon Dr. Leonard's room.

The marriage of Miss Felker, formerly '03, and Mr. Foss, formerly '02, occurred during vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Foss are now residing at Sabatis, where he has a position as principal of Sabatis High School.

We are glad to report that Professor Hartshorn's health has so much improved as to permit him to resume his work with the classes in English Literature. The hearty welcome which he received from each class at the opening of the term, well testifies to the feeling of the students.

The students wish to extend heart-felt sympathy to our kind and devoted Librarian, Miss Woodman, in her recent bereavement by the death of her sister, Mrs. Howe. Mrs. Howe was the wife of Rev. J. A. Howe, Dean of the Theological School, and while not intimately connected with the college, was well known by many of the students.

President Chase is at present out of town soliciting funds for the college. We hope that before long the college will have become so prosperous that our president can be among us the entire year. From this year's reports there bids fair to be a speedy realization of our hope. More has been added to the college funds than for many years before.

In order to illustrate the practicality of the science of Economics, Dr. Veditz will have talks or lectures upon the different phases of business life given before the class by some of the leading business men of Lewiston and Auburn. He intends also to take the class on an expedition through one of the mills of this place. This course promises to be very interesting.

Work in the gymnasium was begun the first week of the term. The hours are:

YOUNG LADIES.

Juniors and Sophomores—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, from 1.45 to 2.45.

Freshmen—Monday and Thursday from 1.45 to 2.45.

Freshmen—Wednesday from 2.45 to 3.45.

YOUNG MEN.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday.

Juniors—3 to 3.45.

Sophomores—3.45 to 4.30.

Freshmen—4.30 to 5.15.

Many of the students who went out teaching last term, returned at the opening of this term. The following is a partial list of those who are or have been teaching since the beginning of the term:

1902.

Miss Allen.....Standship.
Mr. Blake.....Franklin.
Mr. Blanchard.....Boothbay.
Mr. Darling.....Fryeburg.
Mr. Densmore.....Wells.
Mr. Elkins.....Kingfield.
Mr. Hamlin.....Lincoln.
Mr. Holman.....Cranberry Isle.
Miss Leggett.....North Jay.
Miss Long.....Mechanic Falls.
Mr. McCleary.....Boothbay.
Mr. McLean.....Franklin.
Mr. Moody.....Islesford.
Miss Richmond.....Monmouth.
Mr. Wall.....Brookline.
Miss Watson.....Monmouth.
Miss Purington.....Otisfield

1903.

Mr. Bailey.....North Anson.
Mr. Brown.....Strong.
Miss Clark.....Wells Beach.
Miss Cornforth.....Anson.
Mr. Jennings.....Readfield.
Mr. Junkins.....York Corner.
Mr. Lord.....The Forks.
Mr. Piper.....Belgrade.
Miss Tasker.....Popham Beach.
Mr. Trufant.....Rangeley.
Mr. Wardwell.....Hartford.
Miss Williams.....Woolwich.
Mr. Witham.....Lisbon Falls.

1904.

Mr. Babcock.....St. Albans.
Miss Barker.....North Wayne.
Miss Billings.....Westport.
Miss E. Bray.....Wells.
Mr. Bryant.....Baring.
Miss Carrow.....Union.

Mr. Cole.....Standish.
Mr. David.....Falmouth Foreside.
Mr. Fortier.....East Peru.
Miss Frost.....Norway.
Mr. Harmon.....Hanover.
Mr. Hayes.....Round Pond.
Mr. Lane.....Elliot
Mr. Lewis.....Eastport.
Mr. Mitchell.....Sumner.
Miss Morison.....North Livermore.
Miss Parker.....Durham.
Miss Parlin.....South Union.
Mr. Walker.....Linneus.
Mr. Wallace.....Little Deer Isle.
Mr. G. L. Weymouth.....Greene.
Mr. M. W. Weymouth.....Rutland, Vt.

1905.

Mr. Benner.....East Monmouth.
Miss Bryant.....Leeds.
Mr. Cooper.....Lamoine.
Mr. DeMeyer.....Franklin.
Miss Gould.....Belgrade.
Mr. Junkins.....Hancock, N. H.
Mr. Patten.....Bowdoinham.
Mr. Sampson.....West Farmington.
Mr. Symonds.....Hopkinson, N. H.
Miss Thibodeau.....Norway.
Mr. Turner.....Norway.
Mr. Verrill.....Wayne.
Mr. Williams.....Bowdoinham.
Mr. Wilson.....Phillips.

Exchanges.

FOR the student whose knowledge of college life is confined to his own institution, a few hours' session with a heap of magazines from all parts of our country is a revelation. It is a silent communication of common thoughts and mutual interests expressed in different ways.

This month an assemblage of brightly decorated covers marks the festive holiday numbers, and Christmas poems are abundant.

Various summaries of the foot-ball season are given and it is interesting to note the "All Maine Teams" as made up by the different college magazines of the State.

Basket-ball is now coming to the center of interest in the athletic line. We note a particularly enthusiastic article on this subject in the *Adelbert* and an article on basket-ball for women in *The Norm.*

An article on German Universities in the *Mount Holyoke* presents this familiar subject in a concise, clear manner.

We infer from an item in the Free Press of the *Wellesley Magazine* that Bates students are not alone in their efforts to establish a custom of greater reverence at the daily devotional exercises.

Bates students will appreciate an article in the *Hamilton Lit.* which states in an original, terse way the advantages of a small college over a large university.

We quote a portion of an article in *The New Collegian* which shows that the prejudices against the game of foot-ball have not yet been destroyed:

> And, again, a game which so distinctively cultivates the bull-dog spirit, in which the rallying cry is, "Tear 'em up!" "Kill 'em off!" should hardly be made the typical sport of the twentieth century schools which are supposed to inculcate ideal standards of life. Foot-ball as played to-day is more brutal than prize fighting; the difference being the circumstances under which each sport occurs, and the personelle of the participants. Nevertheless, the game has many commendable features and we cannot but be intensely interested in it as a whole, and above all in the success of our team; but can it not be modified in some way which will obviate this constant danger of physical injury and lessen the tendency to develop the brute instinct.

The *Georgetown College Journal* contains some good Christmas stories.

The College Index has a number of good poems.

WHEN TWILIGHT COMES.

When twilight comes across the snow
  The world is filled with a mellow glow
That dreamily fades and dies away
  And leaves but the mem'ry of the day,
While stars appear and shadows grow.

  There comes a peace we did not know,
  And lighter grows the weight of woe
   As all our cares aside we lay
      When twilight comes.

Dreams idly come and idly go,
  In the embers burning low
Visions appear in bright array
  And hold us spellbound in their sway
With mem'ries of the long ago,
      When twilight comes.

—Florence Fuller in The College Index.

The author of an article on Rudyard Kipling in the *Tennessee University Magazine* shows that lack of humanity is the cause of

the waning popularity of Kipling. "Throughout the writings of Mr. Kipling you find no tenderness, no human gentleness, nothing that arouses our sympathies. There is only cold, dazzling technique."

SUNSET.

The sun sinks below the horizon, leaving its afterglow in the sky. The mountain side is in deepening shadow; twilight stillness rests over all. Low bands of clouds, shading from gorgeous crimson, where they meet the mountain tops, to pale opal tints, contrast strangely with the darkness of the valley.

Soon the beautiful tints begin to fade, the opal shades die out and the bright crimson fades into faint pink that in its turn disappears, leaving the gray twilight relieved only by the white farmhouses in the valley.

—A. G. M., 1903, in Mount Holyoke.

THE LORD OF LIFE.

Christmas day—and the Lord of Light
  Flings wide the golden bars of morn,
And wrapped in the folds of sunrise clouds
  A glorious Day to the world is born.
O'er seas and mountains and cities of men
  He pours his kindly streams,
And some with praise their eyes upraise
  And bless his bounteous beams.
But some, with sordid eyes down bent,
  See naught but the tinsel dross of earth;
And some shut out the widening glow
  That marks the morning's regal birth.

Christmas day—and the Lord of Life
  Far under the golden fringe of morn,
In a city of old of the mystic East,
  To lighten a darkling world is born.
O'er seas and mountains and cities of men
  There streams the light of his Word;
And the loud bells ring and the children sing
  And the olive crowns the sword.
But some, with the eye of the soul grown dim,
  Plod wearily on far, far from the Way;
And some there be who, loving the night,
  Shut out the Lord of perennial Day.

—W. H. Alburn, in The Adelbert.

YOU, I, AND THE LITHE CANOE.

When runaway starlets are scampering swift
  To hide from the motherly moon;
When whimsical breezes the pine-tops lift
  To hum them a midsummer tune;
Then threading the shadows and dimly seen,
Or stealing along in a starry sheen,
In sense enraptured, in soul serene,—
  You, I, and the lithe canoe.

When the dome of the dim old cathedral of Night
Is lit by the candles of God;
When incense of sweet-fern is wafting delight
Through the pine-pillared aisles we had trod;
Then bosomed in waters and swaying along,
Subdued by the chant of an infinite song,
In reverence humble, in yearning strong,—
You, I, and the lithe canoe.
—*Thacher Howland Guild in The Brunonian.*

MY BOOKS.

The dusk has gathered in the curtained room
Where, clad in russet garments, proudly plain,
Their ordered rows show dimly through the gloom,
A Midas-trove the rich might buy in vain.
The shadow'd air is dumb, yet all a-thrill
With magic of old story,—and my feet
Pause like an alien's, doubtful, on the sill.
I fear to desecrate that still retreat
Where hold communion mystic with their kind
The glorious spirits from the dream-world fair,
Those flame and dew creations of the mind
That wring the souls they rise from, phœnix-rare.
But lo! a voice—"Who loves us, enter free!
To such we owe our immortality." —*Ex.*

Our Book-Shelf.

"Be sure that you go to the author to find out his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first." —*Ruskin.*

Slason Thompson, in his *Eugene Field*[1], gives us a biography of the man not the author. He portrays him as he appeared to his friends, that is, as a clown and jester. This history of the life of one of the most unusual of personalities in the literary world is interesting from first to last. It is a series of amusing anecdotes. One of the features of the first volume is a romance of Eugene Field's father, Roswell Martin Field. Eugene Field was born in Missouri. He received his education in New England. His first occupation was reporter on the St. Louis *Evening Journal.* While he was in Denver, as managing editor of the *Tribune,* he formed a life-long friendship with Bill Nye and Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun.* When he began his work in Chicago in 1883 he wrote, at the same time with his lighter articles, some of a more serious nature. His "Sharps and Flats" column in the *Daily News* contained things that were destined to endure. All those who enjoyed his friendship found in him a true heart and a kind, sympathetic spirit.

To all lovers of animals Ernest Seton-Thompson's latest book, *Lives of the Hunted*[2] is another source of great interest and pleasure. The book is very attractive, resembling *Wild Animals I Have Known* both in

appearance and character. It is a collection of stories of animals who are represented as thinking, judging, and talking. Doubtless much of their popularity is due to the fact that they are so humanized and individualized. They are depicted to us as personalities with different temperaments and habits. The pathos of the histories of these creatures, in Mr. Thompson's style of romance, so moves us that we feel in sympathy with them and closely related to them.

The Point of Contact in Teaching[3], by Patterson Dubois, is a book which has been welcomed by all who have to do with child life, both teachers and parents. The present edition is the fourth, revised and enlarged. It tells us how to approach the child's mind. The first paragraph reads, "The child's mind is a castle which can be taken neither by stealth nor by storm. But there is a natural way of approach and a gate of easy entry always open to him who knows how to find it."

The Message of the College to the Church[4] is the title of a volume of Lenten addresses delivered last year in the Old South Church, Boston. They are written by Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody, and Presidents William DeWitt Hyde, Arthur T. Hadley, Franklin Carter, George Harris, and William Jewett Tucker. The questions considered are: What has the college to say to the church about its faith and work? How do the church's conceptions and administrations of Christianity appear to the college world? What are the supreme values as tested by intellectual competence, candor, and freedom? Each address is noteworthy both for its literary value and for its earnest, helpful thoughts.

A book which is of especial interest to Bates students is *Among Flowers and Trees with the Poets*[5], by Minnie C. Wait and Professor Merton C. Leonard, S.B. The choicest selections have been made from the works of nature poets, and the poems are arranged according to an alphabetical order of plants. The book is adorned with illustrations of flowers, and the white cover with its golden design of flowers and trees makes it very attractive.

Christ and Life[6] is a book consisting of a number of articles gathered from religious papers. The choice has been wisely made and the collection forms a profitable volume. Some of the chapters are "A Christian's Foes," "A Christian's Standing," "The Selfishness of Sorrow," and "The Holy Spirit."

'Tilda Jane[7], by Marshall Saunders, is a story of "an orphan in search of a home." It is a pathetic story of the wanderings of a little girl whose only friend is a little ugly dog whom she will not desert even for the sake of a comfortable home and kind guardians.

[1]Eugene Field. Slason Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[2]Lives of the Hunted. Ernest Seton-Thompson.

[3]The Point of Contact in Teaching. Patterson Dubois. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

[4]The Message of the College to the Church. The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.

[5]Among Flowers and Trees with the Poets. Minnie C. Wait and Professor Merton C. Leonard, S.B. Lee & Shepard.

[6]Christ and Life. Robert E. Speer, F. H. Revell Co., New York.

[7]Tilda Jane. Marshall Saunders. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

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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.

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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.

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

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THE BATES STUDENT, Lewiston, Maine.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
List—List, O List.