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BEYOND THE GATE.

Beyond the gate of death, I know
Not what wild ways may be—
What paths that darkly slope
Through mingled fear and hope
Up toward God's throne, where thou wilt flee,
And I must haste to follow thee.
But this I know:
Where'er thy foot may fall some flower will blow,
Which I shall surely see!

—WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

COLLEGE AND MANHOOD.

IVY-DAY ORATION.

To a largely increasing number of young men and young women college doors are opened every year. These institutions of learning exist not for young men only, not merely for young men of wealth and position, not merely for young men fitted for professional life, but for every young man or woman who counts wisdom better than gold, who loves life and growth better than rubies.

I like to think of man as a little child, in whose breast God has planted an immortal seed, capable of infinite life and growth. I like to think of the college as its foster-mother. What the fertile soil and the sunbeam, the rain and dew and breeze are to the tiny seeds which nature has sown broadcast over mother earth, the col-
College, with all its associations and traditions, is to the young man or woman who gather within its walls.

A short time ago, a gentleman from California visited Cambridge, in view of building a university in the West. After looking over the different departments of that ancient institution he asked President Eliot how much it would cost to build a university like Harvard. President Eliot looked at him for a moment and said, "You probably can build a university like Harvard for about four million dollars, but the two hundred and fifty years come hard." Institutions like Harvard are mellow with years; ten thousand unseen hands around that ancient university beckon the young man to come forward into manhood. Harvard was not built. It grew. Two hundred and fifty years and more ago, every family in the colony of Massachusetts contributed a peck of corn, or its equivalent, to the founding of a college. A year later John Harvard gave more than half his fortune to its support. And so down through the centuries Harvard has grown. But while it has been growing ripe with years, the blood of that ancient university, fresh with vigor and life, has gone pulsating through every artery and vein, to the very finger tips of the national body.

We are told that if we examine an apple seed with a powerful microscope we shall find in it all the elements of the future tree. The massive trunk, the wide-spreading branches, the far-reaching roots with all their thousands of little fibers, all appear to the eye of science. The apple seed asks nothing but this: that the fertile soil in which it lies may have sunbeam and rain and breeze, and it will grow into the mighty tree.

The whole process of growth is the result of its own mysterious vitality. The apple-tree hanging with its ripe fruit is only the seed written large. The little tree planted in the tiny husk by the hand of its Creator, has not changed, either in its nature or in any of its properties. It has simply unfolded. It has grown. Or, we might say, it has been educated.

If there were only an instrument powerful enough to penetrate this mortal husk and lay bare the human soul, with all its mysterious workings, in the heart of the little child would be found all the elements of the future man. As one described him: "So noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in form and movement, so express and admirable, in action so like an angel, in apprehension so like a god." The man in full possession of all his powers, is only the
child written large. The whole process of growth into manhood is determined by each man's own personality. College training does not make the man, any more than the soil and sunbeam and rain make the acorn into a fir tree. Education cannot enlarge his mental capacity, neither can it add one cubit to his stature. It simply awakens, it unfolds, it cannot create.

The college furnishes the conditions of growth into manhood; it is pre-eminently a place for information. If it does not furnish conditions suited to the growth of the student from within, then the accumulated wealth, the labor and thought of centuries have been vain and futile.

But who has watched the young man who comes to college from the farm, or shop, or factory, and has not noticed this unfolding of new powers? The softening of the voice, the carriage of the body and head unconsciously becoming more erect, the eye glowing with a deeper meaning, the tongue speaking with a surer accent, all testify of new tastes formed, new aims in life, new discoveries of self, and a feeling of how good it is to live, and learn and grow in knowledge and in truth.

It is not that the college furnishes the only conditions in which a young man may have new thoughts and new life awakened. Every rock and river and lake, every flower and mountain and star call to him that they may tell him the inmost secrets of their birth and being.

There is now and then a young man, who like Lincoln, can split rails in the forest all day, and at night study with a fire of pine knots for his light. But such instances are rare. The most of us need encouragement to sustain, instruction to aid, and counsel to direct and inspire.

The college furnishes the best conditions, known to us at present, for growth of manhood. Here are the gymnasium and athletic fields, the beauties of the campus and trees, the halls made sacred by the associations of the past. Here are the library and laboratory, the recitation rooms and Professors. Here we learn that the birds sing for us, that the flower blooms for us, that Plato and Shakespeare thought for us, that Tennyson and Browning sang for us; here we get a glimpse of ancient Greece at home and in her native tongue; Cicero and Horace tell us something about Rome; here the keys to the secrets of science are found.

As the student goes from one of these studies to the other, he
simply enters the door of another department, a new world is discovered, the soul's vision extended. These doors open very hard, and the strange thing about it is, they are all unfastened in the same way—each student must open them for himself. No one can do it for him. Plato is said to have inscribed over the door of his Academy—"Let no man incapable of mathematics enter here," and so over the door of every department of science and art is inscribed, "Let no man to whom hard study is repulsive hope for anything from us." Nature shows no favoritism. And study is the requisite to growth and life, decreed by Nature herself. If the Prince of Wales wants a strong arm, he must exercise it. If he wishes science to reveal her secrets or art to unveil her beauty, he must study, and study hard and long.

But mere study and accumulation of facts are not enough. It is not the food that the child eats that makes it grow, but the food digested and assimilated and converted into bone and flesh and muscle. So acquired facts must be digested and assimilated until they become a part of the very fibre of our being. Study and assimilation, and after that growth.

No student can study "In Memoriam" without having emotions stirred and stung into life, which would never have been awakened by the common happenings of his own life. No man can study and in his meditation see the Master-workman who stands by the growing plant, directing and encouraging the little influences at work in the new construction, without having his own spirits quickened. "I am a part of all I have seen," said Tennyson.

A friend of mine last week related to me his experience on making a new discovery in Nature. He took an apple and, cutting around it, divided it into the upper and lower halves. To his surprise and delight, for the first time he discovered that the sides of the little cell which we call the core, in which Nature had lodged the tiny seeds, formed a perfect blossom. The discovery of this simple fact made his whole frame tingle with emotion, and quickened his soul into a new life. It is a noble thing to find ourselves enlarging our mental horizon, and having each day, our eyes opened to new truths, and that something that we have been despising as mean and low is, after all, high and noble and rich in worth and beauty. This makes the heart beat faster, the blood grow warmer, and the world seem rich and beautiful as God meant it should be.

This world is full of work to do. I suppose you have heard
that before. But, fellow-students and friends, it is just as true to-day as it ever was. The world is full of voices clamoring for your attention. You must know before you can act. What can you do in this field of labor; do as a teacher in the school; as a doctor at the bedside of the patient; as a lawyer at the bar; as a minister in the pulpit; and if need be as a soldier in the ranks? These are the questions that were asked yesterday, that are asked to-day, that will be asked to-morrow. The world wants men. A man can dig a ditch without knowing what the ditch is for. But a man to teach immortal souls must know why he is teaching and whom he is teaching; or a man to visit the bedside of a patient must know something more than how to saw off a limb or bind up a wound. The lawyer must know more than his law, the minister more than his theology—he must be a man. He must be a citizen, a father at the fireside, a guide to the young, a companion of the wise and thoughtful, and, gathering the light that lies above the stars, he must lay it upon the lives and works of men that they may not be in darkness.

Very few of us perhaps ever accomplish all we have expected or ought to accomplish. We dream dreams of future greatness, and when the day draws to a close, still there is so much work to do, so many purposes unfulfilled. And as the evening shades appear, we question: "Where are all these dreams of future greatness, of works accomplished? Where are those glimpses of the unspeakable caught at some inspired moment? What great good has all this study and thought and anxiety wrought?"

You remember that in "In Memoriam" Tennyson describes himself as sailing down the river of time in a little shallop in company with the Muses. When they arrived at the ocean of eternity, a great white ship comes to meet them. In Tennyson's anxiety to meet his friend, Hallam, he hurries on board the ship, leaving behind him in the boat, weeping, the Muses who had served him here. But Hallam tells them to come on board; and then all sail across the sea of eternity toward the Celestial City, that, like a crimson cloud, lies landlike along the deep.

So I like to think that all that has been thought and done here will go over with us into the beyond, and there serve us; and there we shall live and grow, ever adding strength to strength, knowledge to knowledge, virtue to virtue, ever approaching but never attaining unto the perfection of the Infinite One.
As I said, at the beginning, I like to think of man as a little child in whose bosom God has planted an immortal seed, capable of infinite life and growth. I like to think of the college as its foster-mother. Influences and circumstances, time and eternity, wait to unfold the perfect man planted in the bosom of every little child by the hand of his Creator.


FOR GABRIELLE'S ALBUM.

Little maids, when we grow young,
Just to mate with you,—
Speak an unremembered tongue,
Sing you snatches long unsung—
Why so soon untrue?
Sweet enchantresses! alas,
That you are so sweet!
Finer service never was,
For you make the hours that pass
Go with flying feet.
Ay, but soon the dream is o'er;
All our pains are vain;
Soon you're little maids no more;
Baffled, must we, then, restore

THE EVOLUTION OF MORAL CHARACTER.

VALEDICTORY.

The world is like a great book to be learned by man as he is able to comprehend its meaning. The lessons have been unfolded gradually in the past, and man has just begun to understand the watchword of the ages—to realize the great purpose in the world's creation, to grasp the mighty plan, and welcome the wonderful progress that has been already made. Purpose, plan, and progress sounded forth from the beginning of the almost infinite past, from the time of unicellular life on through the countless ages with their variations, until we can take up the cry and intelligently perform our humble and yet crowning part.

A man's moral character is his attitude toward himself, toward God, toward others. The interdependence of the two great series of evolution is shown by the fact that we must ascribe the beginning of all moral life to the mother love which was the direct outgrowth
of the lengthening of the period of infancy and the necessity of long-continued care. Then came the recognition of a Supreme Being and attendant worship. In the days of savagery the interests of the individual were identical with the tribal interest. The members shared with one another, and banded together as they were, the self-preservative instinct demanded that they should seek the preservation of others. Thus their interest ceased to be entirely self-centered, because of the forced recognition of the rights of others.

The rule of life gradually grew into a principle, and the consequences following the non-observance of a rule led to the thought and a final application to the inner purpose—thus right and wrong as abstractions were born, and the foundation for breadth of life was laid. Devotion to life and tribe developed into devotion to right and nation. Keener perceptions made it more difficult to measure a man’s duty.

Then came the great Christian teachings by which the love struggling against its restrictions was directed into broader ways, and a high and noble ideal was set before the world. The long-perfected physical man was now given a perfect psychical type. A great cause and result was the life and death of Jesus Christ. Since that time progress has been more rapid than ever before in the world’s history, and even now God’s plans are slowly unfolded in the evolution of the world.

The prophetic words, “On earth peace, good-will toward men,” are yet to be interpreted. Then the birth they heralded brought “not peace but a sword.” Their fulfillment was not then, is not now, but will be in the future.

The tendency throughout the whole course of the evolution of moral character has been altruistic, from the time when man first looked upon the welfare of his neighbor with interest until the present day of home and foreign benevolences. At the same time a better knowledge and appreciation of self was given. Danger lurks in exclusive altruism. “Self-assertion, self-enjoyment, and self-perfection” are necessary to good living. But the progress of the individual consists in the realization of the higher rather than of the lower self. The recognition of individual possibility and responsibility means the progress of a race. And to-day men are realizing this and living on a high plane of life.

The evolution of moral character has been the chief and only
cause of the great social reforms that have taken place in the world. The state, the church, the home, are all only the results of it. Therefore we see that as long as evolution goes on until the perfect psychical man at the expense, it may be, of the physical has been attained, these must constantly develop.

Within the last thousand years the individual has ceased to be a minister to the organization. The organization has become the servant of the individual. The church and state have ceased to be dependent either on the other, but have become independent. Social aristocracy has disappeared to a great extent, and freedom has been established as far as now consistent with public safety.

Can we then with the pessimist say that the world is degenerating—that moral progress is a thing of the past? Nay, rather we rejoice that life is become so broad that it has outgrown narrow standards of judgment, and demands broad thinking and nobility of understanding for its interpretation.

The record of the past is grand, but greater revelations are to be made.

Those who have caught God's secrets only in part, whose ideals are the highest that exist, can prophesy only in part. There will come a time when the character shall be so developed that life's extreme possibility shall be realized.

Our part in this great work is humble, for the goal is not yet to be attained—but we have the gift of progression—for,

"Man knows partly but conceives beside,  
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,  
And in this striving, this converting air  
Into a solid he may grasp and use,  
Finds progress man's distinctive mark alone,  
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are,  
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

—AdaH M. Tasker, '98.

PROOF NEGATIVE.

Often, as I pass Sarony's,  
Sauntering with a pair of cronies,  
We admire some trim Adonis  
On a card.  
Oft we pause, and turn between us  
Him and others of his genus;  
Then we gaze at some sweet Venus  
Just as hard.
What a wondrous art the sun's is!
See that picture, now, of Tunzie's;
What expression! Not a nun's is
More demure.
You may know just what his thought is;
(Mark the shadow where that wart is);
Over here you gather Lottie's
Just as sure.

Take your sister to the painter's,
She'll have charms that really ain't hers;
He will make her out a saint as
Sure as thirst.
But the sun's work never flatters
Nor degrades one,—and the latter's
Quite as serious a matter's
Is the first.

So it goes, till once I slyly
Ask my friends to enter; dryly
Claim my proofs; the clerk meanwhile he
Seeks the same.
I, impatient, talk of whether
They'll be like me—of the weather;
You had felled me with a feather
When they came!

When, reviving, I can utter
What I feel, I gasp and splutter:
"Why, this thing is nothing but a
Chimpanzee!
Tell me, Dobbs, and say it slowly,
Did I ever look—Oh, Holy
Smoke! It's more like Mr. Crowley
Than like me.

"Mark this blotch and note that speckle,
Squint, and leer, and mole and freckle;
They have made my Dr. Jekyll
Mr. Hyde.
Scan my pale and classic features;
When my answering glances meet yours,
Do you look on such a creature's
Here descried?"

Then my friends, untimely witty,
Praise the sun's work: "What a hit he
Made with Boggs! But such a pity
'Twasn't us!
Just his form and look and stature;
True, it seems a freak of nature,
But, considering who sat here,
What a fuss!
"Friends!" I cried, I surely am as-
tonished at your wretched grammar,
And your impudence would shame a
Brazen Hun.
I could wish you both might die a
Lingering death by sluggish fire;
If there ever was a liar,
It's the sun!"

—G. H. S., '72.

ARE WE FAITHFUL TO OUR TRUST?

CLASS-DAY ORATION.

IT is as true to-day as it was centuries ago, that in the govern-
ment of a nation we may read the character of its people. As
we gaze back into the past upon mankind in the difficult and some-
times doubtful process of development, we see governments,
embodying all the follies and shortcomings of the race. Dynasties,
the most despotic, rise and fall. Monarchies, the most corrupt and
vicious, have their day and are no more. Despite the periods of
darkness, however, mankind is slowly progressing, and with that
progress comes an improvement in the form of government, bring-
ing to the individual a broader freedom and enlarged opportuni-
ties for development.

To-day, we of America point with pride to the government of
our free and prosperous land as the last and most important step
in this onward march of man. And our pride is just. But let not
self-gratulation absorb us too deeply. Whence come these bless-
ings that are ours, this land so free, these laws so just? They are
the priceless legacy bequeathed to us by our Puritan ancestors that
we use them, enjoy them, and then adding to them the fruit of our
experience, bestow them on the generations to come. Here, then,
we strike the root of the matter. How are we using these oppor-
tunities that have been given us? Are we carefully guarding the
priceless treasures of freedom and preserving them for those who
are to come after us? Let us reflect for a moment.

We love to speak of that perilous voyage of the Pilgrims, brav-
ing the dangers of a wintry sea to found in the wilderness beyond,
a government whose corner-stone should be equality. Their daring
and courage we can never forget. And in later years, when
brought face to face with all-unsought and distasteful struggle
with their kinsfolk across the sea, with what heroism and fortitude
did those patriot bands endure the hardships of the long and weary
war. The story of that contest can never grow old to us, nay, to all the world, for it was the last mighty exertion of man in which he threw off the remaining fetters which bound him and arose to the fulness of his stature.

But for the American citizen of to-day there is something more to be remembered than the heroic deeds of his ancestors, for they bring to us a lesson which, it is to be feared, we are sometimes prone to forget. The lesson is to be found in the lives they lived. They were simple, austere men, not without their faults. But first and always they feared God and jealously guarded those principles of justice and equality, the benefits of which we are enjoying to-day. From the maintenance of the integrity of those principles no self-interest, however enticing, could allure them. Faithfully did they perform that which was committed unto them, and now their duties have devolved upon us. Are we, too, faithful to our trust? With feelings of shame though it be, we can only answer, "No."

For the past thirty years the people of this nation have devoted themselves unceasingly to the problems of material progress. And the result has been wonderful. Our wealth has been increased and our resources developed in a way which has been a marvel to the world. In the meantime who has looked after the affairs of government? Alas; slowly and steadily the hand of corruption has fastened itself upon our politics until everywhere, throughout our land, we are confronted with the pernicious effects of its influence. Corporations and trusts control our legislatures. Rings and bosses rule our cities. The public treasury seems to exist for no other purpose than to enrich the corrupt politician who plunders it at his will. In response to the demands of self-interest, the energetic, upright citizen has gradually withdrawn himself from politics, making way for the professional in all his viciousness and corruption. It seems strange that a people, otherwise so progressive and intelligent, should sit calmly by and view with apathy an evil which, if allowed to go on unchecked, threatens to undermine the very bulwarks of our safety.

What will be the outcome? Will this free and happy land, founded on the rock of political and religious freedom, heaved and torn by the throes of civil strife, yet succumb to the inactivity and sluggishness of its citizens? We cannot believe it. We do not believe it. The citizens of America will yet break through the
mists of indifference which have, for a time, hidden the light from their eyes, and seeing plainly once more the responsibilities which are theirs, will perform well the part which has been assigned to them in the upward march of the race.

Already has come the event which should rouse every citizen to a full sense of his duty. Our country once more enters the lists of war as the champion of a people bowed down 'neath the yoke of tyranny and oppression. Against her, stands a nation representing all the cruelty and ignorance which still cling to it from a time long past. The outcome can never be in doubt, for we are contending now as in the days of '61 for the freedom of fellow-man, and the result must be the same, driving despotism from its last stronghold on the Western Hemisphere. And when this people for whom we are risking so much shall at last be freed from the heavy hand of the oppressor, then, vigorous and buoyant with the hope of the new life opening before them, they will turn to us for the patterns whereby they may fashion the fabric of their government. What then will they find? Must they find a people so deeply engrossed in personal affairs that they have no regard for the purity of political life in city, state, and nation? Must they, when looking for political integrity and honor, find corruption and infamy? Questions like these should be brought to the mind of every citizen to-day. And should this war accomplish no other result than to arouse the people of this nation out of their lethargy to a full realization of their responsibilities as leaders in the Western Hemisphere, it will well be worth any sacrifice which it may cost.

This danger, as yet, threatens only from afar. Strenuously must we strive not only that it may never draw nearer, but that it may disappear entirely from our midst. Every American citizen has a duty which he must perform in the upbuilding and regeneration of our political life. This duty we owe to future generations, who must take up the work of progress wherever we leave off. Most of all do we owe it to our ancestors through whose virtue, courage, and fortitude we have received these blessings of peace and prosperity. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

—Tileston Edwin Woodside, '98.
OUR FUTURE FOREIGN POLICY.

IT is over twelve hundred years since the Saxon invaders landed in England. To their descendants have been transmitted the same love of adventure and thirst for power which were the predominating characteristics of the race. They have explored unknown seas and established new nations and new continents.

In our own country the spirit which of old prompted to adventure and conquest has expended itself in the subjugation of savage tribes, in the transformation of the wilderness, and in the various achievements of manufacture and commerce which pertain to the strictly internal development of a nation. So broad has been the home field, so ample the opportunities offered, and so rich the rewards at hand that there has been little inducement for the American to interest himself actively in any affairs beyond his own boundaries.

It was his keen appreciation of these opportunities for internal growth, together with an equally clear understanding of the European hostility then existing toward the United States, that led Washington, in his earnest and solemn farewell address, to advocate those principles of non-intervention which, modified and mutilated till they have become synonymous with isolation, have given shape to our foreign policy. Upon no other rule of action has the American mind been so constantly and so unanimously agreed. Until very recently the practical wisdom of this policy has seldom been questioned. So securely was it established, so surrounded and supported by those traditions and precedents which are to a nation what habits are to the individual, that people had come to consider it unchangeable.

A century's consistent pursuit of this policy has wrought its inevitable result. The nation has grown rich and powerful, but has remained comparatively unknown abroad save as a vast storehouse of natural products. And if any man has been venturesome enough to suggest that to play such a part was not suited to the dignity of a great nation, he has been silenced by the cry of "Jingoism."

The chances of war have forced us to look beyond our own borders and ask ourselves more seriously whether our hitherto accepted foreign policy is, after all, wise. The news that a naval battle had been fought in the East and that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed, came like an electric shock. To the world at large
the naval prowess of the Anglo Saxon was proved anew. To the American it came as a forerunner of still other victories. To the European it proved that the United States was thoroughly in earnest, and the sympathy for Spain that had shown strongly in some capitals suddenly declined. The victory was in itself remarkable, but only future events can determine its real significance; for close upon the realization of the victory followed the question, What shall we do with the Philippines? And this is but a phase of the broader question, What shall be our future foreign policy?

In a speech delivered some time before the Philippine crisis arose, ex-Secretary Olney well expressed the thought of those who advocate the adoption of a stronger foreign policy. His conclusions are summed up thus: "This country was once the pioneer and is now the millionaire. It behooves it to recognize its changed condition and to realize its great place among the Powers. It behooves it to accept the commanding position belonging to it, with all its advantages on the one hand and all its burdens on the other."

Here is a thing worthy of notice. The statesman who brought the Venezuelan difficulty to a satisfactory end and obtained England's practical consent to American supremacy in the New World advocates a complete change in the conduct of our foreign affairs. The words of such a man cannot be thrown aside as of no weight.

He has based his opinion mainly upon a consideration of commercial advantages. Hitherto we have catered to the home market. Now the home market proves insufficient. The American merchant and manufacturer must in the future find his market in competition with the European merchant and manufacturer. And it is the paramount duty of the American government to see to it that he is in a position to compete as advantageously as possible. That in most lines of trade he is not in a position to compete advantageously is due to the policy of isolation. To place him upon equal terms with his European rival a more vigorous foreign policy is needed. This does not mean that we should meddle with any strictly European affairs, but simply that we should insist upon equal trade rights in all quarters. And if we undertake this we shall soon find ourselves acting in a natural alliance with the other great commercial nations of the world. It is that nation that furnishes us our most profitable market that is united to us by innumerable ties of race, history, language, and religion, and that alone of all Europe has, from the beginning of our present war, been unhesitatingly and unflinchingly our friend.
Everything tends toward such an alliance of the two Anglo-Saxon nations. Every material consideration favors it. The higher sentiments of pride in race and loyalty to a common ancestry urge it. Now for the first time in history such an alliance seems possible. Now for the first time the mention of an alliance is received with popular approval in both countries. The harsher feelings of the past are forgotten or remembered only to emphasize the harmony of the present. An alliance with Great Britain is one of the possibilities of the future. Such an alliance, founded upon a community of race and history rather than upon transient advantages, would be inestimably strong and would insure the continued political and commercial supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

—Ansel A. Knowlton, '98,
First Honor in Chemistry.

Bates Verse.

THE MONK’S VISION.

CLASS-DAY POEM.
The first faint rosiness of breaking dawn
Steals o'er the sky of twilight gray.
Then, from the east, the banners of the morn
Herald abroad the coming day.
From hillside, peak, and valley flees the night,
Before the growing splendor of the light.
Upon the mountain slope, an abbey small,
With walls of gray and rough-cut stone,
Keeps watch above the valley 'neath its wall,
A sentinel that stands alone.
Here falls the greeting of the sun's first ray,
As if to beg a blessing for the day.
A dark-robed monk, from out his simple room,
Has gazed, since dawn began to glow,
Upon the world emerging from its gloom,
In peaceful valleys far below.
To eye, and ear, and heart all Nature plays
Her melodies of perfect joy and praise.
Now vanish from his mind all thoughts of creed,
Philosophies, or doctrines deep.
His heart, at peace, no longer gives them heed,
At present they must sleep.
He looks upon the world of beauteous day,
Then muses, half aloud, in dreamy way:
"God, in his goodness, a beautiful world
Has given the sons of man;
Flower and insect, the smallest of things
Have place in the wondrous plan.

Man has been fashioned to rule over all,
Holding the highest place,
First in the plan that has formed and controls
Even the realms of space.

Will and decision are granted to him,
Denied to all the rest;
Judgment to choose from the paths of earth
What he may consider best.

Which shall he choose, then? Ah, who may say
What is the best to pursue?
Blessings will come into every lot;
Ah, yes, but the pain comes, too.

Bitter and sweet since the world began
Have mingled to make man's life.
All that seems brightest, will show, at times,
A cloud of darkness and strife.

And, in this wonderful, summer world
That seems so with joy to abound,
Doubtful it is whether any man
Content with his life be found."

Then breaks the spell, for low upon his ear
The accents of a strange voice fall.
He turns, beholds a figure standing near,
White-robed, benign and tall.
Amazed, he looks, all things else growing dim;
Until his stranger guest addresses him:—

"Wouldst thou know, oh holy monk,
What thy brothers do?
Wouldst thou tread this summer morn
Ways that they pursue?

"Thou shalt view the brightest scenes
That the world can show,—
All the blessings Heaven and Earth
On mankind bestow.

"Thou shalt judge then for thyself
Which lot proves the best,
Who, from peasant up to king,
Is most truly blest."

Thus speaks the stranger, and before his eyes
The monk, ere he a word can say,
Beholds the spires of a city rise
Where once the peaceful valley lay.
And crowds surge through the city far and wide,
To-day their king brings home his chosen bride.
Then down the echoing streets there rings the cry,
"Long live our Queen, long live the King!"
As pageant bright, the royal train sweeps by
Mid all the splendor wealth can bring.
And in the midst of all his courtly throng,
The king, rejoicing, hears his people's song:

"Noble and gracious, rideth our King,
Greetings and praises, joyous we bring.
Honor and glory, may Heaven give
Unto our ruler. Long may he live."

The monk beholds the scene, then turns away,
For underneath the royal show
He reads the life concealed from light of day
Within the heavy heart below.
For where the people saw a life so blessed,
He finds a heart by strife and envy pressed.

The city vanishes, and in its stead
A tranquil sea rolls far and near,
Bearing upon its breast with white sails spread
An home-bound ship, with cargo dear.
And on her deck, the merchant owner dreams
Of golden wealth that flows in golden streams.

A little gain a greed for more had brought,
And struggling to increase the sum,
He, in his wayward blindness, never thought
That blessing might a curse become.
For him no longer, joy the world doth hold;
His life is bound in narrow bands of gold.

Again the broad scene changes, and again
A city stretches far away.
Its busy streets are filled with jostling men
And crowds that onward surge and sway.
On every tongue is heard the leader's name
Who for himself has won a conqueror's fame.

They tell anew of glorious vict'ries won
On battle fields of foreign lands;
Of all the gallant deeds of daring done
By him who led the warrior bands.
Honor and fame and praise the world grants him
Till not a shadow seems his life to dim.

But 'neath the surface bright, the monk beholds,
As in the distance, dim and far,
A battle field that to his eye unrolls
Drear scenes of carnage and of war.
Such fearful scenes as evermore must rise
To haunt the conqueror's weary brain and eyes.

Envied of men and counted great by all,
His glory never can outwield
The peace of mind, gone now beyond recall,
Denied to him by night or day.
Pensive and sad, the monk turns to his guide
Who thus addresses him, still by his side:—

"Thou hast seen to-day, my brother,
A world both old and new.
Thou hast read, in lives, the secrets
Before concealed from view.

"Thou hast seen what men count blessings,
Power, and wealth, and fame,
And how those that seem the fairest
May prove so but in name.

"But the fault is not the giver's
If blessings prove a bane.
Man must say if earthly gainings
Pleasure bring or pain.

"Each must do what each deems wisest,
Striving for what is best.
Each must work with chosen purpose,
Leaving to God the rest.

"If one seems to fail, or prosper,
Whate'er may be his fate,
To a purpose upright, honest,
Success comes soon or late."

Then disappears the vision, and once more
The monk stands in his room alone,
Thinking of other lives, and counting o'er
The blessings that enrich his own,
Until his heart is filled with peace and light
That seem to make his simple life more bright.

"Well satisfied am I, with what my life
Has gained of blessings, Heaven sent.
Free may I ever be from worldly strife
And free, for aye, from discontent."
Thus speaks the monk, and strengthened, moves away
To meet the waiting duties of the day.
—MABEL SARA GARCELON, '98.

CLASS-DAY ODE.

WORDS BY A. D. TRUE.  MUSIC BY M. E. STICKNEY.

Oft have we listened to legends old,
Legends in story and song,
Telling the beauty of brotherly love,
Friendship enduring and strong.

Ruler and peasant in every land
Where'er the race may dwell,
Each needs the friendship of some true heart,
Some one to wish him well.
Then, whether joy shall crown his days
Or sorrow's cup o'erflow,
Sympathy comes as light from heaven,
Brightening his path below.

Pleasant the journey with other hands
Making the burden light,
Evil is vanquished when other minds
Clearly discern the right.

Time glides away, and the happy hours
Pass like a fleeting dream.
Friendship abides, though we drift afar
Down on Life's rapid stream.

THE SILENT VOICE.

IVY-DAY POEM.

Fair stranger, did you speak to me?
Or was it moaning of the sea,
The mournful dirge of dashing spray
That wildly breaks on yonder gray,
Bald crag? You ask me whether care
Or time hath silvered o'er my hair
And furrowed deep my brow. Ah, well—
'Tis both. Methinks that should I tell
The story of my life, a tear
Or two might fall. Take care, I fear
The surf may harm your dainty gown,
So wild it flies in pulsing down
The beetling cliff.—Yes, if you will
It, you shall see the calm of still
Reserve in whirling passion surge
To depths of living hell. You urge
Me to begin.

There was a wood,
A tangled wood of pines, that stood
Beyond the rude log-hut that was
My home. Before, a sunlit pause
Of meadow slanted downward to
A river, widening in a view
Of billow-bounded sky. No isle,
Save overhead the clouds. Meanwhile
The pale ships flitted by the bar
To realms beyond the dimming far,
And lonesome left the wild, wide sea—
A moment, stranger, pardon me,
An old man's tears are swift to flow.—
At eve, in solitude, the glow
Of sunset used to thrill my soul
With soundless song. The throbbing roll
Of breakers and the rose-gold west
Were one vast painting, and the rest
Of twilight, Peace. To me, her face
Soft curtained with the clouds, in grace
Was beautiful beyond that word.
The Master-painter's art hath stirred
My being to the silent song
That sobs for utterance, till, ere long,
Its cadence sadly dies away.
It seemed to me, I may not say
'Twas so, that Nature loved me more
Than many a man. Yet since then, o'er
Her face she drew the veil to me
And saddened all my days, though free
I am to say the fault was mine.
My finger marks the shelving line
Of cliff, where once I stood and changed
A life-time. Aye, 'tis much, when ranged
In order of their age, pass by
The far-off years, and halting, cry,
A gray-head, and his mission still
Is unperformed. Ah me, they will
Not cease reproach; but I forecast
Too much. Yes, I forget, the last
I spake was of the cliff.

'Twas night.
Of evening's orb, the silver light
A filmy veil spread o'er the deep.
In melody of washing sweep
The billows ebbed, the billows rose.
The mournful wailing of their woes
Was sadder than a siren's song
Who voices hymns of death. Along
The shore the pine-trees sadly sighed.
The mystic sweep of ocean wide
Stole beauty from the star-lit sky.
Alone with solitude was I,
Save thoughts, and they a sorry throng
Who marched in grim array along
The pathway of my mind. They seemed
Two hosts of struggling foes, as gleaned
The splendor of their parrying swords,
The deadly thrusts of silent words.
Should I forsake fair Nature's voice
For riches and a name? My choice
Must be ere dawn, for thus the sire
Of that sweet maid I loved, in ire
Decreed. To win his daughter's hand
My fame must spread throughout the land
For very power of wealth.

I thought
It was a vision, heaven wrought,
That met my gaze. It may have been
Reality. A spray of thin
White foam was zephyr-wafted past
Yon crag. The silver moonbeams cast
A sudden rainbow shower of light,
With myriad hues of splendor bright,
Across, and through the mystic sheen
I saw a crimson rose. That scene
Is not a theme for words. I stood
In silent awe. Erelong the wood
A dusky shadow cast, and when
'Twas past, I missed the rose; but then
A stealing fragrance graced the air,
While lightly sought the mist-veil fair
The sea, and all was as before.

The waves washed down the rocky shore
In widening curves. A boatman passed
With softly splashing oar, the last
Grim shadow of a screening cove
To waves of rippling light that wove
Strange fancies with the tide. A trail
Of mist was circling from the pale
Gray west. Its silver streamers veiled
The gleaming stars, and sinking, paled
The radiant surge to sombre gray.
The oarsman sang a pensive lay.

Silver and silent the mist
Steals o'er the soft-sighing sea,
Silver and silent the mist
Murmurs sad music to me.

Hushed is the slow-swinging pine.
Mute is the moan of the gale.
Hushed is the slow-swinging pine.
Floats from the west a wild wail.

The petals of the rose are scattered by the icy
breath of night,
And silver mist is circling from the west
to veil the starry light.

The singer's voice was hushed by space
While mist and shadow veiled his face;
A mist which softly settled o'er
The rugged outline of the shore
And floated down the sobbing sea
In silence, past the cliff and me,
Till Nature slept.

In lonesome awe
I pondered long. At length I saw
In gazing heavenward, a ray
Of light slant toward the sea and play
Athwart yon crag a silver trail
Of radiance. Overhead the pale
Round moon smiled down. The phantom maid
THE BATES STUDENT.

That used to haunt these shores, had strayed
Between the sweep of pines, and stood
Revealed in dazzling light. The wood
In shadow lay, save flowers along
The path she trod. A mournful song
She wafted on the light-winged breeze
Attuned to sweep of sighing trees.

If joy is as a dream
Erelong sweet joy must die.
The sunlight on the stream
Is shadow passing by.

The woodland rose was red.
A zephyr flitted by;
The woodland rose is dead.
Aye, beauty soon must die.

A shadow softly steals
To greet the rosy west,
And dying daylight kneels
To fade away, caressed.

There is a silent voice
That sings a sweet refrain.
To hear is to rejoice;
It dies, nor sings again.

The music of the phantom maid
Was hushed. A silver moonbeam strayed
Across her face, where Sadness seemed
Personified. An aureole gleamed
In circling wreaths of light around
Her brow, while lonesome sighed the sound
Of mournful pines. A noiseless stream
Of flimsy mist; one radiant gleam
Of light; the phantom maid, a thin
White cloud, in silence vanished in
The shadows of the sea.

I sought
An answer to my doubt. I thought
The mystic wonders of the night
Were visions sent to guide aright
My struggling soul, and yet, although
The silent voice still whispered, no,
Methought it erring guide, and stole
With groping hand along the whole
Low-jutting cliff. The eastern sky
Was cleft with lines of gold, as nigh
The dim horizon as was night
To dawn, and sleepily fair Light
With radiant smiles, peeped forth to greet
Her rosy sister, Day. My feet
Traced wearily the path that rose
Atop the shelving cliff. Two crows
With strident scream flapped from the vale
Where darkness tarries long, and pale
Mist circles in a silver stream.

How sweet these dimming memories seem
Of days that are no more! Oh, years
Long passed away, these stealing tears
For you are shed! — Fair maiden, life
Is ours to shape, be peace or strife
The milestones of the way, and I
Shaped mine. — The years of Youth passed by,
Till wrinkles and a dash of gray
Bespoke, alas too true, my day
Of life had reached its noon. — It seemed
To me when heaped up coffers gleamed
With gold; when fortune and a name
Denied to most were mine; when came
That austere father of my bride
With smiles to draw me to his side
And call me by the name of son;
It seemed to me that I had won
My laurel wreath, but oh, a crown
Of thorns it was! — I found renown
Is but a name. — To rise above
Thy fellows, by no deed of love
Or charity to them, is but
The very sum of baseness. Shut
Thy heart to this supremest law
And life were best unlived. — I saw
Too late the vainness of my ways.
Could I have lived again the days
Of youth, how otherwise my heart
Would throb with memories. Apart
From joy, my life hath been one long,
Black night. — When in the trees sweet song-
Birds warbled, Sorrow stole to place
Her icy hand in mine; her face
'Gainst mine she pressed. — Or if alone
I paced some woodland path, while shone
The pale round moon, and thought how sweet
Is solitude, grim Sorrow, fleet
Of foot, was by; and she, my bride,
For whom my dearest hopes aside
I laid, was changed. — Her face was fair
As in the days gone by. — Yet there
Was beauty of the soul before,
For which I loved her most; but o'er
Those inner charms the world had cast
Its deadly chill, until at last
Her lovely face matched ill her mind,
And I should be, alas, too blind,
Did I not see her heart was cold.
She loved me for my yellow gold,
And not myself.
THE BATES STUDENT.

I lost for aye
Sweet Nature's face. A mist of gray
Had stolen over all my days.
The woodland bloom, the warblers' lays,
Still gladdened hill and dale, but I
Was one apart. The sunset sky
Henceforth was naught but light and shade
To me, for whom sweet Nature played
Before deep melodies. Yes, fame
The world hath meted me, a name
That marks the lettered page; but oh,
My soul is domicile of Woe.
And oft, with heart too sad for tears,
I hear through vista of the years,
At eve, in sadness, float along
The echo of a maiden's song.

There is a silent voice
That sings a sweet refrain.
To hear is to rejoice.
It dies, nor sings again.

—MURIEL ESTHER CHASE, '99.

IVY ODE.


Take, O Mother Earth, our offering,
Guard and keep it safe and long;
Take this ivy, and accepting,
Join with us our joyful song.

REFRAIN.

Grow, ivy, grow,
May the zephyrs gently blow,
And the sun and rain fall lightly on you here.
Climb, ever climb,
Reaching on for heights sublime,
Till the blue of heaven itself shall seem more near.

May this ivy be a symbol
Of our lives, and ever show
That we reach the best by striving,
And in living, we must grow.

REFRAIN.—Grow, ivy, grow, etc.

So we leave it, and, departing,
Bears each one a hope away
That the buds now shyly hiding
Shall unfold with each new day.

REFRAIN.—Grow, ivy, grow, etc.
CLASS ODE.


Through the rose-scented air of Juno,
Wafted on every breeze,
Told by the humming-bird unto the flowers,
Rustled through all the trees,

Comes a whisper that tells of delight,
Joy is its only theme,
Youth bends its ear for the pleasant tale,
Listens as in a dream.

But there come to the listening ear,
Gently at first, and low,
Whispers of better and nobler things
Pleasure cannot bestow,—

Of the thoughts that are worthy and pure,
Words that are earnest and true,
Deeds that are done with the single wish
To do what is noblest to do,

That we may in the years to come
Live for the highest and best,
Till the Master of all shall say "Well done,
Enter thy promised rest."

He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man.—Emerson.

I once heard the greatest logician in the world,—one saying I remember: "Understand your antagonist before you answer him."

—Ben-Hur.

The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious and esteem the statute somewhat; so much life as it has in the character of living men, is its force.—Emerson.

Every reform was once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age.—Emerson.
ONE more college year has drawn to its close, a year, in the main, of happy memories, of pleasant experiences, and worthy achievements; and though disappointment has clouded the sky at times, and failure and fault have darkened its brightness, yet from its disappointments we have learned to be stronger, from its failures we have found our weaknesses, and out of its faults we hope to rise to better and nobler living. And so as we look backward over these days and weeks that are gone we are still hopeful, have still in our hearts the courage born of past success and future aspiration, and expectantly we turn our faces toward the future bright with all the promise that it holds, promise of a fuller life, a wider vision, of the unfolding of new purposes, the forming of higher ideals.

With the closing of this year another class whom we have learned to honor and respect is about to leave us. Already they stand on the threshold sorrowfully looking for the last time as students on those familiar halls echoing with the memories of four happy years and on that shaded campus under whose elms they have so often lingered; yet even in their sorrow eager to step out into the untried world and prove their powers which have been so long in training.

Though '98 themselves may leave us, we trust that their influence and memory will remain, and that the remembrance of the good work they have done may encourage us to strive for similar achievements, so that when it shall come our time to step out from these college halls, we too may look back over four years well spent and forward into a life of useful service.

AS our school year now draws to a close, we give ourselves somewhat to retrospective thoughts of how the year has been spent, but more to plans for the future and thoughts of how we may improve upon the past year in the one upon which we shall soon enter.

One excellent way in which we may begin such improvement is by giving a little thought to the question of how the summer vacation now before us shall be spent. Of course a large proportion of our students turn their attention to some profitable employment...
during these two months, and to most of those who do so, each day brings its full share of work and gives little time to be wasted.

But with those who have not so definite plan for the summer, it is often true that the time slips by almost unnoticed and the vacation days are gone before any large part has been accomplished of the many things which they had hoped to do before the beginning of another term. It is only by keeping carefully the resolutions which are made at the close of one term that we can hope to see the results we wish at the beginning of the next. For rest and recreation, though they may be the principal purpose of vacations, can be carried too far, and the good which they ought to bring be lost by thoughtlessness in the spending of time.

Now is the time to read those books we have been looking at with longing eyes for so long, when there seems to be no time for reading. Why not now prepare the society parts for next fall instead of waiting until the rush of the term's work makes thorough preparation almost impossible? These long summer days also afford a good opportunity for upper-classmen to refresh their minds on their Sophomore studies by renewing their acquaintance with the birds and flowers. So the pleasure and profit of vacation may be increased by a wise planning of time and an effort to make such a use of the days as they go by, that they shall not prove a vacation from growth and development, but a time for fresh inspiration, for earnest work.

It is indeed a beautiful walk, across the campus to Hathorn Hall, or to Hedge Laboratory. The cool, fresh grasses, with their graceful yet upright stalks, the cheerful daisies, artistically mingled with the green, the clumps of rosy clover, the golden buttercups, all sing of June and graduation and vacation, and—but that song is too sad a one. Yes, the campus is beautiful, with flowers, birds, and trees, and now and then a group of charming maidens or energetic youths; but, alas, there is one spot, in ugly contrast with the surrounding loveliness. As we pass beneath the inspiring shades of Parker Hall there appears a promiscuous variety of unclaimed rubbish. Scattered fragments of paper, crushed boxes, banana skins perchance once fresh from the cart of Antonio, now sleep in undisturbed repose beside that dormitory of aristocratic youths.

Oh, young men of Parker Hall! We can appreciate the
nobility of character, the unparalleled generosity, the unselfish sacrifice of aesthetic enjoyment, that lead you to allow the homeless horde of invaders to sleep, not alone by night, but also by day, beneath your windows; but we know you must suffer, must feel deeply the humiliation of associating with this detestable host. We would advise you, lest becoming too strong for you, these usurpers should gain undisputed right to their camping ground. Then, oh young men, with an army, powerful in numbers and mighty in valor, do you assemble with brooms, shovels, and wheelbarrows, and by superior force remove these objectionable trespassers from your territory.

THE summer vacation will be profitable to us only as we use it to serve the best ends of progress. If we have any work in arrears, the wise thing to do is to make up that work the first part of the vacation. The satisfaction that comes from a definite task fully accomplished will amply repay the effort and sacrifice. Then when the hard work is done and we are ready to enjoy the rest from required toil, let us do a little systematic reading every day. Suppose we keep a copy of Dante, Milton, Tennyson around and read two or three pages a day. Have we not the time? As a matter of fact, we have more time for solid reading than we are willing to use in that way. We imagine ourselves tired and turn to some cheap-author for entertainment, or “rest,” as we call it. Such authors can never rest us if we are capable of enjoying something better. “Kings and queens,” says Ruskin, “will talk to us every day if we will but give them audience.”

HARDLY a year passes in which there does not arise some misunderstanding or disagreement between the Faculty and the various classes in regard to the time, manner, etc., of holding public exercises, such as debates and declamations. First, the Faculty will discover reasons why a certain event should occur at a certain time and place. Then some mysteriously empowered members of the class, taking their authority from some unknown source, will oppose the decision of the Faculty, and state that the exercises can not occur under such arrangements. From this there ensues a long struggle between the students on the one side, who say that they would rather lose the exercises than carry out the wishes of the Faculty, and the Faculty on the other side, who say
that if the exercises occur they must occur under the proffered arrangement. Such an enclosure has but three openings, a backing down on the part of the Faculty, which to say the least is unbecoming; a backdown by the class; or such persistence on both sides that it is necessary to omit the exercises altogether.

The effects of these disagreements are anything but desirable. For even though one side gives in and the exercises occur, yet there has been a break in the preparations, and the student is unable to do justice to his piece, his class or his college. Again, if the exercises do not occur there is an injustice done to the student who was to take part, to the class, and to the parents who send their children here. For, when our catalogue advertises that certain advantages are offered to the students, then those advantages should be given to them.

Now our correction would be this, that the Faculty should cease to pay any regard to a refusal on the part of the class; that they should consider such dictation wholly without the sphere of class authoritiveness; and should take the matter of arrangement more into their own hands, holding the exercises for the sake of the individual students, if not for the class.

Nature is loved by what is best in us.—Emerson.

We aim above the mark to hit the mark.—Emerson.

The state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen.—Emerson.

They only who build on ideas, build for eternity.—Emerson.

The University of West Virginia seems to be a most progressive one, and fully abreast of the times. Recently a step was taken for the revision of the courses and schedule of studies, so that subjects could be taken up and, if possible, completed in one quarter. One of the advantages claimed for such a course is, that it enables students entering at the beginning of any quarter to take up and complete courses commencing with the same.
THE BATES STUDENT.

Alumni Round-Table.

THE BATES ATHLETIC FIELD.

On the fourth of May ground was broken on the new Athletic Field. The site chosen (plan on preceding page) is directly back of Roger Williams Hall, only a few rods from the college gymnasium, and is one of the best locations to be found anywhere in the state for such a field. The estimated cost of the field completed is $5,000. The items include the land to be purchased—one and three-tenths acres, grading, a quarter mile track of clay and cinders, a 220 yards straight-away, fence, also grand-stand containing dressing-rooms and seating six hundred people.

In order to construct the field as planned, it will be necessary to obtain from the Franklin Company, either by gift or purchase, a strip of land 511 feet long, the width of the field, and 113 feet wide, containing one and three-tenths acres.

It is estimated that it will cost $1,600 to complete the grading, $800 to build the fence, $800 to build the grand-stand with a seating capacity of six hundred, $1,100 to build the quarter-mile track and 220 yards straight-away. This makes the total cost, without the land owned by the Franklin Company, $4,300, leaving $700 for the purchase of land, if a donation of the land cannot be secured.

If Bates expects to conduct her athletics on a paying basis, the Athletic Field must be graded, fenced, and a grand-stand built before next May, as Lee Park, the grounds now used for our athletic games, is to be sold for house lots soon after the expiration of our lease, which will be next November.

The estimated cost is much less than that of most athletic fields. The land is of a dry, sandy loam, with no rocks and sufficient clay in one corner with which to construct the track and baseball diamond. Bates expects to have just as good a field as Dartmouth’s, which cost $15,000, or Amherst’s, which cost $27,000.

The other Maine colleges, Colby, Bowdoin, and University of Maine all have excellent athletic fields, constructed within the last three years. This gives the other colleges a great advantage over Bates in training for track and field-day games.

An athletic field would be of great advantage to the college in
Map of the proposed
ATHLETIC FIELD
BATES COLLEGE.

Central Avenue

230 yds. Straightaway

Bardwell Street

Land to be purchased for

Home Base Diamond

Tee Ball Base

Home Plate

Quarter-Mile Track

Russell Street
securing students. All the fitting schools of the state carry on athletics, hold their championship meets and games on college grounds. This brings the students in the different fitting schools in contact with college men, and gives them an opportunity to visit the college.

Bates is the best located of any college in Maine for holding interscholastic meets, as Lewiston is centrally located with reference to the leading fitting schools, has ample hotel accommodations and excellent railroad connections. The students of any fitting school in Maine, except those north of Bangor, can come to Lewiston, have sufficient time to hold their athletic games, and return home the same day. Lewiston is the only college city in the state where this can be done. As soon as Bates completes her Athletic Field the large majority of the interscholastic meets will be held in Lewiston. This will bring the fitting-school students in contact with our students and will undoubtedly induce many to enter Bates.

The College Club, recognizing the need of an Athletic Field, donated $100. The students gave $110. These amounts, combined with the labor done by the students, have accomplished about five hundred dollars' worth of work, in removing all the trees and stumps and grading about two acres.

In former days, when base-ball was the only form of athletic exercise at Bates, the alumni and undergraduates always gave generously whenever there was need. At present the three hundred and fifty students connected with the college demand much greater facilities, not alone for base-ball, but also for foot-ball, tennis, and track athletics.

It is hoped that now in this attempt to permanently better the athletic position of the college, all will give what they can towards completing our Athletic Field, of which we may all be proud, and which, as the years go on, will be a steady force, helping to give the garnet an honorable place in college athletics.

Since the above was written the Trustees at their annual meeting voted an appropriation of $1,500, for grading the athletic field, on condition that the Alumni Association pledge itself to raise an equal amount for the completion of the field. The Alumni Association voted to raise this amount and appropriated from its treasury the sum of $100 towards the required amount. The following committee was also appointed by the association to take charge of
the subscriptions: W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95; H. W. Oakes, '77; R. E. Attwood, '85; W. F. Garcelon, '90; J. L. Reade, '83.
—W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95.

PERSONAL.

'68.—G. C. Emery is principal of Los Angeles Academy, California, a preparatory school for boys.

'70.—I. W. Hanson was nominated as a Republican candidate for clerk of courts of Androscoggin County, after an exciting contest.

'71.—G. W. Flint has recently been elected as president of Storrs Agricultural College, Connecticut.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin has been elected delegate to the Congregational National Council, held in Oregon.

'76.—W. O. Collins, M.D., of South Framingham, Mass., has recently buried his wife.

'77.—O. B. Clason, Esq., of Gardiner, Me., has been nominated for senator from Kennebec County, by the Republican party.

'77.—H. W. Oakes, Esq., of Auburn, was elected county attorney of Androscoggin County.

'77.—E. A. McCollister's daughter will enter Bates this fall.

'79.—Rev. Rodney F. Johonnot, of the Oak Park Universalist Church, Chicago, and formerly pastor of the Bates Street Universalist Church in Lewiston from 1889 to 1892, has received the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology from Lombard University of Galesburg.—Lewiston Journal.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee has recently published a Beginner's Greek Book, of which the Student has a review.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge made the nominating speech for the successful candidate for sheriff, at the recent Republican convention, for Androscoggin County.

'85.—The Arizona Medical Association did itself honor at its annual meeting in our city by electing Dr. W. V. Whitmore its president. A more worthy member of the profession for this distinction could not have been chosen from the ranks of the profession in the territory. Dr. Whitmore was born in Bowdoinham, Me., in 1862. In 1885 he was graduated from Bates College, having completed a full classical course. For one year he attended the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York City. In
1890 he was graduated from the medical department of the University of Southern California and was valedictorian of his class. After a year and a half experience in the Los Angeles County Hospital and a year and a half private practice he came to Tucson. He began his practice in this city with Dr. Goodfellow, and after a short time opened an office for himself. For six and a half years he has steadily extended his practice until the present time. For two years he was assistant surgeon of the Southern Pacific Railroad. He is one of the most skillful and conscientious physicians in the town and has been unusually successful in his profession. He has always been interested in educational matters and is at present a regent of the University and trustee of the public school. The Star joins Dr. Whitmore's host of friends in congratulations on an honor worthily bestowed.—Tucson (Ariz.) Star.

'87.—E. C. Hayes has been elected as professor in Keuka College.

'88.—Rev. Will Shepherd Dunn and Miss Annie Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Vinal, were united in marriage June 2d.

'90.—F. S. Pierce is shipping clerk for the largest wall paper manufacturing company in the United States, New Brunswick, N. J.

'91.—Rev. W. L. Nickerson of Rockland, Me., has recently resigned his position as pastor of Rockland Free Baptist Church.

'91.—Miss L. M. Bodge has recently been elected President of the Alumni Association of Bridgton Academy.

'92.—Rev. E. E. Osgood, President of Storer College, Harper's Ferry, and Miss Maude Estelle Wentzell were united in marriage, June 2d.

'92.—At the Franklin Republican Convention, held at Farmington, June 21st, Cyrus N. Blanchard of Wilton was nominated for state senator on the first ballot.

'92.—Scott Wilson was recently elected attorney for the Loan and Building Association, Deering, Me. Mr. Wilson has also been elected city solicitor for Deering.

'92.—Roscoe A. Small has in press in Germany a book which is to form the first volume of a new series entitled "Forschungen Zur Englischen Sprachen und Litteratur," and edited by the famous philologist, Professor E. Kölbıng of Breslau, and is entitled
the "Stage Quarrel between Ben Jonson and the so-called Poetasters."

'93.—George Chase, Jr., is preaching at Phillips, Me., during the summer vacation.

'93.—Miss Grace P. Conant has been elected to a fellowship in Chicago University.

'93.—Ralph A. Sturges of Lewiston graduated from the Columbia University Law School, New York City, June 8, 1898, receiving the degree of LL.B.; passed the examinations successfully for admission to the New York state bar in the First Judicial Department, June 11th, and was sworn in June 28th. On June 7th, Mr. Sturges was elected a delegate to the New York Twenty-Seventh Assembly District Republican Convention, from the Twentieth Election District of New York City.—Lewiston Journal.

'93.—A very pretty wedding occurred at No. 21 Skinner Street, where some forty relatives and friends, chiefly persons connected with Bates College, witnessed the vows between Dr. Everett C. Perkins and Miss Louise M., only daughter of Mrs. Abbie G. H. Todd. The rooms were decorated by several of the young ladies of the Senior Class. Sharply at three o'clock Miss Conant struck up the wedding march from Lohengrin, and the young couple entered and were united by Dr. Summerbell. A novel feature of the service was the reading of a poem composed for the occasion by Mrs. Mary B. Wingate, a friend of the bride. Mr. George M. Chase, a classmate of Dr. Perkins, Bates, '93, and Mr. Louis M. Costello, Bates, '98, were the ushers. Grant served the collation. The bride, as a student of the Latin School and the college and a loyal member of the Main Street Church, has won many friends in the city. Dr. Perkins, after being graduated from Bates, took his medical course at the Maine Medical College and settled at Mechanic Falls, where he has a growing practice. The newly married pair took the six o'clock train for their home at Mechanic Falls, where the Journal wishes for them every hope and happiness.—Lewiston Journal.

'94.—C. C. Brackett, responding to President McKinley's call, went with the Lewiston Company to take his place as a soldier in the ranks.

'94.—Rev. E. J. Hatch, pastor at Wheelock, Vt., is also superintendent of schools of that place.
'94.—A. H. Miller graduated from College of Physicians and Surgery, Columbia University, N. Y.

'94.—Miss Sarah L. Staples is teaching in the Leavitt School at Turner, Me.

'95.—S. M. Farnum, Jr., is studying law with F. W. Oakes, Auburn, Me.

'95.—Miss Grace E. Foster has been appointed to a position as teacher in Latin at Colorado Springs, Colorado. Her health is improving.

'95.—Mr. R. F. Springer and Miss Frances E. Purinton were united in marriage, June 4th.

ASA CUMMINGS CHAPIN.

ASA CUMMINGS CHAPIN, A.B., son of Henry M. and Mehitable (Knight) Chapin, was born at Nelson, N. H., February 18, 1866. At the age of six he went with his parents to Keene, N. H., where he lived till the death of his father in the winter of 1876. He then went to New Boston, where he received the most of his early education and where his mother died in the summer of 1884.

In 1886 Mr. Chapin graduated from Francestown Academy and in 1887 from Nichols Latin School, entering Bates College the same year, from which he graduated in 1891. After graduation he taught for a time; but a little more than a year ago he entered the City Hospital, Boston, Mass., where he labored faithfully till he was stricken down with pneumonia and meningitis, of which he died April 1, 1898, after an illness of only five days. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at New Boston, with which he united about three years ago. One brother, who is a missionary in China, and two sisters survive him.

Mr. Chapin was of a quiet, retiring nature, but was beloved and respected by all who knew him. As a student he was faithful in his studies and won the high regard of all his instructors. His work in the hospital was characterized by the same spirit of faithfulness. He took a genuine interest in the welfare of the patients under his care, and filled his spare moments with endeavor to perfect himself in his calling. At the time of his death he had made good progress in the study of medicine, to which he gave all his spare moments; but, if it were his intention to enter that profes-
sion, he did not disclose it even to those who were nearest to him. While we regret that his life work was so brief, we feel that he has been called to a higher sphere of activity.

—W. L. Nickerson.

MARY EMMA DOLLEY.

For the first time, Death has entered the ranks of '96, and taken from our number one of the brightest and most promising members of our class,—Mary Emma Dolley. Saddened as we are by this loss, yet our hearts are glad to remember her life among us, and to feel that, though short in years, it is long in deeds.

Miss Dolley was born in East Waterboro, Me., September 27, 1874, the eldest daughter of George C. and Emma R. Dolley. She attended the schools in that place until the spring of 1889, when she entered the Alfred High School, from which she graduated in June, 1891, as valedictorian of her class. Having pursued an English course up to this time, she spent the next year in the Gorham High School to complete her college preparatory work, and by taking two years' work in one, graduated at Gorham in 1892. In the fall she entered Bates.

Miss Dolley's scholarship was of a high order, but she excelled in mathematics, graduating with first honor in that branch. During her college course, she taught two very successful terms of school, at Topsham in the fall of 1894, at Windsor in the winter of 1895.

She was converted early in her college course, and soon after became a member of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, of which she was still a member at the time of her death. She was always an earnest worker in the Y. W. C. A., being Vice-President during her Junior year, and President during her Senior year. In the summer of 1895 she represented this association for Bates at Northfield, and the society felt more than ever the impress of her conscientious Christian character.

In the summer following her graduation at Bates, she took a course of study at the Summer Institute, Cottage City, as special preparation for her work in the State Normal School, Madison, South Dakota, where she went to teach in the fall of 1896. Her work there was highly approved, and at the end of the year she was re-elected with an increase of salary.
She returned to her home in the East after her first year's work, early in June, and was about to go to Lewiston to attend Commencement, when she was taken sick with the measles. Worn out by her year's work, the sickness was very severe, and so protracted that she was not fully recovered when she returned to her school duties in the fall of 1897.

Her health was poor during the fall and winter, and in February, realizing that her disease was consumption, she resigned her position. As the change to the Maine climate was unsafe at that season, she went to relatives in Kansas and spent a month there. But disease was not to be baffled, and about the middle of April she decided to return to her home, if possible. She was accompanied by an aunt, and after a wearisome journey of four days, they arrived at Waterboro, April 22d. For a few days after her arrival she seemed to rally a little, and hope brightened in the hearts of those who watched her; but soon the temporary strength deserted her, and she began to fail very rapidly. Her cough, which had not troubled her in the West, now returned, increased by the change of climate. But her thought seemed to be for those who would miss her in the home, and facing the inevitable end, she said to them, "It is easier for me than for you."

And so, patient and loving, she endured "as a good soldier," and closed her eyes to this life on the afternoon of Arbor Day, May 10th. On the following Friday, funeral services were held at the church near her home, where relatives and friends assembled to pay their last tribute of love. The floral emblems were very numerous and beautiful, among them being many pieces from school friends and an appropriate one from her class at Bates.

Miss Dolley leaves a father, an invalid mother who has been confined to her bed for several years, and one sister. To these in their bereavement is extended the deepest sympathy of relatives, friends, classmates, and college acquaintances, who feel that they share in this loss.

—Miss E. E. Peacock, '96.
Commencement Week.

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by President Chase before the graduating class at the Main Street Free Baptist Church at 10.30 A.M., Sunday, June 26th. He took as his text Matt. v., 14—"Ye are the light of the world." In the evening the two Christian Associations were addressed by Rev. F. R. Morse, associate pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church of New York City.

Junior Exhibition.

Monday evening at 7.45 the Junior Exhibition was held in the Main Street Church. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.
The Ideal in Fiction. Edith H. Hayes.
The Inspiration of Heroism. George A. Hutchins.
The Last of the Puritans. S. Louise Rounds.

MUSIC.
The Eastern Question. Albert T. L'Heureux.
Moral Education in the Public Schools. Marion S. Conn.
Simplicity in Education. Whitman S. Bassett.
The Poetry of Norse Mythology. Muriel E. Chase.

MUSIC.
Education. Frank P. Wagg.
The Nemesis of Nations. Edith B. Marrow.
Fallacies of Political Economy. Herbert C. Small.
The Triumph of Ideas. Mabel T. Jordan.

First prize awarded to George A. Hutchins.
Second prize awarded to Miss Louise Rounds.

Class Day.

The exercises were held in the afternoon, Tuesday, June 28th. The following was the programme:

Oration—Are We Faithful to Our Trust? T. E. Woodside.
Class History. Henry Hawkins.
Class Prophecy. F. R. Griffin.
Address to Undergraduates. W. S. Parsons.
Address to Halls and Campus. Miss A. M. Tasker.
Poem. Miss M. S. Garcelon.
Parting Address. Miss S. M. Brackett.

Singing Class Ode.—Pipe of Peace.
The Commencement Concert, held in Music Hall, Tuesday evening, was given by college talent. The following programme was very successfully carried out:

**PART I.**
- March—Onward—*Gibel.*
- Reading.—Selected.
- Gleam, Brightly Gleam.—*DeFaye.*
- Cornet Solo—Marching Through Georgia.—F. H. Miller.
- Vocal Solo—My Little Love.—*Hawley.*
- Lullaby Baby—*Lindens.*
- Interlude.

**PART II.**
- Piano Solo.
- Darkies' Cradle Song.—*Wheeler.*
- Reading.—Selected.
- Love's Golden Dream.—*Perkins.*
- Reading.—Selected.
- Estudiantina.—*Lacone.*
- Postlude.

**WEDNESDAY.**
The Alumni held their literary exercises in the evening at 7.30, at the church. The oration was delivered by F. A. Morey, '85, and the poet of the occasion was Mr. Arthur C. Townsend, '88. The programme was followed by an adjourned business meeting, and the reception by the Alumni Club was held later, in the vestry.

**THURSDAY.**

**ORDER OF EXERCISES.**

**MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.**

   Ralph Herman Tukey, Windham Center.
   Alice Maude Brackett, Limington. (Psychology—Second Honor.)
2. The Duties of Life.
   Alice Maude Brackett, Limington. (Psychology—Second Honor.)
   Bertha Fernald Files, Lewiston. (Physics—Second Honor.)
4. The Causes of War.
   *Goldsmith Hall Conant, Littleton, Mass. (Chemistry—Second Honor.)
5. The Message of Browning.
   Malcolm Enos Stickney, Brownville. (Mathematics—First Honor.)
   *Ernest Leon Collins, Nashua, N. H. (Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)
7. Luther's Influence in German Literature.
   Affie Dell Weymouth, Lewiston. (General Scholarship.)

**MUSIC.**

8. Anglo-Saxon Unity.
   Oliver Henry Toothaker, North Harpswell. (Rhetoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)
   *Mary Hallowell Perkins, Alfred. (Ancient Languages—First Honor.)
10. The City—a Danger to Our Nation.
   Fred Ulysses Landman, South Londonderry, Vt.
   (History and Economics—Second Honor.)

11. The True Spirit of Patriotism.
   Persie Louise Morrison, Auburn.
   (Modern Languages—Second Honor.)

   (Mathematics—Second Honor.)

13. Paul Lawrence Dunbar.
    Mabel Sara Garcelon, Lewiston.
    (Modern Languages—First Honor.)

14. Our Future Foreign Policy.
    Ansel Alphonso Knowlton, Lewiston.
    (Chemistry—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

15. The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling.
    Myrtle Belle Maxim, South Paris.
    (Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

    Abbie Bessie Hall, Lewiston.
    (General Scholarship.)

    Frank Pearson, Madison, N. H.
    (Psychology—First Honor.)

18. The New Seer.
    Louis Bartlett Costello, Wells.
    (History and Economics—First Honor.)

19. Impurity in Modern Fiction.
    Sadie May Brackett, Phillips.
    (Physics—First Honor.)

    Adah M. Tasker, Richmond.

**Excused.**

MUSIC—CONFERRING OF DEGREES.—BENEDICTION.

At 2 P.M. occurred the Commencement Dinner in City Hall.

In the evening, the campus was illuminated for the Promenade Concert, and the reception committees welcomed visitors in the society rooms.

On Friday evening, the members of the graduating class and their friends were received by President and Mrs. Chase at their home on Frye Street.

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**IVY DAY EXERCISES.**

The Ivy Day exercises of the Class of ’99 occurred on the afternoon of June 21st. Programme:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Music</th>
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<tr>
<td>Prayer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oration.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Poem.</td>
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PRESENTATIONS.
CLASS ODE.

PLANTING THE IVY.

W. S. Bassett as toast-master made the following presentations:

Four Years in the Saddle. A Saddle.  
The Nomad. A Chart.  
The Politician. Parliamentary Rules.  

*
CHAMPION DEBATES.

The question for the Sophomore Champion Debate was: "Resolved, That the colleges of the United States should shorten their course to three years." The debaters were: Affirmative, Miss True, Staples, Robbins, Wagg; negative, Emrich, Glidden, Powell, *Catheron. Won by Mr. Robbins.

*Excused.

M. I. C. A. A. MEET.

The Maine colleges held their fourth annual field day, on June 8th, at Whittier Field, Brunswick, Me. This meet was of unusual interest, there being a larger number of contestants than ever before; and five Maine records were broken. The score is as follows:

100 Yards Dash—Final heat won by Rollins, U. of M.; Kendall, Bowdoin, second; Stanwood, Bowdoin, third. Time, 10 1-5 seconds (new record).

Half Mile Run—Won by Goodwin, U. of M.; Merrill, U. of M., second; Mars-ton, Bowdoin, third. Time, 2 minutes 10 1-5 seconds.

120 Yards Hurdle—Final heat won by Kendall, Bowdoin; Hadlock, Bowdoin, second; Cotton, Colby, third. Time, 16 2-5 seconds (new record).

440 Yards Dash—Bowdoin won all the trial heats.

Two-Mile Bicycle—Won by Clough, Bowdoin; Small, Bowdoin, second; Linn, U. of M., third. Time, 5 minutes 46 seconds.

One Mile Run—Won by Merrill, Bates; Babb, Bowdoin, second; Tate, U. of M., third. Time, 4 minutes 57 seconds.

220 Yards Hurdle—Final heat won by Edwards, Bowdoin; Kendall, Bowdoin, second; Hadlock, Bowdoin, third. Time, 25 4-5 seconds (new record).


Two-Mile Run—Won by Merrill, Bates; Babb, Bowdoin, second; French, U. of M., third. Time, 11 minutes 37 seconds.

FIELD EVENTS.

Pole Vault—Won by Clarke and Wignot, Bowdoin, tied; Minott, Bowdoin, third. Height, 10 feet 4 7-8 inches (new record).

Putting 16-Pound Shot.—Won by Godfrey, Bowdoin; distance, 36 feet, 7 1-2 inches; Grover, U. of M., second; distance, 35 feet 3 inches; Bruce, Bates, third; distance, 31 feet 10 inches.

Running High Jump—Won by Stevens, Colby; Godfrey, Bowdoin, and Jordan, Bates, tied for second. Height, 5 feet 6 7-8 inches.

Throwing 16-Pound Hammer.—Won by Grover, U. of M.; distance, 102 feet 8
inches; Saunders, Bates, second; distance, 100 feet 8½ inches; Bruce, Bates, third; distance, 97 feet 6 inches.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Hadlock, Bowdoin; Edwards, Bowdoin, second; Elder, Bates, third; distance, 100 feet 8½ inches; Bruce, Bates, third; distance, 97 feet 5 inches.

Throwing the Discus—Won by Grover, U. of M.; distance, 115 feet 1½ inches; Pike, Colby, second; distance, 98 feet 11 inches; Sabine, U. of M., third; distance, 93 feet 7 inches.

The score by colleges:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>College</th>
<th>100 Yards Dash</th>
<th>Half Mile Run</th>
<th>220 Yards Dash</th>
<th>Two Mile Run</th>
<th>Pole Vault</th>
<th>Putting Shot</th>
<th>Hammer</th>
<th>Discus</th>
<th>Running Broad</th>
<th>Totals</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bates</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0—18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowdoin</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0—69</td>
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<tr>
<td>Colby</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0—9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U. of M.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5—39</td>
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GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The prize for the Junior essay was awarded to Miss Georgia M. Knapp.

Mr. F. U. Landman of '98 has been elected assistant principal of Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield.

Miss Wildie Thayer, '99, has recently published a pretty little volume entitled "Violilla," a review of which will be found in this issue.

The Y. W. C. A. will send four delegates to Northfield this summer,—Miss Roberts, Miss Maxim, and Miss Jordan, '99, and Miss Proctor, 1900.

The subject of the Sophomore prize essay was "Is the Study of the Greek and Latin Classics Necessary to a Liberal Education?" Awarded to Miss Marr.

The Senior Class at the Latin School held their Prize Declamations, Monday evening, June 20th, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The prizes were awarded, first, to Emery J. Thomas; second, Robert A. Brown.

The Senior Team Debate for the Judge Drew Prize is to occur the fourth week of next term. The question reads: "Resolved, That trusts have done more harm than good." The speakers are Small, Wagg, and Pomeroy on the affirmative; Palmer, Calhoun, and Merrill on the negative.
The Y. M. C. A. has elected the following delegates to attend the Northfield Conference: E. B. Tetley, A. B. Hyde, O. C. Merrill, T. H. Scammon, C. S. Calhoun, of '99; R. S. Emrich, A. M. Jones, A. W. Rich, Ferris Summerbell, of 1900; E. K. Jordan, E. S. Stevens, C. E. Wheeler, of 1901.

The Library has received a number of additions during the past month. Sixty-four volumes have been presented by the alumni, six by Miss Laura M. Stetson from the library of her father, Prof. C. B. Stetson, two by the Alumni Association, one by Miss Woodman, one by Mr. Merrill, '99, one by Mr. Wagg, '99, seven by J. M. Rice, editor of the North American Review. Forty volumes have been purchased.

The annual Interscholastic Field Day, between Androscoggin County fitting schools, for the shield offered by the College Club, was held at the college grounds on Saturday, June 11th. The Latin School secured possession of the shield, with the score of points as follows: Latin School, 52; Edward Little High School, 47; Lewiston High School, 11. The work of Davis of E. L. H. S., as an all-around man, was excellent.

The following officers will represent 1900 for their Junior year: President, Emrich; Vice-President, Catheron; Secretary, Miss Dresser; Treasurer, Rich; Councilmen, Emrich, Richardson, and Glidden; Devotional Committee, Jones, Purinton, and True; Orator, Morse; Chaplain, Robbins; Poet, Miss Sears; Toast-master, Griffin; Odist, Miss Marr; Marshal, Davis; Executive Committee, Packard, Summerbell, Dennison, Misses True and Avery.

The members of '98 closed their connection with the three literary societies at the Senior Meeting, held at Roger Williams Hall, Friday evening, June 17th. Representatives of Polymnia Pheria, and Eurosophia, received their friends, who then had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting programme, of which all the parts were taken by members of the Senior Class. The rest of the evening was devoted to social enjoyment, and refreshments were served.

The officers of the Athletic Association for the coming year are: President, Bassett, '99; Vice-President, Catheron, 1900; Secretary, Williams, 1901; Treasurer, Packard, 1900; Directors from Class of '99, Churchill, Pulsifer; from 1900, Willis, Stinch-
field; from 1901, Jordan, Marr; Base-Ball Manager, Wheeler, '99; Assistant Base-Ball Manager, Sturgis, 1900; Athletic Manager and Captain of the Track Team, Richardson, 1900; Tennis Manager, Hutchinson, '99; Advisory Board, Bolster, '95, Garcelon, '91.

The Class of '99 has elected the following officers for their Senior year: President, Pulsifer; Vice-President, Parsons; Secretary, Miss Ricker; Treasurer, Foster; Devotional Committee, Scam- mon, Miss Maxim, and Miss Blake; Councilmen, Fuller, Bassett, Hyde, Peacock. Class Day officers: Marshal, Lary; Orator, Tet- ley; Prophet, Miss King; Address to Halls and Campus, Hutchins; Parting Address, Miss Lord; Historian, Wheeler; Address to Under- graduates, Churchill; Odist, Miss Thayer; Poet, Miss Albee; Music for the Ode, Miss Hayes; Executive Committee, Graffam, L'Heurcux, Small, Misses Roberts and Irving.

The three literary societies have had a very successful career this year. The principal officers who have them in charge next year are as follows:

In Polymnia—President, Wheeler, '99; Vice-President, Pack- ard, 1900; Secretary, Miss Towne, 1901; Executive Committee, Palmer, '99, Miss Proctor, 1900, Williams, 1901. In Eurosophia— President, Tetley, '99; Vice-President, Richardson, 1900; Secretary, Miss Bailey, 1901; Executive Committee, Churchill, '99, Rob- bins, 1900, Miss Neal, 1901. In Piaria—President, Calhoun, '99; Vice-President, Catheron, 1900; Secretary, Miss Vickery, 1901; Executive Committee, Merrill, '99, Emrich, 1900, Miss God- dard, 1901.

The annual Interclass Field Day was held Tuesday, May 31st. The Class of '99 again showed itself invincible, by winning for the third time and therefore owning the silver cup offered by the Col- lege Club. The events resulted:

High Jump—Saunders, '99, 1st; Willis, 1900, 2d; Jordan and Stevens, 1901, 3d. Height, 5 feet 2 1/2 inches.

440 Yards Dash—Bruce, '98, 1st; Ham, 1901, 2d; Merrill, '99, 3d. Time, 58 1/2 seconds.

Pole Vault—Quinn, '99, 1st; Saunders, '99, 2d; Frost, '98, 3d. Height, 8 feet 9 inches.

120 Yards Hurdle—Tukey, '98, 1st; Willis, 1900, 2d; Elder, 1900, 3d. Time, 21 1/4 seconds.

Putting Shot—Saunders, '99, 1st; Bruce, '98, 2d; Richardson, 1900, 3d. Distance, 34 feet 4 inches.

100 Yards Dash—Quinn, '99, 1st; Ham, 1901, 2d; Bruce, '98, 3d. Time, 11 seconds.
Hammer Throwing—Bruce, '08, 1st; Saunders, '99, 3d; Richardson, 1900, 3d. Distance, 98 8-10 feet, which broke the college record.

Half-Mile Run—Merrill, '99, 1st; Ham, 1901, 2d; Parsons, '99, 3d. Time, 2 minutes 21 seconds.

220 Yards Hardles—Quinn, '99, 1st; Stinchfield, 1900, 2d; Richardson, 1900, 3d. Time, 29 seconds.

Mile Run—Merrill, '99, 1st; Robbins, 1900, 2d; Parsons, '99, 3d. Time, 5 minutes 8 seconds.

220 Yards Dash—Bruce, '08, 1st; Quinn, '99, 2d; Ham, 1901, 3d. Time, 25 seconds.

Throwing Discus—Richardson, 1900, 1st; Saunders, '99, 2d; Illustrated, '08, 3d. Distance, 86 feet.

Broad Jump—Elder, 1900, 1st; Bruce, '08, 2d; Saunders, '99, 3d. Distance, 18 feet.

Two-Mile Run—Merrill, '99, 1st; Hyde, '00, 2d; Robbins, 1900, 3d. Time, 12 minutes.

To celebrate her victory, '99 spent the evening at the home of Miss Irving on Main Street. In the opinion of all present this was one of '99's best class parties.

In private life we hear much of "the uncertainty of existence," "Fisherman's luck," etc. But we doubt if there is any phase of life more uncertain than a college base-ball game. In fact this very thing has been demonstrated by the history of our base-ball team this spring. We will not call it luck, for fear we might be asked to explain luck; but simply say that Dame Fortune has played an important part in the games of this spring. First, the team would display its ability to play excellent ball by keeping the opposing team down to very restricted limits for a good part of the game; then a lost ball or two, as occurred in the last Colby game and allowed six runs, or some like occurrence, would seem to discourage all exertion. No one who has carefully watched their work can severely criticise the playing of the team as a whole. Space forbids anything more than a brief summary of the league games.

U. of M. vs. Bates, May 14th, at Orono.

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Only 18 balls were pitched by Hussey in the first four innings. Colby failed to reach first for five innings.


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Bowdoin vs. Bates, at Brunswick, June 10 A.M.

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Bates was unfortunate in that Smith broke his finger in the ninth inning.

Colby vs. Bates, June 10th, P.M.

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In the two home runs both balls were lost.
STATISTICS OF CLASS OF '98.

Bennett, Joseph Leighton; residence, Farmington, N. H.; fitting school, Austin Academy; intended occupation, ministry.

Blake, Harry Wesenger; residence, Somersworth, N. H.; fitting school, Somersworth High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Brackett, Alice Maude; residence, Limington, Me.; fitting school, Limington Academy and Latin School; intended occupation, teaching.

Brackett, John Freeman; residence, Limington, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, undecided.

Brackett, Sadie May; residence, Phillips, Me.; fitting school, Hillsdale College, Mich.; intended occupation, undecided.

Bruce, Thomas Seth; residence, Paces, Va.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, ministry.

Collins, Ernest Leon; residence, Nashua, N. H.; fitting school, Nashua High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Conant, Goldsmith Hall; residence, Littleton, Mass.; fitting school, Littleton High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Costello, Louis Bartlett; residence, Wells, Me.; fitting school, Berwick Academy; intended occupation, undecided.

Farnum, Florence Stewart; residence, New Gloucester, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, teaching.

Farnum, Imogene Sherman; residence, New Gloucester, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, medicine.

Files, Bertha Fernald; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Freeman, Elijah; residence, Baltimore, Md.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, teaching.

Frost, Frank Wilbur; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Edward Little High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Garcolon, Mabel Sara; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Goodspeed, Gertrude Cliff; residence, New York, N. Y.; fitted under private instruction; intended occupation, law.

Goodspeed, Henry Stephen; residence, New York, N. Y.; fitted under private instruction; intended occupation, law.

Griffin, Frederick Robertson; residence, South Billerica, Mass.; fitting school, Williston Seminary; intended occupation, ministry.

Hall, Abbie Bessie; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Hawkins, Henry; residence, Sullivan, Me.; fitting school, Maine Central Institute; intended occupation, medicine.

Hayes, Bessie Cushman; residence, Portland; fitting school, Lewiston High School and Portland High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Hinkley, Abner Toothaker; residence, Farmington, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, undecided.

Knowlton, Ansel Alphonso; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, New Portland High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Landman, Fred Ulysses; residence, New Londonderry, Vt.; fitting school, Leland and Gray Seminary; intended occupation, teaching.

Leader, Julia Frances; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching.
Maxim, Myrtle Belle; residence, South Paris; fitting school, South Paris High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Morrison, Persie Louise; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Parsons, William Sherman; residence, East New Portland, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, undecided.

Pearson, Frank; residence, Madison, N. H.; fitting school, New Hampton Institute; intended occupation, ministry.

Perkins, Mary Hallowell; residence, Alfred, Me.; fitting school, Alfred High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Pulsifer, Albert Packard; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Edward Little High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Skillings, Emma; residence, Portland, Me.; fitting school, Portland High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Smith, Ellen Warrington; residence, Richmond, Me.; fitting school, Richmond High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Sprague, John Perley; residence, Sprague's Mills, Me.; fitting school, Ricker Classical Institute; intended occupation, medicine.

Stickney, Malcolm Enos; residence, Brownville, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, teaching.

Tasker, Adah M.; residence, Richmond, Me.; fitting school, Richmond High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Toothaker, Oliver Henry; residence, North Harpswell, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, teaching.

True, Albert Douglas; residence, New Gloucester, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, undecided.

Tucker, Edward M.; residence, Pittsfield, Me.; fitting school, Maine Central Institute; intended occupation, teaching.

Tukey, Ralph Hermou; residence, Windham Center, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, teaching.

Weymouth, Affoe Delia; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Woodside, Tileston Edwin; residence, Sabatis, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, undecided.
College Exchanges.

THE Exchanges for May are of unusual excellence. Not only are the essays and stories well worth reading, but the poetry excels the usual standard both in quality and in quantity.

THE BIRTH OF THE DAWN-FLOWER.
Lo! Blossoms in the Eastern sky
The faint blue flower of the dawn,
And, ringing out, the petrel's cry
Proclaims to wave the birth of morn.

The flower, with the blood of Earth
Is nourished, and dyes red the sky,
While, bursting from the blue of birth,
Great crimson petals form on high.

Then deeps to gold the blood-red flame,
The blossom of the Dawn is doomed!
A million leaves of light proclaim
The flower of the Day has bloomed.

—Yale Literary Magazine.

ARBOVUS.
Ah, earliest of the spring,
You come glad news to bring
Of brighter sky,
The winter-weary bee
Finds his first sweets with thee,
And so do I.

What though the gale is cold
That drives adown the wold
And o'er the lea,
The winter-tattered leaf;
I know its day is brief,
'Tis sweet of thee.

—Dartmouth Literary Magazine.

SPRING.
Meek flowers lift their tiny heads
In creamy white and crimson beds;
The balmy air, in fragrance dight,
Floats o'er the vale in gentle flight;
And th' redbird trills ther-thir-a-loo.

Each tree, new wrapt in thinnest down
Of greeny mantle, nature's gown,
Foretells the birth of lovely May,
And "Welcome, welcome," seems to say;
While th' redbird trills ther-thir-a-loo.
A rosy smile rests on the dale,
And sunbeams tint sweet lilies pale;
From golden cups of honey bells
The bee, with sweetness, fills her cells;
And th' redbird trills ther-thir-a-loo.

—Vanderbilt Observer.

THE ROSE'S SECRET.

A crisis in my life had come—
Two paths before me lay;
The one was fair, the other set with thorns.
"Which shall I choose? O, say!"
I asked my heart.

"Choose thou the fair. Why hesitate?
Rose-strewn its whole length lies.
What if it leads to death? Be nature's child,—
The flow'r that blooms—then dies,"
My heart replied.

I plucked a crimson rose, and gazed
Deep in its heart. A tear
Lay there, whose meaning only I might know,
I sought the pathway near—
The path of thorns.

—Peabody Record.

KARMA.

Hávta πεί.—Heraclitus.

Each morning ushered by the song of birds,
Swings wide a portal into unknown lands,
And there the spirit on the threshold stands,
And weaves a web of fancies sad or gay.

Each evening's glowing colors in the west,
Each bar of richest crimson, yellow gold,
Glow but to pale, its mighty story told.
The glory dims, the flashing turrets fall.

Each night, a wide vault filled with stars,
Opens a vista to heaven's far strand,
Where strife comes not, the holiest, brightest land,
But lo, "The heavens shall fleck away."

Each life, a voyageur seeking far,
The reaches where the living waters flow,
Shall sweep some heavenly chord, half heard and low,
To thrill another's spirit with ecstasy.

—Cadet.
Carlyle has said the original is always better than the likeness, the real, better than the ideal. If this is true the author of *The Choir Invisible* must have met at least one man of masterful strength, one woman of superior refinement. John Gray is one of those characters, all too rarely found, who combine those happy qualities of mind and heart that mark the man, the gentleman. He is humanly heedless and gets sadly in love with the perfection of nothingness in the person of Miss Amy Falconer, and too late learns the womanliness and strength of a nobler nature. His trials are many, and the apparent outcome is not entirely idealistic, but the essential nature of the man remains pure and strong. Mrs. Falconer's rude surroundings are an excellent foil for her rare personality. In pioneer Kentucky she is like Will Carleton's "first settler's wife," who used her "heart-horticultural powers to turn the wilderness to a bed of flowers." She is as much alone with the money-making, comfort-loving major as if she were isolated in a desert of illimitable extent. Beside her handsome, metallic-voiced niece she seems a clear, welling spring beside a noisy brook. The author has expressed much in the character of these two women, and the contrast is too evident to fail of recognition. The plot is a failure as plots generally go, but there is a strong element of realism that compensates for the lack of plot and the common denouement. The style of expression is well suited to the thought. There are passages of exquisite beauty, page after page expressive of the deepest poetic thought. The following is no exception in simplicity and purity: "My candles are all beginning to burn low now, for, as we advance far on into life, one by one our duties end, one by one the lights go out. Not much ahead of me now must lurk the great mortal changes, coming always nearer, always faster. As they approach I look less to my candles, more toward my light-houses—those distant, unfalling beacons that cast their rays over the stormy sea of this life from the calm ocean of the Infinite." And again, "A wing of this swan had been broken, and out of her wide heaven of freedom and light she had floated down, a captive, but with all her far-sweeping instincts throbbing on unabated. This pool had been the only thing to remind her since of the blue-breasted waves and the glad fellowship of her kind. On this she had passed her existence with a cry in the night, now and then that no one heard, a lifting of the wings that would never rise, an eye turned upward toward the turquoise sky, across which familiar voices called to each other, called down, and were lost in the distance."

*Caleb West, Master Diver,* is a recent novel by F. Hopkinson Smith. There is nothing in the story to claim lasting fame. The characters are mostly commonplace, Caleb West and Mrs. Leroy perhaps presenting a slight difference to the common herd. Caleb West is good and gentle, but obdurate and unreasoning. Mrs. Leroy is not above uttering the common complaints of an ill-mated woman. The scene is laid at Shark Ledge, whose surroundings are of only local interest. The story is simply told and in that respect is in keeping with the high order of talent displayed by the author, both as writer and lecturer. The illustrations are excellent. The expression depicted on Caleb West's face when he says "I ain't blamin' her nor never shall," is the work of a master hand.

William Elliot Griffis has lately written a work entitled *The Pilgrims in their Three Homes,* which seems to possess some strong points of excellence. The author, after deciding to write this story of the Pilgrims, to which he was invited by the Congregational Society of Boston, visited the three homes of the Pilgrims in

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*The BATES Student.*

Our Book-Shelf.
England, Holland, and America, and by the most careful research acquainted himself with the actual facts concerning the life and labors of these far-famed wanderers. The narrative combines well the personal history of the leaders in the enterprise and the efforts, failures, and successes of the company as a whole. The work is copiously supplied with half-tone prints of many places and scenes of interest.

 Truly, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the artist who designed the binding of Miss Thayer's latest publication, *Violilla*, must have had that thought in mind. The beautiful blue and gold of the covers is well in keeping with the spirit of the little poem they enclose. *Violilla* is the story of a simple woodland maiden who loves well but not wisely, and sweetly leaves her handsome lover to enjoy his former love. The poem is in the meter of "Hiawatha," and contains touches of real beauty.

"If one should dare to wander,
Dare to roam the shadowy forests
In the beauty of the moonlight,
At the lonely hour of midnight,
He would hear the sweetest music—
Weird, angelic, clear, entrancing.
'Tis the voice of Violiila.
Should he listen, listen fearless,
He would see a vision standing
Like a lily in the moonlight.
Violilla's spirit wanders
Lovingly around the valley."

"Cui bono?" is the natural question from the school-men when a new text-book on some well-worn subject is published, and the question is changed to approval only when the new book has vindicated its right to recognition by supplying some want not before supplied. We bespeak this self-vindication for Dr. Frisbee's *The Beginner's Greek Book*, recently published. It is intended as an attempt to apply the principles of pedagogy to the preparation for reading Xenophon's *Anabasis*. In the accomplishment of this, the paradigms are taken from the common words of the *Anabasis* as are also the sentences and vocabulary. The inflectional forms and subject matter are logically treated, thus making the sequence of lessons a natural one. The arrangement throughout is such as to best conserve the time and energy of both teacher and pupil.

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

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

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IVORY F. FRISBEE, Ph.D., Principal..................Latin and Greek.
C. E. MILLIKEN, A.B..................................Latin and Mathematics.
F. U. LANDMAN........................................Rhetoric and Elocution.
O. C. MERRILL........................................Mathematics.
A. W. WING ........................................Mathematics.

For further particulars send for Catalogue. I. F. FRISBEE, Principal.

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