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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 8.

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EDITORIAL.

SOME of our exchanges devote their editorial columns largely to unfavorable criticism of the management of their respective colleges,—a proceeding as unwise as useless. We acknowledge that it is often difficult to draw the line between just criticism and undue fault-finding; but the college paper, as the recognized mouthpiece of the school, should represent its institution in all fairness. Where abuses exist, due to the indifference, carelessness, or ignorance of those in charge, it is proper to call public attention to such instances, and where the students are themselves in fault, that, too, should be frankly stated. It is not the mission of the college paper to shield the one, at the expense of justice, nor to show a cowardly subservience to the other. The severest criticism, if deserved, ought to find a place in its columns. What should be discouraged is the continual harping upon unavoidable defects, and real or fancied grievances too slight to be dwelt upon by a sensible person; in a word, the making of petty criticisms for the mere pleasure of fault-finding, or in order to appear "smart." Perhaps this tendency is partly due to a dearth of suitable subjects for editorial

comment; there is always something at hand, in which some flaw may be found with very little labor, and it does not take much ingenuity to spread a very small matter over a column or two. Better re-hash those long-suffering themes, "Perseverance," "Education," and the like, than to develop into a perpetual grumbler. In skilled hands, criticism is a mighty weapon for reform; but it is just criticism, and it metes out praise as well as blame.

BATES is one of the foremost colleges in New England in graduating teachers, and it is but natural that we should direct our attention to methods that will aid us as teachers in years to come. Pedagogics is of direct benefit, and should be pursued by all who wish to be successful in the school-room. There must be a more thorough preparation for teaching than is required for any other profession, and the degree of success depends largely upon the ability to meet and overcome obstacles. Nearly the same perplexities come to all teachers, and, therefore, it is comparatively easy to formulate general remedies. The experience of old and successful teachers may become the possession of all who will make a constant study of pedagogics. Until a comparatively recent time, this branch of science has been sadly neglected. The prevailing idea was that anybody, who had a college education, could teach, but the condition of scores of schools has sadly shown the fallacy. Teaching, I believe, is a sacred trust that none should un-

dertake who are not fully equipped in every way.

In several of our larger colleges there is a movement towards the establishment of chairs of pedagogics, and many noted educators claim that this is absolutely necessary in order to make the desired advancement in education. The public rightly demands that instructors shall employ the best methods, and every year will increase the requirements. Thus it is necessary for all of us, who contemplate teaching, to study theories and methods. We have the opportunity, if we would but avail ourselves of it, to do considerable reading in this line. There are several standard works on this subject in the library and others will be added, no doubt, as fast as there is a demand for them. We must learn how to impart knowledge. Many have good educations that cannot make any use of it in teaching simply because they are unable to present their thoughts intelligently to others. It is well for us that the discussion of the subject of pedagogics is before the people, for it will awaken in us an enthusiasm for study in this direction.

ONE characteristic that distinguishes the American universities from the German is the uniform use of textbooks. The system of lectures, so common abroad, has scarcely obtained foothold with us. The comparative value of the two systems has, however, been often considered and discussed. Our system seems to be best for the present and for our small institutions.

But there is one evil that comes with it, an evil, as yet, not sufficiently recognized and provided against. It is the fact that many students in learning a lesson lay aside their own knowledge and experience, and study as if the facts were absolutely new and unknown. While there are countless items of knowledge that students must have acquired in the common experience of life which the text-books use, be it mathematics, rhetoric, astronomy, mechanics, or psychology, the book must somewhere strike a familiar key of the student's experience. And he too often forgets the fact as it occurred and studies away at the text. Then, if in recitation memory fails, instead of recalling his experience, reasoning out the thing in his own mind or using his native common sense he ignominiously "flunks," when, if he were asked the same question outside the class-room and out of connection with his work, he would in many cases answer both correctly, and without hesitation. Too much reliance on the text-book is not well, for the author, though in the majority of cases correct, is not positively so in every particular, and he, in reality, has fewer *new* facts to give than we realize. So a student, in learning or reciting, should not take leave of his own knowledge. He should prove or test the truth of what he learns and not leave so much work to the overburdened memory.

This testing of facts will aid in still another way. It will prevent, in a measure, the habit of learning for recitation only. Laws need not be remembered, if a few underlying facts

are known, for then the principle may be easily reconstructed. There is a vast deal of truth in the idea of Socrates, that a man will arrive at what seem impossible heights of knowledge if he has a skillful questioner to lead by easy steps, and every student should faithfully question himself before attempting to memorize the facts another has acquired.

LIFE has a good deal to offer any man who is willing to work hard. The idea that men are born great is the idea of the ignorant and indolent. It is the idea that has power when once thoroughly fixed in one's head either to kill all heroic ambition and make a man merely a slave to the world and a tool in the hands of his betters, or to make him in his own opinion a sort of god at the start. Both of these results are sure to work great injury. In the first case a man never gets to have any confidence in himself and is, therefore, when left to himself, utterly without power to accomplish anything that is new or original. Such a one has nothing to recommend him to his fellows as a person fit for any responsibility, public or private. He simply looks at other men who are in responsible positions and admires them, saying to himself, "I think these men possess wonderful talent." He never appears to even suspect that they gained their talent by hard work. God never intended that there should ever be anywhere in his universe a proper place for the sluggard. An old school teacher once said to one of his lazy pupils, "Young man if you don't learn arithmetic in this

world you will have to learn it in the next." This is not the visionary and flowery-beds-of-ease doctrine that we are accustomed to hear preached, but there is no doubt but that it means a good deal more to any lad or lass who is inclined to let a lazy disposition dominate in this world's affairs. Again, while we are not sermonizing we yet cannot help quoting a little Scripture, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If he never sows anything he will surely find nothing to reap. There will surely be wailing and gnashing of teeth for those who sit still in this world or the next. God's laws of this universe are laws of activity, of motion, and if things do not move of their own accord then there is surely something that will move them. If a man makes up his mind that he will move of his own accord he will soon find that dead men around him only need to be buried in order for him to have all the room he wants, and if a man makes up his mind that he will wait for somebody else to move first he will find that he is but little better than a dead man and so far as any real success in life is concerned he is practically dead and buried. Hard work and a live interest in *moving* things are the surest means of success in this world, and of a just amount of happiness in the next.

"PUNCTUALITY," says Dr. Johnson, "is a quality which the interests of mankind require to be diffused through all the ranks of life." There is no man living that might not be a punctual man, yet how few are

habitually such. It is very easy to be three minutes late at every recitation; it is not so easy to be in our place promptly at all times; yet he who would make the highest success in life must at least approximate to this standard.

We readily place confidence in one who is prompt to fulfill his obligations. The habit of being late at our appointments, be they ever so trifling, demands the severest criticism of our friends. That the appointment is an unimportant one does not lessen our obligations to its prompt fulfillment. If it is worthy to be made at all, it is worthy to be met promptly. Having made an appointment with a person, to keep him waiting while we take time to finish the page on which we have been writing, is not only an insult to his patience but a robbery of his time. It is said of Melancthon, that whenever he made an appointment he expected not only to fix the hour but the minute of the meeting. Blackstone held punctuality to be so much a virtue that he could never bring himself to have perfect confidence in one who was plainly defective in this respect. He not only admired, but practiced this virtue. In all the numerous lectures that he delivered he was never known to keep an audience waiting.

In no class of people is punctuality more a virtue than in college men. The position that they occupy in society, and their calling itself renders their success largely dependent upon it; yet it is in college that the habit of being behind time often becomes chronic. He who is always late is

always in a hurry, while he who promptly meets his obligations finds ample time for recreation and reading.

THE season for out-of-door sports has practically ended, and now begins the training in the gymnasium. While all should endeavor to avail themselves of this training and should fully understand its significance, yet we would especially urge upon the candidates for the ball team the importance of it to them in developing the muscle and nerve necessary for a good successful players.

It will be six months before the intercollegiate contest for the base-ball pennant of 1891 actually begins; yet there is none too much time for preparation. Now is the time to *begin* to win games, and constant, faithful work in the gymnasium for the weeks to come may be just the requisite that will give the base hits, stolen bases, and agility that means victory, the pennant, and the praise and plaudits of your fellow-students. This all means hard work, but remember that hard work is a requisite of success; hard work this winter ensures you the confidence and hearty support of every member of the Athletic Association next spring.

It will be admitted, we think, that we have as good material for a ball team as ever we had before, if not better; and this fact leads the association to expect great results, and they have a right to.

Not only does the association expect much but the alumni also, as is shown by a communication in another

column, which we hope every member of the association will read. Now boys, don't disappoint either of these parties. Do your whole duty in preparing for the games next spring. Begin to make that preparation now, and be faithful in it, and we assure you that in victory or defeat all will be satisfactory to your supporters so far as you are concerned. The STUDENT wishes you the best of success.

LITERARY.

SILENT FORCES.

By L. B. W., '91.

HOLY Writ and profane history unite in proclaiming the grandeur of Solomon's temple. Gaze upon it in its completeness. The best stone, cedar, and fir that Lebanon could furnish! Delicate wreaths of lilies, palms, and pomegranates hanging in festoons from majestic columns! Walls flashing back the splendor of finely wrought gold and precious stones! But listen: "There was neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." In the light of this affirmation not all the temples of art-loving Greece can compare with Solomon's. The skill of Phidias and Praxiteles pale before that of Hiram, King of Tyre.

As in the forests of Lebanon the material was prepared, so at creation, God's voice gathered the elements, and arranged them for his silent workmen, who, with noiseless tools, rear the temples of the great Architect.

Not least among these workmen is

Nature. Versed in all the arts and crafts that embody the conceptions of God, whether as Artist painting upon the broad expanse of Heaven the delicate tinted rainbow, as scribe tracing cabalistic lines of fire upon the inky blackness of the sky, or, Vulcan-like, tending the fires of that mighty engine, which noiselessly moves the most delicate mechanism. Nature is equally skillful. From the vegetation of the tropics turn to the Polar Seas, and behold the vast mountains of crystallization fashioned from old ocean's restless billows. Gaze into the starry firmament. Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades move on as silently as when, nineteen hundred years ago, the Star came and stood over the "Prince of Peace."

Now consider Time, the sculptor and iconoclast. No sound is heard as, sitting amid the dust of ages, with masterly hand he rears continents, submerges islands, or shatters with fatal blows men's cherished monuments.

I see Thebes in all her glory. Her magnificent temples Carnac and Luxor tower up in all their majesty. Her kings are mighty. Her priests are wise. Her avenues glitter with chariots of ivory and gold. All nations bow before the proud city of the East. But look again! Her walls are defaced; among her fractured columns the lizard darts to and fro. Her glory has departed. What desecrating chisel insulted her sculptured beauty? What power undermined her statues? From the stony lips of the colossal Sphinx, half choked with Sahara's sands, there comes the murmur, "Time."

Now glance along the vistas of the Past and behold the great silent workers among men. Whoever have guided the race in new lines of thought and belief, have they not wrought in silence? In the gloomy prison dungeon, in the solitude of the desert, many a creative genius has reared temples of science and of truth, which shall last until the world shall cease to be.

Behold Galileo watching anxiously through his telescope; then see him, blind and deaf, fling back into the face of a frowning world its sneering rebuffs, and silently await the glory due his efforts. See Bunyan in his lonely cell, composing his immortal allegory. See Luther meditating in his cloister; Milton, writing in rayless darkness. See Dante, Copernicus, William the Silent, Angelo, and Beethoven. Behold Him who "trod the wine press alone," rearing such a fabric of truth as Socrates never dreamed of; a temple that compels all ages to say, "We find no fault in it."

But what is the final purpose for which these silent forces act? There is a greater temple to be built; the imperishable soul. Hewn by God's hand from his everlasting quarries, the pure marble is entrusted to the silent forces, that alone can rear a temple fit to beautify the streets of the Eternal City.

At length Death comes, the silent messenger of the spirit world. Silent? Not so to the waiting soul, but a revelation of the harmony of God, a revelation too delicate for human ears to hear. Then, as one has said, "Amid

the everlasting music of the spheres, all Geology shall praise the Rock of Ages, all Botany the Lily of the Valley, all Astronomy the Star of Bethlehem."

God's silence broken at last. Floods of harmony, which, resounding through the arches of the soul, like the trumpet that summoned Israel to the hour of the evening sacrifice, shall call man to the presence chamber of God, to be once more in the melody of the Forever.

INDIVIDUALITY IN REFORM.

BY W. B. S., '92.

UNABLE or disinclined to trace the relations of successive events, but accepting the false idea that every step in advance, every change in the mode of living, is an independent reform, people have come to regard the masses as the true reformers, the doctrines they have learned to indorse as productions of their own. But this theory, however plausible, is equally untrue. Born of strife and turmoil, cradled in the heated brain of struggling humanity, nursed by jealousy and hatred, surrounded by poverty and wretchedness, such an offspring can hardly fail to find its grave amid the *débris* in which it is reared. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest," can be said more truly of nothing.

But a little thought will convince the most skeptical that the development of this world of ours has not been so wonderfully democratic after all. Each different ism cannot be considered a religious reform. Christ and his disciples preached the duty of man, and that

is the text alike of every ism in Christendom. England's great charter, America's self-government, and France's freedom from Bourbon despotism, are not unallied. They are but the development of the great Alfred's conception of right. True, in each case there were other reformers, but they were yet the few. The stern logic of Paine, the fiery eloquence of Otis and Henry, the dauntless patriotism of Franklin and the Adamses, the indomitable persistency of Washington, did more to make independence possible than all the disaffected clamorings of the multitude; discovered for them their wants and then the way to attain them.

Nor is this true of political liberty alone. What is the benefit of a howling mob, brainless and breadless, destroying property in London, compared with that of John Howard alleviating the condition of Europe's unfortunate prisoners; what the glory of the Pilgrim Fathers, crying for religious freedom and carrying on persecutions that would shame their own persecutors, compared with that of Wilberforce and Clarkson struggling against slavery in England, or of Garrison fighting the fiend in Puritan Boston with a price set on his head and a mob dragging him through the streets? The people as reformers, indeed! Much better the reform of the people.

The very existence of the time factor proves the truth of our hypothesis. Were the people the reformers, every reform would be instantaneous. Ready for it, no power could baffle their immediate influence. But they are not instantaneous. No such power does exist.

On the contrary, it was half a century from the time Wilberforce began his opposition to slavery before his end was realized. He had not to deal with a great popular influence to prevent such a reform, but with a superstitious adherence to an old custom to bring it about. He had to reform the masses in order to establish the desired change. Think you, had Christianity been the product of the multitude rather than the few, the persecutions of Nero and Galerius would have been possible? Had opposition to the license of the Romish Church had its birth among the masses, would Luther have met with persecutions from all hands? No, the heretic of yesterday is the hero of to-day. Abhorred one minute, he is adored the next. And why? Because the very people who could see in his project nothing but irreverence for what their grandfathers did, have been shown that the earthly paradise that existed in those traditionally balmy days "when I was a boy," was only earthly, after all. They have been taught in this case to distinguish the better from the good.

But not only is it a fact that individuality is the characteristic of every reform. It is a necessary state of things. There is a law that exacts more compliance than all the statutes of Christendom. It is the law of custom, of usage—that joint offspring of superstition and veneration which makes a man a Democrat or Republican, a Methodist or Universalist, because his father was the same, ignorant alike of party platforms and church creeds. Strangled by such a halter,

there is every need of some one to brave the cries of heresy and infidelity, to loosen the throat-lash and give gasping humanity a fresh breath. Truly has a popular orator declared that "universal obedience is universal stagnation," and when so much obedience is yielded to custom, equally great is the necessity of breaking this charm, of some individual sacrificing his position in society that he may establish a nobler order into which the masses may be initiated.

No, the people have had little to do with history, after all. Every advantage they have enjoyed, every boon they have received, has been but the gift of the few. Every step toward the acquisition of equality is but the approach toward a goal set years ago by the few. The history of the world, the history of every step in its progress, the history of every reform, is but the record of the lives of the few. Mention Christ and Mahomet, Buddha and Confucius, Luther and Erasmus, and what remains of religious reform? Tell the story of Clarkson and Wilberforce, Garrison and Lincoln, and what is untold of anti-slavery agitation?

What though the individual reformer does paint that on which mortal eyes may never gaze? Does this signify that he accomplishes nothing? Is not his, though ever so unattainable, the Utopia that is to direct all reform, the mark toward which the masses are to march? Is he less the author of the reform because he set the target for next year rather than to-morrow? Is he less a benefactor because he penetrated the mists of futurity and made the induce-

ment sufficient to ensure the attempt, the enthusiasm great enough to shake off the lethargy of that triple curse, adoration, veneration, and superstition?

◆◆◆

"ENOCH ARDEN" AND "EVANGELINE" COMPARED.

By A. L. B., '93.

IT HAS been said that comparison is one of the fruitful methods of criticism. No less true is it that criticism is an essential element of comparison, for two works of any kind cannot be compared without being criticised. Contrast also is involved in comparison, so in comparing "Enoch Arden" and "Evangeline" we shall both criticise and contrast them.

Longfellow chose a metre that is eminently fitted to his theme. "The tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines," and their "mournfully rolling cadence," are in full accord with the sad sweetness of the poem. The dactylic hexameter, the metre so little used by other poets, does not in this long poem become monotonous. The metre of "Enoch Arden" is, perhaps, no less suited to the poem. It is more forceful, more direct, but not so beautiful. But in the absorbing interest of the poem, one forgets, as he does not in "Evangeline," the appropriateness of the verse to the thought expressed. Although the poems present some points of similarity, yet they are very different. The theme is the same, the plots different. In "Evangeline," the one point, around which all our interest centers, and to which every thought

is subordinate, is the search for Gabriel.

In "Enoch Arden" our interest is divided. It seems to us that this poem, just as fittingly as "Evangeline," might be divided into two parts, part second beginning with "And where was Enoch?" The poem, as far as that division, tells more of Annie and of Philip, and all events are located in the little sea-port village. In what follows we almost lose sight of these scenes and characters in our interest in the wanderings and isolation, and final home-coming of Enoch. This by no means detracts from the interest of the plot. It rather deepens it. We are led on, step by step, not knowing what the end is to be until we reach it. But in "Evangeline" we can know almost from the beginning what the end will be. In the introduction the poet speaks of the love "that hopes and endures and is patient," and from what we read of Evangeline's character, shown further on in the poem, we can easily predict that the search for Gabriel will be continued until he is found, or as long as life lasts.

"The strength and beauty of woman's devotion" finds its equal in that of "Enoch Arden." Surely no woman's devotion could be more strong and pure than his, or could more nobly stand the terrible test of silence. In marked contrast to both Evangeline's and Enoch Arden's devotion is that of Annie Lee. While her affection for Enoch seemed to be deep and true, yet it was not characterized by the hope and endurance and patience

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Chemistry



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that prove genuine devotion, and it could stand the test only eleven and one-half years.

She could not, it is true, obtain any satisfaction in searching for the lost one. She could not know that he was living, and within one or two or six days' journey. She had no inventive to *hope* as Evangeline had to *search*; but, notwithstanding all this, if the search had been made by Annie, and the wearisome waiting at home had been endured by Evangeline, we cannot think of the latter as giving to any one else the place in her affections that she had given to Gabriel. Nor can we think that a search for Enoch would have been continued so perseveringly and persistently as it was for Gabriel.

There is a marked contrast in the two poems in regard to the use of figures. In "Evangeline" there are more than seventy similes. Many of these refer to something in nature, as "white as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves," and "round and red as the harvest moon." Personification, although not so frequent as simile, is noticeable. Not only are there many direct personifications, as "clamorous labor knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning," but many epithets are used that personify the object spoken of. Most of these refer to some object in nature, as the "deep-voiced ocean" and "happy valley."

In comparison with Longfellow, Tennyson uses figures sparingly, but perhaps the absence of the many makes

the few stronger. Many of his epithets are compound and two are frequently used with the same word. One instance alone will show his skill in combining words to suit his meaning. Could any words more perfectly describe the feelings of Enoch Arden on the island where he had been shipwrecked—which had before been spoken of as "an Eden of all plenteousness," as "rich but the loneliest in a lonely sea"—than "*beauteous* and *hateful*?"

Tennyson's sympathy with Nature, his recognition of her power to echo and reflect the feelings of the human heart, is far greater than Longfellow's. He shows himself in "Enoch Arden" no greater lover of nature than Longfellow, and his descriptions are inferior to those in "Evangeline," but everything in nature corresponds perfectly to the feelings of his characters. Nature fits her own to human moods. She rejoices with the rejoicing, and weeps with the sorrowful. If Tennyson had written "Evangeline," the afternoon of the day, fatal to all the brightness and cheer of the Acadian's lives, would not have been such as to cause Evangeline to shield her eyes from the "rays of the sun that descending, lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each peasant's cottage with golden thatch and emblazoned its windows." Instead, the day would have been in harmony with their feelings, and the sunshine would have disappeared from nature as it did from their hearts. This description in "Evangeline" is beautiful:

"Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand
o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water
and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch and melted
and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges
of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on
the motionless water."

This is a perfect painting of the things in nature, but the peace and calm and beauty of the scene are not in accord with the depression and unrest and loneliness of Evangeline's heart. In "Enoch Arden," after reading a description of his surroundings, we come to this that is in perfect harmony with his terrible *aloneness* on that lonely isle:

"All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that
branched
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave."

And is not this a perfect reflection of the monotony of his life on the island:

"No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunshine broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves
in Heaven.
The hollow-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise, but no sail."

And again, when he reaches his home, the day is in full sympathy with his feelings.

"Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till down thro' either chasm
Where either haven open'd on the deeps
Roll'd a sea-haze, and whelmed the world in
gray;
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down,
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom."

There is no pathos in "Evangeline" that can compare with that in "Enoch Arden." True, the entire poem is sad, and some parts are pathetic, *e. g.*, Father Felician's prayer, Evangeline's cry for Gabriel when she stole away alone in the garden of Basil, the blacksmith, where Gabriel had been that very day, the goodness and patience of Evangeline as she "wandered in want and cheerless discomfort, bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence." The search for Gabriel, the frequent nearness to him, and the continual failure of quite finding him, is more tantalizing than pathetic. Although there is pathos throughout the entire poem, there is lacking that depth of feeling that in Tennyson summons one's most intense sympathy. When we finish reading "Enoch Arden," we are left in a "stress of tumultuous feeling." The pathos culminates in the last few verses, while in "Evangeline," although the meeting of the two is somewhat pathetic, yet we are soothed and rested by the way in which the story ends. We cannot reconcile ourselves to "The End" in "Enoch Arden" as we can in "Evangeline." In the latter the story is finished, and as we would have it.

The difference in the degree of

pathos in the two poems may be accounted for in the different circumstances of their author's lives; the one favored always by nature, and previous to the writing of "Evangeline," never suffering any great affliction, it is not strange that intense joy and sorrow, and deep passion are foreign to his poetry.

"The compensation of man's anguish is that it lifts him beyond the ordinary." The great sorrow of Alfred Tennyson's life tempers his poetry, and the calmness and tranquility, and even tenor of Longfellow's verse, that are reflected from his life, are not seen in Tennyson. Tennyson's deeply religious feeling is shown in Enoch Arden's prayer and in what follows, viz.:

"He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will
And beating up thro' all the bitter world
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea
Kept him a living soul."

And earlier in the poem, he shows his trust and reverence in the parting words to Annie Lee:

"Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? If I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His.
The sea is His; He made it."

Of Enoch Arden, in the terrible loneliness of the island where he was shipwrecked, it is said:

"Had not his poor heart
Spoken with that, which being everywhere
Let's none who speaks with Him seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude."

There are in "Evangeline" several direct allusions to the Bible in the form of similes. Simple trust and reverence appears in all its pages.

To us *Evangeline*, although it has been called the "Flower of American idyls," is not equal to "Enoch Arden." Perhaps they are not to be compared as to the superiority of the one over the other. Each may be best in its own way. If the popularity of a work proves its superiority, then "Evangeline" is superior. Although it may be argued that the best poetry is the least appreciated, yet to reach the minds and delight the imaginations of thousands who know little of poetry more difficult to understand, is something which many deeper poets have not attained. Longfellow won his place in the hearts of people by feelings common to all, and it was by the simple, delicate, and refined expression of these that he gained the affection of so many.

"I see him, a silver-haired minstrel, touching melodious keys, playing and singing in the twilight, within sound of the rotes of the sea. There he lingers late; the curfew bell has tolled and the darkness closes round, till at last that tender voice is silent and he softly moves unto his rest."

COMMUNICATION.

Gentlemen,—If you will allow me I would like to say a word about athletics. An athletic contest is intensely interesting to me, for several reasons, the most prominent of which are these: First it is in one sense a sort of a little judgment day, for just what you are and just what you can do is the only thing that counts. You can veil your ignorance in society by holding your tongue. You can loaf half the term and skip recitations and upon examination day,

by an exhaustive classification upon a diminutive piece of paper handled with infinite dexterity, you can come out of calculus with flying colors (no inferences, please, gentlemen). Paucity of ideas and expressions can cut off a thin slice from some of the magnificent literary and intellectual books that crowd the library shelves, and donate it in a literary meeting as a specimen of its own mental culinary. But in an athletic contest you cannot "crib." Sham won't work. You cannot impose on your neighbors.

Hercules' accomplished tasks nor those of long-haired Samson can help you out. In the language of the immortal Daniel Boone, "The capability must be in you or you are licked." Intrinsic merit prostrates inferiority. Another reason why I am intensely interested in the welfare of athletics, and especially college athletics, is because I like the type it develops. He is, as a rule, a man who is profoundly impressed with the necessity of training and preparation as a factor of success in any line. He is a man that can bear honest defeat without feeling disgraced or disgruntled. He is a man that has a soldier's respect for harmony and subordination. He is a man that can shackle onto mental power and Christian grace a splendid energy.

Now, gentlemen, if you will hold still just a minute longer, I will endeavor to draw a bead upon you. The alumni believe that if you can in the one issue, where you stand pitted against the other colleges of Maine, defeat them that it will be a good thing for the growth and prosperity of our *Alma*

Mater. We want you to do it, or at least we want the best talent in the college a unit in sympathy, determination, and effort. Not a positive seven and a negative two, which, if I remember correctly the first chapter of Olney's Elementary Algebra, give only an absolute power of five, but every unit positive, giving an absolute positive nine.

Right here permit me to assert that in the smaller college it is a great deal more difficult to command the best efforts of the individual than it is in a university, and requires the exercise of a great deal more virtue to obtain the proper subordination and harmony for the strongest kind of business. This is so because in the larger college the material is so plenty, the competition of rival candidates so sharp and earnest, and public sentiment is so keen and independent. No one man can much effect affairs. If a man is obstinate or has an undue subjective enlargement of the cranium, he will be dropped, and a lively consciousness of this fact is not unknown to the subject. In the smaller college, however, gilt-edged talent is mighty scarce, and sometimes one man, or at least a very limited number, can by muleishness, pettiness, the "green-eyed monster," and unmanliness blast the whole thing.

Among a set of real good fellows a bit of jealousy operates like a mad dog. He may be a small dog and you say, "Look at that little fellow; what comical tantrums he is going through." Yes, but look out for him, for if he nips you hydrophobia will stream through your system.

How many men just miss a splendid, companionable manhood just because they do get jealous. Now, gentlemen, I presume everything at the college is as sweet and lovely as a cosset lamb with a blue ribbon around his neck. But I just expatiate on that point because I know it takes a man eighteen carat fine to step up to the other fellow in opposition, who is enjoying more publicity than we approve and say, "Here old fellow, for the common interest, for the sake of living in this mutual enterprise and for the sake of the fruits to the cause which we represent individually, differences must not weigh a grain.

There are three words which I commend to your consideration: Subordination, Union, Loyalty. Subordination is the rut into which ideas and intelligent planning runs as molten metal, that hardens and crystallizes into solid iron. Union is power. It is a formidable thing, it heads the elements of power the same way. What one man could not do if he died, union does on a scale magnified a thousand times. Loyalty is perhaps the best word the tongue can utter, the noblest sentiment the heart knows. It builds a coffin, puts self into it, and nails down the cover. It works on the line of institution and principles; it subordinates the petty and feeling to the abiding satisfaction and welfare of the many.

F. J. DAGGETT.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude*.

LOCALS.

Who thunders in his cheerless room
Napoleon's speech or Lincoln's doom?
The Fresh.

Who answers him, across the way,
With arguments none can gainsay?
The Soph.

Who flags the train at Jack's?

Tennis courts are being deserted.

How about the parliamentary class?

Blanchard, '88, is instructing the Freshmen in elocution.

H. J. Chase, '91, attended the Free Baptist Convention held in New York during the first weeks of October.

The Juniors and Seniors rejoice in a new plank walk from Hathorn Hall to the laboratory. "It's narrow, but then—!"

All the New Hampshire boys will go home to vote November 4th. There is quite a delegation and all but one will vote for "Hiram."

Gymnasium work began October 14th. It is hoped that all will do good work to maintain health, and that the ball team, in particular, will prepare for the next season's campaign.

The college senate question is being agitated quite vigorously this term. A great majority of the students favor the plan, and it is thought that it will be accepted and arranged at no distant time.

The unusually warm fall has delayed the birds, and many of them are making longer stops with us than usual. Juncous sparrows, fly-catchers, warblers—all varieties, in fact, have been very plenty, and have presented a fine

opportunity for study to the amateur ornithologist.

First Farmer (viewing the obstacle race on Field Day)—“What’s them fellers pickin’ up in the coal-hods?”
 Second Farmer—“Pertaters, I guess.”
 First Farmer—“Well, now they’re learnin’ somethin’ that amounts to somethin’.”
 Second Farmer—“I’ll hire the feller that wins, if he wants a chance.” There’s an opportunity, Teddy.

The first and second divisions of the Sophomore class, as made for surveying, met with Miss Hodgdon, on Wood Street, for a candy-pull. The reputation of the class for having “good times,” was fully maintained. A few such entertainments not only form a pleasant diversion, but make the class friendship stronger and more enduring.

September 25th the ladies of the Main Street Free Baptist Church gave their annual reception to the students. An address of welcome was given by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Summerbell, and was responded to by G. K. Small, in behalf of the college. Music, conversation, and refreshments made a very pleasant evening. This is one of the events that is gratefully remembered by every Bates graduate.

The Seniors made an inspection of the Lewiston bleachery, October 16th, with Professor Jordan. Through the kindness of the agent, Mr. Dempsey, the class was shown all parts of the processes of bleaching, coloring, cleaning, etc. A few practical lessons like this are more beneficial than several lessons from the book. A pleasant,

as well as a profitable afternoon was passed, and very few will soon forget the delightful (?) odor of CaCl_2 .

All the classes have taken advantage of the fine weather by class rides or walks. The Seniors set the example by riding to Southwest Bend, taking in the ferry and being taken in—Greenwood’s much-enduring camera. The Juniors and Sophomores followed, going around Lake Auburn and rousing the natives by their “Siss-te-ah-de-ri-co-boo.” The Sophomores likewise wakened the echoes through New Gloucester. The Freshmen took a long walk about the country roads, and all reported a first-class time.

The champion debates, postponed from the summer term, were held September 26th, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. This class of exercises improves with each year. All the parts were well given and, unusually free from irrelevant matter. The first prize was awarded to W. B. Skelton, the second to Scott Wilson. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Question—“Is it probable that Russia will drive England out of India within fifty years?”

Aff.

C. C. Ferguson,
 Miss Vann E. Meserve,
 V. E. Sawyer.

Neg.

O. A. Tuttle,
 N. W. Howard,
 H. E. Waller.

MUSIC.

W. B. Skelton,
 J. R. Little.

E. E. Osgood,
 Scott Wilson.

MUSIC.

The State Y. M. C. A. Convention, held in Lewiston, October 2—5, was a grand success. Bates was represented in the convention by thirteen delegates and all of the meetings were

well attended by the students in general. The college session Saturday, P.M., October 4th, was perhaps the best of all, or at least it seemed so to the college boys. There were several interesting and profitable papers read and all were well discussed. At the close of this session the delegates all adjourned to the vestry of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church where they found awaiting them a nice supper prepared by the Bates Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., this part of the programme was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Sunday morning, October 5th, D. C. Torrey addressed the College Y. M. C. A. at their rooms in Parker Hall.

A good game of ball was witnessed on our diamond, October 9th. Our team met the Lewistons and won the game with a score of 3 to 1. The following is the score:

LEWISTONS.

	A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	R.O.	A.	E.
Tebeau, 1b.,	5	0	0	0	9	0	1	
Read, 2b.,	4	0	1	1	3	1	0	
John McManus, c.,	3	0	0	0	10	0	1	
E. Kelly, p.,	3	1	1	2	0	13	0	
Brackett, c.f.,	3	0	1	2	0	0	0	
S. Kelly, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	
Farrell, 3b.,	4	0	2	2	0	1	1	
J. McManus, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	1	
Furbush, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	4	
Kearns, c.f.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Total,	34	1	5	7	24	18	8	

BATES.

	A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pennell, s.s.,	2	1	1	1	2	0	2	
Hoffman, c.,	3	1	1	1	7	1	1	
Osgood, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	5	0	1	
Sawyer, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	1	
Marden, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Putnam, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	6	1	0	
Emery, r.f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	
Wilson, 2b.,	4	1	1	3	4	3	1	
Smith, p.,	3	0	1	2	0	4	0	
Brackett, s.s.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	
Total,	33	3	5	8	27	10	7	

The exercises of Field Day were held, October 10th and 18th, at the

college campus. All the entries were from the three lower classes, and the contest was principally between '92 and '93. The Sophomores won the cup as will be seen below. The events and winners with the records are as follows:

Standing high jump—1st, Putnam, 4.5 $\frac{3}{4}$; 2d, Pennell, 4.5 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Standing high kick—1st, Emery, 7.4 $\frac{1}{4}$; 2d, Sims, 7.3 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Hitch kick—1st, Pennell, 7.4; 2d, Hoffman, 7.2.

Running broad jump—1st, Pennell, 16.5 $\frac{1}{2}$; 2d, Putnam, 15.9.

Hammer, heavy weight—1st, Ross, 63.5; 2d, Pennell, 59.11.

Hammer, limited 140 pounds—1st, French, 54.5; 2d, Skelton, 51.2.

Running high jump—1st, Emery, 4.8 $\frac{3}{4}$; 2d, Pennell, 4.7 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Putting shot—1st, Ross, 28.8; 2d, Bruce, 27.3 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Standing broad jump—1st, Pennell, 9.4 $\frac{1}{2}$; 2d, Emery, 11.4.

Throwing base-ball—1st, Pennell, 337.10; 2d, Emery, 318 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Pole vault—1st, McFadden, 8.7; 2d, Wilson, 7.11.

Hurdle race, 120 yards—1st, Pennell, 16.4-5 seconds; 2d, Wilson, 17.2-5 seconds.

Mile run—1st, Skelton, 5 minutes 39.2-5 seconds; 2d, McFadden, 5 minutes 40 seconds.

Sack race—1st, Hoffman; 2d, Perkins.

One hundred yards dash—1st, Pennell, '93, 11 seconds; 2d, Wilson, '93, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Half-mile run—1st, Hoffman, '93, 2 minutes 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; 2d, Skelton, '92, 2 minutes 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

One-mile walk—1st, Blanchard, '92, 8 minutes 58 1-5 seconds; 2d, Skelton, '92, 8 minutes 59 seconds.

Obstacle race—1st, Hoffman, '93; 2d, Bruce, '93.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—1st, Pennell, '93, 25 3-5 seconds; 2d, Small, '94, 27 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Two-mile, go-as-you-please—1st, Skelton, '92, 11 minutes 55 seconds; 2d, Tuttle, '92, 12 minutes 24 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Hon. F. E. Sleeper and wife, of Sabatis, have twin sons, born September 5th.

'71.—Hon. J. M. Libby, of Mechanic Falls, has been elected Senator for Androscoggin County.

'73.—Charles Davis, M.D., with his wife and two children, called on his old friends in Lewiston recently. Dr. Davis is a successful physician at Sand Beach, Michigan.

'74.—F. L. Noble, Esq., of Lewiston, has been elected to the Maine House of Representatives.

'74.—F. P. Moulton, who has for some time been teaching in Waltham, Mass., has accepted a position as teacher of Latin in the Hartford (Conn.) High School, at a salary of \$1,800.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear, of Gardiner, has been elected Senator for Kennebec County.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy, pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church, has been granted a six months' leave of absence that he may visit India and Palestine. Accompanied by Rev. F. W. Sandford, '86, Mr. Stacy will set sail from San Francisco, October 21st. They will visit Japan, China, Egypt, and other places, but devote most of their time to India and the Holy Land. As secretary of the Free Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, Mr. Stacy is especially desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the work of missions in India. During his absence, his pulpit will be filled by Dr. C. P. Penney, formerly pastor of the church in Augusta.

'77.—O. B. Clason, Esq., of Gardiner, has been re-elected representative to the State Legislature.

'77.—C. V. Emerson, Esq., who was city solicitor of Lewiston, last year, has been appointed by Governor Burleigh to be clerk of the Lewiston Municipal Court.

'77.—H. W. Oakes has been admitted to practice in the United States Court.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs has a position in the high school in Providence, R. I.

'83.—Henry O. Dorr is teaching in Pittston, Me.

'83.—W. F. Cowell has been in Gardiner a short time, visiting his father. He is very pleasantly located in Clyde, Kan., as cashier of a bank.

'83.—Rev. O. H. Tracy, who lately resigned his pastorate at Biddeford, has received a unanimous call to the Free Baptist Church in Oakland, Cal. He has not yet decided whether he will accept this call or not.

'84.—Rev. A. Beede, Jr., a graduate from Andover Theological Seminary in the last class, is preaching at Barrington, N. H. Mr. Beede has received an appointment from the American Board and intends to go to China as a missionary next year.

'84.—Joseph W. Chadwick, 2d, has commenced his sixth year as principal of the Gardiner Grammar School.

'85.—Morrell N. Drew, of Fort Fairfield, has been elected representative to the State Legislature.

'85.—F. A. Morey, Esq., has removed from Keeseville, N. Y., to Lewiston, where he will continue the practice of his profession.

'86.—William N. Prescott is employed in the apothecary business in Gardiner, with F. M. Noyes & Co.

'86.—Rev. C. Hadley was married September 9th, to Miss Lena Walls of Lewiston, by Rev. C. C. Tilley. Mr. Hadley was ordained for the ministry July 16th, at the Bates Street Baptist Church, and supplied the pulpit of that church this summer during the vacation of the pastor. Before the recent departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hadley for their field of work in India, their many friends in this city called upon them, presenting them with tokens of esteem, and bidding them God-speed.

'86.—Miss A. S. Tracy is assistant in the high school at Pepperall, Mass. She also has a private class in French and German.

'86.—C. E. Stevens has been appointed Superintendent of Schools in Holden and Leicester, Mass.

'87.—Israel Jordan has left the Yale Theological School, and entered the school at Andover.

'87.—Rev. J. W. Moulton, a graduate from Yale Theological School in the last class, has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Middle Haddam, Conn.

'88.—E. F. Blanchard has entered Cobb Divinity School.

'88.—Miss I. F. Cobb returns to the high school at Mankato, Minn., with an increase of salary.

'88.—Professor W. F. Tibbetts and wife, of Hillsdale, Mich., have a daughter.

'90.—Miss M. V. Wood has accepted a position in the high school at Southington, Conn.

EXCHANGES.

The *Practical Student*, a weekly college newspaper, published at Ohio Wesleyan University, comes to us full of interest. We are glad to meet one of these new departures in college journalism.

Our exchanges are full of foot-ball. We shall expect to see as soon as the season is over a long list of the dead and wounded. This was what followed last year's foot-ball games, and we published in a former issue the official reports. There are also a goodly number of accounts of cane rushes, all of which took place in accordance with prescribed rules and with judges to decide the results. Somehow these beastly performances are still kept up notwithstanding the college is supposed to represent the van in the onward march of civilization. In one of our exchanges we notice the account given of the way a college devotional exercise is sometimes closed. The Amen is immediately supplemented by the solemn and impressive ceremony of the Sophomores in salting down the Freshmen. This is done by bombarding them with bags of salt and thus engaging in a wild and disgraceful mob. We also notice a case of hazing. This is something that is slowly going out of fashion among most colleges, and one would think that a single circumstance like the following would banish it instantly and forever among civilized human beings:

At Lafayette College, Tuesday evening, September 16th, Several Freshmen were dragged from their rooms by their enemies, the Sopho-

mores, and received much abuse from them. Two young Freshmen, threatened with a visit from the Sophomores, warned the latter to keep away from their rooms. However, soon after they retired on Wednesday evening they heard the hazers approaching. The Sophomores broke into their rooms by breaking down the doors but were quickly repulsed by the Freshmen who had armed themselves with base-ball bats. The first of the Sophomores to enter the room was a Spaniard, Juan Antonio Medina, who was struck a terrific blow on the forehead and fell unconscious to the floor. Another Sophomore was hit but not badly injured. The hazers picked up their comrades and retreated. The latest reports say that Medina is delirious and in a precarious condition. It is feared that his skull is fractured and that he cannot live.

Quite a number of our contemporaries are out with the customary advice to the Freshmen. The following is a sample of some of it taken from the *Buchtelite*:

- Drink milk only.
- Don't cut classes to play marbles.
- Always take off your hats to the Seniors.
- Be obedient and respectful to the upper-classmen.
- Adopt a class hat soon. No other class ever did it, and you can claim it as an original scheme.
- Help Loomis keep stray dogs off the campus.
- Hold class socials regularly. They will only last one term.
- Talk nothing but German.
- Spend all your spare time hunting "bugs" and butterflies, that you may get a double E.
- Wear your hair banged.
- Claim everything in sight, and be satisfied with nothing less than the earth.
- Don't act like babies in the grand bounce.
- Subscribe promptly for the *Buchtelite*.
- Strict compliance with the above will result in a Sophomore.

"The grand bounce" here spoken of is a rather dangerous initiation performance which has been the greeting of the new student at Buchtel. We are glad to see in another column of

the same issue that the practice is practically abandoned and is denounced in strong terms. American colleges can never be what they really ought to be till all these old and fool-hardy customs are abandoned once for all.

The *Polytechnic* has a very valuable article on the Nicaragua canal. It gives us some of the remarkable features of the canal and also an account of the estimated cost of construction and its values to commerce. There are two colored plates which accompany the description and are very helpful in giving one a clear idea of this great enterprise.

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The conclusion of Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" occupies the first place in the *Atlantic* for October. Dr. Holmes's "Over the Teacups" relates to marrying and giving in marriage; and, moreover, describes a visit to a certain college for women, not a thousand miles from Boston.

The other striking papers of the number are a consideration of Henrik Ibsen's life abroad and his later dramas, Mr. Fiske's "Benedict Arnold's Treason," Mr. J. K. Paulding's "A Wandering Scholar of the sixteenth Century," Johannes Butzbach, and Royce's paper on General Frémont. Miss Jewett's Maine sketch, "By the Morning Boat," and a poem by Miss Thomas on "Sleep," should be especially remembered.

The October *Century* opens with a frontispiece portrait of Joseph Jefferson. The last installment of the

autobiography accompanies the familiar face, an installment which is the most important of all, perhaps because it contains, at considerable detail, his own final reflections upon the art of which he is an acknowledged master.

Professor Darwin, of Cambridge, England, a worthy son of a great father, contributes a paper of high and original value on "Meteorites and the History of Stella Systems." A striking photograph of a nebula, in which a system like our own solar system seems to be in actual formation, accompanies this remarkable paper.

"A Hard Road to Travel out of Dixie," is the accurate title of a paper in the *Century's* new war-prison series. The present contribution is by the well-known artist and illustrator, Lieut. W. H. Shelton, of New York. Mr. Shelton naturally furnishes his own illustrations for his own story of hardship and adventure.

Miss Helen Gray Cone contributes a paper on "Women in American Literature," in which she reviews the whole field of American female authorship—Miss Cone apologizing at the beginning for thus separating the women writers from those of the opposite sex.

Several articles have a general or special bearing on the fall elections—in the direction of reform and a wholesome independence. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, the Republican Congressman, strongly advocates the extension of the merit system in his paper on "Why Patronage in Office is Un-American"; and Judge Thompson, the Democratic member of the National Civil Service Commission, in an "Open

Letter" shows the reasonableness of the reform. The leading "Topic of the Time" shows by a review of the political history of the country that there has always been "Partisan Recognition of the Independent Voter," and that State "calls" and conventions, and national "calls" and platforms have all along appealed to good citizens to take fresh and independent action in every election.

The new periodical, the *Literary Digest*, gives a weekly summary of the current literature of the world, presenting the cream from all departments; also masterly book digests and critiques; select indexes of current literature—books and periodicals, scientifically arranged; a monthly cosmopolitan chronicle of current events, the world over, and other valuable features.

The October *Outing*, is a particularly interesting number. Captain Charles King, U. S. A., has furnished a thrilling story entitled "Rancho del Muerto." There are also interesting articles on "The Pheasant of Old Britain," "The Woodcock of Canada," "Fox Hunting in the Genesee Valley," "A Canoe Trip Down the Chippewa," and "Wrestling."

The October number of the *New England Magazine*, is first and foremost a Cotton Centennial number. The two principal illustrated articles are on "Pawtucket and the Slater Centennial" and "The Cotton Industry in New England." The agricultural interest, to which so much attention was paid in the last number of the *New England Magazine*, receives further attention in three notable articles in

the present number. The stories of the number altogether are exceptionally good. One is by Mrs. Annie Howells Fr chet te, a sister of W. D. Howells. Perhaps the most stirring article in the number is the last one, on the Indian Question, by Herbert Welsh, the secretary of the Indian Rights Association. It is an article which should be read and taken to heart by every man and woman in America.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Syracuse University is fortunate in the establishment of a new Art Fellowship by Hiram Gee. The endowment is \$10,000. This will enable the university to send abroad some fine art graduates for special and professional work. Such benefactors are of inestimable value to our colleges and universities.

Maine State College is to have a new building. It is to be three stories and of brick, and will occupy the site where Wingate Hall once stood. The building is to be used by students in the engineering courses, and will contain recitation and drawing rooms, and in the west corner will be commodious apartments for the Y. M. C. A. By the way where is our Y. M. C. A. building, the corner-stone of which was very soon to be laid a year ago?

The Freshman class at Yale numbers over four hundred. Two hundred and sixty-seven of these are in the academic department and the others are in the scientific.

Professor Smith of Bowdoin has ac-

cepted a call to the Larned Professorship of American History at Yale.

Hamilton College now proposes the senate system of college government. The senate is to consist of three members of the Faculty, two Seniors, and two Juniors, one from the Sophomore and one from the Freshman classes. The students, however, voted to give this senate only advisory powers. We hope the effort here at Bates will meet with favorable reception on the part of the trustees.

Johns Hopkins opens the fiftieth year of its existence with renewed facilities for study and research and a very full attendance.

Wellesley is unable to accommodate hardly one-half of the young ladies who have this year applied for admittance. It can accommodate about 250 and some over 500 have applied.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Cushing Mitchell, a graduate of Colby University and a distinguished divine, teacher and author, has been elected president of Leland University in New Orleans.—*Mail and Express*.

President Bartlett, of Dartmouth, has issued a circular asking the aid of the parents of Sophomores in putting an end to hazing and rushing at Dartmouth. It is probably the first admission on record of this stern old disciplinarian that he is not equal to any college emergency, unassisted by any one.—*Mail and Express*.

By the will of the late John C. Newton, of Worcester, the residuary estate, amounting to between \$40,000 and \$50,000, is left to Amherst College for the endowment of the John

C. Newton Professorship of Greek.—
Amherst Student.

Amherst is truly fortunate in securing Merrell Edwards Gates for President. He is a man of rare ability, and is not yet forty-three years old. He was formerly, as early as 1875, chancellor of the University of Nashville. In June, 1882, he was inaugurated President of Rutgers, and is now offered the Presidency of Oberlin. In 1880 he received from the University of the State of New York the degree of Ph.D., and in 1882 Princeton made him a LL.D. Young men in the office of college presidency is coming to be the idea. We hope it will prevail everywhere.

◆◆◆

POETS' CORNER.

OCTOBER.

By N. G. B., '91.

O the golden autumn weather,
O the bright October weather,
O the rare life-giving weather!
All the air is full of music,
All the earth is rife with beauty,
All the world is filled with gladness!
O'er the restless, shining water,
O'er the sea-blue, sparkling water,
Flit the merry, dancing sunbeams,
Come and go the glancing sunbeams,
Tipping every wave with silver,
Kissing all the waves to laughter,
Thrilling all the lake with gladness.
Just beyond the smiling water,
Close beyond the sun-kissed water,
Rise the rainbow-tinted mountains.
At their feet the waters ripple,
Through their leaves the soft winds rustle,
Through the bright leaves creep and
rustle,—
Through the red leaves and the yellow,
Through the scarlet tipped with yellow,
Through the green leaves flecked with
scarlet.
In the air, the hum of insects,

Of a myriad busy insects,
Singing of the by-gone summer,
Shrilling of the coming winter,
Crooning in the blessed sunshine,
In the warm October sunshine.

Over lake and field and mountain,
Fall aslant the golden sunbeams,
Flooding all the land with glory,
With the golden, sunset glory,
Hushing every voice to silence,
Calming every heart to stillness
Every restless heart to stillness.
Shadows fall athwart the mountains,
Darkly creep adown the mountains,
Down the forest-covered mountains.
Night-winds whisper thro' the tree-tops,
Whisper softly thro' the tree-tops,
While the shadows swiftly lengthen,
While the brooding shadows lengthen,
Blotting out the sunset glory,
Shrouding all the land in darkness,
In the still October darkness.

THE NIGHT WIND.

By L. B. W., '91.

In my snug and cozy chamber,
I am sitting all alone,
Musing, dreaming, as I listen
To the wild wind's ceaseless moan.

Snugly drawn are all the curtains,
Bright and cheerful is the glow
Of the fire, upon the hearth-stone,
While the shadows come and go.

In their own accustomed places
All my books now idle lie,
And methinks they frown upon me,
As I idly pass them by.

What care I for Greek and Latin?
They have now no charm for me,
Let them rest, I wish to listen
To the night wind, wild and free.

Wars begun, and conquests ended,
Nations rise and their decline,
Cicero and his wise reasoning,
Now no willing listener find.

Things within are hushed in silence,
I alone my vigil keep,
All have sought with weary longing,
Nature's sweet restorer, sleep.

And the clock of yonder village,
 In the gloomy old church tower,
 Chimes in slow and measured accents,
 Now the awful midnight hour.

Murmuring, moaning, gently sobbing,
 Round my casement soft and low,
 Sighs the wind, as if 'twere whispering
 Unto me some tale of woe.

Now in fitful gusts it rises,
 In its arms the branches rocks,
 Of the tall and stately elm trees,
 While to them it sings and talks.

Emblem of Divinist Wisdom!
 Sound of rushing, mighty wind!
 Unto thee I rear an altar,
 Unto thee my tribute bring.

Like the voice of God thou seemest,
 Mighty, powerful, and grand,
 Breathing lessons fraught with wonder,
 As thou passest o'er our land.

I would keep thee boon companion,
 Would not let thee rest to-night,
 For thou needest not to slumber,
 Keep thy watch till morning light.

KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

BY F. L. P., '91.

Known and unknown, unknown and
 known

Spirit of Life, what words are these?—
 I wait on thee, so by degrees,
 The depth of mystery to be shown.

I wait on thee, nor turn aside
 To worship at another shrine;
 Thou art the oracle divine;
 In thee all wisdom doth abide.

In thee all love, in thee all power,
 In thee all attributes combine;
 Thou art in all, and all is thine,
 On thee dependent every hour.

Nor height, nor depth, nor broad extent,
 Can separate my soul from thee;
 Thou art in me and I in thee,
 And in thee will I rest content.

Beneath all depth, above all height,
 Beyond the reach of all extent,
 Thy spirit, by thy spirit sent,
 Turns chaos into law and light.

Thou wert before the ages were,
 And shalt be when they shall not be;
 All things submit to thy decree,
 And thy decree doth never err.

Though all this universal frame,
 Back to its elements resolve,
 And even though elements dissolve,
 Thou art forever still the same.

I wait, while hope with reason vies,
 That by this gift of life like thine
 I may become like thee divine,
 And in thy wisdom may be wise.

And while I wait my prayer shall be,
 That I, as light to me is shown,
 May live consistent with the known,
 And trust the unknown unto thee.

POT-POURRI.

SOMETHING-MAY-TURN-UP-VILLE.

By the Mount Perhaps where the laggard
 naps,
 Lies Something-may-turn-up-ville.
 Just beyond Maybe, by the Creek Let's See,
 In the Region of Time to Kill.

And the road that way, so people say,
 Is simple enough to fare.
 On the Path of Ease just go as you please,
 Through the Valley of Devil-may-care.

Or down you may float in your painted boat
 On the River of Well Enough,
 Where the banks are fair and the fragrance is
 there
 From the Blossoms of Cheek and Bluff.

You can lie at ease beneath the trees
 On the grass of Selfish Slope,
 And hear the trill when the day is still
 From the Bird called Groundless Hope.

And the lazy sweep and the droning deep
 Of the trees in your shady bower
 On the earth's warm breast will lull you to
 rest
 As you wait for the No Time Hour.

You can watch the skies or philosophize,
Or sleep through the live long day,
You can simmer there with never a care
Till the Fool Killer comes that way.

—Williams Weekly.

A VOICE.

I heard a voice at dead of night,
When all the world was still,
A sad voice calling for the right
That caused my soul to thrill.

The phantom past came rushing back,
Revealing wounds and scars,
And memory dragged along its track
A train of loaded cars.

'Twas not a voice of love that long
Had lingered on my mind,
'Twas not a sweet and lovely song
That left its trace behind.

It brought me back my boyhood years
So suddenly and quick,
My chum was shouting in my ears,
"For heaven's sake, 'Don't kick.'"

—Brunonian.

The evil a man has done may keep
him awake at night, but the good he is
going to do never awakens him early in
the morning.—*Ex.*

Oh! the clothes press is a swell affair
For garments nice and neat.
The hay press is a grand machine
And does its work complete.
The cider press is just the thing,
With juices red and sweet;
But the printing press controls the world,
And gets there with both feet.

—*Ex.*

"Dear," said a physician's wife as
they sat in church, "there is Mrs.
G—sitting in a draft." "Never
mind," said her husband, "I shall cash
that draft."—*Ex.*

"Board wanted" was what the
young lady said when she came to a
mud puddle.—*Ex.*

We shall hear a trumpet soundin' by and by
When Gabriel shall blow it in de sky
But we neber, neber shell
Like to hear it very well
If we don't lib ready for to die.

She (after gazing a few moments at
the full moon)—"How beautiful the
moon is! Indeed, I have often thought
that if I were to worship any visible
object it would be the moon." He—
"I suppose that is because there is a
man in it." She—"Well if I were to
worship a man at all I should certainly
want him to be as far away as the
moon."

Deep in the soul there is a fountain pure,
Deep in the heart there is a warning voice,
He who obeys shall find his peace secure
And in a conscious purity rejoice.

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of an ounce. It is called "The Mar-
velous Finger New Testament."—*Mail
and Express.*

Alas, for mankind that he finds so much
trouble

To live in this life either single or double
For single or double his trouble will come
If he don't keep away from tobacco and rum.

A country editor in New York tunes
his lyre and bursts forth in song with
the following result:

The church was burning. Flames of fire
Fanned by the East-wind's fiendish ire
From door and window broke,
And, as he watched the curling wreaths
Mount up to heaven from spire and eaves,
He murmured "Holy smoke."

—Brunonian.

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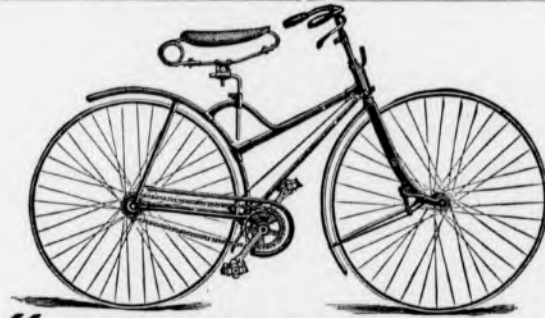
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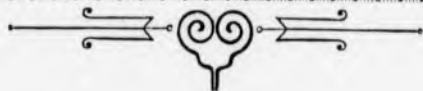
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