

10-1889

The Bates Student - volume 17 number 08 - October 1889

Bates College

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 8.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

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

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly
should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should
be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES
STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to
H. V. NEAL, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON,
MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

A QUESTION that often puzzles our students is whether they can afford to give to some or all the various objects that seek their aid. Where every cent represents hard work, either by the student himself, or by some one who is sacrificing much to help him, he feels as if he ought to get its full value in return for it. Consequently, when he is asked to give ten, twenty-five, or fifty cents to help on some object, he often hesitates. He may be generous. We believe he usually is. Any worthy object will command sympathy and assistance here, as quickly as anywhere. But the average Bates student has little money to give away. He is trying to get through college as cheaply as possible, and cannot be blamed for calculating closely. Yet it looks mean to refuse; and so, with an inward sigh, the money often goes. Perhaps on the whole it is best so, for the sum total of all such calls during the four years is not very great, and one can usually practice self-denial enough to save the amount, and be none the worse for it. But the same thing will be met all through life, and, while it is undoubtedly "Better to give than to receive," yet true charity does not give to everything, if

it did it could soon give to nothing. In some cases it is better to refuse, even at the risk of being misjudged. The true question to be decided in every case is not "How will it look if I help or don't help?" but "Is this the best use I can make of the money?" To settle this requires the consideration of many things, but once fairly decided, no one need fear the consequences of either a yes or a no.

HE that would have friends must show himself friendly," runs the old adage. Surely it contains a grain of sound wisdom that all would do well to heed. For who would not have friends? Certainly only the fool and the churl. No relation in life, outside the family circle, is more helpful and ennobling than friendship. But the true value of friendship depends more upon giving than upon receiving. Not what I expect my friend to do for me, but what I am ready to do for him, measures the real worth of his friendship to me, and also in a large degree the good I receive from it. Far too many are going through life wondering why they have no real friends, and never once dreaming where the blame lies. The truth is, they demand of a friend what they are not ready to give, or what is not theirs to give in return, and consequently they are always complaining that true friendship is not to be found.

The fault is wholly their own. If you are false yourself, or if you surround yourself with a bristling hedge of reserve, suspicion, and selfishness, you have no right to complain because

you have no friends. Friendship cannot live in such an atmosphere. But first be true and worthy of friendship yourself, then be warm-hearted, sympathetic, and self-sacrificing; in a word, "Show yourself friendly," and you will not lack friends, and staunch ones, too.

WE know that every alumnus will be glad when he hears of the noble step that so many of our students have taken during the past month. More than twenty have said: "Henceforth I desire to lead a Christian life." This is the *right* thing to do. It is the honest thing. At no time in a man's life is he more respected than at the moment when, for the first time, he bravely says: "I want to be a Christian."

We shall never forget those meetings—the one in the chapel after prayers, those class prayer-meetings, and those in the Y. M. C. A. room. They made our hearts grow warm, our faith get stronger, and our prayers go up that every one in college may decide for Christ. And why not? Every student is moulding his life after some type. He has his ideals—things that he admires in the lives of others—and these he strives to imitate. He may not be conscious of his ideals. He may not know that he admires that man's shrewdness but yet he wishes that he were more shrewd.

But to apply this, let us make sure that our ideals are right; if they are not, we may be sure that they are wrong. Are yours right? Are they the highest that you can find? Have you chosen the Perfect Pattern?

A STUDENT often makes a mistake in choosing his profession before coming to college. Such a student is apt to be biased in his studies. He imagines some studies will be of more use to him than others. He will, therefore, spend extra time on particular studies at the expense of others equally important. Performing work in this manner, he loses the true meaning of a college course. Moreover, it not unfrequently happens that a student discovers he has made a mistake in choosing his profession. His temperament or capabilities are not suited to that particular work. If, then, he has committed the double mistake of neglecting certain studies to prepare for a profession for which he is not suited, his college course has been signally barren. Every student should, therefore, enter college with the determination of making the most of it as it is. Then, with the knowledge of himself which a four-year's training in college can give, he will be better able to choose his particular profession.

E DUCATION, like money, is not an end, but only a means to an end. The student who makes his studies the sole object in life is sure to be miserably disappointed with his life-work. No man is worse than the intellectual miser. The man who hoards up money often tries to make reparation by founding some benevolent institution, but the old dried-up book-worm can not will away his intelligence. There have been some very good articles written lately on such topics as "Why am I a Methodist?" "Why am I a Free

Baptist?" "Why am I a Catholic?" We wish some one would write on the topic, Why am I an A.M., or an M.D.? We are sure the answer would be "Because, through my profession, I hope to reach the highest sphere of usefulness." This, then, should be the student's purpose. The student who has this purpose, other things being equal, will invariably be the most earnest. No student can afford to throw away his time, and no time can be better employed than *learning* to be useful.

WE are children of imitation. We are then obliged to be spectators before we can be imitators; but there is no necessity of spending the spare moments of a whole college course in idly looking on. This habit of looking on is prominent in the literary societies. There are always a few who attend but never take any part. The habit in this case is not wholly fruitless, for no one can attend either society without receiving some degree of good, yet it is fruitless comparatively to constant participation in such exercises.

But the evil to which the writer wishes especially to call attention is that of looking on while others are taking exercise. Day after day has he seen students engaged in exercise and as many more looking on. Now the difference between these two classes is, that the first receive good and improve their time, but the second, in this case, receive no good whatever and squander their time. There are a few among us with whom this habit is

becoming permanent. Now when they sit down to dinner why don't they look on to see the others eat, and then go away without eating anything themselves? The habit is just as preposterous in the case of exercise as it would be in the case of the dinner.

It is absolutely necessary to take some exercise, but it is not at all necessary to watch others; for if it were it would be necessary to idle away time. Then do not spend time watching others, but take your own necessary exercise and then devote the remainder of your spare moments to reading or to some other helpful employment.

A GOOD field-day, of which Bates may well be proud, passed with none of that friction between classes that sometimes mars its pleasure. All the difficulty there was came in connection with drawing up the list of events. The only way to obviate this is to have a settled list that shall take place every year, subject to no change except by the unanimous vote of the board of directors. This should be made now rather than on the eve of another field-day so that every one may know for what to train, and that no one may attribute a selfish, personal motive to any man's action in preparing the list.

Another thing that would add greatly to its interest would be a more general participation of the several classes. There would be more uncertainty in regard to the victory, and a large proportion of the students would be changed from indifferent on-lookers to

enthusiastic champions of their own class. Let us have the list of events prepared now, and then let every class begin at once the contest for the possession of the cup next year.

"MOTIVE," says one, "is the power that moves life's work." Whoever, then, enters upon any kind of work without the right motive, cannot but fail of the highest success. Let each one of those who expect to teach during the next vacation, ask himself what motive he has in teaching. Is it simply because the money is needed? If so, you are sure of failure, and you would be better off on some farm working for your board. Success in a great degree depends upon the interest manifested in the work. If you do not enjoy the associations of the school-room, you are ill-qualified for a teacher.

Teaching is a moulding of character. As the modeler moulds from the yielding clay some beautiful image, effacing all lines which mar and making definite all lines of beauty, so must the teacher learn how, from the yielding clay of human nature, to fashion a symmetrical and beautiful character. He must be master of his art.

Be social; move among your scholars as one of them when out of school hours, but be master in school hours. Be dignified, but don't be a pedant. Visit your pupils in their homes. From an insight into home influences you will be better able to understand what to correct and what to encourage in the scholars. Don't talk about the faults

or dispositions of your scholars, these are subjects for your own personal study and meditation. Don't tell all that you know the first week of your school. You will be put to your wit's end soon enough if you keep a large reserve.

Be a man in every sense of the word. Scholars do as the teacher does, and justify themselves by his actions.

These few thoughts, if well remembered by the teacher just starting out, may save him many a sorrowful hour.

LITERARY.

THE MINISTRY OF POVERTY.

By F. J. D., '89.

THIS is evidently an age of remuneration. In all the vast outputting of human energy, in all the great national and individual nets of enterprise that are broadcast, there is expected at each cast a proportional, adequate, and substantial reality in return. There are people in abundance who have magazines of brains and wealth which they will consecrate at a moment's warning to enterprises deep and high, but before you can induce a conjunction of men to sink a shaft one inch into the earth you must prove there is imbedded in the strata beneath a vein of actual gold. Prove that, and they will splinter the very bones of the globe itself. You can not induce a typical man of these times to chase a wild goose one inch, however fat and pleasing that goose may appear, unless you give the man collateral security for every step he takes and every breath he draws.

This is the age of collateral security; the age of convenience. The spirit of the age is to classify; to put a trade mark upon, and to measure the value of all things in terms of hard cash and marketable realities. This spirit has an active effect to lessen the essential dignity of human nature pure and simple; not that man is depreciated, but that man plus commodity receives a public exaltation and recognition over the man minus commodity, altogether out of proportion to the difference in the men themselves. This discrimination between man and man, based upon credentials that do not measure the essentials of manhood, is harmful, in that it begets a spirit that makes honesty and virtue and nobleness clothed in the garment of the poor, less attractive, and less to be sought for, than a perverted sense of right and a disregard for justice habited in the glittering ostentation of wealth.

When the crusades and pilgrimages of sentiment pointed their enthusiastic fingers towards Palestine, every man wanted to exchange his business for a horse and a sword. Now, when all this energy, and courage, and sentiment, and sacrifice, is consolidated into one tremendous determination to accumulate commodity, you can readily see what a power of personal and impersonal influence there is urging every man to do nothing unless he is assured of a metallic compensation. And you readily see that such a public spirit, inasmuch as it gives to all the desire, and at the same time such is life that the masses must remain inevitably poor, that it operates as a tremendous force

gravitating those in want into a condition of unhappiness and envy. I mention this not to decry the love of possession, but to show the almost superhuman influence that actually surrounds those born in poverty; hindering them from acquiring the higher life of taste, of imagination, of faith, and from attaining a symmetrical manhood and womanhood. And I also mention it to lift into higher vision the man who comes up out of poverty and distress purified, sweetened and ennobled by his adversity. I do not consider poverty desirable, and deplore any attempt to make it seem other than it is. I contend that the man who claims that indigence is a desirable condition does not know of what he is speaking, and is promulgating the philosophy of an idiot.

Wherein, then, is a man justified in representing poverty as a good thing? Because everywhere millions of men and women are crowded together in miserable circumstances, inevitably wedded to want, and, therefore, because such are the unchangeable facts of life; if there is any compensation for that privation, and if there is a possibility of turning that condition into an instrument of real development, then is one justified in representing poverty in colors like the morning and the evening, and in characters as legible as the hills.

There are two ways of encouraging the poor to action and to hope. One is what I call the empirical, or James A. Garfield method. It consists in telling a man who is in distressing circumstances how some one else, similarly

situated, escaped. It consists in taking a man as he stoops over his little trench of earth, and directing his eyes into the heavens of mortal achievement; and as you would trace Cassiopeia and Hercules in the night sky you point him to Garfield and Lincoln, and you say, "Look at these men; they were in just your situation, and see how enlarged and elevated they became." "Yes," says the struggling man, "a similarity in the burden but not in the bearer." To know that some one has swam the English Channel is poor consolation to a short-breathed swimmer. This method of encouragement by an analogy of circumstances and inconveniences, without an analogy of brains and nerve and heart, and this broadcast teaching that poverty is a sort of indiscriminate human flower-pot for sprouting great and prosperous men, is what I call the James A. Garfield method, good as far as it goes, but fallacious, superficial, and misleading in the generality; for a man may have all the infirmities and inconvenience of genius without having any Websterian or senatorial birth marks upon him whatever.

The other method of bringing courage and hope to the poor is what I call the psychological method. It is disclosed by looking inward instead of outward. It is a simple apprehension and exposition of how the faculties, and powers, and solid qualities of men are awakened, and strengthened, and inevitably drawn out under the tremendous demands of poverty, and the consequent enlarged soul-capacity and manhood resulting. This view, war-

ranted by the facts of life, returns a compensation for distress to the poorest of the poor.

Now how does poverty practically affect men? It subjects them to an immense pressure; the resulting character depends upon the nature of the man. Many it irrevocably injures. There is a class of strong, combative natures, who under the stress of poverty develop a preternatural shrewdness and hardness, they become as an immense and insatiable pocket which regards every transaction of life as an opportunity to fill up, and which regards every man as a pickpocket waiting for a chance to put in his hand. They are natures remarkable for their insensibility. They neither care for sneers nor sympathy. They can stand alone, and terribly alone they stand, for the deep invisible bonds of love and benevolence, and affection, that unite men stronger than chains, unite them to no man.

Says Juvenal: "Poverty has nothing in it more grievous than that it makes men seem ridiculous to themselves." That poverty should take down pictures and take up carpets is not the worst thing; that poverty should rub the paint from the clapboards and eat through the sills is not the worst thing; that poverty should clothe the man in rags, harden his heart, and fill him with smarting envy is not the worst thing; but that poverty should make a man look ridiculous and insignificant to himself, that is the death blow. Thousands have lost their self-respect through their associations. They live in a careless and miserable condition until it

becomes comfortable and home-like. The vulgarity of their surroundings takes away their heroism. Take away a man's self-respect and you have inflicted the last injury. Some way or other after poverty dwindles a man's possessions it dwindles him, until the eyes of the soul instead of looking out upon the deep sky and the stars shining at each other across mighty distances, looks upon a yard where loathsome creatures wallow in refuse. When poverty takes away a man's self-respect it unclasps the hands of his soul from God, from love, from everything noble and serious, and fills them forever with dirt. Those are the dark spots on the sun. Let us turn to the radiance.

Poverty has a noble ministration. What is it? "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yes, the grandest thing that God and man together could produce came out of Nazareth. An image, a life, that hovers over humanity as the sun over the flowers of the field, rescuing the human soul into a largeness and completeness incorruptible and eternal. So out of poverty come the influences and the elements, the chisels, the dies, and the hammers, which take that soul, disrobed of all earthly state and pomp, and fashion it more beautiful than genius' impress in marble, more lasting than life, and stamp it with an inscription and a story which forever reads to the world that this is a genuine man. From cushioned, soft and sensuous hammocks of luxurious ease; from the apartments where all the palatable things of this earth wait in splendid service to satiate the

senses; from that day spent in desultory combat with ephemeral trivialities, and from "that life that never thinks of its end, that lives in the present and loses the flow and movement of responsibility," poverty appears as a stone-heap surrounded by skeletons and famishing men. But from all the scenes of the past which shine through the centuries, luminous with human devotion, and labor, and sacrifice; from all the monuments that intellect and morality have reared, and where in the light of that day when hearts have bled for hearts, and wherein human emotions and experiences have assumed their largest powers and acted with their most ennobling influences, and in the belief that this world is but an island floating in the infinite ocean of space and that this life is but a ripple upon the wave of being; in the light of all these vindicators of human greatness, poverty appears as a rocky stairway, tiresome but leading upward, winding through the gloom and the darkness, but culminating in the starlit throne of an effective and incorruptible manhood.

Ah, poor man, as you sit in the afternoon, weary and perplexed with life, remember that divine assistance is yours; for religion—that mysterious whisper from the sky to the heart of man—has ceased to be a nebulous uncertainty. Jupiter is no longer swathed in clouds upon Olympus, but omnipotent has dropped an incarnate token of love into the very presence of man, and hungering and thirsting human hearts take hold upon actual divinity through the reality and personality of a living Christ.

SUNSET.

By M. S. M., '91.

The storm king's defeated; outflashes the sun
Hanging low in the west;
One more thrust of his sword, then, his victory
won,
He shall sink to his rest.

Beyond, where the clouds lie in masses of
black,
The dark foe lurks still;
But the victor's warm glory from out the cloud
rack
Fires valley and hill.

Some strange, sudden charm, some weird,
beautiful spell,
Has transformed all the scene;
Was it thus that the prophets and sages of old
Saw heaven in a dream?

Rough hills touched with glory, cloud banks
lying low,
As dusky as night;
Green uplands gold-lit by the west's mellow
glow;
A river of light;

That glides 'neath the trees without murmur
or breath,
Like a river asleep;
Till beyond in the shadows, like life merged
in death,
It glooms dark and deep.

There is silence, deep silence, in earth and in
heaven,
As they wait for the night,
While the angels write "Peace" on the dim
brow of even
In letters of light.

FAITH AS A FACTOR IN CIVILIZATION.

By M. B., '90.

THE Chaldeans consulted their astrologers; the Greeks, their oracles; the Romans, their soothsayers; Americans go to gypsies. Thus in all times have men been trying to peer into the misty future—to exchange faith for certainty. In their anxiety to know

what is before them they do not stop to think that their very ignorance is a part of the divine plan. They forget that faith, which can not exist in regard to what is positively known, is most necessary for true development; that directly dependent upon it are hope, imagination, love, and reverence.

Consider the first of these qualities—hope. It affords almost the sole inspiration to effort; and this not merely to the miserable,

“Who have no other medicine but only hope.”

The youth with a high ambition that he works incessantly to gratify, although he fail in his purpose, does much more for the world than if he had never felt a lofty hope.

Even the good things robbed of all surprises would lose half their sweetness. We should weary of them before they were realized. As for imagination, its peculiar realm is the unknown. Recall the words of Shakespeare concerning the function of imagination in poetry:

“And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things *unknown*, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to *airy nothing*
A local habitation and a name.”

How much imaginative power music requires from composer and appreciative hearer alike, is illustrated by the humorous story: “How Ruby Played the Piano.” Not only does the great composer hear in his mind the song of the birds or the roar of the thunder, but he so expresses his thoughts in music that he makes the listener imagine he sees the birds or the flashes of the lightning. To imagination we are indebted for all excellence in art.

The best paintings and statues are not accurate copies of nature but those in which the artist expresses his own high conception.

Upon this idealizing tendency of the imagination depends, in a degree, love. This, when directed towards one's country is called patriotism. It is that which gives his country's flag such magic power over a man. What is there in the “stars and stripes,” be they ever so finely woven, to stir a man's soul? Yet the loyal American soldier will risk his life to save from dishonor the most ragged, bedrabbled cloth on which these stars and stripes are marked, because in that his imagination sees his country.

But the noblest of the qualities dependent on faith is reverence, which the recognized limits of His knowledge inspires in man as nothing else could. Reverence is a characteristic of the greatest minds of all nations, heathen as well as Christian. If the immortality of the soul and the omniscience of the gods had been matters certain beyond the exercise of faith, what question could there have been great enough to develop a Plato or a Socrates? It is said of Demosthenes that if he “was a great orator it is because he was extremely religious. He constantly had the names of the gods in his mouth.” Moreover, while imagination has made painting, sculpture, music, and poetry possible, it is reverence that has inspired the most perfect works. The “Minerva of Phidias,” the “Madonna” of Raphael, the “Messiah of Handel,” the “Paradise Lost” of Milton, were all inspired by reverence, and

even Shakespeare is grandest in those passages which reveal deep reverence for a Supreme Being.

If faith, with the hope, imagination, love, and reverence dependent upon it, has done so much toward the development of individuals, how inestimable must be its influence upon civilization as a whole! Fully to appreciate its importance, one must imagine Greece without her Homer, her Socrates, or her Phidias; Italy without her Dante, her Raphael, or her Angelo; Germany without her Goethe or her Handel; France, without her Racine or her Hugo; England, without her Chaucer or her Shakespeare; America without her Washington or her Webster;—he must imagine the world stripped of the influence of all such men, and then he can see clearly that faith which made them great philosophers, painters, sculptors, composers, and patriots, has been and still must be a most important factor in civilization.



SLEEP.

By E. F. N., '72.

HOW few are the topics that the poet's pen has not touched and in some sense adorned. How widely varied, too, are the aspects presented by different writers. Few are they who con a subject so carefully as to catch the view of all its sides, as one glimpses the reflected light from many facets of a diamond. Especially is this true if the form of expression be limited as in the sonnet where complete mastery, both of thought and vehicle of thought, is rare indeed, and as grat-

ifying as it is rare. The old schoolmen are said to have given much valuable time to pondering such weighty questions as, How many angels could stand at once on the point of a needle. Had it been the fashion of that day, they might have spent the time quite as profitably and far more pleasantly in observing the varied ways in which a group of poems would illustrate a subject. We all have had more or less experience of sleep. It is one of the few things in life that does not weary by repetition. We never know just what awaits us when we trust ourselves to the Morphean realms with such unconcern, and yet we go again and again with a dauntlessness that, could we but realize it, we match in no other phase of our experience. And what revelations we have witnessed there. How the prosaic experiences of the "garish day" fade and dim before the untold marvels of the sleep-giving night. What haunting faces, what forms whose counterpart on earth we have never known, have flitted athwart our dream-swept vision as we have lain cradled in the arms of "Death's twin-brother." What scenes we have visited, what "caverns measureless to man" have we roved till on waking it did not seem so strange that Coleridge, inasmuch as he was a poet, should have dreamed Kubla Khan. Or in fevered fantasy we have "walked with demons, ghouls, and things unsightly" till waking was a terror and a pang.

Yet what amenities has sleep, "sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care." How many a weary, troubled wight has been soothed to forgetful-

ness by this "balm of hurt minds." What health and healing has innocent sleep brought to sustain life's wayfarers. Little wonder is it that poets sing the praise of sleep. It is one thing, however, to enjoy sleep, and another and far different thing to sing of it. We shall notice sonnet-song only. We shall therefore find less varied treatment than if we included all poetic praise.

First we will listen to Sir Philip Sidney who has early voiced in worthy strains the praise of sleep:

"Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see."

This is a genuine invocation, quaint, yet strong, artificial, perhaps, yet with the singer's personality visible in his song. The artificiality was characteristic of the age, and we doubt if anywhere, save in the literature of the days of "good Queen Bess," we find a sonneteer suggesting the possible vision of Stella's image as an inducement to sleep to become his visitant. But Sidney is ever a lover as well as a poet.

Let us hear next from Samuel Daniel

in a sonnet worthy to be read after Sidney's:

"Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain."

There is here a strain of personal sadness which demands a general rather than a special application, since Daniel appears to have been both correct in his conduct and happy and peaceful in his career. It seems to illustrate the truth that poets can be sad for others as well as for themselves.

We will listen now to William Drummond of Hawthornden, the friend of Ben Jonson. Leigh Hunt ranks him next to Shakespeare as a sonnet-writer, and says of him: "His sonnets, for the most part, are not only of the legitimate order, but they are the earliest in the language that breathe what may be called the habit of mind observable in the best Italian writers of sonnets; that is to say, a mixture of tenderness, elegance, love of country, seclusion, and conscious sweetness of verse." His sonnet to sleep fairly represents him:

"Sleep, Silence's child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppressed;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possessed,

And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
 With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
 Or if deaf god thou do deny that grace
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt be-
 queath;
 I long to kiss the image of my death."

Drummond is said to have been the first Scottish poet that wrote in pure English dialect, and Mr. Hallam describes his sonnets as "polished and elegant, free from conceit and bad taste, in pure unblemished English." All these sonnets have points of similarity, both in idea and expression, and well represent the sonnet-writing of that day apart from Shakespeare, who surpassed his contemporaries in this as in dramatic writing.

Scarcely an English sonnet was written, legitimate in form, till in Milton's hand:

"The Thing became a trumpet, whence he
 blew
 Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few."

But Milton wrote no sonnet on sleep, though that "On His Deceased Wife" we would gladly quote had we not drawn our lines this side of it.

So we come to the poet of whom R. H. Stoddard writes as follows: "If Wordsworth had been asked to name the successor of Milton, there can be no doubt, from what we know of him, that he would have named himself." Wordsworth wrote between four and five hundred sonnets, and Milton twenty-four, yet it would be difficult from the former's abundance to equal the worth of the latter's paucity, so rich is the quality of his contributions to English sonnet-treasure. As one of

Wordsworth's good sonnets is to "Sleep," we quote it:

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and
 seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure
 sky;
 I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie
 Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights more I
 lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth;
 So do not let me wear to-night away:
 Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
 health!"

This is excellent, and we could well have spared scores that he has written for a few more as good as this. Says Stoddard: "He wrote upon all occasions, and many of his occasions, it must be confessed, are of the slightest. To stub his toe was to set his poetic feet in motion, and to evolve a train of philosophical musings upon toes in particular and things in general."

We would gladly linger longer on English shores in our search for sonnets celebrating sleep, but we must now cross the water and in our own land and day see how the sonnet has voiced its praise.

We naturally turn first to Longfellow and find that he has touched this subject with his wonted grace:

"Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful
 sound
 Seems from some faint Æolian harp-string
 caught;
 Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought,
 As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound
 The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound;
 For I am weary, and am overwrought

With too much toil, with too much care dis-
traught,
And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
O, peaceful Sleep! until from pain released
I breathe again uninterrupted breath!
Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek
Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast,
Whereof the greater mystery is death!"

This is beautiful writing that all can appreciate and enjoy. The regular flow of the verse, the legitimacy of construction, the adaptation of form to sentiment, the classic allusion, are all characteristic of the writer, and we have enjoyed them often in other sonnets quite as worthy of his pen.

Let us turn from the Northern singer to him who has been called the "poet laureate of the South," who died not long ago at his retired home among the solitary pines of Georgia. How often may their murmured music have lulled him from wakeful pain to the slumber of which he sings:

"Fain would I quaff the wondrous wine of
sleep,
That wizard wine, so rich with Morphean
spells:
I drink! and lo! the dawn of twilight dells,
Dew-laden, calm; along whose pathways deep
Glide shadowy phantoms; some with eyes that
weep
Slow tears, and voices of forlorn farewells;
And some on whose sweet presence purely
dwells
The love-light none but blissful hearts can
keep.
Then widens the strange landscape, thronged
with forms
Familiar once as morning: here, arch looks
Flash through heat lightnings of a summer
mirth;
There, tones more musical than woodland
brooks,
When o'er their waves the murmurous May-
fly swarms,
Make lovelier still sleep's charmed heaven and
earth!"

This is the most purely descriptive sonnet yet. Accurate in delineation, graceful in expression, in this sonnet Mr. Hayne seems to have dipped his pen where Giles Fletcher and Keats caught some of their happy phrases.

We will next hear Edgar Fawcett in one of his characteristic productions. Mr. Fawcett has been a prolific writer; it has been said of him that "probably no poet of his generation has been more constantly before the public, in the magazines and newspapers." His muse finds stimulus in topics that many writers would deem barren of suggestion, and "he sees outside things with a new eye for color and form, and with vivid instinct for their relations to the realities within; and he sees, too, what need be merely a picture and a delight. . . . His observations of nature abound in appeals to the reader's mental and sensuous appreciation, and he can apply this exquisite perception of his to any sort of beauty with rich effect." Having thus learned what manner of poet he is at his best, let us hear his own voice:

"What footstep but has wandered free and far
Amid that Castle of Sleep, whose walls were
planned
By no terrestrial craft, no human hand,
With towers that point to no recorded star?
Here sorrows, memories, and remorse are,
Roaming the long dim rooms or galleries grand;
Here the lost friends our spirits yet demand,
Gleam through mysterious doorways, half ajar.
But of the uncounted throngs that ever win
These halls where slumber's dusky witcheries
rule,
Who, after wakening, may reveal aright
By what phantasmal means he entered in,—
What porch of cloud, what vapory vestibule,
What stairway quarried from the mines of
night?"

This is fanciful and effective, not unlike Mr. Hayne's in points of treatment. Mr. Fawcett is usually felicitous in his choice of words; he is also as fond of an extra syllable in his sonnet lines as any writer we know. Perhaps it is a weakness, perhaps a grace,—can it be called a mannerism?

Lastly we turn to a gifted writer of sonnets who produces such finished, such technically perfect results as one rarely meets. So exquisite are they that they seem the faultless creations of some "Enamored architect of airy rhyme." Mr. Stedman writes as follows of him: "To Aldrich, now in his sunny prime, the most pointed and exquisite of our lyrical craftsmen,—justly is awarded a place at the head of the younger art-school. He is a poet of inborn taste, a votary of the beautiful, and many of his delicately conceived pieces, that are unexcelled by modern work, were composed in a ruder time, and were thus a forecast of the present technical advance. They illustrate the American instinct which unites a Saxon honesty of feeling to that artistic subtlety in which the French surpass the world. Though successful in a few poems of a more heroic cast, his essential skill and genius are found in briefer lyrics comparable to faultless specimens of the antique graver's art. . . . Apparently spontaneous, they are perfected with the touch of a Gautier." His sonnets exemplify his best work, and "Sleep" is one of the best of these, possessing a grace and spirit which challenge our sympathy as well as our admiration:

"When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet, bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye may mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the
gray.

Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is
still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?"

SUPREMACY OF CONSCIENCE.

By B. H., '90.

WONDERFUL as man is in the combination of his various qualities, each of his faculties when separately analyzed is found to be equally wonderful. Especially is this true of that representative of his moral character, conscience, whose mysterious nature and ceaseless workings have so baffled the investigations of philosophers. If, as Darwin affirms, conscience is only the higher development of some instinct possessed by the lower animals, then the great distinction between man and animal is lost. But if, disregarding Darwin's ethics, we consider conscience to be the peculiar property of man, then he may claim its superiority, not only over any faculty possessed by the animal, but over all the other faculties of his own nature.

The conscience is the Pope of the human race. All the words, thoughts, motives, acts of men of every nation and of every religion are brought before the conscience, as before their Supreme Judge. The king is as much

its subject as the slave. The rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, alike owe it primal allegiance. Whence comes this right of conscience to dictate to all mankind? It comes from God. Our divine origin is here revealed, for man was made in the image of God, and, as a constant reminder of his grand original, there was given him a conscience through which the divine commands could be sent to the soul. Supreme in its right to govern man, the conscience is not supreme in the sense that all obey it. Yielding to conscience is voluntary; hearing its voice, involuntary.

It is often thought that universal obedience to conscience would, of itself, be sufficient to usher in the millenium. But consider a moment. Every man is indeed commanded to obey his conscience, neglect of such a command is a sin. Nevertheless were the dictates of conscience always followed, the world would be far from perfect; for, at the bidding of conscience the Hindoo mother throws her child into the Ganges, religious fanatics send the martyr to the stake, Charlotte Corday murders Marat. It was in obedience to conscience that Paul persecuted the early church, that Calvin ordered Servetus to be burned. It was in obedience to conscience that the Catholics reddened the land of France with Protestant blood, that our Puritan forefathers banished the Quakers, and hung the witches on Salem Hill.

Are these the deeds of the millenium? Crimes the worst the world has ever witnessed, have been committed by

the command and with the approval of conscience. Where then lies the difficulty? Simply in this: That conscience, although supreme, is yet dependent. While it is conscience that bids us do right, and forbids us to do wrong, it is the judgment that declares what is right and what is wrong. Hence, if the judgment errs in its decisions, conscience in urging the right to be followed may be upholding an act in itself wrong. The ideal state of humanity, therefore, is not merely that of obedience to conscience but of obedience to an enlightened conscience; and to this end all advancement in science, all progress, all civilization tends.

But whatever its state of enlightenment, conscience does not fail to maintain its supremacy. Yet as has been said, it forces obedience upon none. Each man is endowed with a will by which he may give or withhold his allegiance to this lord of the soul. But by the ceaselessness and urgency of its demands, conscience sways even a reluctant will. Its character is unchanging, immovable.

For the right, is its watchword. Conscience is the one regulating force of man, directing his path and preserving his character. Conscience is the one regulating force of society, securing all social order. Conscience is the one regulating force of the world, preserving peace between man and man, nation and nation. That this "sense of oughtness," as Joseph Cook calls it, should compel man by its almost inaudible voice to obey its will, should, by its condemnation, "make

cowards of us all," while on the other hand, one of its "self-approving hours whole years outweighs" is wonderfully significant, making plain the fact that while our Lord came to set up no visible kingdom upon the earth, yet in every moral being of His creation, has He placed a King, immortal, invisible, second to none but Himself.

◆◆◆

WHAT SHALL BE OUR NATIONAL FLOWER?

By C. W. M., '77.

O, dear to every Englishman
Is the fragrant-blooming Rose;
And for the bonnie Scotchman true,
Naught like the Thistle grows.

And dear to each true Irish heart
The Shamrock e'er will be;
While they of France love loyally
The stately Fleur-de-lis.

America, the land we love,
What is the flower for thee?
'Mongst all thy fair and fragrant host,
Some favored one must be.

With early Spring the May-Flower comes,
That dainty, tinted flower,
Whose buds have long in darkness lain,
Waiting the wakening hour.

In summer-time the Daisy blooms,
Low in the fields of grass,
And billows roll, all white and gold,
Where'er the breezes pass.

And then comes Autumn's glowing flower,
The graceful Golden-Rod,—
In every wayside, nook, and field,
Its branches wave and nod.

But better far, our choice shall be
The Laurel, evergreen;
From East to West; from North to South,
Its pink-tinged flowers are seen.

Erect, unchanged, in sun or storm,
Fit type of Liberty!
America, the land we love,
This shall thy emblem be.

—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

LOCALS.

Foot-ball.

Chestnuts are in the market.

F. S. Pierce has returned.

Don't run over the new terraces.

Gas has been put into the Gym.

C. J. Nichols and Eli Edgecomb have returned.

Both the College and the Latin School have indulged in foot-balls lately.

Prof.—"How do birds drink?"

Mr. N.—"They fill the bill, and—" (finished by the class).

Miss M. G. Pinkham, '88, has been training the Freshman girls on their declamations with much success.

Prof.—"Is that distance too little or too much?" Miss J. (innocently)—"I should think it was a little too much."

F. J. Chase, '91, Ralph Sturges and E. A. Crockett, '93, are teachers in the evening school.

The Sophs seem to need more light on that trigonometry, by the way they are using that chandelier.

The evening of October 10th was passed very pleasantly by a few of the students with Miss Hodgdon, '93.

Prof. in Zoölogy (reviewing from the first of the book)—"Mr. W. what is a cell?" Loud whisper from the back seat—"That is a sell."

E. W. Morrell, '90, badly sprained his ankle while playing tennis a short time since, and went home to recuperate. We are glad to welcome the disabled editor back again.

A little girl, who may go to college some day, is much interested in the surveying, especially in "that thing that they take pictures with."

The name of W. B. Watson, given in our last issue as one of the directors of the base-ball team, is incorrect. It should be F. C. Watson, '93.

Sophomore (translating French)—"Columbus discovered America in the year one thousand seven hundred—(hesitates)." Professor—"These sentences are supposed to be truthful."

The outside of the laboratory is completed. The stagings are down, and work is being pushed on the interior. To the Seniors has been granted the honor of dedicating it.

Prof.—"What is the utility of hearing?" Student (listening to some one telling him the answer)—"It enables one to understand conversation, and thus gives him a sense of joy."

Two new tennis courts have put in appearance, ready for use, west of the Gym—clay courts, equipped with back nets and all that heart can wish; thanks to the Athletic Association.

Saturday P.M., October 5th, Bates met Bowdoin for the first time since the beginning of the present college year. "The result," says the *Boston Globe*, "was a walk-over for Bates."

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Bates,	10	0	0	6	0	1	—17
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	0	4	2	—6

Nearly all of the students attended many of the meetings held by Rev. B. Fay Mills. Several times recitations were suspended on account of the deep interest felt in these greater matters.

The base-ball team has been partially re-uniformed. They "appeared out" when they played the Bowdoins on the 5th. The battery, Wilson and Emery, '92, have striped jerseys, garnet and gray.

E. Whitney, '76, sent half a dozen base-balls for the use of the champions of '89; a generous contribution, and congratulations have also been received for the ball team, from A. E. Tuttle, '79.

This term is whizzing along like an express train. It stops for Sophomore debates, Freshman declamations, and the public meetings of the two societies only. Don't try to get off anywhere else. No more stops till Thanksgiving.

While Pennell, '93, was sliding bases in the game of October 9th, he so injured a ligament in his knee that he will probably be prevented from playing any more this fall. The injury, however, has been well attended to and is not serious.

We know that the earth has made one complete annual revolution since last October. How? Because it has passed from a fixed point, back to that point again, *i.e.*, it has passed from Freshman "decs" back again to Freshman "decs."

Regular work in the gymnasium began Thursday, October 10th, under the new instructors, Garcelon, Woodman, and Miss Wood, '90, and Pinkham, '91. "Outside dip" and "inside swing" are no longer all Greek to the Freshman. That hard back swing surely ought to be easy for '93, and the gas will shed light on all the other difficult matters.

The College Band is doing good work. The number of members is now eighteen with more to follow. At the annual election of officers on Saturday, the choice resulted as follows: President, H. B. Davis, '90; Vice-President, Pugsley, '91; Secretary, Walter, '92; Treasurer, Beal, '91; Musical Director, Irving, '93; Leader, Libbey, '91; Executive Committee, Cutts, '91, Little, '92, Brown, '93; Membership Committee, Libbey, '91, Beal, '91, Watson, '91, Dutton, '93, Irving, '93.

Monday evening, October 7th, the Seniors had a Jubilee in Hathorn Hall. They rejoiced over the results of Field-Day, over base-ball, and even over "Sighchology" and the other ills that Seniority is heir to. The toasts show the trend of their thoughts, *e. g.*, "Field-Day," F. L. Day; "Base-Ball," W. F. Garcelon; "The Continued Essential Sameness of the Ego," Miss Pratt; "The Class of '90," H. J. Piper; "The Class Ivy," Miss Brackett; "The Weather," F. S. Pierce, although he did not know "*weather*" he could speak on that subject or not.

The Athletic Association held an enthusiastic meeting Friday morning, October 18th. A report of the football committee, announcing the names of those who should practice, was read by Woodman, '90. A letter from F. J. Daggett, '89, recommending the introduction of foot-ball, was read and applauded. Another letter from Gardiner was enthusiastically received. It contained contributions and congratulations for the excellent showing of the ball nine this fall. The following are the gentlemen who contributed:

Spear, '75; Clason, '77; Chadwick, '84; Prescott, '86; Wright, '87. Since then, Avery, '88, has donated a generous sum toward defraying the expenses next spring.

Friday evening, October 18th, George Kennan lectured in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Lewiston. Mr. Kennan is well known on account of his articles in the *Century Magazine*, and his lecture on "Camp-Life in Siberia," was listened to with the closest attention by a large audience. Our society meetings were postponed until Saturday evening, and nearly every student was present.

Saturday evening, October 12th, the Eurosohian Society tendered a reception to their new members of '93. All were in the best of spirits and everybody had a good time. After the refreshments a short musical programme was presented and the following toasts were responded to: "Loyalty to Bates," Peaslee, '90; "Our College Sports," Walter, '92; "First Impressions," Miss Hodgdon, '93; "The Class of '93," Dutton, '93; "Prosperity," Pugsley, '91.

On Saturday, September 28, occurred the tennis tournament. It lasted all day, and some of the games were very closely contested and exciting. Those who entered for doubles were Day and Garcelon, '90; Woodman and Garland, '90; Whitcomb and Davis, '90; Pierce and Morrell, '90; Howard and Sawyer, '92; Wilson and Skelton, '92; Sturges and Crockett, '93; Pennell and Woodworth, '93. Day, '90, Garcelon, '90, Woodman, '90, Garland, '90, Howard,

'92, and Sawyer, '92, entered for singles. Howard, '92, vanquished them all, and is therefore declared champion of the college. The finals in doubles have not yet been played.

Field-Day occurred Friday, October 4th. All the records of this year are superior to those of '88. The following is the order of exercises:

Standing High Jump.—Neal, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92. Winner, Putnam, record 4-3; second, Garcelon, record 4-1.

Standing High Kick.—Woodman, '90; Sawyer, '92; Emery, '92; Sanborn, '92. Winner, Emery, record 7-3 $\frac{3}{4}$; second, Woodman, record 6-10.

Hitch Kick.—Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Emery, '92; Sawyer, '92; Sanborn, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 7-9 $\frac{3}{4}$; second, Woodman, record 7- $\frac{1}{2}$.

Hammer, Heavy Weight.—Hamlen, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Neal, '90; Nickerson, '91; Pugsley, '91; Small, '91; H. J. Chase, '91; Beal, '91; Wheeler, '92; Sawyer, '92; Blanchard, '92; Putnam, '92. Winner, Hamlen, record 58-5 $\frac{3}{4}$; second, Putnam, record 57-6.

Hammer, Limited 140 lbs.—Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Morrell, '90; Howard, '91; Mason, '91; Pinkham, '91; Wheeler, '92; Skelton, '92; Sawyer, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 49-9 $\frac{1}{2}$; second, Wheeler, record 47-8 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Running High Jump.—Neal, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92. Winner, Emery, record 4-11; second, Woodman, record 4-11.

Putting Shot.—Hamlen, '90; Morrell, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Beal, '91; Small, '91; Putnam, '92; Blanchard, '92; Wheeler, '92. Winner, Whitcomb, record 31-2; second, Putnam, record 28.

Running Broad Jump.—Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Pinkham, '91; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Sawyer, '92; Walter, '92. Winner, Garland, record 17-10; second, Garcelon, record 17-4 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Throwing Base-ball.—Putnam, '92; Little, '92; Emery, '92; Pennell, '93. Winner, Pennell, record 312-8; second, Putnam, record 293-10.

Standing Broad Jump.—Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Plummer, '91; Cutts, '91; H. J.

Chase, '91; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Walter, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 9-5; second, Putnam, record 8-11 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Pole Vault.—Woodman, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Emery, '92; Wilson, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 8-6; second, Garland, record 8.

Hurdle Race, 120 yards.—Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; H. J. Chase, '91; Howard, '91; Cutts, '91; Pinkham, '91; Plummer, '91; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Wilson, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 16 sec.; second, Putnam, record 17 4-5 sec.

Mile Run.—Neal, '90; Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Nichols, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Cutts, '91; Plummer, '91; Skelton, '92; Little, '92; Buzzell, '92; Sawyer, '92. Winner, Garland, record 5-14; second, Skelton, record 5-15 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Three-Legged Race—100 yards.—Neal and Hamlen, '90; Garcelon and Woodman, '90; Day and Whitcomb, '90; H. J. Chase and Small, '91; Plummer and Cutts, '91; Howard and Mason, '91; Watson and Pinkham, '91; Skelton and Wilson, '92; Putnam and Little, '92; Sanborn and Wheeler, '92; Sawyer and Emery, '92; Blanchard and Ferguson, '92. Winners, Day and Whitcomb, record 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.; second, Emery and Sawyer, record 15 4-5 sec.

Knapsack Race, 50 yards and return.—Garcelon and Woodman, '90; Howard and Mason, '91; Cutts and Small, '91; H. J. Chase and Plummer, '91; Skelton and Wilson, '92; Wheeler and Walter, '92; Putnam and Little, '92. Winners, Garcelon and Woodman, record 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.; second, Putnam and Little, record 22 4-5 sec.

Half-Mile Run.—Neal, '90; Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Nichols, '90; Cutts, '91; Howard, '91; Pinkham, '91; Little, '92; Skelton, '92; Buzzell, '92; Sawyer, '92; Emery, '92; Walter, '92; Plummer, '91. Winner, Emery, record 2-26 $\frac{3}{4}$; second, Garland, record 2-37.

Mile Walk.—Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Nichols, '90; H. J. Chase, '91; Cutts, '91; Skelton, '92; Little, '92; Emery, '92; Wheeler, '92; Sawyer, '92; Blanchard, '92. Winner, Skelton, record 8-42; second, Little, record 8-50 $\frac{1}{4}$.

220-Yards Dash.—Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Little, '92; Wilson, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 25 sec.; second, Putnam, record 27 sec.

100-Yards Dash.—Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Pinkham, '91; Plummer, '91;

Small, '91; Putnam, '92; Wilson, '92; Emery, '92; Walter, '92; Winner, Garcelon, record 10 3-4; second, Putnam, record 11 1-5.

2-Miles Go-As-You-Please.—Neal, '90; Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Nichols, '90; Hamlen, '90; Skelton, '92; Little, '92; Sawyer, '92; Buzzell, '92; Emery, '92. Winner, Skelton, record 12-40; second, Garland, record 13-30.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. G. S. Ricker has resigned the pastorate of the Olivet Congregational Church, Kansas City, Mo., to accept a renewed call to the Church of the Redeemer, St. Louis, Mo.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Bath, had a very pleasant vacation in Europe last summer.

'73.—C. B. Reade, late clerk of the Senate Committee on Commerce, of which Senator Frye is chairman, has been promoted to the position of Deputy Sergeant of Arms of the Senate.

'81.—W. J. Brown, who was obliged to resign his position as principal of the High School at Sauk Centre, Minn., last year on account of serious ill health, and remove to a warmer climate, is able to commence teaching again, and has been elected Professor of Normal Science in the U. S. Grant University, Athens, Tenn.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge was admitted to the Androscoggin bar at the Supreme Court, October 1st, after a long and thorough examination. Mr. C. was complimented by the Court upon the excellence of his examination and with just reason.

'81.—Rev. F. E. Emerson is pastor of the Congregational Church at Madison, Minn.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard has retired from the New Britain (Ct.) *Daily Herald* and will devote his attention to the introduction and sale of the new explosive called "extralite," in which he is much interested. During his two years' editorial connection with the *Herald*, the circulation of the paper was nearly doubled. Mr. B. will reside in New York, and his address for the present will be 348 West Fifty-sixth Street.

'86.—A. H. Dunn, principal of the High School at Fairplay, Colo., was married September 5th, to Miss S. P. Littlefield of Alfred, Me.

'86.—Rev. H. C. Lowden, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Canton, Me., was married September 6th, at the Free Baptist parsonage, Belmont, N. H., to Mrs. A. F. Lowden of Mechanic Falls, Me.

'86.—H. M. Cheney has been appointed, by the governor and council of New Hampshire, Auditor of the State printer's accounts.

'87.—J. Bailey is at Yale Theological School.

'87.—Miss C. R. Blaisdell has accepted the position of assistant in the High School at Nashua, N. H.

'87.—I. Jordan is at Yale Theological School.

'87.—R. Nelson is at Yale Theological School.

'87.—S. S. Wright has engaged to remain at Gardiner, as principal of the High School, for three years at least, at a salary of \$1500, as the direc-

tors were anxious to secure his services for a definite time.

'88.—A. C. Townsend is at Yale Theological School.

'88.—W. L. Powers has returned to Fort Fairfield, as principal of the High School, with an increase of salary.

'88.—George W. Snow is principal of the Hale High School, Stow, Mass., at a salary of \$800. This is his second year there.

EXCHANGES.

The *Elevator*, *Lantern*, and *Chronicle* appear in an enlarged and much improved form. We congratulate them on this and the corresponding improvement of the subject matter as well.

The *Chronicle* makes no great claims as a literary publication, and is therefore of more interest to the students of the University of Michigan than to others. It contains a well-written sketch of one of their professors, and a short editorial column. The rest is composed of purely local matter with the exception of the exchange column. Under this head some intercollegiate news is given, but none of the comments on other papers that more properly fill this department.

The pages of the *Elevator* contain three strong articles on the position of the negro in the south. There seems to be an inclination to paint the case in rather lurid colors, but some of their points are unanswerable. The

discussion of Romanism and the negro is worthy the consideration of every Protestant North and South. It has in it that true ring that only a crying need calls forth. Romanism will receive the black man and make of him a powerful weapon, if Protestantism stands idle by doing nothing but repelling him from its doors.

The literary department of the *Lantern* well deserves the name. The first article is an appreciative study of the philosophy of Epictetus. After a brief outline of his life, follow concise statements of the great truths he taught, illustrated by carefully chosen passages from his writings, that show him worthy of the place Farrar gives him among the seekers after God. The next is an outline one would hardly look for in a Western paper of the historic town of Concord, Mass. Its history and scenery are made a pleasing background for the drawing of those leaders in American literature which give Concord its greatest title to fame. Its good local and editorial columns make it an exchange always welcome.

Two new exchanges are the *Baltimore City College Journal* and the *Owl*. The former contains a large number of short readable articles. One page is devoted to the societies. In parallel columns, the advantages of each are set forth as a bait to the wary Freshman. We wish for each society such success as it merits. In the latter, the length of the articles is such that comparatively few will take the time to read them. It is otherwise a creditable and pleasing publication.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Hon. Seth Low, of Brooklyn, has been elected President of Columbia College.

Elisha B. Andrews, D.D., LL.D., is the new President of Brown University.

Professor Pickering, of Harvard, will conduct a party to South America to observe the total eclipse of the sun December 22d.

Professor Todd, of Amherst College, is to lead the government expedition to southwestern Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun on December 22d.

The Freshman class at Yale is unusually large. There are 230 in the Academic and 150 in the Scientific department.

The higher institutions of learning in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, as also Italy, have become co-educational.

Professor Richards, of Yale, having examined the records of 2,425 students finds that the athletes fall very slightly behind the non-athletes in scholarship.

H. M. Johnson of the professional athletic association lowered the one hundred yard record to $9\frac{3}{4}$ seconds recently at Denver.

Wellesley College has erected a new art building which it will soon dedicate. There is a gallery in it which is said to be fine and was built for the reception of the Stetson collection of paintings recently presented to the institution.

President Upton, of Brown University, was recently invited to join the

Astronomical expedition to Africa to observe the next total solar eclipse, but declined in order to perfect the plans for the new observatory.

Mrs. Garfield has given \$10,000 to the new Garfield University to be founded at Wichita, Kansas, in honor of the late President.

Union College has this year entered a class of over sixty Freshmen, together with several additions to the upper classes. Among the number of Freshmen is Allen W. Wright, of Indian Territory, son of the former chief of the Choctaw nation, the Rev. Allen Wright, who himself graduated at Union in 1852, under the presidency of Dr. Nott. This is the third son he has sent to Union. One is now a minister among his native people. Another is a "medicine man," and the youngest aspires to the law.

POETS' CORNER.

TO A STAR.

By P. P. B., '91.

In the deep blue heaven shining
 Keeping watch o'er earth and sky,
 When the golden sun, declining,
 Sets in glorious majesty.

Tell me, sentry of the ages,
 With thy silvery armor on,
 Dost thou know the sacred pages
 That have grown so pale and wan,

All the hidden past revealing
 Since the earth began to roll,
 All the future dark unsealing
 Opened to thee as a scroll?

Looking up in adoration
 Of thy calm majestic face,
 Millions, since its first creation,
 Of the noblest of our race

Have beheld thee brightly shining
 When the daily tasks were done,
 And the sun, his throne resigning,
 His appointed course had run.

And alike, thy glory sharing,
 All the holy saints of old,
 Love and honor to thee bearing,
 Blessed thy beaming face of gold.

And when all the stars of morning
 Echoed back the angel's song
 Then thy beams, the Christ adorning,
 Shed a holy light and strong.

Still o'er earth thy light is streaming,
 Bright in every beam and ray;
 Still thy face is on us beaming
 When the daylight fades away.

O'er the farthest pole descending
 Over every land and sea,
 Light and truth in peaceful blending
 Come to own thy majesty.

Still, oh sentry, still watch o'er us,
 And the night and morn between;
 To the ages still before us
 Let thy glorious face be seen.

Till between the earth and heaven
 Loud the trump of God shall sound,
 Then, thy bonds asunder riven,
 Thou shalt rest in peace profound.

FAIRIES OF FRAGRANCE.

By ERIC, '90.

Cradled in lilies and rocked in the roses,
 Borne on the wind's wings through sweet-
 breathing airs,
 Dancing in sunlight, dreaming in moonlight,
 Fairies of fragrance come, lightning our cares.

Memories they bring us of glad hours forgot-
 ten,
 With fair youthful fancies our senses assail.
 Whispers the rose-elf with fondest appealing
 Once we were friends. Shall our friendship
 now fail?

Back at your old home, I grew in your child-
 hood
 Floated beside you in all of your ways;

Thence I have come to knock at your heart's
 door
 To brighten your fireside and sweeten your
 days.

Thus every flower, breathing its odor,
 Is sending a fairy to somebody's breast,
 Laden with messages from the dim past land
 Lulling the care-driven spirit to rest.

THE HILLS OF SONG.

The land is wide, the way is dark,
 No light to guide, no stone to mark,
 And night and day there's a weary throng
 That presses in vain toward the hills of song.

And happy he who hears afar
 A melody free or sees a star,
 That shows the path or that urges along
 His weary march toward the hills of song.

And best are they who toil and sing
 And hope for day, their voices ring
 With words to cheer when the way is long,
 "While singing we're reaching the hills of
 song." —Ex.

AT THE FALLING OF THE LEAF.

When the maize has ceased its growing
 And the farmer finished mowing—
 Safely housed the hay and sheaf,
 When his labor hard though pleasant
 Brings each frugal, honest peasant,
 Gifts that take from toil its grief;
 Void of fear and without madness
 But with wonted rustic gladness,
 That so weans the heart from sadness,
 He espies the falling leaf.

When the lark and blackbird turning,
 And the chill, north winter spurning,
 Fly afar o'er rock and reef—
 When the first frost of the season
 Gives to them a seeming reason
 To conclude their time is brief,
 Sweet they sing a note of parting
 Ready are they each for starting
 Swift to southward all are darting,
 At the falling of the leaf.

—Ex.

POT-POURRI.

I toss the ball up high in air,
I grasp my racket tightly,
I am a tennis player fair,
I'm pretty, plump, and sprightly.

The ball descends, my racket falls,
And strikes against it fairly,
But that old net stops all the balls;
I get one over rarely.

I never get a single point,
'Twould cost me too much trouble,
But twist my frame all out of joint,
And serve a useless double.

I am a tennis player fair,
My heart is sorrow-laden;
I double, but I never pair,
For I'm a collegé maiden.

—*Ex.*

A woman in the waiting-room of the Third Street depot the other day had a great deal of trouble with one of her two children—a boy of seven or eight—and a man who sat near her stood it as long as possible and then observed: “Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father.” “Yes, I know it,” she replied, “but he can't have it. His father died when he was six years of age, and I've done my best to get another man and failed. He can't have what I can't get.”—*Ex.*

MAYBE YOU'VE NOTICED.

I caught a string of beauties
Up on the North Fork to-day,
The finest trout that were e'er pulled out—
But the biggest one got away!

And down in the mill-pond meadow,
The boys that were making hay,
With forks and rakes killed 3000 snakes—
But the biggest one got away!

And so I have heard of liars
Since Ananias' day
There are just a few that receive their due—
But the biggest one gets away!

—*Puck.*

“Now you're off—watch him—make him throw—he can't pitch—take another yard—that's it, you're safe, r-r-r-rh slideslideslidewhatdidItellyou—you're safe of course.”—*Ex.*

I do detest a man that's close,
And furthermore, a-day:
But if a pretty girl is close,
I feel the other way. —*Ex.*

Grocer—“Take that brat out of here. It's bawled, and bawled, and bawled.”
Indignant Nurse—“I know it's bald, but it will have hair on its head before you will. Don't cry, baby, he's a horrid, bad man, that's wot he is.”

Paddy (to fellow passenger)—“Oi'm siventhy years of age, and ivery one o' me teeth as perfect as the day I was born, sor!”—*Punch.*

“Why are we like Baptists, Evalena?” whispered the engaged Sophomore, in the press coming out of the Art lecture. “I don't know,” dreamily breathed the maiden. “Because we have close communion,” was the ecstatic solution.—*Ex.*

“All alone, my dear child? I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at the club when I call.” “Yes, mamma, but he's at home at other times.”—*Ex.*

John Ruskin says: “The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry; not merely learned, but to love knowledge; not merely pure, but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice. . . . What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are.”

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

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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