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PACIFIC COLLEGE.



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THE CRESCENT.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

On a gloomy winter day,
When Boreas fierce held sway,
To my window came a bird
Singing merry strains of glee,
Trilling them so light and free--
Sweetest songs were ever heard.

"Tell me little bird," said I
Listening to its joyous cry,
"Why your songs so full of cheer?"
Back the answer came with glee,
"Oh, I'm happy, for, you see,
Christmas time is drawing near."

"Christmas time, forsooth!" I cried—
For my heart was fortified
(By the ills I thought undue)
'Gainst this sweet time of the year.
'Gainst the Christmas joy and cheer—
"What does Christmas bring to you?"

"Oh Christmas time brings joy and mirth,
Then gentle, kindly thoughts give birth
To loving deeds, and cheery words,
Then men's hearts awake to give
To the poor, that all may live,
And remember e'en the birds.

"Then is heard the grand old strain,
'Peace on earth, good will to men'
Rolling on through every clime
Waking thoughts of him who came,
To his life of grief and shame,
At the blessed Christmas time."

Then began my face to burn
That from this birdling I must learn
(Blinded by my bitter pride)
All the lessons that are taught
All the blessings that are wrought
By the joyous Christmas tide.

Birdling with the cunning head,
Well your lesson you have said,
Henceforth I will ponder well,
All the blessings that are mine,
Through this hallowed Christmas time,
Little monitor, farewell.

—Grace Ruan.

SKETCH OF HAWTHORNE.

IN THE old historical town of Salem, Mass., the scene of so much of the history of New England, stands a small dingy house. In this unpretentious building over ninety years ago began the life of one of the great pioneers of American literature.

He was left fatherless at the age of four years. After this sad event his mother, retiring from the world lived a life of seclusion. Thus Hawthorne developed what he afterwards called his "cursed habits of solitude," which clung to him through all his after life. His principal recreation was walking and reading.

When very young he used to invent long stories of what he should do and where he should go when he grew up, always ending his romance by saying in a very solemn tone, "And I'm never coming back again." He had a very deep affection for his mother and when she died his loss was nearly irreparable.

When seventeen years old he entered Bowdoin College. It was while on his way to enter this institution that he became acquainted with Franklin Pierce who remained his life-long friend. For twelve years after leaving college he lived a secluded life in Salem. Here in the old Manning residence was written his "Twice Told Tales."

His brooding and solitary habits which were developed in childhood cast an influence weird and strange over most of his writings. The only poem he is known to have written is one of three stanzas entitled "Moonlight," written while he was in college. This is a very pretty little poem, and we are left to wish that he might have developed farther his poetical genius. When thirty-eight years of age his gloomy life was brightened and his genius inspired by his union with Sophia Peabody. In writing to a friend of his marriage he said, "If you want a new feeling in this weary world get married, it renews the world from the surface to the center."

The newly married pair settled in Concord in that delightful ivy-grown dwelling called the Manse, the scene of "Mosses from an old Mause," written while living there. Here he continued his solitary habits, roaming along the banks of the Concord. Some of his neighbors considered him demented, he would muse so long and silently. Here he became acquainted with other noted men of letters, Emerson, Thoreau, Branson, Alcott and Channing. While performing the, to him, distasteful duties of surveyor in the Custom House at Salem in 1846, he began "The Scarlet Letter." This book was destined to make famous the name of Hawthorne. "The House of the Seven Gables" was considered by Hawthorne himself to be superior to "The Scarlet Letter." This was written while residing at a lonely little farmhouse near Lenox, Mass. This book was founded on the stories of witchcraft, in which hateful art an ancestor of Hawthorne played an important part as Judge in pronouncing sentence upon the accused.

We are told by those best acquainted with Hawthorne that he was not always in a somber mood, but he had quite a vein of humor that he would show at times.

Two of the greatest characteristics of Hawthorne were his strict integrity and his truthfulness.

Although most of his writings have rather a somber hue, yet they are widely read, and are full of interest and we may be instructed and benefited by the perusal of them.

THE SINGING STAR.

IT WAS the day before Christmas Thorwald's mother was very ill. The doctor came into the room and looked at her very seriously through his spectacles, but she grew worse instead of better:

"Unless she can sleep soundly and naturally," he said, "there is no hope for her." Thorwald heard, setting with his great dog Bruno outside the door with his face buried on Bruno's shaggy neck. When at last what seemed ages

to the little boy the door was opened and the doctor tiptoed ponderously across the big hall, he struggled to his feet and bravely suppressed the tears that choked his voice as he asked the good doctor if his mamma was to be taken away and if he could do nothing to keep her here.

"I am afraid she must go, my boy," said the doctor gravely. "You a child, what can you do?"

Just then there was a great sound as the bells in the steeple of the village church pealed forth a joyous Christmas carol for it was Christmas eve, and according to the Norse custom, the bells were "ringing in the festival" and the music came soaring and rushing as when an invisible wing beats through the clear, frosty air. Thorwald stood listening with bowed head, until the bells seemed to take up the doctor's words. "What can you do, what can you do?" Surely that is what they were saying. The little silver bells that rang out the high notes were growing every moment more impatient while the great heavy bell joined them at intervals with the distinct notes of "Thor-wald, Thor-wald." Now they were all going as fast as their stiff iron tongues could wag, "What can you do? What can you do? Thor-wald—what can you do?"

"Ah," said Thorwald, "What can a child do?" Now the church bells had stopped, leaving the air still quivering with the vibrations of sound. The servants stole about on tiptoe and spoke to each other in whispers. The large old fashioned house was very quiet. A dim lamp with a pale blue globe hung in the hallway and cast its light softly upon the old dutch clock that stood on the first landing of the broad oak stairway, and ticked and ticked patiently in the twilight.

The moon had been up for over an hour, though it was only five o'clock in the afternoon and the aurora borealis swept with broad sheets of light through the air like a huge fan with the handle hidden behind the north pole, for Thorwald's home was in Norway and at that season of the year the day is only about four hours long and the night

year the day is only about four hours long and the night twenty.

Poor Thorwald little heeded the brilliancy of the sky that day. He could hear the clock going "tick-tock-tick-tock," and he knew the precious moments were flying. He thought of making a promise to be good all his life long but it occurred to him that before he could prove the sincerity of his promise his mother might be taken away. Clearly there was but one thing to do and that was to see wise Martha, an old woman whom some of the more ignorant villagers called a witch. She was brown and wrinkled like a half roasted apple and reminded Thorwald of the wicked fairy god-mother in the story books. He seized his cap and coat, for the night was bitterly cold, slipped through the great oak door and with his skees strapped firmly to his feet made the journey over the frozen, glistening snow to the little hut with a square hole in the door, in a lonely hollow near the frozen river. When he knocked the square hole was opened, for to open the whole door would have been a wicked waste of heat.

"Oh Martha," cried Thorwald, "My mamma is so very ill that the doctor says she will be taken away from us. When papa took me to see her yesterday she did not know us. What can I do? Oh, help me Martha and I shall love you as long as I live."

"You are a brave little boy," said the old woman, stroking his soft hair with her stiff crooked fingers. Once, child, more than 1800 years ago, a little boy was born in the land of the Jews. The angels came to care for him and the stars sang strange and wonderful songs of praise and one of these stars, the fairest and brightest of all comes to earth and on this night, the eve of Christmas and sings once more the song the angels taught it. It is of white or bluish color and he who sees and hears it siug is granted his dearest wish, but none can see it unless he be pure and good and innocent."

"Oh then I shall never find it," cried Thorwald in great suspense, "for I have often been very wicked. Oh, help me! help me!"

"Well I should try," said the old woman. "You probably were very sorry when you were very naughty.

"Yes, yes," cried the little boy, "and I always begged everyone's pardon.

"Then listen to me," she said leading him to the door. "Yonder is the star of Bethlehem, follow that straight on through the forest and across the frozen river when you have asked for your mother's life, if your prayer is to be granted the star will lead you safely back to your home. It is time now for you to start."

Thorwald seizing his cap eagerly slipped out through the lower panel of the door, leaped to his skes and cast his glance up to the hard cold sky, where glittered the myriads of twinkling stars. He looked toward the east, following the direction of Martha's finger and there beheld one brighter and nearer than the rest. "Thank you he cried," but his words scarcely reached her for he shot like an arrow over the steep bank and out upon the ice. The snow danced and surged about him and the cold stung his face but he hardly minded for there before him, large and radiant upon the horizon was the silver star that was to rescue his dear mother from death. On he went, the world was cold and white around him, the tall pines seemed wrapped in great white ulsters, buttoned straight up to the chin and now hid the star from his straining eyes. But Thorwald only pressed on for he hoped it was coming nearer the earth. Hush what was that? He thought he heard distant voices over the snow and pressed onward though he was beginning to feel very tired. A strange tune in the air led him on and he imagined he heard words moving to a wonderful melody. Was it the star? He hardly dared believe it yet his heart beat joyously at the thought. Ah what was that light? A gleam, a twinkling like a spark

gathering its light into one glittering point. Just then a clear sweet strain of music broke through the air and Thorwald heard distinctly

Lead O star of Bethlehem
Me through death and danger
Unto Christ who on this night
Lay cradled in a manger.

The trees began to assume strange shapes and Thorwald struggled to break through the ring they had made around him. Now he saw plainly the light and strove with all his might. Suddenly the star shone plainly through the underbrush where a flock of children in white robes were dancing about it and singing Christmas carols. Thorwald made one great leap toward it with a loud cry and dropped as though lifeless upon the snow. The white children were children of the earth and not as Thorwald imagined, angels from heaven.

In Norway it is the custom for the children of the poor to go about on Christmas eve carrying a large canvas star with a lantern in it and sing carols before the house of wealthier neighbors when they are invited in to share the Christmas festival. It was a company of these children who now found Thorwald.

"Come," said the eldest, "this is the judge's son." With their knives they made a litter of branches on which they placed Thorwald carrying his skes and proceeded by a small boy bearing the large star, singing their songs he was indeed led home by the star he had so hoped to find.

When Thorwald waked up he was in his own room and the first thing he saw was the kind doctor.

"Mamma," he whispered.

"Come," said the good man, and together they went, slowly, and painfully on Thorwald's part, past the clock on the stair, through the old hall and into his mother's room, where it was terribly silent. Thorwald shuddered and grew sick with dread. To his astonishment he saw an old woman bending over the pillow where his mother lay asleep.

"She will live," whispered the doctor. "Martha's skill has saved her."

When the morrow's sun rose the mother awoke from her sleep and it was indeed a Christmas of joy in the quaint old home of Thorwald, the Judge's son.—*Mabel Cutts.*

THE CRESCENT.

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EDITORIAL.

THE CRESCENT wishes everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and trusts that the vacation lessons may prove as beneficial as those learned in books. The greatest happiness is found in work. Vacation brings to all the needed recreation and stimulant found in social gatherings. But however much these may be enjoyed a few days or a week of festivities are usually willingly relinquished at the end, and all are glad to resume school work.

MANY centuries ago a little band of Christians assembled to celebrate the birth of their Savior. They were locked in their house of worship and the building set on fire. This little incident reminds us that many liberties of thought and action which we now enjoy have been bought with the price of blood. And at this Christmas time when we enjoy festivities with all the ardor of which the young heart is capable, let us not forget to thank God for our freedom.

WHO does not admire a noble character? A character that towers above the petty strifes of daily life and yet finds in ordinary things the true and beautiful? A character that is unselfish and that finds its greatest joy in doing good and pleasing others? There are thousands of such noble men and women in the world today. We daily come in contact with many of them. We can find in our most common place neighbor or in the seemingly unworthy the most noble traits of character and a good motto for the student is—"Strive to exalt the common things of life by making common actions serve a noble end."

WE ARE glad to know that several of our students are making a special study of some branch of Natural Science, aside from the regular school work. Yet we believe there are many others who might engage in some such study with both pleasure and profit. The scientific courses of a college are intended to aid those who are interested in scientific studies, yet in no case can the school work be more than a mere introduction to any of the sciences. So the object of such courses is to create an interest and get the student so started that he will go on and pursue the study independently. Such studies as entomology, ornithology or botany can be carried on quite easily by students aside from the regular college work, as spare moments which would otherwise be idled away can be spent in this way. To one who is interested in the study of nature, there is certainly nothing more fascinating and helpful than the pursuit of the study of some department of natural science.

SENIOR CLASS RECITAL

ACCORDING to custom the class of '99 took its place before an expectant audience on the evening of De

ember 10th and opened its annual class recital by an instrumental duet from Misses Woodward and McGregor.

Prof. Lewis then introduced Mr. F. C. Jackson who spoke concerning the "Spanish Declination." He showed that the decline of Spain has been due to her repeatedly ignoring all that pointed toward advancing civilization and has persistently clung to that which is old and full of decay.

Miss Hoskins showed forth the beautiful life and character of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her oration and inspired the audience with a desire to know more of that illustrious woman's poetry.

The subject of "Health and Longevity" was discussed by Miss Britt in her usually characteristic and entertaining style. "Health is God's free and universal gift to his creatures. Not only is the abuse of health a sin in itself but it also has a tendency to breed sin."

Miss May Lamb delivered an oration entitled "The Royal Mothers of Europe" in which she gave excellent thoughts regarding the dependence of the history of Europe on the manner in which her various rulers have been trained in youth.

Miss Vaughan next presented the subject of "Cuban Freedom," saying that the future of Cuba depends on the way in which she uses her freedom and develops the character of her people.

Mr. Hoskins was the last on the program and interested the audience with "The Study of Nature." His theme brought out the thought that to the student of nature God reveals himself through her.

Miss Lamb and Mr. Parker the remaining members of the class will represent the seniors at the local oratorical contest and of course they expect to carry off the honors.

The music rendered during the evening was thoroughly appreciated by the audience and the Senior class wishes to express its thanks to all those who kindly gave their

musical talents to aid in making the Senior class recital one of the best that has ever been given in Pacific College.

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Y. W. C. A.

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One Sunday of each month will be devoted to discussion of the missionary work. Those meetings will be in union with the Y. M. C. A.

At the joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., the subject of the Student Volunteer Movement was presented by the presidents of the two associations, which proved very interesting to those present.

Rev. Marion George was present with us on the afternoon of Nov. 20th. His earnest words were an inspiration to us and at the close we felt that we had received a deep spiritual blessing, and we felt stronger to go forward with our work.

The joint missionary committee are discussing plans for some definite missionary work, but have come to no decision yet. Associations of other colleges are aiding in some special field, and we believe that we need to be more in touch with the missionary work.

The Tuesday evening prayer-meetings are exceptionally well attended. The attendance one evening numbered thirty-three. We feel encouraged by the interest manifested by the girls, and we believe that our association will be even stronger next term than it has been this.

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Y. M. C. A.

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Mr. Dummett, traveling secretary of the Pacific Northwest, paid the association of the college a visit on Dec. 6. Mr. Dummett is a man of sterling qualities and he infused

new life and energy into the boys by his enthusiastic words.

Prof. Morrison in a chapel talk gave a short account of the history and work of the Y. M. C. A. in our colleges. In his remarks he stated that the Y. M. C. A. had done a grand work in aiding young men in living better and nobler lives and in doing away with many harmful, and might say, cruel practices in our colleges.

There are young men in school, who know that they should be christians, but who are not quite ready to take the necessary step. We trust it will not be long before they will be willing to identify themselves with the association and become active and efficient christians.

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SOCIETY.

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Last month we spoke of the public. We are still convinced that we are going to have a splendid program, however we were somewhat disappointed in not being able to make the arrangement we intended.

The students, however busy they may be, continue to manifest a remarkable interest in the welfare of "The Crescent."

Several recent productions deserve special mention, yet there have been so many good ones we cannot mention all for lack of space.

A cordial invitation is extended to all, to attend the entertainment given Thursday evening, Dec. 22. The program shall be composed of good music and high grade literary productions. In fact it is endeavored to make the evening a typical society meeting.

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EXCHANGE.

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A curious fact in nature: A horse eats best when it has not a bit in its mouth.

We find the High School Helicon a very interesting paper.

The Guilford Collegian stands in the first rank as a college paper.

All should read "The Thanksgiving Story" in The Owllet. It will do you good.

The Porcupine is a creature that we are not acquainted with, only as it comes to us as a paper.

The production in The Earlhamite, "Admiral Dewey," written by one of our '98 students was very much appreciated by all.

The Earlhamite is read with much interest. All look forward to its coming, as we have representatives within the walls of that institution.

"Should a burglar catch a policeman where would he take him? By the nose, for a policeman is a copper, and a copper is a cent, and a scent is always taken by the nose."

The eighty or more little messengers that come to us every month bring smiles and sunshine and tell us how we may improve in look and tone and give encouraging reports of the institutions which they represent.

"Get all the education you can. It is the safest investment, pays the highest interest, is most readily exchanged, never depreciates in value, never suffers from over taxation, is never in danger of thieves, and never ends in a law suit to break the will after the owner's death."

◆◆

On Thanksgiving evening the college library was prettily decorated for what proved to be a very enjoyable social event. The young ladies of the college with Miss White as chaperon, entertained the young men of the same classes. The young ladies appeared in "ye olde time" Puritan costume and were delightfully surprised that the gentlemen had discovered their plans and appeared in costume also. The evening was spent in conversation, tableaux, an art contest, and games. Mr. Heater being the successful artist in drawing Priscilla at the spinning wheel. A bountiful repast was served in Prof. Douglas' recitation room. The menu was unique and caused much merriment.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

Thanksgiving is past.

Santa Clause is coming.

Ore Price visited P. C. Nov. 28.

Rehearsals and committee meetings.

Senior:—"The mind is located in the head."

Mr. Kenworthy do you recognize "Co bossy, Co bossy."

Lizzie Craven has been obliged to leave school on account of her eyes.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—A bag of cookies—finder please return to Miss White.

Prof. Jones family of boys keep him so busy that he has no time to visit in the country.

"French (author of an unused philology) is old but some parts of him are good yet."

C. F. Moore & Co., has the finest line of Tablets, Stationery and School Supplies.

New students: Misses Anna and Grace Dudley, also Messrs. Charles Davidson and Arthur Heston.

Prof. Translate—"Arma virumque cano."

Young Lady: "In the arms of men I sing."

"Maybe we didn't feast! Why we lived on wedding cake for two days and had such awful dreams too."

Class in Methods of History: Prof. (thinking) "squatter sovereignty," (speaking) "sovereign squativity."

Mr. Dummett, Secretary of the Pacific Northwest Y. M. C. A. visited college Dec. 6, and conducted chapel exercises.

Rev. Waltz of the Methodist church conducted chapel exercises 2nd inst. and addressed the Senior history class on the subject of predestination.

We have heard of people letting their watches run down and taking them to the jeweler for repairs but we did not

know that one of our worthy seniors would ever fall a victim to such absentminded actions.

Go to Star Bakery for your Fancy Candies.

Look out for our Holiday display, it will surprise you this year at C. F. Moore & Co.

Students are earnestly requested to read the ad's in this month's issue and find where to buy your Xmas gifts.

Prof. Morrison's short chapel talks on Health have proved very helpful and interesting. They are so practical that every one can profit by them.

Miss Mabel Edwards entertained the Junior class on Friday evening Nov. 27. Miss Edwards proved herself a charming hostess and the evening will be pleasantly remembered by the class.

It isn't necessary to remind you to be loyal and attend the musical recital Dec. 21, and also the public given by the Crescent Literary Society Dec. 22. No one would think of staying at home.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 3, the Senior Academy class spent a very delightful evening together in the college library. Music and games filled the short hours. Refreshments were served at nine o'clock. Everybody declared they had a glorious time.

"We never would have had the invention of electricity if Franklin had not known how to have flied a kite," so said a Junior. We didn't know before that electricity was invented, also wonder what kind of excitement inspired the grammatical construction.

On the afternoon of Dec. 8th, the Senior class contest took place. No one was admitted except the judges, who were Miss Inglis, Mrs. J. C. Hodson, Rev. Waltz. Their decision admits Gertrude Lamb and Walter Parker to the local contest, they having received equal grades.

Owing to the generous offer of Rev. Waltz, nearly all the students attended the lecture given by Dr. Kellogg of Portland at the M. E. church. His inspiring words could

not fail to impress every student with the potency of present opportunities and their influence upon future success.

November 30th there occurred in England the wedding of two former students of Pacific College. Miss Sadie Bond of the class of '97, and Mr. Herbert Cash who was a member of the Junior class of '96. Mr. and Mrs. Cash sailed on the 10th for America and expect to be in Newberg some time during the holidays. To say that their former classmates and friends here will be glad to receive them only half expresses the spirit in which they will be welcomed.

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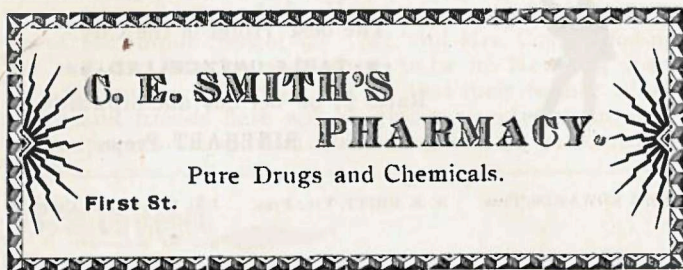
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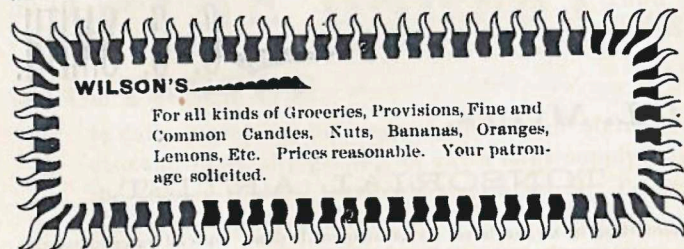
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In Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Umbrellas, Blankets and Comforters, and an Excellent line of Gent's Furnishings constantly on hands.

Our entire stock of Neckwear at less than cost to close out before new stock arrives. Do you want a **BARGAIN**? *Secure it this month.*PATRONIZE
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We keep the Oregon City Shoes.

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Will be as low as it will be possible to buy first class
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goods, get our prices and if you think it to your ad-
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Respectfully yours,

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