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The BATES STUDENT.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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CREDIDI, ERGO DIXI.

Oh Heart, be patient, watching for the morning,
Seeing not the glory hidden behind the clouds,
Dark clouds, that shall themselves be changed to beauty,
To resurrection robes from deathlike shrouds,
When comes the sun, the lord of life and light,
And in day's radiance shines the gloom of night.

The darkest hour is just before the dawning,
Before the quickening gale most dread the calm,
And sternest the fierce agony and breathless
Just ere the straining goal and shouts and palm.
Therefore be patient, whatsoe'er befalleth,
And strive or wait with steadfast heart and sure;
As is the struggle, so the victor's honor,
But higher than to be honored, to endure,

Were there none else than thou thyself to know it;
But One whose being is love, beholdeth all.
Thou need not cry to Him, His keen eye marketh
Even the speechless dying sparrow's fall;
And loving thee, He stretcheth forth His hand
With yearning call, the nearer Him to stand.

In Him the source of thine and every being,
The goal that thou shalt seek, and strength to dare;
Trust His perfectness; learn in storm and sunshine
With eagle wings to beat His upper air,
Until Heaven's gate itself shall fall aside,
And knowing Him, thou shalt be satisfied. —Y., '19—.

IN THE GYMNASIUM.

"I SAY, fellows, Lorton doesn't amount to a thing in the Gym." The speaker was one of a group of boys gathered in the dressing-room of the Yale Gymnasium. Each boy was struggling with desperate haste to draw on his tights before the bell would ring,—in five minutes.

"You are right there, old man," said another, "But," he added, "I wish I knew as much about Latin and Greek as he does. It won't help *him* much, though, he hasn't the strength of a baby."

"Plugs all the time, does he?" questioned a third.

"Yes, and that's all he will ever amount to," said the first speaker, rising and stretching himself.

"You know better, Dutton," broke in a new voice, and at the sound every boy became silent and every eye was turned on the speaker, Charlie Hilton, who continued, "Ted Lorton is in the Gym as often and as much as you are, although he may not be such a conspicuous figure." No one ventured a remark and Hilton added, "I'll tell you what it is! when we talk of Ted Lorton and his like, we are talking about our betters."

"That's no dream, either," some one cried.

"I say, fellows, three cheers for Hilton, the champion of the Gym." The cheers were given as only college boys can give when the object is the hero of the Athletic Field and Gymnasium.

"And now three cheers for Ted Lorton, the smartest scholar in the class." This cheer was responded to with equal vigor, and then the bell's loud call summoned them to the hall.

Not one of the boys who hurried off at the sound, noticed a pale-cheeked, slender lad shrinking disconsolately in an obscure corner of the room. It was Ted Lorton, Charlie Hilton's friend and room-mate. Unobserved, he had been an unwilling listener to all that had been said. People wondered why these two were attracted by each other. Lorton was a slender lad, a child, in comparison, with fair waving hair, and large blue eyes that expressed his thoughts before his lips could utter them. Hilton was broad-shouldered, strong, athletic; firm and decided in his opinions, and had a full knowledge of his powers. They had been chums from childhood; Hilton the leader, Lorton the admiring follower.

When the last boy had passed beyond the door, Lorton sprang forward. There was a look on his face that none of his companions, not even Hilton, had ever seen there. In his ner-

vous haste to finish dressing he muttered incoherently to himself, "*Charlie* stood up for me! I don't care what *they* say. *Oh!*" he paused and pressed his hand to his side for an instant. "I wonder if *he* knows why I don't do more in the Gym. But I *will* do more! I could do the tricks *once*, before — before—" He buckled his belt with a jerk and hurried after the others.

"First five in position," called the instructor. "All ready! On your marks! Get set!" Crack! Every boy heard the sharp crack of the pistol, but only one, a slender lad with fair hair and thin cheeks whereon a peculiar flush, blood-red and hot, burned with unnatural brightness,—felt a responsive chord in his own being crack and break.

Away they dashed, now one ahead, now another. At thirty yards Hilton led; at thirty-five a slender figure was seen to dart ahead, his body parallel with the course, his flying feet scarcely touching the ground. He kept his position until the end. Hilton came in second, the first time in his career. He had seen the slender figure ahead, but in his surprise and in the excitement of the race, he had not recognized Lorton. Now he looked about him, but the lad had disappeared and he thought the others, —who had recognized Lorton,—were mistaken.

This race was followed by others, but no one noticed that Lorton was absent. At last came the trick work. In this practice only the strongest athletes took part. Hilton, the leader in all the other exercises, was now in his element. Lorton had never been known to take part in this practice, but to-day he came forward into line with the others.

Again that blood-red flush appeared on his cheeks. "Lorton," cried Hilton, "where have you been? Are you going into this?" "Yes, I am going to try." "All right, old boy! But be careful!" Lorton had fitted for college in one of the largest training schools in the country, and had there learned nearly all the tricks the boys did in the University. No one knew this, however, and they were surprised to see him take the "horse" with an ease they were unable to equal; to see him follow them in their most difficult springs from the springboard, and perform the air-springs which had never been done before by any one but Hilton. The last feature of the drill was the high swing and somerset. This was accomplished by grasping two rings which hung ten feet from the floor at the ends of long ropes. The trick was to secure momentum enough to make a big arc, and when at the highest point to raise one's self by the arms and

make a complete somerset in mid-air. The boys were few who could do, or who dared to try this trick. Hilton was the only student who could perform it. But this afternoon a spirit seemed to possess Lorton, driving him on to the extreme of madness. His comrades said afterward that it was strange they did not notice his unusual manner. They blamed themselves and the instructor for permitting him to attempt this feat. Only He who rules above can tell the why and wherefore of the tragedy enacted in the Gymnasium that afternoon. Lorton came forward first to try the swing. Some of the boys noticed that the red spots had gone from his cheeks, leaving them pale and white, but the instructor was a new man and so did not notice any change. The belt of the supporter was adjusted and Lorton drew himself up to the rings and fastened the straps of the supporter to ropes. This lessened the danger of a fall, for even if the hands slipped off, the performer could not be dashed to the ground. Once in motion he showed his familiarity with his position by the ease with which he sustained himself while ever mounting higher and higher. Every eye in the great hall was upon him and even the whispers of surprise and astonishment were hushed in expectation. He had reached already to a great height, but it did not satisfy him. Once more he swung backward and forward, his light body seeming to fly. This time he completed the somerset at a height never reached before. As his body revolved in mid-air, a shout burst from the spectators. But their shout of applause turned to a scream of terror when they perceived Lorton hanging by the supporter instead of his hands. There was not a sign of life in his helpless body when those who stood near stopped the swing and released him. A thin, frothy stream of blood oozing from his tightly compressed lips, told the whole story.

Charlie Hilton, with white face and horrified eyes, raised his friend in his arms and bore him to the dressing-room. A group immediately gathered around administering restoratives, but not until a skilled physician came, did the blue eyes open or life return. Slowly, reluctantly, at last he opened his eyes and whispered to Hilton, who was bending over him:

"Take me home, Charlie."

"Home, Ted?"

"Yes; home to our room."

"You better move him at once," said the matter-of-fact doctor. "He is bleeding internally and can last but a short time."

"Take me—home—Charlie," again the faint words.

Some one brought blankets, and then Charlie Hilton wrapped them about the lad and raised him in his arms and carried him home. One by one the boys crept away frightened and awed by this vision of death in their midst. With gentle, loving hands he was laid in his own bed, to live or die as it pleased the good Lord to decide.

"Charlie," whispered the dying boy, "let them go; I want you alone."

The doctor bent over the bed and made a hasty examination, while the others sadly left the room.

"How long!" gasped the boy.

"Ah, I don't know exactly. Perhaps—"

"I can bear it, doctor."

"Perhaps several hours; but probably—"

"Yes—yes! You may go!"

The silence of death fell over the room, broken only by the labored breathing of the dying and the choked sobs of the living. "Charlie." For answer he pressed the cold hand in one of his, while the other stole up and caressed the damp hair. "Charlie, I didn't know you cared so much! I thought—you—were ashamed of me—because I—wasn't strong. Charlie,—I am dying! But I must—tell—you—why—I didn't do the Gym. work. Our doctor told me my lungs were weak and—I *could* not do it. I didn't want you to know—for—for—I knew you didn't like weak boys. Oh, Charlie, I wanted you to like me a little—if only a little."

All the pent-up longings and passions of the boy seemed to find voice in broken accents. Never until then had the faithful heart been opened. Never till then! And now he was dying; passing beyond the realm of earthly woe and disappointments into a land where there is no more sorrow, neither sickness nor death.

The sunset kindled the western sky into a cloudburst of glory. The bright rays streamed through the window and fell in floods over the bed and the two figures, one with blue eyes upturned to see another glory brighter e'en than the sun, and one kneeling with bowed head and aching heart. Then there rose from Charlie Hilton's soul a cry of such deep anguish that the dying heard it and struggled back again to his soul's frail prison.

"Teddie, Teddie, O my dear old friend," and then died away

into silence. As in a vision he beheld once more his childhood's home, the mountains, the river, the orchard and woodland; and walking in their shadows he saw the friend of his youth. The tears fell from his eyes and he pressed the fair head to his breast, crying out that he could not let him die.

The dying boy raised his arms and clasped them around his friend's neck. A light of peace shone in his eyes, but it suddenly faded and sank into darkness. All was ended now, all the sorrow, pain, and fear, all the long waiting and anguish of patience! and as he pressed the lifeless head once more to his bosom, he bowed his own and prayed, "Father, forgive me for my blindness that has prevented my seeing this love which surpasses a brother's affection." —C. L. JORDAN, 1902.

WHY IS OUR LITERATURE COMMONPLACE?

THE most enduring heritage a nation may bequeath is neither wealth, glory, nor power, but the recorded voice of a divinely gifted intellect. Literature is the expression of the soul through the medium of letters, and hence springs from within. Therefore to the mind of the present era we must look for a solution of the problem before us. Herein, by careful investigation, we may discover the secret of our unworthy position in the realm of letters. Earnestness, imagination, and power, the divine trio of inspiration, are displaced by temporal elements. Consequently the mind is destitute of imagery, is permeated with realism.

The need for statesmen, for orators, is not a whit less than the need of the past. Do you but roll the calendar back one leaf, you are passing through a crisis, time alone shall prove how great—yet you see no Daniel Webster to awe you to silence by his magnetic presence, to arouse your hearts to action by his impassioned diction, to guide your intellects to foresight by his inspired divination. In the history of the race, what orator, think you, rose superior to the occasion who did not owe his success in large measure to the soundless depth of his moral earnestness? That America to-day produces no orator worthy of the name, is in part due to the lack of moral earnestness, in part to the dearth of imagination and power. Before we pass to the realm of imagination, permit us to pause a moment, lest you remark in considering oratory alone, we notice but a phase, not literature as a whole. Think you if men bearing the responsibility of a nation's welfare lack moral earnestness, those who

write for personal motives alone, may claim this attribute? Yet there would be hope for even these, were they endowed with imagination and power, but they are not gifted with these attributes.

The American is famed more for practicality than for imagination. This is in a measure due to evolution, and in a measure to environment. Even in childhood there is too much assimilation, too little origination. Knowledge comes too much from without, too little from within. For complete development, original meditation and acquired learning should progress in parallel lines. Had there not been men who from childhood communed with their own spirits, never should we hear, enraptured, the poetic myths of classic lore, the wonderful philosophy of ancient Greece, the divine songs of Britain's bards. We live too much in the material, too little in the spirit. Would we but lay aside the cares of the world, forget for a space the wisdom of the sages, and watch at twilight the shifting panorama in the west, gaze not alone with our eyes, but with our spirits, into the very heart of nature, we should learn a lesson beyond the ken of human power to teach; would we but enroll our sorrows and our unattained ideals in the school of solitude, instead of turning them loose in the wild play-ground of society, we should fashion them to a philosophy deeper and more inspiring than ever book recorded, broader and more sympathetic than ever sage taught.

Yet granted earnestness and imagination, if a man lack power, he may win but passing fame. Power is the culminating product of mental evolution. The spiritual man, who is superior to the physical man, must surely trace his impress down the ages. Synonymous with the word power is the more universal term—genius. As the type of intellectual evolution, Shakespeare stands pre-eminent in the history of the world. In his mind you may trace the mighty struggles and passions of past generations, the rugged grandeur of barbaric civilization, the poetic imagination of the old Norse Vikings. Evolution requires the unspent mental energy of successive generations to culminate in the creation of a genius. From the English race, especially in its early stages of development, we perceive that evolution has stored a wealth of energy to fashion to a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, or a Tennyson. But in America she has preserved scant material amid the untiring zeal and patriotic enthusiasm of our Puritan forefathers, amid the shocks of dissension and bulwarks of progress of a later period, amid the material

competition and universal egoism of to-day. True, this unseen force has by a marvelous economic parsimony eked out a Hawthorne, an Emerson, and a Longfellow, but she brings no offering to fill the gap of their arrested presence. Do you suggest that a period of culmination is succeeded by a period of decline? You speak truly, but this decline shall prove an eternal one, save as you effect a radical change in the intellectual sphere of to-day. It is certainly a fact that evolution cannot store what she does not find, and it is worthy of note that by your eager quest of material welfare, by your restless pursuit of superficial knowledge, by your neglect of moral earnestness and imagination, you cramp not alone your own intellects, but the intellects of posterity. You spend your mental energy lavishly, but not wisely. Too great intellectual activity may mean the downfall of a nation—aye, has meant the tragic decline of Greece.

It is but a question of time, unless there be a change, and America, the now pyramidal republic of the world, shall totter in a quivering column of ruins. But even at this date, do you foster moral earnestness, cultivate the imagination, and wisely set apart time for intellectual repose, you may bequeath the eternal heritage of your own personality to some mighty genius of an era yet to come. —MURIEL E. CHASE, '99.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ORATORY.

ORATORY is defined as the art of public speaking; the ability so to speak in public as to please, arouse, convince, move, or persuade one's hearers. Demosthenes characterized it as (1) "action, (2) action, and (3) action"; while Cicero sums up the whole art in four words—"aptè, distinctè, ornatè dicere,"—to speak to the purpose, to speak clearly and distinctly, to speak gracefully.

Greece seemed by divine right best fitted to be the cradle of this art, and best adapted for the culture of this as well as other arts. As the Italians have been favored with a beautiful sky, so the physical features of Greece, her high mountains, small enclosed plains facing the sea, inspired her people with eloquence and emotions which like the pent-up fires of Ætna yearned to be set free. When we consider also her history, the numerous attacks made upon her liberty, the wars waged for her defense, and then remember that "Love of liberty is the mother of Oratory" we see reasons for its growth. For instruction in national

affairs her people relied upon their orators. Theirs was a wide scope; upon them rested the most important public functions—out of which sprung the demand for schools and theoretical instruction. So marvelous was the growth that the aim of national education seemed only to produce orators. For the law of Solon was that "every citizen should be as competent to defend his rights by speech as by arms on the field of battle."

Athens became so thoroughly imbued with the art that she produced what was known as the "Ten Attic Orators." It is a significant fact, however, that the period when Athenian oratory was at its highest was that period when Athenian character and empire were at their lowest. One has said,—"It was now when the sun of her material prosperity was setting,—when her moral, political, and military character was most degraded, * * * * that was seen the splendid dawn of eloquence such as the world never since has known." It was at this time that Demosthenes, the Prince of Orators, appeared.

It is not in a few detached and remarkable passages that are wonderful and forceful but throughout all of his orations, that we find earnest, passionate and well-developed thoughts. He sought to enlighten and convince before all other things, to free the people of fraudulent administrations, and to establish civic virtues in their hearts. He revealed to them the truth, he aroused them and so portrayed the evil designs of Philip that the people were eager to march against him. Precision, clearness and simplicity were the secrets of his power.

In a similar way did Roman oratory develop and find its highest expression in Cicero. His style was wrought out with the greatest care; into it he strove to pour the excellences of all former styles and so furnish the world with a specimen of perfection. Quintilian says he had the "strength of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato and the sweetness of Isocrates." Roman oratory abounded in elegance and harmony of sentences, frequent splendor of figures and a great force of persuasion.

But ancient oratory decayed in Greece when Demosthenes expired, and in Rome when Cicero was assassinated and when Roman liberty perished.

Like ancient, modern oratory had a similar beginning. Oppression, injustice to a liberty-loving people,—wrong continually striving for the throne revelled until the arms of justice were strengthened.

In England about the middle of the 18th century when tech-

nicalities of the law were removed and opportunity for public speaking was granted, great voices responded; and oratory arose with renewed strength. In Parliamentary eloquence Lord Chatham, Fox, Burke and Thomas Erskine were among the foremost. As an orator Chatham was distinguished by a voice marvelous for its clearness, fulness, and varied vocabulary; and it was of him that Franklin said, "I have sometimes seen eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; but in him I have seen them united in the highest degree." His oration to the Throne on the "Affairs in America" is regarded as the master effort of his life.

In the field of sacred oratory the noonday glory of the Reformation which had faded into twilight, was rekindled by the eloquence of Robert Hall, George Whitefield, the Wesleys, and Dr. Chalmers.

In our own country it is difficult to fix a limit, for the Revolutionary orators were many and anti-slavery orators marked a new era, but the most prominent are, James Otis, Alexander Hamilton, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher and Daniel Webster. The greatest of these is Webster. His reply to Hayne is considered the greatest speech delivered since Demosthenes' Phillipics or Cicero's invectives against Catiline. One has said, "It is one of the characteristic traits of Mr. Webster's speeches,—that there is nothing in them discursive; no digression from the straightforward path of his argument, no mere episodes of embellishments, no commonplace art of oratory. They are models of severe unity of design, of consummate and beautiful simplicity of execution, like some masterpiece of statuary carved in the blended grace and majesty of antique art."

Modern oratory has been rather the product of individual effort than national training,—the production of men who labored for the good of others and who dealt with questions of the deepest moment.

But oratory has changed. Whether it is deterioration, decline, or simply an adoption of varied methods forced upon it by new conditions, is a subject of much discussion.

The great test to which Parliament and Congress are put makes them scorn any attempt at eloquence. They are deliberative bodies whose sole object is to cut down the great bulk of complicated business affairs that is forced upon them. Debate has taken the place of oratory; and out of this is evolved con-

ciseness, the most effective weapon for debate and the most destructive to oratory. The printing-press which has revolutionized public speaking, and obligation to party rule, are among some of the things that stifle oratory.

But despite these prevailing obstacles oratory is not a lost nor useless art. For so long as the human heart throbs and beats, and man remains a social being entertaining hope and fear, love and hate, so long is there a need of the orator.

No doubt the superiority of our civilization requires a different style of oratory. Facts and logic, reason and argument, character and the *man* are the weapons of the hour. Like Gladstone and Phillips Brooks—slowly but irresistibly does the modern orator by the use of such weapons move the people to conviction,—the upturned faces, the satisfied look, the deep silence, and applauses show the speaker's power over his audience.

And the demand is and will be the *true* orator, fearless and bound to no sect or party, but whose mission is to awaken in others the highest sentiment of right doing and living.

—Oscar A. Fuller, '99.

PEACE.

Peace dwells in the quiet valley;
Loves to haunt the wood and stream,
Where the rippling sunbeams dally,
Shimmering like a fairy dream.

I have seen her when the daylight
Fades to amber in the west.
I have seen her when the twilight
Falls asleep on evening's breast.

I have seen her when Aurora
Trails her wealth of shining robes,
Where the violet's pale aroma
Coolly dwells in diamond globes.

On Aurora's robes of samite
Softly Peace hath pressed her lips,
And the drowsy air of twilight
Glows to sunrise on the tips.

Peace, she is a guardian angel,
In each place, and yet in all.
Round her brow is wreathed the laurel,
From her lips sweet accents fall.

Though the wood be tinged with sunlight,
Though the dale be sweet with song;

Golden shadow dims to twilight,
Twilight dusks to dark, erelong.

Call me, call me to be with thee.
Hold me closely, lest I go.
O 'tis vain to live without me!
Joy leaves with me, stayeth woe.

Call me, call me when the shadow,
Shifting, flashes o'er thy heart.
With the sunbeams from the meadow
I may shape a fatal dart.

'Tis not wise to grope without me,
Blindly, sadly, for thy way.
Only let me, I will lead thee
From the darkness to the day. —'99.

AN OLD-FASHIONED APPLE-BEE.

(A WINTER SKETCH.)

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway—
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

SUCH a surprise awaited farmer John and wife as they arose that Wednesday morning which they had awaited with much enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which had found vent, as is customary in people of their ages, in actions rather than in words.

You must hear something about dear Uncle John and his thrifty little wife before I tell you of the good time they had been planning.

He was a man somewhere near sixty years old, with as genial and as happy a face as one ever would wish to see. He was medium in height, with a strong and sturdy frame, somewhat bent now, after so many years of spring-time and harvest. His hair and long heavy beard were showing altogether too many white hairs, reminding one that Father Time is never still. But oh! his eyes had not lost their brilliancy; they seemed to grow kindlier every day.

His wife, Jane, was a neat little woman; perfectly content with making him happy and comfortable. Her face showed the traces of sorrows bravely borne. Twelve years ago, a little crip-

pled daughter, who had been as a ray of sunshine in that home for ten years, was relieved of all her sufferings. And only five years ago, the pride of that home, a handsome, stalwart youth, just entering upon his life-work as a very skilful physician, suddenly was snatched from his busy activities here to join the invisible throng. It did seem as if Aunt Jane's heart would break and as if the shadow would never lift from Uncle John's face, for these had been the only two plants heaven had lent them to cultivate.

But their natures were too noble to become self-centred. They began to interest themselves in the boys and girls of the village. Many a boy has since then realized his fondest dream of going to college, and many a girl has been helped in developing her musical talent because of Uncle John's good-hearted generosity.

Their farm of 300 acres was very fertile. The large, old-fashioned farm-house was situated on a knoll overlooking a small river which wound in and out through the valley. Numerous barns and other buildings in good repair showed him to be "well-to-do." To the left of the house was an extensive orchard, consisting chiefly of apple-trees. It had been apple-year, and the crop had been one of the best ever known.

No one ever knew what Uncle John would think of next, and surely, no one but Uncle John would have thought of having an old-fashioned "Apple- or Paring-Bee" for the young folk. This was what that scheme of his had been, and at last the day for the fun had dawned.

Of course, every one knows that apples must be sorted. The best are carefully packed away for market or private customer. The second best are kept for eating. Another grade is kept for cooking, while the worst ones are fed to the pigs. But there are still many left, and these apples are just right for drying; and to the fun of preparing the apples for this process, which many of them had never seen before, Uncle John invited the young people for a circuit of five miles.

Words would not express his delight when he saw that Wednesday morning the new fallen snow, and thought of all the unexpected fun that meant. It was amusing to see Aunt Jane quietly slip over to the almanac and meekly say, not forgetting the days of long ago, "John, it's moonlight, to-night, too." The merry twinkle in his eye which that simple remark caused, told volumes,

The old farm-house had an appearance of festivity that evening. Every room in the house was lighted up, and the open fires, with their ruddy glow, added a peculiar charm as the logs crackled, and settled themselves into place.

Soon the jingle of bells and the sounds of merry voices drew near, and the first arrivals had actually come. They followed on in rapid succession; generally large sled-loads; now and then, a single sleigh with a select company of two. There was much backing, pushing, and tumbling in the snow, as they put the horses up in the roomy barn, while the greetings of the hostess varying with each new arrival, dispensed all their bashfulness, and prepared the way for a jolly time.

When Uncle John came in, hearty hurrahs made the rafters ring, and in a very small degree showed their regard and love for him. He then began to explain the process of drying apples and each one eagerly took up his task.

Several paring machines had been set up. Some of them worked automatically; in others, the knife was guided by the hand. The apple was put on a circular fork, the crank was turned, and in a second or two, the skin was off, and it was just as smooth and clean as it could be. They were then thrown into large tubs of water. Some of the busy workers began to halve and quarter them, others to core them. But the most fun came in stringing the apples. One had a large needle, a very long, stout thread, tied one piece of apple securely on at the end, and then plied his fingers as deftly as possible. But alas! when the string broke, and the apples scattered all over the room, what shouts of glee arose! This ended the young people's work, for then nature's aid was solicited. When a string was full, Uncle John hung it up on a large wooden frame, and when the frames were full, he carried them up garret, leaving the apples exposed for weeks to the sun. When they were sufficiently shrunk, they were put away for next summer's pies.

'Twas a memorable sight to see that crowd of busy workers. The crisp night air had painted their cheeks till they were almost as bright as the apples. The buzz of talk, the ripples of laughter, the genial warmth that seemed to possess every one, showed they were fully enjoying themselves.

But the feature of the evening was what happened at the close of a bountiful supper. Uncle John invited them out to the orchard where he had built a roaring fire, such as is made in the sugar woods. Over this was simmering in a large kettle, gal-

lons of last spring's maple syrup. It was soon fit to make what is known as "leathern aprons," and this proved to be the greatest of sport.

But hours always fly too quickly amid mirth and glee, and too soon came the time to say the good-byes. All unanimously declared that the best winter scene they knew of was sugaring maple syrup by moonlight. Thus closed a good old-fashioned time which is all too seldom now.

And when the merry voices were heard no longer, Uncle John, taking down the old family Bible, said, "Well, wife, what do you think of the new beatitude? Blessed are those that make others happy, for they shall be happy."

—EDNA MAE GOSLINE, 1902.

Alumni Round-Table.

OBITUARY.

ALBERT HAYFORD HEATH, D.D., LL.D., born in Salem, Me., July 1840, passed away at his home in St. Johnsbury, Vt., in March of this year.

To him was given the honor of being the oldest living graduate of Bates, and to all lovers of Bates his life-long interest and connection with her are a source of pleasure and inspiration to like devotion. Dr. Heath was one of sixteen young men who wished and worked for the founding of the college, and from her infancy he has been her ardent defender and supporter.

In his early connection with her as preacher and public speaker, a Freshman in her first entering class, he won for her a reputation in the community. It was customary for him to attend denominational conferences, there to speak in behalf of her interests, and he was throughout his course recognized both by Faculty and fellow-students as a man destined to exert a great and unusual influence in the world. As soon as he became eligible he was placed upon the Board of Overseers of the College and since has served other terms as a member of Board of Overseers and of Board of Fellows. Throughout the college's earlier history each crisis found him a staunch supporter, a man of worth and reliability.

In his calling he was easily the leader in Vermont, a corporate member of the A. B. C. F. M. and a delegate to the International Congregational Council, London, 1891.

Though circumstances in his later life prevented his immediate connection with the college, yet he has always been in sympathy and touch with her needs and interests.

PERSONAL.

'72.—The brother of Clarence A. Bickford, an engineer on the Portland and Rochester R. R., was recently killed by the explosion of his engine's boiler.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost, as pastor of the Free Will Baptist Church in Somerville, Mass., has been successful in securing funds for the erection of a handsome church edifice.

'77.—Friends of O. B. Clason in the Maine Senate present him with a fine oil portrait of himself.

'77.—N. P. Noble, who has long been in business, is now practicing law in Phillips, Me.

'78.—F. H. Bartlett, M.D., is having a fine practice. His address is 419 West 147th Street, New York City.

'80.—Rev. J. H. Heald at Nogales, Arizona, has a very interesting field of work—preaching to his Spanish parishioners in Spanish.

'81.—C. L. McCleery has become sole proprietor and editor of the *Lowell Mail*, the leading daily of Lowell.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts is pastor of the Congregational Church in Falmouth, Mass.

'82.—I. M. Norcross is vice-president of the Massachusetts Superintendents' Association.

'85.—B. W. Cushman is a member of the Auburn school board.

'85.—Charles True Walter has recently purchased a large interest in the St. Johnsbury, Vt., *Republican*, and is now one of its proprietors and its editor.

'85.—Announcement is made of the engagement of Mr. Alfred B. Morrill and Miss Henrietta L. Rowe. Mr. Morrill is principal of the Easthampton High School and Miss Rowe is the well-known teacher, writer and lecturer upon Domestic Science, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Rowe of Bangor.

'87.—F. W. Chase, principal of the Adams High School in Newton, recently lost his father.

'87.—U. G. Wheeler, West Springfield, is president of the Massachusetts Superintendents' Association.

'88.—Rev. E. F. Blanchard has been engaged in a study of Mission College Settlement and Slum Work in New York City during the past winter.

'88.—Miss M. G. Pinkham is teacher of sciences in High School at East Weymouth, Mass.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright of Livermore Falls, Me., is making ready for a visit to England, and will probably be accompanied by her cousin, Miss Gracia Prescott, Class of '96.

'90.—F. B. Nelson is in Lewiston—a delegate to the Convention of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine.

'91.—W. B. Cutts is president of the leading society in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, the office of president in this society, the William Pepper Society, being considered one of the greatest honors which can there be conferred.

'93.—George M. Chase has been elected to a fellowship of Latin and Greek in Chicago University.

'97.—Miss Susan Merrill is teaching in Greenfield, Mass.

'98.—Miss G. C. Goodspeed is teaching in Liberty, N. Y.

'98.—H. S. Goodspeed is in business in New York City.

The following Bates alumni and alumnæ have lately been in Lewiston: W. F. Garcelon, '90; A. P. Irving, '93; Miss Bessie W. Gerrish, '94.

Around the Editors' Table.

MANY of us do in reality take things as they come and the world as we find it, giving too little attention to the order in which life's duties are met, and too little concern for a plan of the day's work. And thus much of the time and energy, which ought to be used in the performance, is spent in consideration of what is best to be attempted next, or indeed, whether we have anything at all to do. If we go into a well-regulated business house, there is a system. Every man has his place and every part of the work has its proper attention, at a proper time. If we enter the office, the nature of our business determines the person to be seen. Should we call at different times in the day, we find that every hour has its particular work, and everything, with which those employed have to do, has a place. In every department the same principle prevails, so far as the details of the business will admit. We readily see that here, where a slight neglect, on the part of one person, either in the time or manner of performing his duties, may hinder others as well as himself, and even prove fatal to the interests of the firm,—here, in business affairs, system and order is absolutely necessary; and yet, even in college, while forming habits that will be our companions, to aid or hinder, throughout life, which is at best complex, we are very apt to lose sight of the very principle which governs the universe, and lessens the friction and the consequent waste of energy, that attends the efforts of man.

THE glory of the Sophomore Summer Term, which every entering class has been taught to expect as the high tide of the four years, is to be dimmed hereafter by the transference of ornithology to the first year work. "The old order changeth, giving place to new." 1901 should hand down the former Sophomore privilege of five o'clock bird walks with an appreciation, manifested by numbers, of the inspiration afforded for the Champion Debate and Prize Essay by systematic early rising and outdoor exercise. 1902, judging from the number of Winter Sketches and the length of the Bird Lists, needs no encouragement to establish a precedent of enthusiasm that shall give the Freshman Summer Term as brilliant a lustre in the future, as the oft-quoted Sophomore Spring.

BY the time the average student reaches his Junior year, he begins to realize the fact that there are books, and books; some which he should have read before reaching this point in the college course he has never seen, others which he has read are below the standard, or their reading might have been deferred until later without serious loss or with positive benefit. Since entering college he has been reading at random. He had no plan for systematic reading at his entrance, either because he expected to have little time to devote to it, or because he underrated the value of such a plan. So, in making his occasional selections in the library, he allowed chance to guide him to the new story or to the attractively bound book of poems, and at the end of the second year he has stowed away in the recesses of his brain a medley of ideas and facts, which he has no power to arrange and classify.

How different the case, had there been placed before him, at the beginning of the Freshman year, an outline for a desirable course of reading, embracing the best works of English and American authors, and along with the regular required studies, leading up to the work in English which may be taken at Bates during the last two years. We realize that the time of that best of instructors, our Professor of English Literature, is already quite fully occupied, but if he would consent to prepare such an outline, we believe that many a student, who otherwise would read at random and later regret a waste of time and mental energy, would conform to the plan thus laid out, to his lasting benefit.

HOW frequently in the course of his four years at college is the student asked by his friends, "For what profession are you studying? What do you intend to do in the world?" They take it for granted that in devoting four of the best years of his life to the acquirements of a college education the young man must have some definite purpose in view. And yet how often is the student compelled to reply that he has not yet decided on his future career. Doubtless this indecision is in many cases unavoidable, yet it can hardly fail to prevent the student from obtaining the greatest benefits from his college course. Although both enjoy the same opportunities, the man with a definite purpose is able to reap far greater benefits from them than he who knows not what his life work is to be. In the first place he is able to select his studies to the best advantage. The rapidly

increasing number of electives is placing the choice of studies more and more in the hands of the students themselves. The student who has already chosen his profession will naturally elect such branches as will be most useful to him in the practice of that profession, while another, still undecided in regard to his work in life, has nothing to guide in his choice, and will frequently elect studies which will have no connection whatever with the career he may afterward decide upon.

The man with a definite purpose derives the greatest benefits not only from the elective system, but from the required studies as well. Recognizing the importance of each study to his profession, his interest is aroused, and he applies himself more zealously to his work. Tasks which seem hard and useless to a man without a purpose become pleasant and profitable to him whose aim is fixed. Without limiting the breadth of mind and liberality of views for which we are all striving, it gives direction to his labors and the singleness of aim which is the first prime requisite of success.

Local Department.

DECIDED AT LAST.

THE proceeds of the last Bowdoin-Bates foot-ball game have at length been disposed of. The decision of the referees is especially satisfactory to Bates, inasmuch as it settles, for all time, the question of the advantage of locality, and the extent to which the other colleges in the state are to profit from that of Bates. We are very glad that the theory of "usage or custom" has been exploded and that, hereafter, some other argument must be used whenever there is a misunderstanding. Below, we give the full report:

In the matter of the reference of the controversy between the Bates and Bowdoin foot-ball teams under the annexed agreement, the undersigned, Wilbur H. Judkins of Lewiston, having been selected by the Bates team, Barrett Potter of Brunswick having been selected by the Bowdoin team, and Charles E. Littlefield of Rockland having been agreed upon by the said Judkins and Potter as the third referee, have fully heard the parties by their witnesses and counsel. We feel that we can congratulate the parties upon the fairness, courtesy and gentlemanly manner which has characterized the presentation of the case upon both sides, and upon the further fact that, while the controversy evidently is the result of a misunderstanding, there is nothing in the history of the transaction that justifies the inference that there has been any want of good faith upon the part of either party, or any desire on the part of any one to act otherwise than in an honorable and sportsmanlike manner. While we are satisfied that the Bates manager and the advisory board to which he was responsible, fully believed that an arrangement had been made with the Bowdoin manager for a return game at Lewiston in 1898 for a guarantee of fifty dollars, in order to find this arrangement binding upon both parties, we must be also satisfied that such arrangement was actually agreed upon between the Bates and Bowdoin managers. We are equally well satisfied, however, that the Bowdoin manager and the advisory board to which he was responsible, did not so understand it, that the minds of the parties did not meet upon such an agreement, and that there was, therefore, no such agreement relative to the game of 1898. In the absence of an agreement as to the division of the proceeds, it is claimed on the part of Bowdoin that there is a usage or custom in foot-ball contests which requires the net proceeds in a great or "big game," as the game in controversy, considered in connection with foot-ball history in this State, is claimed to have been, to be divided equally. Such a custom or usage must operate independently of an agree-

ment. It eliminates the idea of an agreement. We are not able to find that any such usage or custom exists. While it is true that in case of large games the proceeds are frequently divided equally by agreement, our attention has not been called to any game where the division of the proceeds has not been provided for by an agreement antedating the game. We cannot, then, in this case, hold that there is any usage or custom governing the 1898 game, in accordance with which the net proceeds should be equally divided.

It only remains, therefore, for us to say how, under all the circumstances, the proceeds of this game should be fairly and equitably divided, and we therefore determine that President Chase, who now holds the funds, pay to the Bates Foot-Ball Association the sum of two hundred and sixty-four dollars and forty cents ($264.40), and to the Bowdoin Foot-Ball Association the sum of one hundred and sixty-eight dollars and sixty cents ($168.60), it appearing that there now remains in his hands, as the net proceeds of said game, the sum of four hundred and thirty-three dollars. In making this award, we do not take into account the fact that there is an item of special expense amounting to an agreed sum of twenty (20) dollars, which is to be paid by the Bowdoin manager to the Bates manager by an agreement, independently of this award.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD,
W. H. JUDKINS,
BARRETT POTTER.

BASE-BALL.

THE outlook for the base-ball season right upon us is good and the prospect encouraging. The boys have been putting in some good solid work in the cage, which has been thoroughly repaired, and they now are showing up finely, and Bates has a right to look forward to a prosperous season on the diamond.

It is a little early to state the exact make-up of the team, but it will be something as follows: Purinton, 1900, will keep his old position behind the bat, also Quinn, '99, will be stationed where we would naturally look for him, at the third base; Lowe, 1900, as during the two former seasons, will hold down first; Captain Pulsifer, '99, and Hussey, 1900, will do the pitching, while Pulsifer, when not in the box, will play either at second base or outfield, and Daicey, 1902, and Deane, 1902, will both be candidates for the remaining infield position, and the unsuccessful one will probably play in the outfield, and occupy Captain

Pulsifer's position when the latter is in the box. The remaining candidates for the outfield are: Johnson, 1900; Putnam, 1901; Smith, 1901; and Clason, 1902.

The schedule for the season is as follows:

April 27—Portlands, at Portland.
May 1—Phillips-Andover, at Andover.
May 2—Tufts, at Tufts.
May 3—Holy Cross, at Worcester.
May 4—Cambridge, at Cambridge.
May 13—Colby, at Lewiston.
May 20—University of Maine, at Lewiston.
May 24—University of Maine, at Orono.
May 27—Portlands, at Lewiston.
May 30—Bowdoin, at Lewiston.
June 1—Tufts, at Lewiston.
June 7—Bowdoin, at Brunswick.
June 10—Lewistons, at Lewiston.
June 14—Colby, at Waterville.
June 17—University of Toronto, at Lewiston.

BASKET-BALL.

At the Fair of the Lewiston Y. M. C. A. at City Hall, March 31st, the Bates Basket-Ball team defeated the Crimsons of Portland Y. M. C. A. in an exhibition game by a score of 13 to 7. After the close victory over the Maroons of the same association, at the Athletic Exhibition, naturally much interest was evident, which was increased when it was known that Bates was weakened by the absence of her most reliable goal thrower, Richardson, besides Stinchfield, another of her best men.

Neither team was able to score during the first half; but in the second Jordan, the centre for Bates, commenced with some fine playing, breaking up the passing of the Crimsons. Summerbell and Captain Halliday kept up the good work and threw sensational goals. The game was somewhat rough, 5 fouls being called on the Crimsons and 7 on Bates.

Goals thrown from fouls—Bates 3, Crimsons 1. Goals thrown from plays—Jordan 3, Summerbell 2, Halliday 1, for Bates, and for the Crimsons, Stevens 3.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Look for the early warblers.

Invite all your friends to *the* debate.

Shake out your garnet pennant; you'll need it soon.

The snow is rapidly disappearing from the campus.

We are glad to welcome Professor Geer back again, after his long illness.

Bates College was represented in several choirs of the city on Easter Sunday.

Wagg, '99, Principal of the Lubec High School, made us a short call during his vacation.

Palmer, '99, has been elected President of the Athletic Association, in place of Bassett, '99, who was elected Manager of the base-ball team.

Dr. Smith Baker of the Williston Church, Portland, delivered an interesting and inspiring lecture at Roger Williams Hall on Wednesday of test week.

Professor Leonard recently gave the two upper classes a very instructive talk on X-rays. "The clearest explanation I ever heard," was the verdict of all who attended.

Professor Frisbee's Beginner's Greek Book, at last accounts, had been adopted by seventy fitting schools. Every one pronounces it the best yet. It is a special favorite with the alumni and students of Bates.

While considerable more money must be raised in order to ensure the erection of a Library Building at Bates, the prospect for securing the entire amount required is so encouraging as to warrant the hope that we may soon see the work of building begun.

The Ladies' Glee Club has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Miss True, 1900; Vice-President, Miss Cartland, 1901; Secretary, Miss A. L. Purinton, 1902; Treasurer, Miss Pettengill, 1902; Business Manager, Miss Summerbell, 1900; and Executive Committee, Misses Proctor, 1900, Goddard, 1901, and Purinton, 1902.

E. H. Cheney, brother of the ex-President of Bates College, Dr. O. B. Cheney, has been appointed consul to Curacoa, the largest of six islands, composing the Dutch colony of the same name, off the coast of Venezuela. Mr. Cheney is proprietor and

editor of *The Granite State Free Press*, Lebanon, N. H. He knew nothing of the appointment until his name was sent to the Senate.—*Morning Star.*

The members of the Y. M. C. A. have elected their officers for the coming year. They are as follows: President, R. S. Emrich, 1900; Vice-President, J. E. Wilson, 1901; Recording Secretary, E. K. Jordan, 1901; Corresponding Secretary, J. S. Bragg, 1901; Treasurer, J. A. Lodge, 1902. The report of President Calhoun, for last year, deferred on account of illness, will be published in a subsequent number of the STUDENT.

Those of us who attended the Senior Exhibition on the evening of March 31st were highly entertained and instructed. Those who represented the Class of '99 received much merited congratulation. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.	
Prayer.	Professor Anthony.
MUSIC.	
Unwritten Poems.	Miss Jordan.
Origin of Life.	Mr. Small.
The Jew.	Miss Coan.
Ancient and Modern Oratory.	Mr. Fuller.
MUSIC.	
Dreamers.	Miss Rounds.
Standards of Measurement.	Mr. Calhoun.
A Study of Work.	Miss Hayes.
Expansion of Democracy, not Imperialism.	Mr. Hyde.
Why is our Literature Commonplace?	Miss Chase.
Fairies.	Miss Thayer.
The Passing of the Monroe Doctrine.	Mr. Palmer.
MUSIC.	
Art in American Education.	Miss Lord.
Problems in American Politics.	Mr. Wheeler.
The Rivers of Maine.	Miss Irving.
MUSIC.	

We were very much disappointed in not hearing Miss Rounds, Miss Chase, and Mr. Calhoun, who were excused from delivering their parts. Professor Hartshorn presided and the music was furnished by Gifford's Orchestra.

Professor Stanton has had two classes in Ornithology this year, the Freshmen having taken the lectures this year instead of waiting until they become Sophomores, as has been the case with all the preceding classes. The two classes met separately, March 25th, to read their winter sketches and compare their lists of birds seen, and the following prizes were awarded: In the Sophomore Class for winter sketch, Halliday first, and Miss Bailey

second; for the best list of birds, of young men, E. S. Stevens first, and Stuart second; of the young ladies, Miss Varney, Miss Fisher, and Miss Bennett received prizes. In the Freshman Class: for winter sketch, Mr. Jordan first, and Miss Gosline second; for the best list of birds, of young men, Clason first, Fowler and Daicey second; of the young ladies, Miss McCollister and Miss Pettingill first, and Miss Manuel second.

1900 investigated ways and means at Barker Mill and the Auburn jail one afternoon the last of the term, in the interests of Political Economy. At the mill, Mr. Hayes very kindly showed and explained all the details of cotton cloth manufacturing, beginning with the cotton in the bale and taking the class through each department, until they saw the finished cloth folded ready for market. The jail was then as thoroughly examined and the prisoners interviewed, beginning with the one who did not care to be seen and ending with the small boy in the workshop who couldn't see why he should excite pity. The class was accompanied by Mr. Bassett.

The Sophomore prize declamations this year were of a very high order of merit. The selections, as a whole, were unusually good, and the manner in which they were rendered gave evidence of Professor Robinson's careful training. The programme follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Toussaint L'Ouverture—Phillips.	Frank Halliday.
Bobby Shaftoe—Homer Greene.	Gertrude B. Libbey.
Eulogy on Wendell Phillips—Curtis.	E. K. Jordan.
Star of Light Island—Richards.	Ethel B. Vickery.

MUSIC.

On Secession--Webster.	V. E. Rand.
Rodolph and His King--Eugene Field.	Ethel G. Files.
Expansion—Hoar.	W. M. Marr.
What the Fiddle Told—Anon.	Annette M. Goddard.

MUSIC.

The Light of the World—Anon.	J. E. Wilson.
How Tim's Prayer was Answered—Anon.	Mae S. Bennett.
Spirit of 1898—Depew.	L. C. Demack.
Arena Scene from Quo Vadis.	Bertha L. Irving.

MUSIC.

The committee of award, Rev. W. J. Taylor, Mrs. J. H. Rand, and Mr. F. A. Knapp, gave the prize for gentlemen to Mr. Demack, and the ladies' prize to Miss Irving.

College Exchanges.

THE magazines from the fitting schools deserve more attention than space usually permits. The *Bridgton Stranger* is one of the best on the STUDENT's list in make-up and appearance. The *Washington Academy Record* prints a number of parts, presumably from the work of the literature and Latin classes, that show considerable work. Such articles as that on Birds' Nests, in the *M. C. I.*, are of more than local interest. But the STUDENT begs leave to offer one general suggestion to the High Schools and academies: Don't neglect your magazine. Give the editors such a hearty support, and such an abundance of contributions, that the papers which represent you in the reading-rooms and on the exchange tables of other schools may be characterized by more literary matter and less padding of a sort too frequently employed—personal hits and sly allusions. It is so easy to over-spice that kind of copy that it is a dangerous indulgence for an under-fed journal.

A number of the college essays this month deal with the literature of this and other lands. "Goetz von Berlichingen," and "Al Aaraaf," in the *Peabody Record*, the *Tuftonian's* "Henry Kingsley's Novels" and "One of Stevenson's Later Stories," in the *Brunonian*, indicate quite a range of study.

The *College Index* has a full share in the notable articles of the month in "Education Ideals," by President A. K. DeBlois, and "Public Literary Entertainments at Rome."

The *Bowdoin Quill* for March is a number of unusual interest and merit.

"A Woman's Answer" in the *Sibyl* (Elmira College) is a careful portrayal of character, with a simple and unexpected development of the story.

A disposition, if not to pose before the admiring world, at least to pull himself up by the roots for examination, is current with the student writer. The prizes offered by the *Occident* a month or two since, were for "short stories preferably of college life and interest," and a fair percentage of the fiction of the last few months has dealt with college scenes and figures. The *Tennessee Magazine* has just completed a series of dialogues strung together on a very slight plot, running through three issues, which are supposed to picture the manners and characters of a co-educational college—it is to be hoped, an imaginary one. The

silliness of most of the dialogue and the frivolity of nearly all the characters is by no means balanced by the priggish hero, and his stilted soliloquies, and the impression of college life is not, we think, a just or prepossessing one.

New Hampshire College Monthly has a very entertaining budget of college anecdotes.

The *Amherst Lit*,—an editorial number, by the way, publishes a vivid series of "Freshman Memories," with just the right mixture of jest and earnest, retrospective sentiment and delicate tracery of the growth of loyalty to class and college in the raw, suspicious Freshman.

"College Spirit" in *Ripon College Days*, is a valiant attempt to embody this unmistakable and intangible subject in definitions and clear-cut elements.

The Class of 1900, Colby, has made its presentation of $200 in modern fiction for the library.

From the *Portland Advertiser*, though not on the exchange list, we clip the following as of interest:

The authorship of the famous college song "Phi Chi," which has been so long in controversy, was settled at a dinner recently given by the Bowdoin College Club to the Bowdoin alumni of Boston and vicinity, at Copley Square Hotel, Boston. One of the speakers, indulging in reminiscences, remarked that they had present with them the author of the famous song, Prof. Henry L. Chapman of the Class of '76. This announcement brought a prompt response from Professor Chapman, who disclaimed the authorship of a song which he would be glad to acknowledge as his, and stated that its real author was Mr. Edward P. Mitchell, of the *New York Sun*. This announcement will be of interest to college men the country over.

Two Nights.

The wind is from the sea to-night;
The clouds drive fast and low;
The fog rolls landward, still and white,
Blotting the beach and dunes from sight,
And the tide begins to flow.

The wind is off the shore to-night;
The sunset dies at last;
The moon sinks low and the stars are bright,
Over the bay gleams the island light,
And the tide is ebbing fast. —W. G. L., *Brunonian.*

Go, Heart!

Go, Heart, when wakes with morning bright
A world to conscious being!
Go, Heart, and share that world's delight
To watch the shadows fleeing.

Behold with rapture-flooded eyes
The sun in gorgeous splendor rise
Into the glory of the skies,—
Dear Heart, be glad with seeing!

Go, Heart, when thrushes call elate
At royal day's appearing!
Go, Heart, when veery sings his mate
In simple notes endearing!
List how the woods about us ring
With songs these happy minstrels sing,—
What joy the beams of morning bring!
Dear Heart, be glad with hearing!

—Isaac Bassett Choate, '62, *Bowdoin Quill.*

Tables Turned.

"Vill you valk into mein parlor?" said dot Spider to der Vly.
Now it vas ein leedle Spider, aber it vas ein bouncing Vly.
"Ya, ich will stoop in ein moment, seein's you, sir," said dot Vly.—
(Happy vas dot leedle Spider, cheeky vas dot bouncing Vly,)
Denn dot artful leedle Spider grabbed fer dot pig Mister Vly,
But he did not vell cotch on, because it vas ein bouncin' Vly.
"Vat you vant, sir, vy you pite me, Herr von Spider?" said dot Vly
Ah, he scrunched dot measly Spider, und he vinked his starboard eye,
Und he ate dot leedle Spider, ya, he did, dot great pig Vly.

—*Ex.*

The wittiest things
We ever can say
Are always the ones
We think of next day.

—*University Cynic.*

Our Book-Shelf.

We remember the nursery rhyme about the tailor who bent his bow to shoot a crow and hit his neighbor's pig. The author of *The Continental Dragoon*[1] reminds us of him, in that he evidently aimed at originality and considerably overshot his mark. Originality is a very desirable quality in a work of fiction, but the quality so nicely expressed by the French word *vraisemblance* is even more desirable. The work in question is altogether *too* original. The scene is laid in New York, and the time is during the American Revolution. The heroine, Elizabeth Philipse, who is engaged to Major Colden of the British army, but does not love him, is the incarnation of pride of birth, and looks upon the Continental troops as beneath her notice. An American, Captain Peyton, falls into her hands wounded, and she, angered because he had formerly confiscated her horse, resolves to give him up to the English. Finding her ser-

vants incorruptible, and knowing the British would come in an hour, he makes love to her in desperation. As the troops enter she hides him and puts them on a false track. As he is about to leave he tells her the deception he has practiced and she resolves to make him love her in earnest. While he is hunting for his hat, she dons her most attractive dress, and subjugates him in half an hour, pretending infinite scorn for him. Major Peyton arrives with two troopers, and seeks to capture him. Single handed and armed only with a broken sword he overcomes them. Elizabeth's love is revealed in the moment of his danger. The author appends a note stating that Peyton was killed at Charleston, S. C., and argues that the ending of the book is happy, as it would be if the note were absent. All of the main characters do some most unaccountable things.

The Cruise of the Cachalot[2] is a story of a three-years' whaling cruise—an epic of whaling, as the *London Academy* expresses it. The story of the voyage, the lands visited, the battles with the monsters of the deep, is told with a simplicity and directness of language that carries its own charm. The author is not one of those who, "having eyes, see not" the wonders and beauties of what is near at hand, but, dealing with a well-worn subject, he has managed to find much of fresh and living interest. From the character of the scenes and actions described, and from the simplicity of the language, the book is bound to be widely known as a juvenile work, and is intensely interesting to "children of a larger growth." It is indeed "an epic of whaling," with a freedom from technicalities that is extremely gratifying to one who knows to what absurd lengths technical descriptions can be carried by a sailor. An entertaining and instructive work.

A West Point Wooing[3] *and Other Stories* is the title of a collection of short stories published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The stories comprised in the first half of the book deal entirely with West Point life, and in these the ability of the author is displayed to good advantage. Apparently the author is entirely familiar with the rules of conduct, both social and military, obtaining at our military school. The stories are told with rare delicacy of sentiment, and are accompanied by much of the glamour that a military uniform never fails to cast about even the most sedate.

[1]The Continental Dragoon, by Robert Neilson Stephens. L. C. Page & Co.

[2]The Cruise of the Cachalot, by Frank T. Bullen, First Mate. D. Appleton & Co.

[3]A West Point Wooing, by Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LATIN SCHOOL.

This institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The school is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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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.

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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Librarian.

W. W. BOLSTER, JR., A.B.,
Director of the Gymnasium.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

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

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

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

The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.

Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

EXPENSES.

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

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

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