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Vol. xxiv. No. 2.
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THE HUMILIATION OF A FOOT-BALL CAPTAIN.

ANDREW HARMON was a tall, handsome youth, the pride of his class, who attended one of the best-known colleges in New England. His long, unmanageable locks and bandaged arm betrayed his skill at football. He was a remarkable player for one so young, and captain of the team. As the term was over, and the boys were going to their homes, Jim Chadwick, whose father was one of the leading men in the small town in which he lived, had invited Andrew to spend a week or two of his vacation with him. One of the chief attractions was Jim's pretty sister, who was famous among the boys for her beauty, her wit, and her dancing. Many of the boys, feeling a trifle envious of Andrew's good fortune, having withdrawn to Hal Standish's room to condole with one another and to feast on peanuts, were surprised to see Andrew enter in great haste. "Say, boys, would you have your hair cut or not?" "Don't," shouted several of the boys in horror,
"you look ever so much nicer with it long." "It gives you kind of a courageous, interesting appearance which women admire," said John Minton. "It don't neither," piped up Peter Shrimp, whom everyone detested. "My sister said you were a perfect guy, the last time she saw you." That settled the question. If Peter Shrimp's sister did not like his hair long, long it should remain. After sharing the peanuts and bidding his friends farewell, the joyful youth departed to collect his baggage and find Jim.

Later, the boys watched their more fortunate companion hastening down the street beside Jim Chadwick. "We shall have to hurry," said Andrew, looking at his watch, "it lacks ten minutes of train time." So they changed their brisk walk into a run, arriving at the station just in time for the train.

A rather seedy-looking man occupied the seat in front of them. He was accompanied by his small son, who took great interest in all that was going on. The boys listened with amusement to the conversation. "Say, pa, what makes the engine go?" "Steam," grunted the father, who was in the depths of a newspaper. Soon the youngster broke forth again. "Pa, is it steam that makes Uncle Moses' horse go?" "No, you silly," said his father, gruffly. "What does make him go?" queried the torment. "Because he's alive," said the weary man. "Well, ain't the engine alive?" "No," "Do horses go with steam when they are dead?" "Of course not," said the father. "Oh, pa, do you s'pose Aunt Sally knows we're coming?" "Yes, I wrote." "Will she make some pie for us?" "Yes." "How do you know?" "I don't know," groaned the unhappy man. "Tom, will you keep still?"

For some time the youngster was quiet, much to the disappointment of Jim and Andrew. However, a few minutes before they reached their destination, he began again. "Say, pa, did you see the fellows behind us?" "No." "One of them plays football." "How do you know?" "He looks so funny. I'm going to play football when I get big." "Not if I know it." "Why?" "You'll get killed." "Did the boy behind us get killed?"

Before Andrew could ascertain whether this calamity had befallen him, the conductor called, "Barton," and the boys were forced to leave the train. They found Miss Chadwick waiting for them with a cozy little sleigh. After greetings had been exchanged the party started for Jim's home. It was situated rather more than a mile from the station, overlooking a small pond, a charming place in summer, but rather noisy during the skating season.

Jim took care of the reins, while his sister and Mr. Harmon enjoyed the back seat. The scenery along the road was very beautiful, as there were numerous hills, pure and white with the glistening snow. "Miss Chadwick," ventured Mr. Harmon, "it has been some time since I have seen you." "Do you think I have changed much?" inquired the fair one. "Not a bit," replied Andrew, "unless you look a trifle older." "How shocking! We
can't be friends if you say such impolite things. Jim, turn round a minute; do I look any older?" "You certainly don't act any older, Lettie," answered her sagacious brother. So they rode on, while the patient steed leisurely climbed each rounding slope. After an uneventful ride, they reached the house, a large, new-fashioned, brown building. Guarding the spacious entrance reclined a small watch dog, while a number of hens strolled about the yard.

So, at last, Andrew's visit, towards which he had looked forward with such anticipation, had arrived. Mrs. Chadwick was a dignified, spiritual looking lady, whose hair was very white. Mr. Chadwick was a portly, middle-aged gentleman with a genial air which seemed to diffuse a warmth all around him. The three young people enjoyed themselves immensely that evening. Miss Chadwick sang, and played upon the piano, Jim made all sorts of funny remarks, and Andrew applauded or laughed as the occasion demanded. So the evening vanished away and the family retired.

Andrew was soon blissfully dreaming of Peter Shrimp's sister adorned with his hair. About the middle of the night, for some unaccountable reason, he awoke. The rays of the moon fell across the floor and through the window he could see one gleaming star. He felt a little nervous and creepy, as if something were about to happen. Even from his childhood, although most courageous in other respects, he had a secret fear of ghosts. Suddenly turning his head, he beheld a sight that made his nerves crawl and his trembling heart thump. Two bright and shining eyes, with an unearthly and a wicked appearance, were staring straight at him. In the darkness he could distinguish nothing more. Terrified, he closed his lids, as quickly opening them, but the apparition had vanished, and he strove to assuage his fear with the art of reason. Truly it could have been naught but his imagination. Only half reassured he lay awake for a long time. The next morning he was a trifle pale from loss of sleep, but that was all. The forenoon, spent in riding about the village, proved one of profitable enjoyment to our young friends. The diversion of the afternoon was skating, in which Miss Chadwick excelled. Consequently Andrew enjoyed himself exceedingly. But all good things come to an end, and the dreaded evening approached. Mr. Harmon began to feel a trifle nervous as the time wore on, and sat up as long as possible. He could not remain up all night and was finally forced to retire. However, he soon fell asleep, but not for long. Suddenly our hero awoke with a start, as if there were something present in the room. The wind, now in the distance softly calling, now rushing past with a violent roar, seemed a fitting prelude to the appearance of the stealthy spectre. Gazing cautiously around with apprehensive terror, Andrew spied those dreadful eyes in the corner of the room. Trembling from head to foot, while the cold chills wandered over him, the poor fellow put his head under the coverlet, expecting every moment to feel the grip of bony
fingers and the icy embrace of a ghost. With a supreme effort he raised his head to find that those gleaming orbs had vanished. As on the previous night, he tried to calm himself by calling the apparition some wild creation of his fancy; but it was a hard task, and little sleep came to him. At breakfast the family noticed his wan and sickly appearance, apprehending that he might be ill. He managed to pass it off by saying, he guessed he ate too much cake for supper.

Our young people spent the day in wandering over the town, but it passed all too soon. With actual suffering Andrew went to his room again. At first he meditated keeping watch all night, but finally his better judgment prevailed, and he was soon in dreamland. This was not to last, however. At the usual hour he awoke to see those strange and horrible eyes glaring at him. It was as if he had a violent attack of the ague. Never before had he felt such fear. Scarcely daring to breathe, he gazed enchanted at those spectral eyes. They were soon invisible, moreover, and Andrew was left in a sad state of exhaustion and fear. He slept no more, but with wild longing, waited till the faint tints of dawn should appear in the sky, and the gleams of light should come over the hills, the only effectual weapons against the supernatural power of ghosts. How sad it is to picture the sufferings of so noble a youth!

He could eat but little that morning, although an elaborate table was set. At other times his epicurean appetite would have reveled in those palatable dainties, but now they had no power to move him. Poor Miss Chadwick was very much concerned, and took great pains to cheer him. She was so very entertaining and pretty that for a time Andrew forgot his nightly visitor, and really enjoyed himself. But as the forenoon wore on, he determined to return home the next day, thus escaping all possible danger from the phantom of the dark. So he began to devise means for gently breaking his resolve to the Chadwicks. Suddenly it dawned upon him that a cousin from New Orleans was visiting at his home, and that if he should not return the next day he would fail to see her.

Under ordinary circumstances this fact would have had no weight, as his cousin was an awkward, uninteresting person. But now he felt it his duty to see her before she departed. Jim and Lettie were popping corn over the open fire, when Andrew summoned sufficient courage to mention his resolve. "Oh, by the way, Jim, circumstances, over which I have no control, will compel me to go home to-morrow."

"What, so soon?" asked Jim. "You really can't mean it," suggested Miss Chadwick, in consternation. "Yes, I am very sorry, I have enjoyed these days with you extremely, but Miss Marshall, my cousin from New Orleans, is visiting us, and if I do not go home to-morrow, I shall fail to see her."

Finally the afternoon drew to a close, and the beautiful sunset warned Andrew of the approaching night. Tiny clouds of rose and purple mingled with one mass of gold, while higher the
blue was softly fading. Thus the twilight drew near and the stealthy shadows stole over hill and valley, secure in the friendly darkness. The whole family sat up very late that evening, that they might show due respect to their worthy guest. At last the unwelcome stroke of the ancient time-piece announced the lateness of the hour, and all departed to their rooms.

Poor Andrew was in the depths of misery and despair. He was so nervous he could scarcely contain himself. His fine blue eyes, which were accustomed to gleam with mirth and joy, now were large with terror. Gazing at the moon and silent stars, his fear grew apace, the mystic awe, inspired by those distant realms, acting as a fuse to his kindled imagination. Andrew kept turning his head in every direction, expecting to see his unwelcome visitor at any moment. But finally, with his neck lamed from unusual exercise, with his eyes strained by long watching, and with his heart beating violently, he gained courage to close his eyes. He was dreaming of a hideous monster with huge claws, which was speedily drawing him into its dark cave, when he awoke. With quaking apprehension he gazed about the room. Yes, the eyes were there. Shining with an unnatural brightness, they seemed to look straight through him. Our valiant football captain could have screamed with fright. He dared not stir while he gazed upon those uncanny eyes. Suddenly they began to move about the room; first they were here, then there; disappearing for an instant, with increased vividness they glared at him. In the meantime, stealthy motions sounded, just like the footsteps of ghosts which his imagination had conjectured in his early youth. At last, directly from the corner of the room, they began to approach the bed. The strangest thing about them was that they remained within a foot of the floor.

Poor Andrew wondered if the ghost were walking on his head. Nearer and nearer drew those awful eyes. The unfortunate young man thought now his hour of doom was surely at hand. In an instant more that terrible spectre would have reached him, but with the courage of desperation, he seized his boot and with great force hurled it with unsteady aim. Whizzing through the air it crashed through the window, and fell with a thud into the snow. Then, with breathless suspense, he awaited the result. That phantom had vanished and silence prevailed. Andrew’s nerves were all unstrung and he had the hysterics, first bursting into hilarious laughter and then into fits of violent weeping. After a long time he managed to control himself, but he wished he were any one except Andrew Harmon. When he thought how he should explain the broken window he was greatly agitated. He certainly had seen something supernatural, but would his friends believe it? It would be cruel to relate further the poor fellow’s sufferings. Suffice it to say that the next morning found him almost used up. Looking through the broken pane he could discover no trace of his unlucky boot, so he was forced to
appear at the breakfast table in some bright worsted slippers, a present from his aunt. As he expected, the family were much concerned about the great noise which occurred in the night, especially as Miss Chadwick, having taken an early morning walk, had noticed his broken window. For one moment everything began to grow dim, and Andrew thought he was about to faint, but this feeling passed away and he was forced to speak. Unable to frame any plausible excuse, and honest by nature, he determined to tell the truth. "I broke the window," he said. "Night after night there has certainly been a ghost in my room, and last night I fired my boot at him and it went through the window."

The family gazed at him as if he were insane, till finally Mrs. Chadwick gasped, "How did the creature look?" "All I saw," groaned the unhappy boy, "was a pair of gleaming eyes." Suddenly Miss Chadwick began to laugh merrily. "I believe I can solve the mystery," she exclaimed. "Did you leave your window open, Mr. Harmon?" "Y-e-s." "Well, it must have been the cat. He has a habit of climbing the trellis and getting in at that window. Jim used to whip him if he found him in the morning, so he does not dare to stay till it gets to be light." Never did Andrew experience a greater feeling of humiliation. He humbly offered to pay for the broken glass. Miss Chadwick disappeared, only to return with the missing boot, which she had picked up that morning when she went for her walk. It is too painful to speak of the remainder of Andrew's stay. I will leave it to the reader's imagination.

He looked so pale and ill that people on the train regarded him with anxiety, and one old lady offered him her smelling-salts. He heard an old gentleman, pointing at him, remark, "See how foot-ball has used him up!" After reaching home Andrew had a serious attack of nervous prostration. As he carefully concealed his humiliation at the Chadwicks, no one knew the cause of his illness. The doctor laid it to foot-ball.

Late in the next term, Andrew, languid, emaciated, and melancholy, rejoined his class. Since Jim never betrayed his friend, the boys wondered what had broken down the strong constitution of their captain.

Muriel E. Chase, '99.

A TALE OF A SUMMER NIGHT.
[An extract from "The Romance of Coon Glen."]

IT was a beautiful night in the latter part of June, and Clear-water Pond lay motionless in the moonlight. Hardly a ripple moved on its surface, and the stars looked up from its depths like a million eyes. All around it was the forest—the great friendly forest, with its dark shadows, save here and there, where the moonlight crept down through the interlacing branches.

From among the dark shadows came out an old man, bent with age and leaning on a heavy staff. A tattered hat rested upon his head. "It is the same place," he muttered in a feeble voice, and seated himself on a large
stone down by the pond-shore, close to the edge of the water. Then from his head he took off the old hat and let the coolness of the evening touch his forehead. The day had been so hot, and now he was back where years before as a child he had played in the water and gathered lilies, with no thought of the future.

"It is just the same," he muttered again; and the water, as if recognizing one whom it had not seen for years, commenced to murmur on the shore, and one or two little waves danced in the moonlight. Leaning his head on his hand the old man sat for a long time and looked out over the pond. A gentle breeze had sprung up and fondled his gray hair tenderly. How beautiful the night was, and what an enchanting loneliness pervaded the whole region! Every little while from some tree came the song of the hermit thrush, and far away in the forest's depths sounded distinctly the lonesome call of the whip-poor-will. The old man's thoughts went back over the years that had passed, and the present was forgotten. He had seen the hopes that he had cherished the most fondly fade and die like the flowers his feet had trod upon as he passed through the woodland.

The moon had sunk nearly to the tops of the pines on the other side of the pond now, and a silvery path seemed to lead across the water to where the old man sat with half-closed eyes. Was he dreaming? It must be. He rubbed his eyes to awake himself; but still he saw coming toward him over the quiet water, right along the path which the moonlight made, a little boat and some one standing up in it beckoning to him. The old man rubbed his eyes again and gazed earnestly in the direction of the boat. The one who stood within it had an oar in his hand that shone like silver. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and the old man moved his hand over his forehead and muttered to himself; and still the pine trees whispered to him tales that he had heard years before. The boat came up to the shore, and the boatman within beckoned to the old man again.

"Come," he said, "the boat is ready, and they are waiting for you."

"Where will you take me?" asked the old man, brushing back his gray locks.

"Home," replied the boatman.

"Home?" repeated the old man musingly, "home—I used to have one years ago—years ago; but that is past now," and a sad, wishful look came into his eyes, while a tear rolled down his cheek.

"Come," said the boatman again, and beckoned to him. Slowly the old man rose from the rock, leaving his tattered hat upon the ground.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "going home—home!" and he stepped into the boat. The countless stars looked up from the water, and the voices of the pines whispered to him.

The next morning a hunter coming down to the edge of the pond found an old hat lying beside a large rock, and noticed foot-prints leading down to the pond. But the waters washed idly against the sandy shore and told him no tales. L. D. Tibbetts, '96.
THE BATES STUDENT.

A REVERIE.

THE summer's sun shone beautifully, as from a clear sky he descended towards the west; the warm rays kissed the trees, and the leaves swayed and rustled in their glee; they touched the lake with their tiny fingers, and the waters reflected a thousand gems.

Rattling through the rocky hills, dashing across the open valleys, and skirting the river banks, went the evening express. On it rushed, the very wheels seeming to clack, faster, faster. Far in the distance loomed the mountains. Certainly they cannot be passed. How shall the traveller be furthered on his journey? Away dashed the train, pointing directly for the base of the highest ridge. They will surely slow up! But at the very moment when it would seem as if the train must be wrecked, massive gates or doors are swung back, and the train is enveloped in darkness. Yet on it rushes, until equally ponderous doors are opened at the farther end of the way, and the train is once more in the sunlight, speeding away as if no obstacle had been in its pathway.

Thoughts of life naturally crowd upon the mind, and a voice asks: "Has man ever thus faced difficulties, sped on through the darkness of despair but into the light of triumph?" History is filled with examples.

Watch that man as he strikes the chains of slavery from the wrists of over 4,000,000 downtrodden ones and says to them, "Liberty." Ah! watch him, as, grasping with both hands the helm of the old ship of state, he never allows her to swerve to the right or to the left, although a mighty nation is struggling in the embrace of death, and party strife and contention has already set the elements on fire; and "as from a hundred volcanoes the red-hot stones of revolution fly whizzing through the gloom, streaking the darkness, and a great nation stands torn and bleeding" as if swept by a storm of iron sleet, hurled by both hands of avenging deity, yet that grand, exalted man stands at his post through sleepless nights and careworn days, while all the furies seem to combine, and Hell to gather her forces for battle, and the gods of the seas and the gods of the tempests to mass their embattled lines in one grand charge for victory.

But, thank God, Abraham Lincoln lived to see the Union saved and the dawn of peace and the shout of victory and the star-spangled banner wave in triumph from sea-board to sea-board, from national capitol to humblest home.

Was supernatural strength given him to swing the doors of triumph and success? Why opened those doors to him? Was it not a fixed purpose to attain?

_I will_ was written across the banners of Hannibal. _I will_ sounded in Caesar's ear as he led his army across the Rubicon. _I will_ was the unseen force that caused Lee to hand his broken sword to the northern general. What door can remain closed to a man thus impelled? What can he not do? Is he not king of all? Did not the forests wait his coming? Did not
the winds blow wild across the seas until he bound them to his flying ships or clashing mills? Were not the oceans barriers to nations until he made them paths for commerce? Did not the lightnings flash athwart the sky in their wild freedom until he lashed them to his rushing car or bound them to his tiny wires which speak his commands across hemispheres? All success comes to the man of will, all doors swing open to him. History reveals many instances where men of brightest intellects and rarest gifts have utterly failed on the voyage of life because they took the heart for a rudder instead of the will.

A retrospect in every life is of the highest benefit, and no time seems so pregnant with holy thoughts or aspirations as when we stand by the deathbed of a day. It is then the doors of the future seem to swing wide to the dreamer. When the day is done "and the drooping sun upgathers his spent shafts and puts them back into his golden quiver," and the evening time has come, then the signal guns seem to be fired from some unseen rampart, and all the clouds hasten to the evening burial at sea. Watch, as he sinks lower upon his golden couch, while all those floating sentinels of the sky stand around, and with invisible hands lower him into his watery grave. Nature pauses for a moment as if in sympathy with the dreamer. The shadows gather quietly and fall from the sky. The birds twitter feebly in the branches, and are still. The bells tinkle once again, and are hushed. Unseen hands draw back the curtains of evening, pinning them with the stars. There sits night upon her dusky throne, her sable mantle drawn around her form, and a rich diadem of sparkling jewels glistening upon her forehead. Hush; it is evening! Shadows have fallen! Twilight has deepened! Night reigns alone. In such an hour how desires for future success and memories of past failures crowd around. Along the dimly-lighted corridor of time we have come. One by one the doors of opportunity have closed behind, and closed forever. The halls ring with the noise of shutting doors, great blessings lost, great opportunities wasted. We have passed by doors which, if entered, would have disclosed gilded stairways leading up to higher attainment, nobler achievement. But the doors have closed behind us, and closed forever. The future only remains. All along the corridor of the years are placed open doors—doors of success, doors of great achievement, doors of noble living. Onward presses the restless throng of humanity, pushing, rushing, hurrying by the very doors of their only success. Yet ever by the side of each flies that guardian angel of mankind, Truth, whispering softly, "Enter, enter, the noblest ways," for there is written over the portals of each swinging door, "Enter all ye who will."

J. STANLEY DURKEE, '97.

Harvard and Princeton have arranged a series of five base-ball games for next spring. Two will be played at Cambridge, two at Princeton, and the fifth, in case of a tie, on neutral grounds.
DOMINION OF MYSTERY.

THE poet has truly said, “Mystery rules the world.” Every peculiar quality of nature, every property of science, every attribute of an individual exerts a powerful influence upon the movements and progress of the human race. From infancy to manhood mystery holds boundless sway. Every living creature and all inanimate objects are subservient to the laws of the mysterious, whether found in nature or in the achievements of man.

Nature abounds in mystery. Nay, the universe itself is one vast mystery. When we stand under the dome of the sky at night and observe the moon and stars, we face a mystery; when we ramble through the field and forest and see the different forms of vegetation, we face a mystery. Indeed from the growth of the tiniest flower on the hill-side to the structure of the loftiest mountain-peak are furnished alike materials for thought and investigation.

On account of these mysteries in the universe mankind has ever been seized with a restless spirit which would not be quieted, but kept striving to dispel the darkness and obscurity. Thus with heroic zeal such men as Kepler, Galileo, Herschel, Linnaeus, and Newton have devoted their entire lives to the examination of the mysterious, thereby presenting to the world for study and thought our various sciences.

Mystery, likewise, has supreme dominion over all inventions and discoveries. Inquiring minds are continually searching into the mysteries of nature and art, and from the secrets revealed to them have been made useful inventions, broadening civilization and enlightening the world.

Columbus was forcibly impressed with the idea that an unknown land lay beyond the seas. Shrouded in mystery, indeed, it was, like a fairy-land, but by his efforts he pierced the veil and exposed to the world this country. Mystery should claim the reward. The land of mystery charms and fascinates us. Without obscurity there would be no search for knowledge, therefore no progress would be made.

When we enter the domain of mesmerism and electricity, we invade the most secret labyrinths of mystery. How marvelous are their results and how mysterious their workings! By mere will-power strong men are rendered obedient to the slightest wish, while by electricity lifeless objects around us are apparently endowed with the power of motion.

From the time of the teachings of the ancient Druids to that of the secret plans of the present Free Masons there has been wielded by all societies of a mysterious nature a sceptre more powerful than that of kings. Governments have been thrown into confusion and proud men who stood fearless in the face of danger and death have tremblingly bowed in obedience to the laws of a secret assembly. By the aid of mystery men of a refined and superior intellect held in subjection the rude and unlearned, who were incapable of ruling wisely.

The mystery of sentiment and of will induced the Crusaders to leave their homes and loved ones and endure privations of the severest kind. Fan-
ciful pictures of mystery lay before them, urging them to an unseen goal; but, as "the darkest hour is just before dawn," so following these dark scenes shone forth the light and wisdom of the Renaissance. And as a result of the power of mystery over rude and barbaric minds, the towers of Feudalism were hurled to the ground and the enlightening customs of the East took deep root in all Europe.

To the realm of the unknown belongs our very existence. Death also is one great mystery; but the mystery of our individuality has the most direct tendency in moulding our characters and fashioning the course of our lives. Shakespeare might have said as truly, "There is a mystery which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." Every person, oftentimes unconsciously, reasons within himself as follows,—"I am myself. Nothing can avail to change my personality. The success of my life work depends upon my own individual nature. I know not how great my capabilities are nor to how lofty a height I may ascend, till I have put forth my utmost exertions."

The homage rendered to our Creator, ay, the reason of our worship and adoration, is due to the mystery of the Supreme God. A Being whose workings are so mysterious and unknown fills us with awe and reverence, and we cannot fail to bow our heads in humble obedience before our Maker, who creates worlds so shrouded in mystery and who fills them with inhabitants, the very existence of whom is as great a mystery as the worlds themselves.

Then let us not fear this omnipotent mystery, this bright bow of promise spanning the world's horizon, but yield to its charm, believing that in future ages it will become a halo of light encircling the brows of nations, when all people shall rejoice in the full tide of prosperity and happiness.

Ina M. Parsons, '96.

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**Bates Verse.**

**THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LAND BEYOND THE SKIES.**

There's a beautiful land beyond the skies
Where the soul of the saved one never dies;
And those who are sick with toil and care
Find the sweetest of resting-places there.

A beautiful land where the mother finds
The children she lost long years ago;
Like flowers they budded and drooped and died,
And she saw them buried beneath the snow.

She wept, and the world seemed lonesome there,
And the burdens of life seemed hard to bear,
But she knew that when God called her home
She should find her darlings waiting there;

And when I reach life's twilight gray
What is it to me if my body dies?
For I know I shall find a welcome there,
In that beautiful land beyond the skies.


**SUNSET.**

See the golden clouds of sunset
Tint the western sky,
Where they meet the prim old pine trees
Rising up on high.

Here and there a group of children
Merry at their play,
Laughing gaily in the twilight
Of the closing day.
Now and then the lovely music
Of a lonely bird,
Calling to some feathered playmate,
In the distance heard.

IDA’S ISLE.*
O barren island lone
Of sea-washed basalt stone,
Fringed high with kelp and skeins of
angled weed,
What story thou couldst tell
Of him who loved so well
The lowlands of the Teviot and the Tweed.
When storms are raging high
The gulls then hither fly
To plume themselves where cliffs afford
a lee;
Upon thy rocky beach
Beyond the water’s reach
The seal is roughly hurled by foaming sea.
No other life is found
Within thy flinty bound,
A single trace of human hand is here;
Von ruins old and gray,
Stuccoed with time’s decay,
The cell where lived Northumbria’s holy
seer.
When Ecgfrith’s nobles fell,
Was rung Northumbria’s knell,
The mournful sound reached Ida’s dismal
isle;
At closing of the day,
The monk there dying lay
And o’er his face was spread a doleful
smile.
The years of toil and pain
Were lived by him again;
The hope of youth and manhood’s brighter
day
In vision passed before
The mind’s wide open door,
E’er yet his soul burst from the prison clay.
This rugged storm-lashed isle
For monumental pile
Is better far than marble dearly bought;
While it resists the sea
His influence shall be
A force to mould the form of English
thought. —W. S. C. R. ’96.

* The hermit home of St. Cuthbert.

TWO THIEVES.
A pedagogue in a way-back town
Sat as the sun sank low,
While before him stood an urchin small,
With a look of deepest woe.
And he talked to the tow-head urchin
small
Of the error of his way,
For the urchin had stolen the master’s
knife
From the master’s desk that day.
Another day as the sun went down
The master waited there;
This time he was keeping after school
A maiden, sweet and fair.
And he thought, as he gazed in her
smiling eyes,
And looked at her golden curls,
That she with her grace
And her pretty face
Was “not like other girls.”
And he talked to the maiden of diverse
things,
As he held her on his knee.
For the maiden fair,
With the golden hair,
Had stolen his heart, you see. — ’96.

The University of Chicago is again
fortunate in being the recipient of a
handsome gift. This time it is the
sum of $1,000,000 from Miss Ellen
Culver of Chicago.

Students at Yale Art School are
competing for the William Wirt Win-
chester Fellowship prize of $1,500, to
be awarded June 1, 1897, to the
painter of the best picture in oils of a
given subject.

The Chicago Tribune says that the
total donations by will and gift in this
country from January to June, 1895,
were $10,434,000, and that of this
amount colleges and universities re-
ceived $4,075,000.
Heard About the Campus.

Wildly through the crowded streets he raveth,
Up the narrow, crooked stairs he staveth,
Pompously the sanctum of the editor he craveth,
And in his haggard face his verses waveth:
Such is our enemy, the spring-time poet.
The editor a rearward doorway showeth,
The straight and narrow way each muse-struck knoweth,
And while prosaic imprecations from the long-haired floweth,
He calmly out thereat this poet tooth
The quickest, surest way to make him go it.
A social would not come amiss just now.
The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow.
Were you remembered with a valentine?
Why can’t the city snow ploughs run up across the campus?
We wish some one would get the reading-room into gear.
Tobien, ’97, taught the last four weeks of a term of school in Minot.
Bruce, ’98, is back with us again after a short sickness at the hospital.
Prof.—“Who will draw a good eye on the board?” Responsive T.—“I!”
Evening work in pyramids and trick work has commenced in the gymnasium.
Cunningham, ’97, will look after the business interests of the athletic exhibition.

Mr. H. W. Hopkins, ’88, spent a few days at the college, the first of the month.
Knapp, ’96, was called home recently by the sad news of the death of his brother.

The Eurosophian Society has placed an adequate insurance over its room furnishings.

Professor Anthony occupied the Main Street pulpit on Sunday morning, January 26th.

The Freshmen report a good time and no casualties at their January evening skating party.

The series of Gale revival meetings in Auburn is creating a deep interest among the students.

Miss Andrews, ’97, is teaching a special class in New Testament Greek, at the Divinity School.

Though the Faculty mills grind slowly
Yet they grind amazing small.
They minimize our number of cuts
Till we have no leisure at all.

We were all out to see the great fire in Pingree’s lumber yard, all but the local editor, who had gone to bed.

Wright, ’97, recently conducted a party of Juniors through the Bates Mill in their study of Political Economy.

The reading of a modern Greek newspaper is a promised innovation in the Freshman study of that language.

Competitive class drills for the cup offered by the College Club will be a feature of the winter athletic exhibition.

Mr. Smith, Bates, ’91, who is at present attending the Bowdoin Medical School, spent a few days at the college recently.

Many of the students attended the Yaw concert on the evening of February 19th. The concert was under the management of Thompson and Eaton, ’96.
A large number of the students have attended the evangelistic services in Auburn, conducted by Mr. H. W. Gale of Boston.

Several Bates representatives are to have papers at the Y. W. C. A. convention at Colby on the 21st and 22d of this month.

The third volume of Poole's Index, and an "Index to General Literature," by W. R. Fletcher, have been received lately in the library.

If through the snowy woods the livelong day,
HE roam,
In vain a bird of winter to espy,—
As overhead the moon sails high and dry,
HE then doth many a chickadee so Gay
See home.

Thompson, '96, was recently locked into the laboratory, but escaped by way of the turret in a way that would have been creditable to Jean Valjean.

The gymnasium is open to the Latin School boys from 11 to 12 A.M. Johnson, L. S., '96, is class leader. We notice Belyea as a very promising man.

The text read, "Several Quakers were killed or hung around Boston."

Fourteen of the Sophomores braved the raging elements on the night of the 6th inst., and visited their classmate, Landman, at Turner, who held a very successful exhibition at the close of his school.

The following vivid description of snake-locomotion by one of the Zoology class, is the latest contribution to the literature of that science: He throws his head to one side, takes a brace, and then throws his body to the other side.

The gym. is a busy place these afternoons. Active preparations are going on for the athletic exhibition at the close of the term. The young ladies are practicing three drills, a club, wand, and Delsarte. The Juniors are using broadswords; the Sophomores, barbells; and the Freshmen, clubs.

Several Quakers were killed or hung around Boston.

The chapel of Roger Williams Hall was filled by an attentive audience on the afternoon of January 31st, when a scholarly lecture was delivered by Dr. Dalton of Portland, on the Venezuelan question. The speaker said it was not worth our while, and intimated that we had no occasion, to go to war with England.

Captain Douglass exhibits daily his menagerie of wild base-ballists in the cage under Barker Hall. The following perform regularly: Berryman, Douglass, Gerrish, Hilton, Purinton, '96; Slattery, Burrill, '97; Bennett, Hinkley, Landman, Sprague, '98; Calhoun, Mason, Tetley, Pulsifer, '99. We shall have the greatest show on earth by spring, says Captain Douglass.

The Shakespearian drama, mentioned in our last issue, is sure to materialize. "The Merchant of Venice" has been decided upon. The parts have been assigned, and Miss Marie W. Laughton of Boston has been engaged to stage the play. A feature of the production will probably be a handsome souvenir programme. The joint committee of the two societies having the matter in charge consists of Thomas and Thomp-
son, '96; Stanley, '97; Miss Bonney, '96; and Miss Leader, '98.

The vote stood ten to two, But most present voted "nit;" While Terry tried to juggle it Professor nearly split.

The Freshmen have been divided into divisions for their debates which take place next fall. Owing to the large size of the class, six divisions were rendered necessary. Following are the questions to be debated:

First Division.—Ought the United States Government to build and own the Nicaragua canal?

Second Division.—Ought the Turkish Government to be suppressed and its territory be divided and distributed among the nations of Europe?

Third Division.—Ought the United States to annex Cuba?

Fourth Division.—Will Columbus be a greater historical character than Livingstone?

Fifth Division.—Do young men now have equal opportunities for entering upon a successful career with those of a generation ago?

Sixth Division.—Was the protectorate of Cromwell beneficial to England?

This year Bates fell into line with the rest of the colleges, and observed Thursday, January 30th, as the Day of Prayer for Colleges. All recitations were as usual suspended. Immediately after chapel exercises a prayer-meeting was held, led by Professor Jordan. In the afternoon the customary exercises took place in the chapel. Rev. G. L. White of New Hampton, N. H., of the Class of '76, was the preacher. His theme was, "The Development of Christian Character a Product of Divine Grace." Without divine grace Paul's declaration to be all things to all men would have resulted in his becoming nothing to anybody. The same holds true to-day. Many place before themselves ideals in life that make Christ's life and death and Pentecost unnecessary. The college, while emphasizing its specialty, must recognize its mission a broad one. The sermon was at once scholarly and helpful. Good music was furnished for the occasion by a double mixed quartet, consisting of Misses Buzzell, Cox, Roberts, and Blake, and Messrs. Eaton, Fuller, Roberts, and Stickney. Professor Howe conducted the prayer-meeting in the evening, at which the subject of "Decision in Life" was considered.

On Sunday evening, February 9th, Dr. Summerbell began his second course of lectures on the Reformation period, his subject being, "John Calvin and the Swiss Reformers." The rest of the course will be delivered on successive Sunday nights. Following are the subjects:

February 16.—France and her Huguenots (first half).
February 23.—France and her Huguenots (second half).
March 1.—The Birth of Reform in the Netherlands.
March 8.—Protestant Heroism in the Netherlands.
March 15.—The Dawn of the English Reformation.

A meeting of the base-ball managers of the Maine colleges was recently held in Bangor. Bates sent Captain Douglass as her representative. No definite agreement was reached. Bates stood out that no Bowdoin Medics should play during their first year, and that no man should play more than four years. Bowdoin acceded to the latter condition, but declined to consider the former. The matter is now before the athletic association as to whether Bates shall enter the league as the matter now stands. Two schedules were arranged, one including Bates and the other excluding her.
MODERN literature, like everything else of the present day, has a distinct tendency. England and the United States, but lately passed from a semi-golden literary age, are even now evincing characteristics which are certain to be developed towards perfection. Departing from classic models our writers are evolving the realistic and socialistic novel, the short story, and quiet pen-picture; even a new style of historical novel is in vogue. It is along these lines that a modern author achieves success, and along which we in college must discuss, teach, and perhaps ourselves write. It is certainly true that men are thinking to-day through the medium of fiction; however, in excessive readability we are apt to lose sight of underlying principles and purposes. Therefore it is highly essential that, while studying the aspects of every past age of literature, we should also carefully study our own. We notice that this is recognized abroad, and that a course of lectures in this very branch is going on this winter at Yale. We do not enter into the advisability of such a course at Bates; we may study such a subject individually as well as collectively in class. We may, however, suggest that we regulate alike our reading of the older and newer classics. Thus to us the literary phase will not be least in the great movement of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Along with the recognition of fiction as a field for study comes a broadened view of its scope, occasioned by the advent of the short story. While the De Coverley papers of Addison, and Poe's Tales, have achieved a popularity that will never wane, the short story, heretofore, has been a field little cultivated, and its importance less appreciated; to-day, however, it is at the flood tide of popularity, and must be reckoned with in any estimate of fiction.

This favor is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the college publications. The short story is characteristic, just now, of every college magazine of standing, and fittingly so.

We venture to say that it affords more valuable schooling to the college student in the power to use his vernacular than does any other class of writing. In its demand upon the inventive faculties, in its call for a versatile style, and in its opportunity for literary finish it is unrivaled. Hence it foretokens a higher standard of literary excellence among undergraduates.

Moreover the short story, in a way, cannot fail to give tone to the magazine. It is invariably written for publication, and thus makes the latter indispensable. College essays and, in a larger sense, college orations, are prepared for definite occasions, and with the passing of that occasion have, in most cases, served their purpose. To use the college paper as a second-hand store is to degrade it.

It is fair to presume that in so comparatively unworked a field much latent talent exists in our own midst; and
it lies with the individual to discover it. We intend for the Student to maintain its rank among contemporaries by giving due prominence to this line of writing, and invite your cooperation. In view of the fact that contributions count towards the required work in rhetoricals, the request should meet with a good response.

Two students were recently talking of life's work, and what the future may have in store for each. One said, 'I'm afraid I can't attain to that,' speaking of the coveted educational position. The other replied, 'You have no right to reckon with the force of fear in the struggle; you can attain to it.' This conversation led the writer to think of the "power of purpose" and its effects in every-day life—especially in the life of a student.

How many men, down through the ages, have missed the mark of their truest success, because of a fear to strike out for that success. How many brilliant talents have lost their lustre, and finally been buried, simply because the possessor was afraid of trying. Music has lost many a Mozart, Oratory many a Webster, Poetry many a Tennyson, because the purpose of winning was not sufficiently strong to keep them to duty and cause them to put their all into the venture.

In speaking of Marlow, Mr. Pancost in his English Literature, writes these touching words: "Before he is thirty he is stabbed with his own dagger in a low tavern at Deptford. The touch of the unknown, which he thirsted for, like his own 'Faustus,' stops him in the midst of his doubts, his passionate longings, his defiance, his love-making, and his fame—and at length he is quiet." Here is a man who might have rivaled Shakespeare, falling, dying, because the purpose of his life was not sufficiently strong.

The same thought comes as we think of the life of Coleridge. He was ever planning to write some great poem, yet ever delayed the beginning for trivial things, until death claimed him, and the world of literature lost what might have been an epic. Surely we have no right to reckon with this hesitating, fearing force. Rather shall we lay our plans, measure our strength, and go boldly forward—

"Heart within and God o'erhead."

It has been the steady purpose which has always won. Purpose steadies the action; Purpose tires the Fates; Purpose wins the day. "I will or die," muttered between closed teeth, is most often answered with the victory of will. Though the gods try us with the slowly passing years, yet they will reward our toil.

One of the easiest and most natural ways to judge of the culture of a man is by the language he uses. The savage can express his ideas in a few simple words, but the educated man requires both a vast vocabulary and a careful discrimination in the choice of his terms. The power to express the most delicate shades of thought precisely, is an art few acquire. Our language is, as it were, the frame in which we place the pictures of our mind. By their fitness or inadequacy we beautify
or disfigure these mind pictures. How often we leave our best thoughts unsaid because our command of language is insufficient to express them!

In our forms of expression we are controlled largely by habit. A misuse of grammar learned in our childhood always clings to us, and we find ourselves using the same phrases and turns of expression over and over. Those who, for the sake of good-fellowship or out of carelessness, adopt the colloquial phrases and cultivate the habit of exaggeration, appear awkward and out of place in refined, critical society. If we used good language every day we should find it far easier to express ourselves, when we have an essay to write. Then, not out of an over-nicety or primness, but from a sincere desire to be true to our higher selves and to be faithful to our own individuality, we should take pains with our words. If we do this, before long we shall unconsciously use the right word in the right place, thereby increasing our influence and power.

**THE BATES STUDENT.**

The Junior Promenade, the great annual midwinter social event in many of our colleges, so gains in favor as to occupy in its way almost as conspicuous a place on the college calendar as Ivy or Class Day. Accounts of the recent “Yale Prom.” show it to have been an affair of unusual elegance and dignity, and in many other eastern colleges the custom has been followed this season, although with less display. One of the pleasant features in the character of the “prom” is that it always gathers a goodly number of alumni, friends of the college, and guests of the students. It is the one center of social interest of the season, and altogether a stately and beautiful affair. Its benefits are far-reaching, for it helps prepare the student for the social world, where he will find ease and elegance of manner indispensable.

We have often heard a desire expressed among students for more society, and we believe that such an annual event at Bates as the Junior Promenade would be looked forward to with the keenest pleasure and expectation, and have ultimately a highly elevating and beneficial influence.

The death of Rufus Deering of Portland is a severe blow to Bates College. For many years as Trustee, member of the Executive Committee and in various ways he has been closely connected with the college. He was always deeply interested in young people and especially in those who were striving for an education. In a quiet, unassuming way, his whole life was devoted to the good of others.

To all who knew him Mr. Deering’s death comes as a personal loss. No one ever came within the circle of his influence without being made better. He has left to his friends a priceless legacy—the record of a noble life which will remain as an example and an inspiration to the young men of today.

A sketch of Mr. Deering’s life will be published in the March number of the Student.
Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. CHARLES HADLEY.

"Strange that Death should seek such victims
At the brightest, happiest hour,
Mid the fairest hopes of promise
And the gilded dream of power."

Strange indeed that a life of so great usefulness should be so short. Mysterious beyond solution that one of immeasurable influence in uplifting mankind should be permitted so few years of activity. These are the thoughts that come with much force as we learn of the death of our beloved classmate, Rev. Charles Hadley, which occurred in Lewiston, December 21st. An able scholar, a noble Christian clergyman, and a foreign missionary of rare power has gone to his reward.

Mr. Hadley, son of Horace and Sarah Hobart (Hayes) Hadley, was born in Lewiston, August 5, 1804. He fitted for college in Lewiston High School, graduating in 1822 as salutatorian of his class. He entered Bates College the same year and graduated in 1826 at the head of his class. As a scholar he was keen, logical, and accurate. As a man he was sensible, of even disposition and good judgment. He was modest and yet conscious of his real worth. There was, however, no conceit in his make-up. He was popular not because of striking peculiarities, but rather on account of his frank, generous nature and high standards of living.

But his real nobility was soon to more clearly assert itself. The winter following his graduation he united with the Bates Street Baptist Church in Lewiston. Soon after, he decided to study for the ministry, and in the fall of 1887 he entered the Newton Theological School. In a class letter, written while at this institution, he says: "I am enjoying my chosen profession perfectly and am confident that I am where God designed me to be."

While in college weakness of the lungs developed, which caused his friends much anxiety, and so we were much pleased to read in this same letter, "the state of my health you will be interested in. I never was better physically in my life than at present."

It was during his third and last year at Newton that he became deeply interested in foreign missions and decided to devote his life to that work. It seemed to him that as a Christian worker he should go where the need was greatest. Accordingly he offered his services to the American Baptist Missionary Union. He was accepted and assigned to an important position in Madras, India. He graduated from the Theological School in May, 1890, and in the following July he was ordained at Lewiston. In September he was married to Miss Lena M. Walls, who with two children, a girl of four and a half and a boy of three years, survive him. On October
4th he and his wife sailed from Boston for Liverpool. After a stay of two weeks in England they continued their journey, arriving at Madras, November 27, 1890.

With unusual fidelity and great efficiency he at once entered upon his life work. His first task was to learn the Telugu language, which for him was not difficult. He had full charge of the work of the Telugu Mission, which was mainly the training and superintending of the efforts of native preachers. To some extent he engaged in street preaching and touring in the country districts. In all this work he took great pleasure. In his class letter of May, 1891, he says: "To have a personal part in lifting up a people from the depths of heathenism to the position of ‘sons of God’ I believe to be the grandest opportunity that could be given a young man in this generation. There is a sacrifice in the work of the foreign missionary in leaving home and native land, but my experience leads me to think that everything good and great lies along the path of self-sacrifice. If men will leave home and native land for the sake of earthly wealth and honor, it is not strange that one should be willing to do the same for heavenly riches."

Thus he worked for three years and more, succeeding as few men can. But the torrid and pestilential climate, combined with his all too arduous duties, was more than he could long endure. In February, 1894, his health was so seriously impaired that his physician ordered him to leave India at once. This was a severe blow to him, not so much because of ill health as because he must give up his beloved work. Soon after leaving he suffered hemorrhages from the lungs and was so dangerously ill that on reaching Naples he was taken to the hospital, where he remained three months. Contrary to all expectations, he rallied, and they continued their journey, arriving in New York the last of June. On his way to Lewiston he stopped with friends at Merrimac, Mass., intending to make a short visit, but he was again prostrated and continued dangerously ill all summer. In early fall he so far recovered that he went to Southern Pines, N. C., to spend the winter, but no improvement resulted, in fact, the disease gained great headway. In June, 1895, he returned to his home in Lewiston to pass the remainder of his days. A little later he tried the open-air treatment for consumptives under Dr. Carpenter of New York, who had a sanitarium about two miles north of Lewiston. Under this treatment for a time he seemed to improve, but with the coming of cold weather he rapidly declined in health until the end came.

By his death the foreign mission field loses an efficient laborer at the very beginning of a career of much promise, the college loses one of her noblest graduates, the Class of ’86 a most loyal and loving member, and wife, children, sisters, and parents, their most devoted and dearest friend. May we all be as worthy of Heaven as he.

C. E. S., ’86.
PERSONALS.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes is so much improved in health as to be able to preach again. He is now pastor of the Congregational Church at Manitou, Col.

'87.—H. E. Cushman, A.M., has been elected instructor in Philosophy in Tufts College.

'76.—Rev. George L. White has accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church at Pittsfield, Maine.

'76.—In his new book, "In the Path of Light Around the World," Rev. T. H. Stacy gives an account of his observations and experiences on his recent missionary journey. The book deals principally with Japan, China, India, Egypt, and Palestine. The customs of the various nations and the incidents of the journey are vividly described from the standpoint of a missionary. Special attention is given to the Free Baptist mission field in India.

'93.—F. L. Hoffman has been dangerously ill with typhoid fever, but is now slowly recovering.

'93.—E. L. Haynes is principal of the Kennebunkport High School.

'84.—C. A. Chase is the author of a beautiful poem, entitled "The Great Stone Face." The poem is printed with an engraving of the Lewiston Falls, and forms a very attractive souvenir.

'68.—The only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Emery died January 11th of diphtheria, at the age of ten years. Mr. and Mrs. Emery have the sympathy of their many friends in this sad bereavement.

'92.—H. E. Walter, teacher of Biology in one of the Chicago high schools, was in Lewiston a few weeks ago.

'73.—N. W. Harris is the Republican candidate for Mayor of Auburn.

'89.—F. J. Daggett, who is practicing law in Boston, is counsel for the defense in an important will case.

'94.—Miss F. I. Cummings is meeting with good success as assistant in the Lewiston High School.

'78.—We have received a very pleasant greeting from C. E. Brockway, superintendent of schools at North Dartmouth, Mass.

College Exchanges.

"As soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June,
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that’s false, before
You trust in critics." —Byron.

The above lines from the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" we have often seen cited as giving an estimate of the faith of the general reader in editors’ criticisms. Perhaps the general reader has long since ceased to read them; we would invite his attention to the selections we quote, on which he may pass his own criticism.

But what is the use of the editor’s criticism, after all? Why does he monthly peruse a huge pile of exchanges and occupy an allotted space in criticising
them? This task, pleasant in some respects, irksome in others, brings mutual benefits.

Words of praise carefully bestowed on unusually good work, and censure kindly passed on hasty and unmeritorious productions, do much to keep a high standard of college journalism. Through the eye of this department the student may see himself, not a member of one literary institution, but of the college world, and his contribution to his own college magazine, a contribution to the college magazine literature of the day. We know this general interest in college journalism might be increased if our exchanges were kept on file where all who wished might look them over, or, better still, if the idea of an intercollegiate press association could be realized.

This month there is very little on our table which deserves to be termed "waste-basket literature;" much that bears the stamp of being up-to-date and treats of important issues in the collegiate world; and much also that is worthy of being classed as "scrap-book literature," owing to its own intrinsic worth.

The Red and Blue starts the new year with an excellent number. Its story, "A Colonial Secretary," is well plotted and sustains an unusual interest to the close. "A Question in Modern Art" shows an intelligent handling of a difficult subject.

The Brown Magazine ranks among the most interesting. "The Bible Among College Studies" deserves a very careful reading. "Etchings," as usual, is a pleasing department.

Education, a monthly magazine which now comes to us regularly, although not a college publication, should not be overlooked in our notices. It is of special interest to all who contemplate teaching as a profession, for each number contains instructive and valuable discussions on educational topics.

We make the following selections of verse this month:

**The Geode.**

Poor stone, unshapely, despised and rough,
Deemed to be not good enough
To bear the fling of the steed's rude heel;
'Tis thrown aside by the paver's care,
And lo! on the heap as it falls there—
It breaks—and a crystal heart reveals.

Oft in unseemly mould of clay,
Despised throughout life's little day,
There lives a soul, whose worth obscure
Is naught to the cold, hard world rough-shod:
But the body broken—the soul with God
Reveals a life lovely and pure.

—C. M. G., in Brumonian.

**Peace.**

Past the meadow and over the hill,
Beyond the wood and the lake,
Beyond the grove where the fairies sleep,
Beyond the utmost wave of the deep,
Past the vale where breezes wake,
There is a land of joy and ease,
The god-kissed home of sweet, sweet Peace.

Time will stand on the brink of the grave,
Eternity will grow old,
Hope will perish in the human breast,
All men will seek their last sad rest
In the earth, so damp and cold,
Ere that land be found of blissful ease,
The distant home of sweet, sweet Peace.

—Alfred Almond, in Southern Collegian.

**Turning the Leaf.**

A year page—filled with sombre thought,
As I read in the cycle's evening glow;
And scarcely a change has the long year brought,
I wonder why it is so.

Have I dozed while glancing the backward track,
That nothing of difference I can see?
Has the breath of my sighs blown the pages back?
I wonder how it can be.

For me in doing, or in deeds undone
Does the secret of ill-success ne'er lie.

Thoughts—sombre thoughts, slow moving on,
Have kept my soul awry.

O, the cheer of a cheerful thought! Ah! bright
Will the letters upon the year page glow,
If thoughts be lofty and heart be light:—
I wonder if 'twill be so.

The year page—knew I my last 'twould be,
At the close would the record clearer grow?
Would the end of the volume be fairer to see?
I wonder if 'twould be so.

—Clarence Mason Gallup, in Brown Magazine.

Our Book-Shelf.

As the month has rolled on, changes have taken place in our Book-Shelf. It is adorned by the fresh covers and pretty bindings of new books, which have all the charm of the unknown. We eagerly look within and strive to disclose their hidden treasures.

The first book we take down is from the pen of one of Boston’s most gifted men. \textit{The Christ of To-Day}, by Dr. G. A. Gordon, is a work remarkable for its depth of conviction, for its striking originality, and for the beauty, strength, and purity of its thought. The main idea of the book is that God as revealed in Christ is the everlasting pattern for mankind. In a striking way the author shows that as man is related to Christ, so man is related to God. He is hopeful for the human race on account of this kinship with God. He believes the only way to interpret the Divine purpose is by a consciousness of Christ within man, a consciousness “at its highest in prayer, in adoration, in absolute trust.” Even the Scriptures must be interpreted and tested by this consciousness, for the writers of the Bible did not fully comprehend Christ. Through applying this test the author finds in God a God of love and compassion, showing mercy toward all humanity. He tells us that our need to-day is to feel afresh the personality of God as revealed in Christ and as interpreted by history. The book shows great scholarship and intellectual power as well as spirituality and sympathy with mankind. Even those most opposed to the author’s conclusions must respect his breadth and generosity.

\textit{From Dreamland Sent} is a volume of sweet and tender verses. The poetry is musical and flowing, and the style is simple and direct. The poems are mostly emotional, with nature in the different seasons, or with festival days for their background. Their tone is frequently sad, since many of them treat of death. Yet in them all we find a beautiful trust in God. From one of the prettiest poems, \textit{In the Morning}, we quote a stanza:

\textit{Intimations throng upon us,}
By these presences unseen,
Of that spirit world which lieth
Nearer than we sometimes dream.
And the days take on new meanings;
Finer forces seem to rise;
Life, transfigured, gains new vision,
Sees the gleam of fairer skies.”
Another volume of pretty verses is entitled *The Singing Shepherd and Other Poems*. Some of these are rife with national spirit, roused by the Civil War. Some find their subjects in classic lore. Again, a number deal with poetry and the poet. But perhaps the author is most successful in treating of nature. The flowers and trees, the singing of the birds, the blue of the sky, and the rippling of the river, all are characteristic of the poems. Here is a stanza from *The Cricket*:

"By and by the birds are still,  
By and by the herds withdrawn,  
Summer bees have drunk their fill,  
Autumn winds the flowers have strewn;  
Then the crickets have their will;  
Now, we say, is summer done,  
Now the crickets have begun."

The variety in the poems and their general cheerfulness are especially pleasing.

A book of essays on American life next takes our attention. *Types of American Character*, by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., is written in an easy conversational style. The book shows marked individuality and broad reading. It consists of seven essays, dealing with the American as pessimist, idealist, epicurean, philanthropist, literary man, observer of nature, and as scholar. The author considers the philanthropist the most characteristic type of America. He thinks the man of letters beset by many difficulties, and his most promising field that of humor. In glowing terms he paints the great humorist of the future who "will come a true son of Aristophanes and Rabelais and Cervantes, who will prick the bubble of our vast self-satisfaction." While disagreeing with many of the author's opinions, we find his book original and entertaining. In portions of it the style is somewhat faulty.

1 *The Christ of To-Day*. By George A. Gordon. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; $1.00.)

2 *From Dreamland Sent*. By Lillian Whiting. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

3 *The Singing Shepherd and Other Poems*. By Annie Fields. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; $1.00.)

4 *Types of American Character*. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. (Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York; $0.75.)

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**College Notes.**

Punch was forbidden at class suppers for the first time at Harvard last year.

Henry Irving recently lectured before the students of Columbia on "Macbeth."

Yale has received only two defeats in football since 1883, and has never played a tie game until the recent Brown game.

University of Pennsylvania now gives degrees to women.

Vassar has a collection of birds worth $30,000.

Yale has a new symphony orchestra, the first organized in an American university. It is backed by the Faculty with an appropriation of $1,500, and is intended to be a permanent organization.
The Faculty of the University of Wisconsin has a tennis association.

Northwestern University is said to have the largest attendance of any college in the country after Harvard and Michigan.

Two hundred and forty-six Yale men hold professorships in American institutions.

The new Yale course in modern novels has proved the most popular course given at Yale and is taken by 258 students. Dr. Phelps, who has charge of it, maintains that the novel is at present the most important form of literary art, and that the best literary thought of the day is going into it.

John D. Rockefeller has given the University of Chicago $1,000,000 outright, and he intends to give $2,000,000 more, provided the trustees of the University raise a like sum. His last gift is the largest single sum ever given to an educational institution.

One of the requirements of a man seeking honors at Amherst is that his college expenses during the past year shall not have exceeded $500.

The style of last year's commencement exercises at Yale gave so much satisfaction generally, that it will be carried out again this year. It greatly simplifies the closing exercises, as the valedictory and addresses of all kinds by the students are omitted.

University of Pennsylvania is erecting dormitories which, it is claimed, will be the finest and most convenient possessed by any university. The yard will be enclosed by one grand structure formed by forty-four connected buildings.

Clippings.

"He loved his Dinah dearly,
And he sighed to her one night—
"Dinah, could you love me?"
And she whispered, 'Dinah might.'
"They were married in the autumn,
When she blows him up at night,
He realizes what it meant
When she whispered 'Dynamite.'"—Ex.

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."—Ex.

Is Cupid a good Archer?
Though oft his arrow hisses,
And all his aims seem fairly true,
He's always making Mrs.

—University Courier.

Puer et puella
Ambulant together
Magna suq umbrella
Vocant de the weather.
Very slippery via,
Pedes slides from under,
Puer non upholdeth her.
Triste, triste blunder!
Cadit on the ground,
Sees a lot of stellae,
Adolescens hastens
To aid of his puella.
"Rustic!" exclamat,
"Relinque me alone!
Nunquam die mihi
Til you for this atone!"
Non diutius do they
Ambulant together,
Nunquam speak as they pass by
Non etiam de the weather. —Ex.
Once a freshman was wrecked on an African coast,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway;
And they served up the freshman in slices on toast,
On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
And before the next moon was seen,
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,
For that freshman was dreadfully green.

Prof. to Arithmetic class—"How many in a family consisting of husband, wife, and child?" Smart Prep.—"Two and one to carry."—Ex.

She grasped the bar, arranged her skirts
With dainty little tucks and drifts,
Posed on the saddle, felt the tread
Of the pedals, and "I'm off," she said.

A whirl of wheels, a swerve and sway,
And from the roadbed where she lay
She realized in full degree
The climax of her prophecy."

—Southern Collegian.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES SAID.
Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning sad and low?
"Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

A Professor of Systematic Divinity
being unable to hear his class, the following notice was given: "The Professor, being ill, requests me to say the Seniors can keep on through Purgatory, and the middle class continue the Descent into Hell, until further notice from the Professor."—Ex.

QUERY.

Did you ever notice this:
When a fellow steals a kiss
From a righteous little maiden calm and meek,
How her scriptural training shows
In not turning up her nose,
But in simply turning round the other cheek?

—Ex.

A daring exchange declares that the following set of rules is enforced at a certain Texas college: 1. The use of fire-arms in the President's room is strictly prohibited. 2. Saddles and bridles must not be hung on the chandeliers. 3. The Glee Club must practice behind the barn.—Ex.

EXCHANGES.

The editor with gladsome cry
Exclaims, "My work is done."
The manager with weary sigh
Complains, "My work is dun."

—College Life.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.
"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye
And her dimples deeper grew,
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

—The Bowdoin Orient.

His Foundation.

"If K O H on red litmus I pour
I'll get blue litmus instead.
Have I any foundation for this?" he asked,
"At least you've a base," she said.

—Vassar Miscellany.
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Perhaps you cannot afford to buy an entire gold mine, but you can have an interest in several valuable ones through us.

Enormous fortunes have been made in gold mining, but never were the opportunities greater than they are to-day.

The ownership of a few shares of our stock may make you rich.

Some of the wealthiest men of to-day became so through mining. The cry of the whole world is for Gold; and its value and necessity is being more fully appreciated each day.

All precious mineral discoveries are practically gifts to the people. Each person is entitled to what he can fairly get. Why not try for yourself through us now?

Splendid opportunities for securing great bargains in mines come to us constantly. Our agents are reporting from the gold fields of this continent and from Africa. The company owns two promising properties in Cripple Creek. We propose to develop one of the most remarkable, well-proven placer mines in the world. It has already produced about $2,000,000 by crude surface working, and is estimated to contain over $35,000,000 in gold.

Now is the time to invest with us. Do not wait until every man, woman and child is eager to buy and prices have advanced enormously.

In 1887 the first shipments of gold, amounting to less than $500,000, were made from South Africa. In 1894 the production was nearly $40,000,000. It is estimated that works under way and contemplated will produce $100,000,000 per year.

Less than five years ago Cripple Creek was unknown as a mining camp. In 1892 it produced $200,000. It is now producing $1,000,000 per month.

Two old men, tired and alone and almost hopeless, not many years since clung desperately to a small hole in the ground which showed some traces of gold. That hole has since yielded over $2,000,000.

The Idaho Mine has paid nearly $6,000,000 in dividends, the Crown Point nearly $15,000,000, the Belcher over $15,000,000.

We know of no other prominent industry paying such large dividends on capital invested as fully developed producing gold mines. The rate of 25 percent, per annum, is quite common, while phenomenal returns are made in many instances.

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