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The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?

THE nineteenth century has been pre-eminently an era of inquiry and growth. In nothing is this fact more marked than in the marvellous development of education and the change which our theories upon that subject have undergone.

To-day, as never in the past, the demand upon education is for symmetrical men. We have learned that man is a threefold being. He is withal a unit, and to-day, unless his education is a drawing forth of the whole man, a harmonious development of all his powers, it is in no sense a liberal education. The liberally educated man is, from the very import of the expression, the free man; free to enter into the most abundant life, physical, mental, and spiritual, life of the highest usefulness, and of the highest happiness because the highest usefulness. He is, in short, the man who knows and lives life in its entirety.

Now, how is this conception to be realized? The provision for the physical development is provided with little difficulty, but the question that is agitating the educational world is this: What studies furnish the highest mental development, the freest intellectual vision; what most aid a man in becoming, in the words of Carlyle, "responsive and susceptible to truth and nobleness, with a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen."

Among such studies we do not hesitate to give language an important place, for language is the nucleus about which all other knowledge has its growth. The American student who has learned the perfect use of his mother tongue has acquired taste, judgment, and expression, and a powerful ally in mastering any other branch of learning to which he may turn.

Language, too, is the pass-word into the great realm of literature. If, as Matthew Arnold says, "the aim of culture is to know ourselves and the world," and if "we have, as a means to this culture, to know the best that has been thought and said in the world," then it is to English literature that we must turn. Here we find, in greatest abundance, the richest and most varied productions of human thought. Wide as are human interests, deep as are human passions and yearnings, all find expression in marvellous beauty and power, in the magnificent literature of the English language. At home in this domain, surely the student is well advanced in the culture that comes from knowing "the best that has been thought and said in the world."

It is, however, often said that until one has studied some other language he does not really know his own; and the aid in the mastering of the mother tongue, and the valuable mental training that the study of foreign languages gives are truly undeniable. Moreover, the end of this training, viz., the ability to appreciate the treasures of thought and knowledge among other peoples, removes prejudice and enlarges the sympathies, thus extending the mental horizon, and making a man truly liberal.

But while the study of French and German is coming to be recognized as indispensable in our modern life, there is a strong tendency to-day toward laying the ancient languages aside. It is true that the pedant, dwelling in the glories of the past, and oblivious to the great actual present, will never again be considered liberally educated, but let us consider well before we cast aside the refining, beautifying influence of the ancient classics. The grand and beautiful literature of Greece and Rome ~~are~~ not dead. They live in the words by which we utter our every thought; they live in every great literary production of modern time; they live in the wealth of allusion to their stories and land; they live in their sweet, ennobling influence upon the world to-day, and not until men cease to feel the need of beauty, can that influence be lost. Was he wholly wrong who said that he who seeks to be educated in the modern while he

despises the ancient as dead and gone, is saved from mortification only by his ignorance of that which he affects thus to despise?

He who truly studies "the best that has been thought and said in the world" will become familiar with history. He will learn to trace the "eternal purpose that through the ages runs;" will be instructed by the experiences of men of other lands and times, and will receive that unconscious culture with which the knowledge of history invariably marks a man.

These studies must also appeal, to a certain extent, to that supreme power of man, the imagination. But in nothing has this power received higher expression than in the works of Grecian art, and perhaps nothing so educates the æsthetic faculty as the remains of these, the most beautiful productions of the human mind. Planted in every man is the instinct of beauty. Alas, that in the United States, our practical, rushing United States, we have so neglected this instinct, this power "that creates the world, and to which the world belongs." Whatever educates the tastes and feelings, whatever ministers to our love of beauty, be it poetry, painting, sculpture or song, let that receive our attention at any cost; for "beauty," says Goethe, "is greater than the good," "because," adds Lowell, "it includes the good, is the good made perfect."

With these influences must, of course, be taken those which especially teach men how to meet the problem of modern life, which make them, to use a common expression, practical, clear thinking men of affairs. This education and, indeed, no other can come wholly from books, yet there are studies that help meet this need, and among these none is of greater value, according to many of our best educators, than Political Economy.

Among the advocates of this, the so-called practical school, no study has received more general acceptance than the physical sciences, and certainly nothing has had a more powerful influence upon our conception of a liberal education. The gate-way to the field of science is the study of Mathematics, but the amount of this study necessary for the ordinary student is a matter of much discussion.

Of all the benefits derived from the study of the sciences we will mention only one; that is the spirit and method they enforce. Comparatively few men can master even one branch of this vast subject, but he who has acquired the scientific habit has gained a power that is priceless in any walk of life. He has learned far

better than others the invaluable lesson of observing and of connecting his observations. Perhaps it was this that gave Professor Drummond the reason for saying that the scientist worships a greater God than the ordinary Christian. Certainly to the scientist is given a "familiar grasp of things divine," to him every part of the whole grand harmony of Nature is a beautiful expression of God, let him call the power by what name he will—drawing him nearer that which he was destined to become, nothing less than a partaker of the beauty and perfection of the divine nature thus revealed.

The scientific spirit is the spirit of progress, of desire for knowledge; an impulse toward truth at first hand, toward patient, careful, painstaking reasoning and investigation. And so, while every liberally educated man will doubtless have a clear understanding of the foundation principles of all science, yet it is in the spirit and method that this study gives that its greatest value lies.

Thus Science has helped solve the problem, how the great requirements made of a liberally educated man are to be met. New methods of instruction also help answer the question, as the time and effort hitherto expended without apparent result are more and more directed to secure definite achievement.

Again, we are learning that minds are not turned out by machinery in one unvarying pattern, but as Nature bestows upon each tiny grain of sand its own distinctive mark, so does she shape the mind of man, and that each should find the materials for its expansion in the same way and from exactly the same source, is contrary to its own highest law.

It is by adhering to the law of its own being that each nature must seek the development of its powers. And with what purpose? Is it that man may rest in the knowledge of his growth; simply that he may enjoy the freedom thus obtained? Oh, let us never dream that it is that. He who took our human nature and completed it, forever set that idea aside, when He exalted service, and nothing else, as the supreme object of His life and of ours. He who has lost sight of this end has missed the highest meaning of a liberal education, for the liberally educated man will seek to fulfill the divine bidding—"be ye perfect"—with the knowledge and purpose that every step toward that end in his own nature shall help on the perfecting of his fellow-men.

Only by entering into the fullest spiritual life can this end be reached. In the words of that noble illustration of the true liberal

education, Phillips Brooks, "It is the life that to its length and breadth adds depth; to its personal development and sympathy with man, adds the love and obedience of God; it is that life that completes itself into the cube of the eternal city and is the life complete.

And nothing less than the "life complete" is the meaning of a liberal education. —'9—.

LESSONS OF LIFE FROM THE FOOT-BALL FIELD.

IT is autumn, and students are returning to their various schools and colleges to prepare themselves for life's struggles. This preparation must include the whole man, hence men of brawn and courage spend many hours of valuable time in practice on the gridiron. Every day these students are called upon to lay aside books and get out into the foot-ball field for practice in running, tackling, falling, punting, passing the ball, lining up against a friendly opponent. The weeks go by in silence. Every player guards himself against the use of whatever hinders his best physical condition.

One bright afternoon in October Bates (to use a concrete illustration) meets an opponent on the gridiron. The air is crisp, crowds of eager spectators are settling themselves around the arena where twenty-two trained men are to face one another in defence of all that seems, for the moment, dearest to them. Presently the teams come on the field in a rush. Some of the spectators cheer wildly, some hiss. The ball is now in the center of the field, and the teams have faced each other. A tempting goal is fifty yards away in front of each team, to reach which means rest, means victory; but before either goal can be reached, eleven skilled, muscular men must be overcome in its defence.

At the sound of the referee's whistle, the game begins. Bates kicks, and the opponent has the ball. The men line up, shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee, foot to foot. Signals ring out! Opponent tries: Once! No gain. Twice! But Bates's line is solid. The third and last opportunity. Opponent punts, and Bates has the ball. Again the men line up. Signal! 1-2-10-! Bang! The ball advances five yards. Again, Smash! Offside! A fumble! Opponent's ball! With good interference the ball is taken around the end for ten yards. "Down!" "Some one hurt!" "Take out time!" And for a moment all are friendly. The injured man proves unable to continue, and after a less experienced substitute takes his

place, the game continues. Bates plays low and holds her opponents until they punt. Again, Bates on offensive! Bang! A hole in the opposing line and a Bates man gets through with a clear field and scores a touchdown. But the opponents do not quit. On the next kick-off they take the ball away from Bates, and advance five yards! Ten yards! Six yards! Three yards, and the goal is almost reached. The men pile up! Muscles snap and bones seem to crack. Two yards! "Time!" Alas! Too late! Time is up before the opponents can make the touchdown, and Bates is victorious!

The spectators, some cheering, some mourning, hurry from the field. The sun, glittering through the pine trees, sinks behind the western hills, and all is still. There is joy at Bates that night, and sorrow with the opponents.

As the struggle on the gridiron is, so is life—a fierce, friendly battle. Mankind naturally divide themselves into parties, teams, and cliques, though sometimes one man has to stand alone and fight by himself the unequal battle of life. It is perhaps a platitude to say that the trained man, with energy and determination, is the one who will succeed in life. Defensive or offensive must be the watchword of our life's struggle, and the great problem is, how best to conduct either.

Defensive.—First we are on the defensive. Here our line must hold; for our opportunity to gain ground, to score a touchdown, to win a victory will depend on our ability to hold and wait when some one else has the ball. The student, while preparing for his life-work, is on the defensive. How he would like to have the ball! He would like to get out in the world and work. He wishes to be doing good for his fellows, gaining five yards for his people who are being pushed to the wall. But his opportunity has not yet come. He must play low and hold hard the ground already gained. Happy is that man who, when in social or spiritual conflict, is able to make his opponent fall at his feet, with no gain. Hold the opposing line three times, and the ball is yours, to rush it, kick it, or do what you will with it; for if you are successful in holding the enemy for three successive assaults with no gain, he will leave you.

Offensive.—Offensive, in foot-ball language, means opportunity! You have the ball. See your friend on the sidelines, in the grandstand, shouting, cheering! You have the ball! Your opportunity has come! Signal!—31-92-125—! Smash! A fumble! Too bad! But he fell on the ball! Give him one more trial! Bang! He gains.

Once more, smash! Five yards! He is all right. The first opportunity was improved; others will come thick and fast.

“*Down!*”—That is the sensible thing to do. When you cannot advance, and all the world seems to be “piling on to you,” yell “down!” and then no one will trouble you; for if you are down and let people know it, they will “pile off,” and in these days of Christian graces, many will help you to your feet again.

“*Some one hurt!*”—If you are hurt in a foot-ball game, none is more sympathetic and ready to help than he who was the cause of your discomfiture, and this is what happens at all times in life's struggles. Not many months ago there was a hot conflict for municipal honors in Greater New York between Henry George and Van Wyck. In this conflict Henry George fell dead. His very enemies, Seth Low and Judge Van Wyck, were warmest in their sympathies and tenderness to his family and friends in their great sorrow. Young George was put in to substitute his father; but he proved only too easy for the opposing candidate, and hence the city was lost to the people and won by Tammany. Men go to their duties each day, and, if crossed in their purpose, will tear one another to pieces, and yet, at the same time, cordial friendship exists between them. The friendly council in—“Join our party, get on our team, come into our denomination if you want our sympathy, if you don't want us to hurt you.”

Interference.—Sometimes on the foot-ball field, a player, by dodging, twisting, and squirming can advance the ball alone. It is not unusual in life to find men who have trod life's rugged ways alone, self-made men who have advanced through a field of opposition with no one to protect them. But how naturally, easily, swiftly the man advances behind strong interference who will catch the enemy when he makes the dive to pull him down—parents or friends to catch the blow, make the sacrifice, while he who has the ball continues to gain ground.

The Goal.—But what means all this struggle? Ah! there is a goal ahead—four years, ten years, one year ahead. Every man fixes his own goal. This goal may be knowledge, wealth, power, social position, Heaven, and the whole world lines up against him who would win either. Behold Columbus making the goal of his ambition—a new world—when the wisest heads of Europe said there is no such thing! Behold Darwin, struggling to establish his “Origin of Species!” And the Nazarene, seeking a lost world!

When you have chosen a worthy goal, stick to it and fight it out on that line if it takes your whole life.

The Touchdown.—See your friends cheer! You have reached the goal. You have finished your education and settled in life with bright hopes. In one word, you have scored; but the game is not yet ended. Just a little while to look up and breathe; and then the enemy is after you again with renewed vigor. Smash! Bang! You are being pushed back. Can't you hold your position? Five yards! Ten yards! Hold! There is only a little while to play. Four yards! One yard! "Time!" Who called time? The ancients said they were the Three Fates who clipped the thread of life. Moderns say it is the Heavenly umpire calling us away from the field of labor. Time is called. The muscles relax, and life's struggles are ended.

—T. S. BRUCE, '98.

A TRIP TO KATAHDIN.

ALL my life I have lived in sight of Mt. Katahdin, as it stands with its brow wrapt in clouds, a grand and exceedingly beautiful picture. It appears like a great mass of white stone, shining in the sunlight, and shaded by dark ravines which cut far into its side. Although the distance is great, yet on clear days it stands out sharply against the horizon, and it always gives me a thrill of pleasure to see it away there in the north, solitary in its grandeur.

The trip which I am about to describe was conceived by our guide, who had been up in the early summer; our party consisting of our guide and two other fellows, all three Harvard students, a U. of M. graduate, two young men from home, my friend and myself, eight of us, all used to the woods and to hard work.

We planned to start Monday on the 8 A.M. train, so the early part of the morning was spent in getting our things to the station. As we were all dressed in rough clothes, heavy woolen stockings drawn outside our pantaloons, which were torn and mended with yarn, our sleeves rolled up, shirt fronts open, and knives in our belts, we made no little stir at the station.

At last we were off, baggage, guns, fishing tackle, cameras and all. After a thirty-mile ride by train we came to North-Twin Dam, where our canoes and a small steamer awaited us. When we had loaded our effects and were comfortably settled on the deck, our little craft steamed swiftly up the West Branch of the Penobscot,

out into North-Twin Lake, through a narrow channel into Pemidum-cook, across its foot and into Ambagejus. While on this lake we ate our dinner of dried beef, bread, and canned fruit.

We had been in sight of the mountain nearly all the time since leaving the dam and, as we proceeded, new beauties unfolded themselves. It no longer appeared white as it does from home, but green, verging into purple as the sun shone upon it. Not long after dinner, the warning whistle sounded, and we cast anchor at the head of Ambagejus Lake, not far from the mouth of the river, up which our course lay. To get the canoes afloat and loaded was the work of a few minutes, and when all was ready, we paddled up to the first falls, nearly a quarter of a mile from the steamer. There were four canoes in all, and as they danced lightly over the ripples it was a pretty sight.

We landed at the foot of the falls, pulled our canoe up on shore, preparatory to carrying it to the landing above. The stronger man of the two then took hold of the middle thwart, raised the canoe bodily over his head, placed the thwart upon his shoulders and, with his hands clasping the edges, balanced it so that the stern just cleared the ground. In this manner he went forward through the woods to the landing above. Our guide and myself were the only ones who attempted to carry our canoes alone, the others taking theirs together. After putting our canoes down we started immediately back to help bring up our packs, which we piled into our canoes as before, and pushed on again up stream.

By four o'clock we had made about seven miles and three carries, and, as our hands were blistered by paddling and our shoulders lame from carrying the canoes, we called a halt on the fourth carry, called Pockwokamus, where, after some discussion, we decided to camp for the night. A roaring fire was soon started, and while a part of us attended to the arrangements for supper the rest went to the river to fish. Our exertions had wearied us somewhat, so after a hearty supper we rolled up in our blankets, with the heavens for a roof, and slept soundly till morning, lulled by the dull roar of the river a few rods away as it rushed through its rocky channel, and by the cool night breeze whispering and sighing through the pines around us.

Next morning we were astir before light, and after a hasty breakfast were again on our way. As we advanced, the river grew more swift, and we had to resort to our poles more than on the

preceding day. The experience of poling a canoe is very exciting, and as our guide always went ahead, we could witness with pleasure his manful struggles with the current. Standing erect in the stern of his canoe, he would push with all his might, while his companion in the bow was pawing frantically to keep the head up stream. But sometimes, in spite of their utmost skill and exertion, the bow would turn and back they would come sidewise, the canoe dancing over the waves as if pleased to have played the boys such a trick.

In the middle of the forenoon, after a severe struggle with swift water, we rounded a point where our guide told us we were to camp, in full view of the glorious old mountain. Two brooks, Katahdin and Aboljomackamus, or Abol, as it is called, come down from the mountain and unite with the river not four rods apart. The waters of the former are filled with trout, while along its banks are some of the finest bits of brook scenery I ever saw.

The next few days we spent in fishing, exploring, reading, and sleeping. When Thursday came, however, and our guide announced that we were to start for the mountain, all was hurry and preparation. Immediately after dinner we crossed the river, hid our canoes, and took the trail which leads along Abol, a long six miles, nearly all the way up hill, so that it was nearly dark when we reached the old lumber camps where we were to spend the night. Tired and hungry, we entered the camp to find with intense satisfaction a party with an Indian guide, whose fire we were invited to share.

Four o'clock the following morning saw us astir, and six found us on the trail, each carrying a lunch and an alpenstock to aid in climbing. At the foot of the slide we paused for breath at the famous birch lean-to, from which, after resting a little and refreshing ourselves at the brook, we began the ascent. It proved to be a long, weary climb, over rough rocks, sometimes crawling on hands and knees, at others, scratching up over smooth ledges with hardly a crevice for finger or toe. After an hour and a half's persistent effort, we stood beneath the great natural gate-way, which is only a few rods from the top. The gate-way is formed by two enormous rocks, originally apart, that have been settled together at the top by some convulsion of the mountain. Ten minutes after leaving this gate-way, we stood beside the spring on the first plateau, where it was necessary to put on the extra sweaters we had brought. At the spring we kindled a fire, made some tea, and ate part of the lunch.

As the day was fairly clear, the view was magnificent. To the north-east, the smoke of Houlton could be seen, while far to the south, the mighty Atlantic could be distinguished beyond the line of the Camden hills. The valley of the Penobscot was plainly visible from above Chesuncook Lake, almost to Bangor. To see nearly all of our state thus spread out at our feet, was a sight not soon to be forgotten.

While the rest were still looking at various points of interest, I started on for the highest point, nearly a mile to the south-east. When I reached the top of the ridge I stopped, startled by the sight that met my eyes. Instead of the broad plateau I had expected to see, the whole land dropped off at my very feet to a depth of nearly a mile. The sides of the abyss are rough and rugged in the extreme, and the whole place made me shiver.

It is customary for every one who visits the mountain to leave some writing in stone monuments made for the purpose. These are very interesting to read. In one we read, "The abyss reminds us of Hell," and from the ideas I had formed from Dante's "Inferno," my thought was voiced by those words.

A little way farther, on the narrow ridge which is not more than ten feet wide, we set some rocks rolling down the precipice. Words are inadequate to describe the feelings that swept over us as the great stones dashed down, carrying dozens more with them. They would start slowly at first, then, as they gathered force, would seem to dash themselves downward with a noise like many united thunder-claps let loose from the very throne of Jove, leaping, whirling like a dance of drunken demons, sinking, to disappear behind some cliff, only to bound out again, until at last we could see them crashing through the trees at the bottom. As we watched them we became entirely ungoverned; leaping from rock to rock like wild men, we waved our arms and shouted in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

When we became weary of this sport, we crossed over to the highest peak, where we built a monument to Pomola, the spirit of the mountain, with appropriate dedication, and carving '97 on a stone at the base of the tower.

Reluctantly we left this place and returned to the spring. After eating the rest of our lunch, a half a biscuit and a dipper of tea, we started down the slide. The descent was easier, and we reached camp before dark. The next morning we set out for the river by the new trail, which is much more direct, leading down by Katahdin

brook. This trail was spotted by Joe Francis himself, chief of the Penobscots, about two years ago.

Tuesday we struck camp and turned our canoes homeward. As we took a last look at the old mountain, we each made a resolve to come again and repeat the pleasures, together with the hardships. The journey home was relieved by "running" the rapids, which is more enjoyable from the slight element of danger which is in it. However, we arrived at the head of Ambagejus about noon, where we ate our dinner, then paddled our canoes swiftly down the lake.

The impressions gained on our trip will be ever with us, for where one is brought face to face with the Creator by seeing his work just as he made it, grand, beautiful, and sublime, the conception of the Creator himself is surely made more beautiful, more real.

—JAMES HAMILTON NASON, 1901.

THE POPULAR SONG.

HAVE you heard it whistled on the street, drummed on all sorts and conditions of musical instruments, and sung by the amateur soloist; and do you yourself, though not musical, it may be, occasionally give snatches of it unconsciously? If not, you cannot appreciate the influence that the popular song exercises in a community. For a time its catchy music and interesting sentiment are everywhere heard (and in most cases it is fortunate that it is but for a time).

What causes the popularity of these oftentimes doubtfully musical compositions? The popular songs of years ago were the songs of the people at their work, of the mother hushing her child to sleep, and perhaps "Old Hundred" and the "Doxology," sung with a proper sense of the fitness of time and place. Our so-called popular airs are generally first sung on the stage in the presence of hundreds of people, so that soon the air and words are in every one's mouth, and ground out by hand-organs and merry-go-rounds all over the country.

There are different reasons for the hold these simple airs have on us. In some the music seems to appeal directly to our senses and starts the blood to flowing more swiftly, while others are of a soothing influence, and some are sad. There are those whose music makes such an inspiring accompaniment to a lively two-step, and again, some add to the charm of a dreamy waltz.

As to the words, they are good, bad or indifferent, as the case may be, and few would be considered as gems of poetry. But

there is something in them all that appeals to humanity, that arouses some emotion common to all people, whatever their station. Take the words of "Sweet Marie," for example; they are not classic in idea or expression, yet how they seem to represent the emotion of the love-lorn youth, and give utterance to sentiments not to be expressed in ordinary language.

Some of the best-known deal with the ordinary events of everyday life. There is an old one, telling us that "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea," that is neither poetry or music, properly called, yet for a time it was as often heard as any of its more sentimental contemporaries.

Then there is that pretty story of a childish quarrel, "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," what a vivid picture of children's sports and consequent disagreements it gives us. How we wish we could "holler down a rain barrel," or "climb an apple tree," when we hear the childish words set to fascinating music. And there are the negro songs with their inimitable swing and individual style so characteristic of them, and dialect songs of all kinds.

But the most popular of all are the love songs. We enumerate the charms of some beautiful maiden, so long as she happened to be the style, but we soon forget her for the one who is "Not So Very Pretty, Nor Yet of High Degree." Now, "My Love's a High-Born Lady," and again "She's the Sunshine of Paradise Alley," but whoever she may be, she is the dearest maiden of the universe and her praises are sung in fashionable drawing-rooms, whistled by the news-boy on the street, and sounded forth by the full power of a brass band.

But this popularity is not of long duration. Another beautiful maiden appears on the scene, or another sad story must be told, and we entreat, "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True," or relate the misfortunes of the disappointed lover in "After the Ball." We hear no more of "Maggie Murphy's Home," and "The Poor Old Man in the Moon," who has been a sweetheart for so many a bashful maiden, not daring to own up about any one else. Their music is as sweet and their words express the same undying sentiment, but they are forgotten while we sound the praises of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and celebrate a "Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night."

So one popular air follows another, and as fast as one is worn out another takes its place, while the old favorites are forgotten in the praise of the new. Still a place that can be filled by no other music is occupied by these songs "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

—M. S. C., '99.

Bates Verse.

OPPOSITION.

I set my face against the bitter wind,
Caring naught for the cold gray sky;
The blinding sleet may sting and prick
Like needles as it dashes by.

The red blood glows in either cheek
From the active heart within;
And I cheerily laugh and sing and shout,
Seeking my way to win.

The freezing weather and angry hail
Rouse brain and nerve and limb.
Health triumphs over the elements bold,
In spite of their fury grim.

—'98.

THE SINGERS.

The choir sang the love of our Father,
With a wailing and solemn refrain,
Their voices were chiming together,
Their sorrow they could not restrain;
I thought as I passed from the service,
Ah, life is all anguish and pain.

Away from the church and the singers,
Far into the forest I went,
Where the birds sang the love of our Father,
With a cheerful and hearty consent.
"Ah, life is so sweet," I responded,
"Ah, life is all peace and content."

—W. T., '99.

THREE VALENTINES.

Oh! It was a gay little valentine,
This missive of lover bold,
And it seemed a vision of glory
To the maiden of ten years old.
Above were lace and cupids—
Below, a poem which said,
"I love you, little sweetheart,"
And she smiled as she read.

Oh! It was a sweet little valentine,
This missive of trembling lover,
And it opened a vista of happiness
To the maid of twenty summers.

It was just a little poem,
 No hearts, nor cupids, nor lace,
 But the tale of fervent love it told
 Brought a blush to the maiden's face.

Oh! It was a queer little valentine,
 But it seemed to the woman of thirty
 A beautiful thing in spite
 Of marks of hands that were dirty,
 And scratches and blotches of ink,
 For 'neath the page a poem lies,
 "We love you, mamma dearest,"
 And the tears rose in her eyes.

Which did she love the best?
 The gay, the sweet, or the queer?
 Who can tell save the mother's eyes
 As she gazed on her children dear?

—L. G., '9-.

MY FRIEND.

I have a friend, a friend as yet unknown;
 Whose inner soul is kindred to my own,
 A friend who can a sacred silence keep,
 Who still will love me, when I fall asleep,
 A dear rare friend, with whom I am alone.

A human friend, who knows that I am weak,
 Who feels the thoughts whose depth I cannot speak.
 Whose earnest heart, like golden sunbeams, cheers,
 Who smiles at smiles, and weeps at sorrow's tears;
 This is the friend my longing soul doth seek.

A friend who cannot here perfection gain,
 Yet seeks a heavenly mansion to attain.
 Oh, tender friend with power to sympathize,
 Come to me, love-light beaming in thine eyes,
 And let thy friendship all my soul enchain!

Where art thou, kindred spirit? oft alone
 I feel thy living heart beat with my own;
 I feel the thrill of friendship's keen delight,
 And miss thee only by my earthly sight;
 I'm sure thy presence in this world is known.

Come, friendship rare, and near my soul abide;
 Come, know my weakness, feel my strength and pride;
 I need thee in the darkness, in the light;
 Come, bring thy presence to my longing sight,
 And let me in thy strength and weakness hide.

I'll know thee, friend, I'm sure that I can trace
 Thy friendly soul within thy beaming face.
 A friendship true as thine, I'll give to thee,
 A bond which strengthens through eternity,
 For sacred friendship Heaven will not efface.

—W. T., '99.

Around the Editors' Table.

THERE may have been a time when the college curriculum was too narrow and inflexible. But a great change has taken place in the college course of to-day.

A class of fifty students entering college differ in intellectual ability, in natural tastes, in equipment. The thought now is, not how to frame a curriculum that will mould the mass into one grand likeness, but how to preserve the individuality of each student.

We congratulate ourselves on this state of affairs and that the old cast-iron routine of study is fast becoming a thing of the past. At present a student can, to a great extent, elect those studies most congenial to his natural aptitude.

This elective system has taken rather a novel form at Bates. A student contemplating the Christian ministry, may take two studies of the regular work in college, and elect one study in Cobb Divinity School. This entitles him to the degree of A.B. from college, at the end of four years, and a degree from Cobb Divinity School two years later, thus completing a seven years' course in six.

Some thirteen students are now pursuing this line of work, and it may seem to many to be a great advantage to students who are in a hurry to get into "the work." We believe in the elective system, we believe in preserving individualism, but we do not believe in a system that cuts off a year from the wrong end of a young man's preparation for the Christian ministry. And above all, the verdict of experience is, no student can, with profit, be connected with two institutions, diverse in purpose and manner of thought, at one and the same time.

In a word, "No man can serve two masters, for he will either hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." One thing at a time, is a faithful saying and should be accepted by all, whether contemplating the Christian ministry, law or any other profession.

IT is remarkable how much circumstance contributes to the career of the individual. Although he may have the same characteristics, the same aspirations at one time as another, yet external influence causes strange variety in his actions; and much of this influence

is directly exerted by his associates. Their tempers, their moods, their thoughts concealed or expressed, all act upon him, and the resultant of the two forces, the individual force of character and the influence of his associates, is necessarily affected by the varying intensity of the two. Then how important it is, if we wield such power over one another, that calm, deliberate thought should precede every action and that our intimate associates should be carefully selected. In college, where we are all united in the same interests, in the same pursuits, there is power granted to us, which, if we use rightly, will benefit not only ourselves but our companions. In the prayer-meeting, in the class-room, in the society, in one place and another, we are constantly meeting a smile, a word of greeting, a sympathetic grasp of the hand, a carefully prepared lesson, inexhaustible good nature, ready tact; all these exert their twofold influence. Nor is it simply for the present. In our youth, while we are forming our characters, we are building the solid structure that shall last to eternity. If the foundation is weak and improperly built, alas for the edifice, but if well and faithfully wrought, behold the most perfect work of God, a noble man!

HOW often have we heard thoughts, good thoughts, expressed in good English, which, nevertheless, have fallen far short of the effect which they merited, simply because they were uttered in a voice which repelled us. And at other times we have heard other thoughts, no better than the first, yet uttered with a voice which expressed their deepest meaning, and they touched our minds and hearts and had an influence on our lives. Many of us after leaving college, may occupy positions in which we shall be called upon to address people, especially you who will be ministers, lawyers, or teachers; while to none can it be a matter of indifference. Much of it we admit is a natural gift, yet much is acquired by training. Phillips Brooks overcame an impediment in his speech and proved, notwithstanding the advice of his teachers, that he could be a preacher and one with few equals.

Do we have enough of vocal culture at Bates? Are a few lessons each year sufficient? No. We ought to have it as regular work in every term of our college course, that while we are learning to think, we may learn to express our thoughts.

If this is needed, and none will deny it, then how shall we obtain it? A method has been proposed which seems worthy, at least, of

careful consideration. It is this. That each student be assessed one dollar per term, which with our present number would mean seven hundred and fifty dollars per year, and that the remainder be made up by the friends and alumni of the college, who, we believe, would be glad to do so. True, it would mean a sacrifice on our part. But is not the end worth sacrificing for—to have our voice under control as well as our minds and our muscles; to feel that if ever we speak before people it may be with effect?

If we obtain this it will require earnest effort on our part, and so we urge you, students and alumni, to think carefully of this, and if it seems a worthy end, to lend your aid and help to raise on this line the standard of Bates; and we believe that results will follow which the college will feel and over which it will have reason to rejoice.

WE, as students, need to realize the benefit of concentration in our work. We sometimes wonder how one student can have a share in many departments of college life, seeming to have time for everything, while another cannot successfully undertake more than one; though he is always busy, his work piles up before him alarmingly. "Why, of course," you say, "some people are quicker than others, and can learn a lesson in half the time." That may be true, and yet there is often a reason for it in the methods of study which are used by these students. English students are said to be able to accomplish more work in college than Americans, because they have learned to study harder, and apply themselves more closely to their work, while the time they save is given to outside work and to healthful exercise, which makes the mind clearer and more active. Americans, on the other hand, are said to carry their habits of nervous haste even into the class-room, and to allow their minds to travel so easily from one subject to another that they are never really studious. While perhaps we may not accept this idea as absolutely true, we must see the truth which it presents. No one wants his college life to be all study, for if he does no work outside the regular routine, he is likely to become narrow and one-sided, besides losing much pleasure. Then unless lessons are to be slighted, it is desirable to learn them quickly, and the best way to do this is to study with the mind intent upon this one thing. One who sits with an open book before him while his thoughts wander through the length and breadth of the earth, is not likely to fix any lesson in his mind. Study, then, not half-heartedly, but with a lively interest

in the subject, and see if the lesson is not more easily learned, and if you do not have, at least, a small fraction of leisure time.

ONE great disadvantage which seems to be peculiarly Bates's, when compared with other colleges, is in regard to a Reading-Room. In each institution which the writer has visited, there has been a reading-room furnished with many of the best magazines and newspapers. And these reading-rooms were not locked up to be opened only by those so fortunate as to own or borrow a key; but were maintained under the same management, open to the same persons, and used fully as frequently as were the libraries.

Again, a reading-room, composed as it is of newspapers and magazines, what is it for, if not to keep the student informed about the current topics of art, science, and literature, and of the political and social world of this and foreign countries? Surely, we do not get this information from bound volumes.

One may question, "what are the advantages of such a change?" The advantages would be many and important. For, since under the present conditions, with low fees and few members, it is possible to furnish the Reading-Room with many good papers and magazines, if it were maintained as is the Library, each student could be taxed a very small sum for its running expenses, and thus the cost would be reduced to a minimum, while the number of magazines and papers could be greatly increased. Furthermore, while at present there are comparatively few who have the opportunity of using the Reading-Room, if, on the other hand, it was carried on as suggested, with the door open to all as is the Library door, there would be a great number of students who would make use of the reading-room, especially when studying up on some current topic. And last, but not least, there would be this advantage, that it would be practically a new opportunity offered to the young ladies. At present, how many young ladies make use of the Reading-Room? Very few, I think. But Bates is a co-educational school, and in recitation, as well as in society work, the young ladies are expected to do the same work and deal with the same subjects as the young men; therefore, why should they not have the free use of the Reading-Room?

The gymnasium teams of Yale and Princeton will give a joint exhibition this winter.

Alumni Round-Table.

CLASS REVIEW.

CLASS OF 1877.

Joseph Aubrey Chase, A.M. Graduate student at Harvard, Yale, and Meadville, Penn. Pastor of Unitarian Church, St. Joseph, Mo., 1883-84; Chelmsford, Mass., 1884-92; Northborough, Mass., 1892-96; Houlton, Me., 1896-. Present address, Houlton, Me.

Oliver Barrett Clason, A.M. Principal of Academy, Patten, Me., 1877-78. Principal of High School, Lisbon, Me., 1878-79; Hopkinton, Mass., 1879-80. Studied law in the office of Hon. Henry S. Webster, Gardiner, Me. Admitted to the bar, Kennebec County, 1881. Practiced law at Gardiner since 1881. Member of Common Council two years. Member of Board of Aldermen two years. President of both Boards. Member of School Board, 1880. Representative to the Legislature in 1888 and 1890, from Gardiner, Me. Trustee of the Normal Schools—appointed 1891. Member of Board of Overseers, Bates College, 1888. President of the same in 1891. Member of the Executive Council of Governor Cleaves in 1895-96. State Senator from Gardiner in 1897-98. Present address, Gardiner, Me.

Clarence Vaulney Emerson. Principal of High School, Bowdoinham, Me., 1877-79; Warren, Me., 1880-81. Read law with Hutchinson & Savage, Lewiston, Me., 1879-82. Admitted to the bar, Androscoggin County, 1882. Practiced law, associated with E. M. Briggs, Esq. (Bates, '79), Lewiston, 1883-88. Practiced law without a partner, 1888-. Executive officer of Board of Health four years. City Solicitor, 1889-90. Clerk of Municipal Court, 1890-. Much interested in Masonry, and has taken thirty-two degrees. Present address, Lewiston, Me.

Benjamin Tappan Hathaway, A.M. Principal of High School, Rock Island, Ill., 1878-80. Studied law with A. M. Spear, Esq. (Bates, '75), Hallowell, and Henry Harrington, Esq., Gardiner, 1880-81. Admitted to the bar, Kennebec County, 1881. Practiced law in Gardiner, 1881-83. Railroad surveyor in Dakota, 1883-84. Superintendent of Schools, Northfield, Minn., 1884-89. Practiced law in company with G. H. Wyman, Esq. (Bates, '77), Anoka, Minn., 1889-91. Present address, Great Falls, Mo.

Carrie Maria Morehouse. Taught in Mechanic Falls one term.

Taught in private school, Washington, Conn., 1879-82; Bristol, Conn., 1882-. Published "Legend of Psyche, and Other Verses," 1889. Her husband, Henry Sandford Morehouse, died November 27, 1879. Her present address, Bristol, Conn.

Leander Hathaway Moulton, A.M. Teacher in Durham, 1877-78. Principal of Academy, China, 1878-79. Principal Normal Academy, Lee, 1879-91. Principal High School, Lisbon Falls, 1891-. Address, Lisbon Falls, Me.

Newell Perkins Noble. Principal of High School, Phillips, 1877-78. Read law in the office of Elias Field, Esq., of same place, 1878-79. In mercantile business for about fifteen years, Phillips, since 1879-. Member of school committee and trustee of savings bank. Superintendent of Schools since 1893, Phillips. At present in law office of F. E. Timberlake, Phillips. Address, Phillips, Me.

Jennie Rich North, A.M. First assistant, High School, Rockland, 1877-81; ditto High School, Bristol, Conn., 1881-82; ditto Academy, South Berwick, 1882-83; ditto High School, Rockland, 1883-88. Teacher in private school, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1889-. Married E. Y. Turner. Address, 471 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PERSONALS.

'69.—Mrs. Mary Wheelwright Birchall, A.M. (née Mitchell), of the Class of '69, is now teaching a private school at Laconia, N. H. Mrs. Birchall was the first lady to graduate at a New England college, a pioneer opening up a new era for the education of women.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin is superintending the construction of a new five-hundred-thousand-dollar High School building in New York City. Residence, 2,042 7th Avenue, New York City.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, founder and first editor of the BATES STUDENT, is now editor of a large daily newspaper in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'77.—J. W. Smith of St. Paul, Minn., made a short visit in Lewiston, recently.

'79.—C. M. Sargent is agent for the Appleton Publishing House.

'80.—J. F. Parsons is now settled on a large farm in Vermont.

'80.—The *Morning Star* is printing a series of articles from the pen of Rev. F. L. Hayes, who is now located at Cripple Creek, Colorado. Mr. Hayes regards his health as now re-established.

'81.—C. L. McCleery is editor and manager of a large newspaper in Lowell, Mass. Mr. McCleery's friends expect him to become the next license commissioner of the city.

'81.—C. A. Strout is agent for a subscription publishing house.

'81.—C. S. Haskell is principal of No. 2 High School, Brooklyn, one of the oldest schools of New York.

'82.—O. H. Tracy, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Boston, is about to take the field to solicit funds for the completion of the new Free Baptist Church of Boston.

'85.—Mrs. Emma L., wife of Prof. A. B. Morrill, died in Easthampton, Mass., Thursday, February 3d, after a long and distressing illness, aged 40 years. Mrs. Morrill was the daughter of Levi L. and Naomi Lucas of St. Albans, Me. She was graduated from Maine Central Institute in the Class of 1880; was appointed preceptress of that institution, where she remained till her marriage in 1886. Mrs. Morrill leaves, beside her husband, two children, Frank and Myra, both quite young. Her parents are living, also four brothers, two of whom live in Minnesota, one in New York City, and one with the parents at St. Albans, Me. Funeral services were held at her home at Easthampton, Saturday forenoon, and at St. Albans, Sunday, February 6th, where the remains were taken for interment.

'86.—H. C. Lowden, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, North Berwick, Me., has accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church, Auburn, R. I. Mr. Lowden will take charge of his new pastorate in March, 1898.

'87.—U. G. Wheeler of West Springfield, Mass., was recently elected vice-president of the Massachusetts Association of Town and District School Superintendents.

'87.—The fifth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. Israel Jordan and wife of Bethel was the occasion of a pleasant entertainment at Garland Memorial Chapel in Bethel, Monday evening. The ladies of the church prepared a musical programme and light refreshments of cake and coffee, and without regard to creed or position the citizens of the village extended a cordial greeting to the beloved pastor and his wife. Mrs. Marion Gehring and Miss Lillian True played piano duets, Mr. Snyder and Miss Alice E. Purington sang solos, and were both encored. Refreshments were served. The pastor was presented a generous purse by his people, and the happy company returned to their homes.

'92.—O. A. Tuttle is principal of High School, Nahant, Mass.

'93.—R. A. Sturgis will graduate from Columbia Law School in June, 1898.

'95.—Miss E. B. Cornish gave a lecture before her class at Emerson College of Oratory, recently.

'96.—Miss Edith Peacock is assistant teacher in Gardiner High School. Miss Peacock is a successful teacher.

'96.—Miss Alice Eleanor Bonney of Auburn will give an entertainment of readings in the People's Church at Augusta on February 22d.

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, D.D.

(Suggested by his farewell address before the A. B. C. F. M. at New Haven.)

BY ALBERT HAYFORD HEATH, '67.

Hail! noblest of Romans, whose bow still abides
In strength; and whose word like "the swing of the tides"
As in wave upon wave they in majesty pour,
Their white-crested beauty along the wide shore.

Thy compeers are gone; and in greatness alone,
On the battle's fore-front has thy flashing blade shone;
Where thought clashed with thought and the wild tempest flung
Its fury—thy matchless commanding voice rung.

Hail! brave of the brave; thou great leader of men,
Thy heart is the lion's—the eagle's thy ken:
Thy wisdom and grace, and the softness of love
By which thou hast conquered, are gifts from above.

Stay! sun in the west; as o'er Gibeon's height,
Beat back with thy splendor the curtains of night.
Let the evening be long, and the shadows be late,
That shall hide from our vision the good and the great.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., October, 20, 1897.

OBITUARY.

HANNAH ELIZABETH HALEY was born in Tuftonboro, N. H., on November 24, 1845, and died in Lowell, Mass., December 21, 1897, aged 52 years. She was the third daughter and youngest child of John S. and Mary Neal (Piper) Haley. Three brothers and one sister survive her; an elder sister had died in infancy.

Miss Haley's school privileges in early life were quite limited, but she studied much at home, under the tuition of her mother and an older sister. In due time, she pursued a course of study at Wolfeboro Academy, and became fitted for college. Meantime she taught several terms of district school, earning money in this manner to pay her way. She entered Bates College, pursued the regular curriculum, and graduated in the Class of 1873.

She then went to Stanfordville, N. Y., and pursued a four years' course of study in the "Christian Biblical Institute" located there. Her first sermon was delivered in Lowell, Mass., on Sunday, August 31, 1873, in the Free Chapel, then under the pastoral care of her brother-in-law, Rev. H. C. Duganne. During her connection with the Biblical School above mentioned, she preached much of the time, supplying one church regularly for many months.

She was ordained on May 10, 1877, in the chapel of the Biblical School at Stanfordville.

Thereafter, for twenty years, she labored faithfully and untiringly as an evangelist. Churches of various denominations—Congregational, Methodist, Free Baptist, Calvinistic Baptist, as well as those of her own faith and order, the Christian denomination, were built up and blessed by her labors. Revivals attended her preaching. Large numbers of persons professed conversion. In more than one instance, nearly or quite one-half of the present membership of a church is due to her faithful ministrations, under the Divine blessing. But she rests from her labors and her works do follow her. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

The Gospel which Miss Haley so faithfully preached in life, was her support in death.

To many a heart, the memory of Rev. H. Lizzie Haley will be precious in time to come. —JOHN W. HALEY.

That the Bates College Commencement Dinner of 1898 will be spread at City Hall, is a piece of intelligence that will no doubt be welcome news to the alumni who have in past years been crowded out of the circumscribed quarters in the gymnasium. The committee appointed at the last Commencement to consider the matter have decided on City Hall, and will recommend the plan to the Trustees at the meeting in January. Each alumnus will hereafter be entitled to one ticket, and only one. Bates has long needed to make some move in the way of better accommodations for her annual dinner, for many graduates have come long distances to attend, and have then been obliged to stand hungrily without the doors.—*Lewiston Sun*.

The following statistics are issued by the *New York World*. Total accidents in sport since 1894: swimming, 1,350; boating, 986; hunting, 684; bicycling, 264; foot-ball, 11.

Local Department.

GLIMPSSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

What madness seizes boys and girls,
Freshmen, Seniors, short and tall?
Echo answers—basket-ball.

Whence come those noises, laughter, screams,
Which on the ear appalling fall?
Echo answers—basket-ball.

Why do we see disfigured faces
Marked with bruises, one and all?
Echo answers—basket-ball.

Why is the floor of the ancient Gym
Strewn o'er with hair-pins, where they fall?
Echo answers—basket-ball.

President Chase returned last week from New York.

The "pro tem" pedagogues have nearly all returned.

Prof. G. Horne has been engaged to direct the Glee Club.

Mr. John Murphy, formerly of Bates, 1901, has entered Holy Cross College.

Miss L. B. Albee, '99, has accepted a position as teacher at North Livermore.

Miss Ava Chadbourne of Nichols Latin School, '95, has joined the Class of 1901.

"A social, a social, my kingdom for a social," such is the war-cry of each live student.

It is with pleasure that we announce the return of Miss Hicks to continue her studies with '99.

Ex-President Cheney is spending a few days at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Boothby.

Mr. D. M. Crosman, 1901, is recovering from a short illness and hopes to soon return to his class.

Time was called immediately after the first round in the contest between Miss Cox and Mr. Lary.

Professor Anthony gave a very interesting lecture at Clan Campbell Hall on Burns's anniversary.

Miss King of '99 is unable to return to her studies this term on account of the illness of her mother.

Mr. Call, 1900, has been chosen manager of the coming Athletic Exhibition, and Mr. Staples, 1900, as assistant.

"What do you think about the Colby-Bates debate?" is, and will be, a popular question until 11 P.M., March 4th.

The Class of 1900 passed a very pleasant evening, on February 16th, at the home of one of its members, Miss Sears.

An extra holiday was inserted in the College calendar February 1st. No recitations were held, owing to the severe storm.

Mr. J. E. Wilson, 1901, has been appointed as delegate to the Student Volunteer Convention, to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, February 23-27.

Mr. G. E. Healey, 1900, having completed a successful term of school at Wayne, has accepted a position as teacher in the High School in that town.

The hard heart of Professor Geer prevented the History Class from enjoying the repast of corn-cakes and oranges about to be served by the Italian candy vender.

The question of "hard times" was being very enthusiastically discussed by the Political Economy Class, when the subject was brought home to them in a very practical manner by Professor Rand's walking in and distributing the term bills.

"The lost is found," not exactly, yet a long-felt want has been satisfied, namely, a co-educational walk across the campus. The Seniors have set the other classes an illustrious example in this benevolent work. Let the good work go on.

Captain Nathan Pulsifer reports the base-ball outlook, for the coming season, to be very good. There is an abundance of excellent material with which to make up a team. Contrary to the general impression he states that we are not going to be weak in pitching.

Several interesting and instructive courses of lectures have been opened by various pastors in Lewiston and Auburn this winter. These lectures are held at the different churches on Sunday evenings. The students have a grand opportunity for reaping the benefits from these results of extensive reading and study.

Sunday, February 13th, was the day appointed by the World's Student Christian Federation as a day of prayer for students all over the world. A special meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A.

room at half-past two for prayer and praise. Mr. Knapp conducted the service, and presented, in a very effective way, this world-wide movement among students.

The course of Friday afternoon lectures at Roger Williams Hall still continues. February 4th Rev. Henry R. Rose of Auburn lectured on "The Spiritual Teachings of Browning." February 11th Mrs. George D. Armstrong gave her lecture on "The Madonnas." Great interest was added to this talk by the exhibition of many pictures. February 18th, Rev. Martyn Summerbell gave a very interesting talk on "Some Aspects of the Labor Problem."

The exercise work in the gymnasium was begun January 31st; the work in the cage began February 14th. The following is a list of the men who, at this time, have begun the work: Bennett, Hinkley, Sprague, B. Pulsifer, Quinn, Captain Pulsifer, Purinton, Lowe, Johnson, Goddard, Pottle, Hussey, Putnam, Smith, Dennett, Davis, Maerz. We look for strong additions to this list before long.

The Sophomores, having obtained a job lot, were recently planning on a bargain sale of second-hand hats, but the Freshmen, who happened at that time to be sorely in need of head-coverings, hearing of the approaching sale and the excellent assortment of hats, and fearing lest some one would get ahead of them in securing the bargains, broke into the temporary store house in which the Sophomores had placed their goods and carried on a forced sale.

The first inter-scholastic debate for the prize offered by the College Club occurred at City Hall, January 29th. In this contest the Edward Little High School of Auburn defeated the Lewiston High School. The successful team was composed of Messrs. Coan, Webber, Wardwell, and Garcelon. The second contest in this series is to occur February 25th at City Hall. In this event the Latin School is to meet the representatives from Hebron Academy.

Amid all the sudden changes of the thermometer the members of the Glee Club are keeping their voices in tune. They are planning for the following engagements, to occur some time the last of this month: A concert at Greene, also at Lisbon Falls. During March Manager Lary states that the club is to give a concert at the chapel. The concert is to be the same as they will give on the trip, which is to occur the first week of next term. It is to be also a benefit concert, and on the success of this will depend somewhat the extent of their trip. For, provided their finances are in good condition, they desire

to extend their trip to the northern part of the state. This would surely be an excellent way of bringing the name of the college before the people of that locality. Therefore, ye students, when the date of this concert arrives, be sure to go and take your sister, or your brother.

The inauguration of the STUDENT Board was celebrated at Frisbee Hall, Saturday evening, January 22d, when Miss Albee hospitably received the editors and managers, inviting a few privileged persons to witness the ceremony. The programme was in every way appropriate to the occasion, though not entirely literary. One of its features was some very good music kindly furnished by Miss Carrie Miller and Mr. Chase. The evening was a most enjoyable one, and Miss Albee was voted a very successful hostess.

The girls of the college are indebted to Mrs. Hartshorn for a delightful evening spent at her home, Thursday, February 3d. Under the guidance of Mrs. Stackpole they were transported to the sunny land of Italy, and introduced to the life and customs to be seen there. Pictures of beautiful Italian scenes, of historic buildings, and especially of famous paintings seemed to bring Florence near to our own land. Italian refreshments were served, after which the company returned to America—and their homes.

No recitations were held on Thursday, January 27th, that day being observed as the Day of Prayer for Colleges. A students' prayer-meeting, led by Mr. Landman, '98, was held in the Y. M. C. A. room immediately after chapel. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the sermon of the day was preached by Rev. Lewis Malvern of Portland. He spoke in an earnest and pleasing manner from the text, "God is love." The evening prayer-meeting was led by Professor Geer, being very well attended and of much interest.

Since the close of the fall term many outside people have questioned why the societies did not have a public meeting and whether they are going to have one later in the year. Now this shows that the people are quite a little interested in the work of our societies, and surely a very creditable showing for the college is made at these meetings. Therefore would it not be well to consider a Union Public Meeting, composed of all three societies, to occur some time this spring? By so doing the expenses would be very much lessened and a better meeting be assured. And such an occurrence would do much to keep out society lines.

That our library is constantly growing is shown by the number of new books which are added from time to time. Among the latest additions are the following :

Dawson—Story of the Earth and Man ; Macy—Our Government ; Reed and Kellogg—Higher Lessons in English ; Robinson—Chemical Note-Book of Metals ; Shepard—Elements of Chemistry ; Wentworth—Grammar School Arithmetic ; Williams—Laboratory of General Chemistry ; Trollope—The Commentaries of Cæsar. (These eight volumes were given by Professor Hartshorn.) Ball—The Cause of an Ice Age ; Beadle—Life in Utah ; George—The Condition of Labor ; Rolfe—Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar ; (presented by the alumni.) Ball—Short History of Mathematics ; (nine copies given by the College Club.) Presented by Miss E. E. Wyllie : Crawford—Corleone (2 vols). Presented by R. C. Winthrop, Jr. : Memoir of Robert C. Winthrop. Presented by Miss Mary Morison : Memoir of John Hopkins Morison.

The black-haired Sophomore from M. C. I. recently displayed how very seldom he had had occasion to consult a lexicon in his previous work, by the following course of action. Strange as it may seem he had invested in a French dictionary, and with this by his side, he sat down to "plug" out his morrow's lesson. Finding a strange-looking word, he began to thumb his dictionary. He thumbed and he thumbed till his brow was moist, yet the word he could not find, for that kind of a book was new to his untrained mind. At last, as he was about to despair, a bright idea came to him. Taking his mysterious book, he ascended the stairs and knocked at the door of a studious classmate. After satirizing upon his humbug book and pointing out the place where the word should be, he awaited his friend's reply. "Why," said Mr. P——, "this, your book, is a French-English and English-French dictionary, and you are hunting in the English-French section." A grab for the book, a pair of heels, a roar of laughter, and this embarrassed youth disappeared from sight. Problem.—How could this youth possibly have got his former lessons in Latin, Greek, etc., without a dictionary?

Daily newspapers are now published by ten colleges and universities in the United States : Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Brown, Stanford, Tulane, University of Pennsylvania, University of Wisconsin, and University of Michigan.

College Exchanges.

The *Brown Magazine* opens with an article on the "Sources of Pessimism in Modern Life." In the words of the writer—"Pessimism is no peculiar product of modern civilization, but is found wherever man has lived and struggled." The discussion is treated under three heads: temperamental tendencies, painful experiences of the individual life, and reflections upon the nature of the world and life as a whole. The following clipping from the same contains a cheering thought:

Another significant fact is that in the last half-century the masses of the people both in Europe and America have come to a new consciousness of the possibilities of life. The rapid extension of education, the wide diffusion of information through the press, and the freer movement of travel, have all broadened the outlook of the average man and suggested to him a life richer, both in material and intellectual content, than he knew before. He has felt a thousand new wants; and these wants have increased more rapidly than the means for supplying them.

In the *Wellesley Magazine*, "Episodes of the Holidays" is vivid and entertaining; but "Miss Tilury," the sketch of a modest little spinster, deserves especial praise. Yet there is a question if her tragic end does not detract from the general realism.

The *Smith College Monthly* maintains its usual high standard. "The American College" is an essay not to be lightly passed over. In the same magazine "A Glimpse of New Mexico" is of picturesque and graceful style.

"The Valley of Childish Things," in the *Mount Holyoke*, shows both pathos and beauty. In this number there is also an interesting story, "Deb and I."

The *Tennessee University Magazine* contains a short article entitled, "Recollections on the Mother of Tom Hughes," which is noticeable for a certain indefinable quaintness.

"The Gentleman from New Hampshire," in *The University Beacon*, relates several episodes in a charming way.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* takes the lead in love stories. This edition numbers four.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

There are lily-white pearls in the sea,
There are sunsets that golden the skies,
There are flowers that bloom o'er the lea;
But how sweet are thy laughing blue eyes!

There's the violin's mellow refrains,
 There's the nightingale's silvery songs,
 There's the soul-melting harp's liquid strains;
 To thy voice, Sweet, my spirit belongs.

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

TOLERANCE.

O man, why strive with fellow-man
 About some creed which from thine own
 Is but a step,
 While there remains that mighty depth
 Of sin and shame to span?

Think not to you God has revealed
 The whole of his great, wondrous truth
 That none can read;
 For men have died to serve their creed
 Who never knew thy Lord.

—*The Brown Magazine.*

O ye fair women that die and forsake us;
 Has the earth any gain from the treasure ye lavished?
 Is there some sweet return for your loss she will make us;
 For the red and the white and the gold she has ravished?

Is it gone, is it waste, all the light of your tresses;
 The soft speech, the laughter, the sound of your singing;
 The touch of your hands like the light wind's caresses,
 The whisper your gowns used to make in their swinging?

O ye dead women, has all of you perished,
 Or somewhere deep down in the earth's hiding-places
 Are ye hidden and kept, are ye treasured and cherished,
 To be rendered again in new forms and new faces?

Is it you, is it you, the faint scent of the summer?
 Is it you, the low whisper of winds in their going!
 The song of the swallow, the swift spring-time comer.
 The gold of the grain ready-ripe for the mowing.

Is it your steps that the wanton brook follows?
 Your touch, the cool brush of the leaves as we pass them,
 Going down the dim aisles into shadowy hollows?
 Earth! what of these treasures—that thou didst amass them?

O Earth, render back all the treasure they lavished;
 The soft speech, the laughter, the sound of their singing;
 The red and the white and the gold thou hast ravished;
 The whisper their gowns used to make in their swinging.

—*The University Cynic.*

"MEMORY."

A Picture by Vedder.

The sea rolls in to the land;
 The sun sinks low to the sea;
 Both the sweep of the sea and the course of the sun
 Limits command.

THE BATES STUDENT.

A brooding light that fades,
Breaks through the upheaved clouds,
To the uttermost bounds of the running sea,
Haunting the shades.

Oh life, that is wave on wave,
Oh life, that is life of love,
O'er the flood of thy thought, at the end prevails
The light love gave. —*The Wellesley Magazine.*

A BACHELOR DREAMER.

He sits alone within his room,
And gazes at the dying fire,
Whose fitful flames bear through the gloom
The burden of his heart's desire.
Sometimes he starts, as if is heard
A woman's footstep on the stair—
'Twas but the creaking board that stirred;
Unless a spirit linger'd there.
But often as the smoke wreaths rise,
Sad fancy comes with all her brood:
He sees a face whose dreamy eyes
Rebuke him for his solitude.
A woman's garment rustles low,
His name is murmur'd by wan lips;
Soft fingers touch his wearied brow
And in his own a small hand slips.
Thus sits he lost in wistful dreams
Of what the past can never be,
And all his lonely musing seems
Lit up by fairy phantasy. —*Georgetown College Journal.*

A SUMMER EVENING.

The sun, a flaming ball of molten fire,
Has dipped below the distant mountain's rim,
And orange clouds, with brilliant crimson streaked,
Flood all the western sky, and seethe in coppery,
Fiery waves up to the very zenith.
The tiny water-pools among the rocks
Glitter and flash with many streaks of gold.
The waiting cows, before the pasture bars,
The sweet-fern bushes trample under-foot,
And spicy fragrance steals upon the air.
The katydids, in shrill and piping notes,
Assert again their plea monotonous;
While from some cool and darkening forest glade
Is borne the whip-poor-will's long, plaintive cry.
From tiny hill-side cottages, that hide
'Neath broad ancestral maples towering high,
Bright lights flash out and twinkle in the gloom.
The firefly's spark is seen, and seen, is gone,
The twilight deepening to dusk, and dusk
To night, brings peace, and dreamy, sweet repose.
—*The Smith College Monthly.*

Our Book-Shelf.

Curiously enough our first two books this month belong to the early days of America's history and contain allusions to Washington as subordinate and as commander-in-chief. As subordinate, he is kept in the background, but as commander-in-chief, he is shown to us in such guise that we know him, not only as the leader of men, but as a man himself, and while he is made to disclose traits of character by no means angelic, yet we cannot say that the author has belittled America's chieftain. The essential nature of the great man stands forth noble and generous still, and his errors need not so fearfully startle us.

Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker,¹ by Dr. Mitchell, is a story of Revolutionary and ante-Revolutionary times. The scene is laid in Philadelphia, and we get a glimpse of Quaker non-resistance. The story opens with the growing murmurs of Americans' discontent of English rule, and presently we find ourselves in the midst of the War for Independence and meet the leading generals of the patriot army,—Washington, Greene, Lafayette and many others. The story witnesses Arnold's treachery and Andre's sad fate. Hugh Wynne, the hero of the tale, is a Quaker lad of Philadelphia, son of a rigid old merchant, whose marked characteristics are a laboriously learned conformity to the views of the Friends, and a rigid intolerance of youth, pleasure, armed resistance to authority, and innovations of all sorts. In a moment of forgetfulness, as it would seem, this grim disciple of Penn had married a sweet, merry French woman. The blending of these two natures may be plainly traced in their son. Hugh Wynne is a young man, strong, ardent, tenacious of purpose, but deeply sensitive and tender withal,—such a man as we admire and applaud in youth and revere in old age. We see him obedient to his father, tenderly affectionate to his mother, appreciative of grotesque Aunt Gainor and loyal Jack Warder, patient with willful and capricious Darthea. Then he is the daring hero, the patriotic soldier, the sympathetic comrade. The story reads like a real record, and each character becomes to us a living person. Dr. Mitchell's style is refreshingly simple. Just as we are prepared for some fine flourish of rhetoric, he surprises us with some simple, everyday expression that brings the truth home with startling force. If this is not the great American novel, it is certainly a very satisfactory substitute for it.

*The Seats of the Mighty*² is the poetic title of Gilbert Parker's romance of old Quebec. The story is of the time of the French and Indian War and recites the news of the defeats and successes of the opposing armies as heard at Quebec, and closes with Wolfe's splendid victory. The hero of the story is a young Englishman, brave and alert, who has been brought from Fort Necessity to Quebec as a hostage. Treacherously detained beyond the terms of the agreement, he makes bold to send to "Mr. Washington" drawings of Fort DuQuesne and the fortifications of Quebec. Knowledge of this daring act comes to the ears of Doltaire, a personal enemy, and he is confined in the citadel and tried as a spy. His life is spared, but the imprisonment continues until he is worn and wasted with suffering. He finally escapes and takes part in Wolfe's great undertaking. We read that he was near the great general and heard him repeat, "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," etc. But while the hero is an interesting character, the heroine is no less notable. She exhibits in her character all the beauty and grace, all the silent determination, courage, wit, and faithfulness of a northern-bred French girl. For days, weeks, and months she saves her lover's life by playing upon the credulity of Doltaire, the wiliest scoundrel in the land. Whether

standing demurely by her mother's side in the home drawing-room, or parrying the insinuating advances of the unwelcome lover, or disguised in wig and cap seeking the lonely prison cell, or dancing for hours before the drunken courtiers to avert the fatal blow, she is always a rare and dazzling figure. The spirit of the story seems heavy with dread and apprehension, imperfectly relieved by the few gleams of sunlight. Perhaps it is in accord with the spirit of the times.

Two of Miss Agnes Repplier's essays in the collection named *Varia*³ are well worth reading. There is a healthy ring to the "Little Pharisees in Fiction." In this she shows herself a worthy iconoclast. The dear little Pharisees never lived, and Miss Repplier would shatter the tombstones erected to their memory. In "The Eternal Feminine" we read that women are probably no more foolish to-day than they were a century or two ago, and that the present "new woman" stands a fair chance of being held up as a model by the generation of her granddaughters. The remaining essays of the collection seem to fall below the author's standard in spirit of thought and expression.

The American Book Co. sends us a *School History of the United States*,⁴ by McMaster, in which we discover some strong points of excellence. There is a bit of philosophy interwoven with the recital of events. The colonial period is treated as the fourth of the United States, and in this way is shown to bear the same relation to our later career that the youth of a great man should bear to his maturer years. In accordance with this principle the story is restricted to the recital of such events as are really necessary to a correct understanding of our nation's life and progress since 1776. The chapter on "Politics since 1880," will enable the teachers in the lower grade schools to give the pupils a little knowledge of our monetary system. The work is copiously supplied with maps and engravings. The topical outlines and summaries will greatly aid those teachers and students who wish to find the trenchant points of a subject and not spend time "shooting in the woods."

¹ Hugh Wynne. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. The Century Company. \$2.50.

² The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.75.

³ *Varia*. By Miss Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

⁴ A History of the United States. By McMaster. The American Book Company. \$1.25.

Columbia will open her new gymnasium next February.

Some one is authority for the statement that there are more than 400,000 alumni in the United States.

There is a plan now under consideration to consolidate Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which would make one of the largest universities in the world, with a total of 6,000 students.

At New York University the Juniors have adopted the custom of wearing mortar-board caps on the campus. Groups of them can be seen at almost any time during the day engaged in the vain endeavor of keeping them symmetrically balanced on their heads.

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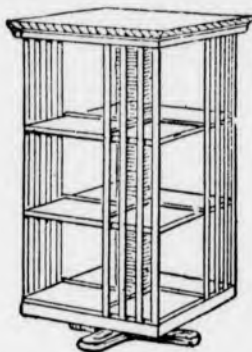
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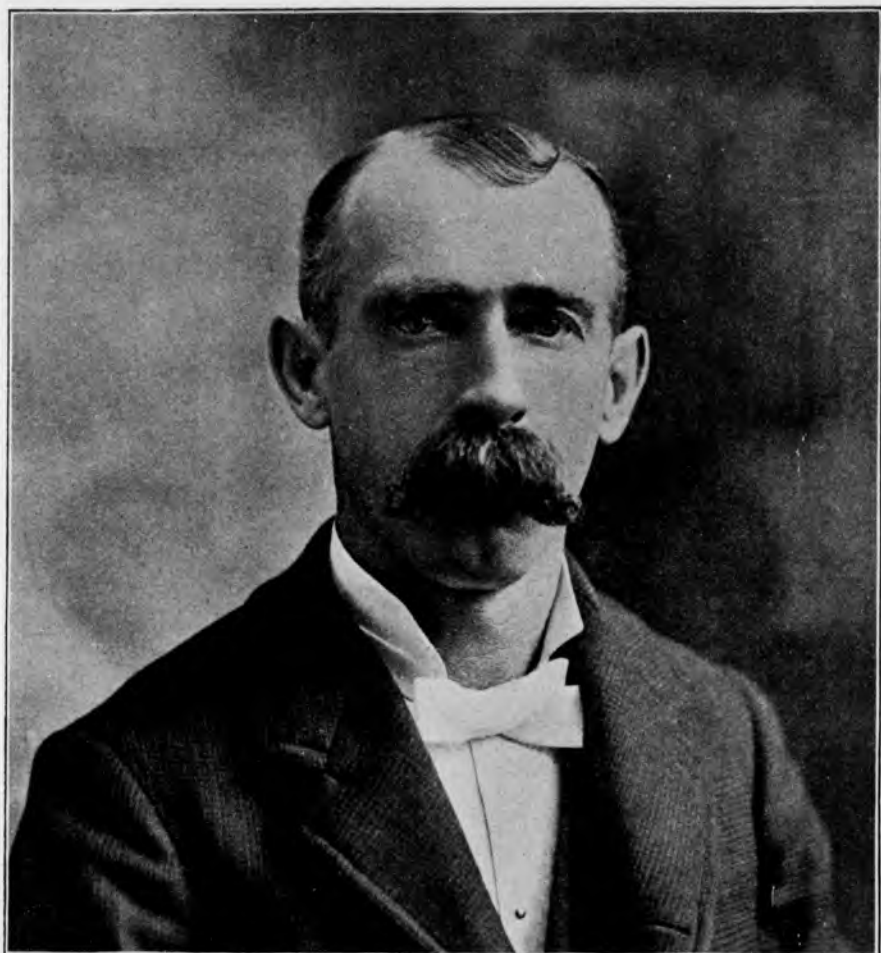
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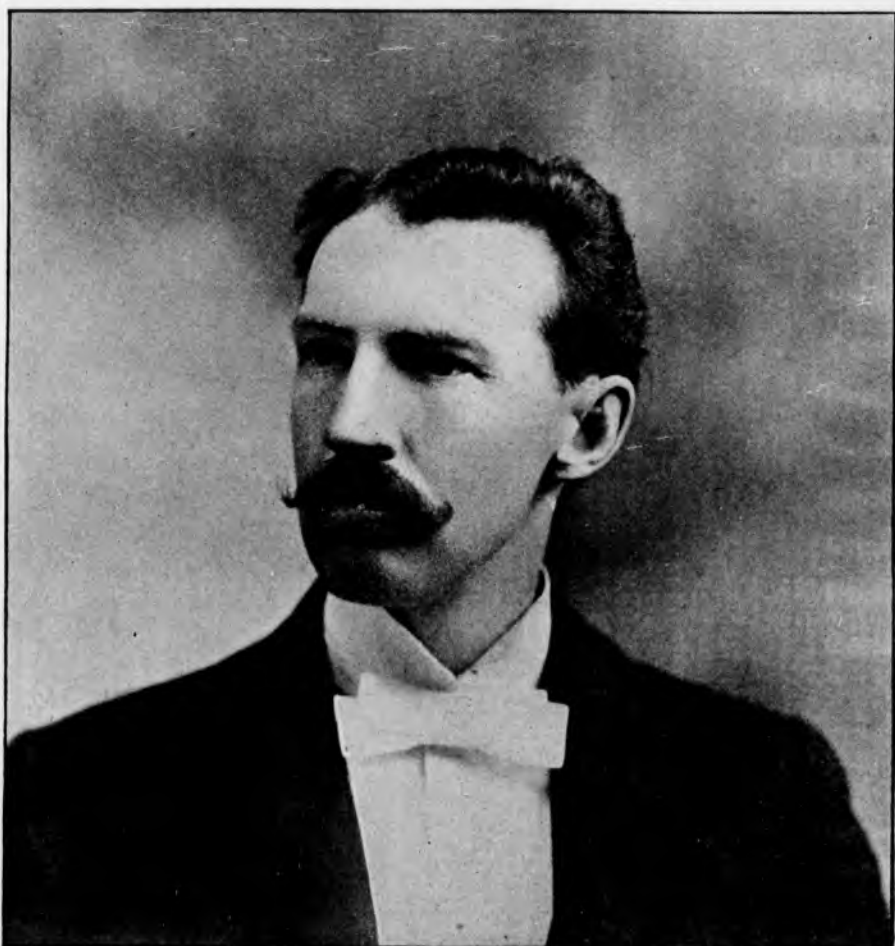
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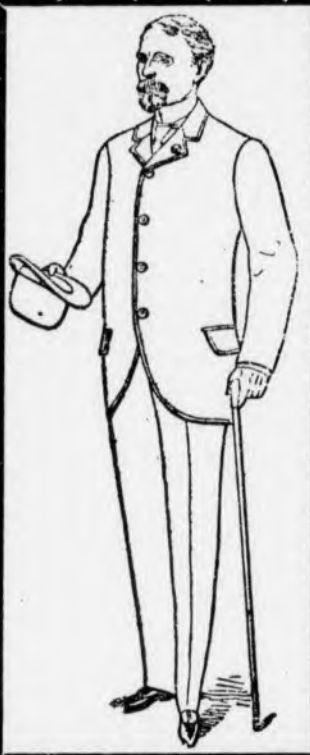
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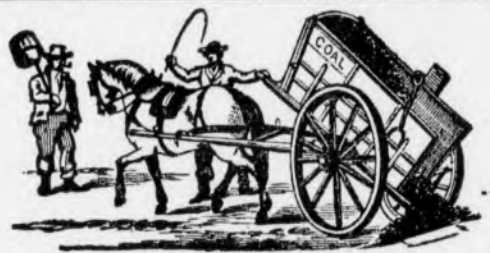
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