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THE

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SONG OF THE MARCH WIND.

Long weary months, 'neath icy bands,
I lay in bondage, sighing,
And Winter ruled throughout all lands,
While I in chains was lying.

But broken now each bond so strong,
I am a free wind flying,
And joyous, happy is my song,
For Winter lies a-dying.

Thro' shivering trees I shriek with glee,
O'er hill-tops I go moaning.
I drown with laughter, loud and free,
Old Winter's feeble groaning.

In gentler mood, I whisper low
Of secrets softly singing,
To trees, and flowers beneath the snow,
A pleasant message bringing.

For in the hills, when on my way
Grim Winter to be slaying,
I heard sweet April bid me say
She would not long be staying.

Old Winter's strength is ebbing fast,
All day he lies a-sleeping.
I'll bear him far from earth at last
When April comes a-weeping.

B., '98.

PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF TIM TURNER.

HER fluffy yellow hair was blown about by the wind, and from her deep blue eyes were falling many tears. She was clad in rich furs, while a delicate perfume pervaded her costly garments. The keen air had brought a rich color to her face, and in her distress she looked very beautiful.

So thought the tiny newsboy who laboriously carried a huge pile of papers. He was much surprised to see the pretty lady crying. In his small experience tears belonged to babies and little girls. His infant brother had a great talent for weeping and his two-years-old sister stormed heartily that very afternoon when she broke her china doll's neck; but ragged Tim had never seen a young lady cry before. With a boldness, prompted by pity, he drew a step nearer, and with a graceful sweep of his hat such as the elegant gentlemen on King Street exchanged for a scarcely perceptible nod from some stiffly fashionable damsel, he said, "My lady, can I do anything for you?"

Quickly turning her head toward the sound of the thin, piping voice, Clara Vandyke beheld a diminutive, ragged newsboy. His tiny, pointed face was pale and thin. Two large, saucy, black eyes redeemed a countenance which otherwise might have been plain. Curly strands of dark hair bordered his faded blue cap. He looked like an extremely bright and interesting small boy. Just now an expression of pity had robbed his merry little mouth of its habitual smile.

"And what would you do for me, my little man?" said Miss Vandyke, with a half-ashamed attempt to wipe away her tears.

"You are in trouble," replied Tim, "I want to help you if I can."

"Well, maybe you can, but what is your name and where do you live?"

"My name is Tim Turner and I live in Mulligan's Alley."

"My name is Clara Vandyke and I live in that big house two blocks away," said the young lady, directing her gaze towards a magnificent residence. "Now come with me, Tim, and I will tell you what you can do to help me. We will wait till I get home, for I fear I shall cry very hard when I tell you what is the matter."

"What shall I call you, Clara or Miss Vandyke?" inquired Tim.

"Oh, call me Clara," said she with rash haste.

"Clara, I think you are very pretty," ventured Tim.

"Do you?" replied that young lady, evidently much pleased, "what makes you think so?"

"Oh, your eyes are so large and blue and they shine so, they aren't like the people's down in Mulligan's Alley, and your cheeks are so rosy and—"

"Come, that will do, Tim, but when did you learn to speak so correctly? Do the folks in Mulligan's Alley all talk like you?"

"No, they say ain't and jest and git, but my ma used to be a school teacher before she married and she makes us talk good grammar."

"And is your father living?"

"No, he died last month. He drank lots, and once a man hit him with a club and he was sick a long time and died. He used to beat us and he swore fearfully. I was glad when he died, but ma said that was wicked because there was no hope for him and he certainly would go to hell."

"Here we are," said Miss Vandyke, as they drew near to the great house which looked more imposing than ever now close by. Tim ascended the steps with awe and stared with interest at the butler who opened the door for them.

"Is that your brother?" asked Tim.

"No, indeed!" said Miss Vandyke, wondering if her young friend intended a joke.

"I thought he didn't look like you, seeing as he is black," continued Tim.

The ragged newsboy felt quite lost in the great hall. He was softly feeling the velvety carpet with the tip of his toe, when a door close at hand was briskly opened and an old lady with sharp eyes shining crossly through her spectacles, stepped out. "Ragamuffin, who let you in?" she thundered in a harsh voice. "I must give the butler a piece of my mind."

"Stop a bit, Aunt Jerusha," interrupted Miss Vandyke, "this is Tim Turner, and he is going to help me find Minto."

"Clara Vandyke, you'd better—" but the door of the handsome reception room had closed behind Tim and Clara.

Tim felt very insignificant as he huddled up against the wall, but Miss Vandyke bade him sit in the great easy chair. Then taking a seat in front of him she said, "Now I will tell you why I feel so badly. I have lost my little Minto. Oh Minto, Minto!"

The newsboy, quite ill at ease in his great chair, looked very much puzzled. As soon as the violence of Miss Van-

dyke's grief had abated he asked, "Won't you please tell me what a minto is? I never saw one. Is it a kind of monkey?"

"Oh, Minto is his name," said she, almost smiling through her tears. "Wait a minute and I will show you his picture."

"Why, it is a dog!" said Tim in surprise as he gazed at the picture of a small pug. "Now I see, and his name is Minto."

"Don't you think he is beautiful?" inquired Miss Vandyke.

"Y-e-s," answered Tim rather doubtfully, for he did not regard pugs in a favorable light.

"Now, Tim, I want you to look everywhere and see if you can find him. When he got lost he had a silver collar which said Minto Vandyke on it. I haven't seen him for a week."

"I will do all I can to find him for you, Clara," answered Tim, rising and looking at his papers with anxiety, for it was now growing late.

So the two newly-made friends said good-bye. Tim hurried along with his papers, at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for all pugs; but the three he inspected had other names on their collars. They were not Minto. That night he recounted his adventures to an admiring audience of two—Mrs. Turner and Birdie Turner. The baby was asleep.

The next morning Tim rose bright and early that he might devote all possible time to the search for Minto. After eating a hearty breakfast he donned his faded blue cap and rushed out of doors. The first object that met his gaze was a small, disreputable pug—but as Tim approached, the pug retreated rapidly and soon disappeared around the neighboring corner. Tim followed at full speed, but just as he reached the corner he slipped, and in falling collided with an old woman of somewhat more than ordinary proportions. The two went down together, with excited ejaculations from the latter. "Sure indade, me b'y, will ye be fer pickin' me up? Ye young scoundrel, ain't ye any better business than knockin' a pore ould woman down?"

"Take one of your own size next time, sonny," shouted an interested bystander. In the meantime the possessions of the unfortunate woman had been scattered in all directions. Two red lobsters, well saturated with kerosene, had jumped into the gutter, while a couple of onions danced a jig on the pavement. Tim tried to ask pardon for his unfortunate collision, but his victim gave him no time.

"Bub, I'll hev ye arristed. The loikes of ye ain't fit to roam these straits. I'm aminded to give ye a whack thet'll set ye skippin' both wid yer toes an' yer tongue. Take thet, will ye!" But before the heavy blow had descended on Tim's quaking back, he had made rapid progress and was far away from the angry old woman. As the pug had disappeared he looked all around for something encouraging; but seeing nothing of the kind, he decided to go to the better part of the city; for he reasoned that a pug accustomed to a fine house would certainly not leave it for some old tenement.

Before Tim reached the fashionable

streets and the fine residences he had inspected fifteen pugs, but all in vain. Now as he was gazing inquiringly at Colonel Barker's magnificent abode he saw a pug airing himself on the veranda. His drooping spirits rose with throbbing expectation, while his weary feet fairly ran up the steps. He was about to read the inscription on the dog's collar when the door of the house was opened and a short and elegantly attired young gentleman stepped out.

"Let that dog alone, will you, little beggar."

"Does he belong to you?" asked Tim quietly.

"Exactly, but what do you want with the dog?"

Tim hesitated a moment, but seeing no reason why he should not confide in the young swell he said, "Clara Vandyke has lost her little Minto and I am trying to find him for her."

"What did you say—Clara Vandyke lost Minto! By the holy Muses! Say, sonny, let me help you—no, that won't do. Wait a minute, I'd give a small fortune to restore that dog to Miss Vandyke. Here, bubby, I have it. You find the dog and bring it to me and I'll pay you well."

Tim thought a minute, in the meantime carefully inspecting the young dude. He was not wholly pleased with his looks and at length asked, "What would you tell Miss Vandyke if I found Minto and let you have him?"

"I'd say I hunted for him with all my might." Young Barker could have bitten his lips after he said this, for somehow the words came out before he thought; but Tim was highly displeased, and with a hasty "Good day, sir, I can't accommodate you," he hurried down the steps. He distinctly heard a voice call to him, "Say, sonny, come back a minute." This, however, only inspired him to hasten the faster.

By this time Tim was extremely tired and was becoming quite discouraged. He began to lose all hope of finding Minto and sat down on a curbstone to rest. While he was sitting there, disconsolate and pale, a young man passed that way. He was tall and handsome, with large blue eyes and heavy dark hair. Seeing a tired, ragged little boy sitting on the curbing, the young man asked if anything were the trouble. "I am looking for Miss Vandyke's dog," replied Tim.

"Oh, has Miss Vandyke lost her dog?" inquired the stranger. I must help you find it. I would do anything for Miss Vandyke."

"Don't you think she is beautiful?" asked Tim.

"Yes," said the stranger, "very beautiful, and she is as good as she is beautiful."

"What is your name?" inquired Tim.

"Andrew Harmon," replied the young man," and what is yours, little boy?"

"Tim Turner."

So Mr. Harmon and Tim together began to search for Minto. They looked in barns and in alleys, at windows and on fine piazzas, but no trace of the lost dog appeared. Tim wished to look at every pug, but Mr. Harmon dissuaded him, as he knew Minto quite well, having been often at the home of

Miss Vandyke. It was a strange sight, the tall, elegantly attired Mr. Harmon, and the small Tim.

While they were carefully searching all nooks and crannies for the lost Minto, Clara Vandyke's home was the scene of activities extremely interesting to an outsider. Of course Miss Vandyke had advertised for her lost darling, and the item was now bringing in rich returns.

"Miss Vandyke, a man with a pug," announced the butler, and Clara's hopes began to rise; but alas—a ragged, dirty specimen of humanity, known to the world at large as a tramp, now made his appearance. The dog he carried in his arms was, if possible, more disreputable than himself. Yet the tramp was well schooled in his manners. "Miss Vandyke, for I flatter myself that I have the pleasure of addressing that individual, it behooves me to suggest to you that I am about to restore to you your-er-r-r beautiful sky-terrier."

"Sir, excuse me for interrupting you, but that is not my dog."

"Not your dog! You certainly are mistaken, for—," but in his astonishment he got no further, as he beheld four individuals, each carrying a pug, coming up the steps. He deemed it wise to depart before they entered, which was equally agreeable to his hostess.

Miss Vandyke could not refrain from smiling at the strange assembly now before her. A tall, ministerial gentleman, with a silk hat in one hand and a string in the other, which, by its active jerking, betrayed the dog at the end of it, was followed by a wiry little man with an enormously fat poodle in his arms. Next came a child in a print pinafore, hugging her doggie close under her neck. Last, but by no means least, was an Italian street vender holding his specimen under his arm. But unfortunately Minto was not in the quartette of barking pugs.

Just then, glancing out of the window, Miss Vandyke saw Minto struggling in the embrace of Tim and Mr. Harmon.

The writer, unfortunately, does not know where they found him. Clara sent Tim to college, but she did not marry Mr. Harmon, for there were others.

M. E. C., '99.

AUNT DOLLY.

ON the southern slope of the mountain, at whose base nestles the little village of Mayton, there stands, half-hidden among the pines, a little old-fashioned farm-house. It is low and gray and much worn by wind and storm; yet firmly it stands, a lonely sentinel over the quiet village lying peacefully below it. This old house is known throughout the village and for miles around as the home of Dorothy Rivers and her brother Peter. Every one in the neighborhood knows Aunt Dolly, as she is invariably called by young and old, and every one can tell you the story of her sad life.

Sixty years ago Dolly first saw the light in the little old house which has been her home ever since that time. When she was only eighteen, a cruel blow fell upon her life and robbed her of father, mother, and sister in one brief month. Then the brave girl

began her struggle to obtain a living for herself and her simple-minded brother, whom the dying mother had given into her hands as a sacred charge. In vain, the villagers urged her to give Peter into the care of the town authorities, while she should find work in the village. They argued that the half-witted lad would be only a hindrance to her in her attempt to gain a livelihood. But she absolutely refused to be separated from the boy who had been entrusted to her care. The old homestead, though heavily mortgaged, still remained in her possession; and resolutely she set to work upon the few rocky acres which she could call her own. For forty years she has carried on the farm-work herself; and, with what little help Peter could give, has managed to obtain the necessities of life, and to partially pay off the mortgage on the old place.

Few comforts have come into her life, which has been one of care and sacrifice and hardship. Yet on her face are written peace and joy, for in her heart she has the knowledge that she has kept unbroken the faith placed in her forty years ago. Simple Uncle Peter is happy in his sister's loving care. In his child-like confidence he is willing to trust everything to Dolly, and obeys her cheerfully, although to others he is often sullen and cross.

In the midst of all her own cares and anxieties, Aunt Dolly is ever ready to lend a hand to others. In every house in the village her little plump figure and beaming face is a welcome sight, while, in time of sickness, she is not to be dispensed with. Many a mother, watching over a little sufferer's bed, or mourning for her lost one, has been cheered by words of comfort spoken by Aunt Dolly's gentle voice. Many a restless, feverish child has been hushed into peaceful slumber by the same sweet voice crooning some old song, or by a soft, cool hand stroking his burning forehead. Truly, in the time of pain and misery, Aunt Dolly becomes a ministering angel.

Every child in the village considers the little old lady as his particular friend; and the old gray house often rings with the merry voices of the children in their play. Such times are to Uncle Peter the happiest imaginable, for he himself becomes a child again. The brightest hours of his simple life are those in which he is romping with some of his little favorites, who may ride on his broad back, or play horse with his long coat-tails as often as they please. So the old place has become a loved spot to every child, and scarcely a day passes in which some of the little folks do not climb the steep road for a frolic with Uncle Peter or for a piece of Aunt Dolly's gingerbread.

The villagers will tell you that Aunt Dolly need not have been an "old maid," for the Judge tried several times to gain her consent to wed him, but was always unsuccessful. Other suitors have not been wanting; yet firmly has she refused them all, and has devoted herself to the brother dependent upon her. She has sacrificed her own pleasure for his sake; and the knowledge of a duty well done is the reward that she has sought and won.

ZARA, '98.

LIFE'S CRISES.

ON the morning of September 22, 1862, Abraham Lincoln is sitting alone in the Cabinet Room of the White House at Washington. The hum of the busy outer world intrudes dimly within the room, but he heeds it not. His rugged face is seamed with lines of care; his lips are set; his eyes gleam with a dawning of a great resolve. Before him on the table lies a paper,—the first copy of the Emancipation Proclamation. Within that quiet room a great crisis is reaching its final settlement, and the decision of that crisis is to mark a turning point in the nation's history. Shall he sign the proclamation? Shall union and the freedom of the slave be made one cause to stand or fall together? All summer he has grappled with the problem. No human counsel can direct his action; the responsibility rests upon him alone. Once more the details of the great alternative pass before his mind. The news has come that the rebels are driven out of Maryland. At last his decision is reached; the fetters fall from the limbs of four million slaves; and the greatest crisis in the life of the Republic has been safely passed.

Cæsar gazing with indecision in his eyes across the Rubicon down into Italy; Napoleon halting on the west bank of the Nieder before beginning that fatal Moscow expedition which cost the lives of 500,000 men, and so far as man can judge, changed the future of a continent; these also are instances of crises in individual lives which have been turning-points in history. These are examples of the tremendous issues which may depend on the action of one human will.

Such crises, indeed, are rare. Few men in a century are called to stand facing an alternative with the future of a nation in their hands. But similar decisions must be made in every life—decisions which, though not recorded in the book of history, are yet graven in the eternal adamant of character. With great force, then, to every thinker comes the question, "How are these choices made? By what process do such supreme decisions rise out of the current of a human life?"

There are those who hold that heredity and environment are the sole factors in such decisions; that man is a mere machine registering the action of these two forces. Heredity and environment are indeed potent factors, yet we cannot admit their power as absolute. For how can this world be growing better with the passing years unless some men at least rise above their ancestry and their surroundings to make choices for themselves and for their fellows? And is there not in every man a sovereign power which enables him, standing in a crisis, to say with the full consciousness that he is shaping his own future, "I choose this or that alternative?"

Yes, every life has its crises, and the responsibility of decision rests with the man himself. The youth fresh with the vigor of life's morning, meets crises early in his journey. Much that seems fair and good and beautiful is beckoning him on every hand, and he must choose. The young man must choose between an immediate entrance

upon a business career and the impulse leading him to acquire a college education which shall better equip him for life's conflict. The student leaving college halls must balance in his mind the attractions of the various professions, and choose between them. Rival opportunities, opposing interests, conflicting tendencies, and above all, crises involving right and wrong, rise up constantly before the man and bid him choose. Nor will they tarry long for his decision. The sum of such decisions is a character. The record of these choices is the story of a human life.

But are such crises decided by the effort of the moment, or does the man's whole life exercise a consistent, certain influence upon the choice? Clearly, such decisions can not be independent of one another, for habit here asserts its well-nigh resistless power. The man's first choice must modify in some degree all those which follow. As he has chosen once it will be easier for him to choose again. As he has chosen many times he will be very sure to choose again. Every choice, however seeming trivial, has its influence upon the decision of all future crises. No man confronts a crisis unaided, unhindered by the life which is behind him. All his previous choices rise out of the past and range themselves in opposing lines of battle over every new decision. Woe to the man for whom those spectral warriors are enemies and not allies!

That habit of choice, then, which we call judgment, is a powerful factor in the decision of all crises. But how are these first choices made from which the habit grows? Those who study the operation of the mind tell us that the essential act of the will in making a decision consists in fixing the attention firmly on one alternative rather than the other, and that whatever is allowed to occupy the attention of the mind continuously must result in action. The thoughts and interests which possess the mind to-day are to be the forces which shall decide the crises of to-morrow. No man ever fell from integrity to baseness, no Benedict Arnold ever slunk out into the night with the brand of traitor on his brow, because of the impulse of a single moment. Little by little such a man began to allow his thoughts to rest on things beneath him. At last he could no longer keep his attention fixed upon the right, and he fell.

How did Lincoln decide the great crisis of his life? From early boyhood, in spite of every difficulty, he had fixed his thoughts persistently on what his reason told him must be best, and when the supreme trial came he was equal to the test.

Constant, persistent attention to the highest things is, then, the surest guarantee for the safe decision of life's crises. And in such training lies the essential worth of all true education. Much of the knowledge and lore of books which is acquired with such painstaking care may slip away and be forgotten, but every effort of the will in resolutely holding the attention to what is worthy, though it seem difficult, will remain as an unfailing source of strength in all life's future choices.

The wise traveller along life's road will make his journey step by step. Not striving to pierce with anxious eye the mist which shuts across the way before him, but fixing his attention ever on the best within his reach, seeing the beauty which surrounds the path, learning the lessons of earth, and air, and sky; he trusts that whenever some parting of the ways be reached, whatever may depend on the decision, his will, strong with the accumulated might of daily victories, shall still discern the right and choose the better way.

C. E. MILLIKEN, '97.

HARPER'S FERRY.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:

. . . . . .

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

THERE is nothing that can better describe the antique and historic spot,—Harper's Ferry. Indeed, many have said that they would rather spend a few weeks at Harper's Ferry than take a trip abroad. Well have they spoken, too. There is scarcely a place to be found, of its size, in the country where nature has been so lavish with all her varied gifts; mountains, hills, valleys, rivers, an island which is famed for scores of miles around as a great excursion resort, and even a body of water which bears the important name of Lake Quigly; these belong to Harper's Ferry, and all can be seen within an hour's walking, so close are they together. Other features of the place, of which every town cannot boast, are the magnificent views from some of the heights. I will mention one.

Standing on Loudoun Heights (1400 feet high) you can see three states, Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland. The grandeur of this view you can never forget. Looking toward the Virginian side you can see Capitol Mountain, forty miles away. This mountain takes its name from its close resemblance to the national capitol. In West Virginia the steeples of Charlestown, nine miles away, are distinctly seen. But the prettiest view of all is that through the gap along the Potomac into Maryland.

The Ferry, as the natives call it, is of interest to Americans both from an historical and a scientific point. Here was dealt, October 16, 1859, the first blow against slavery, and at Charlestown its first martyr was tried and hung. Bolivar Heights and Camp Hill was the place of a battle, September 15, 1862. Every year bullets, canteens, rusty muskets, and human bones are unearthed. Then Sharpsburg, Winchester, and Charlestown—all places of historic interest—are within a few hours of delightful driving on a southern "turnpike." The natural Gibraltar-like fortifications of Harper's Ferry made it of great importance during the civil war, since it served as a gate-way to Washington and the North.

Its scientific interest lies in the field of geology. Would we could summon back the genii who had their home here

ages and ages back, and draw from them the awful mystery; how the clear waters of the Potomac and the greenish waters of the Shenandoah happened to unite here, and how they came in their present channels, and how the gap was made, and how came there such elixir springs and treacherous ravines. Would they say: "Ages and ages ago, before man drifted ashore, a mighty glacier came floating by, and all these, the gap, the rivers, and the ravines, were sculptured out and formed by it?" Or would they say: "After the birth of the Blue Ridge, two angry streams, one from the northward and one from the southward, came rushing by, and through their scouring and tearing they caused these majestic remains?" While either of these answers may give us a poetic formation, neither satisfies the scientific longing. The true theory seems to be that at some remote epoch the mountains were continuous, but were rent asunder by some great upheaval. This is supported by the corresponding formations found on opposing faces of the mountains. Possibly, after this upheaval, there was a great lake extending over an area of many miles. After this disappeared, and at not a very remote period, the rivers eroded their bed through the valleys. However, future geological research will reveal to us its true formation.

Harper's Ferry now has two divisions—the Ferry, situated exactly where the Potomac and Shenandoah unite and flow through the gap, and Camp Hill, 475 feet above sea level. Formerly Bolivar, which is somewhat level and higher than Camp Hill, belonged to the Ferry corporation, but it is now a separate village. The Ferry can hardly be called a typical southern town, because of its lack of *ancient aristocracy*. This may seem a trivial cause, but a southern town without its "first families" is considered of small consequence. It is as St. Peter's would be without its dome—its crowning beauty gone.

The Ferry, lying between the present and the past, the North with its busy wheels, and the far South with its plantations, gives one the impression of something begun, not yet finished. However, it is this very neglected appearance which gives it the charm of antiquity, and an individuality all its own. It is truly the seat of sprite-stories, legends, and romances. Here lies much loose material that could be put to good use by the novelist and dramatist.

The industries of the Ferry are very limited. Its reputation is dependent on its scenery and its position as a health resort. Nevertheless the bugle-call of the canal-boat, as it is pulled by its faithful mules up the Potomac, will some day awaken the citizens, and that cloud of lethargy which doth seemingly enshroud them will be lifted, and they will see that their own beloved Ferry is destined to be the great railroad and commercial metropolis of the South in the East.

Whoever once goes to the Ferry is drawn thither again by a power greater than that of magnetism. Yet it is not in anywise due to the work of mortal artist, sculptor, or poet, but to the sublime architecture, sculpture, and painting of the Hand unseen.

STELLA JAMES, '97.

Alumni Department.

SYMPOSIUM: Societies and Society Work.

Editors of Student:

WHEN one of the old boys is reminded of his college, he is liable to fall into a reminiscent mood. Mr. Stanford's graphic picture of the birth and infancy of the Student, and O. B. Clason's description of the famous spelling match between the college boys and high school girls, have stirred many pleasant memories of that far-away time.

The one who, in a critical time of that exciting struggle between the college and high school, made a bold bluff and by accident correctly spelled "h-o-i-t-y-t-o-i-t-y," will not soon forget the look of chagrin that went over the faces of the fair high school maidens and the smile of triumph that irradiated the countenances of their opponents.

The result of the battle filled the maidens with wrath. Charges of dishonesty against their rivals were freely made. The following conundrum appeared in the Bates Student: "Why are the high school girls like eggs?" Answer—"Because they foam when beaten."

And what has this to do with the relation of the literary societies to the college? Nothing, except by way of introduction.

When I reached the Bates campus, over a quarter of a century ago—a timid and verdant youth—I was welcomed with open arms. Even Seniors beamed upon me, extended generous hospitality, refreshed me with sweet music and delectable viands. I was an honored guest at the society meetings. Brilliant flights of oratory and profound arguments were calculated to make a deep impression upon my susceptible mind, which, of course, they did. Such a delightful introduction into college life was at variance with my preconceived notions of hazing. I had never fully realized my importance before. But a change came. I yielded to the seductive fascination and *joined*, and at once sunk into insignificance. It dawned upon me that I had been "cultivated," and was only a Freshman like unto others.

Doubtless those endearing methods of welcoming a new student into Bates have long since passed away. But the dream was pleasant while it lasted.

One cannot recall those Friday evenings spent in the Society room without genuine pleasure, not unmixed with regret that the opportunities were not more fully appreciated. We oft did recline on the old settees in comfortable attitudes and indulge in frequent comments upon the performances of our fellow-members. If they did soar, their wings were clipped. The long and prosy essay, too generous in its extracts from the cyclopedia, was interrupted by rhythmic cadences from nasal organs. The motions introduced and debated were not always in accordance with parliamentary usage.

But it was in these meetings that the bonds of fellowship were strengthened, the timid lost their embarrassment, shams were ridiculed, mind sharpened by contact with mind, power developed, and true ability received just recognition. The towering eloquence of Baker, the sonorous periods of Spear, the genial humor of Palmer, the subtle philosophy of Acterian, found appreciative and applauding listeners.

Perchance we were too eager to solve the great unsolved problems of finance, government, philosophy, and religion in our weekly debates. Our orations may have been somewhat grandiloquent in language and profound in thought. But the one who, in youth, is bold enough to attack the problems that have puzzled the philosophers for centuries, will have gained the power to settle the questions that arise in the humble sphere of his future life-work. He has "hitched his wagon to a star," and the wheels thereof will not drag.

To see plainly and to tell what you have seen, so that others look through your eyes; to think clearly and make your language the transparent medium of your thought; to feel deeply and so interpret your feelings that others may see their own emotions mirrored in your soul—these are among the richest gifts that society training can bestow.

Many Bates graduates are ready to affirm that among the most valued treasures received from the college course, none excel the influence and work of the society life, and if they were to live their college life over again, society work would receive greater attention.

I presume that the presence of the ladies in the societies of the present has banished all the crudities of the olden time, and made the meetings not only decorous but wonderfully attractive and stimulating. It is gratifying to learn that the high literary standard of the past has not been lowered, that enthusiasm does not wane, and that a younger sister joins the group. For her, as for the others, we express the hope that she, "like the river, may onward go and broader flow."

H. S. COWELL, '75.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., March 3, 1897.

To the Alumni Editor of the Student:

DEAR SIR,—Your request for a contribution to a symposium on "The Work of the Literary Societies at Bates and its Significance to the College" awakens a train of recollections which takes us back nearly a decade of years to our *début* as a Freshman in our respected *Alma Mater*. Then,—and now the question is to become the more complex by the advent of a third society,—the great problem of the hour to the new-comer was his prospective alliance with one of the literary societies. Then,—and we presume the Freshman of A.D. 1897 will be found to be just as susceptible to the influence of that "glib and oily art" as were the Freshmen of '88,—he was made to feel to even a greater degree than he had ever before dreamed, by the solicitous favors showered upon him by the upper-classmen, how necessary he was to the future progress of society in general, and of their own

society in particular—a fact which was not so apparent, perhaps, when he was once enrolled as a member.

We shall be pardoned, we feel sure, if at any time we may seem to digress from our subject. The Muse of Reminiscence often leads one into many by-paths, and her ways seldom lie along the paths of logic; and further, we believe it is quite generally understood that many of the things done and said at symposiums are held to be pardonable offences, and on such occasions one is expected to do and say things for which no one would afterward think of holding him strictly accountable. While reflecting upon the relation of our literary societies to the student, the greater problem of the true purpose of his whole college training forced itself upon us, and if, as is generally admitted, the object of his college training is a well-rounded development of all his faculties, then the work of the literary societies have a place equally important with, and which cannot be replaced by that of, any other department.

The student period is a crucial one. The individual can then be bent and moulded, but he is influenced by his environments in a constantly-lessening degree with each passing year. If he could then be made to realize his true relation to the conditions about him; if he could only see things then as he will see them a decade later, many seemingly trivial matters would assume an importance that would force from him the attention which they really deserve. Too few of the students in our schools and colleges to-day have any adequate conception of the significance of their school life. Too many measure their success by their rank bills, and look upon the valedictorian as the one who has drunk most deeply at the fountain of wisdom. It cannot be denied that high rank under conscientious and painstaking teachers means something. It unquestionably betokens a commendable element in the student, but it by no means follows, as of course, that such a student is getting the most out of his college training.

Growth, expansion, development, is the object of his student life. One may get it by means for which he will receive high rank in the class room, and another by means that are not taken into consideration at all or in a very slight degree in making up his standing in his classes. Not that we would condone in any degree neglect of one's class-room studies. Far from it. In one sense they are the foundation stones of the whole structure, and besides, there is no more desirable power to be acquired by the student than that of control over his mind, by which he can concentrate his energies and attention on work not wholly congenial to his tastes. Life is made up in a great measure of work, which requires just such control over one's mental powers in order to do it well. The development of the individual with a capacity for hard work is the goal toward which his whole energies should be directed.

At last our Muse has led us back, in a rambling way, perhaps, to the point whence we started. As to the importance of the work of the literary

societies to the college, it would seem to us, in view of what has already been said on the general purpose of our college course, that, as furnishing opportunities for rounding out one's mental training and acquiring a fund of useful knowledge and a certain power of thought and expression, it is entitled to equal consideration with any department of the college course. The great lack in this work is on the part of the student in earnestness and thoroughness. The average student neglects preparation, and enters upon the performance of any part assigned to him with the idea that it is incumbent upon him to entertain first, rather than with the idea of self-improvement; or he fails to get in earnest about the work and looks upon it as some disagreeable duty to be performed with the least exertion possible. It is so easy to neglect such work. Human nature, like water, has to be forced up hill. Not a few seem to think that any work not required to obtain the coveted degree of Bachelor of Arts is unworthy of their attention, and are living under the delusion that a diploma,—which in most cases, unless the recipient is a Latin professor, he will in five years require a lexicon to read,—together with certain cabalistic characters attached to their names, make up a magic wand, with one touch of which Dame Fortune will pour out her full lap of treasures at their feet. A rude awakening awaits such a one.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that it is development, well-rounded and systematic, that you are seeking, and not an encyclopedic knowledge of facts and theories. The development of the individual is the primary object, and the learning of what others have known and worked out, but secondary. "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages." In all his work each one must remember that it is his own nature which he is to cultivate. It can be shaped and modified, but his individuality cannot be eliminated therefrom without the effect of removing the temper from the steel.

"The sweetest fruits the gods bestow
Do best in thine own garden grow;
Till well the soil, for if not there,
Thou wilt not find them anywhere."

—'92.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

EXHORTING students to do active work in the literary societies is like delivering a lecture on temperance—your hearers all believe in it, and some of them practice it. Others unselfishly allow their neighbors to reap all the benefits. I wish I could say something to make each student at Bates as unwilling to do this work by proxy as he would be to do his eating by the same method. You will all awaken to it some day. Why not before the opportunity is past? Did you ever hear a graduate regret a moment of time given to this work? You have heard many bemoan excess in athletics, and a few condemn their too close application to study at the expense either of health or of a broader college experience. The graduate soon realizes that society

work is the most practical, as he has always found it the most interesting, department of college work. It combines the best elements of the field, the library, and the study. Affording, like a game, the face to face combat which tries our readiness and self-possession, it makes a no less practical test of the breadth and the mental grasp which our reading and study have developed. It is the one line of which each student can well afford to make a specialty, and in which excess will mean better and more gratifying results.

Bates offers unexcelled opportunities for literary and oratorical practice; and by opportunities I mean both the opportunity and the incentive to accept it. Literary work is the watch-word of the vital and ruling organizations of the student body. Their work is popular and contagious. A man who does not catch the fever lacks catching qualities. This singleness of purpose has resulted in a larger proportion of our students acquiring the ability to express their thoughts in public than is common in other colleges. What more valuable training could Bates give? Eurosophia and Polymnia have been pre-eminently useful, so useful as to be now recognized as the characteristic feature and unrivalled pride of our *Alma Mater*. May the new organization prove a true helpmate and a worthy rival! Are you availing yourself of these opportunities? If not, you need only to consider whether *you* are worth while. Everybody knows the work is.

L. J. BRACKETT, '94.

BOSTON, March 3, 1897.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

SOCIETY work at Bates marks the strength of the undergraduate, and in no small degree foretells the character of the graduate in his life pursuits. Of course you wish from me the woman's side of this subject. Everywhere about us are obvious proofs that ours is an age of progressive learning. This is marked in the zeal American women show in their study in clubs and societies, and their increased interest in the world's best literature of the past, and the vital topics of the present. The college bred woman of a generation ago was comparatively rare, and when found, was most often a recluse or a crank. At present she is more abundant, and not infrequently a leader in the best society. This is inevitable and also desirable. Women long out of school, and those denied the kindlier fortune of college study, are eagerly trying to keep pace with the college graduate. Not a few of them, I am proud to say, are succeeding, and put the college woman on her mettle if she is to retain an intellectual equilibrium on her higher plane. It is right that other women should look to the college maiden to learn how to make their own lives richer; and there is an emphatic need for the college woman *to know how*—how to learn, how to teach, how to lead, how to follow—in short, to possess in strong degree what cultured Emerson calls "the art of finesse," *i. e.*, "how to adapt means to ends." There is no better place to acquire this power than in society work at Bates. We used to think, sometimes, we had very

little to work with. If such a thought ever comes to you, remember that Ole Bull showed his mastery of the violin by playing difficult music in perfect harmony upon one string.

In staunchest loyalty to Bates, and with a Godspeed to the new society, I am

Very cordially yours,

MARY JOSEPHINE HODGDON, '93.

NASHUA, N. H., February 26, 1897.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

FOR many years Bates has prided herself not only upon the success of her athletic teams, but upon the enviable reputation which her representatives, by gentlemanly and sportsmanlike conduct, have everywhere established as men of character.

Believing that such a reputation, which can be won only by faithful training and correct personal habits, not only promotes success, but that in itself it is more to be courted than success, we, the alumni of Boston and vicinity, wish to express our sympathy for such measures as will tend to foster the feeling of personal responsibility among those who thus represent their college. Believing, further, that the rules of conduct, the observance of which is so essential to success on athletic fields, as well as to the maintenance of a high standard of character in our representatives, should, for the help and guidance of members of the athletic teams, be embodied in the form of rules, we earnestly recommend the adoption by the Faculty and students of the college of the following rules of training for the athletic teams:

1. Candidates for all athletic teams shall retire at or before 10.30 P.M. every evening except Saturdays during the training season.

2. Candidates for athletic teams shall not use either tobacco or intoxicating liquors in any form during the training season.

3. All candidates shall be governed as to diet by the rules laid down by the director of physical training.

4. The seasons of training for the various teams shall be as follows:

For the foot-ball team, from the opening of the fall term to the end of the last game;

For the base-ball team, from the first out-of-door practice to the last intercollegiate game;

For the representatives in tennis, from the sixth week previous to the intercollegiate tournament until the end of that tournament;

For track athletics, from the first day of April to the end of the intercollegiate games.

5. Penalties for violation of these rules shall be in the discretion of the athletic committee of the college, but in no case shall any penalty be more severe than disbarment from all athletic teams during the season in which the breach of training occurs.

Realizing that the value of these rules must depend entirely upon the college sentiment on the matters covered by them, we solicit for them, in case they are adopted, the hearty sympathy of Faculty and students, as well as the candidates for all the athletic teams.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

THE attention of the college world is at present forcibly attracted to the Honor System, which, when fully carried out, means absolute self-government for the students, and is without doubt the ideal of college government. This system has been adopted in many of our larger colleges, and, as far as we can learn, is a proven success. True it is that it has its dangers as well as advantages, but the latter would seem to outweigh the former.

We are convinced that to some degree, at least, cheating will be carried on under any system. To certain students the idea that they have been sly enough to escape the closest observation of the professor seems to be sufficient excuse for an action of this kind. But would not the amount of cheating be diminished did every student feel that complete trust was placed in him? Moreover, could any student hope to retain his good standing among his associates when they knew that his word was worthless? There certainly is a failure in coping with this difficulty among college men at the present time, simply because the students themselves are not alive to the meanness of taking an unfair advantage in an examination. President Lyon G. Tyler, of William and Mary College, where this system has been practiced for many years, in a communication on this subject to Columbia University, says: "The whole system of espionage is hateful from every view; it is degrading to the professor, for it makes him act the sneak, and it is insulting to the student, who is supposed to be a cheat." And further, "The very suspicion will itself breed the evil which we denounce, and the only proper thing to do is to cultivate a high moral stand and raise humanity up to it."

THOSE wishing to follow the progress of experimenters in the "attenuated somewhat" will be interested in an article by H. J. W. Dam, in the March number of *McClure's*. Bose, a Hindo, and Maconi, an Italian, have, by separate experiments, determined that we can telegraph from one electric station to another without the use of wires. In this manner communications between New York and London can be made with small expense compared to the present system of the cable.

IN this issue we insert the resolutions adopted by the alumni at their recent banquet, and we wish to call attention to the sentiments expressed. These resolutions were drawn up by men of experience in athletics and adopted by them as embodying the best methods of advancing our athletic standing among our sister colleges. We hold a reputation of which, considering our age as a college and the number of our students, we are and should be proud. It is, therefore, our duty, in justice to ourselves and to our friends of the alumni, to grasp every means for maintaining that standing and advancing it if possible.

THAT there has been a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the male singers at Bates has been a source of regret to the Faculty and some aggressive members of the student body. Although, from time to time, efforts have been made to awaken an interest in this very important part of our education, and we have had glee clubs that have been of credit to the institution, yet never until now have we attempted an organization that would be permanent in its working, like the athletic association or the literary societies.

Pursuant to this idea an organization has been formed upon a broad basis, which is designed to embrace *all* the male singers in the institution. Since it is a college organization it demands the co-operation of every singer in the college. Attendance at rehearsals should be considered a matter of duty, even though it involves some sacrifice. Improvement is what we are seeking, and, although all cannot be of the number who are to do concert work, yet every one can, at least, realize a higher degree of proficiency, to his personal advantage and the good of the college at large; and have the satisfaction of having drawn nearer to a possible goal.

WE trust that before this issue of the STUDENT leaves the printers, provision will have been made for the complete cancellation of that long-standing debt upon the Athletic Association. Already, through the generosity of the Faculty, alumni, and literary societies, we have pledges to the amount of $450, payable when the entire $600 shall be raised. As we go to press we cannot foretell what the financial success of the athletic exhibition will be, but we hope that by this means the larger part, if not all, of the remaining $150 may be secured. But whatever may be the success of the exhibition we must not relax our efforts until the last dollar is raised, otherwise, all that we have gained is lost. And once out of debt, it behooves us to be very watchful against a possible recurrence of our former situation, for we cannot expect our friends to come to our rescue again, nor is it right for us to look to them for such assistance.

College News and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Oh! refreshments, is it?
What modern lad would dream
That "esed atte beste"
Was Chaucer for ice-cream?

I thought 'twas only a march,
That with any lass I'd whirl,
And as the Fates would have it
I invited the wrong girl.

Let him who wrote this programme
From the business take a rest;
I lost a solid hour
With the maid I love the best.

Evidently the third society is here to stay.

The young ladies are taking a very active interest in bowling and basket ball.

Rev. H. R. Rose of Auburn gave a very interesting lecture at Roger Williams Hall, Friday, March 5th, on "Charles H. Parkhurst, the Apostle of Reform."

Through the kindness of Stanley Brothers, Newton, Mass., formerly of Lewiston, a Stanley Static X-ray Machine has been placed in the physical laboratory.

Inquisitive student, examining the new X-ray machine—"What would be seen if I should place my head in the path of the rays?" Professor, very deliberately—"Ugh! well—not much of anything."

Among the alumni who have recently visited the college are: C. C. Smith, '88; L. J. Brackett, '94; W. S. Brown, 95; B. L. Pettigrew, '95; C. N. Blanchard, '92; W. R. Fletcher, '95; Miss Leslie, '94; Miss Steward, '95; Miss Prescott, '96; N. R. Smith, '95; and Miss Staples, '95.

The Freshman polo team played their first game with the Y. M. C. A. team, March 3d, and won by a score of 14 to 5. The following is the line-up of the two teams:

BATES.		Y. M. C. A.
Bean.	First Rush.	E. Ward.
Purinton.	Second Rush.	Stewart.
Call.	Center.	Wentworth.
Sprague.	Halfback.	Atwood.
Griffin.	Goal.	L. Ward.

The days of auld lang syne—

"The female element no longer looks lonesome at chapel exercises. The time has now come when two settees are required for its accommodation; for, owing either to a fondness for the stove or to a praiseworthy desire to abolish class distinction, the girls of the college sit together at prayers during the winter months."

—Bates Student, February, 1879.

The questions and disputants for the Drew Prize Debates are as follows:

Should the United States maintain by force of arms, if necessary, the doctrine that no European power shall acquire territory in America?

Aff.—Woodside, Griffen, Toothaker.
Neg.—Pearson, Knowlton, Costello.

Is it desirable for the United States to annex Hawaii?

Aff.—Hutchins, Palmer, Wagg.
Neg.—Pulsifer, Churchill, Small.

The Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association met at Lewiston, Saturday, March 6th, the representatives being J. F. Dana, Bowdoin, '98; W. L. Ellis, M. S. C., '98; C. E. Milliken, Bates, '97. Colby sent no delegate.

Pierce, of Colby, was elected President; Milliken, of Bates, Vice-President; Dana, of Bowdoin, Secretary; and Ellis, of Maine State College, Treasurer. It was decided to hold the next annual tournament at Portland, June 7, 8, 9, and 10.

Before the fire they both sat late,
She popped the corn, and while they ate
The failing lamp showed a picture sweet
Of comfort rare and joy complete.

Another night, in another way
He did the popping, and people say
That on the curtain, shadows dim
Told of the deed and the bliss within.

An enjoyable social was given by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. in the gymnasium on the evening of February 22d. The following programme was carried out:

Bell March.
Tête-à-Tête—*a*. Weather.
b. Washington.
Fancy March.
"Esed atte beste."
Declamation. Stewart, '99.
Reading. Miss Blake, '99.
Vocal Solo. Mr. Marr.
March—"Auf Wiedersehen."

The following new books have been added to the college library:

Rudyard Kipling's Works, 8 vols.; Jane Austen's Works, 4 vols.; Andrews's The Last Quarter Century in the United States, 2 vols.; The Viking Age, Du Chaillu; How to Know the Wild Flowers, Dana; Auld Lang Syne, Maclaren; Country of the Pointed Firs, S. O. Jewett; As You Like It, Macbeth, Variorum edition; Walter Savage Landor's Works, 10 vols.; Classical Atlas, Ginn & Co.; Heath's Pedagogical Library, 30 vols.; William Winter's Wanderers, Shadows of the Stage, Gray and Gold, Old Shrines and Ivy, Shakespeare's England.

Also Chandler & Winship has presented to the library a valuable Botanical Atlas in two volumes with colored plates.

At the annual convention of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association, held at Brunswick, February 20th, Bates was represented by Foss, '97, and Tukey, '98. It was voted to hold the next field meet, June 9th, on the new Whittier Field at Bowdoin. The following officers, who also form the executive committee of the association, were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. H. Tukey, Bates; Vice-President, F. W. Alden, Colby; Secretary, C. A. Pearce, Maine State; Treasurer, T. L. Pierce, Bowdoin.

It is now definitely decided that the successor to Dr. Baldwin as teacher in History and Economics will be Rev. Curtis M. Geer, Ph.D., of Danvers, Mass. He comes only as an instructor for next term, but if he is successful he will be recommended to the Trustees and elected as permanent professor. Dr. Geer is eminently qualified for the position. He is a graduate of Wesleyan, and after graduation spent two years at Hartford Seminary. By his superior work in this institution he won what is known as the "foreign scholarship," entitling the recipient to a full course in a German university. Accordingly he went abroad and completed the three-years' course in the University of Leipsig in two years, receiving from this institution the degree of Ph.D. Dr. Geer visited the college about a week ago and conducted chapel services. He made a very favorable impression upon both Faculty and students, and it is the general opinion that he will be a very efficient and popular teacher, and that Bates is fortunate in securing his services.

—Lewiston Journal, March 13th.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEW ENGLAND DEBATING LEAGUE.

AS there has been so much inquiry about the New England Intercollegiate Debating League and its present condition, we think it best to give a clear and impartial account of the league from its inception down to the time of its being broken up. This statement would have been presented at the time of breaking the league, but we have waited until complete arrangements were made with two of the colleges, originally members of the league, for a joint debate.

Early in the fall of 1895 a communication was received from Mr. C. J. Thorne of Boston University, inviting Bates to send a delegate to Boston, looking to the formation of a New England debating league. The league was organized, finally, and composed of Boston University, Bates College, Colby University, and Wesleyan University. Working by lot, Boston University and Wesleyan University met at Middletown, Conn., in joint debate, and Boston was victorious. A week earlier Colby and Bates met at Lewiston, and Bates was successful. Then the contest for championship of the New England league and silver laurel wreath as trophy, came between Boston University and Bates. The great debate was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the eve of April 23d, 1896, Bates winning the trophy.

As provided by the constitution of the league an executive meeting was called at Boston on November 8, 1896, to formulate plans for the year. Bates alone was represented. Tufts College sent a delegate to inquire into the workings of the league. The meeting was postponed one month, and at that meeting, December 10, 1896, were represented Boston University, Bates, and Colby. Officers for the coming year were elected — Durkee, Bates, President; Herrick, Colby, Vice-President; Carroll, Boston University, Secretary and Treasurer. The meeting then adjourned for a month, in order that the executive committee might induce other colleges to enter.

When the next meeting was called no other colleges had entered—Wesleyan had dropped out, and final arrangements were made with the three remaining. As the Fates decreed by lot, Boston University and Bates must meet in the first contest, and the winner would then meet Colby. Boston University and Bates immediately selected a question for debate—"Resolved, that the annexation of Cuba by the United States is desirable."

Boston University drew the affirmative, Bates the negative. Again lot was resorted to, and to Boston fell the place of meeting. The debate was to take place at Boston, between the 1st and 15th of February, 1897. Efforts were still made to secure other members for the league, and a committee meeting was called for one week later. At that meeting, Boston University withdrew from the league, thus breaking the New England Intercollegiate Debating League, for the possibility of her withdrawal had raised the question of permanency of the league, and by common consent of the executive, such a move would mean the breaking of the league. Bates desired much to meet again her "dearest foe" in debate, and was very sorry at the move of Boston University.

College Exchanges.

ONE of the best articles for the month, "The Literary Appreciation of the Bible," appears in the *Tuftonian*. It treats in an original and interesting manner of the surpassing influence of the Bible upon modern thought and expression—citing, as proof, passages from the most popular authors—and at the same time clearly emphasizes the Bible's own intrinsic literary value.

The ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow is commemorated in the February number of the *Bowdoin Orient*, which is almost entirely given up to a brief biographical sketch and to articles such as "Reminiscences of Longfellow," "Longfellow's Morituri Salutamus," and poems, "Anniversary Day of the Birth of Longfellow," and "Hiawatha's Influence."

As usual, the *Yale Literary Magazine* claims our notice. The Prize Essay, "Emerson as a Poet," is an exceptionally well-written part. "Kolau's Daughter" possesses some literary merit. The Portfolio also has some good things for us, such as "Dr. Brown on Marjorie Fleming and Sir Walter Scott," and "Le Gallienne."

The *Miami Student* has the first chapter of a serial story, "Old Captain Bemis," written by an alumnus, which bids fair to be something decidedly different from college magazine stories in general. Rather a good poem, "Pictures," appears in the same paper.

We think that the students of Wilson College have reason to be content with their attractive magazine, the *Pharetra*. The last number contains some bright verses on "February Fourteenth," and a story entitled, "Virgil Contradicted," that possesses the advantage of being decidedly Wilson, although it is somewhat tame in plot and action. A thoughtful tone is given to this number by the discussion, "Is Pain only a Quality (or tone) of Sensation, or is it a Sensation?"

The subject, "Checks to Criminal Tendency Needed," is sufficient to convince one of the practical and vital interest of this article in *Education*. The author claims that the solution of this problem lies in making our public schools such as shall teach personal responsibility, regard for the rights of others, encouragement of industry, etc. In closing he says, "Home and church are potent agencies in enlightening the conscience of the child. The school may not excuse itself from co-operation. In too many cases the school must assume the entire responsibility."

In the *Wellesley Magazine* we find a short instructive story, "The Decision of a College Girl." It illustrates very well the fact that a college education fails of its true aim when it unfits a man or woman for taking his or her place in the world.

The Contributors' Club in the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* and the verse and sketches in the *Brunonian* are worthy of mention.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

Little love with eyes of blue,
Little love with heart so true,
Long ago you promised me

That so soon as you should see
Violets blooming everywhere,
Making all the woodland fair,
Then you'd marry me.

Now the world is full of song,
Trees are green, and all along
Woodland paths grow violets.
Little loved one, come and let's
Imitate the birds and be
Happy, happy, you and me,
Come, let's married be!

Little love with eyes of blue,
Little love with heart so true,
Only smiled and laughed at me,
Smiled and laughed, and laughing said:
"Oh, you silly, silly head!
Can't you ever keep in mind
That they say, '*True* love is blind?'"
Alas, for me!

—*C. P. W., in Vanderbilt Observer.*

NATURE—THE HEALER.

Caught in the tumult of this busy life,
Where rest comes not, and where the strange, wild strife
Of tongue and brain is keen,
There come dread days unseen
By others, when the nerves and brain o'erwrought
Respond in life-drawn throbs to whirling thought.

Then happy he who in such case as this
Can go without to find the quiet bliss
Of nature's peace in wood
With sweet air breathing good;
And, when he's felt the pulse of forest's deep,
Makes whole his cure in dreams of balmy sleep.

—*Gordon Hall Gerould, in Dartmouth Lit.*

VIOLETS.

In the radiant hush and beauty
Of the tender summer morning,
In the stillness as of angels
Lulling fretful waves to rest,
Deep within the misty valley lands
The violets are stirring,
And turning fragrant faces
To the warm wind from the west.

All drowsily their heavy heads
The little buds are nodding,
Faint yet with the remembrance
Of the cradling mother earth,
Till the kind wind lifts them lovingly,
And folds each lonely petal,
While it whispers wondrous stories
Of this rare land of their birth.

—*Florence Annette Wing, in Wellesley Magazine.*

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA.

Searcher for Truth, through winding, twilit ways,
What love-dream of young Greece enchanted thee,
That thou shouldst link with Christian Trinity
Her fair gods, fallen upon evil days
Since He of Nazareth rose—their bright love stays—
Ere life waxed fruitful, thou didst wistfully
Lie down to sleep, where saints' antiphony
Above thy grave through the long cloister strays.

The purple glories of thine own age mix
With the white light of Greece to make us glad,
Yet seek we aye to link old song and dance
With the new mystery of the crucifix;
Only to pass, like thee, wandering and sad,
Into the fold of Death's omnipotence.

—*Anna McClure Sholl, in Bachelor of Arts.*

CONVENT CHIMES.

Listen, listen—they are ringing
Far away, the convent chimes,
On the breath of hawthorn bringing
Memories of ancient times.
And below the day is dying
In the flush of yellow wine;
On my knees thy head is lying,
And my hand is clasped in thine.

Listen—in those long-dead ages,
When one sweet nun chimed their song,
Kings and prelates, serfs and pages,
On the highway listened long.
But that kindly world is banished
Where the ivy creeps above;
Like a pale star has she vanished,
She who knew not what was love.

—*Thomas Walsh, in Georgetown College Journal.*

A Chat About New Books.

Pray you, sit down!
For now we sit to chat.
—*Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.*

AND what more attractive than a chat about the birds? Abbott's *Birdland Echoes*[1] is a good foundation.

His chapter on the birds, "By Millpond and Meadow," is tantalizing, read at this season. We long to hear his meadow-lark singing in dulcet tones. The kingfisher, heron, bittern, tern, eared grebe, and the ducks and gulls, furnish a varied entertainment. His "inspiring sparrows" are very much alive. He calls "the dear little chestnut-crowned chippy" a door-step friend. The song-sparrows inspire him with faith and hope. Their theme he interprets as "peace on earth."

But we have fault to find with the author, delightful as his book is in many ways. We students at Bates are taught ornithology in such a gentle, attractive way that we cannot patiently listen to a scolding. And in many portions of his book Mr. Abbott scolds. He seems to have lived among some very stupid people who did not like birds. Then he has some old scores to settle with the professionals. One of his upbraidings, in which we think him justified, closes with this forceful slash: "All the way down the scale of humanity to that pitiful spe cle, a woman who wears a bird's skin on her hat, the culpable accessory of that vile creature, a bird-murderer."

In contrast to his sarcastic moods are some very pleasant hours spent in the old-fashioned garden where Aunt Peggy dispensed cake and beer. We are glad that he liked to loiter there, watching the nuthatches, orioles, bluebirds, shrike, and cuckoo.

His chapter on "Feathered Friends" is a curiosity. Such good bits of description, interspersed with sharp side thrusts at mankind! In the winter sunshine he studies the harrier, red-tailed hawk, and rough-legged falcon. He likes the birds of prey.

Cram's illustrations add much to the interest of the book. Its excellent make-up is also noticeable.

Kirkland's *Short History of Italy*[2] is very readable. The author claims to present no elaborate work, but a clear, concise record of events. She has succeeded, and has done more. Touches of romance appear here and there with pleasing effect. Scenes from the lives of Dante, Savonarola, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emanuel II., give us insight into their characters.

Much of the history of the Italian cities is necessarily painful. There seems to be no limit to the bloodshed and suffering. But the end is the glad "Unity of Italy."

The sketch of Garibaldi's career is vivid. We are led into intimate acquaintance with the brave, impetuous soldier and his red-shirted band of liberty-lovers. We regret his rashness as if he was a friend, and our hearts beat in sympathy with his noble ambitions. There are many lessons to be learned from this record of heroic struggle. This little history combines an attractive style with conciseness and accuracy.

I know of no other writer who covers just this ground.

A dashing book is the Russian story, *On the Red Staircase*.[3] The historical foundation is the struggle for political supremacy between the Miloslavsky and the Naryshkins.

M. de Brousson, a French envoy, is entangled in the intrigues of the day. He falls in love with a distressed Russian maiden, Zénaïde. Our hero rescues her from a fiendish uncle and a mercenary suitor. Their lives are endangered by the streltzi mob, and after an exciting succession of perils and escapes, M. de Brousson bears Zénaïde in safety to France.

The characters are boldly drawn—the men being much more natural than the women. They are types, not individuals. There is the fierce, arrogant Russian boyar, the malicious court profligate, the miserable little dwarf, who was their tool. All stand out distinctly in the story, as well as Von Gaden, the benevolent doctor, accused of poisoning the late czar; and Czarina Sophia, leader of the Miloslavskys.

Glimpses of the boy, afterward Peter the Great, are of interest. As a picture of life in Russia during the uprising of the streltzi in 1682, the book is very valuable.

The author evinces dexterity in the rapid changes throughout the plot. His style is easy and enjoyable.

As we read different authors we seem to feel the speaker behind the words. One, in rapid, vehement language, bears us to an abrupt close. Another, in slow, well-balanced sentences, sweeps on majestically.

This contrast impressed me while reading *The Prophets of the Christian Faith*.[4] Professor Adolph Harnack, speaking of Martin Luther, startles us by his abrupt, burning sentences. He says of Luther, "He was great only in the re-discovered knowledge of God in the Gospels. . . He lived religion itself and he led it out into freedom. . . Out of his breast, from the bottom of his heart, the Reformation streamed as a brook out of hidden springs in the rock."

In a harmonious style, indicative of the man's personality, the Rev. Francis Brown writes of Isaiah as a preacher and poet. He says that Isaiah's sermons are poems through which the divine will is revealed to the men of all times. He comments freely, and explains the conditions under which Isaiah wrote. His portrayal of the prophetic work is very helpful.

There are very interesting chapters on Jonathan Edwards, Wycliffe, Wesley, Bushnell, St. Augustine, etc. Such writers as Lyman Abbott, George Matherson, and T. F. Munger, make the book worthy of thoughtful study.

The close is inspiring. Dean Farrar preaches from the subject, "Can We be Prophets?" He pleads for a moral genius which we may all possess, a courage that dares shame a wrong custom, whatever the consequences. He says that the spirit of the prophet is "to see the truth plainly and act up to it boldly."

One can pass a very profitable hour in the company of Massasoit, Chief of the Wampanoags. His childhood is described by Anna Holman Burton, in

bright, entertaining sketches, instructive as well as amusing. She must have given careful study to Indian boy-life in order to portray it so naturally in *Massasoit*.[5]

We also catch glimpses of historical characters and events connected with the romantic story. The author seems to have designed a sugar coat for the history pill so bitter to some young people. The French and Indian wars, the struggle of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the witch-burnings, form an important part of the narrative. There are also pictures of Puritan life at church and school.

But the most attractive pages are those which describe Indian nature and customs. The book does more than repeat the first pages of our United States histories. Most of the folk-lore is new. Life in the wigwam is told from a different standpoint than that of other writers. We are put in Massasoit's place and look at all the events through his eyes. The pathos of the closing scenes wins our sympathy for the red men, driven from New England forever.

I feel like asking you to remove your shoes, figuratively speaking, my readers, for we are about to tread on sacred ground. In her graceful, confidential chat about *Authors and Friends*,[6] Mrs. Annie Fields takes us to their homes and hearts.

With inimitable tact she puts us at our ease among the literary men of the "Saturday Club." James T. Fields, the popular publisher, with his wife, was a member of this famous circle. The friendships which they formed thus furnish Mrs. Fields with delightful material for her book. She makes us familiar with Emerson, Holmes, Celia Thaxter, Tennyson, and others of the loved objects of our literary worship.

Her reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe are many. She says of her: "Mrs. Stowe was a delightful talker. She loved to gather a small circle of friends around her fireside, when she easily took the lead in fun and story-telling."

She tells us that the lilacs always remind her of Longfellow in his Cambridge home. His orange tree stood by his study window; a statuette of Goethe was upon the high desk at which he stood to write. A purer atmosphere seemed to pervade all his belongings.

In one of her glimpses of Emerson she shows how unwilling he was to publish. She says, "This feeling of unreadiness to print sprang from the wonderful modesty as from the sincerity of his character."

The charm of her conversation, as she talks of the every-day lives of our favorites, is irresistible. Mrs. Fields repeats nothing which can be found elsewhere. Her book is original throughout.

[1] Birdland Echoes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.00.

[2] A Short History of Italy. Chicago: A. G. McClurg & Co.; $1.25.

[3] On the Red Staircase. Chicago: A. G. McClurg & Co.; $1.25.

[4] The Prophets of the Christian Faith. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.

[5] Massasoit. New York: The Morse Company; $1.25.

[6] Authors and Friends. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.50.

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.

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