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VOL. XXIII.

No. 2.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 2.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
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LEWISTON, ME.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. XXIII., No. 2.—FEBRUARY, 1895.

| | |
|--|----|
| EDITORIAL, | 27 |
| LITERARY: | |
| The Melancholy of Hawthorne, | 32 |
| Father Caspar, | 34 |
| The Philosophy of Crime, | 36 |
| On the Lake, | 37 |
| POETS' CORNER: | |
| Moss Roses, | 40 |
| A Dream, | 40 |
| The Mountain Breeze and the Ocean Breeze, | 40 |
| Evening Song, | 41 |
| COLLEGE NEWS AND INTERESTS: | |
| Locals, | 41 |
| ALUMNI DEPARTMENT: | |
| Personals, | 43 |
| Obituary, | 46 |
| COLLEGE EXCHANGES, | 47 |
| COLLEGE NOTES, | 49 |
| REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS, | 50 |
| CLIPPINGS, | 52 |

Editorial.

"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."

DISCOURAGEMENT, while it may be one of the lesser sins and may perhaps, at first thought, seem wholly outside the commands of the decalogue, is still directly or indirectly responsible for much of the wrong-doing, even absolute law-breaking, of the world.

The young man of high aspirations, capable of vivid imagination, looking forward hopefully to a life of happiness to himself and blessing to others, has often little idea of the absolute drudgery necessary to the accomplishment of any worthy purpose. Full of the ultimate object of his work, his mind often refuses to note the seemingly unimpor-

tant details. Building on his grand plan, he easily neglects to lay the firm foundation without which no structure can stand. Then comes failure and consequent discouragement. A second start is far harder to make than the first, for the enthusiasm is gone, the best energy is fruitlessly spent, and the result is—nothing.

Here is the critical point in every young man's life. When the whole being is filled with hope and enthusiasm, the temptations of sense have no weight; but in times of discouragement the natural tendency is downward, for every power of resistance is at its lowest ebb, and the allurements once loathsome now assume a pleasing, friendly guise to drown sorrow and furnish a balm for every disappointment. At such a time complete ruin of the moral nature is easy. It is here that Browning's words come to our aid:

"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."

By every endeavor, the powers of mind and spirit grow, as do the muscles of the physical body by exercise. If he has not reached his goal, what matter? Let him accept his defeat calmly, even gratefully, if need be, and, still keeping his ideal clearly in view, start again. The blessings of failure, rightly viewed, are often greater than those of success. And continued success is impossible. To every one, even the most successful, must come a time of failure or at least of despondency. This is the time for greatest effort; the time when the strong power of the will must force the whole man away from discouragement, and onward by every

argument. Browning allows no discouragement. Fear paralyzes. Only hope can incite to strenuous effort.

IN some ancient states education consisted almost entirely in the cultivation of the physical powers. The reason was that the warrior or athlete was their ideal of manhood. To receive the laurel wreath for bravery in battle or victory in the Olympic games was their highest ambition.

In modern times the development of the body has again been undertaken as a part of education, but the object in view is different. Except in the case of so-called manual training, intended to serve as a partial fitting for some useful trade, the end of physical culture in schools is to make the body sound and strong, less for its own sake than as an aid, almost a necessity, to vigorous intellectual powers.

The history of the introduction of gymnastic exercises into the colleges of our country as a part of the regular curriculum is too well known to need re-statement. From small beginnings the idea has grown until compulsory exercise and large, splendidly equipped gymnasiums are the rule. Yet while educators almost unanimously agree that all students should be required to take part in work of this kind, some students do not seem to enter willingly into such an arrangement.

Except in individual cases, the wisdom of compulsory gymnastics hardly admits of a doubt. It has been proved time and again that a person pursuing a course of study which requires several hours of severe mental labor

daily, should balance this by a due amount of exercise, and thus draw the blood from the congested tissues of the brain and give that organ its needed rest. Even now the number of young men who ruin their health by overwork just as they appear ready to enter upon a useful career, is too great to justify any needless risks.

The need of exercise granted, we inquire whether it will be obtained without special provision. And I think any student will agree that the manifold concerns of college life are very likely, especially in the months when out-door sports are not going on, to take up the attention to such a degree as to make the exercise insufficient and irregular.

A minor argument, valid at least from a student's standpoint, is the advantage to athletic sports. Of course there may be some who do not enter into base-ball, foot-ball, tennis, or field and track sports. But if the standard of physical training among the whole body of students is high, not only will there be less chance of some who naturally excel in athletics failing to discover their ability, but the best will be stimulated to further improvement. And the general health and strength of participants in the games largely determines their success.

Then, for many reasons, the habit of presenting plausible, but not well-grounded excuses for exemption from gymnasium work is a tendency in the wrong direction. We fear that a close self-examination would in some cases reveal the fundamental difficulty to be, in one word, laziness. It is best to

consider well whether it would not be for the benefit of oneself and others to perform the light and carefully-chosen exercises required.

WE live in an age of sharp competition. He who would succeed in winning the highest success which it is possible for him to attain must ever be on the watch for opportunities which may contribute to his advancement. As we look around us and see various groups of men undergoing like training for the attainment of similar results, the essential differences which exist between individuals theoretically on the same plane is not at once apparent. It takes time to discover those diversities which bring out individuality. Yet we know that there are widely divergent degrees of attainment by which the success of men is commonly measured.

But if we make a study of the predominant, underlying forces which are at work in every life, it is possible to forecast in many instances not only the direction which that life may take but how far in a given direction it is likely to go. It is not of primary importance that a person have wonderful talents. Some of the most talented men whom the world has ever seen have been practical failures because all powers of mind were not concentrated upon some great end. In man, as in the material world, there has been a fearful waste of power upon that which has brought neither to the individual himself, nor to any of his associates, any permanent good.

No one has ever succeeded in elevat-

ing himself and becoming a blessing to society and to the world who has not acquired the power of concentration, the ability to apply his energy toward the accomplishment of a great result. Yet not the greatness of achievement but the extent to which every faculty has been rightly expended is the true measure of success.

How, then, shall we have and keep this power of concentration? Doubtless it exists to some degree in every one. But, like all the faculties, it is capable of wonderful development. The possession of a fixed purpose cannot fail to arouse those qualities which are needful in meeting the greatest difficulties. Purpose should inspire our endeavors. The concentration of all powers upon some great and noble end will make that purpose fruitful in good results.

IT is little credit that a man gets by disparaging his own family, so it is a very poor indication in a student that he speaks slightly of the college of which he is, or expects to be, an alumnus. The moment a man's name is enrolled in the catalogue of a college, his interests become identical with the interests of the college. On the one hand, his talents and achievements reflect credit upon his *Alma Mater*; on the other, the standing of the college—the opinion in which it is held—measures to a large degree the opinions of others as to his educational attainments.

Since, then, the interests of the two—college and student—are so identical, it does not require much of a philosopher

to see that the better relations the two can sustain towards each other the better for all concerned. Yet perhaps it is a difficult matter to say just how these best relations may be maintained without compromise of dignity to either party. There are, however, certain considerations which, if borne in mind, will have a sure tendency to bring about and maintain these relations which are so desirable.

First, there should be freedom of intercourse between Faculty and students. The former should know as far as possible the mind of the latter as to personal and class interests, and the latter should know the reasons in case their wishes should not seem to be regarded. The College Council is a great step in this direction and should, if properly used, prevent such misunderstandings between Faculty and students as have from time to time occurred in the history of perhaps every college.

Mutual confidence is absolutely necessary to the growth of good feeling. If the Faculty are suspicious of the students, that fact itself will have a strong tendency to make the students justify the suspicion. Students treated like children are apt to occasionally act in a way fitting to that estimate.

Lastly, fidelity on the part of both students and Faculty to the interests of each should characterize every word and action. Whether in college or as a graduate, personal interest, if no other consideration, ought to induce every man to support his college. The way some students, on account of a little spleen, ignore, and even work

against the interests of their college, reminds us of that famous man who, to spite his face, amputated its most prominent feature. His subsequent regret, which we can easily imagine, finds its counterpart in the feelings of such students when they shall wake up and find they have been working not only against the interests of others, but against their own.

FOR several months past the papers have been running over with talk about municipal corruption, and as the day of the spring election in many cities and towns approaches, politicians will watch eagerly to see what effect, if any, the recent agitations will have on the result. Wherever the Republicans have control of municipal affairs, the Democrats bring charges of gross corruptions; wherever the Democrats are in power the Republicans bring the same charges, and with equally good reasons. The fact is that municipal corruption is not a shadowy illusion, but is a real thing and exists in too many of our towns and cities. It matters not which party turns the crank, as long as the Devil manages the machine. A rascal is a rascal, no matter to which party he belongs. Too many people forget this fact, and will follow a man of their party, even though they know him to be rotten in principle and utterly unworthy of any public office.

To some, these remarks may seem out of place in an editorial of a college magazine, but inasmuch as the young men and young women who are

in the colleges of our country to-day are to form an important factor in future political questions, for this reason they should take a deep interest in the subject of political corruption. College students of to-day who are careless of their honesty, careless of their honor, careless of what seem to be the small things of college life, are in danger of becoming the leaders in the corruption of the future. The reformers of the future will come from those who to-day are reformers at heart and who guard their honor as a thing sacred.

THE number of students in the universities and colleges of the United States is greater than ever before and is constantly increasing. Augmented facilities for intellectual training are being offered to the ambitious youth of our country, and vast numbers of young men and women are availing themselves of the eagerly desired opportunities for mental training. This is as it should be, for such a condition of affairs augurs well for the future prosperity and power of our country.

While pondering over these truths the thought came to us,—what is to be the life-work, what the tasks accomplished by each eager volunteer for the battle of life? All cannot occupy positions of influence and trust, but all can be worthy of them.

Far too many people think that it is a waste of valuable time to spend four years in college, and labor under the delusion that the system of college

training is responsible for a failure, when, in reality, the germ of failure was inborn and was destined under any condition to sprout, bud, and blossom. On the contrary, the humblest life is made pleasanter, more useful, and more complete by the inspirations of a college training. The educated man lives, while the uneducated person merely exists. Hawthorne says, "There is no spring so small but that heaven is mirrored in its bosom," and it is certainly true that there is no life so cramped by unfortunate circumstances, so embittered by sorrow and disappointment, but that it may focus the

life-giving light of love, truth, and sympathy for mankind.

Point high the arrow of ambition, draw it to the head and put the whole heart into the shot, remembering that we can "learn by failing," and that not to fail, but "to aim low is crime." Let no one be discouraged or deterred by the ever-increasing number of college-trained men, but rather let each be aroused to action and stimulated to the severest exertions; for numbers produce competition, and competition is the fire which frees the pure gold of industry and perseverance from the dross of inactivity and discouragement.

Literary.

THE MELANCHOLY OF HAWTHORNE.

By R. D. FAIRFIELD, '96.

THE greatest of all mysteries is life, even in its simplest form—animal life, plant life—what is it? More mysterious still is human life, intellectual life, and grandest and most mysterious of all, is the life of the soul. Everywhere mystery causes unrest, questioning; from the earliest mystery known to the child, as with wondering eyes it watches the play of light and shadow on the floor, trying to catch the elusive sunbeams, to the deepest questionings of the philosopher in his analysis of the lights and shadows of life, all mystery arouses in man a spirit of unrest, ever ready to respond to the lightest touch. Is it melancholy, or does it lie nearer than mirth itself to real happiness?

Thus is Hawthorne's melancholy; thus do his works by their mystery, more, perhaps, than any other one quality, excite this feeling of melancholy in his readers; for Hawthorne, says Richardson, "goes to the depth of the soul in his search for the basal principles of human action." Everything that Hawthorne has written bears upon the growth of the soul, usually its development through sin and suffering. "The Minister's Black Veil," one of the most artistic of his short stories, gives, in brief, the idea that pervades his work as a whole: "Why do you tremble at me alone?" cried he, turning his veiled face round the circle of pale spectators. "Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it

obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin, then deem me a monster for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

Dealing sternly and earnestly with life, as he does, Hawthorne does not attempt to lift this black veil; in all his close study of the soul, he does not lay it bare; he sees the limitations of man's knowledge, and, still respecting the mysteries, he teaches by his very reticence. His last great work, "The Marble Faun," is an example of this. In "The Scarlet Letter," though the characters are more plainly drawn, yet still the atmosphere of mystery is preserved. With it is combined deadly remorse, so that the scenes are said to have been painted in purple and black; not unrelieved, however, for the innocence and happiness of the child supply a ray of sunshine here and there. In a happier vein, yet with its own sadness and mystery, is "The House of Seven Gables," where a certain brightness enlivens the story, as do "Mistress Alice's Posies" the dark roof of the old house itself. Yet, dark as are these studies of sin and sorrow, they are not morbid or hopeless; the idea of growth out of suffering, of development through remorse, is not wanting; hence the feeling of the thoughtful reader of Hawthorne is not wholly melancholy, rather a longing to understand life and its re-

sults. Kenyon, in "The Marble Faun," gives expression to these questionings: "He perpetrated a great crime; and his remorse, gnawing into his soul, has awakened it, developing a thousand high capabilities, moral and intellectual, which we never should have dreamed of asking for within the scanty compass of the Donatello whom we knew. . . . Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him. Is sin, then, which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe, is it, like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained?" The horror of pure Hilda silences her friend, but the question remains, and therein is the melancholy.

Hawthorne's life and natural spirit may, in part, explain this prominent characteristic of his work. He was always a lover of seclusion, and in his early childhood read, with interest, the works of Milton, Pope, Shakespeare, and Thomson. Such literature must have tended to cultivate in him that seriousness of manner which characterized his whole life. Even during his college course, when the buoyancy and happiness of youth are usually most clearly displayed, he was singularly retiring in his habits, closeting himself from the reach of his most intimate friends. Although very often present at social events, he never told a story or sang a song. John Cilley, one of his most intimate classmates, has remarked: "I love Hawthorne, I admire him; but I do not know him." After his college life he returned to his home in Salem, and there spent years of his

strong young manhood in preparation for his sacred profession. He was accustomed to take long, solitary walks, drinking in the beauties of nature, and jotting down in his blank-book notes remarkable for minute observation and clear perception; and while other novelists were searching far and wide for types, plots, and backgrounds, Hawthorne took those amid which he had grown up, and with which he was perfectly familiar.

In all his works the close alliance of external things with thought and feeling is specially noticeable. He creates for his characters an atmosphere suited to their moods and conditions; nature herself seems to sympathize with them, and clothes herself in the melancholy robe of moss and ivy. In his introduction to "The Marble Faun," his only work with other than a New England background, he forcibly shows the necessity of this connection: "No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers need ruin to make them grow."

He was observant also of men, notwithstanding his retiring nature, noting even slight things, as is seen in his description of the horror of laughter out of place in "Ethan Brand." In his accurate observation he proves himself a true realist, though he is in spirit a great idealist.

Hawthorne's style possesses wonderful grace and charm; "the quiet ease is there, the pellucid language, the haunting quality;" while of his conception of character, R. H. Stoddard says that his longer works are as absolute creations as "Hamlet" or "Undine."

Certain of Hawthorne's shorter stories are free from any tinge of melancholy; the lesson of the "Great Stone Face" is simple, cheerful, and helpful; others, as "A Rill from the Town Pump," reveal a peculiar humor. His stories for children, also, while never wholly without the questioning spirit, are bright, healthy, and deeply true. His own words, spoken of his life, may be applied to his works, more and more, perhaps, as men grow nearer in spirit to one who came to a generation not yet ready to receive him:—"I have no love of secrecy and darkness. I am glad to think that God sees through my heart, and if any angel has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know everything that is there. Yes, and so may every mortal who is capable of full sympathy."

FATHER CASPAR.

By L. D. TIBBETTS, '96.

In a monastery olden,
On whose walls of crumbling stone
Stained by Time's destroying fingers,
Gray the moss of years had grown,

Lived a monk, bald-headed, freckled,
With a wart upon his nose;
Yet he drank deep draughts of wisdom
Where the stream of Science flows.

And they called him Father Caspar—
No one knew so much as he;
And the common people wondered
That a man so wise could be.

Yes, he loved the realms of Science,
And he oft would stand at night,
Through his telescope long looking
At the stars so fair and bright.

Often he would dream of sailing
Far away beyond the skies,
Through far distant realms, whose wonders
Minds of men could not surmise.

Wisdom was like gas to Caspar,
And it made his brain so light,
That one day he, rising upward,
Soared away from mortal sight,—

Left his telescope and writings—
Left a mug half full of beer,
While his scribes, with ashen faces,
Knelt and crossed themselves in fear;

And they watched him rising higher,
Growing smaller as he rose,
Till they lost him—this old wizard
With the wart upon his nose.

Time went on. The years flew swiftly,
And they waited all in vain,
Till they felt that they should never
Hear from that old monk again.

Nineteen years had come and vanished,—
Rolled the twentieth summer round,
Still no trace of their old master
Had these faithful servants found;

Till one eve as twilight shadows
Marked the closing of the day,
And the white clouds changed to golden,
And the golden turned to gray,

Long they sat in meditation
Till the bright stars had begun
Their night-vigils in the heavens,
Coming slowly, one by one.

Then spake one whose locks were whitened
With the snows of many a year:
"Twenty years we've watched and waited—
Let us take a drop of beer."

Scarce these solemn words were spoken
When within the darkened room
Stood a ghostly form before them,
Like a spirit from the tomb.

Pale and trembling, in a corner
Shrank the scribes, and gazed in fear
At this ghostly, weird intruder,
Who had dared to venture here;

But they recognized the features
That they oft had seen before;
'Twas old Father Caspar's spirit
Standing there beside the door.

With sepulchral voice that sounded
Like the wailing winds at night,
He explained how he had vanished
Years before this from their sight;

And he told how he had risen
Till he found himself, at last,
On a wild and reckless comet,
Through the heavens flying fast.

Red-faced Mars and smiling Venus—
Past them all he whizzed and whirred,
Till the music of the spheres, so
Strange, sublime and sweet he heard.

Still the comet bore him onward
Through the boundless realms of space,
Till its pathway, lost in distance,
Telescopes could never trace.

Whirling, flying—flying, whirling,
Far beyond the realm of light,
O'er the boundary line of darkness
Into never-ending night.

And he told them all the secrets
Of the planets and the stars—
Told them of strange beings living
On the pleasant planet Mars;

And he told them as he left them,
Ere he vanished at the door,
That their parting was forever,
For they ne'er would see him more.

Long the scribes stood pale and trembling,
Then with nimble feet they fled;
And they left those crumbling ruins
To the spirits of the dead.

Still that ancient monastery
Stands beside the river Rhone,
Covered o'er with moss and ivy—
All forsaken—all alone.

If you climb the crumbling stairway,
Through the cobwebs and the gloom,
Into that old monk's deserted
And forgotten private room,

You will find his papers lying
As he had them years ago;
But the beer mug standeth empty,
For the old scribes left it so.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRIME.

BY MISS F. A. WHEELER, '95.

THIS age is essentially an age of investigation and reform; an age in which men are questioning, examining, reconstructing. And one of the great questions to which attention is being turned is that of crime, its causes and its remedies.

Crime, in its broadest sense, is the forcible negation of right. It has various causes, such as poverty, ignorance, lack of will-power, misuse and abuse of knowledge, false education, etc. But these can all be referred to two primary sources, heredity and environment.

Doubtless few realize the significance of these words, although they are familiar to all. We acknowledge that in features, actions, temperament, we resemble greatly either our immediate or more remote ancestors, and that these resemblances are augmented or diminished by circumstances. We know how largely disease is inherited; and why should not moral disease, or crime as we commonly term it, be similarly transmitted?

If we should inquire into the life and surroundings of criminals and into the character of their ancestors, we should find, almost without exception, either that they have directly inherited evil tendencies, or have inherited no absolute moral defect, but perhaps a weak will, or some other negative quality which, under unfavorable surroundings, finally issues in crime. According to Drummond, "Heredity and Environment are the master-influences of the organic world. These forces have made

us what we are, and are still ceaselessly playing upon our lives."

Hegel says: "The other half of crime is punishment, and a vital question to-day is, 'What shall we do with our criminals?'"

Unfortunately, in the past, men have studied crime. To-day they are beginning to realize that more important is the criminal. From this new standpoint there is much to be done in prison reform.

In the first place, politics plays too important a part in the government of our prisons. An officer should not be chosen for political reasons; his position demands that he have the requisite character and training. This cannot be too emphatically stated. A good officer, with poor advantages, can do much; but a poor officer, even with the best advantages, will undo in a few weeks the work of months and even years.

Perhaps the greatest evil of the present system is the definite sentence. The prisoner is confined for a certain time, pre-determined by law, and is often kept in a cold, damp, dark cell, with little moral, mental, or physical activity. Who would not further degenerate under such circumstances?

The first step in the rational treatment of criminals is a bracing moral training, and the necessary condition of this is the indefinite sentence. Let the criminal work out his own freedom, and be liberated only when he has shown himself capable of living a life that shall not be a menace to society (and to judge this is no more difficult than in the case of the insane), and we have

done much toward solving the problem. We should also have a system which will do away with routine, and treat every criminal as individually as we treat persons physically diseased. These three things—good officers, indefinite sentence, and individual treatment, virtually cover the needed reform. They have actually been put into practice and with marvelous results. They are the foundations upon which Superintendent Brockway has built up the Elmira Reformatory, which sends out eighty per cent. of its inmates to lead honest lives.

One writer says: "However little the system at Elmira may be understood, it is, nevertheless, an extremely powerful, almost miraculous means of working moral improvement; and the evidence of facts shows, in an astonishing way, how men may be raised from the lowest sphere to a good, honorable, intellectual, and moral position."

But even the best of prison systems will avail little if, behind it all, people in general are not striving for their own moral good and for that of mankind. Deep-seated instincts will assert themselves and, until the moral development of the population as a whole reaches a higher level, it will be vain to hope that this question will be fully solved by even the most excellent state institutions. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that we, each and all, keep ourselves pure in thought and deed, remembering the influence we must exert, whether we will or not, both on posterity, through heredity, and upon the community in which we move, through the environment we help to produce.

ON THE LAKE.

BY FLORA A. MASON, '96.

IT was calm and cold. The sun had just bowed a pleasant good-night. The last vestige of the fleeting day still lingered on the western horizon, where the long streaks of orange and gold told that the sun still tarried, loath to leave us to the subtle reign of night. Faint streaks of pink touched the western clouds. Long, thin, white clouds had mingled with the cold gray coming up from the north, and formed a beautiful combination of pearly steel. Above and to the south a fleecy cumulus, so white that it seemed to be the very embodiment of purity itself, here and there sailed majestically along through the ethereal blue. Little spots of crimson, half visible, half concealed, appeared from under the white. In the east the dark, deep blue stretched everywhere, relieved only by a stray cloudlet which had become detached from the larger ones in the south. The glories of day were dissolving into the glories of night.

A large party of young people who were attending the academy in the town of A—— had set out for a large lake about a mile distant. We had our skates in our hands and were anticipating a delightful evening on the ice. The village was situated in a valley and we had to climb a long, steep hill to reach the lake. A winding road led over it, but we did not mind the exertion of climbing for we had been studying all day and were only too glad for the exercise. When we had reached the top, we rested to take a view of the country around. All nature was hushed in

silence, only broken now and then by the jingle of some distant sleigh-bells and the whistle of a far-off locomotive. I looked to the east, and as if stepping out of a distant hill, the moon arose, a great ball of lurid light. So magnificent did she look that hills and peaks seemed ready to bow a sweet welcome to her and the valleys to rise and do her homage. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the dome above me. Venus was closely following the course of the sun, as if too beautiful to deign us a long view of her radiance, and so quickly bade us a sweet adieu. Two days previous there had been a slight fall of snow and rain and the trees were bending under the weight of ice. In the sunlight the ice on all nature sparkled as if hung with rubies and diamonds, and in the moonlight they shone with no less beauty but with a softer and more ethereal grandeur.

Of gazing upon this beautiful panorama of loveliness it seemed as if there never could be enough. But a party of young people, gay with thoughts of skating, never could linger long even for such a beautiful picture of nature, nor would the frosty air permit it even had we wished. So with blithe spirits we left the road and crossed on the crust to the field of ice.

The lake was about a mile long and as nearly round as one ever finds a large sheet of water. In the center were two or three large islands on which were small summer cottages. This beautiful sheet of clear, sparkling water was fed by numerous springs, which were found only in certain portions of the lake, and the water around them was

so warm that it seldom froze. The weather had been cold for some days, and now these open places had a slight covering of ice but not sufficiently strong to hold a person. Most of the young people living in the village had skated on the lake and knew where these air-holes were.

Having put on our skates we joyously started for the upper end of the lake. The ice was smooth as glass, and we skimmed along by the islands and had been the entire length of the lake before we were aware of it. After a few minutes' rest, during which we kept up a very lively conversation and a few of the best skaters, who had apparently found it little exertion to skate a mile, performed some feats of skill on their skates, we started back.

The moon was peacefully sailing along in the sky, queen of the heavens, now hiding behind a fleecy cloud, now modestly, sweetly stealing forth to bestow a kindly smile. Everything seemed one expanse of glittering silver.

Several of the young men started out to see which would make the mile in the shortest time. The rest of the company skated along leisurely behind, and although laughing and chatting, the interest was centered on the contest ahead. Suddenly one of the racers disappeared through the ice. In their haste they had forgotten the thin ice and this young man, being on the outside of the line, became the unfortunate victim. As he fell through he clutched the ice. It broke, and again he grasped and again it gave way. At the third effort the ice was strong enough to support him. The impulse of several

was to rush up and help him, but one, seeing the impending catastrophe, shouted, "Stand back!" What was to be done? Each looked at the other with imploring countenance, and as no one suggested aid there seemed to pass over every one a feeling of utter despair. With no poles or ropes at hand he could not be rescued unless some one should go up and help him. But that certainly would mean death to both, for the ice was barely supporting him. Some one suggested skating to the nearest island and obtaining a pole. But that was also impossible, for no one could reach the nearest island and be back before the young man would perish. For him to drown with so many around was terrible. Something must be done immediately if at all, for already, from cold and exhaustion, he had once lost his hold and almost sunk from sight. The rest shouted to him to keep up his courage, but that would encourage him only for a very short time, for he certainly could not stand it much longer. Some had already turned away to avoid the awful sight of seeing him drown. Suddenly one of the young men pulled off his coat, at the same time exclaiming, "Boys, give me your coats and skate straps." No time was lost; the speaker, with the aid of some of the others, fastened the sleeve of one coat to that of another by means of a strap, the second coat to the third, and so on until a long line of coats was made. He kept one end and at the same time the other end was thrown to the drowning boy. He caught it. With bated breath we waited the result. We knew he was chilled and almost exhausted. Could

he retain his uncertain hold? If he lost his grasp nothing could be done. The boys pulled slowly and he still kept his hold on the coat. One more steady pull and he was out of the water and was drawn upon the solid ice. We breathed a breath of joy. Shout upon shout of gladness and thanksgiving went up and resounded to the shores and hills. But the work was not yet accomplished. There we were near the upper end of the lake at least a mile and a half from the young man's home, and some distance to any house after reaching the nearest shore, and the unfortunate victim of the water chilled through and through. He wished to get home; so several of the young men started with him. Having recovered slightly from the shock his strength returned a little, so that with the aid of the others he skated to the lower end of the lake, and with difficulty was taken home. Excellent care for several days brought our schoolmate back to his usual health and his customary work at the academy.

Those of us who were left on the ice after the event, hastily made our way to the lower end of the lake. Such a long, long distance as it seemed down the lake, so different from the careless, joyous trip we had going up. Now with every stroke it seemed as if the entire lake cracked, ready to open and let the whole company through; so terrible was the shock which the catastrophe had given to many. Finally, after what seemed like hours of torture, we reached the shore, never more welcome than now, and removing our skates, gladly and thankfully stepped on *terra firma*

to pursue the rest of our journey. The moon still sailed calmly through the heavens, the stars twinkled and the ice on the trees sparkled, but after all our experience the beauties of nature had lost their charm.

Poets' Corner.

MOSS ROSES.

Love comes by aweary,
A-shivering in the rain;
Where shall Love find shelter
Till sunshine comes again?
Golden-hearted Rosebud
Spreads her petals wide;
Shyly bends to meet him,
Blushing, dewy-eyed.

"Here, Love, find a shelter
Where mayst safely creep!"
Close she folds her petals;
Love is fast asleep.
Soon the morning breaketh,
Sunshine comes again;
Rosebud opes her petals,
Closed against the rain.

Love awakes from dreaming,
Warm-nestled on her breast;
Ne'er in all his straying
Found he sweeter nest.

"Rose, what shall I give thee
Ere I take my flight,
So thou mayst remember
What guest was thine a night?"

Love plucked a tiny feather
From either shining wing,
And wove of them a cradle
Wherein the Rose might swing.
He dyed it brightest emerald,
He lined it soft and warm,
A hammock for the sunshine,
A shelter for the storm.

So, lovelier than her sisters
The fair moss-rosebud grows,
And maidenly she guardeth
The secret no one knows;
But when the rains are falling,
And night-winds round her creep,
She dreams Love sways the hammock,
And rocks her fast asleep.

—N. G. B., '91.

A DREAM.

All stained fell the sunset light
Far down the aisle of prayer,
And the grand music in its might
Rolled from the organ there.
But now the stained light grows dim,
And fainter sounds the vesper hymn.

As one by one, in garments dark,
A long, long line of stately forms,
With faces stamped by sorrow's mark,
Yet saintly 'mid life's wrongs,
Glide softly through the golden glow
As others in the long ago.

And each one bore within her hand
A lily as pure and as white
As the snow that falls on the forest land
In the silence of winter's night.
A token it seemed of a stainless soul
That had sought and found life's perfect
whole.

On to the place where prayer ascends
For suffering souls in need,
While a heavenly glow in beauty blends
With the twilight tints of eve,
And strains of music deep and grand
Float from the unknown, silent land.

—N. G. W., '95.

THE MOUNTAIN BREEZE AND THE OCEAN BREEZE.

"Happy am I," said the breeze of the moun-
tain,

As it saluted the breeze of the sea;

"Happy am I, o'er the mountains I whisper,
Whistling as gay as the birds in my glee."

"Noble old mountains, like arms they encircle,
Sweet benedictions they seem to let fall,
Showering their blessings on those in the
valley,

Guarding, protecting, and caring for all.

"Glorious old mountains, they tell of God's
glory,
Small seems the earth, oh, my life is so free,
Happy am I, the breeze of the mountain,
Are you so happy, sweet breeze of the sea?"

Sweetly this answer the ocean breeze whis-
pered:

"Happy, oh, perfectly happy am I.
Though no grand mountains I have to in-
spire me,
Above and around me I see the blue sky."

"Earth seems so great to me, breeze of the
mountain
Stretching far out, out away from my sight;
Then the old ocean forever inspires me.
Happy am I, oh, my life is so bright.

"Heaven, like a tent, seems to guard and pro-
tect me,
Ocean around me, and heaven above.
Happy am I, in a tent of God's mercy,
Guarded by heaven and filled with His love."

Sweetly then whispered the breezes together:

"Happiness fills us wherever we live.
God gives His life to us freely, abundantly,
This life we love to His creatures to give."

Mountains and oceans all tell of His great-
ness,
Heaven and earth join His love to proclaim.
Praise Him, ye nations, ye angels adore Him,
Infinite greatness and love is His name.

—W. T., '97.

EVENING SONG.

[From the German.]

Evening now returning,
Falls on plain and fen.
Peace, all tumult spurning,
Soothes the world again,

Save where softly-flowing
Waters kiss the rock,
Ever, ever going,
Silence feels no shock.

And no twilight ever
Brings the brooklet peace;
Vesper bell can never
Sound for it release.

So in world of striving
Is my soul as you.
God alone, by shriving,
Brings it peace that's true.

—W. S. C. R., '95.

College News and Interests.

LOCALS.

He asked a miss what was a kiss
Grammatically defined;
"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,
"And hence can't be declined."

—*Yale Record*.

Did you get any valentines?

The pedagogues are returning.

These blizzards are hard for the
co-eds who try to attend the early rec-
itations.

Many of the boys attended the ses-
sions of the Supreme Court, recently
held in Auburn.

Miss Wildie Thayer, formerly of '96,
has returned and will continue her
studies with '97.

Rev. T. H. Stacy, '76, of Saco, will
preach the sermon on the Day of
Prayer, February 21st.

In spite of the absence of a large
number of members, both societies
have had good meetings and spicy
debates.

C. C. Penley has joined the Fresh-
man Class. He is a graduate of the
Edward Little High School and is a
base-ball player.

Milliken, '97, has charge of the
gymnasium work of his class this term.
Burrill, the regular instructor, is teach-
ing his second term for the winter at
West Sullivan.

Among the recent visitors to the college have been W. F. Garcelon, '90, of Harvard Law School; Dr. F. L. Day, '90, of Bridgeport, Conn.; and L. J. Brackett, '94, of the *Turf, Farm, and Home*.

The library has received an addition of twenty volumes of scientific books for the chemical department. They were presented by the Alumni Association, and are at present in the care of County Attorney Judkins, '80, chairman of the committee of purchase.

The following question has been chosen by the champion debaters of the Sophomore Class for Commencement week: "Did Bismarck do more for German unity than Cavour for Italian?" On the affirmative are Durkee, Marr, Miss Andrews, Miss Cobb; negative, Stanley, Milliken, Miss Sleeper, Miss Buzzell.

Professor (who is asking members of the class their opinion on a certain question)—"What do you think, Miss B?" Miss B.—"I don't know." Prof.—"I guess you must have been asleep when we were discussing the question. What do you think, Mr. K.?" Mr. K. (confidently and emphatically)—"I should think so."

A number of the students attended a supper and entertainment at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, January 31st. An old-fashioned singin' skule was the feature. Several of our singers were pupils and one of the boys represented Julius Cæsar, the colored man, while another seemed to be in his element as Jefferson Jones, the bad boy.

Dr. and Mrs. Cheney are enjoying

a three-weeks' visit at the National Capital, where Mrs. Cheney is attending the Triennial Council of Women, at which the leading women of the country are expected to be present, since it represents all the prominent organizations of women in the United States. Mrs. Cheney will deliver an address on "Practical Christian Living."

Class in history are to write biographical sketches. The subjects have been assigned to only a part of the class, and the Prof. turns to the young ladies and delivers himself thus: "If any of the young ladies want a *man* let them come to me and I will supply them." The sequel has not yet come to light, but readers may rest assured that any developments will be made a special feature of the STUDENT.

A delightful Holmes evening was spent at the residence of Professor Angell, February 8th. The Professors and their wives, with a few others, were the guests of the occasion. After a social chat, Professor Hartshorn gave a most interesting talk on Dr. Holmes. Professor Lincoln followed with some pleasing reminiscences. The remainder of the evening was occupied with music and selections from the writings of Dr. Holmes.

Over twenty candidates for the baseball team began practice in the cage February 4th, under the direction of Captain Wakefield. They include all but two of the '94 nine and some very promising new material. The college league managers have not met to prepare a schedule. Games have been

arranged out of the state with the University of Vermont, Dartmouth, Andover, and Exeter. The outlook is most encouraging and, barring accident, we think it is a legitimate ambition to be champions of the state and win a good percentage of other games.

Two very instructive lectures were given before the students and public on the evening of February 6th and 7th, in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, by Rev. H. F. Wood, of Bath, Class of '67. His subject was Italy, and the lectures were illustrated by stereopticon views of the places seen by Mr. Wood in his last visit to that country. Starting with the buried city of Pompeii, the speaker conducted his audience through Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Genoa, and other celebrated places. The lectures were largely attended by the students, who were much interested and gained a great deal of information.

The assignment of disputants and questions for the Sophomore debates next fall is as follows: First Division.—Question—Has England been as Great a Power in Modern Times as Rome was in Ancient Times? Aff.—Costello, J. L. Bennett, Miss Morrison, Tukey,

Miss Berry, Toothaker. Neg.—Bailey, Frost, Miss Smith, Woodside, Miss Leader. Second Division.—Question—Is the English Government Superior in Form and Operation to the Government of the United States? Aff.—Miss Hastings, Miss Weymouth, Gray, Miss Perkins, Pearson, Sprague. Neg.—Foss, Miss Maxim, Wakefield, Miss J. S. Farnum, Minard, Roberts. Third Division.—Question—Was Papacy, During the Middle Ages, a Beneficent Power in European Affairs? Aff.—Stickney, Wells, True, Miss Hicks, Miss Jennison, Butterfield, Freeman. Neg.—Miss Tasker, Miss A. M. Brackett, Cummings, Miss Garcelon, Miss F. S. Farnum, Young. Fourth Division.—Question—Ought the United States to Acquire More Territory by Purchase or Otherwise? Aff.—Davidson, Miss Files, A. L. Bennett, Miss Skillings, Miss Bucknam, Rogers. Neg.—Knowlton, Miss Hall, Miss Hayes, Hawkins, Pulsifer, Cutting. Fifth Division.—Question—Is Napoleon a Greater Historical Character than Hannibal? Aff.—Tucker, Bruce, Wentworth, Landman, Collins. Neg.—Miss Rounds, Hinkley, Blake, Hyde, Miss S. M. Brackett, Brackett.

Alumni Department.

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

PERSONALS.

67.—During the winter vacation, Prof. J. H. Rand spent some time in Boston and New York, and visited Amherst, Williams, and West Point.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood, of Bath, delivered two very interesting illustrated lectures on Italy in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, February 6th and 7th. Mr. Wood

expects to sail again for Italy some time during the month of February.

'68.—The Boston address of President Chase is No. 4, Ashburton Place.

'74.—Mayor Noble, of Lewiston, made the closing speech before the Maine Legislature against the bill setting off a portion of the city of Lewiston, comprised in the village of Sabatis, to the town of Webster.

'74.—The Essex Street Church, of Bangor, observed the first anniversary of "the jubilee," Friday evening, January 18th. One year ago this date a grand jubilee was held, celebrating the removal of debt, at which service a church note was burned with appropriate ceremonies. On the occasion of the anniversary of this event, the pastor, Rev. C. S. Frost, gave an address on "Church Debts, How to Remove and Prevent Them."—*Morning Star*.

'74.—Rev. Thomas Spooner, of Lawrence, Mass., has an interesting article in the *Morning Star* on "The Junior Societies." A picture of Mr. Spooner accompanies the article.

'77.—Superintendent G. A. Stuart, of Lewiston, attended the recent convention of superintendents of schools at Cleveland, Ohio.

'80.—W. H. Judkins, Esq., of Lewiston, the newly-elected county attorney, is acquiring a considerable reputation by his skill in the management of difficult cases. The Clark-Decker case, tried at the January term of the Supreme Court, held in Auburn, has made quite a stir in the community. Mr. Judkins, as counsel for plaintiff, secured a verdict of guilty, although he was opposed by lawyers of great

ability, and the evidence introduced upon his side was regarded by many as not especially strong. His plea, which occupied about two hours, was characterized by energy, eloquence, and convincing argument. During the term just closed Mr. Judkins has brought more money into the treasury than any other county attorney during his corresponding first term.

'81.—C. S. Cook, Esq., of the law firm of Symonds, Snow & Cook, was one of the counsel for Dr. J. B. Hughes in the recent murder trial before the Cumberland Superior Court at Portland.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge, Esq., of Lisbon Falls, was in Auburn on legal business during the last term of court.

'81.—C. S. Haskell, A.M., of Jersey City, N. J., is organizing another of his delightful vacation tours to Europe. The excursion will start next summer. Address him at 133 Clerk Street, Jersey City, N. J.

'81.—W. P. Foster has a sonnet in the January number of the *Century*.

'81.—The new Congregational church at Norway, of which Rev. B. S. Rideout is pastor, will be dedicated in about four weeks. The pews have arrived and the painters are busy completing the inside work, and all will be finished in a short time. Prominent ministers are expected to be present and take part in the services. The church is a very fine structure and is located in one of the best places in the village.

'84.—Rev. Aaron Beede, of Redfield College, is making his influence felt in the work to which he has devoted himself in the rapidly-developing State of

South Dakota. He contributes an article entitled "Success or Failure, Which and Why," to the *Journal Observer*, from which we clip the following item: "It will be of interest to the people of Redfield and the friends of Redfield College to know of the high appreciation in which Dean Beede is held by people abroad. Last week he received a most flattering proposition from the Lake Avenue Union Church, of Chicago, to become pastor of that non-denominational organization. This church pays a salary of between \$2,500 and \$3,000. To say that Professor Beede does not give this offer a second thought is but a fitting commentary on a life which is consecrated to the needs of the young people of this great Northwest. May he stay in Redfield College to see a great institution built up and sending forth yearly from her crowded halls thoroughly trained young people." Dr. Beede has since declined a second urgent call to the same church at a salary of \$3,000.

'85.—Rev. Edwin B. Stiles has a short sketch in the *Morning Star* on "The Young People's Societies and the Church."

'85.—Mrs. E. B. Stiles will have a series of articles in the *Morning Star* on "The Use of Missionary Literature."

'86.—A. E. Verrill, Esq., has recently been installed as Junior Warden of Tranquil Lodge of Masons, Auburn, Me.

'87.—Rev. C. S. Pendleton, of South Edmeston, N. Y., president of the United Societies of A. C. F., has an article in the *Morning Star* of February

7th, on "The Work of the United Societies." An excellent likeness of Mr. Pendleton appears at the head of the article.

'87.—Accompanying a portrait of Rev. E. C. Hayes, of Augusta, Me., in the *Morning Star* of February 7th, we notice an article by him entitled "The A. F. C. E. Societies and Other Free Baptist Organizations."

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts, A.M., Professor of Latin at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich., has a very interesting article in the *Hillsdale Collegian*, entitled "Should the Tendency to Introduce a Large Amount of English into College Work be Encouraged?" The paper was read before the meeting of the State Teachers' Association at Lansing, Mich.

'89.—W. E. Kinney, A.B., is principal of the high school at North Berwick, Me.

'90.—Herbert V. Neal, of Auburn, is meeting with great success in his specialty of Sociology at Harvard University.

'90.—Dr. F. L. Day, M.D., has developed a fine practice in Bridgeport, Conn. He has recently been elected city physician, while still retaining his position in the hospital.

'90.—F. S. Pierce has gone into business at New Brunswick, N. J.

'90.—Miss Mary F. Angell read a very interesting paper on "Japanese Ware," before the Literary Union at the Pine Street Congregational Church, Lewiston, February 7th.

'91.—Professor H. J. Chase is meeting with excellent success in his work at the Cambridge Latin School.

'91.—F. E. Emrich, Jr., has recently accepted the principalship of the Saugus (Mass.) High School.

'91.—Miss A. A. Beal has returned to her home at Lewiston, Me.

'92.—R. A. Small, of Harvard Graduate School, is somewhat ill and is recuperating at his home in Lewiston.

'92.—N. W. Howard is one of twelve from Harvard Law School entitled by scholarship to write for Harvard Commencement to represent the Law School.

'92.—Scott Wilson, who is now studying law at the office of Symonds, Snow & Cook, Portland, expects soon to be admitted to the bar.

'92.—The students of Dexter High School, of which C. N. Blanchard is principal, gave a benefit to the Senior Class at the Town Hall, Thursday evening, February 7th. There was a large and appreciative audience and all the parts were ably rendered.

'94.—J. W. Leathers, of Bangor, Me., has a most interesting article in the *Lewiston Journal* of February 9th, on "Ancient Indian Inscriptions at Machiasport."

'94.—F. E. Perkins has lately entered Bowdoin Medical School.

Bates is represented in the University Club of Boston by the following members: E. M. Holden, '84, W. W. Jenness, '85, George E. Smith, '73, F. L. Washburn, '75.

Noah was the first pitcher. He pitched the ark within and without, and the game was called on account of rain.—*Ex.*

OBITUARY.

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!"

NORA RUSSELL COLLAR passed away, after a short and painful illness, at her home in Norfolk, Conn., December 13, 1894. Having greatly endeared herself to all, her loss is felt by the entire community. She was born in Wilton, Me., March 4, 1867, where her early life was spent; graduating later from Wilton Academy as valedictorian of her class. At the age of sixteen she entered Bates College, in the fall of 1883. She was a close student, always putting her best energies into her studies, which she thoroughly enjoyed. Here she made firm friendships among her classmates, who appreciated her strong character, bright mind, and true womanhood. Though always quiet and reticent she was firm in her opinions, and her influence, unmistakably for the right, never failed to leave its impress upon those about her. And one, who knew her best, looks back with tender remembrances to the happy hours spent with her in pleasant companionship and careful study, when friendship deepened into admiration and love. Her faithful work was always a source of gratification to her teachers. In June, 1887, she graduated with one of the highest honors of her class. In the following September she accepted a position in the Robbins School at Norfolk, Conn. The next year she was assistant in Wilton Academy, at her

old home. She taught here for a little over a year.

On the 4th of March, 1890, she was married to Walter W. Collar, of Norfolk, Conn., where she passed the remainder of her life. Entering now upon a broader career, she was one of the leaders, not only of literary, but of religious work in her new home. From early childhood her life exemplified her purely Christian character, and gave constant proof of her faithfulness in the performance of all religious duties. She took an active interest in the Congregational church, of which she was a member. She was teacher of a class of young ladies, a member of the Young People's Society of Christian

Endeavor and of the Young Ladies' Mission Band. She was also a "King's Daughter," and a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Notwithstanding her active interest in all these different directions, her home and her husband were the special objects of her loving care. In her early death her husband mourns the loss of a devoted wife; her father and mother a cherished daughter, and her classmates a sincere friend. Truly Byron says, "Heaven gives its favorites, early death."

NANNIE LITTLE BONNEY.

Denver, Col.

College Exchanges.

AS we sat the other evening with a pile of magazines in our lap and watched the blue wreaths of smoke curl up from the stove, when the wind blew in the wrong direction, the thought occurred to us that too much of the literary work of college men is mere smoke. There is a tendency sometimes, when we have an essay or other literary productions to write, to rake over the ashes in which the burning thoughts of past authors lie buried, and, blinded by the smoke that we raise, we imagine our thoughts to be original. This is exemplified in several of our exchanges. We have also noticed other things which we do not quite like, such as the too frequent use of slang in some college papers, the

small amount of real literary matter in many of them, etc.

But it is more pleasant to speak of the good things which we find than to hunt for defects. A critic is cold-blooded who will find fault for the mere sake of finding fault, without the hope of doing good.

We were very much pleased to receive a copy of the *American School and College Journal*, published at St. Louis. It is an excellent paper in every respect.

Among the magazines which we like best are the *Brown Magazine* and *Nassau Lit.* In taking up the *Brown Magazine* we always feel that we shall find something well worth reading. This month the author of "Through

Great Britain on a Wheel," takes the reader through places made famous by Wordsworth and Burns.

The *Nassau Lit.* has its usual variety of good things.

From down in Nashville, Tenn., comes the *Vanderbilt Observer*. In the January number we were specially interested in "Some Famous Bird Songs."

An amusing parody, entitled "Hiawatha to the Northward," appears in the *University Herald*, published at Syracuse. It describes a recent trip of the Glee Club to Canada. The following lines show the condition of the members on the return home:

Home they came and slept and slumbered,
Slept and dozed and dreamed of wampum,
Dreamed of oysters, dudes, and encores,
Dreamed and sang, "God save Victoria,"
Slept and woke and kept on sleeping,
Slept through bells and chimes and 'larm
clocks,
Till they slept their "cuts" all out,
Then they woke and staggered "hillward,"
In their ears still ringing, "encore,"
"Encore, encore, encore, encore."

The *Polytechnic* and *W. P. I.* contain many articles of interest to any one who likes science.

In the *Bowdoin Orient* for January 23d there is a poem by Isaac McLellan, one of the old "Bowdoin Poets," and the only surviving member of the class of '26.

The following clippings show what some of the college poets are thinking about:

COBWEBS.

A glint of the gold of the rising sun,
And the silver mists of the night
Make the warp and the woof of the webs that
gleam
O'er the face of earth, when she wakes from
her dream,
At the touch of the morning light.

A treasure of gold in a daring heart,
And the silver light of truth,
And sweet ambitions and day-dreams fair
Make a world of cobwebs, light as air,
In the fairyland of youth.

But a ruthless wind must shiver and break
The fairy webs of the dawn,
And the scorching rays of life's noon-tide sun
Must shatter my day-dreams one by one
Till my cobweb world is gone.

—*Brown Magazine.*

THE RIDE.

Ever and ever to ride through a night in June,
Brown hair kissing my cheek, song, and the
crescent moon
Pale above the hedge where the briar blossoms
swoon.

What can the gods grant more, if she be by my
side,
The river murmur borne from the trees where
its ripples hide
For a long, long eve thro' the breath of pine
and brier to ride.

The touch of her hand on mine as the hoof-
beats fall and fall;
The odor of new-mown hay from the fields
where the crickets call;
Moonlight perfume and song, a loved one near,
that is all,
And the witching glow in her star-lit eyes
hath made me forever thrall.

—*Cornell Magazine.*

THE ARTFUL POET.

Space, space, space,
And verses are short and few,
And the printer-man screaming for "copy,"
And what is a fellow to do?

I have ground out lines and lines
And lines and lines *encore*,
And still from the depths of the sanctum
The printer-man calls for more.

I will sing of my woes in rhyme,
I will tell of my direful plight,
And that will make up the number
Of lines that I've got to write.

—*University Herald.*

LIFE'S TRIO.

When youth sheds its happiness broadcast
And echoes of mirthfulness ring,
'Tis the light, tuneful air of the ballad,
And the plaintive love-song that we sing.

When in manhood's proud strength so exultant,
 At the sound of the drum and the fife,
 'Tis the tempo of martial music
 That stirs us to newness of life.

And when age o'er our heads fast is creeping
 And we're waiting the dark angel's tread,
 'Tis the hymns of the saints, feebly chanted,
 That prelude the dirge of the dead.

—T. W. F., in *Brunonian*.

THE SOLITAIRE.

I see again your face, Lisette,
 In the light of the chandelier,
 Your smiling lips,
 And your finger tips
 On the jasmine you chose to wear,
 And the sudden gleam,
 Bewildering beam
 Of your treasured solitaire.

I see your face, I can't forget
 In a third heart's lone despair,
 The words unsaid
 And the sweet hope dead,

Though I smiled as we two stood there;
 For I saw and guessed,
 In my dreading quest
 The part of the solitaire.

And I see *my* face as it *is*, Lisette,
 In the light of the chandelier,
 With the prints of time,
 And the whit'ning rime
 And the grave and sturdy air.
 Ah! I forget,

You're lost, Lisette,

And I'm a solitaire.

—*Mattie A. Hallum, in Peabody Record.*

In closing we give the following
 words of advice from the *Brown Mag-*
azine:

Freshmen and Sophomores, Juniors and
 Seniors, as college students and as men, we
 must pull our hands out of the pockets of our
 past, lay hold of the present, and hammer the
now into links that shall hook to-day with
 yesterday and bind it with to-morrow for an
 un-mourned eternity.

College Notes.

The Dante Prize of one hundred dol-
 lars at Harvard College is offered for
 the best essay on one of the following
 subjects: 1.—Dante's influence upon
 Spanish literature during the fifteenth
 and sixteenth centuries. 2.—A criti-
 cal study of the lyrical poems attributed
 to Dante, but not included in the *Vita*
Nuova and the *Convito*. 3.—The influ-
 ence of mediæval conceptions upon
 Dante's estimate of the ancient authors.
 The competition is open to students
 and graduates of not more than three
 years' standing of any college in the
 United States. Essays must be depos-
 ited with the Dean of Harvard College
 on or before May 1, 1895.

The Harvard 'varsity crew has

changed its system of training consid-
 erably this year. In place of the
 customary runs, long walks of eight
 to ten miles are taken every afternoon.

Over 26,000 students have been
 graduated from Harvard.

The running expenses of Harvard
 for a year are nearly \$1,000,000.

There are 431,650 volumes in the
 thirty-two libraries at Harvard.

Cornell has added the Russian lan-
 guage to the curriculum.

A Greek newspaper is published at
 Cornell by the Modern Greek class.

Final examinations have been abol-
 ished at Cornell and a student's rank is
 determined by daily recitations.

The *Occident*, of the University of California, has twenty-four students on its editorial staff.

An annual prize of \$60 is to be given to the member of the Athletic Association at Dartmouth who stands highest in his studies.

There are about 12,000 students in the scientific schools of this country.

The Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Phœnician languages may be studied at the University of Chicago.

For fifty years no smoker has graduated from Harvard with the honors of his class.

The following is current in recent college journals: Purdue has 473 secret societies, all of which are in a flourishing condition.

The Faculty of Boston University has voted to allow work on the college paper to count as work in the regular course.

More than 4,000 American college men are now preparing for the ministry.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

Talk at a Country House.

FULL of charm of thought and style is "Talk at a Country House," by Sir Edward Strachey. History, poetry, philosophy, ethics, and legendary lore are among the subjects discussed by the genial squire and his guest, who reports the conversations. The bits of description interspersed, of the old hall, the portraits, the squire and his children and grandchildren, remind one of Addison; but the talk itself, ranging from Persian poetry to a modern election and its excitements, from legends of Arthur and his knights to a wedding in the country church, embracing old Assyrian inscriptions and modern English poetry, the Bible and the Hebrew language, modern French literature, dissertations on love and marriage and on political honor, in its freedom and

scope would have astonished the genial "Spectator." The old squire at the beginning declares himself fond of the "by-ways of history," and he often opens up to us most pleasing by-ways. He looks with a clear, far-seeing eye at modern questions, while he dwells lovingly on the old legends, dear to him from long association. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Introduction to English Prose Fiction.

"Introduction to English Prose Fiction," by W. E. Simonds, Ph.D., English Professor at Knox College, is dedicated to the memory of his former teacher, Bernard Ten Brink. He gives as an historical basis for his study of fiction proper, an analysis of the earliest English story-telling, the songs of the Gleemen, the story of Beowulf, the tale of King Horn, the later tales and ballads, the "Canterbury Tales" and Chaucer's romance, "Troilus and Cris-

eyde." The influence of the literature of other European countries is also noticed. The romance at the court of Elizabeth, the work of Bunyan and Defoe, Swift and Addison, the two former as simple story-tellers and Addison as the creator of "a character so strongly individualized, so amiable in its attributes, that it has lived from that day to ours, one of the best beloved in English fiction,"—complete the preliminary stage leading up to Richardson and Fielding. The progress of the novel from that time till to-day is rapidly sketched, the study of realism being of special interest. As a brief study of an inexhaustible subject this book deserves every recommendation. The study is followed by examples of earlier fiction, including specimens not accessible to the general student. (D. C. Heath, Boston.)

Childhood in Literature and Art.

"Childhood in Literature and Art" was a few years ago recommended by an earnest teacher of literature to his class, as a fruitful subject for original research. A new book bearing that title, by Horace E. Scudder, therefore, at once attracts attention as a pioneer in a new field. Mr. Scudder has found plenty of material, and has produced from it a most interesting work. Beginning with Greek and Roman literature, he cites the scanty references to children in Homer and the dramatists, Virgil, Juvenal, and Lucretius. Early Hebrew literature next claims attention; then the time of the early Christian church. With the coming of Christ and his teachings children came into

more general notice, but it was not until much later that they filled any prominent place. The author marks three periods of history that have their tokens in some specific regard of childhood. "The first was the genesis of the Christian church; the second was the Renaissance; the third had its great sign in the French Revolution." English, French, German, and American literature, each receives separate notice. The progress of childhood in art is also traced, the various studies of the Madonna and Child being of first importance. The book is full of thought and is most pleasantly written. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The Aim of Life.

"The Aim of Life," by Philip Stafford Moxom, is a volume of addresses delivered to young men and women, in Cleveland and Boston, and published as they were spoken, thus carrying the freshness and ease of style of a familiar talk into each lecture. The addresses are thirteen in number and deal with such practical topics as "Character," "Habit," "Temperance," "Debt," "Education," "Saving Time," "The Ethics of Amusement," "Companionship." An idea of the tone of thought will perhaps be best gained by a few quotations: "Aristocracy is the possession and exercise of power by the best." "Temperance relates not primarily to the thing which a man does, but to the man." "Get rid of the notion, if you have it, that education is identical with knowledge of books. Books—good books—are of immense value; they are important means of

education. But education is the unfolding of our entire nature—of mind, heart, conscience, and will into strength, efficiency, and beauty." Such books are important factors in the development of character. (Roberts Bros., Boston.)

Citizenship.

"Citizenship," by Julius H. Seelye of Amherst, is a compact, useful little hand-book, dealing in a clear and concise way with the fundamental principles of government and of national and international law. The author well exemplifies his own idea of a text-book when he says: "A good text-book does not aim to be an exhaustive treatise. It draws its theme in outline. It suggests as well as expresses. It stimulates inquiry." (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Doktor Luther.

For students of German, Frank P. Goodrich of Williams College has edited Gustav Freytag's "Doktor Luther," recommended by Egelhoaf, a prominent historian of the Reformation, as one of the best brief accounts of

Luther's life and work which we have. Professor Goodrich has furnished an introduction, helpful notes, and a chronology of Luther's life. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Difficult Modern French.

"Difficult Modern French" is a little book of extracts from famous modern authors, selected and edited, with notes, by Albert Leune. Among the twenty authors represented are Stendhal, Victor Hugo, Balzac, De Bauville, Bourget. A brief note on each author and his works is also given. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

The Roman Pronunciation of Latin.

"The Roman Pronunciation of Latin," by Frances E. Lord, Professor at Wellesley, gives in about sixty pages "The Why and the How" of this much-discussed subject. An interesting discussion of the "Why," with quotations from Latin authors and English authorities, is followed by a very plain presentation of the "How." It will be of great use to all Latin teachers. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Clippings.

UN RECUEIL.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy
They landed like this.

—Ex.

There was a man in our town
And this man's name was Ben,
He once picked up a red-hot iron
And laid it down again.

—Ex.

He who courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still
May get to court against his will.

—Tiltonian.

I took her to the promenade,
And spent my last lean bill.
I have not ridden since that night;
I'm promenading still. —Ex

First Footpad—"Say, Cully, here comes de cop, an' no chance to run!"
Second Footpad—"Hol' on, I'll fix him. Rip slash! hog wash! by gosh! ding dat! raw hoo row!"
Police-man, passing on—"Them's about the toughest students I ever see."

—Nashville Student.

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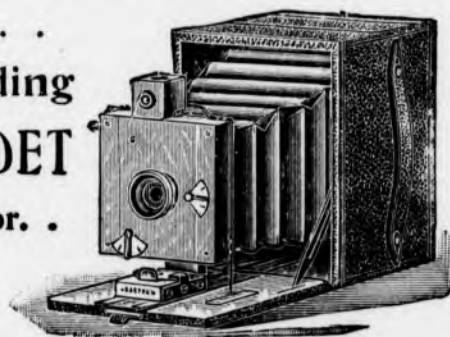
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