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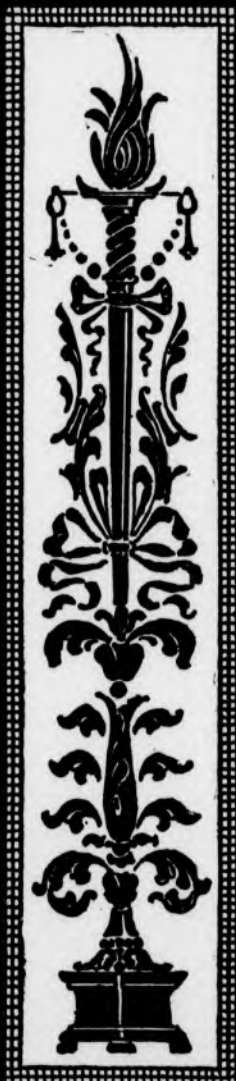
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# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AMONG the names to which the world pays its tribute of honor stand those of some men whose lives are revered, even as their deeds. Their holy influence, growing ever brighter, inspires us to purity and nobility, and we can but say of one of them, "This was indeed a man!" But, in marked contrast, some there are over whose lives we must gently draw the veil of charity, even while we look upon what they did, and acknowledge, "This was Genius!"

Among the latter stands, in solitary prominence, the name of Edgar Allan Poe, critic, poet, and writer of tales; a man whose fame has spread from his own country into distant lands; a man whose peculiar genius has placed him among America's greatest sons; a man, nevertheless, in whom every noble impulse was blighted by the weakness of his own irresolute character; the man who has been aptly called "The Hamlet of America."

Born in Boston, the son of mediocre actors, at the age of three he is suddenly transformed from a penniless orphan into the petted child of the wealthy Allan family. His earlier school-boy days he spends with them in England, amid surroundings which breathe into his poetic soul all the romance of early English history. Returning to America, he pursues his preparatory studies at a private school, a brilliant student, but wholly lacking in

application; generous and courteous, yet unpopular with his fellows because of a certain solitariness and reserve, a lack of capacity for deep and true friendship, characteristic of him through life. At seventeen he enters the University of Virginia. His brilliant mind and ready versatility promise a successful career. But the fatal defects in his character begin to assert themselves. He develops the taste for strong drink, which later in life overwhelms him. Inattention to study, excessive gaming, and resulting debts, deprive him at once of the confidence of his benefactor and of his educational opportunities, and he leaves Richmond to seek his own fortune. It is now that he publishes his first work, "Tamerlane and Other Poems." His hopes concerning its sale are disappointed. Starvation stares him in the face. In desperation he turns to the readiest solution of his difficulties, and concealing his true name and age, enlists in the United States Army. After attaining the rank of sergeant-major, a partial reconciliation with Mr. Allan secures his discharge, and his subsequent appointment to a cadetship at West Point. At the end of six months of careless behavior and neglect of duty comes expulsion from the service. This breaks the last tie which binds him to the Allans. Penniless, he turns to journalism in Baltimore. Success, fame, honor are soon within his reach, but he neglects to grasp them. The story is repeated in Richmond, in Philadelphia, in New York. He drifts at last into the home of his aunt, and at twenty-eight marries his frail, beautiful cousin, Virginia Clemm, then a girl of only thirteen, whom he loves with a passionate devotion. Again a vision of success. "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" and "The Raven" make him famous; but illness, poverty, opium, and intemperance are his somber companions. Virginia dies, and his love of life goes out with the life of his beloved. To drown his sorrow he drinks heavily; excesses of every sort make him their victim; until at last, on the eve of his second marriage, in the Baltimore hospital to which he has been carried raving in delirium tremens, he speaks his last words: "Lord, pity my poor soul!" The tragedy is ended.

Such, in brief, is the sad story of Edgar Poe's unfortunate life, as the world now knows it. That he has met with injustice at the hands of the biographers who first attempted to interpret his character, there is little doubt. They have called him immoral where he was only weak, sinful where he was only mistaken. High ideals and aspirations have passed unnoticed,

while pitiful failures have been magnified without mercy. But more recently it has been shown that he is worthy of pity rather than of blame; that very temperament which made him a poet, which places him alone in his own peculiar realm of weird fancy, was his undoing. To him, Fortune and Nemesis came in the same guise.

His genius, though it was less the genius of inspiration than of careful attention to technique and artistic finish, no man now denies; but his tragic life no man envies. His tragic life, we say. Ah, yes! and the tragedy lay not so much in the externals of that life as in the character of the man. The real tragedy of Shakespeare's Hamlet is not in the murder nor the madness, not in the broken hearts nor in the bloodshed, but in the soul of the man whose moral courage and whose stability of purpose fell so miserably short of his brilliant intellect. The essential tragedy of Poe's life lies in the continual combat between his great mind and his pitiful moral weakness, in which the triumph of the latter is at last complete.

—BERTHA O. TRUE, 1900.

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#### A PILGRIMAGE.

**I**N every country you will find places, the birthplace of some hero, the scene of his heroic deed, or the place of his burial, to which, as shrines, devout pilgrims are constantly going to pay their homage. Let us make our pilgrimage to Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims, not, perhaps, as the birthplace of a hero, but rather as the birthplace of a heroic nation.

Here we shall find the old and the new, divided yet united, mingled yet separate—truly captivating but perplexing. One sacredly gazes at the relics, imbibes the spirit of antiquity from the quaint and pictured costumes, looks with awe upon the ancient documents with their ponderous seals, and turns in a reverential mood to meet the usual display of modern toys and trifles in the store windows, and to encounter the customary venders in the streets. One hears revered Pilgrim names, but finds their owners, not attired in ancient costumes such as we have seen, just boarding the electric car. One has read of their simple faith and all their sufferings on account of it, but we see nearly every denomination represented by the numerous spires pointing the way heavenward. No fines are now imposed for non-attendance at meeting, or for Sabbath-day traveling. Numerous other fines are now remitted and many laws have become obsolete; but



a grim building, standing in suitable nearness to the court-house, reveals to us the fact that the government of to-day is by no means neglected, though perhaps more liberal than formerly. Not more aggressive than these but equally impressive and more startling, is the daily arrival of the Boston steamers, with a piercing shriek heralding its coming and sending forth its multitudes to "do" the town.

Let us join in the sight-seeing of this mass, skurrying along, making up in activity what they lack in time. First, we will visit Pilgrim Hall, examining the sword of Miles Standish, Elder Brewster's chair, the cradle of Peregrine White, or the china of John Alden which added, no doubt, to the pleasure of the first wedded and happy tea-time that came after John had spoken for himself; then in the court-house, poring over the ancient records; walking down Leyden Street, pointing out the various landmarks and feeling exuberantly confident of following some ancient Pilgrim's foot-steps, thence along the water's edge to the canopied rock, the shrine of shrines to which each one turns. Then as you reverently tread over its sacred surface, if there is the least remnant of unbelief, it will disappear and you will be convinced that the rock is a surety. "Of course they stepped on that rock," was the sarcastic remark of one incredulous visitor. "Well," was the ready reply of a companion, "it must have been a very unwise forefather who would step in the mud when there was a rock so handy." "But *that one*?" "Even so, just that one, a boulder, itself a pilgrim, landed by some prehistoric overturn or overflow, for the shore is mud and clay for miles."

From the rock we will ascend, by a long flight of steps, Coles Hill, letting our imaginations rise at the same time, as we picture the scenes enacted there the first winter, and how the next spring "Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death." Here it was, also, that the last lingering look was cast upon the returning Mayflower, as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance. Now we will hasten up North Street, one of the oldest streets in Plymouth, on either side of which are stately colonial mansions; one of these, the residence of the Winslows, descendants of that famous military leader who carried out the English orders to remove the French from Arcadia. Pausing to purchase souvenirs, going away up to the National Monument of Faith, vainly trying to decipher the time-worn epitaphs on Burial Hill, thus the time has flown; and there is a rush for train and steamer.

But we are not going farther with them. Let us sit down

here in the shadow of Governor Bradford's Monument, around which are the graves of his descendants, and at a short distance is a marble tablet, marking the site of the old fort and place of worship. Look over the eight or nine miles of water to the Gurnet Lights, where the harbor begins, and follow the coast inward to the left, by Saquish Beach, and Clark's Island, where the Pilgrims passed their first Sunday, and from a rock heard their first sermon, on to Captain's Hill in Duxbury, where the valiant Miles Standish, from the top of his monument, salutes Faith, pointing so serenely upwards from this side. Let us pause a moment to admire the monument, which has the reputation of being the highest in the world, the base, one hundred ten feet, and the statue miles (Miles) above that. From here follow the curve around to the Plymouth wharves, then on to the right until land disappears in this direction.

Far out in the space of waters thus encircled see one tiny boat working along in a furious gale, with snow and sleet beating down, with mast and rudder broken, finally drifting upon Clark's Island; see the inmates, wet and half-frozen, crawl up the bank to shiver out a long and dreary night. Now they are coming across to the mainland. How pleased they look as they gaze upon its circle of protecting hills and taste of its sweet springs of water! Following the "towne brooke" is a long street leading us to the fort. On one side of it are a row of seven humble-roofed cabins and the Common House; on the other side, the trifle more pretentious but still rude house of Governor Bradford. Before the latter, the inhabitants of the little village are now assembled, and are forming in line and marching towards us, three abreast, the Governor in the rear with the preacher and captain on either side. They are coming to the fort for worship. At the left is Watson's Hill, and yonder comes Massasoit and twenty Indians. They are met by Captain Standish and escorted to the Governor's house, where a treaty is formed securing peace for the settlers for over fifty years.

The approach of a war and time-scarred veteran who haunts these grave-yard paths, brings our vision to the present. The aged man seems to live entirely in the past, with the associates who now lie upon this hill, and it takes but a question to draw out the history of every landmark, the story of every tombstone, all the traditions which are so closely connected with the founding of our nation. But in all that he has to tell, there is nothing more touching, nothing more characteristic of our forefathers,

than the fact that after all their hardships, homesickness, discouragements, and deaths, "not one went back in the Mayflower."

—L. J. S., 1901.

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THE AWAKENING.

Comes a time, when through the shadows  
 We have wrapped about our lives,  
 Breaks a voice, and sweetly calls us  
 Till our inmost self revives.

And we wake from out our slumber;  
 Then in wondering, questioning mood  
 Seek the one whose low tones raised us,  
 Ask of Him to give us good.

Nor we seek in vain, nor falter,  
 For the Christ, who died, is near,  
 And He takes our cross upon Him,  
 While He whispers: "Nothing fear."

—D., 1902.

---

HER HUSBAND'S AUNT.

IT was lonesome in the kitchen. The little nickel clock on its shelf between the windows, ticked loud and drearily; the sunlight lay faint and faded on the drab-painted floor, and outside the October wind was blowing up a storm. At least so it seemed to Aunt Keziah as she awoke from her third nap in the straight-backed chair, and she had lived by the sea long enough to know the weather signs—she would soon be seventy-three.

I have seen somewhere a painting of an aged peasant woman gathering fagots. Aunt Keziah might have been the model, with her little, bent form, her brown, wrinkled skin and thin gray hair. Her mouth betrayed her obstinate disposition, and her hazel eyes, still keen, seemed always looking for faults and flaws.

Just now she was lonesome, so she raised her voice and called "Mar-thy," in a thin, peevish tone, as if Marthy were doing her an irreparable wrong in going from her sight. More than twenty years ago, when Marthy came to the farm-house under the hill, she had taken up the promise which Rufus had given to his dying mother—that his Aunt Keziah should always share his home. They had been weary years. Keziah's tongue was sharp; the little wife was meek. No complaint ever reached Rufus's ears, and he was too slow and over-going to see how matters stood, yet oftentimes the burden seemed heavier than Marthy could bear, and her heart ached for kindness and sympathy.

Slowly now she came from the pantry, her sweet, pink-tinted face wearing a patient look. In her youth she had been called pretty, but Keziah had taught her early that "People had better think more of their work and less of their looks."

She found Keziah looking around with a dazed expression. Then, with a glimmer of a spiteful grin came the query, "Where's Rufus?" Marthy had answered the question twice before that morning, but she quietly repeated, "He's gone to Portland with his lobsters." Perhaps the old woman forgot during each nap, or perhaps she wished to impress the situation upon Marthy. For the latter was always nervous when her husband was upon the water, since her father and brother Henry went down with the "Siren."

"You'n me will be all alone to-night, Keziah," she added with something of a sign. "H'm." The aged aunt always expressed her disapproval of the world in general and of things in particular by that "H'm." It spoke volumes and usually ended the conversation.

All this while the wind had been increasing in strength and the old woman gave voice to the dread fear which had been in Marthy's heart all day. "The wind's backin' in an' there'll be a gale. Be pretty rough sailing from Portland." Then she settled back for another nap with the calm assurance that she had made Marthy uncomfortable for the rest of that day.

Marthy went back to the front room to finish some letters, and the short afternoon drew to a close. At supper time she returned to the kitchen to find Keziah's chair empty. Perhaps she had gone to the pasture after brush-wood as was her custom sometimes, so supper was delayed. It grew dark, the storm broke at last, and still Keziah did not come. The wind blew the branches against the house, the windows rattled, the waves roared on the beach, and all night long the nervous little woman sat up and watched and listened. She could not rest, it was impossible. "Where could Keziah be, and was Rufus out in the storm?"—"Did some one knock?" She was sick with terror and her long night's vigil when morning came creeping up the east.

Neighbor Allen appeared at the door early, and she feared he brought her bad news. "Rufus gone?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer went on indignantly, "I saw Keziah going down the road 'bout three yisterday, an' I says to Mother, 'She's bent on some mischief.' She went into Flora Ann's, but I didn't 'spose she left ye all alone."

And down the road Flora Ann was just speeding her parting guest. "I can't stay no longer," Keziah was saying, "but it does seem nice to get into a quiet house again. Rufus was making so much noise yisterday, pounding on them lobster traps that I couldn't stand it, so I jest told Marthy I was coming down here. Marthy ain't a very good housekeeper an' she don't make things over'n above comfortable for me, I can tell ye." And with this untruth on her conscience she turned to the shore.

Neighbor Allen met her back of the house. "Rufus is going to hear of this," he said. "Marthy won't tell him, but I will. Ye'd ought to be ashamed, leaving her all alone in that house, and she nervous enough to fly." "H'm," growled Keziah as she shuffled by.

When neighbor Allen did tell Rufus about a week later, he was too much interested in his new boat to care for such trivial things. And the quiet little wife went on with her burdens, and Keziah still said "H'm." —'O I.

---

#### AN IDYLL.

The lake lies still and sleeps to-day,  
 There's a summer hush on the hills around,  
 The birds fly low and flowers sway—  
 The dip of oars is the only sound.

The boat glides on o'er waters blue,  
 And the laughs of the maid on the echoes run.  
 'Tis joy to live and lads are true  
 It seems to all, when the heart is young.

'Tis she he loves—he always will—  
 Her blue eyes hold his heart in fee,  
 They'd row forever on lakes so still—  
 This lad of twelve and sister three.

—T.

---

#### COURT SOCIETY AS POTRAYED IN MOLIÈRE'S "MISANTHROPE."

**M**OLIÈRE has been well called "the law-giver of social good sense." In the fulfillment of this mission he had much to combat in the corrupt French life of the luxurious Louis, and he gave all his earnestness and force to this one purpose. To do this he expends no energy in moralizing, but brings before us living men and women who reveal in themselves the evils of the time so forcefully that the audience go away determined to help bring about a better state of affairs.

In each one of his comedies he attacks some vice and in "Le

Misanthrope" he has expended all his masterly force of satire and ridicule against the insincerity and degeneracy of polite society. All that this great artist needs for a setting to his play is a drawing-room with its group of devotees of fashion. Celimene, the sportive, sharp-tongued coquette, forms the center, and about her are grouped the sincere, lovely Eliante, the prudish Asinoe and their crowd of admirers.

In the opening scene Philinte, the typical genial man of the world, and Alceste, the great-souled man, soured by the affectation of the times, are discussing society life in Paris. Alceste's great demand is that a man "be sincere and speak from his heart," but Philinte speaks out the common opinion in that he thinks it better to fib a little for policy's sake. Alceste gives us a very vivid idea of "these great manufacturers of avowals and frivolous embraces, who fight with each other to excel in civility and treat in the same manner a sensible man and a fool." People had come to praise every one to his face and denounce him when his back was turned, so Alceste had good grounds for complaint when he said: "One who esteems every one esteems no one." "It is no longer an honor to be praised." As each one felt that he must pay tribute to the social usages and as the court life was one round of pleasure, intrigue, and slander, naturally the "semblants d'amitie" was one of the great evils.

In the midst of this insincerity Alceste has been driven to the opposite extreme. He is very blunt and frank, but he is always sincere and manly, and never intentionally hurts people's feelings. In spite of his misanthropy he could say: "There is always something of human nature in every one," and in his integrity of character he forms a fine contrast to the rest of society. He says with much feeling, "My eyes are too much hurt and the court and city offer me nothing but objects to excite my anger. I find everywhere only base flattery, injustice, self-interest, treason, and knavery. All men are so odious that I would be angry to be considered wise in their eyes." It is a fine characterization of the time.

This intrigue and corruptness had entered even the law courts to such an extent that Alceste's miserable opponent could win his case without either law or justice on his side.

Celimene is always surrounded by an interesting crowd of dandies who show another phase of court life. They have nothing to do but attend receptions all day long and talk badly of their neighbors. Clitandre with his ribbons and gorgeous clothes

could boast a nail several inches long. Oronte had no better occupation than writing bad poetry and fighting duels with any one who didn't go into ecstasies over his sonnets. Yet he had great influence at court and had the ear of the King.

Celimene herself is a striking example of the women in Paris. At her salon crowds of men gathered to hear witty remarks and cutting satire. She plays with them all as a cat with a mouse, now encouraging this one, now that one. Several good samples of conversation at her home are given,—Asinoe's and Celimene's mutual admiration talk and the one between Clitandre, Acaste, and Celimene where she picks to pieces their acquaintances for the amusement of her admirers. She gets her reward, however, in the trying situation of the letters, and we see her wit and repartee silenced for once.

In the incident of Dubois and Alceste we are shown the relation of the servant to his master. Dubois is familiar, contemptuous, nagging, self-important, and overbearing. He represented, probably, the ordinary type of servants.

As Louis XIV. destroyed all the home life of his courtiers, compelling them to live at his court an artificial existence, it is only natural that society should be artificial, selfish, full of flattery, backbiting, and treachery. This dark picture is redeemed from total blackness by the noble characters of Alceste and Eliante and by Philinte, who is really a good man under his somewhat affected exterior.

Moliere's portrayal of French society at this period is left so very vividly in our minds that we do not blame Alceste for going to the desert in order to be free from such an existence.

—E. M. M., 1900.

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At a meeting of the captains and managers of the Harvard and Yale crews at Cambridge, a short time ago, June 28th was set as the date for their annual regatta at New London. The 'varsity race will take place at 11.30 A.M., followed by the Freshman and four-oared races.

Dartmouth has received \$300,000 to establish a school of administration and finance. A Daniel Webster Centennial will be observed at the next commencement, and an endeavor is being made to raise \$1,000,000 for instruction and equipment before that time.—*Ex.*



#### A SPOT ON THE MAINE COAST.

Down on the Maine coast is a delightful spot, half sea-shore and half country, quiet enough for a middle-aged person worn out with hard work, but full of interest to a restless child. No other place can be more pleasant, for about it cling many memories, most of them cheerful ones.

The road lies between tall pine trees, long blueberry plains, and the happy homes of country folk. Bright summer flowers and ripe wild strawberries give warm color to the wayside.

About a mile from the shore the first whiff of sea air comes over the hill; now and then there is a glimpse of the merry water of the bay.

The shore itself is partly sheltered by a high bank covered with all sorts of things, from wild roses to thistles and ugly weeds. Beneath, at low tide, are wide, gray mud-flats and a long ledge of rock, left uncovered except by yellow and brown sea-weed and little pools of water holding sea treasures.

Then it is great fun to walk bare-footed over the slippery seaweed, now and then sinking through into the cool water, out to the end of the rocks. Beyond rises a little island, just large enough for a plaything. But between it and the rocks lies black, oozing mud, the scene of gruesome tales.

At high tide, when both rocks and island are well-covered by the sea, it is a good time to visit the wharf. Large stones cover its top; through the wide cracks between them the green water below looks a little frightening. Since it is old and shaky, one always has the fascinating thought that it must go to pieces soon.

This is a good time and place to fish, with long sticks for rods and juicy clams for bait. Because of the scarcity of fish, one



considers it an achievement to catch even one. The flounders make the easiest victims; but tomcods and cunners sometimes feel hungry, too.

The greatest joy of all is to go out in the bay in an old boat with an unpractised oarsman, who makes it go about as fast as one usually walks. Really to be out in a boat, that is wonderful.

—1902.

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### THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE PINES.

In the midst of a wood near my home stands a little old house, desolate and lone,

“—beneath a pine tree,  
From whose branches trailed the mosses,  
And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin leather,  
With the fungus white and yellow.”

If any one should happen to see it, long since deserted and partly gone to ruin, he might wonder who had built it and for what purpose. It is a roughly made, very low building; its rudely-hung door not more than three feet high; two queer-shaped holes cut through the walls served as windows, while the roof sloped nearly to the ground in the rear. Its builders and owners were my brother, another little boy and his sister, and myself. We worked hard to make our home; how patiently we sawed the tough boards, fitted and nailed them into place.

In those days we had only to imagine ourselves to be robbers, savages or settlers, and immediately we were changed from little American children into those very characters. Playing Indians was a favorite pastime, when, with decorations of paint and feathers, we were Hiawatha, Minnehaha and various other legendary beings from the same story, to which we had eagerly listened, over and over again, until we knew it almost by heart.

At the time of building our house we took upon ourselves the hard lot of the Puritans, suffered all the trials which they underwent; built a cabin in the forest and lived there from morning till night. The boys hunted daily with their shot-guns, bows and arrows, never returning empty-handed, although their game was in the strange form of cookies and pie. During their absence we defended the house, straightened the furniture, and prepared the meals.

How quickly the summer passed for those four happy little people, and autumn, with its frost and falling leaves, changed into winter,

"When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,  
Covered all the earth in silence."

Snow blocked the paths leading to our little cabin and drifted high about its door. Then

"Came the spring with all its splendor,  
All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses."

But the four children were separated, and only two went back to their play-house of the preceding summer. This broke the mystic charm, and now the squirrels scamper about our former play-ground, and chatter, perhaps, to one another of those strange people who once lived in that little house under the pines.

—L. L. P., 1901.

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#### THE FIRST DAY.

"The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in its flight."

Thus she mused, as, standing by her desk, she gazed out of the little square window upon the landscape beyond. Not a house was in sight. On all sides lay woods and rocky pasture, while in the distance arose the hills of old New Hampshire, decked in their wintry mantle. The sun had already set and the early shadows of the December evening began to fall across the school-room. The last sound of pattering feet and childish laughter had died away—and all was still. "Yes, the *first* day is done," she continued slowly, and settled down into her chair. She glanced rapidly about the room. The broken-down stove with its long rusty funnel, the carved desks, the ugly-looking walls and ceiling, all these she had noticed before that day, but they seemed far worse and more gloomy now, indistinct in the gathering twilight. This was the place she must occupy for ten long weeks! Then with a far-away look in her eyes she again gazed out of the window. How different was the picture now! There was her college room, with all its coziness and familiar nooks; the chapel and recitation rooms, clothed in their fullest meaning; all her friends and—yes, *he* was there, too. Her eyes filled. "O, that it were the *last*," she sobbed, and buried her face in her hands. 'Twas her first school.

—'01.

## Alumni Round-Table.

The Bates Alumni Association of Cumberland County, which was formed some time in the winter of '98-'99, is to have a banquet at Hotel Falmouth, Portland, February 23d. Quite a number of the alumni outside the county have been invited, and a very enjoyable time is anticipated. After the banquet a literary entertainment will be given.

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### PERSONAL.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge, Esq., has recently received a fee of \$25,000 for his services in connection with a patent case. Mr. Stockbridge is retained regularly by the Westinghouse Co., 120 Broadway, New York.

'73.—G. E. Smith has been for the third time elected president of the Massachusetts Senate.

'74.—H. H. Acterian is still in the service of the Institution for University Extension, with headquarters in Chicago.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy of Saco delivered an interesting stereopticon lecture on India at the Main Street Church, February 1st.

'76.—E. P. Higgins, for some years a member of the Class of '77, is engaged in the drug business in Somerville, Mass.

'81.—William B. Perkins is at the head of the book department for the wholesale house of H. B. Claflin & Co. of New York City. Mr. Perkins' business frequently takes him across the water, and he has made large sales of books in England as well as in this country.

'81.—George L. Record, Esq., of Jersey City, N. J., is president of the Utica Water Co.

'82.—W. H. Dresser, formerly principal of the High School at Ellsworth, Me., is now Superintendent of Schools in that place.

'82.—L. M. Tarr is at the head of the signal service station in New Haven. He is also doing graduate work in Yale University.

Lewis Thompson, formerly of the Class of '82, has an extensive law practice at 220 Broadway, New York City.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard is editor of the *Fourth Estate*, a newspaper for newspaper men, published at 17 Park Row, New York City. Mr. Blanchard is well known through his publication of numerous articles in the leading periodicals of the country. His

illustrated article upon the yacht of Mr. Howard Gould has been issued in book form, edition de luxe.

'83.—Mrs. Emma S. (Bickford) Franklin, with her husband, Rev. Mr. Franklin, have been conducting a three days' missionary meeting at the Baptist Church in this city, under the auspices of the Christian Alliance. Mrs. Franklin is on a furlough in this country after a service of some length as a missionary in India.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee, at present in charge of a large hotel in Florida, is to be manager of the Prospect House at Shelter Island, near New York City, during the coming season.

'83.—H. H. Tucker, a graduate student of the School of Pedagogy at Harvard University, has been awarded a scholarship.

'84.—E. R. Chadwick, after years of ill health, is now decidedly better, and has strong hopes of a complete recovery.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick and C. S. Flanders are the proprietors and editors of the *Hillsboro Messenger* and the *Heniker Courier* at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H. They also carry on an extensive job printing business. They are meeting with fine success.

'87.—Lewiston friends of L. G. Roberts, Esq., who was formerly a law partner with Judge F. M. Drew in Lewiston and had law rooms in Savings Bank Block, will be glad to learn that he is meeting with success in Massachusetts. He has stepped into a very good business position with a large and growing clientage in Boston, with rooms on the largest business street, Washington Street, and is making a reputation there. He was formerly prominent in the Y. M. C. A. work in Lewiston.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'90.—F. B. Nelson is preaching at Peru, Me., and is also superintendent of schools at that place.

'91.—Miles Greenwood is treasurer of the Foxboro Foundry Co. of Boston, Mass.

'92.—A. F. Gilmore is still with the American Book Co.

'92.—C. N. Blanchard is candidate for the Senate in Franklin County (2d term).

'92.—L. M. Sanborn is studying law in Gardiner. He expects to be admitted to the bar of Kennebec County in June.

'94.—Miss Cora Pennell was married November 22, 1899, to Mr. William Albert True.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell, formerly principal of the High School at Bennington, Vt., was principal of the High School at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., last year.

'98.—Mr. Louis B. Costello and Miss Sadie M. Brackett were united in marriage February 14th.

'99.—Miss Blanche Cox has been elected to a position in Portland High School.

'99.—M. P. Dutton is teaching at Searsport, Me.

'99.—B. H. Quinn is attending the Medical School at Brunswick.

'99.—Nathan Pulsifer, O. C. Merrill, and A. C. Wheeler have been elected members of the College Club.

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An entire alcove has been assigned at the World's Fair at Paris to the exhibit of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The walls will be devoted, it is said, to architectural sketches and plans, with photographs of the buildings, and the table and wing frames given to a display of photographs and charts showing the course schemes and processes of instruction in class-room and laboratory. Circulars and pamphlets printed in English, French, and German, and illustrative of the American methods of technological instruction will be distributed freely.—*Ex.*

This year has been notable for the number and size of the donations made to educational institutions. The following benefactions are some of the largest: Mrs. Leland Stanford to Leland Stanford University, \$15,000,000; Henry C. Warren to Harvard, \$1,090,000; John D. Rockefeller to Brown, \$256,000, and Andrew Carnegie to Pennsylvania, \$100,000. By the will of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, Yale University receives a bequest of \$200,000.—*Ex.*

Interest in debating at Yale has greatly increased during the past year, and excellent work is being done in that line. The intercollegiate contest with Harvard is announced to take place March 30th, on the question—"Resolved, That Porto Rico should be included within the customs boundary of the United States."

Arrangements are being made by the educational authorities by which 1,000 Cuban teachers will be able to attend the Harvard summer school.

The Yale-Princeton debate is scheduled for May 11th.

## Around the Editors' Table.

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OUR age boasts of its high ideals of scholarship, and yet it is these ideals which keep a student at his lessons day after day, night after night, when he might obtain a better, all-round development by varying the routine of study with certain kinds of pleasure. By no means is this a plea for the idler, for the fellow who comes to college simply for the fun of it; it is rather to show how too faithful devotion to regular work may hinder a real enlargement of life. We speak of the broad education of our time, and yet often with high rank and first honors as incentives the student devotes the four years of his college course to constant study, while he neglects any consideration of present-day affairs. How many of our college students could discuss intelligently the English-Boer troubles or the situation in the Philippines? Our literary societies aim to keep us in touch with affairs of the world; the greatest opportunity, however, is offered by our reading-rooms, which are fairly well supplied with papers and magazines. Let us steal the time, if necessary, from regular work that we may read of the world, its political affairs, its progress in literature, art and the like. Let us allow rank to be lowered and spend an occasional evening at the College Settlement, giving of ourselves, but receiving vastly more than we give. An afternoon on the athletic field or in the gymnasium, an evening for the enjoyment of good music, an hour for a walk down town mingling with the busy, hurrying crowds,—all these may tend to place the coveted first honor out of reach, but they help us to realize that life must be full of action and active thought. Many of the world's deepest thinkers and most successful men were not what we should call in college slang "pluggers" or "digs." Perusal of daily papers or magazines, an afternoon or evening spent in mingling with people of the world may not make us great as the greatest, but they will help in making the college training a broad one, they will add to the preparation for life's work after college days. The student desires to live in his books during the college courses, pleading that afterwards there will be time to consider the practical side of life with all its troubles and difficulties. But let the student remember that "afterwards is life," as a modern writer says, and anything which can prepare for life should not be left until "afterwards."

THERE are many old sayings which we would all do well to apply to our daily life, but the homely phrase, "Put yourself in his place," comes home to us with the most force, perhaps. It is but the Golden Rule after all, teaching us to forget self and to love our fellow-men. Deny it we cannot, that we are always ready to consider self first and others afterwards. Now in our college life we are seeking self-development, trying to know ourselves. But those beautiful traits of character—gentleness, humility, and charity, cannot be developed by self alone, but by contact with and consideration for others. The classmate who is lonely and discouraged may be helped exceedingly if we will only "put ourselves in his place." The Societies, the Glee Club, the Athletic Associations, the Christian Associations, and the STUDENT demand that we feel the responsibilities which the managers and committees feel; that we "put ourselves in their places," and help them and improve ourselves.

IT is generally understood that a college education should, in all proper directions, lead toward the highest success in life. Such undoubtedly is its purpose. Does it do so? There can be little question that the teachings of colleges with respect to the proper use of language, or, it might be better said, the use of language to tersely convey ideas, should be the best. There is, however, much in evidence to indicate that such is not the case. We are living in a very practicable age; it is sometimes called the "hard-headed" age. Time, at best, seems too short to do all the work that needs to be done. Everybody is in a hurry. People have neither time nor patience to listen to long sentences, no matter how well-rounded the periods or flowery the expression, which might be as well if not better expressed in fewer and simpler words. The world to-day is seeking the well-ripened kernel. Flowers are beautiful,—yet the thrifty husbandman prefers one bunch of good fruit to a tree load of blossoms. More than this, the highest art, the real genius of expression, lies not in long sentences garnished with metaphor, but rather in simple words forming short, crisp sentences.

The age of what might be termed "jury oratory" has passed. Legislative bodies listen, if listen they must, with great patience to a speaker who loads his ideas with useless language. The speeches of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England, who visited this country some years ago, stamped him as a master of the art of simple and beautiful expression.

It is related of Chief Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, that upon one occasion, when he first began the practise of law, he was opposed by an illiterate gentleman,—yet one of ideas. Brewer delivered a highly artistic oration of the quite common style of the undergraduate. It sounded very finely to himself and, possibly, may have to others. But, while it was understood that he had a clear case, he lost it, and for the reason, chiefly (as was expressed by some philosophical listener within the judge's hearing), that "what Brewer said sounded all right, but the other feller talked sense." Justice Brewer profited by the lesson; perhaps college students might.

Another instance in which a young attorney of pronounced oratorical inclination both in manner of expression and in his gestures,—stamping about over the floor and swinging his arms wildly aloft, as if his life depended on discovering some new planet in the starry ether,—was pitted against one of the ablest veterans of the Missouri Bar. After the fledgling had concluded his speech the veteran arose, and after highly complimenting his opponent, said that he would submit his own argument in verse, and that, so far as he was able to determine, his poetry would have as much bearing upon the case on trial as the argument of his opponent. This is what he said:

"His pole was made of the sturdy oak,  
And his line a cable that never broke.  
He baited his hook with tigers' tails  
And sat on a rock and bobbed for whales.

"His pole was made of the peacock's feather,  
His line composed of the finest tether.  
He baited his hook with mites of cheese  
And sat on the bed and bobbed for fleas."

This was all, but the old veteran won his case.

The quotations cited indicate how, in the opinion of a master of the art as well as in the opinion of the layman, there is a very strong inclination on the part of youthful graduates, to so load ideas with words that it is hard for a listener to dig them out. Cannot college students profit by practicing more carefully the art of simple, clear, terse expression of ideas.

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A chair of Cantonese, the principal dialect of the Chinese language, has been established at the University of California.



## Local Department.

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### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The work among the Chinese is being carried on with a good degree of success. The members of the class manifest a deep interest in the work, which leads to believe that good results will be realized.

After long and careful consideration it has been decided to continue the work at the Social Settlement on Railroad Alley, through the winter and spring. Any student interested in the work and desirous of assisting, report to Wilson, 1901.

For some time the associations in the Maine colleges have been seeking for closer relations in Christian work. Our committee on Intercollegiate Relation have sent out a circular letter, which we hope will come back to us full of interest and help. Visits have been made to other colleges by members of the different associations, and as a result of this effort Mr. W. A. Hall of Maine State University addressed our association on Wednesday evening, February 14th. We believe that we are thus fostering a side of our Christian work which has long been neglected and will lead to a deeper sympathy in the common interests of the young men in our institutions.

Dr. Smith Baker's address, which was announced in the last number of the *STUDENT*, has been arranged for Wednesday evening, February 28th.

Thursday, January 24th, was observed as day of prayer for colleges by the suspending of all class work and the day devoted to special religious interests. The morning service was conducted by the president of the association. At 2.30 in the afternoon a very impressive sermon was preached by Rev. W. G. Mann of the Warren Street Church, Cumberland Mills. "For me to live is Christ," was the theme of his discourse.

A few thoughts from his sermon: "Life comes not as a chance but as a mighty gift of God and a trust involving great responsibility." "Our kingdom is not what we have, but what we are." "The grandest task of God and man is being." "This day recognizes the danger of missing the most vital things, therefore we should turn our thoughts from study sometimes and remember that we are men and women." "Some questions to be answered by the individual: 'What do I want to be?' 'What would I be if every wish was gratified?' 'What is your stand-

ard of manhood?' 'What is your choice in life?' 'What are your pursuits in life?'" "The things which stand out prominently at the end of life are the things which have moulded our lives." "We are here, if here as true students, not for enjoyment only, but to see new visions of the Divine, to grasp the great services of life." "Time is education, but a brilliant mind is not all. There must be with the development of mind some conception of what mind and development are for." "Only as with a mind well developed, we can help to lead men to Christ, shall we be right." "He is missing life, who allows his life to be lived on a lower plain. We are not living for to-day or for eternity merely, but to make to-day and eternity count for Jesus Christ." "Life is determined by our faith. What do we think of ourselves as separated from every one, but united with Christ?" "Do we believe we have in us the possibility of being like Him? No limit to the possibility of the Divine except as we make it." "What do we believe in regard to Christ dwelling in the human life and in regard to His power?" "Time is wasted which in some measure is not turned into Christ-like character. Count every day lost which does not bring us nearer to Jesus or is not in some way used in helping some other soul to know Him."

The evening service was conducted by Dr. Leonard, and proved a very helpful hour, although the weather prevented many of the students from being present.

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#### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. united with the Y. M. C. A. in a Bible Institute of three sessions, January 27, 28, and 31, 1900. At the first Professor H. R. Purington of the Divinity School delivered an address on "Isaiah, the greatest teacher of religion before Christ." The address was an example of the modern methods of historical study as applied to the Old Testament and dealing with the life and times of the prophet, his call to service, his methods and his message. The second address was given by Dr. C. W. Geer, Professor of History and Political Economy in the college, upon "Bible Study an Aid to Growth," emphasizing the devotional and personal side of the subject. At the closing session, Dr. A. T. Salley of the Main Street Church; spoke on "The Higher Values of the Bible," discussing its conceptions of God, its revelation of types of life and of moral truth and duty.

Saturday, February 10th, Mrs. Hartshorn opened her home to the Y. W. C. A. and their girl friends. Miss Emily Cornish, '95, spoke, and a very pleasant hour was spent socially.

The Senior girls have decided upon a system of home Bible study to replace the Bible Class which proved impracticable on account of the widely separated members and the course of the new college schedule.

The College Settlement committee have undertaken special work for the girls at the rooms, 13 Railroad Alley, on Tuesday evenings. All the girls who are interested in this branch of the Association work are cordially invited to report at once to Miss Ford, 1900.

The corresponding Secretary, Miss Gertrude Libby, 1901, is sending out cards to the Maine Y. W. C. A.'s, to which it is hoped a response will be made in the Maine circular letter. Any associations that have not received such notification of the letter, are invited to send their addresses and lists of officers to Miss Florence Thompson, 587½ Congress Street, Portland, Me.

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#### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

##### ERRATUM DES LEHRERS.

##### A JUMBLE.

In jours gone by noch nicht a week  
An action triste took place,  
Nemo refrained ex rire dann  
Es rippled durch chaque face.

Dikaios we des Lehrer liked  
Gar er ist gut to ganz,  
Sed scholars sage would Frage ask  
Whene'er habent ton chance.

Un autre Lehrer offers comes  
Entendre our class recite,  
Un wise megas gutig Mann  
Who seems zu Hause quite.

Kai oftmalls we refer ad him  
On points of Bible law,  
Gar wohl er knows the heilig Buch  
As quelqu'un du noch saw.

Et un Tag dicebat ein point  
In rastos gutig way,  
Kai wann er finir was er sagt  
Wir heard notre Lehrer say:

Als si he spoke ad puellas  
Ou ad pueros mute  
With manner quite obligeement  
Just haec deux words "Sehr gut."

When you're fooling in the library  
 And having lots of fun,  
 A laughing an' a jabbering  
 As if you're deaf and dumb,  
 You'd better watch your comers  
 And keep always looking out,  
 For the librarian'll get you  
 If you don't watch out.

—Ex.

The Athletic Exhibition is scheduled for March 22d.

Ham, 1901, has been elected manager of the Athletic Exhibition.

Healy, 1900, has taken the school at Wayne for the spring term.

Richardson, 1900, was recently called home by the illness of his brother.

Glidden, 1900, whose school at Wayne closed February 2d, is now teaching at Peru.

Robbins, 1900, who is preaching at Gardiner, visited his friends at Bates February 5th and 6th.

Professor Hartshorn delivered his lecture on "Ruskin" at the Piærian Society Friday evening, February 9th.

Students are requested to read notices that are posted from time to time on the Library door or on the Library bulletin-board.

1901 regrets very much the loss of Miss Ethel Files, who on account of poor health is unable to continue her college course at present.

The manager of the foot-ball team reports that he has arranged a game with Yale for next fall. The game is scheduled for October 10th.

On Thursday afternoon, February 8th, Rev. C. S. Cummings of Auburn lectured before the students of Cobb Divinity School, on the subject, "Superstition."

Manager Clason has been successful in arranging three baseball games with Bowdoin for the coming season. The first of the series is scheduled for April 28th.

The hearty welcome which President Chase received on his appearance in chapel, after some weeks' absence, could not but make him feel that the student body had appreciated his earnest efforts in the interest of the college while away.

It is encouraging to note the increased interest taken in track athletics this winter, and the prospects for the spring are very

encouraging. Mr. William Garcelon gave an interesting and instructive talk to the boys on "track work," Saturday, February 10th.

The Junior Class in English was recently surprised by Professor Hartshorn, who announced that in place of regular class work, Professor Robinson would read the fourth book of "Paradise Lost." Why did the Professor choose the fourth book? Ask the Junior girls.

President Chase reports that the work of raising funds and promoting the interest of the college has gone on with a fair degree of success, and the results of some of the work that has been done will require a little time to disclose themselves. He says: There seems to be no reason why the erection of the library building should not begin as soon as the weather will permit, unless the directors consider that the high prices of materials will decline in the near future. During his absence President Chase made a short visit in New Haven, where he met Professor Reynolds, who was from '76 to '78 a student at Bates, but took the last two years of his course at Yale.

The college library has received several donations of books recently. Among them were, twenty-four volumes of the Boston School Committee Reports, making our list complete from 1858 to 1898 with the exceptions of the years '65 and '66; a large gift from the Alumni Association, including recent books on South Africa, Trusts, and English Literature, also a large box of books and periodicals from Edmond S. Clark of Boston.

We have now in the Library a "sloping slip case," by means of which the work of the Librarian is greatly facilitated. Charging slips are no longer numbered. Students make out their own slips as heretofore, but books which must be returned before the expiration of two weeks and books which may be kept longer than two weeks are charged on special slips which will be supplied by the Library attendant.

Rev. Lewis P. Clinton, "our native prince," arrived at Liberia early in September, and has begun his work of clearing land and erecting headquarters to begin the evangelization of his own people—the Bassa tribe. In a recent letter to Rev. J. S. Durkee he said, "I purpose to establish the base of my work where it will not be disturbed by any of the tribal wars—say about 25 miles from the coast." This will be within the republic of Liberia, yet in direct line with the Bassa tribe as they pass through here on their way to the coast. He writes, "It is my

aim to clear off several hundred acres of land as a basis from which our work will spread among the benighted tribes." Some of his descriptions are fine, some of his heart thoughts make one realize what it all means to him. Mr. Clinton is supported in his work by the Free Baptist Young People of Maine.

We wish to call the attention of the student body to rule 5 of the new library regulations, which provides that "for every book kept out *longer than the regulations permit*, a fine of two cents per day is incurred until the volume is returned." Now the regulations permit no one except a college officer to have out more than three books at one time; if, therefore, a fourth book is taken out, it must be considered overdue from the date of its being taken out; and the two-cent-per-day fine is incurred. It may also be well to quote here one more rule, number 8, which has proved a stumbling-block to some students: "Books of reference may be taken from the library for use at noon, over night, or over Sunday. Keeping such books out *during library hours* subjects the offender to a fine of twenty-five cents for each volume and to an additional fine of twenty-five cents per day if the volume is kept out more than twenty-four hours." "A word to the wise," etc.

When we realize what an eminent advance in opportunities has been made at Bates in the last twenty years we shall appreciate the thorough qualities of the work in the earlier years of the college, as shown by the fact that Professor Reynolds on going to Yale, after a searching examination in the two years' work passed, as the Dean said, "the best examination for advanced standing that had ever been taken up to that time." He was admitted to Yale, class for class, and took a three-hundred dollar prize the first year that he was there. He has been connected with Yale University ever since, now holding the Professorship of Greek. It will be gratifying to the friends of Bates to know that Professor Reynolds, in token of his gratitude for the advantages derived from Bates, is arranging to give to our college a large number of choice volumes for the department of Greek. Professor Reynolds declared that it was the thorough and careful methods of instruction employed at Bates that made possible his subsequent success as a student and Professor at Yale.

## College Exchanges.

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THE holiday spirit has passed and the January exchanges are lacking somewhat in the excellent fiction and verse predominant in the Christmas numbers. The essays are clear and concise and of solid worth, but they can be had in abundance, while college fiction is too rare. A decided improvement is noted in the short story. Original, well-rounded thoughts, clothed in vivid and sympathetic language, make many of these sketches well worth reading and worth writing. General excellence in department work, especially in the Alumni and Exchange departments, make them important features in the various magazines.

*The Bowdoin Quill* contains an interesting sketch of its famous alumnus, Thomas Brackett Reed. The article deals with the personal life and character of the man rather than the political life, and gives some pleasant anecdotes. A particularly well written story is entitled, "Three o'clock A.M.," full of movement and unflagging interest.

The *Tuftonian* is an excellent number, replete in good fiction, without a dull article in it. "A Dramatic Moment" is cleverly handled, the style charming, and descriptions very fine. "Hiram and Henry" is equally as good, and a touch of weirdness is found in a college tale, "In the Middle of the Night."

"That Cigarette," in the *Brunonian*, is enjoyable, the conversational effect being very fine. Foot-ball always furnishes subject matter for editorials, essays, and debates, but when used as the theme of a college story, as in "Twenty-Minute Halves," it is doubly interesting. A translation from the German, "Heine on his Death-Bed," bears marks of careful work, and leads us to ask for more translations in verse. The practice would be excellent.

From the South we receive some admirable exchanges. *The Maryville College Monthly* for December is a neat magazine and contains three fine engravings which beautify its pages. We find a little gem of color and description in "Sunset Over the Rockies."

We have read with pleasure the first number of the *Rumford Falls Spray*, edited by the students of the Rumford Falls High School. We would suggest that the school paper be not devoted to Locals at the expense of literary parts. We congratulate the students upon the tasty cover, the engravings, and contents.

The *University Cynic* always brings us good verse in abund-

ance. So few exchanges do this and maintain the standard of excellence. We clip the following from its pages:

## THE VOICE OF THE STARS.

I walked in the city's evening light  
Where the busy world went pouring by,  
And heard the trolley's noisy clank,  
The rattle of wheels, and the newsboy's cry.

And the streets seemed narrow, and life seemed small—  
A weary game that blind men play—  
And on my spirit weighed like lead  
The commonplace and the everyday.

Then I walked apart 'neath the winter stars—  
Which speak, but are not heard of men,  
And raised my eyes to their silent light,  
And all was great and calm again.

From other exchanges we clip:

## AFTER BOHEMIA'S SEAS.

My sail is down. The Isles of Rest  
Loom sweet upon the shadowy lea;  
I've dropped my rattling anchor chain  
In the mirror tide of an idle sea.  
Out of the West the even-glow  
Sinks soft upon my weary soul,  
I would not grasp the helm anew  
Nor breast the beckoning billow's roll,  
Yet sometimes when a truant breeze  
Lisps low the song of a wind-swept main,  
I love to drift in memory  
Back to the old, old days again.  
Back to the ring of glasses,  
Back to the bursts of song,  
Back to the smiles of lasses,  
And laughter echoing long.  
Back to an endless summer  
With never an autumn haze,  
Where skies were blue  
And friends were true,  
Back to the old, old days!

"Non paratus," Freshie dixit,  
Cum a sad and doleful look;  
"Omnia recte," Prof. respondit.  
"Nihil" scripsit in his book.

## SACRED.

It is not only for the world's applause,  
For critics' praises, or exalted name  
The minstrel plays. The tend'rest strain of passion  
In secret lies; it is not all for fame.



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It is not for the multitude alone,  
 For envied triumphs, or for cherished prize  
 The artist tells his tale. The pictured canvas  
 Unfolds a story to unseeing eyes.

It is not for the homage of the spheres,  
 For laurel crown, or tinsel, vain reward  
 The poet sings. A saddened, hallowed mem'ry,  
 Enshrined in silence, in his heart is stored.

—*Dartmouth Literary Monthly.*

## LULLABY.

The cool, quiet pool is dark and deep,  
 Around it are rushes, fast asleep.

At the end of day  
 The brown cat-tails sway,  
 And, murmuring, say,

Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.

The white lily rocks as a fairy boat,  
 Two wee dainty fays are in it afloat;

And the bluebell rings,  
 While the green cradle swings,  
 And the oriole sings,

Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.

The drowsy buttercups nod to the moon,  
 "O Night, you put us to bed too soon!"

Yet the buttercups sleep  
 As the shadows creep,  
 While I watch o'er you keep.

Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.

—*Wellesley Magazine.*

## RED DANCE.

From two great lamps on either hand a clear  
 Red light is thrown upon the book-lined wall,  
 That night shut close to hold high carnival;  
 A harp and the guitar play softly near  
 As Spanish girl that dances without fear  
 In the high-ceiled old ancestral hall,  
 While on the watchers there strange fancies fall,  
 As from the time of old, made no more drear.  
 In silence of deep midnight dances there  
 The Spanish girl so freely, wantonly  
 The motion of her dance doth loose her hair  
 Over her face, her throat and breast so rare  
 As it were born of the foam of the restless sea;  
 And while the lights burned red, the girl danced free.

—*University Cynic.*

## Our Book-Shelf.

A valuable addition has just been furnished for the study of English literature by the recent publication of a book written by Professor F. L. Pattee of Pennsylvania State College,—“The Foundations of English Literature; A Study of the Development of English Thought and Expression, from Beowulf to Milton.” The simplicity of style and treatment make it not only a book meeting the requirements of college classes, but render it equally as useful for study in high schools and academies.

Professor Pattee shows how the various elements of Celt, Roman, Saxon, Teuton, Dane, and Norman, mixed in the English blood, have left their traces in the literature of the nation. The bearing of the civil and religious history of the people upon their literature, is kept constantly in view. The influence of foreign countries, of the development of new ideals and institutions, are carefully noted.

The absence of all useless dates and biographies render the study of the history of English literature something more than a mere jumble of dates and confusion of lives of a multitude of literary men who were born in this or that place and educated at this or that college.

The four great landmarks in the history of English literature,—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, stand out prominently. The conditions, social, political, and literary, in which each of these epoch-making writers lived, are discussed, and the influences of these conditions upon their works are clearly and simply shown.

Another noteworthy feature is the lists of authors and books of reference preceding every chapter and division of the book. These helpful suggestions make it possible for the student to go easily outside of the text-book and investigate for himself.

*Stories of Maine*,<sup>2</sup> by Sophie Swett, is an interesting narrative of our State from the time of its discovery by the Northmen to the present. It records chiefly the events connected with the early settlements by the English and French, the deceitfulness of the white man in his dealings with the Indians, the King Phillip War, the Revolution, War of 1812, Civil War, and the “Aroostook War.”

One of the earliest visitors to Maine was Thorhall, a Scandinavian giant, of whose feats wonderful stories are told. “When his ship got aground, he could always push it off, single-handed; when the wind fell, he rowed the ship with one mighty oar. He had even been known to pick it up and carry it across a sand-bar, without troubling the crew to disembark.” The author, however, does not tell this on her own authority.

The tales of the terrible deeds of the Indians which have taken place upon the very soil on which we now live, brings before us a vivid picture of the horror of those early days. A poem, the “Ballad of Lovewell’s Victory,” written by one of the poets of these early times and quoted by Miss Swett, describes the victory of a little band of English over a horde of Indians into whose ambush they had fallen.

But it is in the Civil War that Maine shines forth pre-eminently. At the battle in which Williamsburg and Yorktown were won by the Union forces, the Seventh Maine “saved the army from a disgraceful defeat and turned the tide of victory in our favor.” The flag of the Sixth was

the first to float from the battlements of the Confederate troops. Of the battle at Fredericksburg, General Burnside said, "Whatever honor we can claim in that contest was won by the Maine men." At the battle of Gettysburg it was the Eleventh Maine that repulsed the foe and turned the tide of battle. Maine can claim the honor of raising the first company of volunteers, and, at the close of the war, it was to her troops that the surrender of the Confederate army, flying from the defeat at Richmond and Petersburg, was made. Maine has not only distinguished herself in war, but she is also the home of many of the greatest politicians and authors of our country.

The book is neatly bound in gray and should be found upon every Maine book-shelf.

A book vastly different from those preceding, both in style and subject-matter, is one recently written by George L. Myers,—*Aboard "The American Duchess."*<sup>3</sup> The story is an exciting account of the doings of some villainous rascals on board an elegantly furnished yacht, fitted up for the especial purpose of cruising about among foreign countries with two or three hundred so-called invalids on board and a quack doctor in charge of them.

On each trip out there are always three or four "special" passengers, who, it soon turns out, are "serious cases;" a fact which signifies, simply, that their funerals are to occur before the voyage is over.

In some unaccountable way it so happens that a detective is on board who has, for several years past, been trying to "get his hands on" the aforesaid quack doctor, and in order to bring this about he now plays the part of an elderly English colonel.

The outcome of it is that the honorable doctor is caught in his murderous undertakings, and is treated to his just deserts by an English court.

<sup>1</sup>The Foundations of English Literature, by Fred Lewis Pattee. Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup>Stories of Maine, by Sophie Swett. American Book Company, New York. \$0.60.

<sup>3</sup>Aboard "The American Duchess," by George L. Myers. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$0.50.

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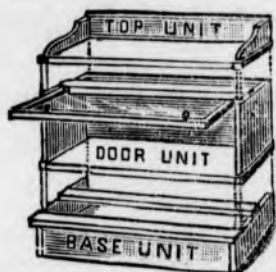


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