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The Colby Echo.

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Literary.

WORDSWORTH AND THE ENGLISH LAKE REGION.

Spots around which hover memories of those who, through the power of Literature, have won a lasting place in our affections are indeed sacred spots. The little parish church on the bank of the Avon, at Stratford, where rest the ashes of the immortal Shakespeare, holds a higher place in the hearts of English people than those cathedrals whose magnificence and grandeur are the admiration of the world. The names of Abbotsford, Ayrshire, Loch Katrine, and the Western Isles, so closely associated with the genius of Scott and Burns, are dear not only to those of Scottish birth, but to all who have breathlessly followed Ivanhoe in the charges of the tournament, or who have been moved to tears by the pathetic lines of "To Mary in Heaven."

No poet, however, has woven more of his native region into his writings than has Wordsworth. This strong local coloring which tinges so many of his poems, has made the English Lake Region classic ground. No other section of England can compare with it in striking and picturesque scenery, and it needed a Wordsworth to fitly describe its charms. Not here do we find the grand and rugged scenery of the Alps, but the eye is charmed by the quiet

and picturesque beauty of mountain and lake. The peasantry of the region in whose veins runs the blood of strong and hardy Scandinavian ancestry, are mountain folk, separated in part from the world without by rocky barriers; this seclusion, however, far from keeping the inhabitants in ignorance and superstition, has only served to bind the groups of kindred homes in a firmer unity. The Cumbrian statesman stands as a type of simplicity and independent strength, in whom the love of home and country burns with intensity. Such is the region which Wordsworth loved, and such the people among whom he lived and died. The school days of Wordsworth were spent by the side of Esthwaite Lake. School duties were light, and the hardy, mountain-bred boys roamed at will, far and wide, entering into the roughest and most perilous sports; now dashing on horseback at full speed over the rocky roads, now scaling some steep crag to harry the raven's nest. Foremost of all, was William Wordsworth, and often in the midst of boyish sports, there came moments when Nature seemed to open to him her innermost secrets. Often he was led to withdraw from all companions, and alone, under the subdued light of the stars, and in the quiet before dawn, he learned to love Nature for her own sake. In those hours was born that inspiration which in later years set him apart as a great high priest of Nature. The entire Lake Region was well-known to him, but memories of the poet most thickly cluster around Grasmere, Rydal Mount, and the path between Rydal and Grasmere, the favorite walk of his declining years. Both in prose and in verse, Wordsworth has paid loving tribute to those spots where every rock and mountain stream, lake and tarn, wayside-spring and

forest-grove, was a dear and unchanging friend. Of the region in general, he says, "I do not know any tract of country in which within so narrow a compass may be found an equal variety of the influences of landscape." Of the climate, he says, "Days of unsettled weather with partial showers are frequent; but the showers, darkening or brightening as they fly from hill to hill, are not less grateful to the eye, than finely interwoven passages of gay and sad music are touching to the ear. Vapors exhaling from the lakes and meadows after sunrise, in a hot season, or in moist weather brooding upon the heights, or descending towards the valleys with inaudible motion, give a visionary character to everything around them."

The little white cottage at Grasmere was the scene of Wordsworth's most active literary labors; the place in many respects is changed now, but still the little hidden brook sings the same song as of old.

"If you listen, all is still
Save a little neighboring rill
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound."

From his favorite arbor seat, the poet watched the kitten sporting with the leaves that fell from an elder tree hard by, and here he composed the beautiful series of poems on the "Naming of Places." At Greenhead Ghyll, on the side of the vale of Grasmere, where the ruins of a sheepfold can be seen to this very day, the scene of "Michael" was laid. The lines are familiar:

"If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you face to face.
But, courage! for around that bolsterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own."

The house at Rydal Mount, not materially changed since the death of Wordsworth, and the well-kept grounds, whose every tree, rock and terrace, is eloquent with the memory of the poet, will ever have a strong fascination for those who visit the region. The house, an unpretending wooden structure, stained by the hand of time, is "mantled over here and there with roses and ivy and jasmine and virginia creeper." Facing the South, it is surrounded on three sides by lofty fells and in front possesses a clear view of the level valley, the picturesque lake of Windemere, and the range of low hills beyond.

What wonder that Wordsworth was inspired to write poems of beauty as he daily looked forth on such a scene as this. The sun sinking to rest behind the hills at the Mount, suggested to him the sonnet which runs:

"I watch and long have watched with calm regret
Yon slowly sinking star."

Even this beautiful sunset picture is surpassed by that in the "Evening Ode," composed at Rydal Mount on an evening of extraordinary splendor and beauty. Surely the glowing radiance had lifted the poet out of himself, and he felt that his soul was linked to that life beyond. It may be that others have felt the uplifting influence of the sunset hour, but none have possessed such power of expression.

Perhaps no place in the Lake Region is so closely associated with the name of Wordsworth as the upper path from Rydal to Grasmere, which has since been superseded by a road along the lakeside.

"A humble walk
* * * * * this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot
Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them both."

It is a smooth, grassy path, curving easily along the mountain slope, revealing at each turn in its course a scene of striking beauty; no monotony is here, but the eye at each change of perspective is treated to new and unexpected features. Nowhere in England has Nature more artistically grouped mountain, lake and vale, and the "soft hyacinthine haze" floating over all so softens the landscape that one might even fancy it were indeed the region of fairyland. The poet could often be seen walking along this path, not only when the day was fair, but even when heavy rain clouds shut the enclosing mountains from view. On these daily walks, the poet's heart was prompted to many of its grandest utterances. An evening stroll along this oft-trodden path inspired the lines of "An Evening Walk," of which Wordsworth says, "There is not an image in it which I have not observed; and now in my seventy-third year, I recollect the time and place when most of them were noticed."

"The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferryman from sleep,
The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,
The boat's first motion m... with dashing oar;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn;
The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound."

Thus we see that many of the allusions to nature in Wordsworth can be traced to definite localities, and there is no better guide to the Lake Region of England than the poems of Wordsworth. The love of the poet for this fair region deepened with

the passing years, and amidst these cherished scenes he fell asleep. No magnificent mausoleum in the poet's corner at Westminster holds the remains of Wordsworth; he cared not for a stately monument; a simple slab of slate bearing the words, "William Wordsworth," marks his grave in the little churchyard at Grasmere. It is a fitting resting-place for such as he. Here should he lie, amidst the simple scenes which had been to him a perpetual delight. As one has so feelingly said:

"To lie under the mound on which the shadow of that great tower falls, seems scarcely like a banishment from life, only a deeper sleep, in a home quieter, but not less lovely, than those which surround the margin of the lake. Voices of children come up from the village street, with the hum of rustic life. From the sunny heights the lowing of cattle is heard, and the bleat of sheep that pasture on the hillside. And by day and night, unceasingly, the Rotha, hurrying past the churchyard wall, mingles the babble of its waters with the soft susurrus of the breeze, that plays among the sheltering sycamores and yews."

Wordsworth the poet is gone; but the ethereal light which his imagination shed over the mountains and lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, will linger throughout all time.

C. H. W., '97.

TWO KODAKS.

The story I have to tell is of two pictures, Kodaks and blue prints at that. They were in a collection of "snap shots," taken by a friend during a trip abroad, and perhaps any one else would have found many others in the pile of greater interest, but these two pictures of a burial at sea were to me the most pathetic of anything

I saw during the long summer vacation and made an impression which I shall never forget.

A young Belgian had come to this country, lured by the hopes of the fortune which the new world seems to hold out smilingly to all the unfortunate of other lands. He had not long been on American shores, however, before his strength failed, and soon death stared him in the face. With all his bright hopes shattered, he longed for the home which lay across the broad expanse of blue waters. It seemed to the homesick lad that he could not lay himself down for his last sleep in the embrace of any other than his Fatherland, and so, summoning all his failing energies, he embarked on the same steamer with my friend—the Wacsland—and turned his face toward the loved Belgian shore. But on the third day out, before the shores of the other continent loomed up dimly in the distance, he found anchorage in the harbor of heaven. A shadow of sadness fell upon all the passengers as they were thus brought face to face with the great mystery, death. They gathered silently and reverently as the beautiful service of the English church for burial at sea was read over the young Belgian, and the tears trickled down many a cheek as the body was solemnly committed to the deep.

"We therefore commit his body to the deep, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead,) and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who at his coming shall change our vile body, that it may be like his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

The first picture was taken at just this point, at the launching of the body. The box, strongly corded, rests upon the ship's

rail guarded by stalwart sailors attentively waiting orders to launch it from the master who stands on a little elevation, with arm outstretched, in the act of giving commands. Gathered about are the passengers, watching the strange, sad scene with an awed curiosity. One can almost feel the hush which seems to rest upon the company.

The next picture was taken immediately after the launching; but these ocean greyhounds fly swiftly, and the Waesland had sped on its way. Nothing of the ship is to be seen this time, only the vast expanse of waters rising and falling, black and forbidding; and above all the cold, gray sky. Far away in this waste we see the box sinking beneath the curling waves, but out of the darkness and desolation around there flashes forth, clear and triumphant, the white cross which was painted on its top. "So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

E. B. H., '97.

JOE.

Joe was only an Indian; just a plain, every-day Penobscot Indian. Looking at him you would say that he was very like every other Indian you ever met, only perhaps a little plainer, a little more slouchy. He always wore a coat much too small for him; a pair of checked trousers that the Prince of Wales might have envied; a pair of half-worn tennis shoes that bore the same relation to him as did the coat. This was his idea of dress. But then, what does dress amount to anyway—and especially to an Indian. And Joe, you know, was an Indian.

He spent his summers with his family at a seaside resort on the coast, living in a canvas-covered pocket edition of the cot-

tages that were characteristic of the Island, and there, when he was not too busy watching the tennis or playing ball, he would help make a basket or two. But working at a seaside resort seemed incongenial to Joe; he believed that the seashore was the place to rest, and there he rested.

Everybody liked him, perhaps not so much because he was an Indian, but because he was always good-natured, pleasant, and lazy. Joe liked everybody, at least, every one who liked him; but chief among his friends was a young student of his own age, a bright, lively fellow, everybody's favorite. The parts these two played on the world's stage, were greatly different. One of them was always at the footlights, while the other was always in the hindmost row.

The devotion of poor Joe to the master of his choice was amusing, interesting, yet rather pitiful. No duty was too severe; no act of devotion was too hard for him to perform. He was thankful for every opportunity for showing his love. And so the summer went on. The Indian worshipping at the shrine of his conqueror; the white man permitting himself to be worshipped, rather liking it.

When autumn came, and colleges began to sweep out their dusty hallways, Harry returned to his work. He was anxious to get back and settle down again, and see the boys. This summer life was good enough for a while, but one soon tired of it. He wished he might never see another girl, and he hated the very word "dance." He was bored to death.

But fall meant another thing to Joe. To him it meant a cessation of open air life, a beginning of life in a building full of looms and spindles and roaring wheels, where tired girls and boys worked all day long,

week after week, month after month, until by some accident a reprieve was given them, when they breathed once more. It meant too, a separation from one who had grown to be to him a living model of all that man could be.

And there their paths divided and the two went their ways. Now and then a letter would come to Harry at college from his self-appointed slave. These were as a rule, poor examples of letter writing, but perfect as examples of devotion. It was a task for Harry to read them, it made the perspiration stand out on him as it had stood out on the author's brow. The labor was apparent, the language was stilted, polite, ungrammatical; yet between the scrawly lines, if he had chosen to look, there might have been detected Platonic love, pure and simple.

To Joe, these letters were offerings to a god. To Harry, they were curiosities that he showed to his professors, and read aloud to his chums, telling them of a stupid Indian that had taken a fancy to him in the summer, and who was probably working him for something.

Winter wore on and when Christmas came, their came a little box to Harry from Joe, and in it was a little fan of beautiful design that Joe had made in his evening hours. Harry laughed, and pinned it up with his German favors, and thought nothing of it except that perhaps he would send Joe something in return for his offering. His bureau was littered with neckties and, selecting a bright one, whose beauty and propriety he questioned, he smoothed it out and sent it to Joe.

The letter that Joe wrote containing thanks for the tie was different from his other letters. His feelings got the better

of him and he sat up late into the night, writing to Harry.

"I lak see you this vary nite," he wrote. "I lak you so much. You vary kind to send me prisint. I tank you for it. The nakty vary nice. You so vary kind. You vary good to me, an I lak you. O I lak see you now, this vary nite. Praps some time I see you gain. I lak you an tank you vary much."

To Harry this was just another curiosity; it never occurred to him that in it was the strongest love that Joe had ever known. Harry didn't know it. He perhaps would not have cared.

Then came a dull period and the mill where Joe labored closed its doors, and he started out to find new employment. After searching his own town in vain he found there was a mill in the town where Harry was. There he went.

It was dark when he got there and he came wearily down from the station to the main street. He was cold and wished he knew where he could find a cheap place to stay that night. Perhaps Harry——. No he didn't dare hope for such a thing.

As he stood there down the street came a party of fellows laughing and talking and among them was Harry. He didn't notice Joe, and turned to speak to one of his crowd just as they reached the corner, and ran full tilt into Joe. "Beg pardon," he muttered, and turned to see whom he had hit.

"Why, Joe, I didn't know you were around here. Excuse me, didn't hurt you, did I? Hope not. You're looking well. Sorry I'm in such a hurry but we're going out on a lark; so long, Joe," and before Joe had a chance to do more than grin, he hurried along to join his companions.

The light all left Joe's face as he stood there, gazing after the hurrying figure. This was Harry, his Harry. When the figure had gone from view, Joe turned about and retraced his steps to the station. He couldn't believe it. Harry, his Harry.

But then, Joe was only an Indian, and Indians, you know, don't count.

H. S. HALL, '96.

Fraternity Notes.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA CONVENTION.

The Fifteenth National Biennial Convention of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity was held with the Cleveland Alumni Association at Cleveland, Ohio, December 30, 31, and January 1.

The Cleveland Alumni spared no pains to make this an enjoyable occasion and all present acknowledged them ideal hosts. It was the largest and most enthusiastic convention in the history of the fraternity, every chapter and alumni association being represented.

The Maine delegates, after spending a few days at the "Hub," continued their journey, arriving in Cleveland on Wednesday morning, Dec. 30, to find that nearly two hundred Alpha Taus were already located at the Hollenden, which was the headquarters during the convention. Business sessions were held in the forenoon and afternoon of each day, the elegant rooms of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce being used for the meetings.

On Wednesday evening a very enjoyable occasion was the reception tendered by the Cleveland Alumni in the spacious parlors of the Hollenden.

Thursday forenoon a business meeting was held and in the afternoon occurred the public exercises. In the evening a

large number attended the concert by the Yale Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, and following that was the reception tendered by the members of the Chamber of Commerce. Here several hours were most pleasantly spent in social intercourse and in listening to the choice music rendered by the Chamber of Commerce Musical Club. It was an ideal place to pass the closing hours of the old year, and to greet the new.

Friday the business was resumed and in the evening at the Weddell House came the crowning event of the convention, the banquet. After doing ample justice to the elegant menu, Dr. Larkin W. Glazebrook called for the toasts which were heartily and ably responded to. These were intermingled with songs, college and fraternity yells, and it was at a late hour that the delegates left the banquet hall, a few to take the early trains but most of them to return to their rooms.

On Saturday was given the first opportunity to see the sights of the Forest City, the weather during the preceding days being so foggy that it was impossible to see much. A large number took the street cars out Euclid Avenue, which is one of the noted streets of the United States, and rightly so, in point of beauty. The Garfield monument and other points of interest were visited during the day. Saturday night found the Eastern delegates on their way home. A party of six stopped at Buffalo and spent Sunday in visiting Niagara Falls and other points of interest in the vicinity. It was with a feeling of regret that we finally separated, and each took with him the remembrance of the pleasantest event of his whole life.



EL. Getchell, Colby '96, who was editor-in-chief of the Echo during the greater part of his senior year in college, in partnership with his brother has purchased the Herald at Lubec, Me., where he has been teaching since his graduation. Mr. Getchell by his excellent literary work in college showed that he has the qualities that should win him a high place among Maine journalists. THE ECHO wishes him the best of success.

BOWDOIN is soon to be represented by another publication called the *Quill*. It will be a strictly literary monthly, containing sketches, short stories, literary articles, book reviews and poems. The *Orient* will be issued in its present form during this term and then commence its new volume as a news weekly. This plan has met with great success in other colleges and Bowdoin is to be congratulated in that she has at last attained the ideal toward which she has been working for some time. We doubt not that before many years Colby will have a literary magazine, but before that time comes the undergraduates must show a greater willingness to contribute material for the present publications. THE ECHO wishes the *Quill* a long and prosperous career and awaits the first number with keen interest.

Colby has every reason to be proud of her four preparatory schools, Coburn, Hebron, Ricker and Higgins. Situated in healthful localities, with handsome and substantial buildings well equipped with modern improvements, with a corps of capable and experienced teachers, they offer a thorough preparation for college. These schools have caught the college idea to a great extent and seek to develop a student along moral and physical lines as well as intellectually. The flourishing Christian associations and the strong football and baseball teams that represent these institutions bear evidence of the success of this idea. No longer is it necessary to go to Exeter or Andover in order to secure a good fit for college when within the borders of our own State there exist such institutions as these, one of which at least bids fair to be to Maine what Exeter is to New Hampshire and what Andover is to Massachusetts. Of late plans have been put into effect which have tended to bring Colby into closer touch with her fitting schools. Last spring a series of ball games for the championship of the Colby Junior League was played on the campus and the Colby Athletic Association presented the winning team with a handsome pennant. For several days Colby entertained the visiting teams and the young athletes had an opportunity to get a taste of college life. It is expected that a similar meet will be held this spring. Then in accordance with the wish of Pres. Butler some member of the faculty visits each of the fitting schools during each term and it is the intention to have representatives of the student body visit these schools from time to time. By such means is a mutual interest between Colby and her four affiliated schools fostered and increased.

The recent visit of President Gates of Amherst was a treat for Colby and for Waterville. His very presence was an inspiration, and when he spoke his great character shone out through his words and emphasized all he said. In speaking of his lecture on "A Young Man's Fortune," we do not think it necessary, like Ian Maclaren's people of Drumtochty, to reserve our strongest adjectives for the beauties of the Heavenly City; it was magnificent.

"The potential energy of a young man," he said, "is his fortune." It is a good thing to be young because of the hope and possibility. Even a young man's over-confidence in his ability is Nature's way of getting those things accomplished which are too hard if they were reasoned about. "The most pathetic thing in life is the ease with which men become satisfied." Not in inherited wealth and position; not in good looks, not in kindly manners alone, not in a good physique, nor in business ability, is a young man's fortune, but in knowing what ends in life are worth pursuing and then in pursuing those ends for the development of his will. Even knowledge is not power. "Power of will is that by virtue of which man is a man;" and that power can be developed by tying one's self rigidly to his appointed task.

We were especially pleased with his clear treatment of the question of athletic sports. He defends football with this question: "Did you ever know of a nation that amounted to anything for manliness and courage, whose young men were satisfied with games which were not dangerous?" But these sports should be kept in their place; the athletes of a college should be its scholars. The "great mind, the soul." is more important than the body.

His talk in the chapel was most delightful and practical. The danger of youth, he said, is to look too much to the future as a time of important action, and to miss the immense significance of the present. No years are better worth having for themselves than the four years of college life. In college one is close to the world's greatest work.

The festivities and pleasant family reunions of Christmas, the rest and quiet of the days that follow, are things of the past and we are well launched upon the winter term of 1897. Vacations are not times in which a student should throw aside all thoughts of books and study and, without a glance backward or forward, plunge heedlessly into the amusements that follow one another in rapid succession during the holidays. The student who pursues such a course defeats the real purpose of vacations and returns to college weary in body and mind, totally unfitted to enter upon studies that demand his very best energies. Vacations have a higher utility—they are the pauses in life, without which the delicate human organism cannot do its best work, and sooner or later must break down. To none are vacations a greater blessing than to the college student, for the work which occupies his attention during eight months of the year is brain work of the severest kind. *Sanus mens in sano corpore* is an old and much-used maxim but it has lost none of its soundness by frequent use. It is of the utmost importance to keep the body in good physical condition, for the intellectual and physical sides of man's nature are so closely connected that one cannot be abused without lessening the efficiency of the other. Vacations then are primarily

seasons for rest and recuperation. Another function of vacations, namely that of keeping the student in touch with the world outside the college walls, has been well discussed in a recent number of the *Brunonian*. The writer says, "Vacation, with its opportunity to renew the home ties and associations, performs an incalculably beneficial office for each student. It keeps alive within him a sense of the brotherhood of man, it arouses a consciousness of the complexity, the many-sidedness of his own being, the need that there is for him to be more than a bit of polished reason, two-edged, sharp and keen; it forces upon his attention the dignity and worth of manhood in its entirety." In the bustle and hurry of college life the student performs the daily tasks one by one, seldom having the time or the inclination to indulge in serious thought as to whether his advancement is proportionate to the advantages that are at his command. During the vacation there is abundant opportunity to carefully review the failures and successes of the past, "to the end that the lessons of the past may be applied to our present and future good." Once more we mingle in real life, and the wrong and fanciful ideas we may have formed in the somewhat peculiar life at college are quickly dispelled when we come in contact with the practical issues of every-day life in the outer world. The years of our college course are golden opportunities for self improvement. If we have allowed ourselves during the terms that are past to drift into loose and wrong methods of study let us correct them now before they have become rooted and grounded in our natures. Their baneful effect may not be so apparent now but sometime, perhaps at an important crisis in our career, we shall

be found lacking in certain qualifications that should have been attained years ago; then we shall realize that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If we sow wrong methods of study we shall reap weakened and stunted characters. The winter term is before us—a term in which there will be few outside interests, little to keep us from bending our very best energies to our studies, if we will. Let us then make it the very best term that Colby ever knew—a term in which we shall make real advancement in all that is true and noble and of good report.

Colby Verse.

TORMENTUM ANIMI.

The light burns low:
And night and morn with downcast face
Are coming to their trysting place
With stately step and slow.

The half-fledged moon
Is sifting silv'ry dust-light down
O'er frozen river, bridge and town—
A grand, but silent tune.

The village clock
Tolls midnight through the frosty air.
The time-piece on the mantel there
Chimes in as if to mock.

The hidden pain
I tried to stifle in the light,
Has followed deep into the night;
And still it gnaws again.

And now at last
The world, which through the day has been
One mammoth work-shop, stops its din,
And sinks into the past.

And peaceful night,
Into a temple vast has turned
This humdrum work-shop, where is earned
The wage of wrong and right.

Where man may rest
And worship, while above the clod
His soul may haply touch its God,
And learn that all is best.

My heart cries out
 For which this aching void to fill.
 O'er Fancie's moor, and fen, and hill,
 Fierce rings the shout.

I trembling fear;
 But through the deep, majestic night,
 From some strange region far from sight
 My soul doth answer, here.

The pain grows light;
 The pulses move again with life;
 Up creeps the strength for coming strife
 And courage for the fight.

The light burns low;
 And in the east, Dawn's witching eye
 Is peering through the curtained sky
 O'er glistening frost and snow.

The night is gone;
 Dim shadows and the darkness flee;
 The soul is from its bondage free,
 And hope comes with the morn.

H. W. HAYNES, 1900.

THE ARTIST'S SECRET.

I dreamed there lived an artist
 Who painted a picture fair;
 The colors of other artists
 Were richer and more rare,
 And the pictures that they painted
 Brought greater note and fame
 Than the one on which this artist
 Spent his labor till death came.

With a single color worked he—
 A strangely beautiful red
 That gave a glow to the picture,
 And all who saw it said,
 "We like the painter's picture,
 We like the wondrous glow;
 It seems like a dream from Heaven,
 Like the sky when the sun is low."

The other artists wondered
 Where he got his colors rare,
 They asked him. He but answered,
 "My knowledge I may not share."
 And tenderly bending over
 His picture, he painted on;
 And the strange and beauteous splendor
 Forever brighter shone.

And one of the other artists
 In the far East pigments bought,

And made a wondrous color,
 But 'twas not the color sought;
 Another read old writings,
 And mixed a rich old red;
 He placed it on the canvas,
 But it made the picture dead.

Meanwhile the artist painted—
 And as always the picture grew
 Redder and more splendid,
 His face took a whiter hue:
 Till one day before his picture,
 They found the artist dead;
 In his hand the brush uplifted,
 The death dew on his head.

Then the other artists gathered;
 They searched the pots and paints,
 Ransacked the artist's colors
 With the diligence of saints;
 But never of the artist's secret
 Could they learn or find the key,
 There was naught amongst his colors
 Which they knew not perfectly.

But when to put on his grave clothes
 They made his body bare,
 Just above his left breast
 The mark of a wound was there.
 It must have been an old wound;
 It had been there all his life,
 For the edges were old and hardened.
 But Death forever rife,
 Who seals all things, in silence,
 Had drawn the edges up
 And closed the wound forever;
 Passed was the bitter cup.

So they buried him in the graveyard
 With his secret, they left him there;
 For still the people wondered
 Where he got his colors rare.
 Long since was the name of the artist
 Forgotten by mortal men,
 But his wondrous picture lived on
 And shall live to the end.

BERTRAM CARVER RICHARDSON, '98.

In her blue eyes,
 So full of tender light,
 Fair Cupid sat,—
 But did not spoil her sight.

Anon.

Christian Associations.

Y. M. C. A.

Two more entertainments in the Star Course have taken place, and twice more the public has pronounced the word "success." Mr. Smith, in his lecture on Andersonville, as he told from his own experience the awful truths in regard to the life in that prison, held his audience in close attention throughout the lecture, and gave us much to think of afterwards. It were lofty praise to say the second concert was as complete a success as the first; but extraordinary talent in the reading of Miss Couthouli seems to demand a still higher tribute. The audience was completely "taken," and could not be satisfied without hearing more, and still more. And there are more good things to come.

The Bible classes will resume their work next Sunday. It is hoped that the Christian men will be faithful to the duty which they owe both to the work and to themselves, and that many others will count the courses offered a privilege. Remember that Bible study and prayer are the two means which will promote the intellectual life, which is better. There is danger that mental pursuits may draw too heavily on the energies of the mind; for on these same energies the spiritual life is also in a large measure dependent. Or perhaps indeed this mind—we hope and believe it is true—is an essential part of the spirit; yet it may be made subject to a life which is not in the true sense spiritual. We submit to your judgment, therefore, the importance of making the spiritual life first, that the mind with its acquisitions, being subject to the spirit, may share in its immortality. For the general

work of the association we would say, "It is high time to awake out of sleep." Our commission is to share the blessings of life with those who are not enjoying them. Let us show ourselves anxious to do so.

COLBY DEBATING CLUB.

By request of a large number of the members of the Colby Debating Club, THE ECHO publishes in full the constitution and by-laws of the organization.

CONSTITUTION OF THE COLBY DEBATING CLUB.

I.

Name.

The name of this organization shall be the Colby Debating Club.

II.

Object of the Club.

The object of this Club is to promote excellence in the art of debate amongst the students of Colby University.

III.

Membership.

Membership in this Club is open to all students of the men's college who are willing to sign the constitution and pay the required fees.

IV.

Officers of the Club.

Section 1. The regular officers of the Club shall be President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Standing Committee.

Section 2. (1) The *President* (and in his absence the *Vice-President*) shall preside at all meetings of the club.

(2) The *Secretary* shall be present at the opening of every meeting, and keep an accurate record of all official proceedings. He shall also carry on all official correspondence.

(3) The *Treasurer* shall collect all fees; receive all moneys belonging to the Club; shall pay all moneys voted by the Club; but shall pay money only upon orders signed by the President, which orders he is to keep for his vouchers. Before leaving office his accounts must be audited by the Standing Committee.

(4) The *Standing Committee* shall consist of

the President, ex-officio, two members from the Faculty, and two from the members of the Club.

This Committee shall suggest to the Club questions for debate, special exercises, etc., and shall select the speakers for the subjects assigned.

Section 3. The regular Term of Office shall be one college term.

V.

The Constitution may be amended at any regular meeting of the Club by a two-thirds vote of the members present at such meeting.

BY-LAWS.

1. Meetings shall be held at such time and place as shall be provided for by the Standing Committee.

2. Election of Officers shall always be made by written ballots. Nominations may be made by informal ballot or by acclamation.

3. A Quorum shall consist of one-half of the active members.

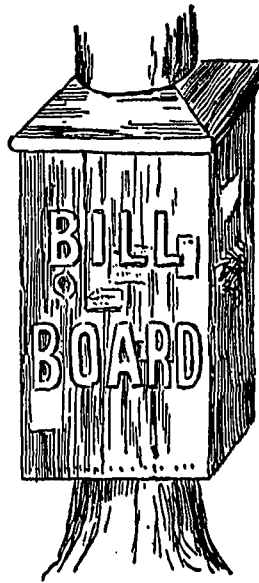
4. The final action on any proposed repeal, amendment, or addition in the code of by-laws, shall be postponed until the next meeting after the motion is made.

5. Cushing's Manual shall govern all the proceedings of this Club.

6. Each member of the Club must take part in the exercises when called upon by the Standing Committee, unless able to furnish a satisfactory excuse. Failing to do this he shall forfeit fifty cents for each offense. Members refusing to pay this forfeit, or failing to do so within three weeks after notification, shall be stricken from the membership roll. Members thus expelled can only be admitted again by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, and the payment of the fines. The admission fee shall be 50 cents.

General Order of Exercises.

1. Call to order.
2. Roll call, with opening exercises.
3. Debate, or other special order.
4. Transaction of business as follows:
 - a. Reading minutes.
 - b. Report of Committees.
 - c. Unfinished business.
 - d. New business.
5. Adjournment.



The Colby Debating Club has been organized with the following officers for the winter term: President, E. C. Herrick; vice-president, H. A. Spencer; treasurer, T. R. Pierce; secretary, W. A. Harthorne; executive committee, the president, F. E. Taylor, C. E. Gurney and two faculty members not yet elected.

The Zeta Psi girls received the young men of that fraternity at Ladies' Hall near the close of the last term. A Christmas tree, Pillow-Dex, drawings and light refreshments furnished amusement for a most enjoyable evening.

A change has been made in the department of modern languages so that French will be required during the freshman year and German during the sophomore year as at present, but French will be offered as an elective during the entire senior year and German through the entire junior year instead of alternating terms as at present.

The members of the Alpha of Phi Delta Theta received their lady friends at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Prince on Morrill avenue the last of the term. The rooms were tastefully draped in the society colors, white and light blue. Entertainment was provided by the society quartette and Messrs. Waldron, Tolman and Foye.

The women of the class of '99 have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mary L. Wilbur; vice-president, Rachel J. Foster; secretary, Mollie S. Small; treasurer, Agnes O. Stetson; executive committee, Jennie M.

Buck, Maude L. Hoxie and Josephine A. Toward.

The following amendments have been made to the constitution of the class of '98: No member of the class, who is in arrears for class dues, shall be eligible to class offices, or shall be allowed to take part in any public exercise of the class. No faction shall be represented in the nominating committee until three-fourths of the members have paid their dues.

The gentlemen of the class of '98 has elected the following officers for the junior year: President, John E. Nelson; vice-president, N. K. Fuller; secretary, F. G. Getchell; treasurer, C. M. Woodman; orator, H. S. Allen; poet, H. H. Pratt; historian, J. O. Wellman; awarder of prizes, B. C. Richardson; toastmaster, R. H. Cook; chaplain, E. S. Philbrook; marshal, T. R. Pierce; executive committee, H. M. Browne, J. E. Nelson, B. C. Richardson; ode committee, A. H. Page, A. E. Linscott, J. L. Dyer.

Since the advent of H. Warren Foss to the principalship of the Higgins Classical Institute, an intense athletic spirit has been aroused and the school has applied for admission to the Maine Interscholastic Athletic association. There is good material for an athletic team there and in all probability it will be worked up.

H. S. Philbrick, '97, entertained the members of D. K. E. with lady friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Washburn on Spring street the last Saturday evening of the fall term.

The first debate held under the auspices of the Colby Debating club will take place on Monday evening, January 18 in the chapel. The question is: Resolved, that

allegiance to party in municipal elections is not justifiable. The affirmative will be taken by Cleaves, '98, and Spencer '99 and the negative by Tolman '99 and Philbrook, '98.

The senior exhibition with junior parts held on the last Friday evening of the fall term was well attended and was carried out in a very acceptable manner, the excellence with which the junior parts were delivered being a very pleasing feature.

On Saturday, Dec. 19, the women of the college had the pleasure of seeing and hearing Miss Julia May, Maine's talented poetess, who read to them a paper on the Black Forest, prepared especially for them, and also gave some selections from her poems. On Sunday she spoke to them again, giving some of her experiences in Paris and reading more of her poems. Miss May came to Colby in response to an invitation from Miss Sawtelle, and her interest in the college, as well as the papers which she read, was warmly appreciated by the young women. Her visit to Colby will be most pleasantly remembered.

The '97 girls have had several pleasant reunions since the opening of the term. Thursday, Jan. 7, they were entertained by Miss Vose at the home of her father on College avenue; Saturday Jan. 9, by Miss Tracy and Wednesday, Jan. 13, by Miss Nye and Miss Holmes at Ladies' Hall. The gatherings have been characterized by the good cheer which always attends '97.

Ladies' Hall was remembered at Christmas time by the ladies of the Baptist Social Union and by Miss Maud E. Kingsley '87, the gift of the latter being a Manual of Mythology by Maxime Colligum.

Personals.

Austin, '98, who attended Brown last term has rejoined his class.

Robbins, '99, who has been teaching in Canaan, has returned to his studies.

Jenkins, '00, is at his home ill with tonsillitis.

Gerry, '98, delivered an address to the Y. P. S. C. E. of Milford a few days ago.

The class of '97 is glad to welcome back R. M. Barker, who has been at Harvard for the past year.

Herrick, '98, and Martin '99 are holding a series of revival meetings in Canaan.

W. W. Brown, '98 who was absent last term on account of trouble with his eyes, has returned to college.

Herrick, '00, went to New Haven, Sunday, for a few days' visit.

Doughty, '00, who was very ill last term has fully recovered and rejoined his class.

Prof. and Mrs. A. J. Roberts spent the holidays at Gilead, the home of Mrs. Roberts.

The engagement of B. C. Richardson and Miss H. G. Sullivan has been announced and congratulations are in order.

C. W. Drummond, '98, made a hunting trip to Danforth during the vacation and secured a fine deer.

Prof. C. B. Stetson of Colby was elected an honorary member of the Maine Academy of Medicine at its monthly meeting in Portland last Monday evening.

The engagement of H. N. Pratt, '96, of Skowhegan and Miss E. S. Nelson, '97, has been announced.

Miss Cole, '98 and Miss Ames '00, have been prevented by illness from rejoining their classes.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas our Heavenly Father has, in his infinite wisdom seen fit to remove from this earth, the father of our brother William L. Waldron and of our friend, Linton E. Waldron, be it therefore resolved;

That we the Maine Alpha of Phi Delta Theta do hereby express our deep sorrow, and heartfelt sympathy for them and their mother in their bereavement.

W. B. CHASE, } Com.
L. E. GURNEY, } on
N. K. FULLER, } Res.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, in His infinite wisdom, our Heavenly Father has seen fit to take away from this life Hon. F. A. Waldron, a brother in D. K. E. of the class of '68,

Resolved: That we, Xi chapter of D. K. E., do hereby express our deep sorrow in the loss of a worthy brother; and be it also

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be published in the COLBY ECHO and be placed upon the records of Xi chapter;

Furthermore, be it

Resolved; That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family.

HENRY H. PUTNAM, JR.,
GEORGE K. BASSETT,
FRED E. TAYLOR,
For the chapter.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, in His kind providence our Heavenly Father has seen fit to call home the father of our beloved classmate, Charles D. McDonald, therefore be it

Resolved: That we, the class of 1900, tender him our most heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement and be it

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to him and that a copy be printed in the next issue of the COLBY ECHO.

FRANK J. SEVERY,
H. N. HAYNES,
B. E. PHILBRICK.

Athletics.

The sub-committee on football met on Wednesday afternoon and unanimously elected Corson, '98, to the managership of the '97 team. Corson was manager of the track team last spring and filled the position so ably that he was elected to the managership without opposition.

The general committee of the Colby Athletic association, which is made up of representatives from the college faculty, the alumni and the student body, held a meeting at the college chapel Saturday forenoon. The object of the meeting was to elect the sub-committees who have charge of the various departments of college athletics. The list of nominations was prepared by a committee of three appointed by the president of the association, Alden, '98. This committee reported the following list which received a unanimous election: Football, Black, Hill, Wellman, Maling; baseball, Stetson, Hill, Titcomb, Tolman; athletic, Bates, Wyman, Maling, Hudson; gymnastic, Bates, Burleigh, Gilbert, Watson; grounds, Bayley, Burleigh, Wellman, Gilbert; finance, Bayley, Wyman, Alden, Tylor.

"CHE(E)CKMATED."

In the parlor all alone,
They were playing chess.
He was shy, she was not,
That I must confess.
He was speaking of the game,
"Can I 'mate' you, Bess?"
She said, "This is so sudden,
But I suppose I must say—yes!"

Anon.



Alumni et Alumnae.

'59. Among the stalwart Republicans in the South no one has been more faithful and zealous than Col. Alfred E. Buck of Atlanta, Ga., and few have had to endure more opposition from political enemies than he has during his residence in that state. During the campaign that has just closed the Col. has played an important part, so important, in fact, that the papers of his city go so far as to put him in the cabinet. The Constitution says of him: "Colonel Buck has played no unimportant part in the doings of the Republican party in the South. He was a McKinley man from the jump and when other leaders of his party leaned toward the Reed-Platt-Quay combination, he stood unshaken for the man from Canton. Other leaders in the South were influenced by the Eastern combination. None of them at the time could be counted for McKinley, but through all Colonel Buck remained steadily pushing the cause of his man. When William McKinley came to Georgia just over a year ago it was at a time when his name was first mentioned in connection with the Presidency. The President-elect was on his way to Thom- asville for the purpose of holding his first consultation with Mark Hanna, who has a summer place there. The Presidential race was just taking shape. The name of the man from Canton had just been mentioned. Hanna wired McKinley to come, and in a day or two he was on the scene. During his stay in Atlanta McKinley was entertained by Colonel Buck. He had known the Georgia leader for years, having been associated with him in four national elections. McKinley was entertained by Buck and the two

were in close consultation over the proposed effort to start off the Presidential boom." The Journal says that rumor puts Col. Buck in the cabinet. "Speculation," it says, "makes Major Hanson a cabinet possibility but knowing politicians say that if a portfolio comes to Georgia, Col. Buck will get it. He has not only stood the brunt of the fight when it was hard to face the feeling against the party in the South, but is now leading the move for a white man's party in Georgia." Col. Buck's friends in the North will be gratified if his services and merit are thus rewarded.

'35. Prof. Wm. Mathews has presented to the Library a copy of Bartlett's concordance to Shakespeare, a most valuable work.

'61. Jan, 7 the Hon. Llewellyn Powers took the oath of office as Governor of the State of Maine and delivered his inaugural address in which he recommends liberal but judicious appropriations and praises the management of State institutions. A careful reading of this well-written document cannot fail to assure any one of a wise and judicious administration of our laws for the next two years.

'68. The people of Waterville were greatly shocked Saturday, December 19, on hearing of the death of Frederic A. Waldron. Death came to him suddenly and without warning while he was in the best of health. His death was the first out of the class of '68 at Colby. On entering college this class numbered 18 but three left for other places leaving 15 in the graduating class. Mr. Waldron was the last alphabetically in the class. Of this class R. W. Dunn and Prof. J. D. Taylor, of Waterville, State Librarian L. D. Carver of Au-

gusta, were members. At the time of his death Mr. Waldron was city solicitor. He had a fine law practice in this city and was highly respected by the members of the bar and the citizens of this community. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased on Silver street. The religious services were conducted by Rev. W. H. Spencer and Dr. Nathaniel Butler with Masonic services by Waterville Lodge, F. & A. M. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives and the resident members of the Kennebec bar attended in a body accompanied by several lawyers from Augusta and Gardiner. Mr. Waldron was the son of James N. and Sarah Waldron and was born in 1841 at Buckfield, Maine. He spent his boyhood on the farm of his father and in the district schools of his native town. At 18 he began teaching school winters, and fitted for college at Hebron Academy. He graduated from Colby University in the class of '68, began reading law in 1870, and was admitted to the bar the following year. In December, 1871, he opened an office in Waterville, where he has since been in practice. He married Adelia R. Leach, who with two sons, Linton Edson and William Linscott, survive him.

'72. The regular monthly meeting of the Maine Theological Circle was held at the Colby chapel, Dec. 29. An essay on "Tolstoi's Doctrine of Non-Resistance," was delivered by Rev. H. R. Mitchell.

'78. Rev. Howard Benj. Tilden has recently been installed as pastor of the People's Baptist church at Dover and Foxcroft. While at Colby Mr. Tilden took a prominent part in all the affairs of college life, and no small share of the honors fell to him, among others being the Junior Greek part, which denoted the highest

rank for the first two years. Since leaving college, his Alma Mater has made him, by virtue of his scholarship, a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. Besides the regular work in college, Rev. Mr. Tilden did considerable literary work, being an editor of *THE ECHO*, which was first issued during his course; was the first correspondent for the *Kennebec Journal* and for the *Golden Rule*. Since his graduation from Newton Theological Seminary in '86 he has been preaching constantly. In all his pastorate, Mr. Tilden has been very successful, accomplishing steady and constant evangelistic work. Mr. Tilden is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and thinks there is no place like Maine for a summer resort, and he always spends his summer vacation at Moosehead lake.

'80. Harry Lyman Koopman, A. M. librarian of Brown University, has just published a practical manual, entitled "The Mastery of Books," "Hints on Reading" and "The Use of Libraries." In this book Mr. Koopman, whose experience and reputation as a librarian give him unusual qualifications as an adviser, presents to the student at the outset the advantages of reading, and the great field of literature open to the reader's choice. He takes counsel with the student as to his purpose, capacities, and opportunities in reading, and aims to assist him in following such methods and in turning to such classes of books as will further the attainment of his object. He clearly shows that to read with purpose, method and judgment is the key to the mastery of books.

'85. The many friends of Dr. Chauncey Adams, formerly of N. Anson, Me., will be glad to learn that he is having a very successful practice in the city of Concord, N. H.

'86. The Hon. Byron Boyd who for some time past, has very acceptably filled the office of deputy, is now the Secretary of State. Since his graduation he has always taken an active part in State matters and enjoys a very extensive acquaintance among the prominent men of Maine. For some years he has been the very efficient Secretary of the Republican State Committee. Mr. Boyd will undoubtedly make an able and very popular head of the State Department.

'88 and '92. Two theses submitted for the degree of Ph. D. have recently been published by Colby alumni. One is upon the "Classical Sources of Spenser" by Mrs. Alice Sawtelle Randall '88, who received her degree from Yale; the other is on "The Geology of the Fox Islands, Maine, a contribution to the Study of Old Volcanics," by George Otis Smith, '93, who received his degree at Johns Hopkins University.

'77. President C. F. Meserve of Shaw University is the author of a report on the Dawes Commission and The Five Civilized Tribes of Indian Territory.

'87. Maurice H. Small, now of Clark University contributes to the December number of the Pedagogical Seminary an important article on "The Suggestibility of Children."

'88. A. H. Brainard has resigned as principal of the Cony High School.

'88. The engagement is announced of John F. Tilton, Colby '88, pastor of the Baptist church at Belfast and Miss Katherine Berry, teacher in a grammar school at Houlton. Miss Berry is a graduate of Colby, '93.

'62. Rev. W. C. Barrows, for the past five years at Woburn, Mass., has resigned his pastorate.

'90. Prof. Charles W. Spencer, who has been visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Spencer during the Christmas season, has returned to resume his duties at Colgate University.

'92. Stephen Stark, who has been at home in Waterville for the holidays, has returned to the University of Chicago.

'92. Charles P. Barnes, A. M., a recent principal of Norway high school has been unanimously elected principal of the city high school at Attleboro, Mass., at a salary of \$1400.

'94. The engagement is announced of Mr. Drew T. Harthorne now principal of Wilton Academy, to Miss Edith Vaughan of Wilton.

'95. W. L. Gray, principal of Bridgton Academy, has been spending his vacation studying law in the office of James S. Wright at his home in So. Paris.

'96. Howard C. Hanscom, who is studying medicine in New York, spent his vacation at the home of his parents in Auburn.

'96. Edward L. Hall is home from Canaan where he is teaching this winter.

'96. On Dec. 31. Levi P. Wyman of Skowhegan and Miss Ida M. Copeland of Philadelphia were united in marriage.



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