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CONTENTS.

A Confession .......... 137
Political and Military Career of Philip of Macedon 139
Michael Angelo ........ 145
The Poet’s Mission ... 147

BATES VERSE:
   In Heaven ............ 149
   In the Wood ........... 149
   The Muse ............... 150
   Quousque? ............ 150
   Little White Cat with the Pinkest of Ears 151
   Character Sketch from ‘99 .... 152
   Conversion ............ 152

AROUND THE EDITORS’ TABLE.

EDITORIALS .................. 153

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
   Class Review ........ 156
   Personal .............. 158

LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
   Base-Ball ............ 160
   Glimpses of College Life 161

COLLEGE EXCHANGES ...... 166

OUR BOOK-SHELF .......... 169

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YES, I will tell the whole story, and leave it here where it may be found. The world shall know how I came to my death, and my confession may serve as a warning to others.

My father was a physician and I was his only child. He used often to take me into his laboratory and show me the effects of different poisons. I had an intense delight for the work. One day he showed me a tiny bottle of fluid which he said was the deadliest of poison; but a drop applied to a scratch of the skin would, he told me, cause instant death.

When I was eighteen my father died; before his death he gave me the poison and told me to destroy it. I laid it carefully away.

According to my father’s wish, his sister and her daughter, a girl two years younger than myself, came to make their home with me. I was not pleased at the prospect of their coming. I wanted to be alone, and, besides, I did not like them. We did not disagree, because I would hardly speak to them. As I remember now, my aunt and cousin tried to win my love, but I was heartless. My cousin Lura was very beautiful—tall and graceful, with dark, glorious eyes and waving golden hair. I was plain, awkward, and commonplace in appearance. Perhaps I envied her such beauty; I did not like to see the admiring glances cast at her wherever she went.

About a year after my father’s death, young Dr. Leland came to our town. He often came to our house. He and I had many
interests in common. I was still devoted to my father's work, and spent most of my time in his laboratory. It was not long before I heard remarks that Dr. Leland and myself would make an excellent match. I listened with pleasure and gave myself up to this happiness, for I had allowed myself to love Dr. Leland; yet let me do him the justice to say that he never gave me reason to believe he cared for me. Foolish child! I might have seen how, after our prosy scientific conversation, he listened eagerly for Lura's music before he bade us good-night.

One evening Lura came to me, her face beaming with happiness. "O Emma," she cried, "I want to be the first to tell you. Dr. Leland has asked me to be his wife, and I am so happy! Congratulate me, cousin!" and her loving arms were around my neck, her cheek pressed close to mine. For a moment I hated her. I could not speak; then I pushed her from me. "Are you not glad?" she pleaded. "Of course I am," I replied faintly; "but my head aches to-night and I want to be alone." She kissed my forehead, looked at me with a startled, puzzled, pained expression on her lovely features, then left me. Preparations were at once made for the wedding. There was to be no long engagement. Lura was to be married in white muslin and white roses.

The day before the wedding she was arranging the roses, when she scratched her wrist with the thorns. Oh, the wicked thoughts that haunted me all that night. Such thoughts must breed crime. About midnight I arose and went softly to Lura's chamber, and then brought back with me her dainty white gloves. I dipped the buttons in the deadly fluid; then carried them back and placed them beside her wedding dress, where I had found them. Can I ever forget the result? Can I ever forget how, as she stood in her wedding dress before the altar, suddenly she clasped her wrist, and then threw both her hands toward her mother with these words: "O mother, must I die? I feel so strange; is this death?"

Heart disease it was called. My aunt, broken-hearted, could not bear to remain longer here where her darling had died. Again I was left alone. Ah, I played my part well. It was from me Dr. Leland could find sympathy in his sorrow.

Two years after Lura's death, in the most business-like way possible, he asked me to become his wife. I had obtained my desire, but at what a price. I could not make him happy. He would spend long hours in his room alone. He never mentioned Lura's
After his death I found a box in his room in which were Lura's wedding clothes just as her mother had placed them—just as they had been removed from Lura.

Little Bessie and I were now alone. How I worshiped my child! I cannot tell all she was to me. I wonder did Aunt love Lura as I loved Bessie. To-day, returning from a walk, I found the house very quiet. I wondered if Bessie had not returned from school. I opened the door. Oh, it was very still! Why did I tremble as I opened the door of Bessie's chamber? O God; there before me, with Lura's wedding dress upon her, with the fatal gloves upon her hands, stood Bessie, my darling, white as death. She threw both arms toward me. "O mother, must I die? I feel so strange; is this death?" A few moments later she breathed her last.

Dear little Bessie. She had come home and found the house empty, and in mischief had dressed herself in the pretty dress, and had thus met her death. I wonder will I ever meet my darling? Is there hope for such as me?

Only a little more and I am done. I will destroy the poison, all but a drop. Just a scratch upon my arm and one drop of the fluid there, and I too will die with Bessie. Lura, Bessie, Father, you all seem very near me now. Bessie—it is done; it is growing very dark—and—an—.


POLITICAL AND MILITARY CAREER OF PHILIP OF MACEDON.

WHEN Philip of Macedon was ten years of age, he was sent as a hostage to Thebes to ensure the fulfillment of a treaty made by Pelopidas, general of the Thebans, between Perdiccas and Ptolemy, rivals for the throne of Macedonia. Philip's mother earnestly requested Pelopidas to procure for him an education worthy of his birth and of the city to which he was going as a hostage. Pelopidas placed him with Epaminondas, who had a celebrated Pythagorean philosopher in his house for the education of his son. Philip improved greatly under the instructions of his preceptor, and much more by the wise precept and example of Epaminondas. He could not have had a more excellent master either for war or for the conduct of life, for Epaminondas was a wise and virtuous man, an able commander, and a great statesman. Philip probably learned
from him activity in war and promptness in improving opportunities; but the virtues that made Epaminondas truly great, these Philip had not received from nature and did not acquire by imitation.

In 359 B.C., when Philip was nineteen years old, there was a revolution in political affairs in Macedonia, owing partly to the death of Perdiccas, the king. Philip heard of this, left Thebes clandestinely, and hastened to Macedonia. The Illyrians had been in the country and were on the point of returning with a stronger force. The Paeonians were actively hostile. Macedonia wanted a man to govern, but had only a child in Amyutas, son of Perdiccas, and lawful heir to the throne. Philip assumed command for a time as guardian of the young king, his nephew, but was soon made king in his stead. With great coolness and presence of mind he used all his endeavors to answer the expectation of the people. He revived the desponding courage of the Macedonians and reinstated and disciplined the army. The Thracians were determined to place Pausanias on the throne. The Athenians were bringing Argeus to be king. Philip, because he feared Athens, negotiated a treaty with her, all the terms of which reflected his art of dissimulation.

Philip conceived a plan to have Macedonia recognized as a state of Greece and then to make it the leading state,—just as Athens, Sparta, and Thebes had successively been. For several years he worked with this aim in view. He seized Amphipolis, a colony of Athens, but could not keep it, because by so doing he would incur the enmity of the Athenians, and he was not ready to break faith with them. Accordingly, he declared Amphipolis free, thus setting them against their former masters. He disarmed the Paeonians by promises and gifts, resolving to attack them as soon as his enemies were disunited. This wily course of action established him more firmly on his throne, and he soon found himself without competitors. Then he marched against Argeus, came up with him on the road between Thasus and Methone, defeated him and killed and imprisoned a large number of his men. Next, he attacked the Paeonians and subjected them to his power. He afterward attacked the Illyrians and obliged them to restore to him all the places possessed by them in Macedonia.

Philip was now ready to appear in another character. Sure of his power in his own country, he resolved to increase his dominion. Athens, Sparta, and Thebes had become weak through civil strife. Philip seized the opportunity, and by negotiations, treaties, and
alliances worked himself into the affairs of Greece, even into the Amphyctyonic council, having it in view to join with one faction to destroy the other, and thus obtain an easy empire over all. He had now ceased to fear Athens, and accordingly resumed his former design of seizing Amphipolis. The inhabitants of that city, fearing a siege, sent ambassadors to Athens begging for protection, but that republic rejected their plea, fearing to break faith with Philip, and the city fell into his hands, 358 B.C. Demosthenes in his orations frequently reproaches the Athenians for their indolence on this occasion, telling them that if they had taken advantage of the opportunity then offered them, they would have escaped many misfortunes. Philip artfully promised the Athenians that he would restore Amphipolis, but so far from surrendering this city, he also possessed himself of Pydna and Potidæa. The Athenians kept a garrison at Potidæa. These he sent home without injury and gave up the city to the Olynthians to engage them in his service. Crenides, built in 356 B.C. by the Thracians, next fell into his hands, and was thenceforth called Philippi. It was near this city that he opened up certain gold mines, which every year produced more than one thousand talents. With this fund he was enabled to maintain a powerful army of foreigners, and to bribe a number of base persons in most of the cities of Greece. In 355 B.C. there arose a strife between Thebes and Phocis regarding certain lands in the region of Delphi. Most of the Greek nations took part in this quarrel, and sided with the one or the other party. Philip cunningly remained neutral. He was well pleased to see both weaken and consume each other, as he would thereby be enabled to fall upon them afterwards with greater ease and advantage. Being desirous of subjecting Thrace, he seized Methone, a small city above Pydna, which obstructed his designs so long as it was in the hands of his enemies. About this time Thessaly was oppressed by tyrants. Alexander of Pheræ, their former ruler, was dead, but the brothers of his wife, who in concert with her had murdered him, had revived his tyranny. The Thessalians begged Philip to set them free from this new bondage. He accordingly marched into Thessaly and entirely defeated the armies of the usurpers, after which he resolved to carry the war into Phocis; but the Athenians disputed his advance at the pass of Thermopylae, and he prudently gave up the attempt for the time.

During all these years Demosthenes was trying to induce the Athenians to take decided measures against Philip. They remained
unconcerned and slothful. Olynthus, a city of Thrace, was an Athenian colony. This city was strongly opposed to Philip at first, but by giving them Potidea he gained a better standing with them. But as soon as he found himself able to execute his project he made preparations to besiege Olynthus. The inhabitants of this city, when they saw the impending danger, sent to Athens asking immediate aid. Stirred by the fiery zeal of Demosthenes, the Athenians sent thirty galleys and two thousand men, but this force did not prevent the progress of Philip's army. He marched into Chalcidice, 349 B.C., took several strong places, made himself master of the fortress of Gira, which he demolished, and spread terror throughout the country. Olynthus, being thus more closely pressed and menaced with destruction, sent a second embassy to Athens to solicit reinforcements. Demosthenes in his third Olynthiac argues very strongly in favor of their request. The Athenians remained listless. A third time help was asked for, and obtained in the shape of seventeen galleys, two thousand foot soldiers, and three hundred horsemen. The assistance came too late. Philip had bribed Euthycrates and Lasthenes, two of the most eminent citizens and also officers of Olynthus. Philip marched his army into the city, plundered it, and placed the inhabitants in chains or sold them as slaves.

Philip was overjoyed at being possessed of Olynthus, since its position made it strong vantage-ground for his further conquests, and the possession of it by his enemies would have been a great hindrance to his movements. He proceeded to make himself very popular with the Olynthians by causing shows and public games to be exhibited with great magnificence. He bestowed upon the people such marks of favor that many came to look upon him as a protector rather than as a conqueror.

Meantime, events were happening which would greatly aid Philip in his ambitious designs. The Thebans, being unable alone to subdue the Phocians, had recourse to Philip. Hitherto it had suited his ambition to preserve a kind of neutrality with respect to this war. He had been waiting while both parties were gradually becoming weaker. No doubt he would gladly have joined the Athenians and Spartans against the Thebans, but he plainly saw that the time for uniting those two republics for the purpose of mastering them had not yet come. He therefore declared in favor of Thebes, coloring his action by his pretended gratitude for that city, in which he had been educated, and by his well-feigned zeal to avenge the insulted
god. Philip wished very much to possess himself of Thermopylae, as it opened for him a passage to Greece. He wished also to appropriate all the honor of the Sacred War as if he had been principal in the affair. To gain these ends, it was necessary to deceive the Athenians as to his purpose. He therefore allayed their suspicions by agreeing with their ambassadors upon articles of peace, yet all the time extending his conquests and drawing nearer each day to the coveted goal. When the news reached the Athenians that Philip had promised to live at peace with them, albeit the Phocians were excluded from this treaty, there was great rejoicing. Much time was spent by the Athenians in deliberating as to what would be the outcome of Philip's career. Some of the leading citizens, Isocrates among the rest, declared that it seemed as if the gods themselves had favored Philip thus far in order that he might, without selfish ambition, heal the divisions between the neighboring nations and all Greece, and that he might gloriously subdue the Persians who had so often vowed destruction to the Greeks. While these deliberations were going on, Philip took Thermopylae, entered Phocias, and easily subdued the Phocians. The moment Philip and his army appeared they believed themselves overcome, and sued for mercy. This victory gained for Philip almost incredible honor throughout Greece. He was considered the avenger of sacrilege and the defender of religion. He next assembled the council of the Amphictyons, and for form's sake appointed them supreme judges to decide the penalties to be inflicted upon the Phocians. In the name of these judges, who were entirely in his control, he decreed that the cities of Phocis should be destroyed. Those of the citizens who were not proscribed were placed in widely scattered villages, and an exhorbitant tax was levied upon them until the whole sums taken from the temple at Delphi should be repaid. After he had subjected the Phocians he demanded that their right of session in the Amphictyonic Council should be transferred to him. The Amphictyons were afraid to refuse him and acceded to his demand, and also gave to him the superintendence of the Pythian games, an honor which he had long desired.

When the Athenians learned of the fate that had befallen Phocis they were terribly alarmed, and at once put themselves in a state of defence to meet a siege. But Philip was not ready to invade Attica. He judged very prudently that it would be policy for him to check his career for a time, in order to prevent all Greece from discovering too soon his ambitious designs and taking arms against him. In
order therefore to allay all suspicion, he turned his arms against
Illyria, purposely to extend his frontiers on that side, and to keep
his troops always in exercise by some new expedition. The same
motive prompted him afterward to go into Thrace. He already held
over thirty cities in that province, and in this expedition he increased
his acquisitions, possessing himself of Cardia, the largest city of the
Chersonesees. He next turned his attention to the Peloponneseus.
Terrible commotions prevailed at that time in this part of Greece.
Lacedæmonia assumed the sovereignty of the Peloponneseus with no
other right than that of being the strongest. Argos and Messene,
opposed to Lacedæmonia, asked aid of Philip. The Thebans, in
their inveterate hatred of Sparta, gladly opened a way through which
Philip might pass into the Peloponneseus. This state of affairs suited
Philip's ambition. He dictated to the Amphictyons a decree which
ordained that Lacedæmonia should permit Argos and Messene to
enjoy entire independence. He also ordered a large body of troops
to march that way. The Lacedæmonians were justly alarmed, and
sent to Athens for aid. Philip represented to the Athenians that
they would do wrong to take sides against him, and was able to
persuade them to his mind; but he delayed his invasion of the Pelo-
ponnesus, that he might not have too many enemies upon his hands
at the same time. He was not idle, however, but proceeded to bring
under his control several of the most important places in Eubœa,
called by him the "shackles of Greece."

Philip's next move was to march into Thrace and lay siege to
Byzantium, thus cutting off Attica from its supply of foreign corn,
on which it greatly depended. So fierce was the resistance against
him by both the Athenians and the Thracians that he was obliged to
raise the siege of Byzantium, but not until he had done great damage
to the surrounding country. This act thoroughly aroused the Athe-
nians, and Philip saw that the time for decisive action had come.
He accordingly tried to enlist the sympathies of the Thebans to join
with him against the Athenians. In this he failed, for Demosthenes
and other leading Greeks had by prompt action effected an alliance
of the Thebans with the Athenians. The Greek spirit was at last
aroused. The allied forces made a most decided stand against the
army of Philip at Chaeroneæ, 337 B.C., but were totally defeated,
and Philip was master of Greece. It was a splendid victory for the
Macedonian king. With only thirty thousand men he had gained a
point which the Persians, with millions of men, had unsuccessfully
attempted at Platae, at Salamis, and at Marathon.
Philip, in the first year of his reign, had repulsed, divided, and disarmed his enemies. In the succeeding years he had subjected, by artifice or force, the most powerful states of Greece and made himself arbiter of their affairs. Macedon had come to the front and the other Greek states were dependencies. Philip next meditated the destruction of the Persian empire, that he might thus avenge the injuries done to the Greeks, but in the midst of his preparations he was assassinated, 336 B.C., and the invasion of Persia was left to his son, Alexander the Great.


MICHAEL ANGELO.

The worth and influence of a man depends on how far he is capable of being called great! The man in whom is the source of a strong and wide-spread influence is the great man of history, the hero. Among such men are Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell, and George Washington. We may recite their honors, their achievements, their gifts, and after all, their real greatness is unspoken. We can say nothing of them which shall so stir our admiration as the simple announcement of their names. Here is Michael Angelo Buonarotti, for instance. Michael Angelo belongs to a class of heroes numerically small but resplendent in gifts and unstinted in renown; men who are revered and honored first of all for what they were. Of the great men of the Italian renaissance, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, and Michael Angelo, the last stands as the greatest genius. The history of his life is closely interwoven in the history of Italian art, and in the political and social history of Florence for more than half a century.

He lived a long life of adversity and sadness. He was constantly annoyed in his work by the whims and selfishness of rulers. He lived in a sea of political disturbances. He lived in an age of social as well as political corruption. Yet through it all he lived a life of exceptional purity and truth. His true artistic temperament was not susceptible to the evil and unfavorable influences of his corrupt age. While his greatest service to mankind was his whole life, his greatest gift was his moral sense. We honor the morality and integrity of Michael Angelo, which passed untainted through a corrupt age.

Michael Angelo was reared under the best influences and enjoyed excellent advantages. He cannot, however, be called a liberally educated man. His homage to art was not intellectual in a literary sense, but passionate. Born in 1475 at Florence, he lived one of the
longest and strangest lives that ever befell the lot of a genius. In his youth he showed little adaptability to books, and early was placed under one of the great masters of art. As a young man he was recognized as a wonderful genius, and old masters were jealous of their young rival. The earnestness, devotion, and child-like simplicity of youth are characteristic of his whole life. He was that absorbed, enthusiastic creature we alternately pity and envy—a lover. Yet his mistress made no discrimination between scholar and ignoramus.

Michael Angelo's gift to architecture and literature would alone have given his name life. But as a sculptor and painter we must honor and revere him. Most artists are slaves to their profession. He was always master of his. Most artists are sensualists. He was the Puritan of the chisel and the brush. His work in the plastic art was given entirely to moulding the human frame. His figures are endowed with great physical strength, with beautiful muscular development, with the curves upon which nature alone could improve. With the crown and glory of the human structure, the head itself, the master's interest seems to have reached a climax. His faces show character, definiteness of purpose, individuality. In his "David" this is strikingly true. The youthful face speaks forth in unmistakable language, determination yet anxiety, tenderness yet force and decision. It expresses all the beauty and freshness of youth, yet with the force of a sturdy, full-grown man, with a physique that seems to far exceed our conceptions of the boy of the scriptures who met the giant Goliath.

While in sculpture he confines himself to human beauty, in poetry he deprecates everything beautiful in nature. His poetry is not finished, does not abound in lofty figures or high-sounding words, but is compact and forcible. He speaks "things," as Berni says, not "words." He does not display strength for strength's sake. His language is the purest of the Italian tongue.

Of his painting it would be sufficient to point to the Sistine Chapel and say Michael Angelo. This most wonderful work in the history of art stands to-day a monument to the Florentine master. Through all these centuries it has stood calling forth praise and admiration in measure that no words can express.

From these varied aspects of Michael Angelo's genius we catch a glimpse of the most wonderful man of the Italian renaissance, and one of the greatest and foremost men in the world's history. Architecture delights to honor him. Literature ranks him alike as master
THE POET'S MISSION.

"What does it all mean, poet? Well
Your brain beats into rhyme, you tell
What we feel only."

The constantly recurring and universal question is, What is Life? Unanswerable to most as this question is, still, occasionally, does the spirit descend on a chosen disciple and power is given to penetrate the mysterious and illimitable bounds of the infinite. Such a one is the poet, who comes not only as an interpreter of life as it exists in all the universe, but as a revealer of that inner consciousness of man which lies slumbering in some, and others vainly struggle to express.

As a seeker of truth, a philosopher, the poet speaks to the intellect, for beautiful poetry is only the perfect expression of truth. The vision of life which comes to the poet is not disclosed in views and opinions so much as in forms, colors, and movements of life itself.

Faust is the accumulated experience of fifty years, and the thoughts of a wide-ranging, meditative mind. A man who is both poet and sage, "whose wisdom is kindled with emotion, and whose message comes with authority of a great intellect," is a true exponent of the final philosophy of life.

Although the poet appeals to the reasoning mind, he has a still higher function, that of teacher. Mrs. Browning said truly:

"The whole creation from the hour we're born
Perplexes us with questions; not a stone
But cries behind us every weary step,
Where! Where!"

In all great poets there is a wisdom of humanity which appeals to the whole man and helps solve some of the perplexing problems of life. Shakespeare speaks to that which is deepest and most individual. The matchless melody of his verse is like the harmonious flow of hidden rills, yet it is but the sign and symbol of the life within. "When young Goethe said that he felt as if he had been reading the book of fate with the hurricane of life sweeping through it, he made it clear he had been reading with his heart, he had been enriched for all time."
As a teacher the poet brings us into harmony with nature.

"We are what suns and winds and waters make us.
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nurslings with their smiles."

And for a revealing knowledge of this must the poet ever be blessed.

Most truly is the poet an artist, a delineator of beauty. Not only does he represent the beauty of nature, but he clothes thoughts and sentiments in beautiful forms. As Théophile Gautier said, "The absolute distinction of the artist is not so much his capacity to feel nature as his power of rendering it." But the artist has a function greater than that of a mere painter, for he arouses the imagination, and increases, by so much, the power and scope of life. "The great gales that swept Ulysses into unknown seas, and the soft winds that stirred the myrtles and brought down the pine cones about Theocritus, are still astir, if you know how to listen, and those inner melodies which the heart of man has been singing these thousand years are still audible, if one has a heart to appreciate the beauties of the poetic vision."

Art is always endeavoring to express life, and the poet is the most perfect exponent of the life of his age. Unquestioned truth is in these words of "Aurora Leigh":

"Nay, if there's room for poets in the world
A little over-grown (I think there is),
Their sole work is to represent the age,
Their age, not Charlemagne's, this live throbbing age."

But the poet is essentially the perceiver of truths unknown or hidden from common eyes,

"For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

To justly claim these prophetic qualities he must be endowed with the divine power of intuition. Dr. Holmes once said that the value of the poet was not so much the pleasure he gave, as that he was sometimes rapt out of himself, that the spirit had descended upon him and taught him what to speak.

Perhaps Tennyson is the most perfect example of the divine gift of the spirit. What could be more expressive than this:

"For tho' from out the bourne of time and place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."
But above all, the poet comes as a spiritual guide. At times God sends these men of intuitions, and suddenly the spiritual world becomes more real than aught besides. Then are their thoughts the mirrors which reflect the thoughts of the world, their enthusiasms are the enthusiasms of the world, and the fact that God is a living God, and Christ a living Saviour, is revealed in a purer, clearer light, and beauty, holiness, virtue, honor, are not names but things. And so this poetic fire, vital, consecrated, and celestial, feeds the life of the world, and the poet’s heaven-high and eternal mission is fulfilled. And yet, when all is said, the simple and unalterable fact remains, “that the poet’s mission is to be—a poet.”

**Bates Verse.**

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**IN HEAVEN.**

A sound, sweetly faint, trembles gently intense,  
So tenderly breathes in my ear,  
And lovingly enters the music of heaven.  
What is it, sweet angel, I hear?  
The angel replied: “To the loved ones of earth  
The heart ever fondly will cling;  
’Tis an echo of earth in the music of heaven,  
Eternal that echo will ring.”  

---

**IN THE WOOD.**

In the heart of the glade Peace lies asleep  
On a pillow of flowers,  
And the soul of a song haunts the silence deep  
Through the golden hours.  
As pure as a heart without thought of guile,  
The fair stream lies;  
From the low green bank Love looks with a smile  
Through the violet’s eyes.  
The faint wind weaves us a sleepy charm  
At the spring’s behest,  
And the sunbeams write on the mosses warm  
The one word, “Rest.”  
But this printed page in my hand—it brings  
From the wide wild seas  
A message of dread, for the war note rings  
In the ocean breeze.
THE BATES STUDENT.

And I see in fancy the sweeping fleet,
And the springing flame,
And the song that the marching surges beat
Is a grim acclaim.

Yet the self-same Power that lifts to the breeze
The wind-flower’s bell,
As surely bides in the far-off seas
Where the mad waves swell—

While death-smoke, veiled, walks the sullen deep,
And the war-cloud lowers—
As yonder where Peace lies warm asleep
On her pillow of flowers. —MABEL S. MERRILL, ’91.

THE MUSE.

In starlit gardens I have met—
A form I never may forget.
A hallowed harp is given her
With might of fitting words to stir
The tears that tell of sorrow,
And the smiles that tell of joy;
And she bids me of her borrow,
Her words and harp employ.
And oftentimes, when my task is done,
A little while I pace
Within the starlit gardens,
And look upon her face,
And listen while she sings a song
Of tenderness and grace. —I. J., ’87.

QUOUSQUE?

He bade us hope the sounds of war should cease,
That bard, sweet-hearted, tender-voiced and strong,
As, gazing on the cannon’s polished pipe
He poured his soul in clear, heart-filling song.

He spoke, ’twas only yester-morn, methinks,
“The sounds of war grow fainter and then cease,
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, ‘Peace!’”

But yester-eve, ere yet the stars were bright,
A direful wail came floating o’er the sea;
The sound, once far and faint, grew loud and near,
The cry to set a suffering people free.

Ay, and to-day we stand with tear-dimmed eyes
And watch the soldier pass from out the land:
We catch the stifled sob, the breath of pain,
We see the pallid lip, the trembling hand.
The blast of war's great organ beats the sky,
The sea is lashed to fury's purple foam,—
The sounds are hushed, the thunder-notes are stilled.
The good ships lie 'neath waters wide and lone.

Not ours the loss? Ah, yes! for hearts are bleeding,
The joy is lessened in the stranger's home
And all must weep when days of strife are over
For grief that makes e'en one heart sad and lone.

Did he not see aright, the bard prophetic?
Shall Joy and Peace forever yet delay,
While war's great organ rolls its fearful chorus
Beneath the smoke and flame of mad affray?

Ay, peace must come when man shall love his brother,
When greed of gain shall no more vex the land;
Where nations strong, to help the weak and failing
Shall need no more to raise the threatening hand.

Then shall we see the great and glorious dawning,
The flush of light and love along the sky,
Then peace and joy their golden harps attuning
Shall bring to earth heaven's sweetest melody.


LITTLE WHITE CAT WITH THE PINKEST OF EARS.

Little white cat with the pinkest of ears,
Methinks you're o'erwise for one of your years.
Contented you purr, whatever the weather;
In rain or in shine, a philosopher ever.

Teach me a lesson in patience, I pray.
I am so weary and fretful to-day.
Do you not mind being pushed from your chair,
When you are sleeping so cozily there?
Say, do you like to be scatted about,
Chased by the children with laughter and shout?
Do you like to be dressed in long baby clothes,
For the endless amusement of Mary and Rose?
Or your tail tied with strings to a long train of spools,
A spirited engine for three-year-old Jules?

Ah, I am sure you think 'tis not right;
Yet you never rebel by a scratch or a bite.
Taken gently into my lap,
Straightway you curl yourself up for a nap,—
Nor keep awake one moment to fret,
Because you are not some old maid's pet.

Methinks you're o'erwise for one of your years,
Little white cat with the pinkest of ears.

—S. M. B., '98.
CHARACTER SKETCH FROM '99.
A charming, graceful, sweet brunette,
The dearest girl you ever met!
Her heart is fickle I must say,
A new love's off and on each day;
But some far day I know 'twill fix
In spite of all its flighty tricks,
Then joy be to the happy man,
His life will bloom as this life can.
—E—, '99.

CONVERSION.
The stars, cold and piercing,
Impassively stare,
With a cruel hard glitter,
No sympathy there.
But lo!—a new beauty
Descends from above,
And the stars, sympathetic,
Are lighted with love.

CONTINUITY AND DIFFERENTIATION.
Whenever in America
A girl is asked to wed,
She straightway says, "Go ask papa,"
And coyly droops her head.
And over in the fatherland,
Where flows the terraced Rhine,
She whispers, while he clasps her hand,
"Ich liebe dich allein."
But up in Russia, where the snow
Sweeps hissing through the firs,
She simply murmurs soft and low,
"Bhjushkst zwrnstk rsk phjusnk pjbrs."—Ex.

"Now," said the attorney for the defense, "here is a skull. Can you tell to what species it belongs?" "It is the skull of a lawyer," replied the expert witness. "How can you tell?" "By the cheek-bones."
—Ex.

He—"Have you ever read Carlyle's 'Essay on Burns?' "
She—"No; I hate a medical treatise."—Ex.
WE learn in Physics that work is essential to life; that in order to live we must work. The truth of this statement is evident to all. But the amount of work necessary for existing, which by the way is all that the above statement means, falls far short of the amount of work necessary for true living, which means using, that is working, our natural powers, physical and mental, to such a degree as shall be best for our farthest advancement toward our high ideal of noble manhood.

This does not mean that we are to waste, or spend an excessive amount of time upon our couch; it does not mean that we are to do likewise in our chair, nor upon our feet. For a person can be just as lazy in lying abed; just as lazy upon the street, as he can in his easy-chair. We are too apt to seek for rest whenever monotony or weariness first suggest themselves. Whereas, if we drive back their first attack, we find them easily kept at bay. Again, we will learn that to get tired does not harm us in the least; on the contrary it cannot help but doing us good, for then we can rest all the more thoroughly.

Furthermore, none of us can half appreciate what a blessing it is to be able to work. Only when placed in circumstances on account of which we are unable to work at all, do we realize the vast advantages which we had when able, and then it is that we resolve to make better use of those advantages when again placed in our power.

As it is true of the artisan that the more work he does, the more he can do and do it better, so it is true of any and all work, the more we do the more we are able to do. In fact, the man who has the most work to do is almost always the last man to refuse some extra work. In conclusion let us say, work while you can, and don’t be afraid to work.

IF there is one thing of which we are justly proud at Bates it is the work of our trio of literary societies, Eurosophia, Polymnia, and Piaeria. We believe we can safely say that in the quality of work done, and in the opportunities which are offered to the students, they are second to none in any college of equal size. No
student is excluded. Each one's willingness to work is the only measure of what he may do.

Few of us, we fear, fully realize the importance of society work until the end of our course. We come here as Freshmen, join some society, but we have seldom, if ever, taken part in such a meeting before; we are a little timid about speaking before the upper-classmen, and so we wait. Let us urge upon you as strongly as one can, "Do not wait." If it is hard to get out on the floor, so much the more reason for beginning now. The ability to think connectedly upon your feet is won only by constant practice, yet when won is well worth the effort. There may come times after your college days are over when you will value highly a ready knowledge on current questions, and the ability to express your thoughts, extempore, in clear and forcible language.

There is a fund of knowledge, too, in a conscientious, painstaking preparation in society debates. Two hours each week spent in familiarizing yourself on those questions is almost a liberal education in itself; it is something outside the regular course and something which the regular course cannot give. There are few alumni who made use of the society opportunities of their college days who will not say that it is better to eliminate one study from your regular course than to omit or neglect your society duties. And a duty it is which you owe first to yourself, and second to your fellow-students, to enter heartily and earnestly into this important department of college life.

If you are not active in making use of this privilege here in the society of cultured people and in the atmosphere of books, can you expect to do differently when the inspiration of numbers and associations is removed?

Do not, we again urge you, pass this lightly by. Take up the work early in your course; do it faithfully.

PROBABLY every student in college has met some man or woman who possessed a personality quite out of the common in point of strength, and who inspired him to put forth his highest efforts. There lingers about such persons an exalting, satisfying spirit, a sense of completeness, and under their influence the path of life is plain, and duty becomes a simple, easy matter. Perhaps having once met these strong personalities, we are inclined to fret because we do not meet them oftener, and tacitly accuse society for not
giving us what we need. Let us see what can be done about the matter. Can we not give society that which we desire society to give us? This greatness which we so admire we can cultivate in ourselves if we will but submit to the conditions. There is a heart of truth in all things. Seek for that. Be willing to see things as they are, to value men for what they are and what they can do. The forces of life are confusing, bewildering. Take each point separately, and the whole matter is easy and plain. Work for results. Let every act of mind and body serve the noblest purpose. This done, even the humblest will have strength to inspire his fellows, and the delicate maiden and sturdy youth will alike be helping in the grand march of progress.

“Rugged strength and radiant beauty,
These are one in nature’s plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty,—
These will form the perfect man.”

THE summer term always brings with it a greater variety of interests than any other. This is the time for out-door sports and all kinds of athletics; the time when we find it hard to give our undivided attention to anything, there are so many ways of spending our time and energy. The summer of 1898 is no exception to this rule and presents fully as many different interests as have past years. But while we are enjoying all these things, it can do no harm to consider whether we may not be giving up, on this account, other things which we cannot well do without. The item which students generally seem most willing to dispense with is their society meetings, and when the choice has to be made, it is too often the society which is sacrificed. Now this tendency, though it may be very natural, is to be regretted and ought to be discouraged in every way possible. We have so often heard the importance of the work of our literary societies emphasized, that probably no one would intentionally do what he knew would injure his society. But the diminished interest which a small attendance and little enthusiasm give to a meeting must make it less helpful to those who do attend. Empty seats are anything but an inspiration to speakers, and the failure to appear of those who were to have had part, adds nothing, at least, to the meeting. By staying away from the meeting, a student not only loses the benefit which he might receive from listening to, and participating in the programme, but also deprives others of the good
which they ought to receive from such meetings, and which it is the purpose of these societies to give.

Our literary societies are doing very good work and are well supported by a considerable number of the members, but we ask for a more general interest, especially on the part of those whose names are on the rolls, but who seldom take part, and are often absent from the society rooms on Friday evening.

If our societies are worth anything to us, they are worthy of our best interest and support, and only when we give this may we expect the very best results from our meetings.

Alumni Round-Table.

CLASS REVIEW.

CLASS OF 1879.


Emery Winfield Given, A.M., Princeton, 1884; Ph. D., University of City of New York, 1888. Graduate student at University of City of New York. Principal of High School, Mechanic Falls, Me., 1879-81. Teacher of Latin and Greek in Collegiate Institute, Newton, New Jersey, 1881-82. Teacher of Latin and Greek in Blair Presbyterian Academy, Blairatown, New Jersey, 1882-84. Teacher of Classics, Academy, Newark, N. J., since 1884.

Fletcher Howard. Pharmacist in Onaway, Indiana, 1879-84. Pharmacist in Sheldon, Indiana, since 1884. Member Indiana Commission Pharmacist, appointed February, 1886.

Rodney Fuller Johonnot, LL.B., Boston University, 1882. Teacher, and in vacation law student in the office of Hutchinson &

Willard Ernest Lane. Studied pharmacy and received a certificate of the Commission of Pharmacy, both of Maine and Massachusetts. Druggist in Lewiston, Me., 1879-91. At present in a drug store at Cambridgeport, Mass.

Thurston Merrill Lombard. Resident of Auburn since 1879. Fruit-grower.


Frank Pierce Otis. Read law with H. G. Lebroke, Esq., Foxcroft, Me., and with James A. Lent, Esq., Stockton, California. Teacher and law student in Maine, 1879-82. Lawyer in Stockton, Cal., 1882-85. Lawyer in Sonora, Cal., since 1885. District Attorney of Tuolumne County, Cal., 1887-88 and 1891-92, and is now District Judge of Tuolumne County.

Louis Melville Perkins. Studied at State Normal School, Farmington, Me., 1880. Principal of High School, Kennebunk, Me., since 1887. Devotes an hour each day to literary work.


PERSONAL.

'73.—N. W. Harris of Auburn spoke to the soldier boys of Lewiston and Auburn, who left May 2d in response to the call of President McKinley. Mayor Harris spoke briefly but eloquently, and with words full of sincerity. He said in part:

It is with mingled feelings of pride and regret that we look upon this unusual scene; regret that there is again occasion for armed men to parade our streets in time of war; regret that the sons of this generation should be called upon to undergo the dangers, hardships, and privations of a soldier's life. We had thought the time had come when there was to be no more war. But, unexpected as it is, it does not find us unprepared.

In this time of need we turn for help to our National Guard. For the several states and municipalities scattered throughout this broad land of ours the National Guard is responding to the call of President McKinley. We are proud that this municipality, this city of Auburn, has so loyal and patriotic a company as Company C of the First Regiment under Captain Barney—young men eager and willing to volunteer in the country’s service. We believe this to be as loyal and patriotic a city as there is in the land, and that you will well and truly represent that loyalty and patriotism. It is a sacred trust that you assume, to help perpetuate the record of heroism and sacrifice, the love of liberty and freedom that our fathers have established. We believe that you enter upon it not only as a duty but as a privilege. It is your privilege to be the first to respond, the first to volunteer, the first to make the sacrifice; to leave the peaceful pursuits of your various callings to become soldiers in arms, pledged to uphold the honor and good name of this free republic. It is, I say, with feelings of pride that we contemplate these things.

In one other respect this is an unusual and memorable occasion. Acting as your escort stand the depleted ranks of Burnside Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, our heroes and veterans of the Civil War. They know better than we do what war means, but the love of the flag and their country still fires their hearts, though the infirmities of age unfit them for the active duties of soldiers. It is
under their auspices and with their God-speed and ours that you go forth. They pass the standard to you, and entrust it to your care, to defend and protect it. The traditions of their valor and the record of their deeds are before you. They may well be to you an inspiration.

I appreciate that this is no time for extended speech-making, but we could not let you depart without some slight expression of appreciation of your patriotism. The city and the Grand Army feel that in you they are well represented. The news of the morning is encouraging and gives us hope that the conflict will not be prolonged. On your account and on account of us all I hope it may be brought to a speedy termination, that you may not be long separated from your families and that you may return to your ordinary vocations. Our eyes will be upon you, and we shall watch your career eagerly, for many of our best interests are entrusted to your care, and we believe they are in good hands. Our hopes, triumphant o'er our fears, are all with you.

—Lewiston Journal.

'81.—Charles Sumner Haskell, who has succeeded Jacob Sands as principal of Public School No. 2, Brooklyn, N. Y., left the principalship of the Jersey City High School, to accept his present position. Mr. Haskell has for several years been recognized as one of the leading educators of New Jersey. Mr. Haskell is a native of Auburn, N. H. He came to Jersey City in 1885 to take charge of the classical department in the High School. He was afterward appointed principal of Grammar School No. 14. Upon the occurrence of the vacancy in the principalship of the High School two years ago, he was unanimously elected to the position, and under his administration the school has attained a high degree of efficiency.

'86.—Professor Hartshorn, Professor of English, Bates College, sailed from Boston, Thursday, May 26th, to make an extended trip through England and Scotland. The Professor sailed on the Catalina, of the Cunard line.

'90.—Born, in Melrose, Mass., May 14th, a daughter, Harriet Stanton, to Mrs. William H. Woodman.

'91.—Died, Asa Cummings Chapin. Obituary will appear in next STUDENT.

'95.—W. B. Small gave a lecture on "Aphosia," at the dedication of the Central Maine Hospital, Lewiston, Me.

'96.—Died, Mary Emma Dolley. Obituary will appear in next number.

The following members of Bates alumni have been in attendance at the Ministers' Institute, held at Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me., May 19th-27th: '67—Rev. H. P. Wood; '69—Prof. G. B.

At a town meeting in Melrose, Mass., in which there was a long discussion upon the question of sewer assessments, in regard to the taxation of improved and unimproved lands, the following is from the Melrose Journal:

Mr. Julian C. Woodman replied to both Mr. Skehling and Dr. Holden, declaring that they had reversed the teachings of Henry George while professing to be his disciples. Mr. Woodman made a very able argument in favor of the system as proposed, going into an interesting statement concerning the different methods of taxation adopted in 1702 and coming down to the present time. He urged that the unoccupied land was benefited more by the laying of the sewer than improved property.

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**Local Department.**

**BASE-BALL.**

The base-ball season was opened, in accordance with the schedule, on April 28th, with an exhibition game at Lee Park, having our friends from Brunswick as opponents. Owing to the disagreeable weather the attendance was not as large as was expected. Although not a league game, yet it was important, as it enabled us to compare the strength of the two teams from various points of view. The fielding of the two teams was about equal; Bates's errors were more costly if not so frequent as Bowdoin's. In hitting, our team showed themselves superior to the visitors. The playing of Quinn and Purinton was excellent. The score was not just as we had hoped, yet we were not at all displeased with the comparison of the two teams.

**BOWDOIN.**

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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According to the usual custom the team made a trip out of the state this spring, starting Monday forenoon, May 2d, and returning Saturday afternoon, May 7th. The trip was very well arranged, so that the team was not obliged to do any traveling at night. Five games were played on the trip: Tuesday and Wednesday at Burlington, Vt., with the University of Vermont. U. of V.’s pitchers, Miner and Oatley, proved a conundrum to our boys, as they have to all other teams. From Burlington the team went to Saxton’s River. Here, on Thursday, they played and easily defeated the Vermont Academy. On Friday morning they left Saxton’s River for Ashburnham, Mass., where bats were crossed with Cushing Academy. Here again the boys were doomed to disappointment, Simonds, Cushing’s pitcher, proving invincible. The fifth and last game was played Saturday with the Newtowne Club of Boston, on the Tufts College base-ball grounds. The game was warmly contested by both teams, Bates leading up to the seventh inning. Newtowne led by one score at the end of the seventh, when the game was called in order to enable the boys to catch the train. Thus ended a series of unsuccessful games. But experience is a good teacher, and sometimes that experience which is the hardest to bear proves the most valuable. We are anything but discouraged, for good, honest, hard work, which we know each man has done, is doing, and will do, is bound to be successful in the end.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

NH3.

"There'll be a rest," we Juniors cried, "when Monie sails away."
As o'er the knots of Browning's lore we toiled the livelong day.
Well, Monie's gone, we saw him off, and should have shed a tear,
But o'er he went he spoke a word that made us quake with fear.

"You'll find some topics in my room pinned up against the wall.
Please copy them and use them, too, but if, perchance, it fall
That these should be destroyed before they reach a Junior's eye,
Learn Ruskin, Pancoast, all the books, and likewise DeQuincey."
Our hearts turned sick, but three brave lads, a hope forlorn to lead, 
Rushed, breathless, down to Lisbon Street with youth's impetuous speed, 
And purchased there a knob of gold, a cane attached thereto: 
Then B—, the spokesman for the rest, with deep obeisance due, 
Spoke forth, "Professor, we present this humble gift to-day, 
And beg your heart to us may turn when you are far away." 
A smile of pleasure, fair and bright, made radiant Monie's face. 
He took the cane and made a speech, 'twas full of kindly grace. 
But in his smile we saw no hope, no mercy in his eye,— 
But this, "Learn Ruskin, Pancoast, all, and likewise DeQuincey." 
The Senior's say he'll use us straight because we gave the cane; 

—we shall I say more!!!

Mr. S—, 1900, is losing his gray hairs. 
Prof.—"What about the 'Boycaught' (cott), Miss K—?" 
Miss Landman, 1901, is teaching this summer at Hanover, Me. 
Miss Blanchard and Miss Small, 1901, are out teaching this term. 
Lee Park has been leased by the Athletic Association for the summer and fall of '98. 
We are pleased to notice the great interest which 1900 is taking in the morning bird walks. 
Professor Geer occupied the pulpit at the Williston Church, in Portland, on Sunday, May 1st. 
'99 regrets that Miss Rounds will be absent the rest of the term. 
She is teaching school at South Paris. 
The girls at Cheney Hall gave a very pleasant reception to Mrs. Hartshorn, Monday evening, May 9th. 
Prof. (to small boy in close proximity to the stove)—"Tell what you know of the sweating system." 
The Class of '99 hung a May basket to one of its Auburn members, Miss Hayes, and enjoyed a very pleasant call, on the evening of May 10th. 
The Seniors have decided to use college talent in their Commencement Concert. All who attended the concert of last year will be pleased at this arrangement. 
At the time of the opening of the new wing of the Central Maine General Hospital, many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the building, and admiring the various improvements.
Arbor Day, May 10th, was observed this year by the young men of the various classes in working two and one-half hours on the new athletic field. Recitations were suspended.

The following amendments have been made to the constitution of the Athletic Association:

Article IV. of the Constitution shall be amended by the addition of the following sections:

Sec. 7. Any member of the Association shall be allowed to wear the Bates sweater who is eligible to vote for captain of foot-ball or base-ball team, as provided in Art. II., Sec. 6, has won a place in track athletics or tennis at an intercollegiate contest, or has been manager of one of these four teams.

All substitutes on foot-ball or base-ball teams and all members of track or tennis teams who have not won a place in an intercollegiate contest may wear the regulation sweater without the B.

The Bates athletic sweater shall be garnet in color, with a black B six inches by four inches of one-inch braid on breast, a three-inch black stripe around the bottom, black wrists, black roll collar, and a two-inch black stripe two inches from the edge of the sailor collar, which shall be ten inches in length and sixteen inches in width.

Each man shall have the choice of style, roll collar, lace front or turtle neck.

Sec. 9. The award of sweaters shall be made at the close of each season by the board of directors, subject to the rules given in Sec. 7 of this article.

Article II. of the Constitution shall be amended by the insertion of the words "and assistant manager" in Sec. 1, between the words "Treasurer" and "from the Sophomore Class," also by striking the words "and scorer" from Sec. 4.

The Astronomy class, accompanied by their professor, spent an hour one evening recently in studying the heavens. The evening was exceptionally favorable, and the time was very profitably spent.

On Friday morning, May 20th, immediately after chapel exercises, the students assembled in front of Hathorn Hall, to listen to an address by President Chase. The occasion was the raising of our new flag. The address was full of eloquence, patriotism, and deep thought.

The final debate for the prize offered by the College Club, was held Thursday evening, May 12th. The contestants were Nichols Latin School and Edward Little High School. The debate was interesting, well taken up, and closely contested. The award was given to Edward Little High School.

As a result of a bet upon a recent ball game, two of our fellow-students, G—,'98, and B—,'99, became violently insane. Seizing an innocent wheelbarrow they rushed madly down Frye Street, much to the consternation of the inhabitants. Suffice it to say that they were pursued by a large force of students and taken back to their cells.

On Saturday evening, May 21st, the Class of '99 was delightfully entertained by three of its members residing at Frisbee Hall. The features of the entertainment were the vocal solos by Miss Miller and Mr. Lary, and the piano solo by Mr. Chase.

On Saturday evening, May 14th, the Young Ladies' Glee Club gave a concert at Hathorn Hall. The club was assisted by Miss S. M. Perkins, '99, as pianist, and Miss Carrie Peables, as reader.

**PROGRAMME.**

| Vocal Solo—“The Angel Came.”—Cowen. | Miss Peables. |
| Reading—“Xmas of Two Corporals.” | Miss Skillings and Mrs. Hartshorn. |
| Duet—“New Life, Spring Song.”—Adam Giebel. | Miss Perkins. |
| Piano Solo—Selected. | Miss Roberts, Smith, Summerbell, and Ricker. |
| Selection. | Glee Club. |
| “A Tale with a Moral.”—Caroline M. Fuller.—Quartette. | Misses Roberts, Cox, Butterfield, Smith, Skillings, Mrs. Hartshorn, Misses Summerbell, Chadbourne, Blake, Proctor, and Ricker. |
| Lullaby.—W. A. Mozart. | Glee Club. |
| Reading—“A Trying Situation.”—M. Twain. | Miss Peables. |
| Vocal Solo—“The Angel of Dawn.”—Lindsay Lennox. | Miss Roberts. |
| Violin Solo—Selected. | Miss Small. |
| Reading—Selected. | Miss Peables. |

Each part was rendered with a high degree of excellence. Space forbids commenting at length, but we can all say that we are proud of the showing made by the young ladies. The members of the club are Misses Roberts, Cox, Butterfield, Smith, Skillings, Mrs. Hartshorn, Misses Summerbell, Chadbourne, Blake, Proctor, and Ricker. After the concert the club was entertained by Mrs. Hussey.

The graduating exercises of Cobb Divinity School took place Wednesday afternoon, May 18th, in Roger Williams Hall. There were several addresses by the graduates. The anniversary sermon was preached May 15th, at the Main Street Church, by Rev. G. A. Hartley of St. John, N. B.

At the Union Prayer-Meeting, on Wednesday evening, April 27th, Mr. C. P. Vickery, the traveling secretary of the College Y. M. C. A., met the students and gave a very interesting and helpful talk on the duty of a Christian in college; he also spoke of the excellent work which is being done at the Northfield Conferences.
On Friday afternoon, April 22d, the chapel was filled with students and friends, assembled to listen to Mr. Metcalf, former manager and editor of the *North American Review* and also of the *Forum*. Mr. Metcalf spoke on the subject, "Eminent Men whom I Have Met." It was surely a rare privilege for the students to hear a man of such wide and varied experience.

On Monday, May 2d, the college students joined with the rest of the city of Lewiston in celebrating the departure of the militia for Augusta. Nearly every young man in college marched in the procession from the armory to the station, the four classes forming as many companies and presenting a very orderly and soldier-like appearance. The Latin School was also represented by a number of its students.

On Monday, May 23d, Professor and Mrs. Hartshorn left for Europe. They were given a hearty send-off at the station by a large body of students. The Class of '99 presented the professor with a cane as a reminder of their love for him. On receiving the present he responded with a great deal of feeling. After much shaking of hands and cheering the train moved off amid a cloud of fluttering handkerchiefs and many sad "good-byes."

Six members of the Sophomore Class have been chosen to take part in the team debate for the prize offered by Judge Drew. Messrs. Manter, Butterfield, and Ayer speak on the affirmative, and Messrs. Foster, Dennison, and Packard on the negative of the question—Should the United States enter into an alliance with Great Britain for mutual defense and the maintenance of the integrity of each other's territory? The debate will take place the fifth week of the fall term.

The following books have been added to the library during the past month: Twenty-three volumes from the alumni; sixteen from the College Club, including ten books by Darwin; eighty-one from Rev. G. S. Dickerman; three from I. H. Gray, '99; *Maine Statesman* for 1897, from the editor, George W. Wood, '75; Affairs in Cuba, from United States Government; Woman's Mission, from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; Ballou's History of the Hopedale Community, and Autobiography of Adin Ballou, from William S. and Abbie C. Heywood; Introduction to the Life of Jesus, from the author, Prof. A. W. Anthony. Dr. Alonzo Garcelon of Lewiston has presented thirteen books. A few have been purchased: Jusserand—
THE EXCHANGES.

THE exchanges for April are good. Of marked merit is the Yale Literary Magazine. "Popular American Feeling Against England" shows unusual ability. The closing paragraph is:

How supremely desirable, then, is the moral unity of the English race!

"O two such silver currents when they join
Do glorify the banks that bound them in!"

How can we verify this sentiment of our greatest man? Not by education alone. It is not enough to emphasize the identity of the race in source, character, and destiny; it is not enough to prove the race industrially and commercially inseparable; let teacher and preacher be both wise and earnest; all agencies of international friendship as active as may be, and war is still a possibility. Our herculean effort to restrain press and politician must be aided from without. England must furnish the basis for this work. Let her know the whole truth; she has forfeited the friendship of the American people by acts of state, by acts of state must she regain it. A large class may respond to the friendship of a large class as in the past, but our people will respond only to the friendship of the British government. Let her seize the opportunities of the future, conscious that America's wise and strong men will support the work she begins. In the solution of this
problem we discover the solution of all political problems; let us bend to it earnestly. Let us educate the people; let candor mark all our relations; let our patriotism be broad; let our statesmanship be lofty; then shall our deeds hasten our Anglo-Saxon dream—a "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

The Dartmouth Literary Monthly is a special number, as all the parts are written by alumni. Dartmouth may well feel proud of the literary skill shown by her graduates. "Italian Influence of English Literature" is a scholarly article and worthy of careful reading. The same may be said of "Sympathy in Literary Art," while the "Letter to a would-be Novelist" is worthy both in style and thought.

In the Brunonian, "Rastus and Liza" is a picturesque little negro story.

The Buff and Blue contains a very interesting description of "A Day in the Senate." The great crowd, the rush for seats, the vigilance of the door-keeper, are portrayed with vividness. The President's message, which was not forthcoming, furnishes a fitting climax.

Snow at Sun-Down.

Along the winter hills low voices sigh
   From tree to tree,—now near, now far away,—
   And sinking to the merest dream of sound
Vanish in stillness born of the still day,
   And are no longer found.
And lo! soft-footed clouds, that journey by,
   Linger among the tree-tops, bending low
To shake down lapfuls of the fleece-white snow
   From out their robes of gray.

Bow low your heads, O pines, in reverence,
   While the white benediction silently
On all the world is falling, and the day
   Fares lingeringly across the shadow sea
That stretches far away
Unto the land of yesterdays, and thence
   Sweeps back no tidings—Hush! the veiled night
Rides forth on white-winged snow-flakes in their flight,
   From the dark gates set free.
—Smith College Monthly.

The Answer.

We journey through the wood, my Love and I,
   And linger on the things worn flowers trace.
My Love's blown hair falls burning on my face
   In passion that our day should ever die.
And bending low I ask it, eye to eye,
   "Shall love that knew in Life still know in Death?"
She answers not, nor sighs, nor sorroweth,
Then droops her head, and weeps, not knowing why.
And turning where I stood, I saw below,
Framed in the hanging branches twined above
Another—gleaming with unearthly glow,
Who sang of death, and singing, interwove
Through all that dark and mournful dirge of woe,
The ever-burning, deathless song of Love.

—Yale Literary Magazine.

Ballade of the Midnight Forest.

(After Théodore de Banville.)

The woodland nymphs, the mocking fauns still sing
'Neath thorn and holly as in time gone by;
Still in the cool west wind the branches swing,
And Dian, wandering free, may still espy
The lean wolves startling at the Huntress' cry.
The shepherds' cots, men say, her rite still know
When silver stars awaking soft and slow
Join with the silent moon their paler light
To glorify the silent fields below,
And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

Cress-wreathed, their golden heads all shimmering,
In mystic measures still the nixies vie
All-fain, half-fearful of discovering
Where the red dwarf, the wild red dwarf, doth lie,
The fairies' foe, the dryad's enemy,
Half in delight and half in dread; when lo!
The Virgin Goddess comes in robe of snow,
Smiles sadly, and as she sees their swift affright,
Breathes one swift sigh for summers long ago,
And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

Her sylvan spoils her nymphs attendant bring:
The shrilling sob of startled stags that fly,
Blends with the bay of ban-dogs following.
And she, exulting in her archery,
Steals shining shafts from out the star-lit sky
And speeds them from the silver of her bow.
Loose on the western wind her long locks flow
Unbound, a golden aureole blown bright
About her brow, with eagerness aglow,
And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

L'envoi.

Prince, leave the shame and splendour, wealth, and woe,
The gloom and glamour of the town, for Oh,
A fairer land is spread for our delight,
Where forest-fern and fount their piece bestow,
And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

—Yale Literary Magazine.
WHEN VIOLET BLOOMS AND LILAC BLOWS.

Grateful the grove, cool, green the dell,
Sweet bursts its bud the blushing rose.
And every ripplingbrooklet flows
With laughter from its crystal well,
When violet blooms and lilac blows.

On every side the flowered rows
Of hedge with spring-time music swells,
Soft under foot the green moss grows,
And lightly nods the gay bluebell,
When violet blooms and lilac blows.

Down in the dale the dun cow lows,
Far sweeter than e’er Orpheus’ shell,
And everywhere young Nature shows
Her love for fields where mortals dwell,
When violet blooms and lilac blows.

—Georgetown College Journal.

Our Book-Shelf.

Rosin the Beau is the quaint title of one of the latest stories in the Captain January series, by Laura E. Richards. The leading character is Jacques D’Arthenay, popularly known as Rosin the Beau, a slight modification of the name, Rosin the Bow, received from a countryman who “could not remember the outlandish name.” Rosin the Beau tells the story of his life to Melody, a little girl whom his eighty-year-old heart embraces with all the tenderness inherent in a man whose soul is steeped in the true nobility of goodness. His mother, he writes, was a peasant girl of French blood, lovely, graceful, child-like, womanly, and altogether noble. The father is by nature cold and austere, but his love for “Mère Marie” sweetens his whole life. Her violin voices the religious sentiment of his heart as no words of his own could do. The hero has the continuous peace of a noble life, but grief touches him none the less deeply because his heart is tender and pure. The writer’s style is well adapted to the spirit of the narrative.

We have received from Leach, Shewell & Co., a little book containing some leading selections from Byron, with notes and questions by Charles Maurice Stebbins, instructor in English in the High School, Salt Lake City. The work as presented is suitable for classes not far enough advanced for critical analysis.

1Rosin the Beau. By Laura E. Richards. Estes & Lauriat. $0.50.
2The Prisoner of Chillon, and other poems, from Byron. Notes by Charles Maurice Stebbins. Leach, Shewell & Co. $0.35.
The Wesleyan base-ball team is on a spring trip.

The largest library in the world is the National Library of Paris. It contains 40 miles of shelves, holding 1,400,000 books.

Two hundred and fifty-four entries are recorded for the Intercollegiate Athletic Meet at Berkeley Oval, on May 27th and 28th. The Intercollegiate A. A. A. executive committee will meet Friday to take action on the entries.

A new cup, costing $250, will be given as permanent property to the school whose team wins twice the championship of the New York Interscholastic Athletic Association. The twentieth annual meet will be held next Saturday.

A club has been formed at Yale University to cultivate after-dinner speaking. The club is composed exclusively of members of the Sophomore Class, and has a membership of fourteen. Banquets are to be held at intervals, each member making a speech. The one making the best speech will act as toast-master at the next.

The University of Illinois is the first to make a Library School one of its professional institutions. A four years' course is offered, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Library Science. The director holds a full professorship in the University. The lowest entrance requirement is a two years' course in general university studies; but a full four years' college course is much preferred.

An interesting experiment was recently tried by Prof. E. E. Slossom, of the University of Wyoming. It was this: Twenty-three persons were given an evening at a concert. The programme consisted of Chopin's Funeral March; S. F. Powell's nocturne, Solicitude; Handel's aria, "He was despised and rejected of men," from "The Messiah;" Chopin's nocturne, Op. 15; something from Schubert; and Liszt's Serenade. There was only one professional musician among the twenty-three, but it was found by subsequent examination that each separate number on the programme produced the same definite emotional result upon them. Some composers were found, however, to have greater power than others for producing a given effect upon the listener, and some persons are much more susceptible to such influences than others are.
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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

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GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

*Deceased.

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TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's Aeneid; four books of Caesar; six orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough).

GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar.

MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or equivalents.

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