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No. 3.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

MARCH, 1889.

No. 3.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

H. J. PIPER,	E. W. MORRELL,
A. N. PEASLEE,	G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW,	H. B. DAVIS.
H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.	
W. F. GARCELON, Associate Manager.	

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EDITORIAL.

WHETHER you have decided upon your life-work or not, you should form a definite purpose in your college course. Let that purpose be to secure a liberal education. Attend to every department of study with earnestness, and seek to obtain that higher and broader knowledge of science and letters that constitutes true, liberal education. Thus you will symmetrically develop all your faculties, expand and enliven your mind, not only by that common knowledge necessary to the citizens of every prosperous community, and by that requisite for a particular occupation or profession, but also by a broad field of liberal study in the various departments of science and literature.

To think that a liberally educated man is tied up to two or three great learned professions is a complete absurdity. In fact there is no profession which he may not enter with some degree of success. He may pursue a political career, he may speak from the pulpit, he may plead at the bar, and practice the physician's art; or he may engage in a commercial life or any honest business, and, without impropriety, retire into private life upon a farm. He is not limited in his choice.

The liberally educated man can do better at his profession than the man not thus educated. The liberal training received from classical and scientific studies makes him more accurate, skillful, and powerful in the discharge of his professional duties. His wide range of view enables him to grasp his profession in all its complexity, and to see its most remote relations to society and to the universal range of knowledge.

IN this hurried, busy life of ours we are apt to drift into many mistaken ideas. College life is supposed to broaden a man's possibilities, but it may effectually narrow them. Not that our college studies will make us narrow, but the selfishness that sometimes surrounds them. Not education alone but usefulness is the key to success. Education, like wealth, should never be the end, but rather the means to the end which we strive to attain. Surrounded by our books and busy with our studies, we are apt to make education alone the goal. It is a worthy ambition to be called the best scholar or best orator in the class, but when one strives for that alone it is the height of selfishness.

Should one, then, remain at the foot of his class from fear of becoming selfish? Certainly not. What motive should, then, actuate one to become the best scholar in his class? He should not think of the valedictory at all, but strive only to make the best of his opportunities so that he may become of the highest usefulness in the world. But, you ask, may one's motive not be misunderstood,

and he be wrongfully stigmatized as selfish and egotistic? No. A man and his motive are one. He becomes electrified with it, so that whoever touches him receives a shock. A student in the middle of his class may make his selfish ambition disgusting, while he who stands at the head may never be accused of selfishness or egotism. A student who has a pure motive will never lack friends, no matter how high up the ladder he may climb. Let us, then, enter the lists determined to make the best of ourselves, for our friends, for our country, for our God.

NEARLY all the students who have been teaching this term have returned, and in their various classes are working hard both to improve the present and to make up for the past. But many obstacles are in the way; one cannot go around them, and when he tries to cut his way through he finds he has lost his tools and must go away back to the first part of the book to search for them. When you get to a hard place like this, I beseech of you, fellow-student, don't have the blues. What though you may see before you an empty scale-pan, which not long ago was full enough of silver dollars to partly balance the loss of those six weeks? What though you may fail in recitation regularly three times a day? Don't get discouraged. What good does it do? Reason a little in this matter, and instead of moaning over what you have *lost*, ask yourself instead the question *What have I gained?*

First, some one might suggest, *money*. Yes, but if one's sole motive in teach-

ing is earning money, then let him earn it in some other way. It will be better for him and *much* better for his might-have-been scholars.

But if one wants *experience* the school-room is the place and the *only* place to get it. Where better than in the hard district school can one learn self-reliance, independence, quickness of thought and action, and all those valuable qualities which go to make up the true, firm character? How can one gain real dignity so well as by wearing it every day in the school-room and not saving it all for Sundays at church?

Teaching is different from learning, which a student does the most of his time at college. It develops another set of his faculties just as the chest-weights and parallel-bars develop two sets of muscles. He must learn to think quickly and to express his thought readily and clearly; he must now explain to his scholars, *before* he has been explained to himself. And so if he improves both his character and his mind by teaching, is not that something to counterbalance the loss of those six weeks of college life?

WHAT is to be done in regard to our foreign population? This question, although somewhat trite and seemingly worn threadbare by its continued discussion, nevertheless presents itself forcibly to us when we, for a moment, stop to consider, not only what may be the future possibilities attending a continued influx of foreigners, but also what is the present effect of past immigration. According to the "Tenth Census" our foreign popula-

tion numbered 15,000,000, about one-half of whom were foreign-born, the remainder American-born of foreign parents, three-tenths of the entire population. "In 1870 the foreign element constituted twenty per cent. of the population of New England and furnished seventy-five per cent. of the crime. Seventy-five per cent. of the brewers and maltsters were of foreign parentage, and sixty per cent. of the saloon keepers, while a great portion of the remaining forty per cent. were of foreign extraction."

Here, then, is the chief evil. Immigrants are not of the classes which tend to make a people capable of governing themselves, but are of the worst, most ignorant, and lowest classes which can be found in Europe. Again, they do not understand our idea of liberty and freedom. To them freedom means license, self-gratification only, and from this mistaken idea come many of the atrocious crimes which they commit. Another evil is the colonization of different nationalities in our country. Vast numbers of them form colonies in our Western states, where they keep up their native customs, language, and religions. States within a state, working with widely different ends in view. As one author has aptly expressed it, "If our noble domain were tenfold larger than it is, it would still be too small to embrace with safety to our national future, little Germanies here, little Scandinavias there, and little Irelands yonder."

Herein lies our future peril. If, as is not to be doubted, the West is to control the government at no far future

day, then it is necessary that some precautions be taken which shall tend toward the breaking up of those little foreign countries which are establishing themselves in our midst. If a foreigner wishes to make his home in America and enjoy the privileges of American citizenship, let him become an American in every sense of the word. Let him forever renounce allegiance to his native country and mother tongue, and accept the speech of the country which has adopted him. Let this and none other be the condition of American citizenship.

WE students were pleasantly surprised a short time ago to find some new hymn-books adorning the chapel pews. We had noticed for some time that the old ones were looking somewhat sickly, as if worn out in the good cause, and gradually they had dropped off on account of broken backs or other injuries, until it was hardly possible to find one. But now these reinforcements make hymn-books plenty, and there is no excuse for a student if he does not sing. Some seem to have the idea that hymn-books are made only to furnish good opportunities for the practice of reading, writing, and drawing at prayer time, but our students are supposed to have completed their primary school education before coming to Bates.

Prompt, spontaneous singing engaged in by all makes our devotional exercises both more elevating and more pleasant. Since the new books have come we notice a decided change for the better in this respect, but there is

room for improvement and why not improve?

When we had but few books we were obliged to sing familiar tunes over and over, but now that we have more books why not strike out and sing some new pieces? "What a Friend we have in Jesus" and "I need Thee every Hour" have served us faithfully for a long time; so why not give them a short furlough and call some new soldiers into the service,—some of the grand old hymns perhaps?

It is the duty of every student who can sing at all to sing; and, above all, when we *do* try a piece not quite familiar, don't stop short and listen to see how it sounds. Pieces are not in the habit of sounding well if nobody sings.

There is only one rap more. As we now sing the Gloria, if you'll notice, the first three or four words are sung by about as many feeble voices coming from the four corners of the room—I suppose each class chooses one delegate to look out for these words—and then the whole force come in on the next line. How would it sound, I wonder, if we should all start together at the *beginning*?

PUT your soul into your work. If you are teaching never let the thought of so many dollars a day be uppermost in your mind. He who teaches with thoughts of pay always before him falls far short of successfully filling his position. If you are studying do not think that remaining in your room during the specified study hours, and preparing your studies suf-

ficiently to make a fair recitation will make you competent to fill positions which you may subsequently be called upon to occupy. Never before have the influences thrown about our boys and girls tended so strongly in the wrong direction as at the present day. Where shall they learn how to meet these tendencies, how to withstand these influences except in the school-room? Who shall teach them except our common school teachers? Teaching does not consist merely in having the pupil learn and recite what is in the text-book. "He should be taught the habit of truthfulness, and developed to a delicate sense of honor, and be inspired to form lofty ideals of manhood, charity, rectitude, love, goodness, and that he should be strengthened in the resolution to be earnest and persistent in the achievement of these ideals." Society, the state, the nation, are dependent, for their present and future prosperity, upon the education which the young receive in our common schools. Since the tendency is to make teaching a profession, the most of our teachers must in the future come from the colleges. Hence the necessity of being a thorough, conscientious student. The careless, listless young man makes a half student, a half teacher, a half citizen, a half man. "The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation: and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine; property and its cares, friends, and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting." Therefore put your mind, your soul, and all that you are into your work.

BE in earnest. Here lies the secret of progress and the assurance of success. In those words is implied the inward conviction of the mind accompanied by the warmth of the heart for a good cause. To be in earnest requires the concentration of effort, the direct application of all the energies to a single point. It means, be a whole man, whether you are a student in college, a teacher in the school-room, or a farmer in the country. Did you ever attempt to teach a school, or to work out a difficult problem in mathematics, when you were not in earnest? How poor and unsatisfactory the result! Your school was a failure and a torment to your soul, and your problem, a stone upon which you could make no impression. But just be in earnest. How different that school! No longer a failure and a torture of your life, but a success and a source of good, both to yourself and to your scholars. How different that problem! The task, before a torture, is now a source of pleasure; that stone is cleaved, and the gem longed for in vain before, now comes forth to meet your delighted eyes. Just so it is all through life. Be in earnest and you succeed; but be remiss and you fail. Then let your motto ever be earnestness and your watchword success.

A new Presbyterian college is to be located at Marshall, Mo. The town gives one hundred and forty-two thousand dollars in money, and twenty thousand dollars in land. Generous place!

LITERARY.

TWO CITIES.

By M. S. M., '91.

I look from the mountain top into the west,
Where the sun his cloud curtain draws going
to rest.

Below the dim city lies throbbing with life,
For not e'en the twilight calm hushes its strife.

I hear distant sounds of the hurrying feet,
Of the workers that throng thro' each alley
and street.

How ceaselessly ever in joy or despair
Life's restless tides flow thro' the dim city
there.

But over the tree-tops, just lifting my eyes,
I look where another—a fair city—lies.

From its rose-purple battlements airy forms
lean,
With faces as sweet as those seen in a dream.

See how o'er its domes and spires soft rose
bloom falls,
What a dreamy light shines from its fair pal-
ace halls.

Here blooms a bright garden of beauty untold;
There a shallop rocks light on a lakelet of gold;

And see! from yon castle wall, light hands, in
showers,
Are flinging bright roses and sweet passion
flowers.

Is it only a dream—that fair city of light,
Built up of the clouds that the sunset makes
bright?

Or is it the real, and that city below
A city of shadows where phantom lights glow?

Do I live among shadows and, catching a
gleam
Of the real and the true, say, "It is but a
dream?"

Who knows? Our weak sight cannot pierce
thro' the veil
Of the sense; would we lift it our trembling
hands fail.

But ah! it may chance when things unseen we
view
That our truths be found dreams and our
dreams be found true.

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO
WASHINGTON.

By F. J. D., '89.

ON a winter's day, the 22d of Febru-
ary, the greatest tax collector of
all the year exacts loving toll from
every heart that beats loyal to Amer-
ica and America's well being.

In a common service of grateful re-
membrance we yield loving tribute to
him, who from revolution brought inde-
pendence; from the subject remnants
of a kingdom brought civil liberty;
from thirteen separate and weak,
struggling colonies brought a great
nation. We revere him who bound to-
gether in immutable harmony, conflict-
ing and jealous interests through the
instrumentality of that constitution,
our glory and the admiration of the
world.

We remember that winter when a
few undisciplined, needy settlers stood
opposed to a great nation; defence-
less against hunger, for food was
wanting; defenceless against cold, for
shoes and blankets were wanting.
Oh, Valley Forge! Oh, Washington!
we thank thee. Thy courageous con-
science could neither be frozen out,
starved out, nor tired out, nor intimi-
dated. By that struggle, that long
cold vigil, those bloody foot-prints,
and that heroic suffering, we would
try to be somewhat appreciative of our
blessings and opportunities. From the
North, East, South, and West flow
invisible currents of reverent gratitude.
From every institution of learning,
from every establishment of mercy and
charity, from homes at every point of
the compass gathers near the Delaware

a deluge of loving remembrance. It flows over the fields of Bennington, Camden, Monmouth, Valley Forge; sweeps through Yorkton, and breaks into silent music against that grave by the Potomac where Washington sleeps.

The young Greek can look with sad contemplation through the pillars of the Parthenon upon buried greatness and say: "Greece was my country; Pericles my countryman." It is a noble title. The young Roman can look upon the melancholy ruins of the Coliseum and say: "Rome was my country; Brutus my countryman." It is a proud title. The young Venetian can

"Stand on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on either hand,
And think over the far times when many a
subject land
Looked to the wingéd Lions' marble piles
When Venice sate in state throned on her
hundred isles,"

and say: "Venice was my country; Tasso my countryman." It is a fair claim. The young Frenchman can look through the arch of triumph and say: "France is my country; Napoleon my countryman." It is a great connection. The young Englishman can look upon Windsor Castle, with its architectural beauty and great historical associations, and say: "England is my country; Gladstone my countryman." That is a grand title. But the young American can look upon the best school system in the world, the most intelligent, progressive, and happiest working class in the world, upon a land of liberty, peace, progress, and Christianity, and say: "This is my country; Washington was my country-

man." I ask if there has ever been a claim that included so much for humanity, for life and its sweetest hopes and possibilities, for justice and individual happiness.

As the anniversary of his birth calls us into considerations of a wider character than home or business ties to our country, it is fitting to consider its great founder, Washington, and his services to America.

I select three traits of his character, his courage, his devotion, and his calm wisdom. It is difficult to appreciate the order and greatness of his courage. It was not the courage of conquest, not the courage of glory, nor the courage of rage or revenge. It was the calm courage of conscience. We often think the age of remarkable opportunities, great distinction, and crisis is past. Many a man of to-day wishes he could have lived at the time when the constitution was imperiled by the doctrine of state rights, and thinks he would have thrown his life into the distinguished service of its salvation. He is sure he would have done it, the opportunity appears so plain and evident. But the chances are a thousand to one that, had he lived then, he could not have detected the danger, nor interpreted the times.

It is easy to see how the wreck could have been prevented after the ship's torn side reveals the rocks, but only the great navigator can meet the danger a great way off and save the ship days before it reaches the latitude of danger. Who has not said to himself, if he could have lived in colonial days, he would have earned the gratitude of

posterity. The issue was plain, there was oppression and attack by Great Britain, revolution by the colonies. He would have united his power to the struggling colonies and steadfastly battled the storm and privation for independence. Yes, in these days by the light of Barnes' History, that looks easy. There are not ten men in a million who are living to-day, who, if they had lived then, could have detected the issue at stake. The penurious saw not the issue, but said, There is nothing to fight for, there is no visible estate to battle for. We have only a little land. If we are neutral, we can keep our homesteads and save our crops; if we fight, we may be killed, and in the end gain nothing. The crafty did not see the issue, but said, What is the necessity of making such a rumpus over a tax on tea? If we are neutral, we can remain comfortable, and in some way dodge the demand. If we fight, what shall we gain? Nothing at the utmost but a free tax. But few of the brave and the wise saw anything beyond a quibble and a short insurrection. Washington, in that distant era of our history, stands grandly alone. In the tea tax he saw the ancient principle of monarchial oppression. In the growing dissent he saw the grandest revolution for civil liberty the world has ever known. In those struggling towns and lonely settlements, he saw stretching away, Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, those manufacturing towns along the rivers, and those great agricultural communities in the interior. His great soul saw that, and also the suffering, the priva-

tion, the long hard struggle, but his great courage faltered not. Regulus immortally resisted Rome, but wealthy, powerful, independent Carthage was at stake. Eight long years Washington, with only a few detached subjects, resisted Great Britain with villages at stake. Cæsar made immortal conquest in and about Rome, but a great empire and subject nations was his prize. Washington revolted against a great nation with seemingly no other prize to be gained than the right to say how much they should be taxed. Napoleon intimidated all Europe and founded a great military empire, but he had an army matchless in enthusiasm and equipage, backed by a powerful nation. Washington defeated Great Britain, and founded a government on the principles of justice and equality, with only a small army poorly armed, needy and suffering untold agony, backed only by thirteen colonies.

That was courage, sublime, Godlike courage, courage of the soul, the conscience, and of an unwavering belief in God.

Perhaps his most remarkable distinction was his devotion to the cause in which he was engaged. There was a penurious and vacillating Congress, quick to censure, but slow to appropriate even the barest necessities for the soldiers. The soldiers, therefore, were loth to recruit. There were many like Gates and Conway, self-interested and obstinate, clamorous to be recognized, but resenting a slight. Arnold, jealous, self-willed, goaded almost to madness by the way Congress treated him,

sold his country for eternal shame. These same blunders of Congress, the same causes of jealousy and contention were pressing against Washington, and had he been jealous, or self-willed, or obstinate, or hasty, he would have failed. He sank himself in his cause. His self-renunciation and devotion were supreme. The shafts of resentment, of jealousy, could not reach him. He was not insensible, but nothing could supersede or detract his devotion to that Continental army, and to the cause of freedom. How often great men to-day withdraw from great enterprises on account of real or fancied personal injury. How quick a slight will curdle enthusiasm. Washington was the light and soul of the army. His devotion neither slept nor slumbered, but pursued the apparent path of duty until the hopes of Lord Cornwallis were at an end. And his works tumbling in ruin about him compelled that surrender which marked the sunset of British rule in America and the sunrise of our loved and happy country.

But the crowning element in the character of this great man was his calm wisdom displayed from the surrender at Yorktown to the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. Great discontent prevailed among the officers and men. The army was almost destitute; there were days when the troops were absolutely in want of provisions, and "the pay of the officers was greatly in arrears." Meantime, "anonymous papers of a dangerous character having been circulated, Washington summoned his officers and addressed them in be-

half of Congress." Influenced by him, they passed resolutions declaring that no circumstances of distress or danger should induce them to sully the reputation and glory they had acquired at the price of their blood and eight years of faithful service.

Washington the soldier was merging into Washington the statesman.

At this time the "government of the colonies was prostrate in the dust, and it was feared there was not energy enough in the state to establish the civil powers." There was a general want of compliance with Congress. The prediction of trans-Atlantic foes, "leave them to themselves and their government will dissolve," seemed about to be verified. Washington stayed the rising discontent and ripened legislative assemblies into a plan from which our Constitution was formed. On the 30th of April, 1789, George Washington became the chief magistrate of our great nation. The calm wisdom of his administration was recognized by the sovereign states of Europe.

Washington sleeps by the Potomac, but as long as courage, devotion, and wisdom abide in our land, his name shall be revered. As wise patriots, devoted citizens, and courageous men, may we cherish his great memory in our loyalty to our native land!

REWARD.

By G. H., '90.

I think the noblest souls of all
Are often to the world unknown;
But hearing always duty's call,
Eternal ages are their own.

REBECCA.

BY T. M. S., '90.

IDEALS of character are as numerous and varied as humanity. Some are exalted to a perfection of beauty beyond all possible human attainment, while others are ignoble compared to the ordinary characters with whom we touch elbows every day. In the whole galaxy of ideals there is none more simple, more pure, more noble than Scott's fair Jewess, Rebecca. Beautiful in person as the proudest queens that have swayed the realms of luxury and fashion, no less was she beautiful in character. Nor were her virtues so ethereal as to be intangible, so manifold as to be incomprehensible, so transcendently lofty as to discourage the aspiring. Hers was a nature subject to like passions with ourselves, and yet possessing a purity of thought, a grandeur of action, a loftiness of purpose that nobly vanquish evil and enthrone the good—a nature that stirs the best within man and makes the heart leap with diviner aspirations.

The Jewish race had long been despised as the off-scouring of creation, and detested as the embodiment of sneaking meanness and soulless greed. We might expect Rebecca to have inherited the views of her race. She sees an impassable gulf between her and the Christian world. Daily insults brand upon her heart the wrongs of her people. A galling sense of injustice might have generated hatred toward her oppressors. But no; her virtues yield their rarest fragrance only when she lies crushed and helpless at the feet of her enemies. Hatred toward

her oppressors, retort for their insults are as foreign to her as thermal springs to the north pole. She bears herself with a proud humility, whose charm and dignity are at once the admiration and the envy of the nobility.

She attributes not to mortals the cause of her oppression. A hidden hand wields the lash. 'Tis heaven's decree to which she calmly submits. Man is but the Almighty's tool and does not merit her displeasure. All humanity, too, are children of the one great Father. Jew and Gentile, friend and foe, alike have claim upon her generosity. As gentle as a mother's touch, her delicate hand soothes the fevered pain alike of noble, churl, or outlaw.

She recognizes, too, the dignity and grandeur of the human soul. Nor can any consideration induce her to mar it. As easily remove yonder sun from his course as swerve Rebecca from her sense of honor. Insidious advances, however blandly made, never escape detection from her faultless intuition. The severest test discloses no alloy in her pure nature. The Knight of the Temple may dazzle with promises of awaiting renown and envied splendor, but with proud lowliness that scorns the very appearance of baseness, the intrepid maiden rises to a sublimity to which his base imagination dares not ascend, and bears with her the dignity and grandeur of womanhood. Destruction in whatever form is preferable to dishonor. What is a leap from the verge of yonder parapet into the very arms of death compared to a stain on her character! To spring from a

dizzy battlement and land a shattered corpse below, to perish in a shroud of flame with the castle's smouldering ruins for a sepulcher, to burn at the stake a victim of demoniac superstition—enduring the more cruel taunts of human fiends,—these have no terrors to a conscience dauntless in its fidelity.

But the sublimity of her character is most strikingly revealed in the influence she exerts. No one knows her but to revere her. Race contempt is slain. Beneath her spell the vilest soul is transformed. Virtues, pure and lofty, long dormant in the Temp- lar's breast, are revived by her presence. He who yesterday would mock at purity, to-day would die for her honor. Well might she espouse the cause of humanity. None more rich the needy to aid; none more able the debased to elevate. Loyal Jewess though she was, few are more truly Christlike.

“In pureness and in all celestial grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excel, and seemed of angel race,
Living on earth like angel new divined,
Adorned with wisdom and with chastity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify.”

UNDER THE SNOW.

By N. G. B., '91.

Under the snow
The wild flowers grow,
While the cold March winds are blowing—
The snow-drop white
And the crocus bright,
And the violets—all are growing
Under the snow.

Under our feet,
'Neath the ice and sleet,

While the rain is drearily falling,
My listening ear
Can almost hear
The flowers to each other calling,
Under our feet.

In a little while
The sun's glad smile
Will tell them their chains are broken,
And the winter drear
Will flee in fear
When the magic word is spoken,
In a little while.

We patiently wait
Till the spring-time late
Shall banish the winter dreary;
And till God's smile makes glad
The hearts that are sad,
And the feet shall find rest that are weary,
We patiently wait.

THE FIRST OF THE NINE- TEENTH CENTURY POETS.

I. WHAT PRODUCED THEM AS A BODY?

By C. D. B., '89.

POETS are poets, whether they be Ayrshire plowmen, negro slaves, or men born with the golden spoon of luxury in their mouths. Largeness of soul makes poets. Poetic fire, if born in the soul, cannot be quenched. The physical and mental atmosphere surrounding it, however, may add fuel to its burning and itself blaze, or strangle and smother it, with unflammable gases, into smouldering. Primitive ages are unproductive in poesy, not from a want of poetical genius but from a want of causes to arouse and stimulate it into action. In more progressive ages there are innumerable conditions that aid its development—ambition, contact of mind with mind, and contemplation of the vast and infinite in the material and spiritual universe.

Poets, no less than sculptors, architects, philosophers, and painters are in one sense the creators and in another the creations of their age. From this none are free. Poetical genius, as it manifests itself, is the bodying forth of a large imaginative and emotional mental life, modified, more or less, by external influences. In the "Iliad," Homer urges the necessity of union and good understanding between confederate states and princes engaged in war with a powerful and common enemy; for in his time the Median monarchy was becoming so potent that the united exertions of the Greek states was required to prevent their enslavement by their encroaching neighbor. Virgil, who lived in the age of the Roman emperor, Augustus, when the Roman government was changing from a republic to a monarchy, mingled in the "Æneid" the free spirit of a citizen with the servility of a courtier. The lot of John Milton's existence was cast on that border-land that separated the Renaissance from the Reformation. Consequently he was a pagan in expression and a Puritan in thought, and blent in his poetry the earnestness and severity of Calvin and Luther with the splendor and magnificence of Spenser and Shakespeare.

Say what you will, literary works mirror the age in which they are written. Physical and material conditions, form of government, religion, customs, morals,—all these and many more help to form the mold into which literary genius runs itself. Shakespeare's characters are true to nature, but they wear an Elizabethan dress. So are Burns';

but were Robert Burns alive to-day in Christian New England would he write "The Jolly Beggars" or "Tam O'Shanter"? Goethe wrote Greek tragedies, but there is that about them which savors of Goethe and the nineteenth century.

It is our intention, governed somewhat by the above thoughts, to show what produced the nineteenth century poets, what their characteristics were, and what gave rise to them.

I. Could the nineteenth century poets have flourished when Roman Cæsar crossed the British Channel and had his egg-shell boats cracked against her chalky cliffs? No; and why not? The naked savage that runs upon the ocean shore may, stringing a tortoise shell, produce thereby an untaught harmony, but his songs will be in one sense like those of the birds, non-progressive; for the germ of genius in his soul reaches out in vain for mind-soil from which to obtain nourishment. But let this same savage grow up surrounded by a Greek or an Italian civilization, and what grand possibilities open before him? Poets must have materials and implements to work with and a stimulating mental atmosphere around them before they will labor. A people spring into existence as the Athenian Greeks, speaking the same language, governed by the same laws, and worshiping the same gods. Centuries pass. Against Persian Xerxes, shoulder to shoulder they fight at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. A national kinship is created, and a mind-atmosphere that even the children breathe. Then, the way being thus prepared, poets appear.

Again, before poetry or the fine arts can flourish, wealth must be accumulated, so that people may have leisure to cultivate the finer elements in their natures. In conjunction with this, often a new event or idea sets the whole machinery of the mind in motion, as the introduction of Greek learning into Italy was the mainspring of the Italian Renaissance. The truth of the former of these thoughts is amply proved by the fact that the greatest poets, painters, sculptors, and architects flourish in the midst of the greatest national prosperity. When Athens was the first state in Greece, came Phidias, Æschylus, and Sophocles. When the Roman legions had robbed the Orient of her wealth appeared Virgil and Horace. In the age of Louis XIV., when France held sway over central Europe, flourished Corneille, Racine, and La Fontaine. When popedom was at the zenith of its power, and held its iron hand upon the wealth of Christendom, Michael Angelo chiseled his David, Dante wrote his "Divine Comedy," and Raphael painted his Madonna. When England had shaken herself loose from the Continent, when she had conquered Pope Sextus V. in the shape of Spanish Philip's Armada; when, in the words of her greatest poet, she was a match for "the three corners of the world in arms," lived Shakespeare, Jonson, Spenser, Bacon, and Hooker.

So two causes united to give us the nineteenth century poets, England's marvelously increasing material prosperity and a revolution in European thought.

The Indies pouring into her lap their almost inexhaustible riches, her naval victories against France and Spain under Nelson, her leadership in the overthrow of the Napoleonic empire, the improvement of the steam engine, the invention of the spinning-jenny and power-loom, and the great innovations in her modes of agriculture, transportation, and drainage, were causes that gave England sway over more extended realm than ever the Roman arms reduced to subjection. They doubled her population in fifty years; increased her imports threefold, her exports and tonnage of vessels, sixfold; and, creating an intelligent and industrious middle class, made possible and necessary a much more extended and catholic literature than had hitherto existed. This rising tide of prosperity bore on its bosom education and enlightenment. Leisure for reading and travel, that before had been the privilege of the favored few, now became that of the many. Throughout the length and breadth of the land a broader and deeper intellectual life was leavening the masses.

Meanwhile, German and French thought was making itself felt. The Germans, under the leadership of their Goethes, Kants, and Schillers, invading unexplored intellect realms, were procuring new fruits and meats of thought. The French were concocting from atheism, sentimentalism, immorality, and democratism, a mixture that, fermenting into madness and anarchy, became a social dynamite which, exploding, shattered into atoms their monarchy. Of these mental viands the English

poets ate and drank immoderately. French and German ideas everywhere gave impetus and direction to poetic thought, without which the nineteenth century poets would not have appeared so soon, perhaps not at all. Everywhere we find the English Pegasus weighed down by a foreign burden and guided by a foreign bit. What produced anarchy and the guillotine in France spent itself in vain words in England. For she had long ago changed her absolute monarchy for a constitutional one, and thus effectually bridged the chasm that yawned between feudalism and democratism into which France blindly plunged.

So the first cause, material prosperity, broadening and deepening human experience, rendered the poetical era possible and necessary; while the second, a revolution in European thought, supplying the mind with materials for thought and contemplation, roused it to action and characterized its productions.

(Concluded in April number.)

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SHELLEY'S "LINES TO AN
INDIAN AIR."

BY E. F. N., '72.

IT is always interesting to be admitted in any degree into a poet's work-room. In addition to the curiosity that prevails concerning their personal habits and associations, there is also much interest felt in their literary methods. This extends to the fashioning of single poems, so that besides the many who are charmed by the finished product, there are some to whom the interlined manuscript is

nearly as valuable. An essay of Mr. Horace Scudder "On the Shaping of Excelsior" is a notable instance of the interest which skillful hands can develop from a poet's manuscript. It is not without aught so interesting that I have to deal. I wish only to call attention briefly to a well-known lyric of Shelley and a few variations in it as cited by Robert Browning. I begin by quoting the lyric, well known as it is, for convenience of reference, giving it as printed in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*:

I arise from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of Thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

It is quite possible that most of those who may read this are familiar with the letter from which I quote. It was the joint production of the Brownings, and was written to Leigh Hunt, October 6, 1857. I find it in a brief memoir by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, prefixed to Mrs. Browning's letters to R.

H. Horne. The quotation is from Mr. Browning's part of their joint letter. The allusion "to the destruction of a volume of 'Lamia, Isabella,' etc.," is obscure to me, and I only mention it to indicate the "book" mentioned in the following extract, which needs no explanation: "Is it not strange that I should have transcribed for the first time, last night, the 'Indian Serenade,' that, together with some verses of Metastasic, accompanied the book? That I should have been reserved to tell the present possessor of them . . .

. . . *what the poem was, and that it had been published!* It is preserved religiously; but the characters are all but illegible, and I needed a good magnifying glass to be quite sure of such of them as remain. The end is that I have rescued three or four variations in the reading of that divine little poem, as one reads it, at least, in the 'Pasthumous Poems.' It is headed the 'Indian Serenade' (not 'Lines to an Indian Air'). In the first stanza the seventh line is, 'Hath led me'; in the second, the third line is, 'And the champak's odors fail'; and the eighth, 'O! beloved as thou art!' In the last stanza, the seventh line was, 'Oh, press it to thine own again.' Are not all these better readings (even to the 'Hath' for 'Has')?"

In Palgrave's, as will be seen, none of these variations are given, save the third. I have no copy of Shelley at hand. In a number of *The Independent* issued last year, Mr. T. W. Higginson writes, concerning "one of Shelley's own note-books, filled to overflowing with his poems in manu-

script, and rich in those interlineations and corrections which let us into the secret places of a poet's mind." This volume is now the property of Harvard College Library, having been for some time in its keeping under the restriction that no extracts be made from it. That restriction is now removed. In the list of poems in Shelley's handwriting appears "The Indian Serenade" ("Lines to an Indian Air"). Mr. Higginson gives some reasons for thinking that this note-book does not include Shelley's final corrections. As the authorities of the library have already published a facsimile of "The Skylark" as it appears in manuscript, there may yet be an opportunity to learn something which will help to show whether the accepted or Browning version of the serenade is nearer the original.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

The third annual convention and banquet of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, on Friday evening, February 22d.

The convention was called to order sharply at 5 o'clock, by President Abbott. The main business of the meeting was the remodeling of the constitution and the election of officers. About twenty delegates were present. The following papers were represented: *Amherst Student*, Wm. E. Chancellor; *Bates Student*, A. L. Safford, I. N. Cox, C. J. Emerson, G. H. Hamlen;

Boston University Beacon, J. W. Spencer, C. J. Bullock; *Brunonian*, V. P. Squires; *The Cadet*, C. G. Cushman; *The Collegian*, Samuel Abbott; *Dartmouth Lit.*, O. S. Warden; *The Dartmouth*, B. F. Ellis; *The Tech.*, W. H. Merrill, Jr.; *Tuftonian*, Geo. H. Hero; *Wesleyan Argus*, F. M. Davenport; *Williams Lit.*, F. J. Mather, Jr.; *Williams Weekly*, C. L. Ward; *W. P. I.*, Edwin G. Penniman.

The officers for the present year are as follows: President, Samuel Abbott; Vice-Presidents, G. H. Hamlen, O. S. Warden, E. G. Penniman; Recording Secretary, J. W. Spencer; Corresponding Secretary, F. M. Davenport; Treasurer, V. P. Squires; Executive Committee A. B. McNeill, J. S. Bacheller, H. A. Hathaway, C. G. Cushman, B. Colby, H. A. Smith, and the chairmen of the *Harvard Advocate*, *Bowdoin Orient*, and *University Cynic*.

At the banquet, which followed the business meeting, the committee on resolutions, consisting of F. M. Davenport, W. E. Chancellor, and A. L. Saford, presented the following:

Resolved, That we cordially thank the outgoing board of officers for the efficient manner in which they have performed their duties.

Resolved, That this association hereby endorses *The Collegian* as a magazine for which, we believe, there is a call in the literary world, in college and out, and recommends it to the careful consideration of all the newspapers and magazines of the various colleges of the country and to their readers. The success of an intercollegiate magazine seems to us inseparably interlinked with the success of all intercollegiate journalistic associations, and we believe that the promotion of such enterprises as *The Collegian* cannot fail to foster the true ends of college living.

Resolved, That it be the sentiment of this association, feeling the vacancy made by the

death of Mr. Small and appreciating his valuable services, that sympathy be expressed to his college mates, his friends, and his relatives.

Resolved, That we advise earnest effort on the part of our officers to promote a friendly sentiment among all the colleges of the land and to that end hereby instruct the executive committee to endeavor to form an Intercollegiate Press Association of the United States, and report one year from now as to the feasibility of the project.

Resolved, That we extend greetings to the Central State Intercollegiate Press Association. We note with great pleasure the increasing interest in college journalism and the growing tendency to the promotion of good fellowship and mutual helpfulness.

Hereafter the convention will be held at Boston, on the 22d of February, excepting when the 22d falls on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, in which case it will be held on the preceding Friday.

C. J. E., '89.

LOCALS.

If you come to a puddle and can't go around,
Rubbers are low and you can't go through,
Rubber boots are at home or can't be found,
Then, fellow-student, what can you do?

Have you had the measles?

C. A. Record, a former member of '90, is in town.

Again we practice walking the tight rope from Hathorn Hall to the street.

The Juniors have been having some *shocking times* in the lecture-room lately.

The Eurosophian Society has recently organized a glee club of ten members.

At the last meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, held in Boston, G. H. Hamlen, '90, was elected First Vice-President.

I. N. Cox, C. J. Emerson, and A. L. Safford were also present.

The Sophomore prize declamations and the Senior exhibition occur this term.

The Sunday evening lectures by Rev. Mr. Twort are enjoyed by many of the students.

Several of the students closed their labors in the evening school, Friday, March 8th.

E. H. Thayer, formerly of Bates, '89, now of Amherst, and H. J. Chase, '91, were in town a few days.

Don't cut pieces out of the papers in the reading-room. The one who buys them may want that very article.

Prof. in Psychology—"In considering this subject, what is the first question that arises?" Student (reciting)—"Why are we here?"

Prof.—"If our supply of flour should be cut off, what could we live on?" Mr. N.—"Wheat, I suppose, and other grains."

We are glad to hear that the Freshmen have started class prayer-meetings. They are something that no class should do without.

Plummer, '91, will drill the Sophomores in fencing movements for the exhibition. Mr. Plummer has spent a year at West Point, and is one of the best men in Maine at fencing.

A certain Junior, reciting upon the parts of the steam engine, described the *eccentric* as a wheel with the center not quite in the center. We should say that that Junior has a somewhat *eccentric* idea of wheels.

Professor Dodge and Plummer, '91, attended the exhibition given by the Turnverein Athletic Association, of Portland, and took the part in the programme of fencing with sabres.

"Why do you keep shaking one hand all the time?" asked one young lady of her next-door neighbor in the gym?" "So as to remember that that is my *right* one" was the quick reply.

One of the editors came out of Parker Hall at noon not long ago with a big valise in his hand. "Going away?" inquired a friend. "Oh, no, I'm going for my dinner," he replied.

Thursday, February 28th, was the annual day of prayer for colleges. The sermon to the students by Rev. Mr. Summerbell was listened to with great interest. His subject was, "Paul the Student."

Prof. in Political Economy—"What is the reason that so many more *women* apply for some positions than *men*?" Student (quickly)—"Why, because there are *so many more* of them, I suppose."

Washington's birthday came with its usual respite from toil. The programmes of the societies consisted mainly of parts appropriate to the day, and after the meetings a sociable in the Eurosophian Rooms was enjoyed by the members of the societies.

The prize declamations of the Middle class of Nichols Latin School occurred Friday evening, March 8th, at the Main Street F. B. Church. The speaking was very good throughout, and reflected much credit on their instructor, C. J. Emerson, '89. The first

prize was awarded to Miss W. J. Woodside; the second, to Mr. W. W. Harris.

The Juniors have been given some wise advice. This is what that oracle, "The German Reader," says to them by the mouth of one of its priestesses: The priestess (translating)—"The lesson of this story is that it is advised, when one marries, that he take a wife from his own class."

Several members of the class of '90 lately visited the machine shop, and several stray locomotives that they found lying around in the region of the Maine Central Depot. They are now prepared to give positive information to all, concerning the "D-valve," the "dead-point," the propeller of a steamboat, the throttle valve of a locomotive, etc., etc.

"What do they call those long things that the girls wear 'round their necks?" asked an observing Freshman of an acquaintance. "They have some up to the college that are simply immense. Why, Miss — has one that is long enough to send a message on from Brunswick to Lewiston if you wanted to, and not *stretch* it any either."

Miss Chipman, '89, while at Rochester, N. H., gave instruction to a class of twenty-four young ladies in short-wand and dumb-bell movements and club-swinging. February 20th they gave a very fine exhibition at the Opera House, assisted by Professor Doldt, of the Portland Turnverein, Professor Dodge, Day and Garcelon, '90, and Plummer, '91. "The exhibition,"

says the *Rochester Courier*, "was equal to any circus ever seen in Rochester." We feel assured that the reporter who classes a gymnastic reception given by young ladies and college students with a circus must be a long way behind the times.

The lectures on Palestine, given by Rev. Selah Merrill, D.D., LL.D., under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A. were attended by full audiences throughout the entire course. Dr. Merrill is a very interesting speaker, and has spent seven years of his life in the Holy Land. His lectures were witty, instructive, and were listened to with the closest attention from beginning to end.

The students have decided to give a gymnastic exhibition in City Hall near the beginning of next term. The exercises will be given by classes, and the Athletic Association will give a prize for the best drill. The parts are taken as follows:

Young Women's Class,	Clubs.
Seniors and Juniors,	Rings.
Sophomores,	Short wands.
Freshmen,	Dumb-bells.

All the boys will give a long-wand drill together.

On the evening of February 27th occurred the "Senior's Spread." The banquet was in charge of D. F. Long, the *restaurateur* and caterer. The menu was extensive, and everybody was in the best of spirits. After the banquet the following toasts were proposed by toast-master Daggett: 'Eighty-nine; Saturday night; Loyalty to *Alma Mater*; The Friend at the Feast; The Ladies; The Gentlemen; Senior Ambition. The toasts were responded

to in order by Mr. Hatch, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Libby, Mr. Safford, Miss Wright, and Mr. Emerson. In addition to these, Mr. I. N. Cox responded to the toast, Next Season's College Sports, and Mr. Thayer, now of Amherst, responded to the sentiment, "Ever to thee my heart is fondly turning," as a tribute to Bates College, his original *Alma Mater*.

Eight delegates from Bates were among the hundred and fifty college students who assembled February 15th, at Worcester, to attend the Convention of New England College Y. M. C. A.'s. The meetings, beginning Friday evening and lasting through Saturday and Sunday were full of interest, and their influence will be felt through all the colleges. Sunday afternoon, at a meeting for young men, seven hundred and one were present by actual count.

At the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, February 20th, our delegates reported, for the benefit of those who stayed at home, on the things that impressed them most at the convention. "Bible Study," "Personal Work," and "The Responsibilities of College Men," were some of the subjects, and the zealous way in which they were treated shows how great are the questions, and how great the interest in them.

It costs from four to twelve hundred dollars a year to send a boy to college. The money invested in the four hundred dollar boy yields the greater returns.—*Coupe D'Etat*.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood will resign the pastorate of the Broadway Free Baptist Church, Dover, N. H., the last week in April, and make a tour in Europe.

'74.—Rev. A. J. Eastman has resigned the pastorate of the church in Ashland, N. H.

'78.—Rev. J. Q. Adams left his home in West Buxton, Me., February 28th, en route for Florida, where he will remain until the first of June, in hope of recovering his health.

'84.—S. F. Sampson and A. E. Verrill have opened a law office in Pollister Block, Auburn, Maine.

'85.—At the annual meeting of the Caledonia Publishing Company at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Charles T. Walter was elected director. Mr. Walter has been spending a short time lately with his friends in Lewiston.

'86.—A. E. Verrill, who has been studying with Savage & Oakes of this city, has been admitted to the Androscoggin Bar.

'87.—At a special meeting of the Lewiston School Board, Monday evening, John R. Dunton was elected principal of the Lewiston Grammar School, out of over thirty applicants for the position. Mr. Dunton is a native of Searsmont, Me., and is about thirty years of age. He graduated at the Castine Normal School and was elected principal of the Belfast Grammar School. He occupied this position until the time of his resignation to enter Bates College. He graduated

at Bates in the class of '87, and soon after was elected principal of the Leominster, Mass., Grammar School, which he retained until called back to Belfast to accept the position of principal of Belfast High School. He is a teacher of rare judgment and capacity and is a great favorite in all the places where he has taught. Mr. Dunton began his labors in Lewiston, Monday, February 25th.

'87.—H. E. Cushman of Tufts Theological School, preached recently in the Bates Street Universalist Church of Lewiston.

'87.—F. W. Chase has been spending his vacation at his home in Unity, Me. He will return to Lisbon next term.

'88.—Henry W. Hopkins has been elected principal of Somerset Academy, Athens, Me.

'88.—F. A. Weeman has been employed to take the Lewiston school census.

'88.—W. S. Dunn is stopping at East Poland, having finished his school at St. Albans.

'88.—H. J. Cross is principal of the High School at Winn, Me.

'88.—Miss Nellie Jordan is spending her vacation at her home in Alfred.

STUDENTS.

'89.—Miss Plumstead has rejoined her class.

'89.—Miss Chipman has finished her term at Rochester, N. H., and returned to her college work.

'90.—W. H. Woodman has finished his school at Gray.

'90.—Eli Edgecomb has been teaching at North Leeds.

'90.—Miss Brackett has returned from Harper's Ferry, W. Va., where she has been teaching this winter.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee has completed a successful term of the High School at Ashby, Mass.

'90.—Miss M. V. Wood is teaching in Dover.

'91.—N. G. Howard and W. S. Mason have returned from their schools in Raymond.

'91.—H. J. Chase is teaching at Bowdoin Center.

'91.—F. W. Larrabee has returned from his school in Eliot.

'91.—Miss Larrabee has returned from South Paris, where she has been engaged as assistant in the High School, a pleasant and profitable term is reported.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Nearly every college paper for February has some favorable comment on the *Collegian*. We readily join the line in response to a request for a notice of the second number. Its literary department is in advance of that in the first issue, and is of such broad range as to interest every one who cares for literature as such. It includes stories, descriptions, poems, and literary criticisms. Chief among these last, is one entitled "Nature in Thoreau and Burroughs." The author, in common with all nature students, is a great admirer of the latter; but, whatever may be the grounds for criticising Thoreau, he brings but poor support to his objections, and fails to apprehend the wholly

wild nature of the hermit. Did he appreciate the truth that "there is no great or small when things are viewed rightly," he would find nothing surfeiting or superfluous in comparing a battle of ants with human warfare. He has tried to measure Thoreau by Burroughs, and they are as incommensurable as the native backwoodsman and the summer Rambler. The following stanzas from "The Dead Nun" show the *Collegian's* standard of poetry:

The cloister waiteth, dark and chill;
 The convent court is deep with snow;
 In moaning gusts the wind is shrill,
 And on the midnight, deep and slow,
 The convent bells toll wailingly
 The dead nun's dirge; storm-shrouded, low,
 Peal out the death-notes solemnly,
 Uncertain in the muffling snow.

The chapel doors burst sudden wide;
 In blazing light the altar swims;
 And loud the organ's pealing pride
 Swells with the pomp of triumph-hymns
 Deep chanted by the priestly choir,
 Beneath a bishop's crosiered rod.
 Upon the streaming incense fire
 Ascend to heaven, Bride of God!

The *Williams Literary Monthly* is fortunate in having so constant and talented a contributor as Mr. Israel A. Herrick. We clip the following from an essay on "Chaucer's Love of Nature":

We consider Chaucer's poetry in its relations to Nature, as it affected him in the simple pleasure which he felt in the open air, as he used it in personifications, and as it was made a background for human actions, divisions which fit in with the productions of his early, more mature, and latest years. . . . While we smile at the extravagant praises and vows of service he has lavished on the daisy, though the birds sing sweeter, the trees are greener, and the sighing of their branches is softer in the worshipful month of May, yet we find his interpretation of Nature, "Vicar to the Almighty God," essentially true.

Here is also one of his poems that is far superior to those usually found in college journals:

THOUGHTS ON A RAINY NIGHT.

How keen the howling wind against the window breaks!
 How madly leaps the dancing, sparkling, snapping fire,
 Curling and twisting in fantastic shapes and forms
 Like eager demons chasing demons at their play.
 The distant forest crackles in thy blackening log,
 Without the rain is drenching fields and empty streets;
 Drop follows drop, in haste to reach the thirsty earth;
 Some falling into brooks and ponds are lost to view,
 The dark soil snatches others to its swarthy breast,
 Or on a leafy tree descending, they become
 The bath of bee and glitter with a thousand rays.
 Some feed the grasses and refresh the dusty roads;
 But here and there one falling to the earth aright
 Preserves the bloom of some choice flower or struggling shrub,
 Which, else that it had come, had drooped and after died,
 And *one* soothes the last anguish of a dying man.
 So men, the most of them in this our busy world
 Accomplish nothing, but become another drop
 In Life's still country lake or seething city sea.
 A few their mission find to furnish choice delights
 For all their fellow-men. 'Tis these who draw for us
 True pictures of their age and of their day and thought.
 These live in mem'ry longest since their mortal names
 Unto immortal works forever are attached.
 But in a thousand comes a rare and noble soul
 Whose drop of water to a suff'ring fellow-man
 The lost soul saves, and thus performs earth's highest good.

One of our exchanges recently took the *Nassau Lit.* to task for not maintaining its former standard of excellence. This may have been true of some past numbers, but the February issue surely deserves no such charge. Its poems are neither so numerous nor so good as those in some of the monthlies; but this is pardonable, especially when we recall Carlyle's saying, "No man should write poetry unless he must sing the thought that is in him." This bit, however, is worthy of notice:

VESPER.

How dear to me the sunset hour
'Tis then the Master Painter plies
His unseen brushes on the skies;
Reveals His wealth of power.

Of other days come memories
When Life was brilliant as the west.
By them my soul is lulled to rest
As though by well-loved melodies.

Its stories are good and do not run in the ordinary ruts. By far the ablest article in the number is a long essay entitled "Humor and Its Disciples." The author deals skillfully with the difficulty of defining it, and by careful references outlines its province and work. The extracts here given will show in a degree his method of treatment:

So far is the love of the humorous from being out of place among man's better qualities, that it is entitled to be deemed as excellent a part of his humanity as his love, his ambition, or his reflection. So far is humor itself from tending to degrade him that it may be regarded as not the least of the forces which uplift and broaden him. Let us not fall into the error of supposing that it serves no other or better purpose than to make men laugh. To awaken pity, to direct philanthropy, to arouse scorn for imposture and pretence, to kindle hatred for untruth, to stir up tenderness for the poor and weak, to attack pernicious customs and

petty vices—all these good works does true humor include within its mission. . . . Or more justly, perhaps, we may liken wit to a marble statue, whose fairness delights and whose symmetry charms, but whose cold impersonality and rigid inhumanity chill and repel; while humor is a warm flesh-and-blood personality—a human thing, capable of sympathy and response. Humor demands always good fellowship; wit shrinks from it. . . . Verily, wit is the child of man's intellect, but humor is the offspring of his whole humanity.

We should be glad to see *Education* oftener on the exchange table. The last number received contained much of interest and profit to the large proportion of Bates students who teach during their course. Especially valuable hints are given in "A Year with Longfellow," showing what may be accomplished in small schools in the line of literary culture by giving time and thought to a single author.

The *Wesleyan Argus* is justly incensed at the wide circulation given to an account of an extreme case of hazing at Wesleyan University. The report was wholly unfounded; but of course the denial will not be so widely circulated as was the story. Let every college paper do its part towards correcting this base slander against an honorable institution.

 ◆◆◆

 COLLEGE NOTES.

One million dollars have been subscribed for the erection of a college at Washington, D. C., for the education of Indians.

The corner-stone of a gymnasium building was recently laid at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. When completed it will be quite an imposing

structure, the only negro gymnasium in the world. Much of the work of procuring funds has been done by the students.

Prof. C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, and Chas. A. Borst, of Johns Hopkins, are in litigation over the ownership of a catalogue of 35,000 stars. This is the largest that has ever been made.

At the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and the University of Maryland, the ten students having the highest marks in the Junior and Senior years will hereafter be the Commencement orators.

Girard College has an endowment of \$10,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$4,000,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000; Cornell, \$1,400,000.

Startling! The young ladies of Cornell caught a live mouse in their hall. And yet higher education of women is condemned.

Nineteen thousand dollars in prizes and the income of \$180,000 in scholarships are annually given at Amherst.

A Western college has a father and son in the graduating class, the father being 65 years old and the son 24.

We learn that a professor in a Berlin university has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. We are friends of temperance in college and out of college, but what chance has it when an impecunious student can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence-rail?

A note is going the rounds of the college press with effect that at Rutgers, nine-tenths of the students are

professed Christians and nearly one-half are studying for the ministry. The Freshmen and Sophomores recently had a rush in the chapel. The trouble arose from the fact that both classes wanted to hold a prayer-meeting there.

Stanford University will probably secure as its president, Gen. Francis A. Walker.

The salaries paid Scottish college professors are far in excess of those paid in American universities. The most valuable professorships are those in the Medical Faculty at Edinburgh, some of which pay \$15,000, and none less than \$5,000. In the Faculty of Arts, the chairs of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics are worth about \$9,000 a year at Glasgow, and about \$7,000 at Edinburgh.

The Rev. A. P. Peabody of Harvard, in a recent letter, said: "I am accustomed to say to young men who are ambitious to write well, 'Study the English Bible. It will be worth more to you than all oral or written rules and than all other examples of English composition.'"

Out of three hundred and eighty universities and colleges in the United States, only one hundred and seventy-five publish papers.

The cost of education has been gradually increasing during the last few years in eastern colleges. Probably this fact is owing not so much to the cost of tuition as to greater extravagances and wealth of these better days. Some of the luxuries of fifty years ago are now considered necessities by the

college students, and all of this goes to raise the average expense. The following table, collected from the catalogues of the various institutions will be of interest both to students and non-students :

	1840.	1888.
Amherst,	\$118 to \$162	\$144 to \$268
Dartmouth, . . .	102	232 to 312
Williams,	85 to 142	245 to 364
Yale,	140 to 210	330 to 600
Harvard,	85	584 to 1,360

Below is a list showing the number of bound volumes in the libraries of the principal colleges of the United States: Harvard, 340,000; Yale, 200,000; Lehigh, 67,000; Hamilton, 25,000; University of South Carolina, 30,000; Boston University, 5,700; Brown, 66,000; Colby, 21,000; University of Vermont, 36,000; University of California, 38,000; College City of New York, 25,000; Ohio University, 8,000; Williams, 25,500; Rutgers, 30,000; Maryville, 10,000; Roanoke, 16,000; Wooster, 12,000; University of North Carolina, 25,000; Bates, 14,326; Bucknell, 10,600; University of Toronto, 30,000; University of Nashville, 15,000; Princeton, 63,000; Adelbert, 22,800; University of Virginia, 40,000; Vanderbilt, 15,000; Swarthmore, 20,000; Bowdoin, 48,000; Dickinson, 33,000; Syracuse, 75,000; Madison, 18,000; Cornell, 150,000; Union, 36,000; Columbia, 90,000; Dartmouth, 68,500; Tufts, 25,000; Pennsylvania, 21,500; Alleghany, 12,500; Lafayette, 22,000; Sewanee, 80,000; Wesleyan, 35,000; Oberlin, 8,800; Hobart, 21,750; Mt. Union, 5,000; Vassar, 16,000; Wellesley, 40,000; Rochester, 23,000; University of Tennessee, 6,000.

POET'S CORNER.

FRIENDSHIP'S CHAIN.

I know a chain more precious far
Than any wrought of gold;
It ne'er wears out by time or use,
'Tis stronger when 'tis old.

The bond of friendship is that chain,
Uniting us below,
And every link's a trusted friend,
Whose worth I've learned to know.
—*Wesleyan Argus.*

COMING TO ANCHOR.

The ship stands out in evening's glow
Upon a glassy sea;
And as the shadows longer grow
You hear no sound, save, far below,
The lap of waves, unceasingly.

The sunset fades; the stars peep out;
The moon's approach is slow;
Hark! in the distance, just without
The harbor's mouth the sailors' shout
So clear and sweet, "Heave O, yo ho!"

The ship's lights twinkle on the deep,
Her bells ring out, and cease,
The night begins her watch to keep,
The sea resigns herself to sleep
With one long, silent breath of peace.
—*The Dartmouth.*

IN LATER DAYS.

In later days it may be they will write
Upon her grave these words: "Here lieth she
Whom a sweet poet sung." 'Twould better be
And truer, to carve upon my headstone white,
"He ne'er had sung who rests beneath this
knoll,
Had she not put the music in his soul."
—*The Dartmouth.*

TO ALMA MATER.

O *Alma Mater* dear! To whom we turn
Our wandering thoughts, with hearts that
yearn
For thee and thine; thy praises we would sing.
From by-gone days whate'er time shall efface,
From memory's tablet it can ne'er erase
The fondest thoughts of thee, and of thy grace;
Which like our hearts shall ever to thee cling.

As through the flitting cloud the sunbeams
shine,
And lighten all with radiance divine,
So through the clouds that drift across life's
way
Thine influence sheds on us a cheering ray.
And as we strive to climb the path of fame,
The light that guides us on, shall be the flame
Which shines from *Alma Mater's* laureled
name.

—Brunonian.

PHILOSOPHY.

Live while live you may!
Sport in your youth with zest,
Life is but short at best,
All things have their day,—
Live while live you may.

Drink while you can with joy,
Drink of life's pleasures all,
Fairest are mixed with gall,
Sweetest will soonest cloy,—
Drink while you can with joy.

Love while love's fires burn warm,
Love while love's flames leap high,
Deepest of love may die,
Drowned in life's surging storm,—
Love while love's fires burn warm.

Strive while your life is strong,
Strive to dispel the night,
Strive for the truth with might,
Strongest can strive not long,—
Strive while your life is strong.

Live while live you may,
Life is so brief, so poor,
Death comes swift and sure,
All things have their day,—
Live while live you may.

—The Haverfordian.

Then Truth is not a song, a vague ideal,
The varying color of a rainbow beam;
And Life is not a poet's moody dream,
Mere music or wan moonshine—Life is real.

Our joys and sorrows are not vanities,
Weeping and laughter are not idle shows;
For to a loving friendship they disclose
The soul's eternal truths and mysteries.

Our God is not a dream-god, as some say,
Our faith a childish droning of dim creeds;

Behold our martyrs' grand heroic deeds,
To all an acting of a foolish play.

Our days, 'tis true, are lived but half in light,
In suffering for the lowly of all lands;
But, Oh! the greater toil that waits our hands,
The greater call to work with all our might.

Lo, through the listening silence of the years,
While on the toilers march in grim array,
I hear the day ring back to greet the day,
The battle paean of the pioneers.

—Nassau Literary Magazine.

THE WRECK.

Hark, how she grinds
On the rasp of the keen-pebbled shore!
List to the winds,
As they speed through her sails with a roar!

Fret, all ye waves,
Burst in full charge on her quivering hull.
Open your graves
To the deeps where the caverns lie dull.

Upward and down,
Beaten and bruised by nature's array.
Morning doth frown,
Fragments float on the froth of the bay.

Faces are gone,
That smiled when sun sank into the sea:
Hearts are forlorn,
And for aye, in the huts on the lea.

—The Collegian.

RONDEAU.

For summer days I often sigh,
When hills and woods in sunshine lie,
And merry birds sing in the glade,
While squirrels peep out, half afraid
To watch the wand'rer passing by.

The green fields and the azure sky
Then with each other seem to vie,
Which the more beautiful is made,
In summer days.

But now the leaves are seared and dry;
The merry birds all southward fly;
In vale and dell the wild flowers fade
And autumn winds the land pervade,
Ah! all in vain on thee, I cry,
O summer days!

—Undergraduate.

POTPOURRI.

"Who reigned after Saul?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of little Bessie. "David." "And who came after David?" "Solomon." "And who came after Solomon?" "The queen of Sheba."—*Luthervill Seminary*.

"He died on the field," she sobbed as she stood at his tombstone; "a gallant soldier, no doubt," broke in a sympathetic old man. "Oh! no, sir, he was hit by a base-ball bat."—*Whittenberger*.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

They strolled along through the woods together—
A manly youth and a maiden fair—
Gathering leaves in the autumn weather,
Tinted with colors rich and rare.

He said: "You are like the leaves in autumn,
With your cheeks of red and your hair of gold,
And your heart, like the leaves, the frost receives,
Ere its hues are seen—for your heart is cold."

The maiden answered, "It may be so,
You have known me long and perhaps know best,
But the frozen leaf soon thaws, you know,
After it's gathered and properly pressed."
—*Ex.*

Tit for Tat: Mistress (to Bridget)—
"Is it possible, Bridget, you are looking through my trunk?" Bridget (calmly)—"Yis, Mum, an' didn't I catch you looking through mine the other day?"—*Epoch*.

Professor—"Give the present tense of the German verb 'to eat.'" Student—"Ich liebe, du liebst—" "O, Mr. Manker, is that all you think about?" despairingly uttered the young lady professor.

Prof. (dictating Greek prose composition)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Sophomore (waking up)—"It is under my chair, sir. I wasn't using it."—*Central Luminary*.

A SERENADE.

A youth went forth to serenade
The lady whom he loved the best,
And passed beneath the mansion's shade,
Where erst his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
Came dancing o'er the hill-top's rim;
But no fair maiden blessed his sight,
And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze,
He drew much nearer than before:
When, to his horror and amaze,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

—*Lasell Leaves*.

Irate passenger (as train is moving off)—"Why the — didn't you put my luggage in as I told you, you old—" Porter—"E—h, man! yer baggage es na sic a fule as yersel. Ye're i' the wrang train".—*Punch*.

IN EXAMINATION.

Engraved on his cuffs
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States;
And they found in his palms—which were hollow—
What is frequent in palms—that is, dates!
—*University*.

Bob—"I tell you that new teacher is lightning." Bill—"No, he ain't; lightning never strikes twice in the same place."—*Ex.*

He was rescuing her from the waves, but it looked as though they would never see Boston again. "Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped; "Hold on tight. "Don't say 'hold on tight,'" gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic Ocean, "Say hold on tightly."—*Ex.*

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

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

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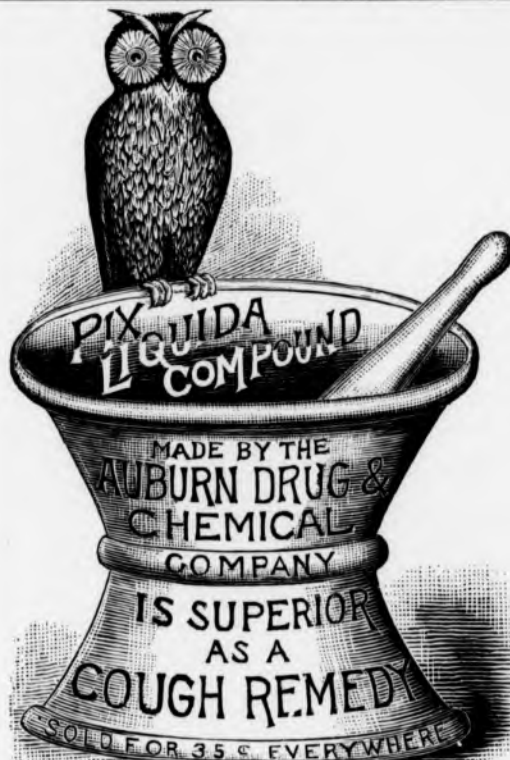
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