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Tennyson's In Memoriam.

AN EXPOSITION.

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Perhaps the most far reaching of the many triumphs of modern thought is that idea which may be designated as the principle of continuity. This principle leads us always to look for the causes of an event or a state of mind in some preceding condition of things or in previous mental states. Recall for a moment the old-fashioned theories of geology. They explained the history of the earth as a series of disconnected catastrophies; sudden upheavals and sudden subsidences of the surface introducing perhaps in a single day changes of the most far reaching character. At present geologists do not think that the greater part of the important changes on the earth's surface have occurred in a sudden manner, but that they have rather arisen in a gradual way and have for the most part occupied long periods of time. Age has slowly and insensibly budded into age; continents have arisen and sunk too slowly for observation to mark the progress of the changes. The great mountain chains have climbed to heaven so insensibility that only the watchful

and everlasting stars could measure their progress.

It is his reliance on the principle of continuity which makes it sometimes so hard for the modern man of scientific training to believe the common accounts of miracles and spiritual manifestations. These events as reported are so unlike the ordinary course of nature as known to us that he finds in them an isolation, a kind of abruptness, which makes it almost impossible to credit their genuineness. The argument against them is, not that they are impossible; science assumes nothing to be impossible; but that they are violations of the law of continuity. Historians have found in this principle a safe and reasonably sure guide in threading the labyrinth of human affairs in the past. Nations have not grown up suddenly out of nothing nor have they generally fallen by some one violent catastrophe; their origins must be sought in the preceding ages and the causes of their downfall will generally be found at work long before the catastrophe which strikes the

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imagination occurred. Changes in laws and customs which some of us as children were taught to attribute to the influence of some great legislative or military hero turn out many times to be the product of causes acting for long periods of time often in obscurity or even completely hidden from sight.

The whole world has grown out of its past. Today is the child of yesterday and the parent of tomorrow. Cut down through any institution or any event and you will find its roots running into yesterday. Its seed will ripen in tomorrow. The individual repeats the history of the race in his own story. He springs up from the infinite past and he goes down to form part of the endless future. His own progress from the cradle to the grave is a gradual budding out from day to day. Most of the events of life, even the very sad ones, come not without warning; many of them with very abundant warning. We feel joy or grief, but seldom surprise, when they occur. The death of friends, the most nearly irrevocable of all our calamities, seldom takes us unawares. We are generally prepared for it by a longer or shorter period of dread and expectation. I cannot positively assert that no event utterly isolated from what goes before and after has ever occurred in the world because I do not know the principle of continuity to be of perpetual and universal application, but I think it is; and if we could see far enough and deep enough I think we should perceive that the most startling and unexpected occurrences have been a long time in preparation and depend on a long train of things whose connection is quite clear and definite. Sometimes a star disappears from the sky all at once, a world is blotted out of existence so far as we know without an instant's warning to the inhabitants, if there are any; but no astronomer would think of calling such an advent an accident, or speaking of it as a breach of the law of continuity. The fires which have consumed the world have long been kindling; the shock which has shattered it has been drawing on out of the infinities for ages.

Sometimes a calamity falls athwart our lives so suddenly and unexpectedly and alters with such crashing vehemence the whole course

of our thoughts that we are inclined to attribute its occurrence to an interference of the Deity with the ordinary course of affairs. To us it is causeless and purposeless; but we are loth to attribute anything to chance and seek refuge from our despair in the hope that God had some purpose in the event though we cannot tell what it was.

This brings us to the fundamental thought of In Memoriam, the thought to which through all the terror of doubt and philosophic despair the mind of the poet clings. God had some reason for it. A greater good was accomplished by the death of Arthur Hallam than would have been possible if he had lived. What was that good? The poet cannot tell; it must have been something very excellent and great for if he had lived he would have been

A life in civic action warm
A soul on highest mission sent—
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm,—

though the poet cannot rest his imagination in any definite conception of what the life of his friend in the next world shall be. This is the theme of the poem. Woven in and out with varying harmony it is ever returning, ever striking the ear in a new form of beauty. At first it is drowned in an outcry of grief; then it emerges clear and strong only to be submerged again almost immediately; but finally at the end of the poem it is heard again and this time it is jubilant and assuredly triumphant.

The death of his friend had its place in the chain of things; he does not know how nor where but he is sure that it is not purposeless and causeless. In this he recognizes the principle of continuity. He recognizes it moreover in the whole course of the poem. His mind is plunged at first into a state of violent grief from which it proceeds gradually with many relapses to the joy of assured faith in the glorious usefulness of his friend in the life beyond the grave. Using the word comedy in its best dramatic meaning we may say that In Memoriam is a psychological comedy. It represents the course of a struggle between pessimistic sorrow, to which all suffering is blind and purposeless; and the sorrow which believes that all suffering as

well as all joy tends finally to great and god-like ends. It is comedy in the dramatic sense because in the end the forces of optimism triumph.

Whatever I have said or sung
Some bitter notes my harp would give—
Yea though there often seemed to live
A contradiction on the tongue;

Yet Hope had never lost her youth—
She did but look through dimmer eyes,
Or love but played with gracious lies
Because he felt so fixed in truth.

In the course of the poem the struggle is carried on with varying fortunes. Sometimes hope and sometimes despair seems about to have the victory, but in the end the palm is awarded to hope.

We must keep in mind as we study the poem that while the law of continuity applies to the changes of the mind, in so far that for every change there is a sufficient cause, and that every state of the mind grows out of the preceding states, nevertheless the direction of change is by no means constant. The motion of the mind from day to day, almost from moment to moment is rhythmic, like the motion of the tide. It rises and falls; it passes from joy to grief and from grief to joy in apparently purposeless succession. In composing his drama of sorrow Tennyson is true to this psychological truth. The moods of the poem are as varied as those of the mind itself. This fact, while it adds greatly to the value and interest of the poem, makes it difficult to understand. We are often at a loss to see just why a sudden, abrupt transition is made from one mood to another; or sometimes from a theme to what seems an entirely different and disconnected one. These difficulties are much more numerous in the first part of the poem than near the end and here again the poet shows his psychological power. At the fifty-eighth canto of the poem there is a distinct assurance in the mind of the reader that mood of violent passions has passed. Henceforth we are in a mood, not always of joy, to be sure, but at least where reason and not uncontrolled grief is guiding the mind. Now, when it is under the influence of intense passion of any kind the

mind passes rapidly from state to state. Violent hope and violent despair alternate in swift succession. But when reason resumes its sway, the mind moves steadily, though not without variations, towards a fixed goal.

We must note another transition, which also becomes marked at the LVIII canto, from the present to the past tense. This emphasizes a change in the character of the poem from the representative to the contemplative. Up to that point the poet represents his moods as actually at that moment existing, and they are the moods of a young man whose philosophy and religious faith are in a formative condition and vary from hour to hour as they are influenced by the passing phases of his emotions. Hence the first great division of the poem, which I have marked off, is full of contradictory scientific speculations, theories as to the state of the soul in the next world, and delving into strange fields of thought. Doubtless Tennyson had gone over this same ground many times with his lost friend, and we have thus a psychological history of the growth of scientific and religious thought in the mind of a healthy young man. But why should we study it? What interest to us has Tennyson's youthful skepticism, even though it finally led him to a confident and pure faith? It has the interest of all universal experience. Intelligent young men are very much alike, and at a certain period their minds naturally become pessimistic and skeptical. Too often this state of mind, which is a perfectly normal phenomenon of growth, is treated as a sign of depravity and great harm is done. A young man is made to believe that his thoughts are something strange and exceptional, perhaps that they are prompted by deep wickedness when they are really just as normal as the sprouting of his beard. The period of revolt and skepticism must be looked for in every young man's life, but there is no reason in the world why it should be permanently injurious.

To Shelly it was made permanently injurious by the foolish treatment he received on all hands, and so it may be made to any youth. After the LVIII canto there is a marked change in the tone of the poem, which now becomes

meditative, hopeful, and even triumphant.

In Memoriam is not a poem which can be read and enjoyed rapidly. It is full of thought, and the mind must linger long over each passage. Taine calls it a cold and monotonous poem; but that it certainly is not, though it has not the fierce, rebellious qualities which are sometimes thought to be the signs of great genius. The transitions of thought are too rapid to admit of monotony; we are surprised at every turn by new and unexpected excursions of the mind and the attention is every moment awakened to new energy by charming illustrations, new images, and lines of almost startling beauty.

What seemed to Taine to be coldness in the style of the poem is that quiet self-restraint which is always attractive to the Anglo-Saxon and indicates, not indifference, but reserve power. The blind hysterics of the Celt are as little attractive to us in art as in politics; though it is only just to say that good French art is as temperate as Hamlet himself could have desired.

In Memoriam is most enjoyed when the soul is at peace with itself in the quiet of twilight or in a meditative, religious mood when we come nearest to the realities behind the veil.

The poem sets out with a grand religious hymn:

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove:

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest death and lo! thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

When I say that this is a religious hymn we must understand the word religious in its deepest and truest meaning. Too many of us have formed the habit of restricting the sense of this word to some particular formula of belief or system of ceremonies.

It was this mistake which made the word so hateful to Shelly and led to his fierce denunciations. He was not really denouncing religion but a kind of ugly, shrunken monster which many of us mistake for religion.

Religion is the general attitude of a man's thoughts and actions toward God. Our sects and creeds all embody more or less of truth but

as modes of expression they are necessarily temporary. The formula which will do for one age will not be understood in the next. Hence under the influence of the spirit of the age our creeds and church ceremonials are constantly changing.

Our little systems have their day

They have their day and cease to be:

They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Those who have charge of the welfare of the church at any particular period are likely to mistake all changes in creeds or ritual for assaults upon religion itself; and especially as the progress of science is constantly forcing an alteration in existing forms of belief they are likely to mistake science for an enemy to religion. The growth of systematized knowledge does sometimes make it necessary for theological professors to alter their views in a very bewildering way, but theology is no more and no less than any other science, and its particular teachings have just as much and just as little to do with religion as those of geology or astronomy. Happily religion is not attached as a minor appendage to any system of human thought or investigation and the blunders of theologians endanger it no more than those of the chemists. Unhappily the popular mind has yielded to a claim of the theologians that the interests of religion are in a peculiar manner under their care, so that even their mistakes are cherished for fear of harming sacred things. There would be just as much reason in it if the chemists should assume to be the particular guardians of religion and claim exemption from criticism on that score. Religion is in the care of God. Its safety does not depend upon the perpetuation of human error of any kind; its stability can not be endangered by any search for knowledge however piercing. The system, of the theologians or other scientists may be broken up, but religion is in no way dependent upon them. It inhabits a world with which science has absolutely nothing to do. Its truth cannot be proved by scientific methods, but must be reached through faith. Of those sublime mysteries and transcendental truths we can never attain that knowledge which comes

from counting, weighing and measuring:

We have but faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see—
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Like many other pious and thoughtful men Tennyson made no attempt to give systematic expression to his religious belief and perhaps would have found it difficult to do so. It is natural however in a poem like *In Memoriam* which deals with the great mysteries of life and death to look for some indication of his opinions upon those problems of faith which we all have to solve.

Perhaps the first of all those problems is embodied in the question "Has the universe a purpose or is the whole course of human history and the history of other worlds but a blind maze of mingled good and evil, beginning and ending in dark oblivion?" Was there truth after all in Shelly's heartrending wail: "Oh wherefore hast thou made in mockery and wrath this evil world?" And in this again; "It is a wild and miserable world, thorny and full of care, where every fiend can make his prey at will?" Did the great master penetrate to the heart of things when he wrote:

"The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Was it merely a bitter jest when the sacred preacher wrote: "For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything; neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love and their hatred and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in any thing that is done under the sun." Tennyson meets this terrible question bravely:

My own dim life should teach me this
That life shall live forever more—
Else earth is darkness at the core
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame
Fantastic beauty such as lurks

In some wild poet when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
T'were hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

T'were best at once to sink to peace
Like birds the charming serpent draws
To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

"If not immortal" says Emerson, "how like the bells of a fool is the trump of fame." But perhaps even if we were not immortal there might be compensations; have we not love the divine? Would not heart still cling to heart, and pain and sorrow assume transcendent luster in love's pure glow? Would it not be worth while to live and suffer and die but for one hour of the ecstasy of love?

"But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea—
The sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down Aeonian hills and sow
The dust of continents to be,

And love would answer with a sigh,
The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more
Half dead to know that I shall die.

O me, what profits it to put
An idle case? if death were seen
At first as death, love had not been
Or been in narrowest working shut."

If we die utterly, love in its high and pure meaning can no longer exist in the world after the terrible truth becomes known. But we still have science. Science that has transformed the earth and made the waste places glad; science who in these her triumphant days sings madly with her sister arts Shelley's glorious song:

2. "We come from the mind of human kind
Which was lately so dusk and obscene and blind:
Now 'tis an ocean of pure emotion
A heaven of serene and mighty motion.

From that deep abyss of wonder and bliss
Whose caverns are crystal palaces
From those skyey towers where thought's
crowned powers
Sit watching your dance, ye happy hours:

From the temple high of man's ear and eye
 Roofed over with sculpture and poesy;
 From the murmurings of the unsealed springs
 Where Science bedews his daedal wings.

Years after years through blood and tears
 And a thick hell of hatreds and hopes and fears
 We waded and flew and the islets were few
 Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness
 grew.

Our feet now every palm are sandalled with calm
 And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;
 And beyond our eyes the human love lies
 Which makes all it gazes on paradise."

This is exquisite poetry, but hear the stern
 voice of the saner genius: We are something
 more than brains, he says:

"Not only cunning casts in clay:
 Let Science prove we are and then
 What matters science unto men?"

Science does not prove that we are merely
 casts of clay; she is simply entirely silent upon
 a question which it is utterly beyond her power
 to answer.

The mere analogy of nature would certainly
 teach that life ends in the grave utterly and
 forever. This analogy deceived the sacred
 preacher: "For that which befalleth the sons
 of man" he says "befalleth beasts; even one
 thing befalleth them: as the one dieth so dieth
 the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that
 a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for
 all is vanity. All go into one place; all are of
 the dust and all return to dust."

Tennyson had seen this fearful analogy, and
 he exclaims:

"Are God and nature then at strife
 That nature lends such evil dreams?
 So careful of the type she seems
 So careless of the single life."

Nature cares nothing for the individual; she
 slays him without pity. Of the race she seems
 careful. That she preserves through the ages,
 but the single man she slays without scruple or
 remorse. "Are God and nature then at strife?"
 It seems so, and the poet is appalled by the
 dreadful thought:

"I falter where I firmly trod
 And falling with my weight of cares

Upon the great world's altar stairs
 That slope through darkness up to God,
 I stretch lame hands of faith and grope
 And gather dust and chaff and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all
 And faintly trust the larger hope."

But for him who bases his religious hopes
 upon nature the depth of humiliation is not,
 reached when he sees that nature cares nothing
 for him. That would certainly be bad enough
 for those who talk so fondly about the benefi-
 cent mother nature, the cherisher, the healer
 the restorer, the universal friend; to see the
 actual state of the case, that nature is no one's
 friend, that she destroys without pity and punish-
 es without mercy ought to be sad enough; but for
 her admirer there is a deeper depth of disap-
 pointment. She may destroy the individual
 without pity, but is it not for the good of the
 race? Is not her seeming cruelty the longest
 and truest mercy? She may ruthlessly destroy
 the individual, but she cherishes and preserves
 the race:

"So careful of the type she seems"

Even though careless of the single life.

"So careful of the type?" but no;
 From scarped cliff and quarried stone
 She cries "A thousand types are gone"
 I care for nothing; all shall go."

"Thou makes thine appeal to me—
 I bring to life, I bring to death:
 The spirit does but mean the breath—
 I know no more."

This is all that science and nature have to
 tell. If we have no other grounds for believing
 in our immortality, or if they are to compensate
 us for the loss of it then life is poor and empty
 indeed. But can it be that man is no more?

"No more? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime
 That tare each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile then as frail!
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless.
 What hope of answer or redress?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil."

The fact is that nature has been no more care-
 ful of races than of individuals.

Those who personify nature and try to make a reality out of something which is merely a name for a collection of processes and changes are sure to find their hopes ending in disappointment. We are much inclined in our more careless thinking to try to make realities out of mere names. We speak of the law of gravitation very often as if it were a real thing which had a will of its own and ordered things to be done in a particular way. In reality the law of gravitation is nothing more than a mere statement of certain observed facts and has in and by itself no existence. So with many of the abstractions which we hear a great deal about. They are only names for a series of observed facts and have no significance apart from those facts. A good example of this is the word "electricity." Most people think that if they were only wise enough they could find some real existence which this word signifies. "What is electricity?" They ask the scientific man. But there is no thing behind the word "electricity." It signifies a certain group of phenomena, a certain series of processes which we can see going on, and it means nothing more. So with the word "life." The superstition that there is some reality behind this word which can be isolated in thought and talked about, which does things in and of itself, is a very common one. Life so far as we can know at any rate, is a group of phenomena, a series of changes and nothing more. As Herbert Spencer puts it in his coldly logical way—"Life is the continual adjustment of internal relations to external relations." When the internal arrangements of our bodies cease to adjust themselves to the external world, then life ceases—that is the word "life" means nothing more than this repeated set of adjustments. The fact is the same with the word "nature." The poets have gotten us into the habit of thinking that "nature" means a person who has plans of some kind or another, or intentions of some sort, either benevolent or otherwise. We have even gone so far as to speak of nature as a woman. Now in reality nature means nothing more than a series of events. There is no such person. She is a kind of Mrs. Harris, and we are all of us more or less imitating the illustrious Mrs. Gamp in referring to her so constantly.

The phenomena which appeal to the senses can tell us of themselves alone. They are and must forever be absolutely and hopelessly silent concerning those things which do not appeal to the senses. The man who seeks confirmation of his religious belief in the physical world puts himself completely at the mercy of every skeptical logician.

"We have but faith, we cannot see."

What then finally does the poet teach us in this, the most Christian of works of art, concerning science as a helper toward faith? Not in one place only but in many he gives us his thought:

"Half-grown as yet, a child and vain,
She cannot fight the fear of death.

What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons fiery hot to burst

All barriers in her onward race

For power? Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild

If all be not in vain: and guide

Her footsteps moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child;

For she is earthly of the mind,

But wisdom heavenly of the soul.

O friend who camest to the goal

So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,

Who grewst not alone in power

And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity."

Science cannot fight the fear of death, neither can the study of Nature lead us to God.

"I found him not in world or sun

Or eagle's wing or insect's eye

Nor thro' the questions man may try—

The pretty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep

I heard a voice "Believe no more"

And heard an ever breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt

The freezing reason's colder part

And like a man in wrath the heart

Stood up and answered "I have felt," "

This then the poet teaches: We are surely immortal if the whole universe is not a ghastly joke perpetrated by fiends who mock at human misery; but this great truth is not taught us by nature or Science; it is taught only by that part of us by which we take cognizance of the really great in art, that is by our feelings.

We are thus led by a great artist to give the feelings the same place in religion as in art. They are the criterion of the highest truth. The intellect applied to religious problems leads only to a wilderness of despair. The feelings lead us out into light and peace.

There can be no doubt that to those of us who do not make a systematic study of theology the belief in God and the immortality of the soul is the fundamental thing in religion; but we also include in the conception many other ideas such as love for our fellowmen, work for high and worthy ends, faith in the real efficacy of human endeavor, and in the steady progress of man upon earth. The popular mind includes these ideas in the meaning of religion rather than some others which students of theology are inclined to lay much stress upon; and in this particular the popular mind is truly artistic and probably nearer right than the systematic student.

The poet gives us in many passages his sense of the ineffable value of love in the conduct of life:

"Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him."

There is another beautiful passage which everybody knows by heart, expressing the deep significance of love in human life. We must not understand this to be that love which is common to man and all other living things, but rather that pure feeling which can only exist between high and elect souls such as Tennyson himself and his friend Hallam. We may take this rare and exquisite passion as a type of that love which the poet would see existing between man and man the world over. This is the greatest and best thing which a man can possess, the pearl of great price. Even to have had it

for a little while and then lose it forever is to be blessed indeed.

"I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime
To whom a conscience never wakes.

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;—
Nor any want begotten rest.

I hold it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

While studying the poem one is loth to leave those charming passages where the artist sings of this most Christlike aspect of human life, the love of man for his fellow man. There is yet a higher, sweeter strain where he sings of that ineffable mingling of love for a brother with love for the very Christ which filled the heart of Mary on that mysterious day when the grave opened and Lazarus walked forth to meet his sister:

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer
Nor other thought her mind admits
But he was dead and there he sits
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face
And rests upon the life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears
Borne down by gladness so complete
She bows, she bathes the Savior's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose love in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,—
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

Moved by the thought of a beautiful and prayerful life the poet naturally thinks of the other life often not less beautiful, which seems to sustain itself and hold steadfastly to all things good

without the aid of prayer. There is an interesting passage in Hamerton's *Intellectual Life* where he warns these emancipated souls to beware of the harm they may do by treating inconsiderately or scornfully the faith of less robust minds. Tennyson treats the same theme while his genius is still tender and warm with recollections of Mary weeping at the Savior's feet:

"O thou that after toil and storm
 May'st seem to have reached a purer air
 Whose faith has center everywhere
 No cares to fix itself to form,
 Leave thou thy sister when she prays
 Her early Heaven, her happy views;
 Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
 A life that leads melodious days.
 Her faith through form is pure as thine,
 Her hands are quicker unto good;
 Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
 To which she links a truth divine.
 See thou that countest reason ripe
 In holding by the law within
 Thou fail not in a world of sin—
 And even for want of such a type."

This aspect of the universal love, consideration for others even in things which may appear to us foolish, is one of the most beautiful results of that modern religious culture which enables all of us with our widely differing, often flatly contradictory, views of things to live together in something like harmony. It would be rather stretching matters to call it harmony, but it is an improvement on the days when we used to cut one another's throats for conscience, sake if we differed upon small points of doctrine. Those times were the much lauded days of faith. I do not say but that they may some time return. —Herbert Spencer warns us to look out for a rhythmic return of all historic conditions, but he also utters a word of hope: "Where the action is one into which many factors enter there is never a recurrence of exactly the same state." We may hope therefore that even if we must sometime endure another age of faith there will be mitigating circumstances.

In considering the religious thought of Tennyson it is interesting to observe how very modern he is. Indeed all great art is modern and that not only for our time but for all time.

The eyes of a good picture follow us to all parts of the room; in the same way a great work of art looks unabashed in all ages and upon all men. Homer and Plato are as fresh to us as they were in Athens, while the novel of today is often insufferably stale tomorrow. Have you ever thought why it is that many popular songs soon become disagreeable to everybody, while some music produces the greatest delight after hundreds of years? This lasting quality of true art is one of the cheerful things of the world. It encourages us to work for what is intrinsically true. The fleeting, transitory character of the false in art and the permanence of the true is in itself a hopeful evidence of the dominance of the good in history. Some critics have remarked, as an exceptional thing, how exactly Shakspeare meets the peculiar demands of each succeeding age. He turns a new side to every century. All men find in him exactly those intellectual and spiritual elements which they demand. This quality is not peculiar to Shakspeare; it is just as true of all really great artists. Beethoven's music will delight in all ages. Generations still remote will hear the mysteries of their lives uttering themselves in his symphonies just as we do: when can you fancy those prayers, those hymns, those outbursts of elemental worship falling on deaf or careless ears?

As an instance of the perennial healthfulness of Tennyson's religious thought, of his aversion to the monastic as well as other abnormal modes, listen to his meditation on the birthday of his dead friend:

"I will not shut me from me kind
 And, lest I stiffen into stone,
 I will not eat my heart alone,
 Nor feed with sighs a passing wind.

What profit lies in barren faith
 And vacant yearnings, tho' with might
 To scale the heaven's highest height
 Or dive below the wells of death?"

There is here the robust contempt of the old Christian hero for the deadest of all things, barren faith.

In the following verses he has in mind that aimless day dreaming about heaven and sacred things which many people mistake for piety, but which is more frequently indolence. It is

so much easier to acquire merit by sitting down and mooning over the infinite than by going to work that all of us are more or less inclined to try that delusive method:

"What find I in the highest place
But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
And on the depths of death there swims
The phantom of a human face,
I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies;
'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee."

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of Tennyson's peculiarly manly religion is its ultimate optimism. It has moments of distressing doubt but it always comes out joyful and full of hope in the end. Being strenuous and energetic it would be senseless if it did not include a belief in the final efficacy of work, and therefore in the substantial and continuous progress of man in the world.

"Program" Music.

W. GIFFORD NASH.

"Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."—Carlyle.

The beginning of "Music" in our acceptance of the word, dates back to the 13th century, that century that gave us Dante in poetry, Giotto in painting, and in architecture the Alhambra, the Pitti palace in Florence, and many of the most noted cathedrals of Europe.

Its earliest form was with one voice carrying the melody or cantus firmus, (as it was then called,) and another singing a fifth above or a fourth below, or vice versa.

To these two voices was added a third singing the octave of the melody. In time these two accompanying voices became more independent of each other, and the intervals from the cantus firmus were varied, hence came the trio. Next comes "canon" or the imitation of one part by another, then the quartette and counter-point, the combination of two or more melodies forming harmony.

From the Mass or Motette was developed the Cantata, and each musician in turn accepted the ways and means of his predecessors and added to them such new ideas, as were suggested by his own experiments or greater genius. In this way certain rules for the leading of the

voices, and "form" or construction came to be made. At the same time the organ was being developed and improved to make possible the instrumental performance of music written for voices; and from being used simply as an accompaniment it was gradually used alone. From Cantata, that which is sung, we come to Sonata, that which is played or sounds.

Monteverde in the 16th century had made use of several orchestral instruments in composing his opera "Orfeo." These consisted of several kinds of the violin family, oboes, trombones and trumpets. The instruments were not used all at once, but a few at a time, and besides serving as mere accompaniments to the voice, they gave short preludes between the vocal numbers. This was the foundation of the modern orchestra, and the Symphony is no more nor less than the Sonata in orchestral dress. At the same time the piano was being developed from the virginal, the spinet, and the clavichord. The Troubadours of France and Spain date from the 11th century, and from somewhat later the Minnesingers of Germany. All the northern European nations had their own folk-songs. Thus we have melody and harmony developing side by side, the one by the people and later by the composers of Opera, the other by the Church.

From this crude description of the evolution of the Art we can see how we get the term "*Classical*" music, or *where the intellectual thought is developed by certain rules, and according to a prescribed form or outline.*

Among the first to refuse to be bound by the rules and regulations laid down by his predecessors was Joseph Haydn. He, while still using some rules of the canon, fugue, and counterpoint, introduced into his sonatas and symphonies, more melody, and a certain merry-sounding lightheartedness so far unknown in the devotional music of the church. Thus with Mozart's help the way was prepared for the stronger, deeper, and more emotional music of Beethoven.

In those composers we have the foundation of the so-called Romantic music where the "beauty of sound is tinged with emotion."

Classical music, in which the intellectual thought is worked out according to prescribed rules and in a certain form, and Romantic music, in which the emotional elements predominate, form together what is termed "absolute" music, the thought being evolved from an inner consciousness or in other words "subjective" music.

Program music on the other hand, is the attempted imitation, through the means of a combination of sounds produced by musical instruments, of some external form, and is "objective." For example, "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silvery Waves" are instances of program music. Does the image called up by the title make the music any more beautiful? Without a title there is a much greater scope for the imagination than with one.

The same untitled piece of music may affect each hearer differently. What may induce a religious feeling in one person may call up to another the companionship of two friends, whose sense of "nearness" is so much more than the casual talk of acquaintances. When Beethoven was asked why he had not named his sonatas, he replied that the age when they were written was so poetic that no help to the imagination was needed. To the initiated his 6th or Pastoral symphony will occur as an example of program music. In this, names are given to the

different movements: "Pleasant feelings awakened on arriving in the country;" "Scene by the Brook;" "Thunder and storm." But it must be remembered that Beethoven, himself, wrote at the top, "more an expression of feeling than a painting." And in naming the third symphony the "Eroica," it was more to express the dominant mood of the whole, than to particularize the actions of a hero, with the exception of the "Funeral March." This would be difficult to associate with anything or anyone of less heroic calibre.

Schumann wrote his principal piano works and gave them names afterwards, according to what his fancy prompted as being most fitting to what was already written. What he has called the "Butterfly" does not necessarily mean that to every one else. The same with his Fantasies; "Why" would be translated by many quite otherwise. Apropos of this Mendelssohn did not name the "Songs without words;" that was done by enterprising publishers.

To give a title first is to confine or limit the thought to be expressed by means of the music to a certain channel. Ambros, a professor at the University of Prague, asks "When a program is added, does not music here admit that her own means are insufficient to display what she intends."

In the other arts there is always something in nature with which comparison can be made. —A Turner "Sunset" we can compare with a sunset. A Raphael "Madonna" with the sweetest faces we see around us; the "Marble Faun" of Praxitiles or the "Venus di Medici" to the muscles and graceful lines of the human body. I open my Browning at random, and see what? —twilight, the chapel top, the convent wall, the trees, the monk, the garden, autumn, every metaphor or poetic fancy taken from something we know and have seen.

But in program music what is there that we can liken to anything? Can music portray a desert, unmistakably? No. Absolute music as exemplified in the Sonata or Symphony expresses itself. It is its own beauty of sound and composition, that appeals to and thrills us, apart from any definite meaning.

That a certain indefinable feeling of calm con-

tent on the one hand or of humor or exhilaration on the other, can be aroused by means of music cannot be denied, but that is merely a feeling which cannot be expressed in language.

It is the sense of Rhythm that makes much light music popular with many people; even the rhythmic beat of a drum has an inspiring effect, more than the inner contents or construction of the music itself. It is to this that much of the popularity of the trashy hymn-tunes in vogue at many revivals and song services, is due, and, to quote a Toronto paper, "whose doggerel rhythms and effeminate ditties are a reproach to the dignity and purity of the Christian religion." I cannot refrain from quoting further from this same article: "Mr. Moody's pretended conception of music, would not prove much of an inspiration to many of us to strive for the better land, did we feel that the vulgar cltrap that Mr. Moody praises and not the music of Palestrina, Bach, Handel and others of the great and glorious masters of music, should prove an index of that wonderful service of praise we all hope to participate in there."

There is also a certain sensationalism in musical performance that appeals to most people. To hear a coloratura singer execute a difficult cadenza, with trills, runs and staccato skips, to hear a violinist take runs in octaves or tenths at a tremendous speed, or to be brought to one's feet to see the performances of a pianist, all these come under the head of music, but unless the artist subordinates his technique to his conception, these exhibitions are on a par with those of a juggler who keeps five plates in the air.

Richard Wagner's use of "leading themes" in his music dramas might also be quoted as examples of "program music." These are short musical phrases which belong to or are always associated with certain personages or ideas, and are brought forward whenever such persons or ideas are referred to. In most places where his works are given on the concert stage, the people who listen to them, have either themselves seen or had so vividly described the accompanying action and "*mise en scene*," that they have almost an involuntary picture before their eyes.

Who can hear the Tannhauser overture without seeing the Wartburg, the long line of travel-worn pilgrims, and the kneeling white robed Elizabeth at the foot of the cross; or the Ride of the Valkyries without seeing them on their horses as they bear the heroes who have fallen in battle to Walhalla. Wagner did not in the beginning rely on the sense of hearing alone. Beauty of form and color, poetry and dramatic action, with the declaimed or sung dialogue, were all as necessary for the complete realization of his ideas as the music, and he was on this account at first strongly opposed to having excerpts from his operas performed on the concert platform.

I should be the last to deny that had the music been written entirely *per se*, as absolute music, and without the additional help of language, form, and color, it would have attained the same place that it now occupies, but its full appreciation and popularity would have been somewhat delayed, and it would have taken a longer time to educate the people, without their help.

Wagner has utilized both objective and subjective motives. The Hunding and Parsival, the ring, sword, and spear motives I should call objective, while the "belief theme" and "Good Friday" motives I should label as subjective; on the one hand a perfectly definite form for the idea being recalled to the mind; on the other a perfectly indescribable religious feeling though none the less vivid to the inner consciousness.

That this combination of poetry, painting and music is daily increasing in popularity with all classes of musicians both professional and amateur is an assured fact, but it has tended to stimulate rather than retard the interest and appreciation of absolute music; while orchestral concerts are everywhere increasing in number and in public interest. The piano and pipe organ are the nearest approach to the orchestra of any separate musical instruments, as they alone can give combined harmonic effects. The other instruments can at best give only the melody, which is very much like the play of Hamlet minus Hamlet himself, or a single bit

of foreground on a large canvass with nothing else to set it off.

But the piano is necessarily limited by its mechanical construction from getting any great variety of "tone color," though much can be done by an intelligent use of the pedals. One of the chief charms of the orchestra is produced by the different "colors" of the strings, wood and brass, as they advance or recede, or as they combine into a grand mass of tone color in a tutti. But to return to program music.

W. Philip Hale, the music critic, in criticizing a Fantasia for piano and orchestra by Arthur Whiting says "The first movement—is conspicuous for the skill, yes fancy, with which the thematic material, is treated. The Pastorale is fresh and suggestive.—The ordinary pastorale is a bore; but Mr. Whiting has treated his landscape and animal kingdom with rare discretion. I might talk to you of summer afternoons, or spring thaws, of flocks and Watteau shepherds and their girls; but let me whisper in your ear, I did not think of any such things while Mr. Whiting's music was a playing. The music gave pleasure; it soothed by its quiet untortured beauty, its simplicity, its discretion, and in like manner, without receiving or desiring to receive any definite, precise impression."

Again speaking of a tone poem of Richard Straus for orchestra, called "Death and Awakening," "I do not care who wrote the poem in blank verse that serves as a libretto; and the form itself is not essential to enjoyment or intelligent understanding. What does the hearer care for the Flemish detail. 'In the necessitous little room dimly lighted by only a candle end, lies the sick man on his bed.' This is all well enough for a prose poem but music cannot picture the size of the room, quality of the furniture, or lighting by candle end or a whole candle. What need of all this babble? But the music itself tells of heroic endeavor."

To sum up.—Music is incapable of presenting a definite form for an idea, and those who try to interpret music literally read into the music their own flights of imagination. No one can say the composer meant this or that particular thing and nothing else. The only thing that can be done is to understand fully the signs and symbols of the printed work correctly, and to grasp the general idea of a piece of music.—So that the interpretation of a Beethoven Sonata, Chopin Nocturne, or Schumann Novelette shall convey to the hearer something as distinct as would an interpretation of a play of Shakespeare, a lyric poem, or a romantic story.

Jim's Stun Fish.

The first rays of the sun had pierced the grey fog that had crowded up the mouth of the Columbia river during the night and the sleeping grey shadows receded before the fiery eye of day. Sky and sea became radiant with lovely hue, palpitating, floating and changing like jewels. The splendor, flung back and forth in echoes of shine and sheen, came flowing in with the tide, and poured over the little village of Ilwaco nestling in the shelter of Yellow Bluff. The resounding lash of the early fishermen as they beat their nets, in preparation for the

fishing season, was the only sound that broke the stillness of the morning air. Soon the shrill whistle of the daily boat echoed across the bay. Its vibrations seemed to possess a moving power, for in a short time the village was all astir, and a crowd of men and boys with sou'westers and tar-begrimed clothes left their homes and work for the wharf.

The most important event of the day in the village life, to which every thing pointed and according to which every thing was timed, was the arrival of the boat. On it hinged all the

issues of life; for it was the only messenger between the isolated little fishing village and the great world.

The crowd soon gathered in the postoffice, which was combined with the village store, and discussed the prospects of the fishing season, while waiting for the mail to be distributed. A peculiar figure appeared at the door and a whisper, "There's Jim," passed through the crowd.

The person on whom all eyes were turned was Jim Arnold, a tall loose-jointed boy about eighteen years old. He wore a limp, old felt hat, a faded brown suit, old fashioned in style and much too small for him. A handle of a hammer protruded from one pocket. A rough voice called out from the crowd—"Say Jim how many stun fish did yer ketch this morning? If I'd be yer I'd ketch some live uns and get me some clothes big enough for meself."

The flush that passed over Jim's homely face and the light that gleamed in his grey eyes were the only indications that he had heard the remarks.

Several years before a young man from the East, named Charles Whitson, who was studying Geology, had spent the summer in Ilwaco. He was attracted to the peculiar boy, who always held himself aloof from the village people, and soon his confidence was won. He sympathized with the lonely life of the boy, who had been left with his sister to struggle alone, and he had taken him on several expeditions along the coast. Jim's active mind eagerly grasped the wonders of Geology, which his friend told him about, and he had spent all his spare time out of Mr. Small's law office, since that summer, hunting for fossils in the old sea beaches back several miles from the shore. It was upon this beloved occupation of Jim's that the joke had been passed.

The little window of the postoffice was soon opened and the men crowded forward to get their mail. As Jim's turn came, much to his surprise a thick letter was handed to him. A titter went through the crowd and some one said in a whisper: "Say, did yer know Jim got a letter?"

The remark was lost on Jim who hurried out

of the store and eagerly read his letter which was from his friend, Charles Whitson. An intense light shone in his eyes as he finished it, for the letter contained a description of a certain shell of the Pliocene Period which had caused some discussion among students in the East as to what family the shell belonged. His friend said, a reward would be given for a specimen, and as it would probably be found on the North Pacific coast, he suggested that Jim search for it in the old sea beach where they had gone several years ago.

When Jim entered Mr. Small's law office he was given his orders for the day, for the lawyer was going to a neighboring village to work on a case. As Mr. Small disappeared through the door he called back to Jim, "Be sure you don't let any one touch my books."

The one peculiarity of Mr. Small, out the many, as the village people all knew, was with respect to his books. They were the special objects of his affection, for Mr. Small's life had gradually narrowed down to his little office and law books until his soul had become small too. He never loaned one of his books and could scarcely endure to have any one handle them.

Jim went to the desk and began to write, but before long his mind wandered from his work to his friend's letter and the fossil. He took the letter from his pocket, read and re-read it. The intense desire, which had slumbered in his heart for years, to know more of the past records of nature awoke anew. The facts that his friend had told him came again in his mind with greater beauty and truth and seemed to carry him beyond his surroundings. The boundless sea washing barren shores with meadows of sea lillies waving their sculptured urns; banks of coral and curious creeping creatures; other greater forms of life—then man—all passed like a panorama through his mind. A slight noise in the street recalled him to his work, but the longing could not be satisfied. As he sat gazing at the wall his eyes dropped on the top of the bookcase and the word "Geology" on a large volume attracted his attention. He gave a start as he realized the purport of the word and he arose quickly and took the book down. With eager and trembling fingers

he ran through its pages and his eyes gleamed as he found a chapter on the family of the shell his friend had written about. He returned the book on the shelf and began to write again; but the desire for the book grew; the more Jim thought of it, the more he wanted the book to help him in his search for the shell.

The thought flashed through his mind of Mr. Small's peculiarity about his books. He would not dare ask for it and he would not have the time to read it in the office, for there was always more work than he could possibly do. There was only one way he could read the book and that was to take it home.

Long did Jim ponder over the question. When he went home for dinner Rose met him at the door of their little home with a bright smile. Rose was the only person who understood Jim since his mother died. His desire for knowledge was appreciated by his sister and many a dime found its way into the purse, which was for the purpose of sending Jim to college. This ambition was a source of pleasure and sacrifice for the brother and sister. Rose was delighted when Jim told her about the letter and she began to count how far the reward would go in carrying out their plans. Although Jim was interested in the plan he seemed to be occupied during the meal.

After finishing dinner he returned immediately to the office and began his writing. The rapid scratch of the pen was the only noise that broke the quiet of the room that afternoon for Jim was writing to make up for lost time and drive the thoughts of the book from his mind. As the last rays of the sinking sun passed from the window he finished his work and prepared the office for the night. He put the key in the door, took his hat and stepped outside to lock the door but the temptation was too strong; he went back, took down the Geology and hurriedly locked the door.

As Jim passed up the street he felt as if every one was looking at the book under his arm. When he reached home Rose was not there, as he had hoped, and he took his book to his room. He seemed unusually silent all evening and listened with little interest when Rose told him she had collected an old debt of their father's.

Jim went to his room early and pored over the pages of the Geology. Hour after hour he read till his candle gave a final splutter and he was left in the darkness.

As the days passed Jim became more disheartened and worried about taking the book. The song of the meadow lark which he had always thought to be uttering his own joy, hope and desire, seemed now to have lost its inspiration. Even the search for the shell from which he had anticipated so much pleasure lost its interest.

The thoughts, what if Rose who had sacrificed so much for him, should discover he had stolen the book, or Judge Thorne who had obtained the place in the law office should learn how he had betrayed the trust, bothered him.

Oppressed by these thoughts, Jim arose early the next Sunday morning and stole out in the fog. Unconsciously he picked up his hammer and hurried on his accustomed path. Covered with fog, he sat down on a rock to fight the battle with his conscience. Several hours passed before Jim moved. Suddenly, he started up, and the erect bearing and determined expression revealed the decision of the struggle. He picked up his hammer and idly struck a stone at his feet; it parted, and there lay revealed the fossil of his search. With trembling fingers he picked it up and quickly started for home.

When he reached the house he did not tell Rose that he had found the shell but asked her to go with him to Mr. Small's office, for he felt it would be easier to let her know of his sin that way.

Not a word was spoken as they passed down the street. Rose had surmised the reason of his actions but had said nothing. As they reached the door Jim opened it and Rose stepped in, a flush passed over Jim's face as he recognized Judge Thorne in the other room, and the thought came to him—what if they had already discovered his crime. "Walk in here, please," called out Mr. Small, bowing at the same time formally to Rose. Before Jim could say anything Mr. Small said, "We have been talking about you, Jim, and the Judge here thinks you ought to go to college and is willing to pay

part of your expenses. Now what do you think of that?"

Jim said nothing for a moment. His faculties seemed to desert him, he clutched at the table for support. "Thank you, sir, but I can't go," faltered Jim.

Mr. Small looked up in surprise. "You can't go! Why I thought you were just dying to go."

"Yes, sir, but I can't."

Jim hesitated a moment, then with a desperate look at Rose, he broke out. "I can't accept your offer, Judge Thorne, because I am a thief! I stole one of Mr. Small's books," and then he hurried on with his story how and why he had taken it. A hearty laugh and a slap on the knee, which was Mr. Small's favorite ejaculation when he was amused,—then

"Bless your heart, Jim, you've gone and stole your own book! Well, blame my old head anyhow, Judge, I clean forgot to give Jim that book."

An explanation followed, how the Judge had left the book with Mr. Small, who had forgot-

ten to mention it. Jim remained standing as if he could hardly believe his senses.

The Judge arose, picked up the Geology, and placing his hand on Jim's shoulder, said, "Now, Jim, take your book home and enjoy it. Any boy who wants to study as you do, ought to go to college."

A few tears trembled in Mr. Small's eyes and he quickly wiped them away as if ashamed, for the newness of giving other people pleasure was an unusual feeling for him. In response to Judge Thorne's plan to send Jim to college Mr. Small had offered to pay part of the expenses.

As Jim and Rose passed out of the office, Jim was still uneasy for Rose had said nothing. Had he destroyed her trust in him?

As in answer to the question in his mind Rose said: "You won't do it again, Jim, for an Arnold can't be dishonest long." With a bright smile she added "not even for a stun fish." Jim looked down in her truthful face and said: "No, not for all the stun fish in the world."

A Pioneer of '47.

LAURA MILLER.

One October afternoon, some fifty years ago, an Indian stood on one of the low foothills in the far West, and looked sullenly into the valley below. Miles away to the East three snow-capped peaks, peering over the broken wall of deep blue mountains, blushed a faint pink under the lingering glances of the autumn sun. The rolling foothills stretched between the mountains and the valley, their everyday garb of dull brown and green brightened with scraps of color. Through the middle of the valley came the river, gleaming like silver in its setting of dark grey gravel and masses of yellow alder. It came curving through the neighboring fir-clad hills, on

into the level country, past a grove of oaks, then nestled about the foot of the solitary, rounding butte, and went sparkling away to the northwest through evergreen forests.

In the oak grove not far away from the river was an Indian village of twenty wigwams; rude structures they were, built of poles and brush. The place swarmed with naked, little savages. In the center of the village was a wigwam, larger than the others; near its entrance several gaily blanketed Indian men were squatted, smoking kinnikinnie in rough clay pipes. Along a path from the river to the village walked an Indian girl, carrying a basket of water. In front of

a wigwam sat an aged squaw, with a stone mortar and pestle pounding camas root for bread. A bright red blanket gleamed among the oaks and a youth with a freshly killed deer slung over his shoulder, came hastening towards her. His step was quick and firm, his figure tall and and slender and straight as one of his own arrows. With a gesture full of vigor, he threw the deer on the ground at the old woman's feet and turned away.

The scene of peaceful, savage life did not please the watcher on the hillside. He turned away with a scowl and a grunt of disdain—"They were fools. His village should be filled with hate. The Bostons were coming to take the land; even now a Boston had made his wigwam on their hunting grounds and brought his wife and two children. The great Tyee was angry, already the game was scarce." The Indian's scowling face grew still more clouded as he raised one hand and glanced angrily at two dangling grey squirrels. He had hunted since the sun was in the middle of the sky, and only two grey squirrels! The Bostons must be killed, then the great Tyee would send the game again. "Ugh!" he grunted. These wigwams were warm with the glances of the sun. His village was hidden deep in the shades of the forest. With a last scornful glance at the happy village he turned his face to the west and walked rapidly along the hill top, swept by the wind.

To the west the land lay level as a floor; a broad expanse of yellow-green between the forest on the north and the tumbling foothills on the south, it stretched on and on to the purple mountains. The hills looked like as if they had tried to be mountains; some of them had nearly succeeded, but for the most part they had lost ambition, and lay with slight trace of their longings, content to be steps from the plain to the heights. The river ran straight toward the western plain; its left bank dark with firs, the right bank bright with alders; then with a sudden turn it vanished in the trees on the north.

The Indian stood a long time on the hill top. He saw the mountains, the foothills, the plain, the river; saw too a slender column of smoke curling from the depths of the forest. There, by the bend of the river, in the shadow and quiet

was his village. All the land from the mountains on the west to the mountains on the east had belonged to his fathers. They alone had hunted, and fished, and lived here. And now it belonged to him, all save the spot at the foot of the western slope where the Boston man lived. As he looked over the valley, the illahee of his fathers, the Indian knew that more Boston men would come to claim the land; and he hated, with all the hate of the rightful owner, the white-faced usurper. The Indian paused above the humble home, and a terrible look came into his rugged face. The scar across his cheek contracted, the black eyes were all fierceness, his coarse, black hair streamed on the rising wind, the bare, muscular body gleamed bronze in the rays of the setting sun; with a menacing gesture he lifted his hand, grasping a bow and poisoned arrows. A moment later and he was gone toward his wigwam in the forest, and the place was quiet except when the wandering breeze carried the ripple of children's voices until it was lost in the sighing of the firs.

It was only a cabin of rough hewn logs, the cracks filled with clay, the chimney of mud and sticks; there was a narrow porch, and a small doorway; the windows were square holes covered with muslin; but it was a home. Franklin Spalding had left St. Louis in 1845, in a train of the noble men and women who were to make the history of the Pacific Coast. He was one of those men who have a certain strength in spite of physical weakness. An energy of will, a quiet persistence, moral courage that never flinched, and above all, a kindness, a love for all things living, these qualities were his to such a degree that people forgot the crippled body and liked the man for his inner self. He had heard much of the great West; and the instinct that all men have with more or less intensity, the instinct of migration was aroused. He was poor, and the West was wide, a land of golden opportunities. Two patient oxen had toiled across the plains drawing the wagon which contained his all, and that was little save his wife and two baby girls. It had taken very long; sometimes at night they looked back and saw the smoke from the fires they had left in the early morning. But, at last, they had reached

Sutter's Fort. There, the loving wife and children were left, and in company with six men Mr. Spalding plunged into the Oregon wilderness, for somewhere in that wilderness lay the spot that he must call home.

One beautiful May morning the little company climbed the rounding butte. The snowy peaks, the wooded mountains, the emerald foothills, the winding river, lay basking in the sunbeams; even a strange prickly plant at Mr. Spalding's side had caught and held the sunshine in its yellow flowers. From the fields below, blue with camas, came a meadowlark's questioning trill. The heart swelled in the man's crippled body and he turned to his friends, saying huskily, "Boys, you can settle where you will but this place suits me." So it was decided.

They felled trees in the forest, and built the cabin. One day three Indians came peering about. The men hailed them in the Chinook jargon, and the Indians, as surprised as it is for Indians to be, replied. One Indian was very thin, another tall and handsome, and the third was a man much older than his companions. The slender youth said that they had just made their village among the oaks around the hill. He was a runner. He had seen the King Georges, the Hudson Bay man; but his companions had never seen white men before. The King Georges sent them blankets to wear in the winter. As the Indians turned to leave, Mr. Spalding gave them some tobacco. They knew what tobacco was; "kinnos," they called it, and the grim faces lighted with satisfaction.

When the cabin was completed the six men went on up the valley, each still seeking the square mile for his claim. Then Franklin Spalding closed up the cabin, took the long journey back to California and brought the brave wife to the little pioneer home. And now on this bright October evening, when the bronzed Indian with sullen mutterings had gone from the hilltop, the fairheaded, little girls are playing "keeping house" on the porch, while the mother stands watching them from the doorway.

Seven-year-old Alice looked up, "Mother, why do you look at the forest so much?" she asked.

"Oh! you silly Alice," said Bessie, "don't you see that father is coming?"

Mrs. Spalding started at Alice's words. She was always looking at the forest, for she could not forget. That cruel scarred face. That deadly aim! One day as she was hunting hazel nuts for the children, she came to a clearing in the forest. In a group in front of a wigwam stood several squaws and eight Indian men—even in her fright she noticed their number—the men were short and heavy and course-featured; they looked sullen and angry. One man, who stood with his back towards her seemed to be chief. She could hear his low, guttural tones but could not distinguish the words. Presently a flock of geese flew overhead, the chief turned, fitted an arrow to his bow, there was a sharp twang, and a goose fell fluttering to the ground, pierced quite through. It all happened in a flash, then she ran back to the cabin, but that face with its glittering black eyes, and the deep zigzag scar haunted her. She did not tell her husband—he had so many worries—but she watched the forest anxiously, always expecting to see that band of savages stealing towards the cabin. And now, when Alice spoke she was thinking of that scene in the wood, and she tried to banish it, and said cheerily, "Here comes your father, come in girls, it is growing cold."

It was twelve o'clock the next day; the cabin was filled with savory odors and the family were lingering over the noon meal. Suddenly, and without any warning, the door opened and a youth in a red blanket stepped into the room; his hair platted and tied with grass, disclosed handsome features, lacking the heaviness that usually characterizes the Indian. He was followed by several heavy-set, older men, then came a young man, thin almost to emaciation, evidently a runner, and at last Mrs. Spalding noticed with a start, the chief she had seen in the forest. But how dull and expressionless the face was, even to the eyes; surely it was not the same man! But yes, it was, she could not mistake the scar. The children sat as if fascinated, gazing with wide-open eyes at the dusky faces and bright blankets. An old grey-haired man stepped forward. Mr. Spalding drew his crippled figure to its full height, resting one hand on Alice's curly head, and waited calmly for the Indian to speak.

"Close tumtum" (good heart), said the brave.

It was a declaration of friendship. Mr. Spalding answered in Chinook jargon: "I am a friend. I have learned your language. I come from far yonder, where the great chief of the Bostons lives, away beyond Stony Mountains, from the country of the Bostons. We shall be friends. Tell me your names."

The Indians talked together in low gutturals and grunts, then the youth in the red blanket spoke: "We do not like our names. Give us Boston names. Call me the name of the great chief of the Bostons. Call them," pointing to his friends, the names of your great men."

So Mr. Spalding named them one by one, and they mumbled and grunted in the attempt to pronounce their "Boston" names. The handsome young man was James, the runner John, the grey-haired man George; these were from the sunny village by the river bank. The Indian with the scarred face was named Tom; the others were Pat, and Ed, and Dick, all short names that they might be easily remembered. These four men came from the dark forest village.

For some time Tom had been casting stealthy glances toward the shelf of groceries, but he dared not take anything, for, to the savage, the piercing blue eyes of the white man seemed to see everything at once. So presently he said, persuasively: "Potlatch muckamuck."

"No!" said Mr. Spalding. He felt that he might be killed for that denial, but he could not give away the provisions that cost so much money and a two weeks' journey with the slow ox team.

An ominous glitter came into Tom's eyes, but it vanished instantly leaving his face passive and expressionless as before. The visitors looked curiously at the humble furnishings of the little cabin; they talked about the split bottom chairs, the few pieces of blue and white china, and the copper tea kettle; they pointed wonderingly at a long, metal "stick" with a wooden handle that hung on the wall; and finally they filed out in silence. Mrs. Spalding was relieved when they were gone, and yet she was glad that they had come, for after all the chief was not so fierce as she had thought; he was very like the rest except for the scar—and she rather

laughed at her former fear.

For three days, the warm wind, "Chinook," blew, and on the evening of the third day great blasts came howling around the butte and the rain beat on the lonely cabin. Inside, the one room was filled with light. Mrs. Spalding was kneading bread. Alice and Bessie sat on the hearth, watching the flames leap from the fir cones, laughing with glee at the "people going to meeting" in the sooty chimney. Mr. Spalding took the old musket from the wall, polished and fondled it, for out in this strange wilderness it was like a dear friend. He held the short, slender stock with its silver mountings, to his shoulder, his eyes roved lovingly over the long barrel, his hand stole to the trigger and the hammer, curved like a snake's head, snapped at the spike where the percussion cap usually stood, waiting for the blow. He let the musket fall to the table where a bullet mould and two powder horns lay, and he sat with his head bowed on his hands.—After all, had he been right to bring the tender wife and children here? They never complained and he did not for himself, but to see them endure hardships, tore his heart. The Indians could not be trusted; he had no friends. The loneliness and the friendlessness, he could not endure them; for himself he could, but not for them.

Louder blasts of wind broke in upon his thoughts. How the storm raged! But what was that? Surely he heard some other sound. It was the soft fall of moccasined feet on the porch. The door was flung open, a gust of wind scattered the coals on the hearth. For a moment the heart of the brave pioneer stood still, then a familiar, red-clad figure stood before him. It was the boy James who had been named for the chief of the Bostons, and with him were the runner and the grey-haired George. James spoke rapidly, "Tom, old chief Tom, he kill you. He will come, maybe tonight, maybe tomorrow. His men will come with him, so many," and he held up eight fingers. "We will stay with you. Tom is bad, he hates you. We are your friends."

Mr. Spalding turned anxiously to his wife, but she had heard the words and hastened to meet him, saying brokenly, "The children, Franklin." Then, as she saw the anguish in his

face, her strength returned, and when she spoke again her voice was steady. "What must I do?" she asked, simply.

"Take the children and go into the edge of the woods, it is safer there," said her husband.

"No, no," she cried, "If there is danger we will meet it together."

It grew late and there was no sound, but the roar of the wind and the rain sweeping round the butte and through the forest. The fire died down and only its fitful gleams lighted the little room. The three Indians lay wrapt in their blankets on the floor, their faces turned from the fire, while the light and shadow played hide and seek in the folds of their blankets. In the shadow in the corner, the children lay sleeping in their snowy cot, and the mother knelt on the floor beside them with one arm thrown protectingly about her little daughters. In the chimney corner sat the pioneer with the old musket on his knees. From under the curling black hair his delicate face shone calm and determined, but the deep blue eyes were full of suffering and the crippled frame shook with suppressed emotion. The light danced merrily on the barrel and mountings of the musket, but in the corners of the room strange, fantastic shadows flitted hither and thither, chasing away the bright gleams. James turned and rested on his elbow listening, with glowing eyes, to some sound in the forest, but it was only the wind in the tree tops.

So the night wore on, and when morning dawned and the storm had grown into a heavy, grey mist, the band of "warriors" came from their wigwams in the forest. Mr. Spalding could see them creeping up the slope. On their heads they wore woven bands of bark, stuck full of feathers; their faces were smeared with red paint; they carried bows, quivers of arrows and tomahawks. It was terrible to watch these gruesome figures, head erect and body bent, coming up out of the mist, coming to kill the little family.

They had almost reached the house when the door opened and shut quickly and Mr. Spalding, shouldering the old musket, stepped upon the porch and began patrolling its length. Inside the cabin Mrs. Spalding was moulding bullets,

and the three friendly Indians stood watching through the chinks between the logs. They saw the hideous company halt, saw the chief raise his arm and point toward the musket. Tom had heard that musket speak in the forest, and when it spoke a deer fell. For two hours the braves stood, muttering, grunting, gesticulating, but Tom did not begin the attack, he had heard the musket and he knew its power. All this time Franklin Spalding paced the narrow porch; though his body was frail, his courage was undaunted, and armed with that old-fashioned musket he was stronger than Hercules. Superstition is firmly implanted in the Indian breast, and now superstition gained the mastery over hatred, and the band of warriors withdrew, subdued but not conquered, while the anxious watchers looked after them until the gay blankets grew dim in the mist.

A few days later, Mrs. Spalding said, quietly, "Franklin, the flour and groceries are almost gone, and we have been using parched wheat for coffee for two weeks." "It is a trip of almost two hundred miles to Oregon City, and the oxen are so slow it will take two weeks. How can I leave you and the children here so long?" There was a look of pain in Mr. Spalding's eyes, but his voice was calm.—What if the Indians should come while he was gone?

Mrs. Spalding read the thought and said bravely: The Indians will not come again. I think they are afraid of the musket, even James would not go near it. Leave me the musket, and I will feel safe. We have not seen old Tom for a week, and the Indians in the other village are friendly." She did not know it, but she was trying to quiet her own fears while comforting her husband.

Early the next morning the oxen plodded over the frosty meadows, and the white-faced man in the wagon sat looking back until he could no longer see the little cabin on the hillside. The mother stood on the little porch holding the two little girls by the hand, watching the slow moving wagon until it was a mere speck in the distance. A lump came into her throat; Oh! if she could only cry! But there were the children, so she sang instead a merry jingle from Mother Goose, and the little drooping faces

brightened up again.

How slowly the two weeks dragged! The days were bright and beautiful, the valley glowed with color, the sun dropped behind the western hills in a blaze of crimson and gold, then the sky turned grey and the night came on. But in the woman's heart there was always the terror like the grey of the twilight, though her lips sang merry songs to the little girls. In the nights there were strange sounds in the forest and the lonely mother lay listening for stealthy footsteps.

How many brave things there are in the world that go unrecorded! The trials, the sacrifices, the beautiful patience of the pioneer woman can never be told! What they have endured God only knows.

The long fortnight was almost spent. Tomorrow night Mr. Spalding would be at home. It was a perfect autumn day. The valley lay ablaze with color, its golden heart fluttering in the sunlight. Splashes of red vine maple mingled with the yellow of the alders. The river carried the reflection of the blue sky and the soft white clouds with it on its journey past alder and maple, and dark-green fir, on toward the purple mountains. The leaves fell with a gentle murmur like a sigh. Nature's holiday was drawing to a close. Mrs. Spalding sat on the porch with Alice and Bessie. Alice was reading in the slow, childish fashion from an old primer on her mother's knee, and the mother was bending over her tenderly. Alice looked up from her reading.

"Won't father be 'sprised?" she asked happily.

"Yes, my dear, he will be very proud of his good little daughter," Mrs. Spalding answered, smiling into the eager little face. "Bessie won't you say your letters now?"

"Sh! mother you will wake her up," whispered Bessie. "Wait till Emma is sound asleep. I'm too busy now," and Bessie rocked violently to and fro, hugging her dear rag doll.

"Bessie, you're such a baby," said Alice in a very grownup way. "Why! mother, there comes James—and two Indians."

Mrs. Spalding realized it all before she looked. They came running around the butte with the swiftness of the wind, James, the slender run-

ner, and the grey-haired Indian in a bright red blanket. Almost before she could see them coming they stood before her.

"The white tyee—where is he? Tom is coming—very soon, tonight. He is angry—he can kill no deer." It was the old man who spoke.

"Mr. Spalding is gone, he will be back tomorrow." Then it came too her like a flash, how anxiously he would watch for the first glimpse into the valley, how his thoughts would run before the plodding oxen, and how at last, he would stand before the mouldering ruins of his home. The Indians stood silent looking at her.—She was only a woman, what could she do? Mechanically she walked into the house and took the musket from the wall. Then she heard the children sobbing; poor little things, they were frightened, so she soothed them tenderly; but kept the musket always within reach. She busied herself with the evening meal; she must do something.

The Indians squatted about the fireplace, silent and motionless. The night fell and the silver moon, round and full, hung over the valley. Suddenly the Indians stirred. James rose and looked through a crack between the logs. Mrs. Spalding grasped the musket, praying silently for strength. James turned. "The white tyee," he said, for there was the old ox team, drawing the white covered wagon. It seemed a long time to Mrs. Spalding before her husband entered the cabin. He told her, hurriedly, that he had travelled from earliest dawn to dark every day, that he might reach home sooner.

There was the agony of waiting now, but they were together.

It was about eleven when the warriors came, in their war toggery, looking more hideous than ever in the bright moonlight. They stood in a half-circle in front of the cabin. In the center stood Tom, motionless as a bronze statue; on his right a youth with eagle feathers in his head dress; on his left, a tall Indian brandishing a tomahawk.

And as they stood there, cruel, impatient, thirsting for blood, the white man paced the porch with the old musket at his shoulder. Yet in all their savage strength they stood until the mystery of the musket and the something in

the white man that they could not understand, that something which made them call him tyee (chief) conquered, and old Tom strode forward saying in his low gutturals:

"Let us smoke the peace pipe." "Close tum-tum," he said again.

Several times during the succeeding winter months, Tom brought presents of venison and fish to the cabin. He had made the compact of peace; he was willing to abide by it. To his untaught mind, the white man, a being better and wiser than himself, seemed almost a god. This Boston had conquered him, conquered the chief of the tribe, not by visible strength; but by some strength hidden, vague, mysterious. What the power of the man was, what the secret of the musket he could not tell, but the power was there and that was enough to rouse veneration in his savage breast.

It was the conflict of the ages, civilization against savagery; and now civilization conquered.

Fifty years have passed. Still the snowy Three Sisters guard the valley; still the bright Willamette glides past mountains, woodland and meadow on to join the great "Father of Waters;" but the wigwam is gone from the forest; the chief is with his fathers; even the pioneer's cabin has vanished from the hillside. On the spot where the little home stood the pioneer's great grandchild toddles about in the sunshine. And now when the autumn mist comes creeping over the foothills, it settles on newly-plowed brown earth, on grain field and orchard and pleasant farm houses. It wraps its soft folds lovingly about the roofs of a little city, a happy, peaceful city, set like a jewel in the hollow of the foothills, a pioneer's legacy to his fellowmen.

Thomas Harkness.

Thomas Harkness was very tired.

The mountain road had never before seemed so steep and so dreary. Just around the clump of oaks before him was the Bronson place; his own was two miles further on. But his face wore an expectant smile, and the look in his eyes grew more and more eager as he neared the sudden turn in the road. The oaks were passed and a tiny log cabin met his view, and all about it flamed the flowers of early summer.

At the gate was a dirty and rosy maid whose eyes grew large with welcome as she saw the dusty form toiling up the road.

She trotted down the road to meet him and as she came back, her hand in his she told him all her dog's misdeeds, and all about the little black chickens that had been hatched that very morning. When they came to the gate, she checked him as he would have gone on, and begged him to stay with her "just a little hour."

Her father came out of the cabin and seconded her so heartily that Harkness yielded, and with Ellen on his shoulder, entered the low door of the Bronson cabin. Mrs. Bronson welcomed him warmly; a new neighbor was a great gain in the mountains of Washington county, if he was of the right sort, and this, Harkness seemed to be.

When the simple dinner was over and Thomas Harkness was ready to go, his neighbor went up the road to see a fence that his cattle had broken through. On his return home that evening, he told his wife the little he had learned from Harkness' talk of his former life.

He had been a trader in the Sandwich Islands for several years; all alone but for his motherless little daughter. She died, and he had come back to America.

"She was a sight like Ellen, Harkness says," remarked John Bronson, "and poor fellow, he

didn't feel much like staying in those parts any longer, so he came back here and made for the mountains. He does seem to set a sight by Ellen. That was how he came to tell me, for I was speaking of it."

Thomas Harkness sat alone in his rudely furnished cabin that night and thought. The old days he had fled from, were with him yet in fancy. He sighed heavily at times, and looked hopelessly out at the clear, cold, stars and the dark-massed firs beneath them. His mood changed, the weight on his chest lightened as he thought of little Ellen Bronson and her aimless chatter. "She is so like her," he muttered and relapsed into silence. But an ill-defined purpose began to shape itself before him. Why could he not do for Ellen all he had planned to do for ———. He rose suddenly and went out into the night. As he paced back and forth beneath the faint star-shadow of a fir tree, his purpose became a fixed resolution. He threw back his shoulders and faced the western breeze coming cool and strong from the sea. It gave him new life and new heart; he absorbed a strange sense of power from all about him, the infinite stars, the great low song of the firs, and the limitless night. He had found something to live for; the world seemed to have changed its face, and his heart was lighter than it had been for years.

Within an hour he re-entered his cabin. As soon as he had crossed its threshold, his buoyancy left him. A strange indefinite sense of oppression stifled him; an oppression the more dread because it was causeless. He could not conquer it; could not account for it. After a few hours' struggle it left him as suddenly and unaccountably as it had come.

The next few days he devoted himself unceasingly to work. The clearing on his little ranch grew larger day by day, and his energy never failed him. For the most part his heart was buoyant and strong, but now and again he would be attacked by a nameless dread, which seemed more and more oppressive each time he experienced it. He told his neighbor Bronson of it on one of his infrequent visits to the little mountain home below him; but his neighbor assured him that it was only the mountains

and the sense of strangeness to which he had not yet become accustomed.

The friendship between Ellen and Thomas Harkness increased rapidly. While he was with the Bronsons he could not bear her out of his sight and she grew to have a regard for him that was almost uncanny in so small a child.

One evening as he came down the mountain road, she ran up to meet him, stumbling now and again. When she reached him, he took her in his arms and carried her back to the cabin. They sat on the bench in the twilight, and Harkness told her stories of life in the great city beyond the mountains; of women in strange, rich dress, with precious stones on their necks and in their hair; "Would you like to see them?" he said. "Yes," answered the child as she put her hand in his, and rested her sleepy head upon his arm. "Well, may be you will, and be dressed as well as the best of them," replied he after a long pause; but she was fast asleep and he got no answer. He tenderly carried her home.

As he climbed the lonely trail that night in the darkness, his heart was full of hope for Ellen's future, and he thought long of the time when she would be a true woman fitted for a life far broader than the one that seemed to lie before her.

After a peaceful sleep he woke in the radiance of a midsummer morning and hastened to his work. First he went to the bench where he kept the water and the wash-pan, filled the pan and bared his arms to wash. As he did so he noticed a gray-white patch just above the hollow of his arm, and at that sight he was like one stunned. He sat down on the threshold of his cabin, looked out on the rising sun and glorified snow-peaks in the rosy east. It was all a mockery. He groaned, dropped his face in his hands, and sat there motionless. The pitiless sun looked down upon him; and as it rose, the summer heat beat mercilessly on his uncovered head. The mountain squirrel chattered in a harsh unmeaning way, and the sea breeze began to come from the west. Not until the shadows moved from the west to the east and covered his grey head did he rise.

When he took his hands from before his face

it was grim with decision and despair. He began to work fiercely, bringing everything he had ever used into the cabin and piling them on the floor. When this was finished he set fire to his house and watched it burn through the long starlit night, taking great care that the fire should not spread into the woods near by. When that which had been his house sank into a mass of harmless embers the morning sun had again risen. He passed down the mountain road once more, and before long came in sight of the Bronson cabin. Grimy and blackened as he was, little Ellen knew him, and, as he passed, came running out to meet him. "Ellen," he cried in a voice so terrified the child that she stopped and began to cry. "Ellen," and then he turned from her with uncertain steps, groaned "Unclean, unclean," and passed rapidly down the road.

The way down the mountain and across the plain was a long and fearful journey. But Thomas Harkness never faltered. He staggered over miles of dusty road under a cloudless and burning sky. He muttered unceasingly to him-

self and whenever one passed him cried out, "Unclean, unclean," in such a voice that all who heard him thought him mad.

When he reached Forest Grove at last, and made his way to the home of a doctor, the afternoon was well nigh done. He staggered up the walk rang the bell and then retreated to the gate. When the doctor came to the door, he cried out again, "Unclean, unclean," and then composing himself said slowly, "I am a leper; what is there that I can do?" And his strength left him and he fell upon his face across the walk.

Far up in the mountains, little Ellen Bronson lives and is happy; she has long ceased to stand at the gate and look up the mountain road to see if Thomas Harkness will come down; he is wholly forgotten. But on the island of Molokae, far out on the Pacific, there is a man who often goes to the eastern shore of the little isle, looks across the shimmering ocean and thinks of a little mountain road, and suddenly calls out, "Ellen, Ellen;" but again drops his head and mutters, "Unclean, unclean."

Items of Interest.

PACIFIC COAST STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

There have been three Summer Schools held on this coast under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The University of Oregon has had representatives at each session. Mr. Patterson and I had the privilege of attending this year, being the only ones from the state. The Conference met at Pacific Grove, California, for ten days of most successful work.

The leaders this year were C. C. Michener and C. K. Ober, both from the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., with headquarters in Chicago, H. B. Sharnan, also on the committee, and and head of the Bible Study department of the Association, and Mr. St. John, of the North-

Western University. Each day a platform address was given by an outside speaker. These speakers were Dr. Beard of San Francisco, Dr. McClish, President of the University of the Pacific, Dr. Minton, President of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, and Dr. Chapman of Oakland.

From such leaders nothing but success can come. These men, whose lives are devoted to the systematic work of the Y. M. C. A., have a wonderful power in energizing students and giving their work a tangible form and definite plans.

The ten days were devoted to the acquiring of plans and methods for Christian work in the colleges during the coming year. The lectures

were principally in outline left to be filled out by the hearers themselves. Four departments were taken up, each under the charge of a specialist: Missionary Work, Bible Study, Association Work, and Life Work. An hour a day was devoted to each department.

The afternoons were given up entirely to recreation. Through the plans of the recreation committee some very pleasant afternoons were spent, among which were the ones given to the "seventeen mile drive" whose great natural beauty is well known, the enjoyable hours in the Del Monte baths, on tennis courts and at the field meet.

In general, the influences derived from the Conference may be summarized under three heads: Fellowship, plans, and deepening of spiritual life.

It is truly a valuable experience to associate for ten days with such a body of college men and under such circumstances. And the fellowship of the leaders—college graduates who are in touch with the whole college movement and whose lives exemplify the words, "To me to live in Christ"—theirs is a fellowship never to be forgotten.

The importance of plans is vital, embodying as they do every department of the work. Those plans are the crystallized experience of all the different branches of the Association movement since its beginning.

The third benefit is a natural consequence of two preceeding. In the thought of Mr. Michener, "The studying of the word and plans of God is driving men back to Christ." Spiritual insight is deepened and the great privilege of christian work among college students is brought home with emphasis.

HOMER D. ANGELL.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE FIELD MEET.

At 2:30 o'clock the half-mile men walked slowly to the scratch, the pistol sounded, and the great contest was on. In just two minutes and five seconds, Kenworthy of Pacific College, struck the tape, with Wilkins, W. U., and Kuney, U. of O. only a few yards behind. Kenworthy ran with a pretty stride and made a

beautiful finish. Wilkins and Kuney ran exceptionally well for beginners.

The hundred yard dash was next and as Kuykendall walked out on the track, he received a stirring round of applause from our delegation. He got a poor start, but nevertheless succeeded in finishing a good second to Crawford, the O. A. C. man, and beating Guiss, the speedy sprinter from Willamette.

In the mile walk the two first places went to Huffman and Stowall, both of O. A. C., and the third to Oscar Hemenway. Things were beginning to look bright for Corvallis now, as they had eleven points to our four. But what a change came over her delegation when Kuykendall and White won us seven points in the low hurdle, and Smith and Wagner added three more in the shot put. The first place in this event went to Reuben Sanders, of Willamette.

The next event was the quarter-mile run which was won by Redmond, of Pacific College, in the fast time of fifty-one seconds. He is a beautiful runner and has a long, clean stride. Williams, of Willamette, and Stites, of O. A. C., won the other places in this event, it being the only one in which the U. of O. failed to score.

In the hammer throw, our brawny Dick Smith hurled the leaden missile 111 feet and 1 inch, which was far enough to win and also add 7 feet and 8 inches to the old record. Smith's work was phenomenal, inasmuch as it is his first year with the hammer. Elgin, of O. A. C., won second, with a good throw of 106 feet, and Bodine, O. A. C., won third, with 101 feet to his credit. Our team was ahead now and pandemonium reigned in the Eugene section, the "Rah, Rah, Rah, Oregon," being heard above the din and roar.

In the mile run Read, U. of O., kept losing ground until the half post was reached when he was twenty-five yards behind the bunch. He ran harder in the third quarter and as the men turned into the home stretch he lengthened out his stride. When the hundred yard mark was reached, Colt, O. A. C., was well in the lead and the familiar "Zip, Boom, Boe," was given with a will by the Corvallis delegation. But suddenly little Read seemed to come as if shot from a cannon, and breasted the tape several yards in

advance of Colt amid the wild cheering of the Eugene rooters. Wilkins of Willamette won third place.

But the greatest victory of the day was when our hero, Kuykendall, won the 220 yard dash. He had not trained for this race and only decided to run a few minutes before the race was called. He ran in beautiful form, and not only broke the inter-collegiate record, but established a new Northwest record of 22 2-5 seconds.

The Eugene rooters shrieked themselves hoarse now and cheer after cheer was sent up as the finest college athlete that Oregon ever produced was borne to the dressing room on the shoulders of his enthusiastic comrades. Crawford and Redmond won the other places, and both came in under record-breaking time. Spencer, U. of O. was fourth man and did good work for a novice.

The next field event was the pole vault, in which Heater and Hobson, both of Pacific College, tied for first place, the third going to Harry Senders, U. of O. All three men are beautiful vaulters.

The two-mile bicycle race was a beauty from start to finish and was won easily by Scott, U. of O., in 5 minutes and 32 seconds. Beatty, W. U., was second and Bradley, U. of O., after pacing for more than a mile, pulled up and won third place. On the second trial of the broad jump, Kuykendall again covered himself with glory by leaping through the air for a distance of 20 feet 6½ inches. This not only won, but added one-half inch to the record. Guiss and Buckingham, of Willamette, won the remaining points.

Buckingham and Sanders, of Willamette, won first and second places in the high jump, and Knox, U. of O., tied with Heater, P. C., for third place.

The high hurdle race was run in two heats, Kuykendall, McBride, White, and Heater qualifying for the final trial. McBride drew out and White, Kuykendall, and Heater, settled the event by mutual consent, each man receiving point in the order named.

The final score gave the University or Oregon 48½, Willamette University 23, Oregon Agricultural College 21, and Pacific College 19½ points.

Kuykendall won 19 out of the 48½ points that the U. of O. scored.

When the final score was announced, the two happiest men in Oregon were trainer Trine and manager Galloway. Both men had worked hard for the boy's success and their honest efforts are appreciated by the members and friends of the team. Trainer Trine can hold his own with any similar trainer on the coast and Mr. Galloway is a business manager of no mean ability.

C. N. McARTHUR.

FORMAL CLOSING OF THE EUGENE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

On May 22, a large audience assembled at the First Christian church to be present at the for-closing of the third year of The Eugene Divinity School.

After the usual opening exercises, which included a solo by Miss Emily Meserve, Rev. M. L. Rose spoke briefly of the work of the school since its beginning in 1895. On account of the length of the course no one has yet been graduated from the school.

Dr. C. H. Chapman, President of the U. of O., then testified to the pleasant relations existing between the University and the Divinity School. He complimented the church on its business acumen in establishing a school where its students could have the benefits of the University training. He spoke at length of the liberal position the church held as regards to the Bible doctrines and the great scientific problems of the day. In closing he expressed the hope that other churches would take advantage of the opportunity afforded and assured them a hearty welcome from the University authorities.

Dr. E. C. Sanderson then delivered the annual address. He took for his text I James, 2:2, "And the things thou hast heard of me among many witnesses the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also." He said in part, "the New Testament emphatically favors careful preparation on the part of the ministry. This is seen in the training of the twelve and in the choosing of an educated man, Paul, when it was necessary to add to the apostles one who had not been the Savior's con-

stant companion. The reason for the success of Luther, Wesley, Campbell, and other reformers is that they were great through the power received from God through the Bible. The Bible is itself the reformer of reforms. The Bible is coming to be praised more and more for its literary value. No work is of more value as a text on Sociology and Ethics. Its greatest value to us, however, is in the fact that it reveals the will of God."

OBJECT AND HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL.

The Eugene Divinity School opened October 6, 1895. Between that time and the present a half block of ground has been purchased, a commodious building erected, an excellent theological library established and an endowment fund begun.

Its object is to train young men and women in methods of Christian work and to give a practical, working knowledge of the Bible. It is open to persons without regard to denominational affiliation. There is no organic connection between the school and the University.

EXCHANGES.

HIS NATIVE ELEMENT.

Kitty:—"Tom is down south this winter, and he has just sent me the loveliest little alligator."

Ada:—"How are you going to keep him?"

Kitty:—"I don't know; but I've put him in Florida water until I hear from Tom."

Signal for action—America expects every man to do his Spaniard.

'Twas the day of examination,
His face was serene enough
As he took his place;
But, Oh, Heaven, grant grace!
He'd forgotten to wear his cuffs.

'Evolution,' quoth the monkey,
'Makes all mankind our kin;
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose, and heads they win.'

Four brave boys,
Soldiers they wished to be.
One wasn't old enough,
So there were three.

Three brave boys
Fighting wished to do.
One's father told him "no,"
Then there were two.

Two brave boys
Left to fire a gun.
One came home,
Then there was one.

One brave boy
Left all alone.
He has enlisted,
The rest are at home.

EDITORIAL.

University of Oregon Monthly.

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M. L. APPLGATE, AGNES ADAMS,
Associate Editors.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MONTHLY is, as its name signifies, a monthly paper published throughout the school year by the STUDENT BODY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.

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With a deep feeling of relief, mingled with regret, the present staff finishes its year's work on the MONTHLY. Honest labor brings its own

reward, and we cannot complain if neglect, and lack of interest at times have brought theirs. The varying standards of literary taste among our readers have made it hard to please all. Some say we have too many stories and not enough discussions and theses; others, that we neglect the current events of the University and the rest of the world, and that we should have more news; on the other hand, we sometimes hear a complaint against class notes as being of but local interest, and a demand for more fiction; and not the least of our troubles is the lack of jokes and humor.

A very satisfactory solution, no doubt, though perhaps a difficult one to carry out, has presented itself to several minds. It includes the conducting of two papers, a monthly of strictly literary nature, and a weekly for news, practical discussion on topics of general or local interest, and especially devoted to athletics and debate. A number of institutions have also a daily paper, a luxury quite beyond our present needs.

To carry out this plan of supporting two papers, will require hard work from someone, rather from many, yes, from all of our students. Yet no more valuable application of our literary training can be found, than the work of writing for a high class college paper. To the excellence of such a paper, either monthly or weekly, there need be no limit, except that placed upon it by a limited interest and energy among its supporters.

We can confidently point to much of the material of the MONTHLY during the past year as being of high order. Undoubtedly, such has been the character of contributions from members of the faculty and the alumni. Not less truly can it be said that much of the work of the students deserves great praise.

Considering the work done in the past by students and the work which may be done by well-directed efforts, the present staff retires with full confidence in the future prosperity of the paper. With deepest gratitude for all assistance whether in the form of contributions, subscriptions, ads., words of encouragement, or criticisms not intended for our hearing, we bid our readers "farewell, and glory go with you."

★ ★ ★ ★

One strong influence which makes for the bettering of the MONTHLY, and one which the year's experience has led us to appreciate very highly, is the power behind the throne, or the committee on supervision from the faculty. Blemishes of style not perceived by the inexperienced eye of the student, especially by the eye of the author, are pointed out and removed; linguistic monstrosities are denied admittance; diction, thought and incident falling beneath the dignity of a State University paper are mercilessly, yet justly, and in a sense even mercifully eliminated.

To admit without question all matter that might come in from a heterogeneous collection of students of varying ages, tastes, and stages of development, would indicate either an unwarranted belief in a literary utopia in the institution, or an unwarrantable carelessness in the management of the paper.

The belief in a utopia we do not have, and only the needed precautions have been taken against the possibility of carelessness, oversight, and imperfect judgment on the part of the staff, and the contributors. We cannot estimate too highly the value of suggestions, criticisms, and repressions which have come to us with the sole aim of raising the MONTHLY to a higher degree of literary excellence and purity.

★ ★ ★ ★

Undoubtedly the leading article of the year's edition is Dr. Chapman's literary lecture on Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

★ ★ ★ ★

Musicians especially will be interested in the article on "Program Music," on page 12. In this Mr. Nash gives his views as to the character

of the impressions to be produced by the interpretation of music of the higher class. Those of us who enjoying such music, but lament our inability to define and classify the various sensations arising while listening to its performance, will find consolation in the fact that perhaps this very indescribability of our feelings indicate a truer appreciation than would an ability to catalogue loves, hopes, faiths, charities, and meditations in definite form.

★ ★ ★ ★

The absence of the Senior faces from our pages will probably be conspicuous. The class of '98 is too modest for such display; in fact they showed great embarrassment when the subject was brought up, a kind of embarrassment quite common among students for a few days before the first of each month.

★ ★ ★ ★

The new cover in which our Commencement number appears was designed for us by Miss Fannie Condon, a short time before her death which we recorded in the December number.

★ ★ ★ ★

Few gifts could be more highly appreciated than the beautiful painting presented to the University by Miss Adams of '98. The painting represents a forest scene. In the foreground lies a dark, quiet pool, surrounded by old moss-covered trees. Beyond the pool a green bank covered with wild flowers slopes gently away among the trees. At one side a huge rock towers up with scattered, clinging masses of green moss; and some smaller rocks are completely covered with an emerald coating. The evening sky, with delicately tinted clouds, appears through rifts among the tree-tops. The last rays of sunlight streaming obliquely through the openings in the forest, fall in bright gleams upon the rough trunks, the green earth, and light up the dark waters of the pool.

The effort as a whole is very refreshing, the excellent perspective giving a remarkable appearance of reality. The details are worked out with fineness and care, and reveal new beauties on a closer inspection.

The work was done by Miss Adams' mother.

The picture is 36 inches by 54 inches, and will be hung in Villard Hall, where it will be a constant reminder of the kind and generous thought of Mrs. Adams and of the affection of Miss Adams for her Alma Mater. The University accepts this beautiful gift with the deepest appreciation of the interest and regard it represents.

JUNIOR CLASS.

The Junior Exhibition was held on Friday evening, May 6. The day had been most beautiful. Our flag had spread its lavender and cream to the strong breeze, and no envious Freshman had tried to steal it. In the evening it hung above the platform, reminding the speakers that, whatever fame they may win in the future, they can always proudly look back to this Junior Day and the honors of their first public orations. And the speakers were fully equal to the occasion. Not one mistake was made. Everything went off smoothly and without a hitch.

The Sophomores managed the ushering and decorating, and showed by the tasteful arrangements that though their number is small, their ability more than made up for it. "Quality, not quantity," should be their motto.

The subjects of the orations were: "Tennyson," by Miss Renshaw; "Simplicity, an attribute of greatness," by Miss Griffin; "Roger Williams," by Mr. Barber; "Demosthenes," by Miss Murray; "Holland," by Mr. Bryson; "A man's a man for a' that," by Mr. Gilbert; "The Magna Charter," by Mr. Read.

As I write this, the thought comes to me that there is only a week more of this year. In a few days we separate, perhaps forever. But we meet again next fall, you say. No, not all of us. Many have gone to war. Many have left college, to teach or study their professions, and besides, how we shall miss the Seniors! How can we get along without their high-flown remarks about their forty-page philosophy lessons, and their everlasting orations? But then, we will be Seniors ourselves next year.

EUTAXIANS.

Although all the girls have been busy with

the work of the fast closing year, the meetings of our society have greatly increased in interest, this past month.

The new officers, just elected, are: President, Maude Cornwall; vice-president, Bertha Slater; secretary, Sadie Baum; assistant secretary, Katherine McCarter; treasurer, Zida Goldsmith; censor, Lillian Ackerman; editor, Dasie Allaway; sergeant-at-arms, Cora Patten.

The society had a very interesting meeting a few weeks ago. The musical program was excellent and then the contest, which followed was not one of words—it was one of ability to to eat ice cream—on a cold day. The ice cream was excellent and with it and angel cake the society feasted. An Angell-ic visitor from the Laureans brightened the scene, yet the Eutaxians sat around shivering.

That the fear of punishment has not a greater effect on human conduct than the hope of reward, has just been positively settled. Arguing from example it was stated, that it is not the fear of a fine that brings the faithful Eutaxian to her place each week; it is the hope of the reward which will come with the prosperity of the society.

The Seniors, as has long been their custom, will take charge of the next program and all look forward to this as the crowning meeting of the year. The Seniors have been our most faithful members and with this meeting they leave us. We are sad at the parting for we realize what they have been to the society.

This has been a prosperous and successful year. But it has passed and we must already anticipate the new. For the new year we make one plea. Girls, when you plan for your next year's work remember the Eutaxians. Enter while you are in the beginning years, and both you and the society will profit more than if you waited until your Junior year as many have previously been doing.

SENIOR DAY PROGRAM.

Music.....	Theresa Friendly.
Senior Work in the Society of past year	
.....	Florence Watkins.
Reading.....	Agnes Adams.
Music.....	Henrietta Lauer.
Recitation.....	Lillian Ackerman.

Reading.....	Cora Pattee.
Recitation.....	Etta Eastland.
Music.....	Sadie Baum.
Reading.....	Blanche Taylor.
Seniors' Farewell.....	Julia Hill.

PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.

We were four years old on the 14th of October, 1897. We had grown strong and well, and when school began in September of '97, it marked the beginning of the most prosperous year of the Philologian Literary Society's life.

On Friday morning of September 24, our first meeting of this year, thirty-five responded to the evening's roll call. As the year closes our membership includes about fifty-five young men. Members leave our halls each year to assume other and broader responsibilities as active citizens of our own and other states, better, more loyal, and able for the work here accomplished.

Our last nine months of work, owing to the excitement caused by a general disturbance of state and national affairs, has had to do with those issues which have been first in the eyes of the people. Hence our questions for debate have principally been of a political nature. Prepared addresses have been given by some of the ablest citizens, professors and teachers of our town. The subjects treated have touched art, science, politics, literature, and religion. There are no questions which we think too narrow for investigation, and none too broad to discuss, and each member has the privilege of giving his views to the society for consideration.

We have met with our sister Eutaxians once and next year hope to arrange for joint discussion with both Eutaxians and Laureans.

During the past school year our hall has been furnished with electric lights, water, and other modern improvements, so that our place of meeting is pleasant and convenient. We have purchased a good bookcase to protect our excellent volumes which form a nucleus for what soon will be a good library. We are free from any indebtedness. We are proud of our membership.

Though this school year has brought us our greatest advancement, still it has wrought the greatest changes. Many Philologians will never

meet here again. Some of our boys are thousands of miles away from us. No sooner had the call for volunteers come, than eight Philologians, without a regret for the sacrifice, enlisted in response to duty's call. We are proud of these fellows. We had no better members. They are of the right stuff, and there are others where they came from. Those who enlisted from our society were: Moray L. Applegate, J. C. Booth, Willard Elkins, Arthur Gamber, Arthur Gilleland, Clyde Gray, Ralph Knapp, and Earl Sanders. We long to welcome these boys back again. Only one, Mr. Booth, had completed his work at the University.

Now as we are rejoicing over the victory of the U. of O. track team in the inter-collegiate meet, we find that our society had among its members the following: Manager Galloway, L. T. Bradley, R. S. Bryson, Allen Eaton, O. E. Hemenway, Harry Senders, Bert Whipple, Will White, Leslie Scott and Walter Whittlesey.

The first Glee Club to make a tour from an Oregon college was from our own university. In December, 1897, the club gave concerts at the principal cities of Western Oregon and made a successful trip. The boys from the Philologian society, were W. Gilbert Beattie, Allen Eaton, Clyde V. Fogle, Chas. Galloway, Arthur Gilleland, Frank White, Earl Sanders and Joseph Van Winkle.

In the debating team sent by this college to the inter-collegiate debate at Salem in January of '98, we were represented by M. L. Applegate and W. L. Whiteley; and the orator from the University of Oregon in '98 was Herbert Murch, a Philologian.

And last, as the class of 1898 steps out into the busy world to cope with the problems which present themselves, we will send Lewis R. Alderman, W. Hyde Stalker, Clyde V. Fogle, Perry Overton, Frank P. White, Herbert S. Murch, Mahlon Day and W. S. Young.

LAUREAN SOCIETY.

Another year in the history of Laureans has passed. It has been a year of successful work.

As usual we must lose our quota of the outgoing classes. There are sixteen men in the class of '98, of which the following eight are

Laureans: A. A. Cleveland, Howard Davis, Wm. Grimes, Philo Holbrook, D. V. Kuykendall, John D. Newsome, Madison Curtis Harris, and B. B. Richards.

Seniors, we are loath to see you depart from us. Now while you are most able to give us aid and instruction in our work you must go. But to reflect, upon our aim as a society, we can only be glad to see you go and take honored stations in our state and nation, knowing well that the training you have received upon the floor among us will better equip you to perform the duties that may devolve upon you. And now as you go to take your places with the Laureans who have gone before you, take with you our best wishes.

It would not be fitting to close the record of our year's work without making mention of those of us who responded to the country's call. The following Laureans are on their way to Manila: Philo Holbrook, Howard Davis, Louis St. Elmo Hooker, Condon McCornack, and John D. Newsome.

Y. M. C. A.

Prospective students will find the Annual Hand Book of great help to them. It will be sent, free, to any one who desires a copy. Address, College Y. M. C. A., Eugene, Oregon.

The Fall Campaign Committee will meet incoming trains of the Autumn Semester in order to give as much help as possible to the students. Young men who contemplate entering the U. of O. will do well to correspond with this committee in regard to boarding places, etc.

The Book Exchange will be conducted again. Students having second-hand books to sell and those desiring to purchase the same find this a great convenience and a saving of money as well.

The Train Reception Committee, next fall, will wear yellow badges. Ask for any information you desire.

Elmer M. Patterson, '02, and H. D. Angell, '00, were the association representatives at the Pacific Coast Conference, Pacific Grove, California. In point of numbers and depth of spirituality

this conference surpasses either of its predecessors. A conference in Oregon for the Pacific North-West is now our cry.

Secretary J. A. Dummett spent Sunday with us recently. He is now in attendance at the Secretaries' Conference in Winona, Indiana, and from there will go to the World's Conference at Basle, Switzerland. His visits to us are always greatly enjoyed.

We are beginning several new lines of good work this year and have endeavored to strengthen the work already begun. We hope to be able to give a more homelike appearance to our room by the addition of new curtains, a carpet, and an organ. This is the first year we have given anything to Foreign Missions and our offering will go to the work of the International Committee in foreign lands. In Missionary study our semester's work was done in the regular students' volunteer course. Four young men expect to devote their lives to the cause of foreign missions.

In Bible study we used Sharman's "Life of Christ." The same course, with one or two additional courses, will be given next year. No student should take so much work that he does not have time for Bible study or missionary study.

Friends of missions and those who realize the great necessity of a good Bible education should consider the fact that the association needs at least twenty-five volumes in both its missionary and Bible libraries. Contributions of books or of money will be gratefully received.

Many persons seem to think that Christian young people should not be sent to State Universities on account of the lack of Christian influence at such institutions. If all such would examine our work we believe that their opinions would change. However, to carry on our work more successfully we need a new building. Three thousand dollars would erect a suitable structure and we confidentially expect that in a few years some one whom God has blessed with riches will give at least a part of this sum. No more enduring monument could be erected to the memory of a loved one.



W. GIFFORD NASH.

MR. NASH studied the piano for four years in Europe as a specialty. In Leipzig, Germany, he studied for one year in the Conservatorium, then for three years with the celebrated teacher, Professor Martin Krause, and later with Julien Pascal, of London, England.

TERMS FOR PIANO LESSONS:—\$1.00 per lesson. For students not able to afford \$1.00 lessons, good instruction can be had for fifty cents per lesson from the most advanced of those studying with Mr. Nash, and along the same lines of study as

those given by him. Such students have the advantage of having a lesson once a month from Mr. Nash free in the presence of the teacher.

PRESS NOTICES.—“Mr. Nash at the piano is a true artist, and his excellent execution and touch were well displayed in the difficult selections rendered.”—Daily Astorian.

“His playing showed a thorough mastery of his Art.”—Salem Statesman.

“Mr. Nash possesses wonderful powers of memorizing, as was shown during the entire program. The closing number was the Hungarian Fantasia, by Liszt, with the orchestral parts on second piano by Miss Dorris. The wonderful execution in this piece was a marvel, and it proved a fitting climax for this recital.”—Eugene Guard.

“All were unanimous in expressing their appreciation of Mr. Nash's playing, he played with so much expression and feeling.”—Corvallis Gazette.

“Mr. Nash made himself a favorite by his skillful manipulation of the keys. The gem of the concert being his playing of the Concerto by Grieg.”—Daily Oregonian.

“Mr. Nash's playing is everywhere spoken of in enthusiastic praise.”—Pacific Empire.

“His touch is true but sensitive and very sympathetic.”—Albany Democrat.

“The Concerto in C minor by Beethoven with Miss Benetta Dorris at the second piano brought out the classical characteristics of the greatest of classical composers in a manner which was a revelation to the audience, and was received in a most appreciative manner.”—Eugene Register.

The University of Oregon.

At Eugene.

Tuition Free. Incidental Fee \$10.00 per Year.

Boarding, Lodging, Heat and Light in the Dormitory, \$2.50 per week.

The University has good geological, physicial, chemical, biological and psychological laboratories well supplied with modern apparatus. Extensive courses are offered in all these sciences.

The astronomical observatory offers the means for doing thorough work.

The machine shop, with its tools, lathes, dynamo and engine, offers practical experience to students in the Engineering courses.

The University has the following departments: Metaphysics, Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Psychology, Logic, Economics, History, Greek, German, Latin, French, English Literature, Rhetoric, Elocution, Physical Education, Music, Electricity, Mines, Civil Engineering.

A good gymnasium is open to students and there is regular instructions in classes. Students may take special exercise when they are feeble or deformed.

The University can furnish employment to a few students, which will enable them to earn their expenses. Every effort to aid and encourage students of limited means is made, but no one should enter the University without a small sum of ready money, say \$50.

Catalogues and information free. Address inquiries to

C. H. CHAPMAN, President, Eugene, Oregon.

The University of Oregon.

ENGINEERING COURSE.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.—Courses in applied mathematics, electricity and magnetism, mechanical drawing, mechanics and shop work, with practice in using tools and machinery. A four year's course leading to the bachelor's degree. The University electrical plant and water works furnish excellent opportunities for practical observation in these courses.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.—A course designed for practical men, bridge builders, railroad engineers, irrigation constructors and expert land surveyors.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.—The engineering of machines and machine construction.

MINES AND MINE ENGINEERING.—Each of these courses covers four years of work and leads to the bachelor's degree.

The University has added to its engineering equipment this year a fine dynamo and a Russell engine; also complete light and water plants.

These courses ought to attract large numbers of young men who wish to prepare themselves for lives of practical activity.

Catalogues, circulars and information free. Address

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Oregon.

The University of Oregon.

GRADUATE COURSES.

The University offers a variety of courses leading to the degrees Master of Arts, Master of Science and Master of Letters.

It is hoped that these courses will attract graduates from the Colleges of Oregon to spend one year at least at the State University in advance study.

The principal conditions for these advanced degrees are:

One year of study.

Residence at the University during the year.

Graduating from a good college.

Application before October 1st.

Other conditions are made known in the catalogue.

ADMISSION TO THE UNIVERSITY.

Students desiring to enter the sub-Freshman class in the University must have made preparation equivalent to thirty credits in the following branches: Algebra, geometry, English composition, English literature, physical geography, advanced English grammar, ancient history, or work equivalent to this. After 1897-8 the University will have no class below the eleventh grade.

Credits earned in accredited schools are accepted without an examination. Catalogues and information free. Address

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Oregon.

The University of Oregon.

EXTENSION AND CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

The President of the University has charge of the State Teachers READING CIRCLE. The admission fee is fifty cents, which may be paid to any County Superintendent or sent directly to the University. Ten sets of questions are sent out for each of the works to be read by the Circle. The answers are corrected, graded and returned, if return postage is sent with them. Full information sent free.

The following course of study by correspondence is offered by the University:

First Year.

First half year—Algebra, physical geography, history of Greece, English classics and composition.

Second half year—Algebra, physical geography, history of Rome, English classics and composition

Second Year.

First half year—Algebra, physiology, history of France, English classics and composition.

Second half year—Geometry, botany, history of England, English classics and composition.

Third Year.

First half year—Geometry, chemistry, history of England, Latin.

Second half year—Chemistry, civil government, history of English literature, Latin.

Fourth Year.

First half year—Trigonometry, physics, political economy.

Second half year—Physics, advanced history of the United States, advanced English grammar, Latin.

Students who complete it satisfactorily will be ready for the freshman year. Full information furnished free.