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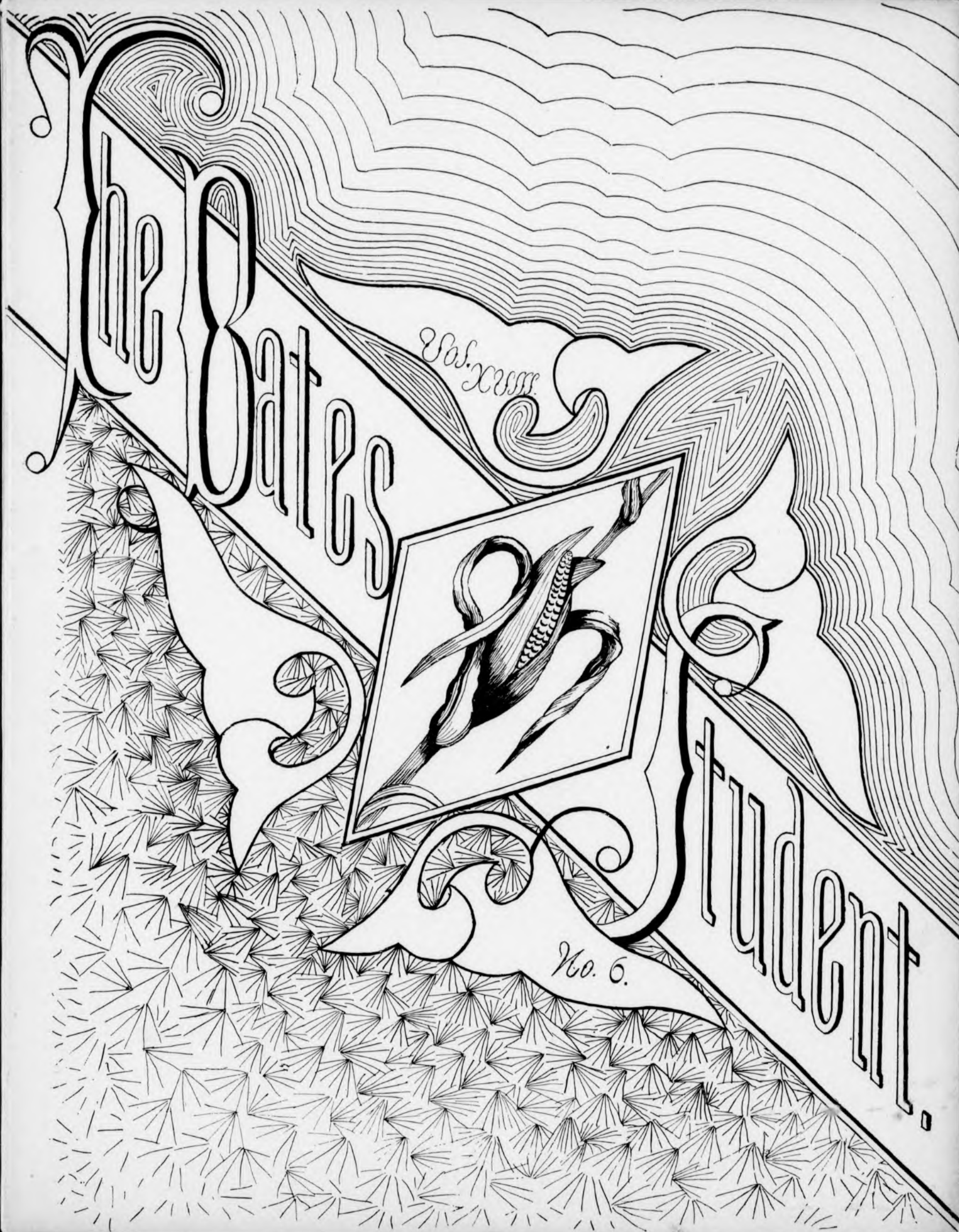
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Vol. 20000



Student.

No. 6.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

Vol. XVIII.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 6.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '91, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. XVIII., No. 6.—JUNE, 1890.

EDITORIAL.....	121
LITERARY:	
Emerson.....	125
Ivy-Day Poem.....	127
Ivy Oration—The Pleasures of Memory.....	128
Class Ode.....	130
Ivy Ode.....	130
Byron and Chaucer: Their Likeness and Unlikeness.....	131
Every Ideal a Possible Reality.....	132
Teaching as a Profession.....	134
LOCALS.....	135
PERSONALS.....	138
EXCHANGES.....	139
COLLEGE NOTES.....	140
POETS' CORNER.....	141
POT-POURRI.....	142

EDITORIAL.

VACATION once more. The weary student breathes freely again as he learns, before starting for the train, that he "passed," and, until fall, need think no more of the study that has been such a "weariness to the flesh." The editors, too, feel the general relief and, bidding the readers of the STUDENT a pleasant vacation, permit the rust to collect upon the editorial scissors and the spiders to weave their webs across the top of the wastebasket until next September.

HOW often one hears a student when asked for a little extra work, say: "I haven't time." This is generally true, for students, especially at time of reviews, public exercises, etc., at least ought not to have any idle hours; but when studies are going on in the regular way it is astonishing what an amount of time there is if one has a determination to use every moment. And those who have the least time are sometimes the ones that have wasted most. The habit of putting off everything until the last moment is one of the worst that troubles our students. They lounge about until an hour before a recitation, then, thinking there is plenty of time, study easy. Half an

hour passes, they begin to get anxious. Fifteen minutes more, and they settle right down in earnest. Five more, and—well, there is no need of mentioning the usual last resort. Preparation of essays, debates, or any regular college work is just the same. Such a habit is, of course, not to be easily broken off, but it *must* be done somehow, if we ever make connection with the train of prosperity. Begin somehow but do it at once. Set your watch an hour ahead, and forget about it. Hire your room-mate to urge you along. Get the "Prof" to demand the essays a week before he wants them. Make yourself think that you will be called away on some important business the next hour. Then you will be surprised to find that there are fifteen minutes or so left for the paper, or the search for birds, rocks, or flowers. "No time is so wasted as that spent in grumbling because there is none."

WE hope some arrangement can be made next year by which the Seniors may complete their work somewhat earlier in the summer term. Where recitations and examinations are continued up to the last minute, it is almost impossible for those who have Commencement parts to do themselves justice in either the composition or the delivery. Few can write a strong part in odd minutes snatched from other work, and tired-out minds and bodies are not conducive to effective public speaking. Aside from this fact, it should be remembered also that in the last weeks of the college course,

when nothing can be postponed "till next term," there are many things to demand attention outside of the regular work. Then is the time, when, if ever, loose threads here and there must be fastened, dropped stitches taken up, raveled edges made firm and smooth. The members of the graduating class, especially those who have two parts to prepare, would certainly appreciate a brief "Senior vacation"; and we are sure that our Commencement exercises would not suffer, to say the least, from such an innovation.

THERE is scarcely a greater mistake made by a certain large class of people than that of regarding the college as the place where young men and women *finish* their education. Who is there that has not heard the phrase, "He has finished his education," used with reference to some young man who has just graduated from college? It may be possible that a few have graduated with the idea that their education was finished; but we venture the statement that such instances are very rare. It almost invariably happens that young men and women graduate feeling that they know less than when they entered college; and it almost invariably happens that the lad and the lass, fresh from the high school or academy, regard themselves as masters of a very great fund of knowledge, and never hesitate to make a display of it whenever opportunity is afforded.

Pope says :

"Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking deeply sobers us again."

Those who have passed through both the academic and college courses can fully appreciate the truth of the poet's lines. To such, the college course is but the laying of the proper foundation for the real practical education, which comes only from a life brim full of experience with men and things.

Again there is scarcely a greater mistake made by another large class of people than that of regarding the college as a place where the *rich* may go to spend their money for pleasure and refinement, and of regarding the experience with men and things to be worth as much without the college course as with it. It is quite true that college is a source of pleasure and refinement, but in no such sense as is meant by the aforesaid class. The pleasure they have in mind partakes largely of dissipation, and the refinement merely passes a man in society for a first-class gentleman. The college is a source of true pleasure and true refinement only to him who loves mental training and discipline and works hard to attain it. Surely this is not more for the rich than the poor. Furthermore, it cannot be said that he who loves mental training and discipline and works hard to attain it, will receive none from a college course. Hundreds of cases can be cited which go to prove that in no other way can he receive so much. At the same time he is receiving with his mental training experience with men and things valuable beyond all comparison with by far the greater part of that met in the every-day walks of life. He, who

thus equipped steps out among the affairs of the world, cannot fail to win respect and honor, and be of great service to his fellow-men.

THE Maine College Ball League has been for many years a thing of interest, not only to the students of the colleges, but to the public in general; but that there is danger of its becoming otherwise seems, at this writing, more than probable.

The object of the league is to create an interest in athletics, and to determine the best nine in the four colleges.

The students ought to desire the attainment of both these objects; the public do desire the latter, and will not be satisfied without it; and a dissatisfied public will not only destroy much of the interest in the league, but will also render the maintenance of it almost impossible. Two of the managers seem to realize this fact, and will do what they can to have everything right, and we hope the others will join with them before the end of the month. To determine the best nine in the league requires the pennant to be won beyond the possibility of a doubt. That is what the public wish for, and that alone will give satisfaction; that is what the students of the four Maine colleges should demand, for that alone is right, and that will maintain the dignity, honor, and success of the league.

We understand that Colby claims the pennant, whether it will get it or not will undoubtedly be decided before this article is read; but let us examine its claim. Colby has played eight of

its nine scheduled games, winning six. Bates has played but six, winning three, and has three games postponed on account of rain, one of which is with Colby. Colby claims that all postponed games should be thrown out. If they should, we admit that Colby has the pennant; if they should not and Bates is allowed to play its postponed games, it is evident that it has a chance to tie Colby for the first place, and if a chance to tie, then a chance to win. Under these circumstances, then, Colby has not yet won the pennant beyond the possibility of a doubt; and we cannot believe that the public will be satisfied as long as there is a doubt, or as long as rainy weather is to be a factor in deciding which college shall have the pennant; and we know that Bates will not be satisfied, because it believes it has the nine that can settle this matter beyond all doubt, and settle it fairly, and in such a way as not to injure the future interests of the league.

Will the managers of Bowdoin and Colby allow us the opportunity to do this?

Since the above article was written, Colby has been decided winner of the pennant, and we wish to extend our hearty congratulations, hoping that they will enjoy the honor they have *received*, as much as we have enjoyed the honor we *won* last year. Bates, according to their belief that all postponed games should be played, went to Bangor the 18th, and played the postponed game of the 14th with Maine State College.

The action of our Faculty in sus-

pending the Sophomore class deprived our nine of four of its best players; in their places were substituted four men who have not played ball this season. The result was, as we expected, a defeat—8 to 4. This gives Maine State College second place in the league and we wish to congratulate them every one for their success; they are gentlemen, and deserve the place they have won.

The managers of the College League another year should make some definite arrangement about postponed games.

WE do not wish to show a spirit of fault finding, but a suggestion now and then through the columns of the *STUDENT* may not be out of place. Students who wish to make an intelligent use of the library, experience no small inconvenience and loss of time through the lack of a catalogue. The acting librarian can hardly be expected to know the name and place of every volume, and yet his knowledge is our only aid. When that fails us, our only alternative is to search for the needed book, often about as easy a task as finding a needle in a hay stack.

Now this might be effectually remedied by a very little labor and a trifling cost, and with almost no perceptible change in the present arrangement of the books upon the shelves. Let the alcoves be numbered, beginning at one corner of the library and numbering each alcove in turn. Let the shelves have letters upon them in their order from the floor to the ceiling. Then let each book have gummed upon its back a tag containing, first, the num-

ber of the alcove, second, the number of the shelf and, third, the number of the book on that shelf. Thus, a book marked "5-F-8" would be found in the fifth alcove on the shelf marked "F" and the eighth book on that shelf.

These numbers might be placed opposite the titles of the books in the card catalogue that we already possess, so that a student, by simply looking in the catalogue, could know, not merely whether the book were in the possession of the college but *just where* to find it. Such an arrangement would also greatly aid the librarian in determining whether a book were in the library.

It seems to us that to this arrangement there could be but one possible objection, the displacement of the books by students handling them in the library. Now we do not think that careful students, reminded by one or two notices in different parts of the library, would be at all likely to misplace books. And if now and then a book should be misplaced, it would not be likely to be put among those of another class, as a book of poems among histories, so that a few mistakes could be easily set right. Better have a few misplaced books that could be changed back to their original positions by a simple inspection of two or three shelves than to have all the books of one class a chaos. We do not expect all the conveniences that will characterize our new library building, that promised Elysium of the book-loving student, but why not have such facilities as lie within easy reach?

THE "*Crematio Annæ Lyticæ*" was performed by the Sophomore class on Monday night, June 16th. The college band was hired for the occasion and the ceremonies were carried out with great eclat and without interruption. In consequence, the Faculty have indefinitely suspended the participants which practically amounts to a suspension of the whole class.

It is feared that a large number of the class who regard the discipline as unduly severe, will leave college. If such is the result it is certainly to be deeply regretted, for the class of '92 is one of much promise and we know of not a single one of its members upon whose private character there is the slightest reproach. The feeling is very general among the students that there is no real harm to come from such ceremonies and, therefore, that the rule prohibiting them ought to be abolished. They very generally declare that in this instance far greater harm comes to the college from the enforcement of the rule than from any other source.

LITERARY.

EMERSON.

(VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.)

By A. N. P., '90.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is the typical New-Englander. In him are intensified and united the extremes of the practical and the spiritual, two distinct New England characteristics. The spiritual naturally predominates, for it is the stronger, and eight generations

of clergy grew into the fibre of this oracle of America, clothing his poet's heart. Thus he stands as the concrete proof that the poet and philosopher are intrinsically one.

There is much of the Roman stoic in his philosophy. Critics find in him especially a resemblance to that imperial stoic, Marcus Aurelius. But read this purest philosopher's meditations. Although they deepen one's purpose to act kindly and nobly, the absence of hope and joy weighs heavily. It needed eighteen Christian centuries that have made hope in immortality a common thought, it needed the sharp necessities that have developed the Yankee wit, to make this poet and seer. The difference is a deep one, that with Emerson it was a good thing, altogether a joyous, happy thing, to be alive. How much is added with that word Rejoice! When Millet was painting the Angelus, a friend, looking at its dull colors, said it was only the hopeless worship of ignorant peasantry. A few strokes of the artist's brush—a ray of light streamed from the setting sun and lo! it all is changed. The humble peasants stand ennobled, glorified with ineffable hope. So comes the sunset light, when, to the duty of the stoic is added joy in its performance.

Emerson was a transcendentalist, not, like Kant, the propounder of a system, but rather like himself the teacher of the certainty of our intuitions. He says, "Let a man throw aside all that he receives from tradition, and he will be a transcendentalist;" and if any one thought permeates all his philosophy it is this: "No law can be sacred

to me but that of my own being." This appears in two lines, self-reliance and daily life. "Insist on thyself; never imitate. Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string." Yet he always teaches that we are equal to every circumstance by the will of a higher power. His self-reliance is at heart reliance upon God. To teach the value of life to-day, he says: "Every day is doomsday. 'Tis deep life that signifies. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. Not an hour of my life is gone, but I have lived an hour." His philosophy was not an attempt to explain the mysteries of life. It was rather to uplift and ennoble the fact.

The critics are still discussing whether he be a poet. But one well said that instead of its being decided that Emerson could not write poetry, it was settled that he could write nothing else. This opinion constantly grows among those who value the poetry of an always musical great thought. He was not a lyrist, but his muse was the sweetest and clearest that ever haunted a poet's mind. It was the only muse grand enough to fill his soul-universal nature felt to be the vesture of divinity. His "Essay on Nature" is a prose poem. It bears the reader away to woods and meadows where "the day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm, wide fields." The spell of the "incommunicable trees" comes upon him and the weird power of the Indian summer dream.

The strongest passion of his metrical work is the "Threnody," his exquisite

sorrow that "the deep-eyed boy is gone." The thought glides on through memories sweet as his fair child's life, and griefs as dark as his early death, until the serene self conquers and the deep heart comforts, saying:

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust; heart's loves remain,
Heart's love shall greet thee again."

The poet's heart, the poet's thought and imagery are his, and we of America will call him poet still.

Yet with all his poetry and philosophy it is as a strong personality that he holds his deepest influence. Matthew Arnold calls him "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit"; and after a searching criticism for even his exacting pen, he adds: "The secret of his effect is in the hopeful, serene, and beautiful temper wherewith his insight and truth are joined. During the present century, his essays are the most important work done in prose. You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently." He had, indeed, that "sweetness and light" for which Arnold sought. Life is deeper for to-day and more full of hope for to-morrow after a thought of his has claimed the mind, for he is as wholesome and tonic as his own New England air. When we listen to his "melody born of melody," when we feel the force of his truth, when we see the spiritual keenness of his features, when we thrill with his ringing "Trust thyself," we instinctively apply to him his own tribute to Power:

"His tongue was framed to music,
And his hand was armed with skill;
His face was the mould of beauty,
And his heart the throne of will."

IVY-DAY POEM.

By N. G. B., '91.

I.

Between the beckoning future
And the smiling past we meet,
To plant the clustering Ivy
At our *Alma Mater's* feet.
Is it only a quaint old fancy,—
Some poet's passing thought,—
From the woof of memory taken,
And into the present wrought?

Nay! full of untold meaning
Is the dear, time-honored rite,
And heart and soul it wakens
Like the slow sweet dawn of light.
On every ear that listens,
Like the chime of fairy bells,
Soft falls the wondrous story
That the blessed Ivy tells.

II.

Long years ago, when earth had just begun
To lose the freshness of her youth,
The pitying angels saw with ruth
All that the careless hand of time had done.

And brooding o'er the scene with strange unrest,
One stood with folded wings and wept,
While the dark hours their vigil kept,
Then through the sunrise gates bore this request:

"Earth's beauty is defaced with many a blot,
My Father. Grant the boon I ask,
And let it be my loving task
To cover from thine eyes each unclean spot."

"Do even as thou wilt." The Father's smile
With sudden radiance filled the place,
And rested on the upturned face
Like a glad benediction for a while.

III.

So the Angel of Beauty wandered
For many a blessed day,
And the fairy wild-flowers blossomed
At the touch of her hand alway.
And ever with moss and lichens
She covered the rocks from view,
And all that had been unsightly
She clothed with a beauty new.

With a song on her lips she journeyed
Through the forest aisles alone,
Till she came to man's rude dwellings,

With their massive walls of stone;
 Grim towers of unhewn granite,—
 Gray blots on the landscape wide,—
 Too large for the moss to cover,
 Too tall for the flowers to hide.

The Angel of Beauty pauses
 At the foot of each gaunt old pile,
 And a sudden glory blossoms
 'Neath the brightness of her smile;
 As to soften the rugged outlines,
 And to hide the stains of time,
 To cover strength with beauty,
 She plants the Ivy-vine.

O crown of living beauty!
 O charity divine!
 God bless his pitying Angel,
 And the clinging Ivy-vine.

IV.

No human heart but hath its Ivy-vine;
 Each tiny root God's hand with tender care
 Doth plant, and growing into beauty rare,
 It covers life and death with grace divine.

Ah! many a living grief lies buried deep
 'Neath clustering leaves of self-forgetfulness;
 A life with beauty crowned we see, nor guess
 What nightly tryst with grief the soul doth
 keep.

Somewhere in every life a joy lies dead,
 Whose smiling face we nevermore shall meet;
 But lo! upspringing from its grave, a sweet
 New hope is born, and we are comforted.

And yet more fair, the Christ-like love that
 twines
 Around a quivering soul, and hides the stain
 Of sin, until at last despair is slain,
 And through the sheltering beauty God's face
 shines.

The hand of time with frosty touch doth rest
 Upon the head one day, and we are old;
 But in the heart hath grown God's peace un-
 told,
 And in its shelter age itself is blest.

And when the door of heaven swings at last,
 Faith's tendrils reach out into the unseen,
 And finding God across death's narrow stream,
 Cling fast to him, and every fear is past.

v.

O brave young heart, so eager,
 So strong to dare and do,

So slow in learning patience,
 The Ivy speaks to you.
 And proud, white soul, that keepest
 Thyself from earth-stains free,
 So quick to judge another,
 Love's lesson is for thee.

O strong clear brain, so anxious
 To solve life's mystery,
 To fathom death's dread secret,
 Faith's message waits for thee.
 And tender feet, that wander
 In thorny ways, unshod,
 You may walk with Hope's bright angel
 On the peace-crowned hills of God.

vi.

Put forth thy clinging tendrils,
 O blessed Ivy-vine,
 And crown our *Alma Mater*
 With Love's own radiant sign.
 And teach our hearts the lesson
 On each leaf written fair,
 Of the deathless crown of beauty
 A human life may wear.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

(IVY-DAY ORATION.)

BY N. G. H., '91.

MEMORY has been defined as that form of mental activity in which the mind's former perceptions and sensations are reproduced in thought. Dealing with the past alone, and serving to guide the other faculties in all subsequent actions, this power is of inestimable value to the mind. Without it the present moment would constitute our whole intellectual existence, and the past would be a blank as dark as the future. Memory lights up the otherwise dreary waste of the past, and, by reproducing former scenes and objects, gives us mental possession of all that we have been, and makes us confident for the future. Thus the mind becomes in a measure independent of the external world. Bright memories

arise in our minds when life goes wrong, and we take courage as if assured by some kind counsel. In adversity our minds dwell upon scenes of prosperity, and thus we are able to meet and successfully cope with the sterner things of life. What we have once seen, heard, or felt, becomes a permanent acquisition that ever afterward repeats itself in the mystic recesses of the soul.

When the great Danish traveler, Niebuhr, lay upon his bed, blind and old, with all visible objects shut out, he saw the pictures of what he had seen in the East constantly floating before his mind's eye. He saw with vividness the deep intense sky of Asia, with its brilliant host of stars by night and its bright and lofty vault of blue by day, reflected upon his inmost soul. Thus, though weak and old, he lived his youth again, and many a pleasant vision cheered his lonely life. Years go by and the scenes and events that brightened our early life still cling to us and throw upon our way a gleam so bright that misfortune cannot dim it. In our darkest hours we seem possessed of something that buoys us up and finally brings us satisfaction and contentment. The deepest gloom and solitude cannot wholly darken the mind, for even the dungeon cannot shut out the pictures formed in better days. This is what urges us on to action when clouds are thickest. The whole world may bid us despair, but the soul, strengthened and assured by the recollections of obstacles overcome, bids us to struggle for victory. And thus true merit is fostered and developed.

When the pulse beats high and strong

we find enough present enjoyment to make life pleasant, but in declining years we must depend on the memories of youth for the most of our consolation. Old age creeps on slowly but surely and with the loss of physical power the present pleasures depart, and then it is that a man must search the chambers of his mind for brighter scenes and pleasanter companions. To the lonely mind often comes the vision of the old home with its familiar faces and voices. The smiling face of a gentle mother flashes before our enraptured sight, and we seem to hear her kindly talking to us as in the years when she was with us; the father, always anxious to aid and instruct, appears and gives his unerring counsel; brothers and sisters who once made home so dear, come back and give a cordial welcome. The cold years seem to have been rolled backward, and life again is worth the living. The events of yesterday may be forgotten, but the sports, the companions, the stirring events of our early life will be remembered until the last spark of life shall ebb. It should be the aim of life to store the mind with such memories as shall cast a cheerful radiance over the past and brighten the uncertain future in those hours of gloom and despondency when the shadows lengthen upon our paths, and life is drawing to a close.

Sorrow and sadness must ever be mingled with the brighter hues of life, yet memory does not take from our happiness by recalling the causes. The benevolent Creator ordered it otherwise. We have the satisfaction arising out of the remembrance of that

for which we are grieved. Every association connected with our past experiences is held sacred in memory, whether it was sad or joyous. God so designed it. When friends depart, and the world is unkind, and we grow old, the events of the past lie treasured in our memory and give us joy and hope. The recollection of a kind act or worthy purpose arouses in us that nobler nature that blesses while it rules.

Most men some time in life seek that source of all happiness, religion, and the memory of the day when first they saw the glorious truth is always cherished with the noblest impulses. We look back to the beginning of our work and there search for that which incited us, therefore, memory often draws the wanderer back to the fold. However wayward a man may be, he is touched and influenced by the recollections of his early life. There is in every one, I believe, a better nature that this power alone can stir, and worth and merit are brought out by it. Early associations and events shape our lives; and as we advance toward that goal where this life ends, we, who are now students, shall find our paths marked out in changeless characters by this guide and monitor of human actions.

As the Ivy that we plant to-day will cling to yonder wall in future years, so will the precepts, the teachings, and the associations of Bates College cling to the walls of our minds. Hereafter, amid other scenes, memory will bring to our minds with startling vividness these halls and their associations. Our devotion to our *Alma Mater* will never

cease, for memory will show her worth in brighter lights as the years go by, and firmer will the bonds be drawn that bind us to our "Honored Bates."

CLASS ODE.

By M. M., '91.

Behold that rosy gleam that falls
On mead and swelling hill,
As in youth's sheltered vale we stand
By silver waters still,
While Summer blooms about our feet,
Fling wreaths of gold and snow,
And strains of music, wondrous soft,
Flow round us faint and slow.

And all unshadowed lies our way;—
The tender light of dreams
That streams through Eden's half-
closed gates
Upon our pathway gleams.
'Tis Hope's sunrise that sheds, like dew,
That rose-bloom o'er the hills,
And 'tis the lyre in Hope's fair hand,
Whose mystic music thrills.

And hand in hand we waiting stand
With wistful lifted eyes,
Fixed where, beyond the swelling hills,
That soft gleam paints the skies.
The light may fade, the music fail,
That holds our hearts in thrall,
But life, e'en now, hath taught us this,
God stands where shadows fall.

IVY ODE.

By M. M., '91.

Green Ivy, the symbol of friendship art thou,
'Tis fitting we plant thee to-day,
When our hearts are aglow with a light that
shall burn

E'en brighter as years glide away;
When youth's dreams are bright
And the soft mellow light
Of young hope transfigures
All things in our sight,
And our eyes growing keen
In the joy of our dream,
Like the prophets of old,
We behold the unseen.

For in green ivy framed, lo! a picture we see,
 'Tis a spirit with face like a star!
 A sea of bright shadows beneath him lies dim,
 With misty sails fading afar.
 Angel form sweet,
 Under thy feet
 Lieth the future
 We one day must meet,
 But faith's light is clear,
 Though shadows are near,
 In faith, hope, and friendship
 We sail without fear.

◆◆◆

BYRON AND CHAUCER: THEIR LIKENESS AND UNLIKENESS.

By M. S. M., '91.

THROUGH all human nature runs the golden thread of the Divine; on every page of history it appears; through every life-record it runs, often tangled and tarnished, passing invisible through dark meshes of sin, but unbroken still. It is often hard to trace, for we do not sufficiently understand the powerful forces for both good and evil, that work in the human soul; but we must believe in the existence of the Divine thread, and try, at least, to follow it, unless we would be guilty of the most cruel injustice.

In the character and life of Byron, the Divine is strangely blended with the earthly. He displayed in his writings an exquisite sensibility to beauty and truth; he lived as if he cared for neither; yet, looking below the surface we may find that his beautiful writings and his unlovely deeds often sprung from the same traits of character.

A true poet's soul, living and moving in an enchanted realm, to the sound of a music never marred by discord, loving the beautiful with a passion that consumed the frail body like flame, re-

coiling from everything unlovely in himself or others, with a hatred as intense as his love,—such was Byron in his youth.

To a soul like this the world is full of peril, for it will either rise to the loftiest heights, or sink to the blackest depths, and sometimes it is but a touch that turns the scale.

Between two worlds, the one all music and beauty, the other full of cruelty, scorn, and indifference, yet closely linked with the warm, human side of his character, this passionate spirit stood, drawn two ways by strong opposing forces. Frank and confiding by nature, he would have let his better self appear, had his lot been cast among those who could understand and appreciate him. But the indifference, the scorn, the cold ridicule of those who should have been his friends and helpers, fell upon his ardent spirit like frost upon a tender plant, not killing but cruelly blighting it.

In Chaucer we find a nature seemingly very different. Strong, self-contained, neither trusting nor distrusting, he understood to the full the weakness of human nature, yet was full of charity. He recognized, not with pride, only with sorrowful surprise, that the world was too often blind to the beautiful, indifferent to truth, cruel in its judgments of humanity, coldly scornful of the things he loved best. But he saw, too, the inevitable limits nature sets to nature. He saw the difficulties that beset blind souls in perilous paths, the heavy burdens that keep them down, the invisible barriers set for them by circumstances. He saw

these things and instead of despising, stretched out a helping hand.

At the same time this sorrowful knowledge was not without its effect upon himself. With a sensitiveness and pride equal to that of Byron, he built, around his deepest nature, a strong wall and trained against it flowering vines and shrubs, until it was completely concealed. Then he lived his outward life and gave no sign. No one penetrated into that inner place; no one even knew that it existed. Men found in him a kindly friend but never dreamed that he himself was friendless. They praised his wit and conversation, little thinking that the brilliant blossoms they admired sprung from the very grave where he had buried his better self.

These two men, Chaucer and Byron, seemingly so different, had yet much in common. Both had the poet's preternatural clearness of vision,—the result, in part, of a strong and sympathetic imagination. They looked into the very souls of men and saw their thoughts, feelings, and motives as one sees objects in a crystal vase of water. Byron saw that which drove him to despair and recklessness; Chaucer, that which made him more reserved, stronger, more charitable. Byron looked at results. He detected falsehood, baseness, and cruelty in men, and turned from them with scornful bitterness. Chaucer saw all this, but he studied causes, sought and found the roots whence these noxious weeds sprung, and dared not condemn.

Both men had strong wills. Byron's displayed itself in compelling others,

Chaucer's in controlling himself. Both lived double lives—one in the material world, the other in that kingdom that every beauty-loving soul creates or discovers for itself. Byron tried to reconcile the two and was driven to desperation by the contrast between the inward and the outward. Chaucer recognized at once the inevitable, and silencing the clamor of one world by patience, kindness, and outward compliance, listened undisturbed to the music of the other.

But whatever traits of character they possessed each did well his own especial work. Each has left to us the record of the working of a master-mind, different, but both valuable, the one full of ideals, lofty and inspiring, the other full of simple, beautiful reality.

♦ ♦ ♦

EVERY IDEAL A POSSIBLE REALITY.

By M. B., '90.

THE child's glittering fancies, the youth's bold castles-in-the-air, and the young man's high ideals are often classed together as idle dreams, to be cast aside when life's work is really begun. And the man who, while dreaming of some great career for himself, neglects the little tasks of to-day—essential stepping-stones—is justly an object of contempt. For the full-grown man, the erection of the "railroad to the moon" is unprofitable employment.

But the high ideal thrills every fibre of the being with the energy of noble resolve, for it is the picture of what he

may become, given to man by his Creator. In proportion as this ideal is perfect and complete, it becomes a living force in the life which it enters. The great sculptor succeeds best, not by working out feature by feature, the most perfect eyes, nose, and mouth, but by keeping constantly before him his vision of the symmetrical face. The mechanical marble-worker, on the contrary, must copy accurately each individual feature after the sculptor's model. Happy, that man who, like the marble-worker, even, is able to see the separate parts of the model as the time comes to chisel them out, trusting the "Carver of Destinies" to combine them into a symmetrical character. Doubly happy, the man who, like the sculptor, works out the most trivial parts under the direct inspiration of the beautiful ideal.

Nor should the ideal, because perfect and complete, be pronounced unattainable. The very existence of a noble ideal is evidence of its possible reality. The same hand that shapes the character places the ideal in the mind as a pattern. It is the Creator's method, reserved for the development of his noblest creatures. To no ideals of their own are due the beauty of the tree and the swiftness of the well-trained horse. Man alone, with his ideal as a guide, works out for himself his Creator's purpose concerning him.

Would a just God so create us that in following our noblest impulses we would continually strive for the unattainable? That an ideal is too high to be reached in this life, is of itself sufficient reason for believing that there

will be opportunity to complete it in the life to come. Is not that Browning's thought when he says :

" All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God,
Whose wheel the pitcher shaped ? "

And again,

" My times be in Thy hand
Perfect the cup as planned."

Surely eternity is not too long to be worthily spent in striving for a high ideal.

But why talk of impossible ideals? The highest ideal does not surpass the standard that the life of Christ proved attainable even on earth.

Indeed, could we see the hidden secrets of lives around us, we should, doubtless, find more ideals surpassed than we ever dreamed were reached. The traveler, climbing the mountain-side, fixes his eye on the highest point in sight, forgetting this, however, as soon as he can see a higher one. In the same way, many a person, approaching one standard set, so unconsciously raises his ideal that he passes the first landmark without ever realizing it.

But many seem to fail! Yet their ideals are not necessarily impossible. To eternity we must look for the complete attainment of numberless cherished ideals which, under more favorable circumstances, might have been reached upon earth.

But where one man is defeated in his pursuit of a high ideal, ten men relinquish their ideals at sight of the first difficulties. They become absorbed in the things around them. They forget that they ever dreamed of anything

better, or they set aside the thoughts of a higher destiny as merely idle fancies. It is as if a Raphael, beginning to paint the celestial countenance of the Madonna, and finding that the first strokes of the brush portrayed a meaner face, should forget his high purpose, and instead of the Christ-mother should decide to paint an Herodias.

That man proves himself unworthy of the lofty vision, who, having once caught sight of the divine model for his character, can relinquish it for something meaner.

But suppose a few have really failed, does the sea-captain, because the last ship was wrecked upon this course, throw away chart and compass, and wander aimlessly over the sea, declaring a safe voyage impossible?

Let him to whom is granted a humble ideal, follow faithfully his present inspiration, trusting that this point reached will reveal a divine height. Let him whose ideal is lofty—so lofty that he trembles in his weakness when he looks at it—so lofty that men scoff when he points to it—let that person cherish his ideal as his dearest treasure. In this is strength; once relinquished, the guiding star of his life is lost; faithfully followed, eternity surely will reveal earth's retreating ideal as heaven's assured reality.

A new building, to be called Alumni Hall, to cost \$40,000, is to be erected at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. It will contain the college chapel, the halls of the two literary societies, library, reading-room, and museum.—*Ex.*

TEACHING AS A PROFESSION.

BY H. S. COWELL, '75.

[Introduction to a lecture delivered before the students.]

AS, once more, I climb the stairs down which my eager feet have hastened to escape a belated professor, as I stand upon the platform where, nearly twenty years ago, I, an ambitious Freshman, coveting a prize, pronounced an eulogy upon Daniel Webster so touching that even the Committee of Award shed tears of pity at my misfortune and Daniel's also, as I breathe again the air oft made vocal with triumphant shrieks over Bowdoin's defeats, and anon, rent with deafening cheers for Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler who roams this earth no more, as my eyes are greeted with the vision of the halls "in whose seclusion and repose" the musical notes of the tin horn once resounded, and where "phantoms of fame, like exhalations rose and vanished," and around which linger the undying charm of delightful memories of by-gone hours, as I look into the faces of my former instructors whom the years have touched with benignant grace, and am pained by the thought that no more shall I greet the one who, heeding the highest behest of duty,

"Fought the good fight,"
Then clad in armor bright
Passed from mortal sight
Out beyond the night
Into the celestial light.

I am constrained to pay the homage due from every loyal son to his *Alma Mater*, and give some expression to the gratitude that grows stronger and deeper with the passing years. Bates

Collegè, the child of many prayers and sacrifices, reared in poverty, nurtured in adversity, out of weakness has become strong by imparting strength; out of penury, has become rich by giving. Coming to power through struggles, she is able to inspire her sons and daughters to heroic endeavors. Like the prophet of old she has discovered princes in rustic garb unconscious of their inheritance, and pointed them to, and anointed them for, their kingdoms. With her the aristocracy of wealth or social position finds no recognition. The brawny youth from the rocky New England farm, with hands as hard as the base-ball he soon will fumble, with freckled face, and in whose hair dwells the remainder of last year's haying season, who must cook his own potatoes and wear his big brothers' out-grown clothes, finds here a welcome as kindly as does the polished dude who condescends to step down from the ethereal heights of the most refined society to become the farmer's classmate. Culture and character are the high ideals she would make real in rich and poor alike.

The genius of an institution is not in large endowments, numerous and magnificent halls, or extended fame, but rather in the spirit that possesses her teachers, the purpose that animates her students, the equipment given to her graduates. None can excel, few can equal our *Alma Mater* in the ability and self-sacrificing devotion of her teachers' clean grit, intellectual ambition, and the moral strength of her students, and the high inspiration she has given to her *alumni et alumnae*.

We, who have known her in the days of her weakness and obscurity, rejoice in the added buildings, increasing faculty, and students, ampler resources and growing power, and feel assured that in the brighter future which is now opening before her, she will lose none of that spirit that has presided over her destiny like a tutelary deity, and made her an unique power among the educational forces of to-day. No other college has made a larger contribution of teachers, in proportion to the number of her graduates, to the ranks of the world's toilers than has Bates. As one of many who entered upon the work of teaching from necessity, and continued in it from choice, obedient to the summons of One I gladly serve, I am here to speak of Teaching as a Profession.

LOCALS.

Oration.

Receptions.

Farewells.

Success to '90.

“Get through exam's?”

The prize for the best Sophomore essay was given to R. A. Small.

The society receptions have been omitted this year. A move in the right direction.

Professor (to student in Geology)—
“Why does the water collect about the torrid zone?” Student—“I suppose because it is not so temperate.”

On the ball ground: Small Boy (to Freshman)—“Say, how do you pro-

nounce your college yell?" Freshie—"Well, bub, that depends. It's Boom-a-lark-er when we win, Boom-a-lack-er, when we don't."

The college campus is rapidly becoming more inviting. The grounds about the laboratory have been much improved by a fresh coat of soil, and the new tennis courts have been again smoothed and leveled. Bates not only has fine grounds to improve, but is improving them.

The Bates began their victorious career by defeating the M. S. C.'s at Orono, May 17th. Pennell's pitching and batting, and the fielding of both teams were the features of the game.

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pennell, p., . . .	5	2	3	6	1	20	0
Putnam, 1b., . . .	5	0	0	0	11	0	0
Hoffman, c., . . .	3	1	1	1	9	6	1
Wilson, 2b., . . .	4	2	1	1	1	3	0
Day, s.s., . . .	5	1	2	2	0	1	0
Emery, 3b., . . .	5	1	2	2	1	0	0
Marden, l.f., . . .	5	0	2	2	2	0	0
Garcelon, r.f., . . .	5	0	0	0	0	0	1
Little, c.f., . . .	5	2	0	0	2	0	1
Totals, . . .	40	9	11	14	27	30	3

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Blackington, s.s., . . .	4	0	0	0	1	4	0
Foss, c., . . .	4	0	1	1	10	1	2
Richardson, 1b., . . .	4	0	2	2	9	0	0
Keith, 3b., . . .	3	1	1	1	2	1	2
Drew, c.f., . . .	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Bird, 2b., . . .	4	1	0	0	1	4	0
Pierce, p., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	12	0
Dow, l.f., . . .	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Atherton, r.f., . . .	2	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals, . . .	33	3	5	5	27	22	4

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Bates, . . .	0	0	4	0	2	0	0	2	1—9
M. S. C., . . .	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—3

Earned runs—Bates, 2. Struck out—by Pennell, 14; by Pierce, 11. Two-base hit—Pennell. Three-base hit—Pennell.

May 21st, Bates and Colby met for their second game at Brunswick. Colby won by a score of 9 to 7.

May 24th, the M. S. C.'s were again defeated by our boys in a loose but exciting game.

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pennell, p., . . .	6	0	3	4	3	1	10	1
Putnam, 1b., . . .	6	1	0	0	1	9	0	0
Hoffman, 3b., . . .	5	0	2	4	0	2	1	1
Wilson, 2b., . . .	5	1	1	1	0	5	2	1
Day, s.s., . . .	5	0	1	1	0	2	2	0
Emery, c., . . .	4	3	1	2	4	6	2	1
Marden, l.f., . . .	5	3	1	1	0	0	1	1
Garcelon, r.f., . . .	5	2	2	3	1	2	1	0
Little, c.f., . . .	4	1	2	2	2	0	0	0
Totals, . . .	45	12	13	18	11	27	19	5

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Richardson, 1b., . . .	5	2	4	5	1	7	0	3
Blackington, s.s., . . .	4	2	1	1	1	1	5	3
Keith, 3b., . . .	4	2	3	4	2	1	3	2
Foss, c., . . .	5	2	3	5	2	11	2	0
Dow, l.f., . . .	5	1	0	0	2	0	0	0
Bird, 2b., . . .	5	1	0	0	2	6	3	2
Drew, c.f., . . .	5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Pierce, p., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	0	10	2
Lord, r.f., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
Totals, . . .	41	10	12	16	10	27	24	13

Time of game—2 hours 20 minutes. Earned runs—Bates, 2; M. S. C., 1. Base on balls—by Pennell, 2; by Pierce, 2. Struck out—by Pennell, 7; by Pierce, 8. Two-base hits—Pennell, Emery, Garcelon, Richardson, Keith. Three-base hits—Hoffman, Foss. Double play—Blackington, Bird, and Richardson. Passed balls—Emery, 5; Foss, 2. Umpire—J. M. Scannell.

May 31st, on the home grounds, Bates gave a surprise party to Bowdoin by defeating its ball team with ease. The Bates men were jubilant, while the seventy-five Bowdoinites present seemed very sad and pensive especially from the sixth inning. Undoubtedly they were puzzled to understand why

the "Bates Academy" nine so easily defeated their wonderful (?) "Kindergarten" team.

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pennell, p., . . .	5	2	2	2	0	1	10	0
Putnam, 1b., . . .	5	2	2	5	2	16	0	0
Hoffman, 3b., . . .	4	0	1	1	1	2	2	0
Wilson, 2b., . . .	5	1	1	3	0	2	2	1
Emery, c., . . .	5	1	1	1	1	4	3	0
Day, s.s., . . .	5	0	0	0	0	1	4	0
Marden, l.f., . . .	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Garcelon, r.f., . . .	4	3	0	0	4	0	0	1
Little, c.f., . . .	4	0	1	1	0	1	0	0
Totals, . . .	41	9	9	14	8	27	21	2

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Packard, 1b., . . .	3	1	1	1	1	14	0	0	
Thompson, r.f., . . .	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	
Fish, c., . . .	4	1	1	1	0	5	2	1	
Hilton, s.s., . . .	4	0	1	1	0	1	2	5	
Freeman, 2b., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	6	2	0	
Tukey, c.f., . . .	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	
Hutchinson, l.f., . . .	4	1	2	5	1	0	0	1	
Spring, 3b. & p., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	
Downes, p., . . .	4	0	1	1	1	1	7	0	
Totals, . . .	34	3	7	10	5	27	21	8	
Innings, . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	2	1	0	1	2	3	0	0	0-9
Bowdoins,	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1-3

Memorial Day the Bates and Lewistons met for the first time this season, and to say that every one was surprised at the result only half expresses it. Wilson pitched a fine game, striking out ten of the heavy-hitting Lewistons. Pennell made a home run in the sixth inning with three men on bases.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Bates,	0	0	2	3	0	5	0	0	0-10
Lewistons,	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1-3

June 7th, on the home grounds Bates easily defeated the Tufts College team 16 to 8.

At Portland, June 11th, the Murphy Balsams took a game from Bates. We

say took because it was presented to them by the "rankest" umpire seen in modern times. With the score 11 to 7 in favor of Bates at the end of the seventh inning, the robbery began and continued until in the ninth, the Balsams had twelve runs and the game.

The Ivy-Day exercises of '91 were of a high order and have received many compliments. The poem of Miss Bray, which is printed in another column, deserves special mention. The following is the programme :

- Oration. N. G. Howard.
 - Cornet Duet.
 - Poem. Miss N. G. Bray.
 - Selection. Orchestra.
- PRESENTATIONS.
- Scheckel Box—Bank. W. S. Mason.
 - Voracious Man—Cake. F. S. Libbey.
 - Class Flirt—Kerchief and Cologne. Miss A. A. Beal.
 - Sporting Man—Record Book. F. W. Plummer.
 - School Mistress—Spelling Book. Miss S. D. Chipman.
 - The Athlete—Dumb-Bell. F. E. Emrich.
 - The Punctual Man—Watch. H. J. Chase.
 - Loyal Man—Medal. Miss M. H. Ingalls.

SINGING OF CLASS ODE.

After the exercises in the chapel the class proceeded to the Laboratory building where the Ivy was planted, while the class sang the Ivy Ode. The marching of the class showed that Mr. Plummer had done his work well as Marshal. The odes, by Miss Mabel Merrill, were very commendable productions ; and Mr. Pinkham, as Toastmaster, was a grand success.

The following is the programme for Class Day of June 24th. Music by the Germania Orchestra of Boston :

- Oration—The Seal of Nature. A. N. Peaslee.
- History. W. F. Garcelon.
- Music. Orchestra.

Poem.	Jennie L. Pratt.
Prophecy.	W. H. Woodman.
Music.	Orchestra.
Address to Halls and Campus.	F. L. Day.
Parting Address—Spontaneity the Test of Character.	H. J. Piper.
Class Ode.	Sung by the Class.

PERSONALS.

[Alumni, especially those whose names have not lately appeared in these columns, would confer a great favor upon the editors by sending to the STUDENT any items of information in regard to themselves, or other graduates.]

'73.—E. A. Smith of the *Journal* editorial staff was married Wednesday evening, June 11th, to Miss Delia A. Leslie, of Lewiston, by Rev. R. F. Johonnot. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are to reside at 155 Pleasant Street, Auburn.

'73.—N. W. Harris, Esq., was President of the Maine Universalist Convention which held its annual meeting at Bangor the first week in June.

'75.—H. S. Cowell delivered the second lecture in the Bates Normal Lecture Course, May 16th. His subject, "Teaching as a Profession," was treated in a masterly manner.

'75.—F. H. Hall, Esq., and wife called on Lewiston friends recently. Mr. Hall is a patent lawyer in Washington, D. C.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot preached the opening sermon before the Maine Universalist Convention at Bangor, Monday evening, June 2d. "The sermon," says the *Bangor Whig*, "was an able and impressive argument or appeal, and it was closely listened to by all its hearers, upon whom it made a telling effect."

'85.—W. V. Whitmore, M. D., (not *Whitman*, as his name accidentally appeared in the last STUDENT,) is *Interne* of the County Hospital at Los Angeles, Cal.

'86.—Charles Hadley has just graduated from Newton Theological Seminary. At the graduating exercises, his address was upon the subject, "The Trend of Public Opinion on Inspiration." Mr. Hadley, as a representative of his class, recently made an address before the Boston Baptist Union, which the *Chicago Standard* characterizes as "dignified and powerful, and rarely equaled on this occasion in former years." In the fall, Mr. Hadley leaves for a mission station in Madras, India.

'87.—I. Jordan of Yale Theological School is to preach during the summer at Warren, Vt.

'87.—J. W. Moulton, who graduated from Yale Theological School this spring, has accepted a call to Cobalt, Conn.

'87.—R. Nelson of Yale Theological School is to preach during the summer at Hillsborough, Wisconsin.

'87.—We learn that Dr. Percy R. Howe is about to settle in Auburn, taking the dental office in Goff Block now occupied by Dr. Howland. Dr. Howe is a graduate of Lewiston High School, Bates College, and Philadelphia Dental College. He has hosts of friends in this community, and is sure, professionally, to be widely and favorably known.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'87.—L. G. Roberts graduated June 4th from the Boston University Law School. Mr. Roberts was one of seven

in a class of fifty-two members to receive the "*magna cum laude*," and with another of equal rank headed this list of seven.

'88.—C. L. Wallace, principal of the high school at Lisbon, N. H., and wife, have been visiting friends in Lewiston. Mr. Wallace returns to Lisbon next year with an increase of salary. A new building costing \$30,000 will be ready for the school in the fall.

'88.—Mr. Edgar F. Blanchard, principal of the Sutton (Mass.) High School, has been called by the American Missionary Association to the principalship of the mission school at MacIntosh, Ga. He enters upon his new duties the coming fall. Mr. Blanchard is a teacher of high rank. His friends unite in good wishes for his success.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'88.—William F. Tibbetts, of Pawtucket High School, has been elected Professor of Latin in Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan.

'89.—H. W. Small, of Knoxville, Tenn., was married, May 6th, to Miss Minnie A. Johnstone of that city.

EXCHANGES.

Several of our exchanges discuss Socialism. We quote the following from an article in the *University Cynic*:

A great deal of light is thrown upon this whole subject when we remember that in reality it is Christianity which gave birth to socialism and which therefore may be entrusted to determine its principles. Christianity, if rightly carried out, would prevent the rich from taking advantage of or oppressing the poor, and would keep the poor within the bounds of sobriety, industry, and virtue, producing habits of

economy and improvement. Benevolence and philanthropy on the one side and honesty and thrift on the other would go far toward adjusting present difficulties. The secret of all social happiness is contained in the maxim, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Not that all questions of method are thus decided. Political economy is a most profound and intricate subject. But principle will work its way out into method. And Socialism, if it be Christian Socialism, cannot fail to issue in fruitful and permanent results, whether they be so great as anticipated or not.

This is simply another one of those plain straight-forward statements of what everybody has known to be true from infancy. But such is the inconsistency and folly of human nature, that though men know just where all the difficulty lies and just what the remedy is, yet they can by no manner of means be persuaded to abandon selfishness and antagonism.

The *Haverfordian* continues somewhat on the same line in an article on "Church and Socialism." It says:

There are among Socialists—aye, even among atheists—men who go about doing good spontaneously, and who, because they are untrammelled by ancient customs and long-handed-down traditions, come nearer the hearts of the workingmen than do many preachers haranguing sleepy auditors across carved chancels. The poor compare their own bitter condition with that of the church representatives; compare the clergy themselves with the twelve apostles; compare the life of Christ, meek, suffering, having a dozen followers, spit upon and crucified, with the life of some church official, haughty, rich, worshiped, and buried with the pomp of states; and they cry out, Religion is a lie, and churches are the dens of thieves. "When the laboring men," says a Socialistic paper, "understand that the heaven which they are promised hereafter is but a mirage, they will knock at the door of the wealthy robber . . . and demand their portion of the goods of this life, now." Hot-headed such opinions are, but when they have

taken hold of a million people it behooves the representatives of religion and the upholders of order to remember the terrible lesson once taught to France, and deal with the matter in thoughtful earnestness.

The *University News* has a timely and sensible article on the new departure at Harvard, namely, that of making the college course three years instead of four. It speaks as follows :

We regard this proposition as one of vital significance, not only to Harvard, but to every college in the country, and to the reputation of American college degrees. The oldest and best known American university cannot, if she would, legislate for herself alone, and the influence of such an innovating step on the part of Harvard would be felt in every college in the country. The "Harvard idea," however radical, is bound to spread. The idea of elective studies, which originated at Harvard, and was there carried to such an extent that a retrograde movement has lately been found necessary, spread until it has been adopted, in whole or in part, by nearly every college in the country. This new departure must therefore be considered not only in its relation to Harvard University, but to American higher education. It may be that the required sixteen courses at Harvard could be so arranged that the Harvard student could be graduated in three years without seriously lowering the degree of attainment of the graduates. But at most colleges this could not be done, and the result in at least 250 of our 375 colleges would be to still further cheapen the standard of higher education, and to degrade still lower the average significance of that indeterminate and unappraisable bachelor's degree, which in all its varied forms is already the ridicule of Europe.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association now includes Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Trinity, University of Vermont, Wesleyan, Williams, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.—*Ex.*

The expenditures of Columbia College during the year ending last June were \$407,600. Toward these the students contributed in fees \$144,731, or only a little more than one-third. The tuition fees do not so much as pay for keeping open and maintaining the buildings.—*Ex.*

The Columbia College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to the students too busy to leave their work.—*Princetonian.*

The National University of Chicago contemplates the early establishment of a series of "Trade Schools," or institutes, in which young men may gain a practical education. These institutes will be modeled on the plan of the "Horological Institute," which already numbers over fifty students engaged in learning the watchmaker's trade, and has proved very successful. Such a project deserves every encouragement. Good skillful mechanics are necessary to the world's progress.—*Tuftsian.*

At the Agassiz Museum at Harvard, which already has a floor space of over four acres, is to be enlarged.—*Ex.*

Over \$3,675,000 was given to forty-two American colleges last year, in gifts ranging from five to ten thousand dollars.—*Ex.*

Nothing in this country more astonishes an English university-bred man than our college yells. He never takes the practice as a bit of American fun, but seriously sets to work to prove how even educated Americans follow the customs of the savage Indian, his

war-whoop being perpetuated in the college yell.—*Mail and Express.*

The Senior class at Williams have decided to abolish class day, together with the exercises connected with that day.—*Ex.*

The Faculty of the University of Texas have recently passed a rule which allows any student having a class standing of ninety per cent. and an attendance of ninety-four per cent. to pass to the next higher class or to graduate without an examination.—*Ex.*

A second expedition will be made this year from Princeton to investigate the Gulf Stream, the results of last year's trip having been so fruitful. Professor William Libbey, Jr., will be in charge of the expedition.—*Ægis.*

Germania, a German newspaper, says: "Of the 100,000,000 postage stamps used yearly in this country, the people of the United States will have two and one-half acres less to lick on account of the smaller form of the stamps."—*Ex.*

When the new student at Johns Hopkins looks around from the piles of buildings to the busy streets on either side and asks where the campus is, he learns that it is three miles from the city, at Clinton, the old estate of the founder of the university.—*Ex.*

Resolutions signed by 1,360 members of the University of Cambridge protest against any movement toward the admission of woman to the membership and degrees in the university.—*Ex.*

Casualties of foot-ball, beginning the first week in September and ending the third week in January: Deaths, 13;

fractures of legs, 15; arms, 4; collar bones, 11; injuries of spine, 4; nose, 1; knee, 1; ankle, 1; cheek, 1.—*Ex.*

Alleghany College has organized a young ladies' base-ball club.—*Ex.*

There are now no secret fraternities at Princeton. The thirteen that have been there have become extinct chapters, the last one disappearing in 1878.

POETS' CORNER.

CONTRAST.

By N. G. B., '91.

Far up on the mountain top
The snow lies deep,
And the frozen streams are wrapped
In dreamless sleep.

The sound of a passing step
The silence breaks,
No song of a woodland bird
The echo wakes.

The vale at the mountain foot
Is full of life,
And the perfume-laden air
With sound is rife.
O'er the flowers and the springing grass
Men come and go,
With never an upward glance
To the drifted snow.

ADAM.

Before Creation bowed to human will,
While this wide earth was but a silent space—
A solitude of forest, rock, and hill—
There dwelt within the wilderness a race
Like to ourselves in form, but lacking still
Humanity's first faint redeeming trace.
To one of these, who roams that gloomy place,
And stands upon a rugged mountain height
There comes at dawn a shaft of golden light
That falls in glory on his lifted face.
Then suddenly his wond'ring eye grows bright,
For God in Nature bursts upon his mind,
And while celestial splendor floods his sight,
He stands alone—the herald of mankind!

—*Brown Magazine.*

THE VANISHED YEARS.

The vanished years! When soft and low
 The winds of evening gently blow,
 Calling the weary souls to rest—
 And one cloud rosy in the west
 Tells of the day's departed glow,
 Then fleeing visions come and go,
 Dreams of the past. More sweet they grow.
 More sad. Ah! would that we possessed
 The vanished years!

Like to ceaseless ebb and flow
 Of some vast sea, so to and fro,
 Surge waves of longing through the breast.
 Vain longing! Who can hope to wrest
 From Time's firm hand the long ago,
 The vanished years?

—*Trinity Tablet.*

MEMORIAL DAY SONG.

MODELED FROM A POEM BY PROFESSOR J. W.
 BARKER.

Silently, tenderly, mournfully, friends,
 Come where the willow its sad branches bends,
 Gently and noiselessly scatter the flowers
 Over the graves of these heroes of ours.
 Not with the sword and gun,
 Not with the rolling drum,
 But with sweet flowers, come,
 Seeking the soldier's tomb.
 Thoughtfully, prayerfully, tenderly, tread
 Over the dust of our volunteer dead.

Silently, tenderly, mournfully come,
 Where sleeps the brave in his dark, narrow
 home;
 Battle and triumph no more doth he hear,
 Still is his bosom, and nerveless his ear.
 On his dear and native hills,
 Where the bright gushing rills,
 Freedom's sweet music fills,
 And the soft dew distills,
 Quietly, peacefully, now, our brave friend
 Rests in the soil which he died to defend.

Silently, tenderly honor the brave,
 Glory encircles the patriot's grave;
 Deep in our hearts shall his memory live,
 Yearly our garlands of sorrow we'll weave.
 Here let affection dwell,
 Here let the marble tell
 How our stern soldier fell,
 Loving his country well.
 Softly and silently drop the warm tear
 Over the dust of the brave volunteer.

—*University News.*

POT-POURRI.

"How does your furnace draw?" a
 prospective settler inquired, the other
 day, of a naturalized Jerseyman.
 "Splendidly," replied the Jerseyman,
 "it draws my salary, pretty near all
 of it."—*Puck.*

In the German class: Instructress—
 "How do you translate *fangen?*" Stu-
 dent—"Catch." "How do you trans-
 late *anfangen?*" Student—"Catch
 on!"—*Ex.*

'Twas in the gloaming
 By the fair Wyoming,
 That I left my darling many years ago;
 And memory tender
 Brings her back in splendor
 With her cheeks of rose and brow of snow.

But where in thunder
 Is she now, I wonder?
 Oh! my soul be quiet and my sad heart hush;
 Under the umbreller
 Of some other feller
 I think I see her paddling through the slush.
 —*Inside Track.*

The *Scholastic* divides the college
 fiends into four classes; the athletic
 man, the bard or musician, the society
 man, and "the man who owns the
 place."—*Ex.*

It is strange, tho' true,
 Of a man who bets,
 That the higher he flies
 The lower he gets.

—*Ex.*

"Now, look here," remarked the
 thirteen wives of a Mormon elder to
 their one husband, "we have just heard
 from Washington, and we want you to
 understand that hereafter the minority
 doesn't lead the majority around by its
 noses in this house any more, and don't
 you forget it."—*Washington Star.*

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Farmington, Bangor, Ellsworth, Aroostook County,
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4.30 P.M., for Portland and Boston.

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gusta, Portland, and Boston.
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2.45 P.M., for Farmington.
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