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No. 2.

The BATES STUDENT

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 2.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

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LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

MODESTY is often mistaken for
cowardice. We frequently hesi-
tate from performing a well-recognized
duty, and attribute our hesitation to
modest estimate of our ability, when it
is nothing but cowardice. Modesty
shrinks from receiving the reward for
labor through fear of not having earned
it; cowardice shrinks from the labor
itself. Modesty will never hinder us
from performing our obligations. Cow-
ardice seeks an excuse for every unre-
quited duty.

IT is quite fashionable for some people
to condemn President Cheney for
what they are pleased to call his "beg-
ging" for the college. To hear them
one would think that the only differ-
ence between him and a thief is that
there is no law against "begging,"
while there is against thieving. To
their distorted vision one appears as
much a felon as the other. Yet they are
unwittingly condemning themselves;
for there is hardly one of Dr. Cheney's
decriers who would not carry around a
subscription paper for some "orphan
asylum," "general hospital," or "fam-
ine" or "plague-stricken district." But
wherein lies the difference? and why
this great hue and cry about his "beg-
ging"? We know not, unless it be

because of his success which arouses their jealousy. Surely the cause for which he pleads, that of a cheap education for those who are poor but deserving, is second to but few. The leaders of many a less worthy enterprise are welcomed and praised. Why, then, should envy and malice choose, as the object of their spite, the old, gray-headed man, who has given so much of his life to his loved college? Let those that live in glass houses beware how they throw stones.

Even in the minds of some of the students there seems to lurk a doubt as to the propriety of Dr. Cheney's work. Yet those same students would be among the first to "beg" for base-ball by circulating a paper among the business men of the city. "O consistency, thou art a jewel." It is the old story of the monkey and the cat's paw. They care little whose fingers are burned so long as they get their chestnuts, and forget that none of the advantages they enjoy here would exist if some one had not gone a "begging." Let us rather be grateful to him who has been, and is still, doing for us a needful, though distasteful and often thankless service.

LETTERS have been received concerning the advisableness of starting a new society at Bates—a Students' League of the W. C. T. U. Its purpose best speaks for itself: "The Women's Christian Temperance Union, conscious of the many temptations to intemperance and impurity which assail the students of the land while away from the restraints of home, would extend to them its help, sympathy, and co-opera-

tion in battling with the evils which undermine their social and moral life." Its object is to thoroughly study the temperance question; for this purpose adopting a line of work usually pursued by most literary societies. Temperance questions are to be discussed, essays and papers read, and any method adopted which would interest the temperance cause.

While we appreciate the noble purpose of such a society, we question its practicability at Bates. The students here are noted for their temperate habits. There are no dissipated or intemperate students. While that should not be given as a sufficient reason why we should not have such a society, yet, we are inclined to think, enthusiasm is usually lacking where we do not see any particular need for enthusiasm.

We already have several societies which consume the most of our spare time. We should not feel competent to prepare literary work for more than our present literary societies. The ambitious student does not have many spare evenings. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have regular meetings on Wednesday evening, and the literary societies meet on Friday evening. Considering the extra work such a society would require, and the extra evening for meetings, we should hardly consider it practical.

Suggestions were also made, if we did not have room for a new society, to adopt the principles of the League as "a new plank" in some of the societies already existing. This seems more practical, or at least debatable. It would not be well to adopt it into our

literary societies, for that is entirely out of its jurisdiction. It could with propriety, and, we think, with advantage, be introduced into our Christian societies. Passages of scripture might be chosen that would bear on this subject, and an evening could occasionally be given to Christian temperance work. It might be said that Christian societies were supposed to advance temperance work any way. Certainly they are, but if this subject was brought more particularly before us, it might offer new incentives, and open up a wider field of work. Many of the students who are interested in this kind of work might thereby become associate members of the society, and thus gradually be brought into a nearer relationship with Christ. It would be well for the students to be thinking of this matter, and be able to express their opinion upon it.

“IT may be a relief to the audience to rise here.” This sentence and others like it are familiar to every one who has attended debates and declamations in the chapel. It has its place in the exercises, just as the music and the prayer have theirs. No one can listen to anything for too long a time, be it ever so interesting, without becoming tired and listless. Music rests the mind; rising, the body.

If this applies to listening, how much more does it apply to studying. What student does not know that after he has studied steadily for an hour or so, he begins to get stupid? The sentences are without sense; he reads right over the periods, not knowing that there are

any periods there—much less thinking to “let his voice fall, and stop long enough to count four.” Finally he catches himself staring vacantly at his book and *thinking* about something else.

This disease—for it is a disease—is as prevalent among college students as the mumps and measles are among children. It is called “mulling.” The only way to cure it is not to have it. One of our Professors told us when we were Freshmen: “Don’t *mull* over your books. Study a while and then get up and wrestle with your roommate.” This is very good advice. It has been tried and never fails. If you haven’t a room-mate to shake, then shake the stove, or the rugs, or almost anything, only *something*.

If the lesson is so long that there is “no kind of reason” in *trying* to learn it, get mad and throw your book on to the floor. It will give you some exercise to pick it up, and Wentworth and Bain do not live in Lewiston. If you have a debate to prepare for to-morrow night and you are going to stay in all day and write on it, go out a while. Perhaps it would even be advisable to go into one recitation, though we would not wish to suggest too extreme measures.

But rules cannot be given for every case. We can only say: When you feel “the mulls” coming on, take a dose of exercise as soon as possible. You will save time in the end. Try it and see.

SOME students seem to have an idea that there is no one in the building but themselves. If they want to make a noise, why, all right, there is no one

to hear them. There is, however, two sides to the story.

When one is trying to think, the cornet does not make a pleasing accompaniment. The mind does not submit itself to keep step with music like a company of volunteers. Besides, the player is ignorant whether the mind wants to think fast or slow, so he does not adjust his music correctly. I defy a man to write a eulogy at the tune of "Yankee Doodle." If the student is trying the intricacies of mathematics, he falls to wondering if that music issues in the form of an ellipse, but as it seems *infinitely extended*, he concludes it is an asymptote. Finally, becoming exasperated, he wonders what would be the result if the musician should fly on a tangent out of his window. If insanity is to be taken from the college curriculum, music must be stopped during study hours.

Worse yet, when you are vainly trying to corner a stray thought, is to have your neighbor throw Indian clubs into the air and catch (?) them—on the bounce. They make a peculiarly exasperating noise, when they *happen* to drop on the floor. But, unheeding, the Freshman—for it *must* be a Freshman—goes on, utterly oblivious of the fact that there are neighbors at the right of him, neighbors at the left of him, neighbors above him, and neighbors below him, trying to think, or, perchance, trying to sleep.

We will say nothing about "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," for fortunately we have few such. However, we would like to ask what is the need of laughing so loud

that one can hear you three blocks away? Does it tire when it is kept up four hours at a stretch? When one comes in late at night, what is the enjoyment of waking up everybody in the building? What peculiar satisfaction is felt by stamping the foot at every step? Is it to advertise the fact that you have been out late? If so, we will reserve a three inch space, so that you can advertise with less noise—only remember it is fifty cents per line.

We have talked in jest, but seriously, boys, the one who makes unnecessary noise, oblivious of the comfort of others, is no gentleman.

THE prospect of an interesting contest in the Base-Ball League next summer is brightening, at least so far as Bates is concerned. We see no reason now why we do not stand a good show in the struggle for the pennant. Last year we were at a great disadvantage, and no one expected to do more than to keep up an interest in the sport. Now it is different. We think our battery, Wilson and Call, will be as good as any in the League; and they will be well supported both in the diamond and in the field. The victories last fall, at St. John, showed what the nine could do before they had played much together. Their enthusiastic exercise daily in the gymnasium is putting them in good trim for first-class work as soon as the snow disappears. A few games before the regular season opens will cement them together, so that, if we mistake not, they will not be easily beaten. We

shall be very much surprised if the "Boom-a-la-ka" does not resound over the Bates campus pretty often next summer.

IT is a fact well known to those who have collected dues of any sort here in college, that it is almost impossible to collect them all. There are always some who do not pay, and it is curious to note that these delinquents are seldom the poorest boys, who might be supposed to have some excuse, but nearly always they are those who are better able to pay. We have in mind several who have graduated since we have been here, owing dues, in one case amounting to several dollars, to one of the societies. Some of these men had promised faithfully to pay "When they got some money," but either the money never came or the promise was forgotten. Yet most of them had money enough to visit places of amusement, once or twice a week, or to pay for a box of cigars or something of that sort. They seemed to have an idea that it made no difference whether society dues were paid or not. Nor have all such graduated yet.

Now we wish to say right here, that it is a disgrace for any man to join a society and then refuse to pay his dues. If he does not feel able to pay, the honorable, manly thing to do is to withdraw, and not to let the matter go till he gets the reputation as a dead beat. It ought to be a point of honor with every college man to pay his due bills as soon as possible after they are presented. The dues in the literary societies, the Athletic and the Chris-

tian Associations are very low compared with other colleges; yet these dues are needed to carry on the work of each. Every one who joins them thereby promises to help support them; and the refusal or neglect of any one, either to pay his dues or to withdraw, stamps him as lacking in at least one of the essential qualities of true manhood.

WHY do some college students accomplish so little? Is the work done a measure of their mental ability? In very few cases it is, but in most cases it is not. In every school there are students of quite marked mental powers, who are doing no more, or, perhaps, even much less than those of more moderate ability. How often we hear this remark: "That fellow is smart. He has a keen mental ability, yet he does not accomplish much." Such ones have the instrument to work with but lack the stimulus of action. They attempt little and so accomplish little. They do not succeed simply because they persist in walking in the light of their own dim burning lamp. One step from this delusive light would save them, but this they never take.

To attempt nothing is to do nothing; to attempt little is to do little. He alone accomplishes much who attempts much. The men who have accomplished much, who have made the most of their lives and who have influenced the world most, were not those who have attempted little or nothing of importance and who never felt the spur of action; they were those enthusiastic, energetic men who attempted a great

deal and who seized every opportunity to act that presented itself. Just so it is with college students; those who attempt little, however able they may be, will accomplish little. One never does more than he attempts to do. But those who attempt a great deal and who are determined to accomplish what they attempt, will derive the greatest benefit from their course of study.

CORRECTION.

In the January number, in the second line of the seventh stanza of the poem entitled, "The Hills of God," the word "message" should be read instead of "method."

LITERARY.

THE WINTER GUEST.

By N. G. B., '91.

All unseen, thro' the midnight darkness,
When the Earth had laid her down to rest,
Thro' the silent hours with noiseless footfall,
From the spirit-land came a courtly guest.

None saw the kingly form of the stranger,—
Slumber had sealed each earth-born eye,—
None heard the sweep of the royal garments,
Nor dreamed that a wondrous guest was nigh.

By the side of the weary Earth he lingered,
A moment paused by the sleeping Land,
Then o'er her cast his ermine mantle,
With a kindly touch of his royal hand.

In slumber deep lay the Earth unheeding,
Till waked at last by the noisy Day;
Then seeing the wondrous robe of ermine,
She knew that a king had passed that way.

The *Cornell Sun* has issued a Sunday edition. This is the first and only college paper within our knowledge ever issued on Sunday. This seems to be an innovation of the general rules.

ON THE SECOND EPODE OF
HORACE.

By G. H. L., '89.

OF all our poets none have surpassed Horace in giving to the world a living picture of rural life. The subject is not new. For the charms of a life enwrapped in the bosom of Nature have awakened the slumbering Muse in the breasts of more bards than were ever given a tongue to sing. That the poet ever finds there themes of song that touch a chord in every human heart is a rebuke to those who would deride the lonely lot and scanty returns of the peasant.

The poet, with truthfulness born of inspiration, declares it good for one to be alone with nature and God; that he, like the unsheltered oak upon the mountain top, while exposed to the blasts of cruel winter, is possessed of oaken sinews, and extends his branches unchafed, unbroken toward the bright heaven, unlike the stunted life in the dense forest cities, imbibes the free light, air, and warmth of June. That in his independence and simple pleasures are rewards of labor for which "corroding care" and envied greatness might exchange their millions and fame.

When we consider how humanity has been served by these sons of Nature, we feel that, while the crowded city is useful in its way, still when beholding the army of men who have come forth from their sylvan cradles to become peers of the world, as Beecher would say, we have an idea of what God was thinking when he made a man.

The poetic view of life I believe to

be the true one. The philosopher may discover the law that causes the brook to ripple over its bed or the stars to twinkle in their mazy distance. Yet piercing far beyond, the poet reaches the beauty, the spirit of law. There is a correlation between the inner and outer world, between the spiritual and physical, between the instincts of the soul and the Protean atoms of the universe. It is this correlation that engages and holds the frenzied spirit of the poet. All harmony and beauty of soul is supplemented by corresponding symbolic beauty in nature. In her endless forms in the Titanic passions of the human heart, God has sealed a message. We feel that it is there, but unto the poet is given to break the seal.

Then his revelations are as internal as the truth involved. The truly prophetic utterance of the bard has that within itself which "neither corroding rain nor the furious north wind can destroy, nor the endless series of years nor the flight of ages."

The best criterion of a poem is, has it lived? will it live? Only the exponent of human genius that embodies something of the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth can live. And this poem, together with the legacy of the past, has lived. Across the blackest night of mediæval ignorance, flashes the light of other days in all its transcendent grace and majesty of truth.

After nineteen centuries it has suffered no loss. For who of the thousand that to-day find themselves within the meshes of the lust of wealth, with

much show and little pleasure, would not exclaim with the poet:

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortatims
Patema rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni fenore.

Not fiery eloquence nor cutting satire belong to Horace, but a simplicity and beauty that entice where satire fails to rebuke. There is something about that we call beauty that defies analysis, yet renders its influence the more subtle. It would be difficult to tell why the eye delights to linger upon the petaled flower. It may be that in its presence the soul unfolds in spiritual beauty as the bud unfolds in the sunlight of heaven. So far as the thought of man is unearthy, its beauty is of the same nature as that of the flower, the thought of God. Then enough that the poetry of Horace contains a living charm, since this fixes the rank of the poet. For while the cynical critic may criticise the shell, to rightly judge a poem one must be a poet himself.

There are two broad classes of writers. The one records what they observe in the life and writings of others without the assimilation which imagination may effect. The other but indexes the dreams, fantasies, aspirations, joys, and sorrows, that make up their inner being—but trace the deep silent currents of their lives. No one who had not drained the cup to its dregs could portray the phantasms of hell that brood over the clouded brain of Poe. No one who had not, like De-Quincey, imbibed the Lethean drug, could have imprisoned the dreams that flit through the brain of the drugged

sleeper. So no one who had not, like Horace, daily wrestled with the forces of nature, and at nightfall gazed on the flickering flame upon his modest rural hearth, could have so truthfully painted the charms of such a life.

Affectation is an abhorred thing. On all its creations is stamped "counterfeit," and in every breast is placed an instinct that, if but left to itself, will interpret the mask. The presence of a pure man or a libertine is felt ere knowledge proclaims. Thus in the poems of Horace, of which this stands a type, there is a spontaneity that bespeaks the fountain within the poet himself. Song comes from his lips as joyously and naturally as wind the rippling rivulets from the Italian hills through his Sabine form. So long as flow those silver streams, so long will reflect his words the image of grace and truth.

HEROISM ESSENTIAL TO CIVILIZATION.

By H. J. P., '90.

IN its broadest sense, civilization means more than refinement and culture. Refinement and culture are, indeed, indispensable to civilization, but they need a stronger element to sustain them. A building formed by merely placing the bricks one upon another would not uphold its own weight. Civilization would totter and fall if it were not sustained by some coherent power. Heroism is the mortar that holds together the component parts of civilization.

No person can express a single

thought that will aid civilization one iota, unless he possesses confidence. A person may have the most far-reaching intellect, and be able to grasp and retain the highest ideas, but, if he has not confidence to believe that those ideas are worthy of presentation, he may always live ignorant of their possession. If a student were too timid to consult his instructor in regard to the answer of a difficult problem, he would still remain ignorant of its solution, though he had worked it correctly a dozen times. I admit, certainly, that many facts have been presented to the world before their validity had been proven. Had their author, however, never dared to subject them to the criticism of others, both he and the world would have been ignorant of their validity. The child may be able to leap over the rivulet at its feet, but, if it does not have confidence to try, it will never know its ability. The mind will never overreach the obstacles that thwart it, till confidence sets it free. Where shall the mind get its confidence? certainly not from itself, for the mind is constantly thinking, discussing, doubting, whether this or that be true. What then gives it confidence to suddenly throw its doubts aside, and present to the world a living fact? It is the heroic nature of the *man*. Heroism, which scorns distrust and insincerity, gives confidence and stability to the mind. Heroism knows not defeat, and will spur the mind on to higher attainments that will lift up the criterion of civilization.

Heroism also gives enthusiasm. It is impossible to accomplish anything

unless there is zeal in the work. One may as well try to overturn a mountain, as to attempt to learn the multiplication table without enthusiasm. Civilization would be slow to advance among a class of people who possessed a half-dead and half-alive intellect. Heroism rouses the dormant powers of the mind. It sees an object ahead and strives to attain it. Borne by such a courser, the mind charges on to the goal. The mind sees difficulty and danger, heroism gives it zeal to overcome them. Among a people that are enthusiastic, civilization must improve, for, when the people advance, civilization can not lag behind.

Another element, equally important as confidence and enthusiasm, is persistency. The society of a shiftless people would never immerge beyond barbarism. Great deeds are not performed by those who constantly begin, and as constantly drop a task. Civilization would not be what it now is, if *all* the people were like the backslider who boasted that he had been converted seven times during one season. We like the spirit of the man who "would fight it out on that line if it took all summer." If civilization is to advance, all must engage in consecutive and persistent labor. It makes little difference how great a task is undertaken, other things being equal, persistency will accomplish it. Great deeds are not wrought out in one day, ay, perhaps not in one generation. Continuous action is the secret of success. Heroism is the essence of persistency. Is the journey long? heroism will give strength to complete it.

Is the hill-side steep? heroism will give energy to surmount it. Is the battle fierce? heroism will give courage to conquer it. When the mind lags, heroism strengthens it. When the wheels of civilization move slow, heroism quickens their motion. It is the unseen element that urges the mind beyond seeming defeat to unconditional victory.

Heroism dispels superstition. There is, probably, nothing that has so clogged the advancement of civilization as superstition. Every age has felt it. The growth of every characteristic in civilization has been stunted by its power. Knowledge has felt it. Christianity has felt it. Galileo fought against the superstition that hung like a pall over knowledge, and conquered it. Luther antagonized the superstition in Christianity and came off triumphant. There were men before Galileo and Luther who possessed intellects as brilliant as their own. What, then, gave these men their supernatural power? It was their heroic nature that burned like a fire within them and gave them courage to express what they believed to be true. We respect them for their knowledge; we honor them for their heroism. They did not, indeed, see the end of their work, but the heroism which they displayed struck a corresponding chord in the hearts of their fellow-men. The little coral insect, digging away in the bottom of the sea, may never catch a glimpse of the sunlight; but he has started the nucleus of a task which generation after generation of fellow-workmen will carry on, until, up

through the depths of angry sea, will rise a spire upon which the rays of the setting sun will dance with celestial beauty. So heroism, planted by God in the hearts of men, will work on through the ages, till civilization is lifted up through the mazy depths of doubt and superstition that surround it.

But more essential to civilization than all else, heroism gives spontaneity of truth. The hero scorns deceit. His impetuosity flings gems of truth from his heart that glimmer through the veil of falsehood like the stars of heaven. Recount all the virtues, and the one that transcends them all is the spontaneous outflow of a truthful heart. Civilization would be dead without truth. If refinement and culture are to advance, they must rally beneath its standard. The man who is to do the greatest good for his country's civilization, is he who has the heroism to stand in any place, and fling the thunderbolts of truth at the ranks of falsehood. Such men are needed everywhere, from the lowly cottage to the White House. If civilization is to improve, we must have heroes who dare to adopt as their battle cry the grand old pæan of truth.

Such are some of the many ways in which heroism aids civilization. The hero is everywhere leader; not alone in war, but also in peace. He it is who gains victories which the coward never feels. He it is who grasps thoughts, which the sluggard never perceives. He it is who reaps the reward of patient toil, which the indolent man never undertakes. I do not profess to know the characteristics of the Divinity, but He who could calmly face the centu-

rions, He who could die on the cross for the sake of His convictions, certainly, He was a hero of the first order. He came into the world to establish a new rank of civilization, and He gave us the grandest type of a hero that ever lived. If we were all heroes and dared to express the convictions of our hearts, what an exalted state of civilization would we have. Our thoughts would be pure; our purposes would be noble; our actions would be Godlike.

MEN.

By F. L. P.

Full of folly, full of error,
Men live on from age to age,
Heedless whosoe'er accost them,
Whether prophet, saint, or sage.

So the poor are with us always,
And the rich grow richer still,
Poverty in filth and squalor,
Riches and "plethoric ill."

Few there are to whom life's labors
Can their richest blessings bring,
From the hut of humblest peasant
To the palace of the king.

For when heaven would gladly bless us
We are won to folly's side;
And when Wisdom smiles and beckons
Foolish council is our guide.

Doubtless we may find misfortune
Will at times befall the good,
But the burden of life's sorrows
We might lighten if we would.

God will judge no man unjustly,
Neither wickedness endure;
They who keep not his commandments
Find his judgments quick and sure.

All men wish the world were better,
That it might be, all men know;
Yet not till deluded mortals
Sordid selfishness outgrow.

Selfish ends are all pursuing,
 Careless of each other's pain;
 Confidence and trust are broken
 For a momentary gain.

Full of selfishness, though knowing
 No true happiness it brings,
 Building hopes on earthly treasure,
 Knowing that it taketh wings;

Joy to-day and grief to-morrow,
 Grief because of foolish joy;
 Full of lusts, indulging passions,
 Knowing these at last destroy;

So in folly, so in error,
 Men live on from age to age,
 Heedless whose'er accost them,
 Whether prophet, saint, or sage.

SHELLEY.

By J. I. H., '89.

JUST as the northern lights flash up with rich and variegated hues from their circumpolar home, waver to and fro their trembling spires of light, then subside again to the horizon, so Shelley appeared for a brief instant before the world of English poetry. A being not of this world; an Ariel singing songs of no earthly beauty; a spirit of light walking for a season among the gloomy haunts of men.

Shelley's life and poetry were inseparable. As a boy he pursued his way among his companions, wrapped in the solitude of abstraction, revolving in his mind the first confused forms of those problems which absorbed his attention through the brief space of his earthly career. He, even then, occupied his thoughts with "musing deeply on the lot of life."

"While yet a boy he sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin

And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead."

As a youth in Oxford University, these sublime questionings still pursued him, assumed more magnificent proportions, grew daily more absorbing and more supreme. He conceived that in philosophy alone could he find the means for solving the mysteries of life. He had already held boyish doubts about religion. He became a follower first of Hume, then of Plato. Had a kind hand offered to lead him through these labyrinths of thought and lovingly, without bigotry, direct his young mind towards a pure religion, such assistance would have been accepted with affectionate reverence. His was a heart made to worship and love. Love and sympathy would have developed all the latent beauty of his nature, and secured his lasting gratitude. Instead of these he received only scorn and rebuff. His eager questioning was treated with harshness. His fearless spirit revolted against this. He challenged the creeds prescribed by Oxford, and was answered with expulsion from the university. He imagined his father to have laid upon him unjust restrictions and he disinherited himself. He proclaimed with fervent ardor against the social and political wrongs of his day; the English public scouted his sentiments and scourged him from their midst. He found a more congenial home in Italy. Here his imagination was intoxicated with the delicious luxuriance in which nature revelled. Here, secluded from intercourse with all but a few intimate friends, he

passed his days among those magnificent visions that were the constant companions of his solitary hours; some of which he shaped into definite forms of rare beauty, glowingly wrought with exquisite imagery, to live permanently embalmed in the English language.

And here, finally, to close his brief and brilliant career, engulfed in the tempestuous waters of the Mediterranean, he heard

"The sea
Breathe o'er his dying brain its last
monotony."

Shelley in his whole being was pre-eminently a poet, the poet of poets, as he has been styled. Hardly to be thought of as man, his slight, delicate frame, and beautiful, feminine face seemed a fit embodiment of the very essence and spirit of poetry. He combined the daring impetuosity, the eager, undismayed hope of youth, with the keen, flashing intellect of a higher order of being. His mind was in a constant glow of fervent heat. He drank with thirsting lips at the fountain of knowledge.

A subtle metaphysician, he united the most refined searchings of a powerful intellect to the finer intuitions of a transcendantly poetic soul. Just as, after the invention of the calculus, the analyst could refine out the most elusive elements and size, as it were, the "ghosts of departed quantities" which had easily eluded the most careful searching of the grosser methods of previous times, so Shelley "caught and gave shape and hue to the most shadowy abstractions which his soar-

ing mind clutched on the vanishing points of human intelligence."

His mind had a strong gravitation towards the spacious and sublime. The facts of the material universe, the generalizations of science were not sufficient for his piercing intellect. He must go further and reach the ultimate condition, the first cause. His vivid and splendid imagination saw in the forces that operate in the physical world, the very essence of life, the spirit of nature interpenetrating and pervading all objects of the world pulsing with a subtle unseen emotion, instinct and throbbing with eternal activity. God was in all and over all. All was God. Every object from the leaf wavering in the breeze to the insect floating in the liquid ether of an Italian atmosphere; from the restless wave of the blue Mediterranean to the heavens above and around swelling away in unfathomable depths of light, all that exists glows and thrills with a passionate life that bathes the whole creation in auroral beauty. The soft cadences of the summer breezes as they sighed through the majestic forests of Pisa whispered to him as the voices of the unseen world. He lived in a world of his own creation where all was beautiful and good. Love was its ruling law combining a perfect harmony of kindness and mutual benefits. He anxiously sought to have all the world share this ideal perfection.

Reform was the one all-absorbing passion of his life. Possessed, himself, of a conscience so delicate as to enable him to analyze and perceive the finest shades of right and wrong, the least

transgression of even the most shadowy and evanescent line of right caused him exquisite tortures of remorse. A mind keenly alive to the most transcendent and abstract notions of truth, goodness, and justice, he bowed to laws of moral equity which his duller mates could neither appreciate nor comprehend.

If he rejected the creeds of the Christian religion as they then existed, he surrendered his inmost soul to the spirit of truth and justice wherever he found it,—in heaven, or earth, or sea, or land. He may not have paid a cringing respect to the laws of men, but he possessed in his soul an eternal law of right which he never dethroned, whether it led him through pleasure or pain, through joy or sorrow.

A nature overflowing with the most refined sentiments of humanity and love he embraced all man and all nature in his heart. But however perfect his theory, he was the poorest of practical reformers. Exquisitely sensitive to the slightest shades of pleasure or pain, nothing short of a perfect condition could satisfy his ardent spirit. But all these things were the unripe fruit, the immature conceptions of youth. "His complex faculties needed length of years for their co-ordination." "During the last years of his life he was becoming gradually riper, wiser, truer to his highest instincts; and when he reached the age of 29, he stood upon the height of his most glorious achievement, ready to unfold his wings for a yet sublimer flight. At that moment death robbed the world of his maturity. Posterity has but the

product of his cruder years, the assurance that he had already outlived them into something nobler, and the tragedy of his untimely end."

LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

BY RHE, '90.

Oft when harvest fields are brown
And chilling rain comes pouring down,
The sun bursts forth with tropic heat,
Blithe spring-time blends with autumn's sleet,
And perfumes fill the air.
Thus when life seems dark and drear
And garnered hopes lie brown and sear,
A breathed prayer, like ray of light,
Illumes the heart, dispels the blight,
And leaves a glory there.

HAYMARKET SQUARE IN LEWISTON.

BY J. L. P., '90.

THE busiest quarter of the city is, without doubt, Haymarket Square. Through this runs the principal thoroughfare of the town, where crowds of men and women pass to and from their work. There are always signs of animation in the square. It never seems deserted. In its activity it resembles the forum of ancient Rome, but in no other respect; for Haymarket Square is anything but beautiful in its appearance. There are no buildings displaying fine architectural designs, no statues, no triumphal arches. Only a level stretch of ground—a common piece of road—a place where teams may find an easy turn-out.

Along one side of the square, and really forming a part of it, lies Main Street. The other side extends to a row of plain stores and shops. First

comes the shop of a tonsorial artist, then a few grain and seed stores. In the latter a farmer may find pressed hay, shovels, lanterns, brooms, seed-corn,—in fact, everything necessary for an agricultural outfit. A white path leads from the door of the grain store across the sidewalk. It is where bags of flour and cotton-seed meal are dragged to be loaded upon teams. In the doorways stand the grain merchants in their meal-covered suits, discussing wheat quotations, and business in general.

When spring comes, it comes first to Haymarket Square; for there the snow is always trodden down, and there the first patches of ground appear. It is worth one's while to stop there some noontime, late in winter, and look at the loads of hay and their owners. There, after dinner, the farmers in their rusty-colored coats stand around in groups, talking, very likely, about the crops and the prospects of an early spring. There the country youths, with long red leggins and gay mufflers, lean on their goad-sticks and talk—who knows what? There, the horses, after finishing the little pile of hay placed in front of them, and finding their owners earnestly engaged in conversation, calmly walk along and satisfy themselves from a neighboring load of hay. Some of the horses are blanketed, and eat their dinner from bags or baskets suspended from their heads. Other poor, raw-boned animals have only a square box placed on the ground and filled with oats. Of course it is hard for them to keep their noses all the time in the boxes, and they

often scatter some of the oats outside on the ground. But nothing is lost, for then the doves, with their graceful metallic necks, flutter around the boxes, daintily picking up the scattered bits.

Towards night the farmers hitch their horses to their empty hay-racks and start for home, and the square looks a trifle deserted. But the square is not deserted, when, occasionally, on a summer evening the seller of patent medicines, and other deceptive articles, shouts himself hoarse beneath the flaring light of a smoking torch. That such a scene is fascinating, is proved by the fact that a large crowd of men and boys always patronize it.

One would naturally expect to see Haymarket Square quiet on the Sabbath, but I remember seeing it once on that day present a very lively appearance. A small detachment of the Salvation Army was holding a spirited meeting on the steps of the grain stores, and the air was full of their songs and "Hallelujahs!"

To most persons the square would present little that could be called interesting; but let the student of human nature spend an hour there, if he would observe the various phases of human character.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

Perhaps you may be interested to learn something of this land with a history, and people with an ancestry, for Kingston lies within four miles of the spot where the Pilgrims landed and within the boundaries of old

Plymouth itself. Here the past is living. You see it in the hip-roofed, square-chimneyed houses, and in the old slate grave-stones with their impossible cherubims and almost effaced inscriptions of sixteen and seventeen hundred. You hear it in the names of Standish, Alden, Brewster, Bradford, Sever, Oldham, etc. You feel it in the quiet but deeply-rooted pride of family.

In spite of an innate dislike of genealogy, I find a new and strange fascination in gleaning facts of family history; and a curious consolation in the thought that though none of my ancestors came over in 1620, yet one of them did come in the Mayflower on its second voyage.

The town was once an active seaport, and the families of many retired sea-captains are now living here. Thus the homes are filled with curiosities from foreign lands, which combine with the relics of earliest New England life to heighten this weird effect of antiquity.

The people live in quiet, unpretending wealth in their ancestral homes. Some of these homes, in the extent of grounds and the beauty of their arrangement, would compare favorably with English parks. The chief characteristic of the town is the perfect order and neatness of its grounds; no matter how poor the house, the surroundings are trimness itself. Millions for comfort and taste but not a cent for mere show.

The old inhabitants oppose the introduction of any new industry, their business being conducted in Boston. Thus with the exception of the Tack

and Rivet Works there is no business in town. But at Seaside, half way to Plymouth, are the famous rope-walks, the largest in the world.

The town presents a pleasant alternation of hill and valley, disclosing beautiful views of Plymouth Bay. Across the arm of the bay on the Duxbury Promontory, visible from every direction, is the Standish monument, keeping guard over land and sea. While as you enter Plymouth, suddenly, the Faith monument is revealed, so perfectly symmetrical that it seems a new revelation of beauty.

The points of interest in Plymouth, the Rock, Burial Hill, Pilgrim Hall, etc., are too familiar to need mention. But trips to Plymouth, together with sails, rows, and beautiful drives through the outlying country, count among the attractions of Kingston.

If ever you weary of the rush and turmoil of our American life, do not take the trouble of an ocean voyage, but come to this Old World in the New.

L. A. F., '88.

LOCALS.

Base-horns and Freshmen.

The band will soon organize for regular practice.

Hamlet, Smith, and Avery, '88, were in town a few days.

Professor Dodge and Safford, '89, attended the gymnastic exhibition at Colby.

The annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Associa-

tion will be held in Boston on the 22d of this month.

Prof. (in Political Economy)—“What is absenteeism?” Thoughtful Junior—“Away-from-ism.”

Venus, Mars, and Mercury are now visible, at the same time, in the evening sky.

Most of the students, who were away teaching, have now returned to their college work.

F. S. Pierce, '90, is giving great satisfaction as instructor of vocal music in the Auburn schools.

Professor Rand was called away from his classes a few days by the sickness of his mother.

Do not forget the next field day. Now is the time to practice. A hot contest for class honor is predicted.

The class of '92 has received two more members this term,—Mr. Jonier and Mr. Shepherd, both of Pike, N. Y.

Nichols Latin School has two new teachers this term. Libby, '89, in place of Tibbetts, resigned; Plummer, '91, in place of Hamlen, resigned.

Prof.—“What is the etymology of avocation?” Inattentive Junior—“The entomology of”—Just then a burst of laughter roused him from his dream of butterfly days.

At a lecture on Optics, the Junior girls had an opportunity to view a spectacle which other milk-maids have experienced,—the “cow's foot in the milk.” The milk, of course, was spilled.

After their regular exercises in the

gymnasium the ladies spend a merry half hour in dancing. It is said that one of the grave Professors frequently looks on with a benignant countenance. We hope he will go no further.

While engaged in exercise in the gymnasium, the students should refrain from bringing the twelve-pound ball into violent contact with the chandeliers and windows. Such encounters may overcome the cohesion of the particles in composition.

Saturday, February 9th, Mr. J. T. Small met the class of '89 and presented a life-size crayon of his son, Everett J. Small, who was a member of that class. Appropriate remarks were made by members of the class. The crayon was made by Curtis & Ross and is a very fine likeness.

F. M. Buker, '89, T. M. Singer, F. B. Nelson, George H. Hamlin, '90, F. S. Libby, W. B. Cutts, '91, A. P. Davis and L. M. Sanborn, '92, have been chosen delegates to the Conference of the New England College Young Men's Christian Association to be held in Worcester, Mass., on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of this month.

Professor Jordan of the Lewiston High School addressed the Polymnian Society, Friday evening, February 8th. His subject was “Educational Methods; their Origin and Development.” The lecture was instructive, entertaining, and highly appreciated. Professor Jordan was one of the charter members of the society.

One Friday night just after the society meetings, a certain Freshman passed along Parker Hall muttering in

a depressed tone,—“Never mind, I’ll strike till the last armed foe expires. I’ll strike for my—” The sound was rendered inaudible by the bitterness that swelled his breast. Young ladies be careful how you speak the point-blank “no” to the tender Freshmen. You had better use “*μη*.”

Why does not some energetic individual start a glee club? Such a club ought to have a permanent organization in the college. Although the singers might not all be artists, yet they could discount the spasmodic and discordant voices which now float over the campus. With the material now in college a glee club of eight could easily be formed.

Those strange, weird sounds that have of late so disturbed the serenity of Parker Hall, have been traced to their source. They neither descend from Coelus nor ascend from Avernus, and assuredly they do not come from the lyre of Orpheus. No, they are produced by a Freshman who seems, at various times, to be wrestling with a cornet, a slide trombone, a flute, a bagpipe, and a pumpkin-stalk-horn. To listen one might imagine him a whole brass band condensed. He must be gaining much in lung power. He may become a musician some day, but till then we wish he would practice in some “vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade,” where rumor of his sharps and flats “might never reach us more.”

In a conversation with President Cheney about a year ago, Senator Stanford, of California, promised to

give \$1,000 towards meeting the conditions of the gifts by the gentlemen of Boston and Lewiston. But on his return from Europe last October, he promised to make the above pledge \$7,000, and has now given a check for this amount. President Cheney visited the Senator in Washington, and sincerely thanked him in the name of the college. He gave the Senator an invitation to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Observatory, which will probably take place next June.

Rev. Selah Merrill, D.D., LL.D., is to deliver the following course of lectures at the Maine Street Free Baptist Church, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Bates College: Monday evening, March 4th, “The Holy City of To-day and To-morrow”; Wednesday evening, March 6th, “One Hundred Things about Jerusalem”; Thursday evening, March 7th, “Jerusalem a Key of the Eastern Question”; Friday evening, March 8th, “Haunts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and a Visit to the Cave of Machpelah”; Saturday evening, March 9th, “Galilee in the Time of Christ”; Sunday evening, March 10th, “Evidences of the Fertility and Populousness of the Holy Land in Bible Times.” Dr. Merrill may be considered an authority on subjects connected with Palestine. He was in the Holy Land as Archæologist of the American Palestine Exploration Society from 1874 to 1877, and from 1882 to 1886 he was United States Consul at Jerusalem. During his residence in the country he procured the

largest collection of birds and other animals, coins, utensils of different kinds, and various natural objects, that has yet been made. He is the author of "East of the Jordan," "Palestine in the Time of Christ," parts of "Picturesque Palestine," "Reports on the Country East of the Jordan," and numerous other contributions to Biblical Geography and Archæology. His consular reports to the United States government on fruit culture, climate, and condition of the laboring classes in Palestine are very interesting and valuable.

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PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—We understand that Rev. A. H. Heath, D.D., who has recently resigned the pastorate of the North Congregational Church at New Bedford, is to receive a salary of \$9,000 at Plymouth Church, St. Paul.

'70.—I. W. Hanson, Esq., who was sick for some time, has returned to his place as clerk of the Androscoggin S. J. Court, at Auburn. Everybody is glad to welcome the clerk back to health.

'80.—The following is from the *Lewiston Journal* of January 16th:

Dr. Herbert S. Jordan, whose death was recently noticed in the *Journal*, was the son of Rev. E. S. Jordan, for many years pastor of the Congregational Church at Cumberland Center, and afterwards at Brownfield. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, N. H. He was a member of the class of '80, Bates College, but in his Senior year he was obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

He was a nephew of Mrs. J. C. White and

Prof. Stanton and a cousin of Prof. L. G. Jordan of this city.

The following from the *Waltham Free Press* will be of interest to his numerous friends in Lewiston and Auburn:

"The death of Herbert S. Jordan, a former physician of this city, occurred Wednesday evening, January 9th, of peritonitis, after an illness of less than a week, at the home of his parents, at Upper Gloucester, Me. Dr. Jordan was a graduate of Harvard Medical School, and was a skillful and favorite physician while his health allowed him to practice. He was first settled at Hyde Park, afterward at East Boston, and came to this city about 1884. While here he was for several years an active and valuable member of the Board of Health. Deceased was genial and courteous, straight forward in business, with a purpose irreproachable. His health failing him, he left Waltham for the home of his parents the first of October last. His age was about thirty years. He was an only son, and his sorrowing parents have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in this city. Deceased was an attendant of the orthodox church."

'81.—O. H. Brown, Esq., of Auburn, left home the middle of November to visit his son, Mr. W. J. Brown, who had been teaching at Sauk Centre, Minn., and was seriously ill. After a long and dangerous illness, the son has recovered sufficiently to go South to spend the remainder of the winter, and Mr. Brown has returned home, spending a few days in Washington en route. The son was a member of the class of '81.

'84.—R. E. Donnell, who recently graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, has been teaching the high school in Dover Village this winter. He has been engaged as principal for the spring term of Foxcroft Academy, which will begin on the 28th of February.

'85.—A long-delayed telegram from Calcutta states that the missionaries,

Mr. and Mrs. Stiles, both of '85, arrived there "well and happy," December 17, 1888.

'85.—At the annual meeting of the Caledonia County Publishing Company, publishers of the *St. Johnsbury Republican*, Chas. T. Walter was re-elected one of the directors. A dividend of six per cent. was declared by the company.

'86.—A. E. Verrill, of Auburn, has taken the Lewiston and Auburn charge of a new weekly society paper. It is to have a "Lewiston and Auburn and vicinity" page in it devoted to society happenings.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts has been appointed teacher of Latin and Greek in the high school at Pawtucket, R. I.

'88.—F. S. Hamlet and B. M. Avery have each completed a successful term of school lately; the former in Hancock and the latter in Morrill. Hamlet now goes back to his school at Shapleigh.

STUDENTS.

'89.—Miss E. I. Chipman will be absent all this term. She will return next term and graduate with her class.

'91.—"Prof." G. K. Small has finished a very successful term of the high school in Dresden, says the *Lewiston Journal*.

'91.—A. F. Gilmore is to teach two months longer at the high school in Turner, where he gives good satisfaction. He will join his class next term.

'91.—W. F. Ham, who has been sick so long, is still in a very critical condition. Little hope of his recovery is entertained.

THEOLOGICAL.

'75.—Rev. J. M. Lowden has been visiting his brother, H. C. Lowden, for a few days.

'89.—L. S. Bean has been obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health.

'89.—D. M. Phillips has given up his course, and is training for a nurse at the Boston City Hospital.

'89.—E. Z. Whitman has accepted a call to the Second Free Baptist Church at Brunswick.

'89.—C. O. Williams, formerly of '89, now a professor in Hillsdale, is for the present supplying at Somerset, Mich.

'90.—G. E. Paine has not yet rejoined his class.

'90.—G. M. Wilson has returned to his studies.

'90.—H. A. Peary will not be back this term.

'91.—A. S. Jones has accepted a call to a church in Halifax, N. S., and has left his class.

'91.—W. F. Tibbetts has given up his course.

EXCHANGES.

The exchanges are most welcome to the study-table of one who is away from college "teaching the young idea how to shoot." They renew his connection with the college world and transport him for the moment to college halls and associates. They bring back the practice in the "Gym," the lecture and class-room, the meetings of the literary societies, and personal re-

lations with individual students; and fill the day-dreams of the Bates student with echoes of a rousing Boom-a-la-ka. This gymnasium practice, the Bowdoin Senior has no fondness for, judging by his complaint in the January *Orient*. He thinks that years and experience have taught him all he needs to know in that department, and that he should be free to follow his own sweet will as to the amount and time of exercising. He seems to forget that older men than college Seniors have ruined their intellectual power through neglect of this despised drill.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* calls attention to the fact that our college color is the same as that of Union College, and it is suggested that one college should change. This seems to us neither desirable nor necessary. Bates thinks too much of the garnet to have its place usurped by any other color, and, doubtless, Union has the same feeling. As the two institutions are not liable to be brought into contact in such a way that this uniformity of colors would be the cause of any inconvenience, there is no sufficient reason for such a change, and each may keep its loyal garnet.

The *Chironian* is devoted to the interests of the medical school it represents, and is filled with valuable matter chiefly for those who are interested in that branch of science. We are glad to welcome it to our exchange table. Yet all its anatomical treatises do not explain "in what vile part of the anatomy" of an editorial board is lodged that disproportionate *ego* that prompts the *University News* to follow

the *Tuftonian* in filling its exchange column with compliments paid it by other journals. The *Lookout* has also joined the self-admiring band.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* has a thoughtful article on "The Natural Antipathy to the Negro." It should command a hearing and stimulate some earnest thought. The "Religious Novel" is also discussed in a paper prompted by the appearance of "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher." These books have tempted many college papers to take the reviewer's pen, and they are visited with every shade of criticism. The *North American Review* presents many of these sides, among them a long article by Gladstone. A careful review of the last leaves little desire for reading "Robert Elsmere." He claims that the author has informed herself on only one side of the question she discusses, and has presented as new and incontrovertible, theories that scholars have long since discussed and rejected as untenable. In "John Ward, Preacher," many extreme phases of religious thought are set forth. The author does not seem fully in sympathy with any of them. The chief relief from their variously conclusive reasoning is furnished by Mr. Dale, a quiet scholar, and Max, the rector's dog.

The *Denison Collegian* has a timely article, entitled "Should the Ministerial Student Preach?" It takes strong negative ground as follows: Because he does not understand theology; because he is contracting mannerisms in this molding time of life of which he can never rid himself; because he

preaches to pay his way, and is thus laying the foundation for that mercenary aim too common in the pulpit; because he is dividing his time between two vocations either one of which demands the full powers of any man, and does neither his studying nor preaching well; and because the practice gained is of that superficial kind that does not lay a firm foundation for future success. Has the ministerial student any adequate answer to these reasons?

The *Cushing Academy Breeze* is one of the best papers published in a fitting school. In its last number the Cushing Academy Principal, H. S. Cowell, Bates, '74, closes an article on "Shall I Go to College?" with the following:

The youth stepping from the Commencement stage with diploma in hand, may retain in his memory only a small fraction of the facts he has learned, but he has learned where to find facts, and how to use them. Not the acquisition of knowledge, but *how* to acquire it and how to use it, have been his greatest gain. Not truth, but the search for truth gives him greatest joy. If he has acquired a thirst for knowledge, he has found a treasure more valuable than knowledge itself.

The *Boston Musical Herald* contains much to interest the general reader as well as the musician. The January number has a fine portrait and biographical sketch of Boston's veteran music publisher, Oliver Ditson.

Many exchanges have conflicting reports as to the origin of college journalism in America. Will some one inform us authoritatively whether Dartmouth or Yale deserves the honor?

The first number of the *Collegian* leaves no room for doubt as to the suc-

cess of the undertaking. The American undergraduate can now claim a broader hearing than before for his literary efforts. The weakest part of the whole is "Seth Grinnell," but even that is commendable as far above the ordinary college story. Still the hero seems an impossible character, and an extract from a *Collegian* editorial seems in point. In inviting contributions, its editor says:

Make the stories concise, not elaborated into intricate plots and tinted with weird scenes, but take life for a model; let the essays deal with subjects of interest, and be aglow with the force of plain language expressing valuable ideas; the poems should be simple and direct, verbosity will not be tolerated, and obey form. In whatever there be written, make the key-note sound from out the chord of humanity, mankind as it is, and not as it cannot be.

The work in which the editor evidently finds most pleasure and therefore gives most pleasure to his readers, is the exchange column. Under the heading Eclectic and Critical are valuable criticisms on leading college journals, and choice selections from their columns. No editor of a college paper can afford to be without the *Collegian*. It is a comprehensive record of the doings of collegedom and a model of college journalism.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At Amherst, the examination system has been entirely abolished, and a series of written recitations given at intervals throughout the year has been substituted.

At the University of Virginia, ap-

plause in class-room is very common and consists in kicking against the benches. Many of the students own dogs and bring them to the lecture-rooms. Foot-ball and tennis are the favorite games at the university.

Of two American students in the Royal Naval College, England, one obtained first place at the recent general examination, and the other fifth place.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* pays each editor from \$140 to \$150 per annum. The *Yale News* pays each senior editor from \$250 to \$275 per annum.

Two of the students of Brown University have recently published a volume of "Brown Verse," which is compiled from verses written by undergraduates of that college since 1793.

William and Mary College is to be re-opened, after a long period of inactivity, as a State Normal School. It is the *Alma Mater* of Presidents Jefferson and Monroe, and one of the oldest colleges in the United States.

There are 58,000 volumes in the university library at Ann Arbor. Among these are the best Goethe collection in America and the next best Shakespearean collection.

I. V. Williamson, the millionaire of Philadelphia, is about to found an institution similar in many respects to Girard College. He is determined to begin operations at once, the entire cost of which will be \$5,000,000. It is to be an institution for the education of boys in all departments of mechanical labor.

In striking contrast with the customs of to-day stands the following extract

from the laws of Yale College, published in 1774 :

"Every Freshman is obliged to do any proper errand or message required of him by any one in an upper class, which if he refuse to do, he shall be punished." As singular are some of the regulations of Harvard College enforced a century ago :

"No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard, except it rains, hails, or snows, be he on horseback, or hath both hands full.

"No Freshman shall be saucy to his Senior, or speak to him with his hat on.

"No Freshman shall intrude into his Senior's company.

"The Freshmen are to find the rest of the scholars with bats, balls, and foot-balls."—*University Herald*.

The condition for the admission examinations at Harvard in 1675 were as follows: "Whosoever shall be able to read Cicero or any other such like classical author at sight and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose, and decline perfectly the paradigms of names and verbs in the Greek tongue."

Among the students at Princeton College is one 73 years old. He is studying for the ministry, and expects to graduate this term

Johns Hopkins publishes seven magazines; one devoted to mathematics, one to chemistry, one to philology, one to biology, one to historical and political sciences, and three of local interests.

The Junior class at Colby has instituted prize debates in place of the Junior exhibition. Half of their number will support the affirmative and half the negative of a given question. From these a committee chooses three of the

best who shall take part in a public debate. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best argument.

Somebody has been looking over Princeton's list of graduates who have become prominent in public life, and finds that it includes two signers of the Declaration of Independence, twenty-seven delegates to the Continental Congress, one President (Madison), two Vice-Presidents and five nominated as candidates, seventeen cabinet officers, one chief justice, five associate justices, seventeen foreign ministers, fifty-one senators, and one hundred and fifteen representatives, besides two speakers of the House.—*Ex.*

A professorship of American History, Literature and Eloquence, the first of the kind in this country, will be established at Williams College. Dr. J. Leland Miller, of Sheffield, Massachusetts, has given \$40,000 for that purpose.

The student at Bucknell University, who has his room most tastefully furnished, receives a prize.

The largest university in the world is Rudolph Allreits, at Vienna. It has 5,222 students and 285 professors. The richest is that of Leyden, in Holland. It has real estate to the value of six million dollars.

POET'S CORNER.

COLLEGE DAYS.

As when the fleecy cloud, upon a morn,
Brings, dove like, to our view its silvery breast,
And borne through azure paths, from out the
west,
Sinks soft and silent in the home of dawn;
So, in life's path where cares dire and forlorn,

Besiege the lives of all; yea, e'en the best;
Glide on our student days, so richly blest
With joy, while troublous care is put to scorn.
Yes in the morning of our life their birth
They take, and joyously move on their way:
And thoughtless of the common cares of earth
Pass quickly by and end their fleeting stay:—
Nor sink fore'er, but soon, with goodlier worth,
Find sunlit day, though busier in array.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

AT MIDNIGHT.

From far within the boundless evening sky
When white mists rose to dim his liquid light
The moon has slowly drawn anigh to earth;
And as the soothing night winds far and wide
Are roaming lightly o'er the unvexed world
A soft beam kisses every new born wave.
This hour the fond moon woos the tranquil
sea

Until she swells her bosom to the night
And murmurs to her sands in ecstasy.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

OUR BIRDS.

To cheer,
With plumage gay,
In tender arms of trees,
Our birds have warbled forth their lays
All filled with melody and praise
Borne on the gentle breeze
At break of day,
So clear.

With breast
Now torn, one falls
All lifeless on the mead.
We can but feel the pain and loss,
That gold has gone and left the dross,
For sport, a wicked deed!
The mate-birds calls
Attest.

At best,
There can be found
Nowhere in summer's sheen
A better boon to make us glad
Than birds. For them the trees are clad
With vestures fresh and green
To fold around
Each nest.

We long
For your return.
Oh, may we early hear,

When spring shall come and bring the time
 For you to fly to native clime,
 Your notes afar and near.
 The breezes yearn
 For song.

F. B. N., '90.

KRIEGESGLÜCK.

Merrily peal the bells
 Heigho! so gayly!
 The breeze with music swells,
 Swells ne'er so gladly.

Noisily clash the arms,
 Heigho! so wildly
 Fierce men there fight in swarms,
 Fight ne'er so madly.

Silently come a few,
 Alas! so slowly!
 They weep for lost friends true,
 Weep ne'er so sadly.

—Dartmouth.

THE BETTER LAND.

By G. H., '90.

In the land beyond the sunset,
 There are mansions bright and fair,
 And all those who here prove faithful,
 Will the Master welcome there.

Feet may falter, hands grow weary,
 Heart may ache and eyes be dim;
 Soon will end the dreary shadows,
 And we'll rest in peace with him.

THE LESSON OF CONTENT.

Each day on unreturning wings
 Its task of honest duty brings;
 And he who, like the lark that sings
 With rapture on its spiral way,
 Performs his work with hopeful cheer,
 However small or vast his sphere,
 Will find that heaven is always near
 The songful soul that cheers the day.

The modest minstrel of the sky,
 Soaring to heaven's windows high,
 Flooding with music far and nigh
 The rapt heart in the human breast,
 Aims not at portals in the sun:

But when its airy task is done,
 Unconscious of the honors won,
 It flutters to its lowly nest.
 Could I put heart-pulse into speech,
 This is the lesson I would teach:

Whatever is beyond thy reach
 Strive not with anxious soul to get.
 When pride misleads at last we find
 That we have lost sweet peace of mind,
 Kindled the envy of our kind,
 And made ourselves the slaves of debt.

The sparrow cannot soar and sing
 Like the sky-lark on vibrant wing;
 And yet the small, brown, twittering thing,
 Falls not unnoticed from on high.
 Its mission is among the leaves;
 Its home beneath the cottage eaves;
 And not where rain and sunlight weaves
 A bow across the arching sky.

—Phrenological Journal.

A SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

As I sat at the dawn, the magical light
 Streamed o'er the weird billows of vanishing
 night;
 And the great glowing lord of the day was
 adorning
 With tinsels of gold the veiled vista of morn-
 ing.
 Soon a gentle young shepherdess happening
 to pass,
 In her beauty sat down by my side on the
 grass.
 We beheld in the distance the garlanded hills,
 We were lulled to repose by the laughing of
 rills;
 On the sward the blithe children of Flora
 were blooming,
 Far and wide with their fragrance the ether
 perfuming;
 And I plucked the sweet woodbine that clus-
 tered around,
 And a wreath on the brow of the maiden I
 bound;
 But e'er her dark locks that chaplet had
 pressed,
 Love stealthily found a home deep in my
 breast;
 And I called her my own by the bright prat-
 tling stream,
 My ideal born from this sweet morning dream!

—Southern Collegian.

POTPOURRI.

Who is it takes away the joys
Of college life from all the boys,
And all their fun and sport destroys?
The Co-eds.

Who is it stands in class so tall,
A foot and a half above them all,
And makes them feel so awful small?
The Co-eds.

Who bears such scorn, contempt, and woe,
As did the martyrs long ago?
O "heaven is their home," we know,
The Co-eds.
—*University Cynic.*

Adam had one thing in his favor.
Eve couldn't ask him whether he had
loved any other woman before he met
her.

A stranger passing a church yard
and seeing a hearse standing hard by,
inquired who was dead. The sexton
informed him. "What complaint?"
asked the inquisitive one. Said the
old man: "There is no complaint;
everybody is satisfied."—*Ex.*

SYMPATHY.

A Sophomore bold and careless and gay,
One afternoon of a winter's day,
Fixed himself up and went to the play.
It was Richard III. and a matinee.
The Sophomore sat in the front parquet,
All was as serene as a day in May,
Until King Richard began to pray
"A horse! A horse!" in a pitiful way,
When the Sophomore sprang from his seat
they say,
And cried, the poor King's fears to allay,
I'll get you a horse without delay,
I know how it is, I have felt that way!"
—*Brunonian*

Major premise—Students come to
the university to improve their facul-
ties. Minor premise—The professors
are their faculties. Conclusion—Stu-
dents come to the university to improve
their professors.—*Ariel.*

A Pittsburg optician makes the state-
ment that gum chewing has a harmful
effect on the eyes, and when carried to
excess is apt to cause blindness. The
constant moving of the jaws affects
the nerves that lead from the spine to
the optic nerves, and strains the latter
until they give out.—*Chicago Herald.*
Let the Co-eds. take warning before it
is too late.

Die Sophs. spielen ball vollig wohl,
Die Freshmen gewinnen jedes game;
Die Juniors können nicht spielen ball zu all,
Aber sie bekommen da just the same.
(Now go out in the street and die.)—*Ex.*

Noted in the faculty's almanac:
"About this time, look out for 'cribs.'"
—*Ex.*

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

One night an owl was prowling round
Looking for mice, when on the ground
He spied a cat, and straightway flew
Quite close to it. "Tu whit, tu whoo!"
Quoth he, "may I again ne'er stir,
If here, dressed in a coat of fur,
I do not see a four-legged owl.
Oh, what a very funny fowl!
It makes me laugh, so droll—ha! ha!
Ha! ha!—it are,—ha! ha! ha! ha!
It are, it are, it really are
The drollest thing I've seen by far!"
"You're much mistaken, scornful sir,"
The cat said, as she ceased to purr;
"For though, like one, I often prow
About at night, I am no owl.
And if I were, why, still would you
Be queerer creature of the two;
For you look, there's no doubt of that,
Extremely like a two-legged cat.
As for your grammar, 'pon my word
(Excuse this giggle), he-he-he-he,
It be, it be, it really be
The very worst I ever heard."

—*St. Nicholas.*

The following is told of a recent
graduate of the Divinity School. One
day near the beginning of his course

he started out to preach, accompanied by the usual hand-satchel. Before going far he passed a group of urchins playing near the roadside. One of them called out, "Say, mister, what yer got in that bag." "Brains," was the reply, "Don't you want some?" Never mind, Mister, yer'll need them all," retorted the young phrenologist.

THE CHINNER.

Listen to the chinner's song,
As for rank he wrangles;
'Round his tutors all day long
Glib, his tongue he angles.

Never goes he to the gym.,
Time he cannot squander.
What are health and strength to him?
For of rank he's fonder.

But the Fates in accents grim
Now have sternly said,
Every absence from the gym.
Means an awful dead.

So, henceforth, in tights you'll see,
Picturesquely grouped,
Literary shapes of whom
Love of rank has scooped.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

This is Edward Hale's story: A man had sold himself to the devil, who was to possess him at a certain time, unless he could propound a question to his satanic majesty which he could not answer, he being allowed to put three queries to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared. The first question the man asked was concerning theology, to which it caused the devil no trouble to reply. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended on the third. What should it be? He hesitated and turned pale, and the cold dew stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety,

nervousness, and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture, the man's wife appeared in the room with a bonnet in her hand. Alarmed at her husband's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed, she laughed and said: "I can propound a question, which the devil himself can not answer. Ask him which is the front of this bonnet." The devil gave it up, and retired in disgust, and the man was free.

—*Salem Gazette.*

He was dissipated,—In the chemical laboratory: Professor—"What has become of Tom Appleton? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?" "Ah, yes; Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals, very. That discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?" "Yes." That's him."

—*Journal of Health.*

"Have you read Robert—?" Stop!
In mercy spare me, just *this* time,
Ask if I've committed any crime
Since last we met—if all are well
At home—speak of the rainy spell,
Election frauds, Lord Sackville's woe—
"Progressive schemes," perhaps, but, O!
Pray hesitate ere you begin
The same old query that my kith and kin
Have uttered fifty times this year,
"Have you read 'Robert Elsmere'?"

"Have I read Robert—!" Yes,
Thank Heaven! the deed is done!
At last I've read it, though it weighed a ton.
Now when a friend I chance to meet
In church, theatre, or upon the street,
I shall not rush into a store
Or turn aside as oft before,
Lest I should hear that everlasting same—
"Have you read Robert—what's his name?"
But bow and say with eager zest,
"I've read your Robert and he needs a rest."

—*Boston Transcript.*

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