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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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THE BATES STUDENT

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.

THE chief aim of existence is improvement. To cultivate each talent, to improve every opportunity, to advance, and not to retrograde, are the highest duties of every man, whatever his station in life or however steep the mountain of his difficulties. Clearly perceiving the vast importance of progression, and deeply conscious of our inability and lack of experience, we launch our boat, ballasted with "hopes and fears," for the editorial voyage. We hope to avoid many of the danger reefs that, in the past, have proven disastrous, yet we fear lest our successors may be able to learn more from our mistakes than from our excellences. The college magazine is the criterion of the institution where it is published, and the college must share with the

editors, either the glory of success or the shame of failure. The ends to be attained, in the publication of a college magazine, are multifarious, but the most important are these: To interest the alumni, and to stimulate their enthusiastic loyalty to their *Alma Mater;* to aid and benefit in every possible way, the students of that college; to retain the sympathy and encouragement of friends; and to win the sincere respect of all. A tendency to find fault and harshly criticise that for which we, as students, are in no degree responsible, should be most carefully avoided. It seems very youthful, if not foolish, to be continually picking flaws and complaining about what it is beyond our power to alter. Such a course is detrimental to the name of the college, to the Faculty, and to the students themselves.

Existence without growth is death, and change is necessary in order to progress. We present this explanation of the alterations that have been made. In place of the Review department we substitute a Book Review department. We think it advisable to dispose of the magazine reviews, because such reviews must necessarily be late, and are a waste of valuable space and still more valuable energy, while they supply no want among our readers. We hope to make the Book Reviews both interesting and instructive. The books reviewed will be those in which intelligent people will be likely to be interested. The most recent publications will be treated and reviewed as thoroughly as space will permit. The change in the humorous department speaks for itself. We consider such a department worthy the utmost care, in order to break up the monotony of the literary articles and arouse a lively interest in each issue.

"IT is wise to follow one's taste, for that is the line of least resistance, but it must not be forgotten that what is commonly called taste is not necessarily good taste; it is merely personal inclination: good taste involves education." The above sentence, from Hamilton Wright Mabie's latest book, seems hardly to admit discussion, yet an acquaintance with even a few people will almost inevitably reveal the fact that to certain minds the idea of personality is so all-important as to blind them to the fact that, lacking culture, individuality is the crudest of crude things. Indeed, in the truest sense of the words, an unbiased individuality is impossible. Each one of us, from the moment he enters life, is placed in an environment of some sort; molding influences are constantly at work. A little animal at birth, the child grows like those around him, susceptible to every influence; mind and soul growing with what they feed on, as the body grows strong with proper food, or weak and inefficient if improperly nourished, the child may become, to his shame and sorrow, a greater animal; or, to the blessing and glory of his race, a true man, with right culture. Take now these two extremes, opposite types of men, and with them in mind consider the present question of taste. From the standpoint of personality, from the definition of taste as "per-

sonal inclination," the brutish man has the same right to claim his taste as a standard as has the man who has cultivated his spirit to its fullest extent. Admitting this, to what would the race inevitably tend? The spiritual men are sadly in the minority; happily, also, brutish men are in the minority. The great mass is composed of men of ordinary ability, of average instincts, of common, every-day environment, of no marked individuality. Here is room for evolution in any direction. Partly with the individual himself, partly with parents and teachers, rests the responsibility of this evolution of taste and character. Shall the ideal be high? Then must the best models be given. One who habitually dwells with the gods may safely trust his taste on whatever questions may arise.

IT has been painfully evident for some months that the proposed reform in the financial affairs of the Athletic Association was never entered upon with any degree of earnestness, or else was hopelessly abandoned soon after its inception. If our resolves in this direction belong to that class of New-Year's resolutions which are taken up spasmodically every twelvemonth, only to be broken and forgotten as soon as the fever leaves us, then the prospects of ever bringing the association back to a sound financial basis are small indeed.

There seems to be a vague idea in the mind of nearly every student that all is not right with our athletic organization, but we fear that few feel the personal responsibility, which ought to be present to all: to see that our credit is kept good, and to preserve such oversight over the action of officers, that all moneys may be economically expended and needless or reckless outlay avoided. The notion seems to be quite general that base-ball, foot-ball, and all the other departments of athletics will be run by somebody, somehow, no matter what be the condition of the treasury, or how heavy the debt upon the association.

As the old constitution seemed to be inadequate, a new one was carefully drawn up, which was adopted *in toto*, and then sent to follow its predecessor into the peaceful oblivion of some dusty book-case. The duties of each and every officer were to be carefully defined and strictly limited, and an advisory board was to be established which should exercise a general oversight over athletic affairs. Have any of these reforms been carried through? We have no knowledge of any such action. The new constitution, whatever its provisions, seems to be as potent in producing recklessness and negligence as the old one could possibly have been. A treasurer's report is such a rare occurrence that few men in college have ever heard one. By common report the debt is already large and rapidly increasing, but no one can say how much it is. The matter has reached that point where no student, whatever the power entrusted to him, can feel warranted in contracting debts on the credit of the Athletic Association. The writer is aware that no sport can be carried on without funds, and that managers may be seriously handi-

capped in their work of running an athletic team, but borrowing money on the credit of some indulgent members of the Faculty, at any time when the supply in the treasury happens to become low, is not business, and only serves to aggravate the malady from which we are now suffering.

In all that has been said no personal reference is intended. The writer believes that the present state of affairs is due solely to the general apathy of the student body, and that the difficulty is not so much lack of funds as lack of business methods. We need to be aroused, to take hold of the difficulty as if we meant to overcome it, and then it will be overcome. Let us see to it that our own account with the association is settled. Let us be personally interested in its affairs, and keep ourselves informed of what is taking place. Let us exert ourselves in every possible way to secure the reduction and final annihilation of the debt. There can be no doubt that, with a large number of interested students, many of the present difficulties will be avoided.

And finally, if with all these precautions we find ourselves still running behind, let us shut down, as any business concern would do, until we can regain our standing again.

It is certainly not pleasurable to be compelled to speak in this way. We have no desire to parade the weaknesses of college organizations for public inspection, and it will be our policy never to do so unless we feel that some good may come from it. But if what has been said has the effect of arousing a much-needed interest in a matter which is of vital importance, the writer will consider his efforts well expended.

THE beginning of the New Year is the time for making good resolutions. To read many of the papers one would think that all these resolves were made only to be speedily broken. There is some truth in their scornful remarks, but none the less those who "turn over a new leaf," and then write upon it a better record than the old one contains, are benefited by so doing.

So we suggest as a resolve for college students: "Resolved, that I will keep all the resolves which I make during the year 1895." This sounds strange, but if one ever plans his work, and unless he "ruleth himself" more successfully than most of us, he needs to append his name to it. If we make an engagement with another, we usually keep it, but are we as faithful to our covenants with self?

"This afternoon I must prepare that debate for society," we say to ourselves, when afternoon is still far enough distant to allow us to deceive ourselves in regard to it. Afternoon comes; we do not feel exactly like doing what we have planned; we do feel vaguely the urgings of an inward monitor; we intend all the time to settle down to our work at the expiration of the next five minutes; we do not start anything else useful, but waste our time in idle conversation or aimless reading, and before we get the part done we have such an accumulation of work that we perhaps get a nervous headache and almost certainly have to neglect some of the work. We are going to begin an essay

when we have two hours at one time to give to it, but we manage to think that we never have the time.

We do not need to give further examples, nor to prove by argument the fact that it would be much better if we fulfilled all these mental promises; what we do need is to improve our habits.

STRUGGLE is discipline. Opposition often brings out qualities that else might lie dormant till the end of life's chapter. Moreover, struggle is sometimes necessary to maintain one's self-respect. Apart from these two uses, personal controversy is waste and worse than waste.

Harmony is the rule and method of progress. Not that there is to be no conflict—we should revert towards the protoplasm were that the case—but the strife is with evil, ignorance, darkness. It is a struggle with the sources of conflict. The sword that Christ was to wield was drawn only against the Prince of the Power of the Air, wherever he was to be found. But to his followers Christ said, "My peace I leave with you."

And this peace is not mere quietness. A country may be quiet, but if there is injustice or oppression, if the rights of any are not recognized and respected, there can be neither true peace nor that which peace and harmony promote, true progress, whether in countries or colleges.

Whether we, with true wisdom, are seeking that *summum bonum*—the general good, or whether we are only striving for personal improvement, we should remember that he who does not cheerfully yield to each pursuit its individual rights, is by that trait of his character made incapable of the best progress.

"KNOW thyself." This maxim is just as full of wisdom to-day as it was when the old Greek philosopher first uttered it. How many there are who pass through college and through life without accomplishing what they ought, merely because they are not intimately acquainted with themselves. They do not know their own abilities nor their own defects. Goethe says that the best way to know one's self is to act, rather than to think, but a certain amount of thinking is necessary in order to act. Go away by yourself once in a while and think. Think what kind of a person you are. Ask yourself what sort of a character you possess, and demand a true answer. Cross-examine yourself until you find out just what you are and where your talents lie.

In our college course we are supposed to learn something of the character of Burke, of Tennyson, of Chaucer, and other great men. This is well. It is well to become intimately acquainted with the great minds of the past and present. It is well to know their good qualities and their bad qualities, and to know in what their greatness consisted, but above all things, "know thyself."

THE public schools and higher institutions of learning are the drill grounds of humanity. Civilization depends entirely upon education, and upon the college graduate, as the high-

est type of educated men, rests a heavy burden of responsibility.

There is a strong tendency, at the present time, to forget this. We overlook the fact that a college diploma is a covenant with humanity to develop and use, in noble action, all the faculties of our natures. We do not dig down deep to see if there are any powers or talents lying dormant within us, and, above all, we do not strive to possess the essence of genius, an ability for hard work. It matters not with what brilliant talents a man may be gifted, or with what splendid prospects he enters the world's arena, if his abilities are not supplemented by severe labor his life will be a comparative failure.

Untiring effort, combined with power of application, is the controlling element of success in life, and to obtain this power is the primary aim of all mental training. The opportunity is ours; the cultivation of this faculty is optional. *Here and now* is a war-cry which rings triumphantly over the unconquered ranks of pluck and determination. Present conduct is the key to future actions, and the easily-molded habits of youth inevitably become the firmly-welded links in the adamant chain of destiny.

Literary.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

By Frank T. Wingate, '95.

THIS is a common maxim. Every one is familiar with it and knows its truth. So familiar is it, in fact, that its full significance is seldom realized.

What is this mysterious will, this intangible something that is in the heart of every act? What is it that enables man, oftentimes, to accomplish the seemingly impossible? It is difficult to say just what the will is, but it is easy to see the results of its action.

It is not my purpose to treat the will in its metaphysical aspect, but rather in its practical relation to human affairs.

The will is the driving power, the invisible source of energy that gives man the ability to carry out his designs. In other words, the will accomplishes what the intellect devises. A man may possess much intellectual ability and yet be a practical failure, simply because he lacks energy or will power.

Sir Fowell Buxton says: "The longer I live the more I am convinced that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then victory or death. That quality will do anything in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

There are impossibilities in this world, even to a man of determined will; as, also, there are possibilities to a man

who lacks resolution. But he who says in beginning a difficult task, "It can't be done," fails in the effort, even though he tries; while on the contrary, he who says of the seemingly impossible, "It shall be done," is almost certain of success. A purpose of achievement is in itself an achievement, and an expectation of failure is a failure from the start.

Benjamin Disraeli, in making his first speech before the British House of Commons, was interrupted and forced to stop, but before taking his seat, he uttered these words: "I have begun several things many times, and I have succeeded at last; ay, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you shall hear me." His words were prophetic, and we all know of his subsequent brilliant career. Hard work is the cost of all attainment that is worth having, and for sustained effort a resolute will is indispensable.

The severest test of human willpower is never found in prosperous circumstances, but only in adversity. It is not the man who succeeds when others are doing well, but rather he who courageously struggles on when everybody else is wavering or going down, who is the hero in the sight of God and men.

Captain Paul Jones, of Revolutionary fame, was especially noted for his resolute will. In the terrible conflict between his vessel and a superior British man-of-war, when most of his guns were disabled, nearly half of his men killed or wounded, a fire in his hold, his vessel sinking, and his flag shot away, the British captain called out to know if he had surrendered. "Surrendered!" shouted the intrepid American, in tones that brought victory out of defeat, "Why, I've just begun to fight!" And he won the battle and transferred his men to the hostile vessel before his own sank. And so it is on every line. The whole record of success tells not of fortune, but rather of earnestness and unflinching determination.

Careful distinction must be made between strength of will and mere wilfulness or obstinacy. They are as unlike as noon and midnight. Strength of will possesses a majesty that makes all bow before it; willfulness only arouses our contempt. The one brings success and fame to its possessor, while the other leads surely and swiftly to his ruin.

Do we look for examples of what the will has done? It is easy to find them. All the great achievements of the human race since the dawn of creation have been the result of determined action. The human will has made nations bow before it, and has taught the elements of nature to render prompt obedience. What, then, so majestic, so deserving of respect and honor, so like a spark of the divine, as the all-powerful "I will"?

THE LIVING PAST.

By Merritt Farnum, Jr., '95.

DEATH, what art thou but a gate of life, a portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity? How much are we ever inclined to underrate the genius of other days in this our age of more advanced utilities, of progressive and

ever-developing civilization. We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness and the source whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, and forget entirely how large a share of these is due to the energy and self-denial of our predecessors. Blot the past out of man's history and what would be his laws, what his civilization?

The past is united with our very being. There is not a familiar object around us that does not wear a different aspect because of a prestige won from the past; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to the same benignant influence; not a custom that cannot be traced in all its sacred and beautiful aspects to history. And yet we, true to our egotistical nature, continue to accept all the glory and honor derived from works begun by great minds of former ages and simply carried by us to their now successful outcome. We boast of ourselves as though there was over us no borrowed prestige, no constraining influence. "The past has done nothing for us. We have made our own fortune. We are self-made men."

What assumption! Were we to consider the most common thing of every-day life we evidently should find ourselves laboring under a delusion. The words you speak, are they of your own inventing, or rather are they not words of long ago, words of your learning, language derived from the forests of Saxony, from within the walls of ancient Rome, from the market place of Athens, and indeed, from the manner in which Adam and Eve talked together before the birth of their eldest born? The truths of astronomy, are they of your own discovery? The arts by which your life is made pleasant, are they of your own inventing,—your own, altogether your own? Ah! if there were taken from you everything but that, you would be no better than a dumb savage hiding himself in a cave.

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force while standing on the summit of Bunker Hill, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the monuments that mark the battle fields of Gettysburg; whose whole soul would not expand while considering the sacrifices and the vicissitudes our ancestors endured to secure the liberty of the human race.

Great civilizations have been the product of ages. Their character has been slowly developed, and changes therein are slowly wrought. But realizing this in its full importance, are we not very meagre in appreciation of the great men of the past? Have not such men as Washington, Webster, and Lincoln left to us a legacy of which any people should be proud; a legacy which should inspire nations in all crises and difficulties to the attainment of those rights and privileges on which all true progress is based? The grand record of our noble dead will make their memory

dear to all who knew them, and as Florence too late repented of her ingratitude to Dante, and appointed her most learned men to expound the "Divine Comedy" when he was dead, so will the works of our great men be more and more a study among lawyers and statesmen. Their fame will spread and grow wider and greater like that of Bacon and Burke, and of other benefactors of mankind; and the influence of their ideas will not pass away until the glorious fabric of American institutions shall be utterly destroyed; until the Capitol, where their noblest efforts were made, shall become a mass of broken and prostrate columns amid the debris of the nation's ruin. No! never will they perish even if such gloomy changes are possible. Rather, as the lustre of Cicero's genius still makes glorious the ruin of the Eternal City, so shall their splendid achievements illumine the most distant work of man; for they will still be drawn from the wisdom of all preceding generations and based on those principles which underlie all possible civilization.

THE RELIGION OF THE PRESENT.

By Mabel A. Steward, '95.

WHAT is the religion of the present, the religion that orders the lives of the best men and women of our time? The question has been discussed with deep interest, and various are the answers. Not infrequently we hear the pessimistic wail: "There is none. The religious era of the world is past. Alas, that the religion of our Puritan ancestors is dead!"

In order to see what it is that this class lament, let us imagine ourselves in Puritan New England two hundred years ago. Everywhere we see people with dark garments, and grave, sad faces. The slightest approach to mirthfulness is deemed a sin. The wonderful beauty of the spring-time brings no joy to their faces; the rich colors in which Nature clothes herself, the dainty blossoms at their feet, they dare not use nor imitate. From the blue sky above them they learn no lesson of peace and love. Even the voices of little children seem hushed. But yonder there is an animated group; let us listen and hear what they are saying: "A Quaker in town! What shall be done with him? Imprisonment! Stripes! The gallows!" Not one voice is raised for mercy, yet this man is a fellow-mortal, yes, a believer in the same God. Is this right? Is it true religion?

Time has rolled along two hundred years. The same place, but how changed! The faces are smiling and happy, joyous voices fall pleasantly upon the ear. Beauty of form and color is seen in the inventions of man as well as in the creations of God, and people rejoice in the lovely earth which He has given them. Is this a poorer religion than that of the past?

Some one has said that each new belief is evolved from the old; that religion becomes higher and nobler as men are better able to appreciate it. And so it is with us. The religion of the past is not dead, but it has been changed into something which, more than ever before, can answer Pilate's

question, "What hast thou done?" with the glad reply, "We have given to all men the help and sympathy of brothers." We have retained the best of the faith of our ancestors, and have weeded out the bigotry, the intolerance, the narrow-mindedness which could not extend its charity to one of another creed. There is still a class of pessimists who mourn that all the world does not believe alike; but the majority of Christians, the truest thinkers among us, agree that, however much the Christian world is divided into sects, yet each has its own special mission, and all are working together with one object in view. Each is but a means to an end, not the end itself. The reign of bigotry has not wholly passed away, but its sway is daily growing less potent.

The most marked characteristic of our present religion, the thing which makes it pre-eminent above all past religions, is this, it is practical. It is not the spirit which drives men into lonely caverns and monasteries to grow morbid thinking of their own souls; but it is the spirit which drives them forth into the world to give help and strength to those weaker than themselves. It is the religion that builds homes instead of monasteries, and hospitals instead of cathedrals. Imagine the surprise of by-gone ages could they look upon the organized charity of our large cities. Think of the mission work in the slums of London and New York. Noble men and women are every day giving their strength, their education, their lives, to the physical and moral well-being of their fellow-men.

But this is not the only nor the chief Christianity. Countless numbers are daily making sacrifices of which we know nothing, in order to provide food for the hungry and homes for the destitute.

Because the believers in the new religion, if indeed there be anything new in it, are busy in doing good to others instead of thinking of themselves, they are peaceful and happy. Under all the hurry and bustle of modern life there is a religious spirit as deep, as sacred, as any our ancestors knew,—a simple trusting faith that renders not only its possessor but all who come in contact with him, happier and better, a spirit shown by noble lives and unostentatious charity.

We have, therefore, no reason to be discouraged about the religion of the present. It is indeed a gift handed down from our ancestors, but nobler and better than of old. We may look hopefully forward, believing that still higher and more sacred, nearer the spirit of God than the present, will be the religion of the future.

THE GROWTH OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

By F. S. Wakefield, '95.

As the thoughtful person studies the history of antiquity, he cannot fail to notice two striking features: the oppression of the common herd, and, in marked contrast, the power and domination of the few.

Whether he pores over the records of an Egyptian Ptolemy, or searches the archives of Assyria, or reads the legends of ancient Greece, he will come to this

conclusion: that the history of the ancient world is a blank page of despotism. For centuries the unorganized many were controlled by the organized few. Kings owned the peasant's body; priests owned his soul.

Greece, that far-famed land of heroes and of song, presents but a single green spot to brighten the barren march of monarchy. In the age of Pericles, only, was a partial democracy realized, but it soon relapsed into a despotism.

As we come down through mediæval history, we notice some transformations taking place. The old forms and ideas were breaking up. A Martin Luther and a Savonarola were making their influence felt. For a new light was dawning upon the world—the light of liberty.

But two weary centuries passed before the idea became a reality. It was not till 1620 that a persecuted people, tired of oppression, crossed an unknown sea, seeking religious freedom.

That act signalized the birth of popular government. Within the sight of Plymouth Rock and under the protecting brow of Bunker Hill, was fostered this new idea—civil liberty. It was this that enabled thirteen poor colonies to vanquish the prestige of a mother country. Fired by a like incentive, a starving peasantry of France, though compelled to cry for bread through the streets of Paris, yet resisted the arrogance and extravagance of a Louis XVI., and demonstrated by a French Revolution that man was created to be free.

With these two historical events, in France and America, we hail the rise of democracy. Since that time its tendency has been ever onward. Reform in every sphere has been the watchword.

In these the closing years of the nineteenth century we note no exceptions. Even now, Canada, weary of the British yoke, is clamoring at our door for admission. The German Reichstag no longer heeds the demands of an Emperor William, but turns its face toward the popular appeal. Italy, whose people once recognized the sovereign will of the Pope, compels the King to respect their wishes. England has a Queen on the throne, but Victoria's power is *nil*. The House of Lords seems almost a vanishing body. The ceaseless vigilance of the Czar and the frosts of Siberia will not long keep the starving peasantry of despotic Russia from their God-given right.

But it is in our own Republic that we look for the advancement of popular government. What have two centuries of liberty done for us? The thirteen millions of 1830 have now increased to sixty millions—more English-speaking people than exist in all the world besides. Her population, wealth, annual savings, splendid public credit, freedom from debt, agriculture, and manufactures are the arguments by which America is converting the world to democracy. The old nations look on with wonder at the growth of the new land across the sea.

As we contemplate the march of popular government during the last century, we naturally ask the causes.

First among these is modern invention. Borne onward by such servants

as steam, electricity, the daily press, knowledge runs to and fro, and penetrates the ends of the earth. Popular education has elevated the poor man from ignorance to a position where he can cope with his more fortunate neighbor. As Pope says:

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."

This diffusion of knowledge, coupled with the broad view of Christianity, whereby man recognizes it a sacred obligation to do to his fellow-men as he would be done by, has been most efficient in influencing the world's civilization.

The nineteenth century has witnessed progress rapid beyond precedent. With supreme satisfaction it has seen the fall of despotism and the establishment of liberty in the most influential nations of the world. It has vindicated for all succeeding ages the right of man to his own unimpeded development. It has caused the philanthropist to exclaim: "O, Liberty! Thou art the God of my aspiration. Beneath the dome of thy righteousness we stand reverently and look upward into the limitless sea of worlds. For thee Hypocrisy stands not at the altar, nor Virtue trembles in her modest place. But Democracy holds aloft her inextinguishable torch and ever broadens on the brow of man the unfading glory of thy matchless day."

Poets' Corner.

[Contributions solicited for this department.]

THE ECHO'S TALE.

The weight of the world upon me lay
At the close of a sultry summer day;
In birch canoe o'er the water still,
I rowed midway from hill to hill.
From the limpid lake I took my oar
And summoned Echo from Cannon's shore.

From her secret cave in the granite cliff
She straightway came in her airy skiff.
O'er lake and mountain, a silver sheen,
Was cast the light of the evening queen.
And this is the tale which the Echo told
Of the White Hill Notch in days of old:

"Ere white men came among these hills,
Believing it their duty
To drive the red man from his home,
And rob the vales of beauty,

"There dwelt beside this crystal tarn
A dark-eyed, dusky people,
Who knelt in worship on this strand,
Nor knew of Christian steeple.

"The ancient book, which you declare
Men wrote by inspiration,
They knew not of, they only knew
Some power ruled creation.

"They saw the seasons come and go,
The flowers bloom and wither,
The thunder-storms augment their lake
And fret the mountain river.

"They saw the change which, year by year,
Time made upon their faces;
And laid their dead beside yon cliff,
Resigned to Nature's graces.

"They never sought for human life,
Nor slandered man, his neighbor;
To dwell in peace and hunt his food,
Was each one's daily labor.

"To quench their thirst a pure, sweet draught
Of Nature's wine was waiting
Beneath yon house where white men now
Are quenchless thirst creating.

"The Great Stone Face, which overlooks
The valley southward stretching,
Where rolls the lordly Merrimac
Through miles of Nature's etching,

"They truly thought was Manitou.
And, firm in their conviction,
They bowed at sunset on the shore,
And sought His benediction.

"The sign by which they ever knew
That peace for them was certain,
Was when the Face was overcast
With sunset's purple curtain.

"But when the storm-clouds gathered thick,
And fiercely burst the thunder,
While lightnings of His mighty wrath
Oft rent the cliffs asunder,

"When through the Notch the marshaled winds
Bent down the spruce like willows,
And changed this calm and peaceful lake
To wrathful, warring billows,

"They shrank in terror at the sight
And marveled at the power
Which wrought such havoc in their midst,
Such changes in an hour.

"But when the sunset rent the clouds
And veiled the Face with glory,
When, one by one, the stars appeared,
And in the forest hoary

"The moonbeams gathered in the spruce,
And tripped a fairy measure,
This tribe the Unknown Power praised
And vowed to do His pleasure.

"And thus content within this Notch
They dwelt, till late one summer
A pale-face from the southward came,
Their doom the sure forerunner.

"He taught them how to use a gun;
He cheated them in trading;
He gave poor rum for priceless fur,
His conscience ne'er upbraiding.

"I shudder to recall the scenes
Enacted in this valley,
The flow of blood, the slow retreat,
The pause, the final rally;

"And then the onset of the Whites,
Swift sweeping all before them;
The blazing wigwam, smoking ground—
Such scenes! How I deplore them!

"But duty calls. In mountain storm
I multiply * the thunder,
I roll the din from crag to crag,
My pleasure and your wonder."

O'er Cannon mountain a black cloud rolled
And wrapped the Face in its humid fold.
Gruff growled the thunder in Eastern's vale,
Her trees were stripped by the volleying hail.
Swift down the lake sped the skirmish breeze
And bowed to the water the fringing trees;

It lashed the waves to an angry foam,
And Echo fled to her cavern home.
Again the thunder! A mighty peal!
And thrice Dame Echo her voice revealed.
My shallop was wrecked by the growing gale
And Echo mocked at my piercing wail.

—W. S. C. R., '95.

* In the Franconia Notch an echo is heard distinctly six times.

WINTER EVENING REVERIES.

When the snow lies deep by the road-side fence,
And the night winds sadly moan,
As I sit and doze by the blazing fire
Here in my room alone,

I can send away all thoughts of cold
And of Winter's dreary reign,
And I hear no sound of the whirling snow
Outside on the window pane;

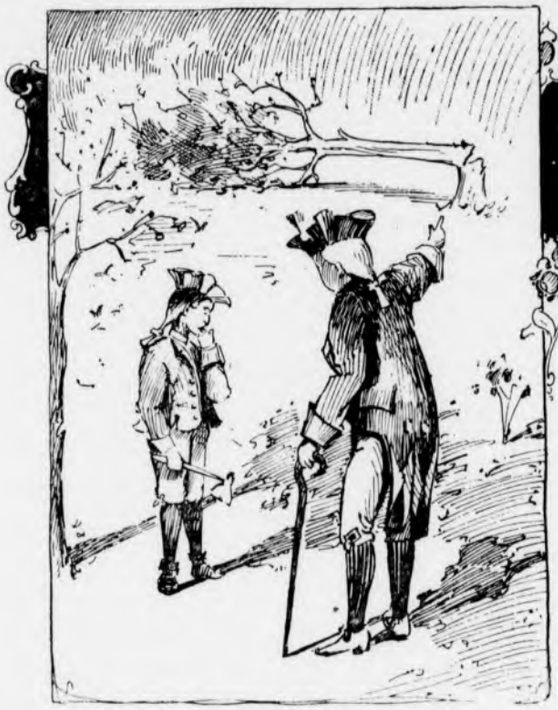
For my thoughts turn back to the summer time,
And I hear the whip-poor-will
The darkest nooks of the sombre woods
With its solemn music fill;

And I seem to see the flowers abloom
In the meadows fresh and sweet,
And the freckled lilies bending low
Where the field and woodland meet.

And I long for the summer to come again
With the trees all clothed in green—
With the summer scent of the shady woods,
And the sunlight's summer sheen.

And then I fall asleep and dream
(And the dream seems sweet to me),
That life is an endless summer day,
And that I am sailing away, away,
Over a summer sea.

—L. D. T., '96.



"I Cannot Tell a Lie."

TRUTH.

"TRUTH crushed to earth shall rise again." All the world believes in the potency and indestructibility of truth. Unlike the "damned spot" on the hand of Lady Macbeth, it will out.

Although all agree in regard to the power and value of truth, there are different opinions as to when it should be spoken. Many think that it should be spoken at all times, regardless of consequences, while others think that it may be best occasionally to dilute it not a little. It certainly is true that circumstances often have a powerful influence over a person whose veracity is variable. It is obvious that if, under the circumstances, Georgie had not told his father the truth about the cherry tree, he would never have been the "father of his country;" for such a bare-faced lie would have shown him to be a consummate blockhead. Like the immortal George Washington, we expect to tell in "Truth" that which is very obvious.

A noble youth in Bates I knew,
Listen to my tale of woe.
Who couldn't find anything to do,
Listen to my tale of woe.
To make his bliss the most replete
He worshiped low at Venus' feet;
She was "Sweet Sixteen" and O,
so sweet,
Listen to my tale of woe.

But after bliss must come the pain,
Listen to my tale of woe.
And soon we hear the sad refrain
(Listen to my tale of woe):
"I told my pa I had done wrong
To waste my precious time so long,
Hereafter I'll be *bon garçon*,"
Listen to my tale of woe.

It is the early morning hour of 7.45, there is a merry jingle of bells, and a sleigh stops in front of Hathorn Hall. The young man has driven as close as he could, and the other occupant, a fresh, young co-ed, surveys, with anxious eye, the steps and a deep, intervening snow-drift. Verily there is a desire in the young man's heart to turn gallant and lift his fair charge to a place of safety. But he is not her father and he hesitates. The fair co-ed murmurs something about "wings like a dove," and, with true grit, gives a

leap, landing in the deepest part of the drift, and, floundering to the step, smiles on the young man and thanks him for his kindness in bringing her "safely to school." By this and two or three other similar experiences, quite a decent path has been trodden down around our horse block.

Our puritanic simplicity and unswerving loyalty to past tradition has been painfully shocked at witnessing the constantly growing number of college youths who have made the lamentable mistake of turning their footsteps toward that most quarrelsome of professions, law. Our wonder has also been excited when we have observed several lamb-like countenances poring over the revised statutes, or sadly laboring through the mazes of Coke and Blackstone, and we have been tempted to ask: Will these brains so grievously distracted ever succeed in placing their owners upon that proud pinnacle which our lamented Webster so long coveted and finally attained?

* * * *

O dear young would-be barristers! You who hope to cover yourselves with glory in the forensic field: We shall love you in spite of your sins, but we cannot smile upon your endeavors to assail the cause to which we have promised to devote our best efforts. Yet, in spite of our scruples, we would fain imagine you, solicitors, attorneys in every capacity, governors, senators, chief justices, presidents; but when you come to tread the jagged path of the legal profession and fall into the thousand pitfalls which await you, remember our sad but friendly admonition and blame us not, as if you were not forewarned.

* * * *

But to you who have so far kept clear of such entanglements, we have a word to say: Choose some straighter and more righteous way. Be instructed by the folly of these hot-blooded and over-impetuous youths, whom the legal siren would allure to destruction; take the advice of long experience and remember that lawyers, if rightly estimated, would be "out of joint" with all creation.

Aye, he must be light of heart this cold, wintry morning; see how he trips merrily along as if to the music of some elfin waltz. And now he dashes madly on. He seems not to notice the bend in the narrow path. He flounders knee-deep in the great drifts of congealed water-vapor. But again he resumes the path and again begins his merry dance. What! you call him a minister and a pillar of a Theological School? Nay, else would he not practice this spirited ballet before the face and eyes of the public. But I see clearly now. He wants to make a favorable impression (on the ice).

Steps of great men all remind us
As up Truth's highway we climb,
That big brogans leave behind us
Larger footprints, every time.

Harvard now publishes two dailies, *The Daily Crimson* and *The Harvard Daily News*, and is now the only college in the country printing more than one daily.

Alumni Department.

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

ALUMNI BANQUET.

THE eleventh annual banquet of the alumni of Bates College in Boston and vicinity, occurred at Young's Hotel, Boston, December 26th, at 5.30 P.M. The new President of the college, George C. Chase, who is also an alumnus, was the guest of the evening, and was enthusiastically greeted by the graduates of the college. President Chase possesses in a marked degree the power of clear and condensed statement of facts, and the ability and culture to clothe them in the best of language. These qualities were among the many points of excellence noted in his inaugural address of last fall, and were again ably displayed at the banquet when speaking of the "Onward Movement in Bates College." He prefaced his remarks by referring briefly to the onward movement among the graduates of the college, and the honorable position already attained by many of the five hundred graduates. The large number of Bates men at the head and in assistant positions in New England schools was referred to with pride. Although one of the smallest colleges in New England it has the largest number of graduates in New England schools of any single college. A Bates man has recently been elected principal of the Worcester, Mass., high school over a large number of competitors from the other New England colleges. Professor E. F. Goodwin, another Bates man, has long presided over the Newton, Mass., high school, which ranks as one of the best, if not the best high school in Massachusetts. Even Harvard College has come to Bates for one of her professors in astronomy.

President Chase's main address upon the work and progress of the college was of deep interest to the graduates to whom he was speaking, but of less public interest, as the world at large judges of a college principally by its graduates. The older graduates were especially pleased to hear of the great advance made possible in the teaching of the sciences by the addition of two new professors in the sciences and the new Hedge Laboratory, devoted to mechanics and chemistry. The new methods of study in philosophy and psychology were spoken of, and the announcement that, beginning with next term, regular instruction in history would be given, was greeted with applause.

The remarks by the other speakers of the evening, Mr. A. N. Peaslee, of the Harvard Divinity School, Dr. F. P. Fuller, of Providence, R. I., Dr. L. M. Palmer, of South Framingham, Mass., Professor H. S. Cowell, of Ashburnham, Mass., Hon. O. B. Clason, of Gardiner, Me., and Rev. W. H. Bolster, of Boston, were especially devoted to practical suggestions for increasing the efficiency of the college and bringing it into wider prominence.

A movement was started looking to the endowment of a professorship of history and sociology, or pedagogics,

by the alumni, and to be named the "Stanton Professorship," in honor of Professor J. Y. Stanton, who has been with the college from its foundation, and who has especially endeared himself to every graduate of the college. It was suggested that if every graduate who had received free tuition from the college were to pay it back without interest, more than $30,000 could be raised.

It was voted that next year's meeting be a "ladies' night," and that Professor Stanton be the honored guest of the evening.

C. C. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE AUTOCRAT.

"——— thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

ON the eighth day of last October the daily papers of both hemispheres contained the following announcement: "Dr. Holmes died at his Beacon Street home in Boston yesterday at 12.15 P.M." The medical profession had lost one of its most eminent members,—a thorough student, an enthusiastic but careful explorer into the "New World" of medical science, and for nearly half a century a successful practitioner, and prominent instructor in the Dartmouth and Harvard Medical Schools.

But you have never taken any of his medicine, or received from him any medical advice? No, very likely he was not your family physician, yet we doubt not that he has been a family friend in another guise. His mind reached out beyond his profession, and the bright, genial spirit of the "Autocrat" and "Poet" has entered homes beyond the limits of the physician's practice, when no gloom of dread disease hung over them, but when all was sunshine and grew brighter from his presence, and wheresoever the English language is read, has made his name a household word ever associated with hours of keenest enjoyment.

The author of the "Breakfast Table" series, "Elsie Venner," "The One-Hoss Shay," and "The Chambered Nautilus," by his charming manners and many bright sayings, his abundance of common sense, and broad, kindly sympathy with all forms of human weakness, has won for himself many admiring friends, now sincere mourners, in all walks of life. For half a century scarcely any event of interest has passed in New England that has not been enlivened by his verse, and there are few famous spots in his native state that have not been the occasion for calling upon his Muse. Of his birthplace he writes:

"Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.
Born there? Don't say so! I was too.
Born in a house with a gambrel roof"

in 1809, a year, as one writer has it, "prodigal of greatness" in the births of Lincoln, Darwin, Poe, Tennyson, Gladstone, and Holmes. His parents were products of the union of some of the choicest of New England blood,—the Dudleys, the Bradstreets, the Jacksons, and the Quincys. But Prof. Charles Elliot Norton says: "Dr. Holmes must have inherited his brightness from his mother, for his father was as dry as dust." However that may be, there

was certainly a happy combination in the famous son.

Entering Harvard at the age of sixteen, he was graduated in 1829 in a class that numbered among its members such men as William H. Channing, Prof. Benjamin Pierce, Judge Curtis, James Freeman Clarke, and Dr. Smith, the author of our national ode. After several years spent in the study of law, he decided that the medical profession was more congenial to his tastes, and nearly a half century of his life was passed in active service, either at the sufferer's bedside or in the class-room.

It was as a poet that he most desired to be remembered, but it is almost impossible to draw comparisons except in a few particulars, as he cultivated a field almost untouched by any one worthy of comparison. Occasional poems were his special forte, never failing to be appropriate, and rich in happy thoughts and allusions connected with the event. He was pre-eminently a lyric poet, not a Dryden, yet he sang with ease and grace, and his range of themes extended from the ludicrous to the pathetic and beautiful. His first great hit was made by a poem read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society shortly after his graduation. The proposed destruction of that gallant old war-ship "Constitution" called forth from the young poet an eloquent appeal for her preservation, opening with those well-known lines—

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down."

He had the satisfaction of securing her pardon from the death sentence, and earned deserved fame and the gratitude of his country. From then till his death, he was called on frequently to celebrate some important event in verse, and he wrote many short poems of varying merit. Not all of them will live, however, owing to their ephemeral nature, and have passed away with the occasion that called them forth; but "The One-Hoss Shay," "The Last Leaf," his ode on the death of Garfield, and that beautiful little gem of fancy, "The Chambered Nautilus," with a few others, have lasting qualities. He made no attempts at long poems, for, as Prof. Norton says, "He knew his limitations and never tried to overstep them."

He was not one of "Nature's priests," like Bryant; nor did he possess either the earnestness and simplicity of Whittier, the refined culture of Longfellow, or the catholic learning of Lowell, but the qualities that his special work demanded, those he possessed,—a keen sense of the ludicrous and the pathetic, a felicity of expression, and a fancy as light and airy in its play as the "Fairy Fays" themselves,

"Who on the backs of beetles fly,
From the silver tops of the moon-touched trees;
Where they swing in their cobweb hammocks high
And rock about in the evening breeze."

But there is, perhaps, less variety in the structure of his verse than in any other of our poets, as he always remained loyal to the "strong heroic line."

If his poetry should not prove immortal, his fame as a man of letters will endure founded on his prose writings alone, or even on his "Breakfast Table" series. On the urgent request of James Russell Lowell for contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the recollection of

some "crude products of his uncombed literary boyhood suggested the thought that it would be a curious experiment to shake the same bough again, and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early windfalls." The ripened fruit was devoured with such unbounded delight, that the success of the magazine was assured from this one attraction. It was a new departure in American literature,—the monologue: the "Autocrat" ostensibly reporting his talk at the breakfast table of a boarding-house, with such necessary comments and questions by the listening boarders to keep at the proper glow the flow of thought. Ethics, literature, manners, politics, music, and theology,—in short, every phase of life is discussed in a manner that interests and charms, and with such accuracy and breadth of knowledge that leads one to marvel at his seemingly inexhaustible resources and his wonderful versatility. The prosaic discussions are interspersed with exquisite bits of poetry, now humorous, now pathetic and serious, now fanciful. Flashes of wit, bright epigrams, sly hits at some human folly, and sarcastic thrusts at every pretence and sham, enliven it all.

It is difficult to comprehend the preparation necessary to produce such a work; wide and varied experience, highly developed faculties of observation, and years of reading and study in all branches of knowledge. The avoidance of any semblance of dullness, through lack of freshness in his ideas, not only in one book, but in three, yes, in four, show from how rich a store he must have drawn.

The "Professor" and "Poet" took his place in turn at the "Breakfast Table," and notwithstanding history, we notice very little difference in the wine that ran of itself from the heart of the grapes and that which required the squeezing of the press to make it flow.

And when the evening of life has come on, "Over the Teacups" he talks again to the "boarders" in a more serious strain, perhaps, than at the morning meals, as he realizes that the *requiescat* will soon ensure his repose from earthly labors.

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

This last appearance, under the title of "The Dictator," in view of the fact that it was after he had lived a decade longer than the proverbial period of life allotted to man, has a correspondingly greater weight in the mind of the thoughtful reader whenever he touches upon those subjects which approaching death suggests.

The other "boarders" in these Table Talks are indispensable in many ways,—to "The Landlady" from a financial standpoint, and to the "Autocrat" and his ilk:—first as listeners, and second, as typifying many phases of life, thus furnishing opportunities for flashing his wit upon the classes of society which they represent, and at the same time naturally supplying him with many subjects for moralizing. What Dr. Holmes has said in "Over the Teacups" on the "Breakfast Table" series—and it applies equally well to the Tea-Table Talks—may be of interest at this point: "These series of papers

are all studies of life from somewhat different points of view. They are largely made up of sober reflections, and appeared to me to require some lively human interest to save them from wearisome, didactic dullness. What could be more natural than that love should find its way among the young people who helped to make up the circle gathered around the table?" This, perhaps, gives a key to the purpose of the author in these Table Talks. The romance is very skillfully interwoven, and it gives frequent opportunities for the author to pay flattering compliments to the sex for which he evidently had a high respect amounting almost to idol-worship. And we have no doubt but that the "Schoolmistress" of the "Autocrat" and "Number Five" of the "Teacups" were all creatures of that admiration. But his characters, one and all, at times betray their creator.

> "One actor in a dozen parts,
> And whatso'er the mask may be,
> The voice assures us, *This is he.*"

And yet we have not exhausted his resources. The realm of the novelist has been visited by this many-sided genius, and a series of stories, "medicated novels" as they have been aptly termed, adds another star to his crown. Experiments in physiological psychology on the interdependence of mind and matter, had great interest for him, and his professional studies and experience made him especially adapted to weave some interesting theory in a most plausible and skillful manner into a romance. In his essay on "Crime and Automatism"—which, together with "Mechanism in Thoughts and Morals" it would be difficult for any thoughtful person to read without becoming more charitable towards his unfortunate fellow-men—he says: "The aim of which (Elsie Venner) was to illustrate this same innocently criminal automatism with the irresponsibility it implies, by the supposed mechanical introduction before birth of an ophidian element into the blood of the human being." With interest the reader looks forward to the explanation of Maurice Kirkwood's seeming misanthropia, and how happy and thrilling was the *dénouement.* However, as novels simply, we cannot rank them with those of Hawthorne, or the leading English novelists, nor would it be just to their author. The characters exhibit too narrow a range of human nature, and the human elements are often analyzed in too prosaic a fashion to touch the deeper chords of feeling, yet they possess other qualities that impart equal interest and enjoyment.

His biographies of John Lothrop Motley and the "Concord Sage," and his essays on various subjects, show how keen were his analytical faculties, and how great his power of application. His style is pure and perfectly adapted to his own peculiar mental characteristics. To the broad vocabulary of the man of letters was also added that of the professional student. There is evinced in all his prose writing a seeming fondness for the use of unusual and foreign-derivative words that sometimes appears to border almost upon vanity, were it not that they invariably serve to increase the effect desired. The power of clothing a trivial subject with the

most dignified language is one of the necessary qualifications of a wit, and few authors have surpassed him in the ability to command the word just fitted to carry the idea.

His personality is plainly evident in all his works,—the keen appreciation of human frailties, from one of which he was not wholly free—a susceptibility to flattery, though it is one of the forgivable sort, and one never loved him the less,—and an activity of mind that lends the charm of wondering expectancy as to what place his wit would next strike, or into what realms his fancy would next lead one.

Many of his poems were written for recitation, and one of their most pleasing charms was the manner in which the poet himself delivered them. Standing almost on tiptoe in his earnestness, and with a peculiar rhythm of body and inflection, he would bring out their special features with an expression of the face, a gesture, a twinkle of the eye, or toss of the head that no one can hope to imitate.

He was a genuine Yankee, a logical product of his Puritan ancestry and his early environments. His moral nature needed more sunshine than could be found in the Calvinistic creeds of his ancestors. His whole being revolted against their harshness with a conviction that became stronger with advancing years. And though as a child he "trod the path of Puritan exclusiveness," he became in later years, like Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell, connected with that "unsectarian sect," the Unitarians, and he never hesitated to hold up to ridicule some of the teachings of his childhood. His own creed he affirmed to be contained in the first two words of the Paternoster, and with each passing year his ideas became more definite and his beliefs more positive. Nor did he lack

"—the faith that looks through death,"

and his last talks hold out a hope that all can grasp, based upon the *infinite mercy* of a *loving* God. He insisted that as our religion has been Judaized and Romanized, and he might have added, Tuetonized, it is high time that it should be Americanized. The doctrines of "original sin," "the vicarious atonement," and eternal punishment of all but the "elect" were especially distasteful to him. "Justice between the Infinite and finite has been so utterly dehumanized and diabolized in passing through the minds of half-civilized banditti who have peopled the world for some scores of years that it has become a mere algebraic x, and has no fixed value whatever as a human conception." "Every moral act is in its nature exclusively personal, and its penalty, if it has any, is payable not to bearer, but only to the creditor himself." Responsibility for sin is non-assignable either in moral equity or common sense. That he depreciated the restraint put upon childhood's questionings, and the violations of the youthful reason in the religious instructions of Puritan homes of earlier years, there can be no doubt, and he remarks with patent irony: "Of course *we* never try to keep young souls in the tadpole state for fear they should jump out of the pool where they have been bred and fed. Never! Never. Never?"

Naturally when he had arrived at the "—years that bring the philosophic mind," his thoughts would frequently turn towards some of the metaphysical questions upon which these beliefs are hinged, but as a philosopher he lacked the requisite depth and breadth of mental grasp to attain a sufficiently comprehensive view of those problems in which Milton's fallen angels found themselves in "wandering mazes lost" to arrive at definite and conclusive solutions. He always found metaphysics—as he once told James Freeman Clarke while in college—like splitting a log. When it was done you had two more to split.

Very likely they have been solved for him now. He once said that he hoped to do some sound thinking in Heaven. With a smile of thanks upon his lips for some kind office performed by his loving son, he went "forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

SCOTT WILSON, '92.

PERSONALS.

'67.—A. Given, D.D., treasurer of the Free Baptist Benevolent Societies, has removed his office to 457 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

'72.—At the meeting of the presidents of colleges and principals of preparatory schools of New England, held at Boston University, Saturday, December 29, 1894, Professor E. J. Goodwin presented one of the principal papers upon "The Classic Programme Submitted by the Committee of Ten." The meeting was well attended by the leading educators of New England. President Eliot, of Harvard, was among the speakers. President Chase and a large number of Bates men were in attendance.

'74.—Hon. F. L. Noble, Esq., of Lewiston, has introduced a bill into the Maine Legislature, authorizing the Lewiston Bleachery Company to construct and maintain an electric railroad in Lewiston.

'77.—Hon. Oliver B. Clason, Esq., is a member of the Governor's council.

'81.—C. S. Cook, Esq., of the law firm of Symonds, Snow & Cook, Portland, Me., is one of the rising young lawyers of Portland.

'84.—Miss A. M. Brackett has resigned her position in the Lewiston High School, having been elected an assistant in the high school at Stoneham, Mass. The class of '97, L. H. S., has presented her with a Standard Dictionary.

'84.—Lieut. Mark L. Hersey, military instructor of the Maine State College, has been promoted from second to first lieutenant, and has also been transferred from the 9th Regiment of Infantry to the 12th.

'87.—At the closing session of the State Pomological Association at Foxcroft, J. R. Dunton, superintendent of schools at Rockland, gave an admirable address upon the "Study of Plant Life." —*Lewiston Journal.*

'87.—A. S. Woodman, Esq., is building up a flourishing law practice in Portland.

'87.—Mrs. Nora Elvena (Russell) Collar died at her home at Norfolk, Conn., during the college vacation.

An obituary will appear in the February number of the STUDENT.

'88.—Rev. E. F. Blanchard has received a call to the Congregational Church, Warwick, Mass.

'89.—Dr. E. L. Stevens, of Belfast, has been elected county physician. He will have the care of the prisoners at the Belfast jail.

'93.—The engagement of C. H. Swan, Jr., '93, and Miss Flora Summerbell, ex-'97, is announced.

'93.—The East Bridgewater, Mass., High School, of which Ralph A. Sturges, '93, is principal, is to hold a fair under the auspices of the alumni, March 8th and 9th. The tables will be in charge of committees from the several religious societies of the place and others. The programme each evening will be by the scholars, and will consist of musical and literary exercises.

'94.—Miss C. B. Pennell is teaching at Greeley Institute.

The Maine Pedagogical Society held its fifteenth annual meeting in Auburn, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, December 27, 28, and 29, 1894. A large number of Bates men were present and took an active part in the proceedings. Professor J. R. Dunton, '87, is secretary and treasurer, also a member of the executive committee and of the advisory board. Superintendent I. C. Phillips, '76, Professor W. L. Powers, '88, and President G. C. Chase, '67, are also members of the advisory board. Hon. D. J. Callahan, '76, Professor G. B. Files, '69, Superintendent R. W. Nutter, '82, and Professor E. P. Sampson, '73, are councillors. Among the parts on the very interesting and varied programme were the following: "Needs of the Schools in Our Towns," Superintendent R. W. Nutter, '82, Dexter; "Outline of Work in English at Bates College," Professor W. H. Hartshorn, '86; "Is Greek Indispensable?" discussion opened by Principal O. H. Drake, '81, Pittsfield; "The Ethical Influence of Good Reading," Superintendent I. C. Phillips, '76, Bath. The day sessions of the convention were held at the Edward Little High School, and the evening sessions at Auburn Hall, and were of especial interest throughout.

College News and Interests.

LOCALS.

Won't some one endow
A college snow-plough?

We wish you all a happy New Year.

Knapp, formerly of '95, resumes his course with '96.

Miss Knowles, '97, rejoins her class after an absence of one term.

Miss Dolley, '96, who was teaching most of last term, has returned to college.

Some of the Sophs. actually seem to be pleased that Analytics is no longer a required study.

The Freshman Class receives a new member, F. T. Mason. He fitted at

Austin Academy, Strafford Center, N. H.

Norton, '96, teaches the evening classes in Commercial Arithmetic and English Grammar at the Lewiston Y. M. C. A.

As is usual at the beginning of the spring term only about half the students are here, there is little going on, and the reporters of the STUDENT find news scarce.

Professor Hartshorn wishes it announced that any literary part written for the STUDENT will be received by him and count as part of the required work in rhetoricals.

Professor Millis attended the annual meeting and banquet of the teachers of physics in New England colleges and technical schools, which was held in Boston, Friday, December 28th.

On the first Friday evening of the term the literary societies held a union meeting. The evening was very enjoyably spent in listening to a short programme, followed by social games.

He could not tell a musical note
From a wart on a monkey's hand,
But he hired a brass thing down at
Heath's,
And joined the College Band.

The General Catalogue of the college is in the hands of the printers and will appear soon. It will contain, together with other matter, a very full account of each of the alumni of the college, who number over 500.

President Chase will be absent from the college the present term in the interest of its finances. A sum has been subscribed to start the fund for the endowment of the Stanton professorship of history and political economy.

An entertainment combination, which has proved very successful this winter, consists of Mr. O. J. Hackett and Thompson, '96. Mr. Hackett furnishes humorous selections, while Mr. Thompson's readings are largely of a dramatic character.

The regular gymnasium work began the third week of the term. The work is optional with the Seniors. A public exhibition, to be given at the end of the term for the benefit of the Athletic Association, will arouse special interest in this department of the curriculum.

The work of the present term in the new study, history, which is to be pursued by the Seniors and Sophomores, will be upon American political and constitutional history. Among the principal topics to be treated are the influence of various European countries on our early history, the causes which led up to the American constitution, and the development of the government and institutions as affected by slavery. Not a great number of historical facts can be learned in one term, but the main object of this study is to teach the methods of historical research.

Mr. Lincoln, our new instructor in economics and history, has had ample preparation for that work. During his under-graduate course at Harvard, where he graduated with high honors in the Class of '93, he took a large amount of work in these his favorite departments. He remained at Harvard a year for post-graduate work in history and sociology, being prominent as

a debater. Since that time he has been studying at the University of Pennsylvania and would have been entitled to the degree of Ph.D. at the end of this year. These two universities are the chief centres of economic teaching as regards the rival doctrines of protection and free trade. In teaching, he has had experience as an assistant at Harvard and in the university extension work carried on under the direction of the Prospect Union. The library method will be used in his teaching, the work being outlined by the instructor, and the main facts considered in the lectures. The classes are expected to investigate and decide the various questions which may arise mostly for themselves, and results will be compared and discussions of the subject held in the recitation, after each student has thoroughly familiarized himself with it, the work thus being a joint attempt to learn the truth.

College Exchanges.

SINCE the December number came out, the STUDENT has passed into new hands, and as the exchange editor gazed helplessly at the huge pile of magazines his heart sank within him. Was it possible that one poor mortal could find time to carefully scan the contents of all that motley collection? No. Some must of necessity find a resting-place in the waste-basket. We find a few that seem to have been printed especially for that receptacle, but we have a good number before us which are of a high literary value.

One of the best of college magazines is the *Harvard Monthly*. In the December number, Gaillard Thomas Lapsley has a very readable article on "The Theatre in America." In the same magazine there is a fine poem entitled "Prairie," by Herbert Bates. We would like to print it entire, but space forbids. We give the first four stanzas:

PRAIRIE.

Across the sombre prairie sea
The dark swells billow heavily.
Are the looming ridges near or far
That heave to the smooth horizon bar?

The russet reach of grassy roll
Sickens the heart and numbs the soul,
The thin wind gives no air for breath,
The stillness is the pause of death.

The dumb ridge yearns to meet the sky,
The pale wind sobs complaining by,
And overhead one lagging crow
Caws his late course, sullen and slow.

This width was never shaped to be
The home of man's mortality,
A breathless vacuum of peace,
Where life's spent ripples spread and cease.

The *University of Chicago Weekly* for December 13th has nearly all of its two and one-half pages of editorials devoted to foot-ball.

One of the most interesting things about the *Brunonian* is the "Brown Verse,"—some humorous, some serious. In the *Brunonian* of December 8th there is a pretty poem entitled "Sorrow's Reverie."

Another very welcome visitor is the *Sibyl*, with its attractive cover and equally attractive contents. There is a beautiful picture of Elmira College opposite the first page.

We must not forget to mention the *Nassau Lit.* The Christmas number lies before us with its short stories, its

ten pages of "Book Talk," its five pages of exchanges, and various other interesting matter.

The *Peabody Record* has an eloquent and masterly article on "Obstacles: The Mother of Progress and Great Men." There is a pleasing rhythm running through it, and the language is full of poetical imagery. Here is a short extract: "Great minds grow fat on great demands, great characters grow strong under great trials, great courage springs out of the soil of great adversities. No demands, no great minds; no trials, no strong characters; no adversities and no obstacles to overcome, no invincible courage."

The following is from an ode in memory of Dr. Robinson in the *Brown Magazine:*

God speaks to man in many a voice and tone,
His yearning love is ever pouring forth
Through all the throbbing pulse of Nature shown
To call to nobler life the sons of earth.
His voice is in the sunshine and the flower,
E'en in the storm and shadow deep he can
Speak forth His love and truth; yet in each hour
His truest voice is in the life of man.

Reviews of New Books.

"I never knew more sweet and happy hours than I employed upon my books."

—JAMES SHIRLEY, 1594.

Inspiring and thought-provoking is the new study of Tennyson by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, entitled "Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life." The introduction, of nearly fifty pages, deals with Tennyson as an artist and his relations to Christianity and social politics. As an artist, his clearness, simplicity, and "a certain stateliness arising out of reverence for his own individuality," are specially noted. In Tennyson's relation to Christianity the author speaks of the influence upon him as a young man, of Newman and Maurice, and of his idea of faith, touching upon such poems as "The Two Voices," "The Vision of Sin," "In Memoriam," "Crossing the Bar." Tennyson's relation to social politics receives a careful exposition, and his strong tendency to a conservative policy, the fact that "he had faith in man as conducted, in reasonable obedience, to the final restitution of an entity which he called law," is clearly set forth. Following the introduction is an analysis of the poems in chronological order, with special chapters on "The Dramatic Monologue," "Nature-Poetry," and "Speculative Theology." The author writes with full enthusiasm for his subject, which inevitably produces like enthusiasm in his readers. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.00.)

"Essays on the 'Idylls of the King.'"

"Essays on Lord Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,'" by Harold Littledale, M.A., is full of practical help for the student. The author is professor of History and English Literature at Baronda College, India, and these essays were prepared as a basis of a course of lectures for his students there. The object of the work is to present a convenient summary of much information which is scattered and inaccessible to the general reader. Much space is given to the tracing of the sources of the various Idylls, and many helpful notes on the text. The first chapter is devoted to the Athenian legend, its origin, its basis of truth, and the use that was made of it in early times. The second traces the story from Malory to Tennyson, as a play acted before Elizabeth, in Spenser's work, in Draytonic "Polyolbion," in Milton, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Morris, Swinburne, and last, Tennyson himself, the master who has given them final shape. Athenian characters and localities are next discussed, and a chapter is given to each Idyll, giving it careful analysis and explaining many doubtful points. (Macmillan, New York. $1.25.

"Classical Greek Poetry."

"Classical Greek Poetry," by R. C. Jebb, professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, is the second series of lectures in the Percy Turnbull Memorial Course at Johns Hopkins University, and was delivered in 1892. The aim of these lectures is to exhibit concisely, but clearly, the leading characteristics of the best classical Greek poets, and to illustrate the place of ancient Greece in the general history of poetry. The first lecture, on "The Distinctive Qualities of the Greek Race as Expressed by Homer," deals with the Homeric language; the Homeric pantheon; the Hellenic mind as shown in religion, government, attitude toward nature and life, fearless desire of knowledge, and melancholy: Greeks compared with earlier races; influence of land and climate upon Greek development; thus giving a firm foundation for the later lectures, of which two are devoted to the epic poetry, one to lyric, one to Pindar, two to Attic drama, and one, the last, to the "Permanent Power of Greek Poetry," including its influence on Rome, on Goethe, Milton, Keats, and other poets; the Greek element in alliance with others; Hellenism and Hebraism; and the healthy character of the best Greek work. Professor Jebb's style is throughout clear and pleasing and, in the two lectures on the epic, posesses a special charm. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

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

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Æneid; the Catiline of Sallust; six orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough). GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and one of the following English Classics: Shakespeare's King John and Twelfth Night; Wordsworth's Excursion (first book); Irving's Bracebridge Hall; Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales (second volume).

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.

Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $180. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday..... JUNE 27, 1895

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