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Bates College

No. 9.

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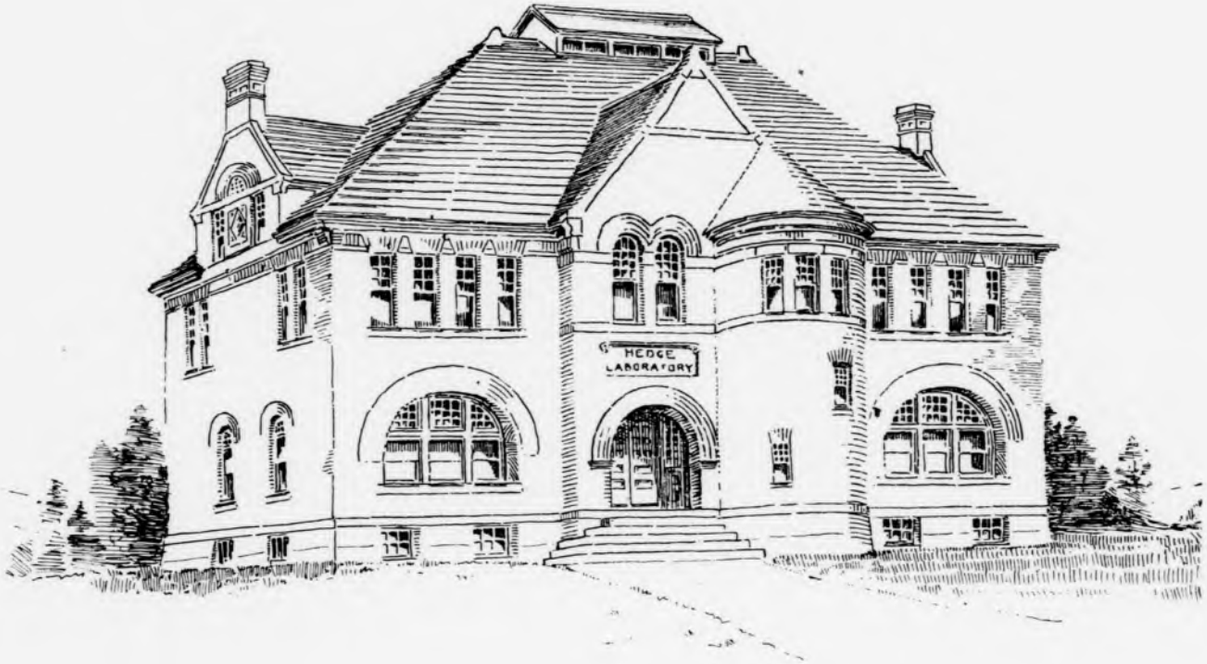
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BATES STUDENT.

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THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

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VOL. XVII., NO. 9.—NOVEMBER, 1889.

EDITORIAL.

OUR frontispiece this month represents the new chemical laboratory, the Hedge Laboratory, so-called, in honor of the late I. H. Hedge, who furnished the means for its erection. The building is 58 x 36 feet, is situated at the east of Hathorn Hall and faces the south. It is built of Lewiston brick with a slated roof and trimmings of North Conway granite. Its round-topped windows give to this style of architecture the name of Romanesque, and add much to the beauty of the building as does also the semi-circular tower, ten feet in diameter.

As we enter we find on our left a large airy room for the geological cabinet. On the right is another room nearly as large for a lecture-room with opportunity for performing experiments before the class.

The front of this room, however, is partitioned off to make a small room where may be kept the apparatus necessary for the experiments.

Ascending the winding staircase in the semi-circular tower, we soon find ourselves in the large room designed for individual work in analytical chemistry. This room is intended to accommodate fifty students at work at the same time and takes all the space on the second

floor except a slice taken from the west end for a professor's private laboratory, and one other smaller slice taken off the front at the left of the staircase for entry and cloak rooms.

The building is finished clear to the roof like the gymnasium and is capped by the ornamental ventilator, called a "lantern," which gives more light and air and carries off the noxious gasses. Everything about the upper part of the building is finished in hard wood, ash partitions, ash mouldings, etc., but below, the rooms are plastered, with only a dado of ash about three feet high.

This building is by far the pleasantest at Bates. Its airy rooms and abundant windows make us long for next April when all the work by the carpenters will be done and the work by the students can then be begun.

THERE is a tendency among some students to slight rhetorical exercises. Such never think of learning a declamation or of writing an essay until it is too late to do themselves justice, while others do such work only to get it out of the way; what is the result? One student comes upon the stage and breaks down in the midst of his piece; another speaks and gesticulates without even appearing to know the meaning of his words or to feel the force of his gestures. All is done as if he were a speaking automaton wound up to run a few minutes. Essays containing a jumble of distracted thoughts are handed in to the professor. This is wasting one of the most important opportunities of the college course. The ability to express thoughts clearly and forcibly, either in written or verbal language is the one great thing all should strive to obtain. Such a power will enable the student to make the best use of his knowledge. Indeed, every one who is an earnest student and has the elements of true manhood in him, want to make the best use of all he learns. Is this your earnest desire? then attend earnestly to those things that will help you most to accomplish your desire. Regard rhetorical exercises with care and always try to do your best.

ONE of our professors has well said that a taste for reading must be acquired before leaving college, if at all; and that if it is not, one of the chief sources of pleasure is cut off. How then is one to read in order to acquire a taste for what is now irksome? There are two extremes to be avoided. Reading only what compels interest gives diversion merely and will never cultivate the taste. Reading only what is abstruse and philosophical is equally narrowing though it makes the mind more thoughtful.

There is a safe middle course in which every student should direct his thought and broaden it. The most powerful factor in this is reflection on what has been read. If the reader of fiction will look for the poetry and philosophy which every good novelist weaves into his work, and will consider how they are also found in every-day life, he will soon learn to admire them for themselves as elements of that life. He can then read more abstract writings and supply from his own mind the necessary connection with men and

things. Let the reader of the abstract look for the flesh and blood in his reading and give it some vital connection. He will then see how one-sided his view has been and can begin to appreciate a more comprehensive literature. In short, let any one try to grasp all the lines of thought in any really valuable book and he will see how it reaches out to interweave with all others. He can no more consider himself a well-read man, who is confined to a few essayists and poets, than he who finds pleasure in nothing but a novel. Begin with books that have some element of interest to you and look carefully for other lines in which you may develop an interest. For the next book, take a work on some of these new lines. It will at first command attention for its connection with a familiar topic and will soon be regarded for itself as a basis for still other lines.

STUDENTS have often been exhorted in our columns to have right motives, earnestness, independence, etc., but never, to our knowledge, have they been exhorted to have this thing—a fountain-pen. Yet this is a thing that every student should have, especially here at Bates where so many of our lectures are dictated and are taken down by the student word for word. They are thus reliable and valuable for reference. Many of them will be useful in after years, and even while Seniors and Juniors we find ourselves looking through our Freshman and Sophomore note-books to find out something about the "hundred greatest men" or the "hundred best books." No one who has any writing to do can fail to be benefited by the lectures on Rhetorical Invention given us in the Junior year. Yet who cares to try both eyes and patience over one of these lectures written dimly with a lead pencil and so rubbed that the whole page is of a uniform gray color? What is worth keeping *at all*, is worth keeping *well*.

We should not be behind the literary men of the middle ages who went about with their ink-horn fastened to their waist, when we can have our ink-horns in the top of a fountain-pen and carry it all in one pocket. With a fountain-pen a lecture can be written plainly with ink in a note-book when dictated, thus giving more ease to the hand and more rest to the jack-knife, as pens never have to be sharpened. To be sure, some students copy their lectures, but this takes twice as long; others *intend* to copy them and so put their penciled sheets away in "a safe place" where they do not get lost for perhaps a week or two; but many a student writes his lectures on sheets from a block, puts the sheets in his coat-pocket and goes his way, forgetting all about them. A fountain-pen and a good note-book will save all this time, trouble, and loss. You have pen, ink-bottle, and pen-wiper all in one and can use it for letter-writing, taking notes, coyping,—in fact for everything. But most of all do we who are Seniors, as we look back over our dim, rubbed note-books, feel like saying to the Freshmen, "Keep your lectures in good shape; they may be very useful to you."

WE have at last tasted the joys and pains of foot-ball. Our defeat, however, may be but the signal of victory when next we meet our neighbors between the goals. Such things have happened within the annals of history.

College athletics must receive due attention, foot-ball as well as the rest. There is the will, the spirit, and the backbone in Bates to make a strong foot-ball team. All we need is the "stick to it" and the practice. Foot-ball like base-ball has a place, and one of its places is in the Maine colleges. It is said that in college life a man gets his rough corners knocked off and is smoothed up generally. If this be true, there seems to be no way of accomplishing this quicker than by foot-ball, for if any corners stick out much, one game is usually enough to rub them down or knock them off. Man matched against man is the rule of the game. Sometimes, however, he finds himself matched against several, at other times there is a human mountain resting on his back. Such is life; sometimes we meet only one trouble, sometimes we are buried beneath them. But it is those who show the most determination and put forth the greatest effort who finally gain the goal.

This "never-say-die" spirit is what a man most needs in the world. We say, then, go into the game of foot-ball, play it like men, not brutes; develop the spirit which meets difficulties with a determination to conquer, and Bates may yet have the champion foot-ball eleven.

THE student not intending to teach a winter's school may ask, "How shall I spend the vacation?" There are, to be sure, ways enough in which he may employ his time, but the energetic student wishes to pursue the course that shall yield the most benefit. Then there are two things, at least, to which he should give attention—physical needs and reading. After a term of hard, earnest work, the body needs to be aroused from its inaction and filled with renewed vigor and strength. There is nothing better for this than rambling on the hills, in the fields, and through the woods. Such tramps send the blood coursing through the system, rests, strengthens, and invigorates the whole body. An educated mind in a sound body is what you want; for upon this depends, in a great degree, your practical success in life. Beside this you may do a great deal of reading. There is no better chance for this than vacation. It is reading that "maketh a full man." The man who goes through college with little reading is a great deal like the half-painted picture on the artist's canvas. Both are unfinished. Take hold, then, of these two things—read, that you may become well informed, and ramble in the open air that your mind may work in a sound body.

In the midst of a heavy northeast gale and a high sea, in Chicago, October 24th, the Evanston life saving crew, composed of students of the Northwestern University, rescued the lives of twenty-nine seamen and one woman.—*Ex.*

LITERARY.

AT EVENTIDE.

By G. B., '91.

The short midwinter's day was done, and through
The silent village street I took my way,
My daily task completed. Far above
The lowlands rose New England's snow-capped hills.
There lingered still the setting sun's last ray
Upon the loftiest peak, which yet received
No tinge of warmth therefrom, but proudly stood
In cold and icy splendor, heeding not.
"Thus is it," thought I sadly, "with my life.
I bear a tiny rush-light through the crowd,
Seeking, where'er a sad or weary one
I see, to pierce the darkness of that heart
With some small ray of brightness, and the warmth
Of kindly sympathy. They heed it not,
Nor see the tiny beam that on them falls.
How useless one small candle, when the sun
Sends forth its brilliant rays of light in vain."

Thus mused I sadly till I reached my home.
But when the evening meal was over, and
The flickering firelight cast upon the wall
Fantastic shadows, while the lamp's soft shine
Broke up the darkness of the night, I drew
A quaint old volume of forgotten tales
Down from its shelf, and read this legend of
A by-gone age.

In Corinth—called of old
"The eye of Greece"—there dwelt an aged man,
To whom resorted men from every clime,
For he surpassed in wisdom all who dwelt
In Greece and her fair isles, and had grown old
In teaching. As he walked one eve beneath
The trees which cast a grateful shade upon
His home, there came a youth, with downcast look,
To tell of failure in some worthy task
The sage had bidden him perform. No word
Of grief the wise man uttered, but with look
And smile benignant, bade him quickly bring
A ripe fig from the stately banyan tree
That near them grew.

"What seest thou, my son?"
The sage inquired. The wondering boy replied,
"A fig." "Break it, and tell me what thou seest."
"A little seed." "Break now the seed, and what
Dost thou behold?" "Nothing," replied the lad.
The wise man smiled and said, "Where thou seest naught,
There dwells a mighty banyan tree. The gods
See not as men, and where our work seems vain
They may behold a mighty tree of good
Upspringing from the seed we sow."

I closed
The book, and looked once more into the night.
The mountain peaks rose dimly 'gainst the sky,
While countless stars unheeded shone upon
Their snow-crowned summits. Yet the stars ceased not
To shine because unheeded. Why should I
Do less than they? The heathen sage spake far
More wisely than he knew. "The gods see not
As men." What though I see not day by day
The world grow better for my patient toil?
I'll bear my tiny rush-light through the crowd
With steady hand, nor falter when I see
No spark enkindled by my flame, until
The clearer light of heaven shall show the end,
For at life's eventide, "It shall be light."

JAMES STEERFORTH IN "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

By J. L. P., '90.

WEAK natures are never self-reliant. He who feels himself incompetent of leadership often seeks the patronage of another. It was thus that the young David Copperfield worshiped at the shrine of the idol of his youth—the handsome James Steerforth.

We see them first at Mr. Creakle's school, at Salem House, where their friendship began. The little David, whose affections had always been more

or less repressed, now poured out his whole soul to his fair, curly-headed room-mate. Steerforth, by his superiority of age, seemed so wise, so all-powerful in the school, and yet so protecting and affectionate, that young Copperfield repaid the interest shown him with something little short of adoration.

Steerforth was David's guiding star. To him David consigned all his store of pocket-money on his arrival; to him nights and mornings he related the contents of various books that he had read. Was not Steerforth too exacting of a sleepy little fellow? Not in David's eyes. For did not Steerforth in return perform his sums for him and protect him from all insults?

We, in the light of his later faults, question whether Steerforth's actions were purely disinterested, or done merely to gratify personal vanity. David is attracted, yes, fascinated, by this warm-hearted youth, whose slightest wish is law. Steerforth recognizes this devotion of David, and glories in it—we will not say maliciously, for none of us can think that of him in his earlier days. But a less pliant nature than David's would have aroused no interest in his school-mate. Perhaps, too,—and it is hard for us to think otherwise,—Steerforth really loved the little fellow, with his affectionate, confiding ways, and returned his confidences spontaneously.

One day, at Salem House, David receives a call from his old nurse's brother, Mr. Peggotty, who brings with him his adopted nephew, Ham. They are rough, but honest, fishermen, and David's joy at seeing them reaches its bounds when Steerforth, coming in, receives them cordially in his easy, graceful manner. We, too, with David, are pleased to see with what zest he enters into the conversation; with what interest he listens to the description of Mr. Peggotty's house, made from an old boat. He is invited with David to visit Mr. Peggotty's home in Yarmouth, and then the two fishermen depart, carrying with them a pleasant impression of "Mas'r Davy's" school friend.

Their school-days ended and the two friends did not meet for some time. When, accidentally, David did meet Steerforth in the streets of London, his heart beat fast for fear that his old school-mate would fail to recognize him. But Steerforth was the same generous, light-hearted friend. David is invited to Steerforth's home, where he sees him the idol of his widowed mother, and her companion, Rosa Dartle.

Shortly after this, David is warned by his pure-minded friend Agnes Wickfield, against Steerforth, whom she terms his "Bad Angel." She judges Steerforth merely from his influence upon David, and from what she has heard the latter say of him, nothing more; but her woman's penetration is sufficient to perceive the twofold nature within him. But David, blinded by his early love for his friend, will believe no word against him.

We come to the time when the two friends take that eventful trip to Yarmouth, arriving at the very moment when Ham is announcing, in the old

boat, his engagement to the sweet little Emily, Mr. Peggotty's niece.

Steerforth joins as heartily as any one in the congratulations, calls Mr. Peggotty a thoroughly good fellow, and wishes Ham much joy. All the evening he mingles unreservedly in their merriment, telling stories and singing songs, till he has charmed the whole circle. Even bashful Emily, in her little corner by the fire, breaks forth in musical peals of laughter at his merry adventures.

Is it a wonder that David, on his way back to the village that night, felt a sudden shock when Steerforth, in speaking of the honest Ham, said, "That's rather a chuckle-headed fellow for the girl, isn't he?" But seeing Steerforth smile, David thinks he is but joking, and thanks him warmly for entering so heartily into the simple joy of the fishermen.

Steerforth is, for the moment, touched, and calling Copperfield by his favorite name, says, "Daisy, I believe you are in earnest and are good. I wish we all were."

At another time, the thought of the great wrong that he was about to commit seemed to overshadow him, when he said to David, "If anything should ever separate us, you must think of me at my best, old boy."

Gladly would we think of Steerforth in no more unkindly light, but before the unsuspicious reader realizes it, the blow comes. Can we believe that it is Steerforth who has enticed the innocent, too-confiding little Emily from her home? Emily, who is never to return until he has made her a lady; Emily, who left the rough, old uncle that loved her better than his life; Emily, who left a lover, plain, but with a heart true as steel, for one that was handsome and free, but with a traitor's heart.

Years after, when Emily comes back from foreign lands "a lady," and the mysteries are all cleared, we find that Steerforth had deserted her, and we learn, too, how he had broken the heart and embittered the life of Rosa Dartle.

How much this perfidy and heartlessness were due to his home training we know not; but we may infer that the early indulgences of his mother fostered that self-will and imperiousness which appeared even in his school-days.

His handsome face, his pleasant voice, his fascinating ways,—all proved to be his curse. Better a hundred times, had he never possessed these charms, for then a score of hearts would have been untouched by sorrow.

Let us leave him, then, in the last dark scene of his life, where the angry waves have cast his lifeless body near the home that he has wronged so deeply. There he lies with his head resting on his arm, as he used to do in the old school-days and may we, looking, forget his faults and only "think of him at his best."

LITERATURE AN INDEX TO A NATION'S PROGRESS.

By E. W. M., '90.

WHEN the student turns the pages of a literary work, he looks upon no isolated document but upon a transcript of thoughts, prompted by contemporary or past influences, a medium through which the past speaks to the

present. With this medium he is able to create in imagination the inner man with the moral, social, religious, or political conditions that influences his thought. So, when we look into the whole literature of a nation, we are able to create in imagination the nation itself.

The mere production of literature, however, is not an infallible evidence of national progress. For from the beginning of Imperial Rome down to the middle of the second century A.D., the Roman intellect still flourished, while morality and political importance were rapidly declining. But the literature of this period reveals the slow decline of intellect and the moral degeneracy that destroyed the vigor of the Roman race. One could not possibly obtain a better history of the decline of the Roman empire than the literature of that period.

Now, since we can not depend upon the mere production of literature, we must look to its various kinds, its character, and tendency. The various kinds into which every great literature divides itself, correspond to different moral conditions of the people. The moral condition favorable to heroic poetry is not productive of didactic poetry; nor is the period of drama suited to oratory and philosophy. The literatures of Greece, England, Germany, and France, vividly illustrate this fact. The songs of minstrels in Greece, the early lay poetry of England, the songs of Minnesingers in Germany, and of Troubadours and Trouvers in France were each the forerunners of a more thoughtful kind of composition destined to follow, when advancing civilization and enlarged experience had given existence to new thoughts and feelings. So in the history of every nation, we find as the moral element developed, that intellectual culture advanced, that literature was gradually assuming a more popular form, and that the people were rapidly advancing in political importance.

Now when we find in a literature this transition from one kind to another, each of a higher standard of morality, do we have an evidence of national progress? Is it the law of nature for a people to advance morally, but decline or stand still politically? No. Moral and political progress go together. Where there is morality there is political importance; and where there is moral degeneracy, there is political decline. Look to Rome. While morality was developing, Republican Rome flourished; but when morality was debased Imperial Rome fell.

There is a wide difference between the literature of a period of national progress and that of a period of national decay. The one looks to the future, the other to the past. The one continually stimulates to nobler actions; the other makes pensive reflection on the past, attacks the present with stinging satire, and hardens against the misfortunes of the times. The literature of Republican Rome is prospective; the Romans then thought only of the present and the future. Their philosophy, oratory, and history, turned the liberal and patriotic mind to the welfare of state, influenced the conduct, and fixed the principles of

men. But that of Imperial Rome is retrospective. The memory of departed freedom gave an air of sadness to the Augustan authors. The Romans now began to live in the past, and to make sad reflections upon the faded glory of mankind.

Every author is in some degree the historian of his own times. Who can read Chaucer and not see England in the fourteenth century? Does not the long line of authors—poets and prose writers—from Chaucer to Tennyson form a complete history of England for a period of five hundred years? Gibbon could draw the materials of his great work from no other source except the literature of Rome.

Thus we find literature is a nation's record. In it we can trace progress or decline. When we find, on studying a literature in the order of its production, that the successive forms each belong to a higher moral condition; that each is the fruit of a more advanced civilization, and that the trend of the whole is "onward," then we may conclude the nation that produced it is a nation of progress.

OLD MEN AT THE FRONT.

By E. F. S., '90.

A CALENDAR was published this year that has had a large sale. It is the "Authors' Calendar"—so called from the group of popular American authors pictured upon it, gathered around a table and lighting up the calendar with their kindly faces as their work lights up the libraries and hearts of every true American family in the land. On the left of the table sit Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier; on the right, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Emerson. These have been our instructors in literature for the past thirty years. Now we are beginning to appreciate them. We are giving them the honor rightly due. Hear it from the lips of the Longfellow statue; hear it from the pens of our best writers.

Are they young men who have just reached their one score years and ten and are making a stir in the world?

Turn to England. Behold a fine old man felling a stately oak. Again behold him as he stands in the House of Commons pleading the wrongs of Ireland while all England listens. This is Gladstone, the "grand old man" of the nineteenth century who cuts down trees for exercise, reads Homer for recreation, but for work, he molds the world.

Abreast with Gladstone walks Bismarck. In statesmanship, his equal, in diplomacy his superior—the peacemaker of all Europe.

Thus we see that the prominent men of our own time are not only old men but they are doing their best work in their later years. This is what the world needs. Plenty of genuine, ripe fruit from the trees of knowledge, culture, and experience is most wholesome.

Now turn the reflector at a little different angle and send the light back, back through the dark ages, till it shines upon the faces of some of the great men of former times. We shall see that the great man is the man with a great purpose. We read: "By faith,

Moses, ... refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, . . esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." Great was the eloquence of Demosthenes but his patriotic purpose was greater.

It was Wickliffe's philanthropic purpose that made the Bible what it is to us to-day.

As with Moses, Demosthenes, and Wickliffe, so with Washington, Lincoln, and Gladstone. Each had some noble end in view.

Geologists tell us that the path of a prehistoric glacier may often be traced by the boulders left along its way. So these great men are the boulders that mark the course of that mighty glacier, civilization. On the surface of each is ground the word, purpose. To be at the front, *i. e.*, to be great, one must realize his purpose. How can he do it? By calm, quick eye, by level head, by talents, and by firm, sound judgment.

But these qualities do not come for the asking. They take time. The ovary of an apple blossom contains all the rudiments of the mature fruit, but how much would an apple of that kind be worth? It must grow. So young men possess valuable qualities, but undeveloped. Until one's own ideas are settled he can never expect to be a successful leader of others. Alcibiades, the young man, sent Athens on a foolhardy and disastrous expedition against Syracuse. Alcibiades, the old man, was a valuable adviser to the Athenians.

But let not the young man despair because he cannot be great at thirty nor President at thirty-five. It gives him more time to improve. He has four strikes instead of three.

As the years roll on, things grow better and better adapted to having old men at the front. The general no longer rushes furiously against the enemy at the head of his troops, urging them to heroic deeds by his own bravery. But now he plans the campaign beforehand, and by the orderly manipulation of troops and arms he gains the victory. Civilization becomes more quiet, more even. Not war now but reason gains the end desired. And much depends upon the state of a country. France, at the beginning of this century, was hot-headed and bloodthirsty. She produced a Napoleon. England, at the present time, is cool and reasonable. She has brought forth a Gladstone. America, the queen of nations, the loyal lover of the stars and stripes, is young yet. But her sons are growing; they walk with firm step; they hold their heads proudly aloft; and may the twentieth century find Columbia's old men at the front!

A SNOW STORM IN THE COUNTRY.

By A. A. B., '91.

WHAT can be drearier than the landscape that Autumn has forsaken. Her once brilliant leaves are scattered, brown and sear, over the frozen earth. The forests bare and silent echo not one merry note of their summer denizens. Fields, that a short time ago were waving their golden-

heads of barley are now an unsightly plot of stubble. The fences wearied by their summer's toil of keeping the refractory sheep from the scented clover, now lie stretched at full length on the earth. The meadows, in sorrow for their faded flowers, have put on mourning, and only a few bare stalks have enough courage left to stand upright. The solitary farm-house crouches, dull and gray, under its gaunt, waving elms.

Who but the veritable king of fairies would undertake the transformation of such a scene? Who but the Snow King could make the earth once more a scene of beauty? The Sun has already abandoned the fruitless task and retraced his steps to more genial lands. But the Snow King well knows his power. Across the leaden sky are seen fleecy clouds flitting from their polar home. These winged harbingers rapidly multiply; and soon, rolling up in solemn majesty, comes the court of the Storm King himself. The serried ranks of his retainers quickly skirt the whole horizon; and, as the wind whistles out the command, the work begins. Charily the flakes come at first as if regretting to find so cheerless a home. Then they come larger and larger until every point of their crystalline beauty is distinct to the careless eye. Untold wealth to the mortal that could preserve those starry gems! But the Snow King is jealous of his treasures and dissolves them under man's too inquisitive touch. The whole company of white-winged fairies are now scattering the gems on the dusky, grimy earth.

Rising and falling in the air, at one moment they place a dunce-cap on the gate post, then, posing an instant before it, some sportive boxer gives it a whisk and Master Post's head is again bared to the storm.

These little snow fairies are good judges of men. They are heaping the snow in a long, high drift up the path; while Sam, who has an antipathy for work of all kinds, is gazing dolefully out. One frolicking elf whisks a handful of snow against the pane, then the whole train, with a merry whistle and whir throw up a huge white wave in the track of the road. Their attendants do not supply the flakes fast enough, so they scud away, and ranged in a column, sweep the snow from the lawn of the work-loving neighbor and put a graceful curling cap on the steadily rising mound. Often have they heard Sam complaining: "That drift allus follered the line of the road," and so, fickly constant, they endeavor to keep his saying true. Then for the elms!

But wait. People are too inquisitive in watching the transformation and the North Wind and Jack Frost are delegated to shut in the prying eyes. Together they whirl away; the Wind flings an armful of snow against the window and then breathes upon it to tint it a delicate sea-green; Jack paints the other panes with a swift, fanciful brush, and away they go to join the party under the trees.

How ghostly the two lines of elms are with their long tossing branches! The Snow King has ordered a new robe for them and now the little elves are fast at work. They softly lay the crystals on the complaining boughs;

and the trees, angry at the loss of their summer garments, switch their heads and toss the flakes rudely away. Never mind! they are used to that. Plenty of flakes left! Then they whisper to the Wind to bate his breath a moment while they try again. The snow fairies pelt every limb, every twig, with a soft handful and the groaning, grouty old Tree puts on a more amiable face, as he sees on his form a more delicate and varied robe than the one lately mourned. He even holds out his last remaining leaves to receive a covering of the new sparkling treasure. But the sprites have not yet forgiven him for his first obstinacy, and bend his long boughs to the white bank below. Then the workers try their skill at architecture, and dash the flakes against the tall trunks. Let Venice boast of her marble palaces and Greece her sculptured columns. None but the God of Winter ever had a temple like this. The pillars of the long avenue are encrusted with diamonds and overhead is a canopy of vines and flowers all clothed in the same glittering gems. The fairies dance out from their canopy and dash for the pine forest.

Another host has already transformed these into snowy domes; but now the reinforced company bend their energies to make a cave, with the sober old pine for cover and support. What a cozy home for the rabbit that leaps lightly along, stamping his royal signature on the welcome snow at every bound! He clears the drift at the side, and snugly ensconced in his retreat, rubs his downy coat and blinks merrily at the snow fairies to thank them for this home.

The field of stumps where the rude choppers have left a blemish on the landscape next claims their attention. In a moment it is transformed to a park of statues; here and there is the tall peaked hat of an old colonist and hard by the flowing robes of some mediæval queen.

"What better than a triumphal arch," the elves shout as they scurry away to the birches. The old trees turn paler than ever at the sound. They have bent at the fairies' beck before; and, really, it seems too rough for their stiff joints. Some are too old for such sport. But the mischievous rogues are getting a new zest for their work; and down bows many a supple birch until his head once more touches the earth. What fun! In a moment more he is covered with a coat of snow and his plaintive rebukes are smothered. The oaks and beeches bend their heads together and humbly receive their sparkling burden.

The squirrel peers through the door of his house, and daintily lifting his warm toes, chatters away with the elves, while he lunches on his well-earned stores. The chickadees, with their black caps, hop cheerily about before and ask when their cousins, the snow-birds, may be expected.

All day long the busy fairies work away. The æsthetic Snow King will have no unsightly object left to mar his handiwork. The thrifty farmer's woodpile has become a huge loaf cake; old tumble-down fences are royal glittering hedges; and poor widow O'Brylles clothes-rack is a huge fantastic toadstool, thrifty enough to do credit

to the Carboniferous period, and surely no plant of that age had half its crystalline beauty. The forsaken martin-houses have donned a feathery cap as if to recompense the loss of the summer visitors. The Storm King holds undisputed sway all day long. The fairies have engaged the wind and cold to keep all intruders in-doors until their work is finished. The boy, who, too eager to essay his snow-shoes, ventures to the door, only gets his cap whisked off over the drift and out of sight while the sentry wind slams the door in his face.

But now night is coming on, and the Snow King has agreed to meet all his retinue on Mount Washington this evening. All the North was to be transformed to-day and the King must hear the report from his faithful retainers. So he takes his ice-chariot, sends his airy messengers on again and in an hour has rolled his dark clouds from sight. But the sprites, loth to leave their beautiful work, wait just a moment for their god-mother, the moon, to come and view their latest picture. Soon the rosy streaks on the horizon proclaim her coming. How brightly every tiny crystal sparkles in response to her beams! Then the lingering sprites with one mad frolic bid her good-night and scud away to join the host on the mountain.

White and peaceful lies the earth in the moonlight. Above and below are the bright sparkling stars.

The children blow till their cheeks ache, to clear Jack Frost's beautiful figures from the window, and their eyes grow bright in wonder at the glittering scene. And many a rough, weather-beaten farmer, as he gazes out before making fast for the night, finds his heart responding to the evening's beauty; feels a warm glow of peace and good-will within him as he enters in his journal this visit of the Winter King.

THE LEGEND OF THE DAPHNE.

By C. W. M., '77.

In the lovely vale of Tempe,
Towards the sea,
Where Peneus flowed and gladdened
Thessaly,

Daphne passed her happy childhood,
Free from care,
Fresh as earliest beams of morning,
And as fair.

Over hill and dale she wandered,
Blithe and gay;
Climbed the hill-sides, there to watch
The sun's first ray;

Saw the fiery horses driven
'Cross the blue,
And behind the western mountains
Pass from view.

Other maidens told her stories
Of their love,
Many a suitor tried in vain to
Worthy prove;

But to none would Daphne listen,—
Light and free
As the breezes of the spring-time,
She would be.

But it chanced, one early morning,
As she stood
On the gentle slopes of Ossa,
Near the wood,

That Apollo stood before her,
Fair of face,
As the newly-risen sunlight
Filled the place.

"Child of morning, I have found thee,"
Then he cried,
"Though thou long hast slighted others,
Be my bride."

Daphne's heart was strong within her,
And her eyes
Sparkle with a sudden anger,
As she cries,

"I know neither love nor bondage,
I am free,
And my freedom I will never
Yield to thee."

Then Apollo's face grew angry,
And he tries,
Drawing near, to seize the maiden,
But she flies.

Over hill and dale and brooklet,
Light and fleet
As the falling leaves in Autumn,
Fell her feet.

Nearer came the swift Apollo,
Till, at last,
The brave Daphne's strength and
courage
Failed her fast.

Then, as she drew near the borders
Of the stream,
With its waters, in the sunlight,
All agleam,

"Father dear, Peneus, take me,"
Soft she cried;
And the river bore her onward
With its tide.

Then the golden-haired Apollo
Mourned and sighed,
That his folly drove the maiden
From his side.

"Now is gone the light of morning
From the day;
Now, alone, I must forever
Wend my way."

As he spoke, upon the borders
Of the stream,
Grew a bush, with clustering branches,
Evergreen.

And the fragrant, blooming bush keeps
Daphne's fame,
For it has, forever after,
Borne her name.

A PERFECT MANHOOD.

By H. J. P., '90.

WE are creatures of growth. Every generation builds upon the manhood of its predecessor. Concealed in every heart are the forces that have influenced the centuries past and those which will influence the centuries to come. A heart that has ever throbbed to the impulses of truth and right, throbs on forever. Every generation has overcome some evil, but man's conception of right has floated down to us through the centuries like a strain of divine music, sometimes loud, often faint, but always growing sweeter and purer.

Denying progression, not a few point to manhood indexed by the art and literature of Greece and Rome. The height of their culture was, however, only a gilded ambition. We behold a nation rearing colossal domes and life-breathing statutes and then spattering them with the blood of their rulers and citizens. Their very conception of greatness caused their destruction. Still from their ruins rose a new dispensation, presenting a higher ideal, a more perfect conception of manhood, and a grander trust in God.

Slowly dawns this new day. Centuries pass with scarcely a ray of light. But gradually its glistening pencils penetrate farther until they play on hauberk and lance and glittering helmet of the crusaders dashing on towards Jerusalem. Through their zealous activity, the cultivation of mind was advanced, higher chivalric orders established, aristocratic fealty broken and a free peasantry attained, the power of the clergy increased, the

standard of womanhood raised. All honor to the crusaders; yet they lacked many qualities for which they fought. A band of Christian soldiers, while marching to deliver their holy city, do not hesitate to burn, to plunder, and to massacre. The knight who sang the virtues of his lady on bloody fields of battle did not spare the honor of the captive maiden. Grossly imperfect, they nevertheless take one of those steps in advance for which nature is constantly preparing.

Born of the crusades, thought growing broader and more comprehensive, made possible two great events that gave a mighty impetus to the advancement of manhood. These were the Renaissance and the Reformation. The Renaissance was a new birth indeed. People began to realize their right to think and demanded the privilege of expressing those thoughts. Manhood began to exhibit itself in science, in art, in literature, and the guardianship of its own soul. Larger grew the demands of the people until they culminated in the Reformation. However much the views of the Reformation differed from truth, they kindled in the human heart, always susceptible of good, a flame that spread over all Europe. Subject to the criticism of centuries, they have come down to us purified and refined. To them we owe our present institutions and that long line of heroes whose souls shine out brightly in the galaxy of noble manhood.

Our history is the victories and not the defeats of the past. Universal peace prevails, larger freedom of thought and action abounds, a better system of education reaches rich and poor alike, an abundance of pure literature is accessible to all, and the influence of the home is more cultured and refined.

Thus down through the centuries to the present, the prospect of manhood has grown brighter and brighter; but have we reached perfection? Perfection! who can fathom it? What we once considered perfect is such no longer. We have already reached a standard of which the greatest never dreamed two centuries ago, and in like manner, our grandest ideals will live to be commonplace.

God, understanding our need, has given us an example of perfect manhood—the hero of Calvary. To be perfect, then, is to be Christ-like. Shall we ever attain it? I cannot tell, but he who reads history between the lines can take only a roseate view of the future. The past undeniably declares, the right must ultimately prevail. What though nations fall, purer ones will rise from their ruins. What though ages pass, is manhood so slight a thing that centuries may not be given to its development?

In the future, then, lies our hope; in it also lies our responsibility. Live so that all succeeding ages may be inspired to chant the grand symphony of progress. Behold, this is the price of true success; aye, this is the price of eternity—a perfect manhood.

In England there is only one undergraduate paper published, *The Review*, of Oxford. In the United States there are over two hundred.

LOCALS.

Receptions.

Foot-ball.

Examinations.

Sophomore debates.

"*Cor unum, via una*," is the Freshman motto.

Twelve of the Seniors had a very pleasant trip to the Fabyan House, N. H., October 18th.

A little boy, seeing the Seniors go to the telescope house, exclaimed, "Oh, look! They are going to see Judas!"

W. C. Buck, '87, B. M. Avery and F. A. Weeman, '88, H. L. Knox and W. E. Kinney, '89, have been at the college since the last issue.

Thoughts suggested by Astronomy: Senior Boy (red-headed)—"My 'albedo' is six to two." Senior Girl—"You are real bright, ain't you?"

The Freshman class is the largest ever at Bates. Mr. Jordan, from Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me., makes the present number fifty-two.

The following we clip from the *Lewiston Journal:*

"I predict that within another year the plans will be made and the foundations laid for a splendid library building at Bates College," said a Lewiston man, who usually makes few mistakes.

There is more musical talent in the college now than ever before. The band, newly organized under the leadership of Mr. Irving, now consists of nineteen members. Mr. Irving hopes to make the number twenty.

The following comes from the lips of a disappointed Senior: "Previous promises probably preclude the present possibility of Polly's presence." We think if he could be disappointed enough, he would rival even Placentius.

Miss B. (reciting in Zoology)—"The organic world is more complex than the inorganic." Prof.—"What do you mean?" Miss B.—"I mean that it has more molecules." Prof.—"You do not mean that, do you?" Miss B.—"Then what do I mean?"

On Monday evening, November 4th, occurred the President's reception to the Freshman class. The weather was fine. Nearly every member of the class was present. The young ladies of the other classes were invited, and all passed a very enjoyable evening.

The Hedge Laboratory is nearly completed. It is the finest of the college buildings. The dedication by the Senior class will occur either at the end of next term or at the beginning of the summer term. Then the laboratory will be occupied for chemical work.

A fine crayon picture of Professor Stanley has been hung in the chapel. How often will that picture remind us of one who was a warm friend of the student and a sincere, devoted man. No one tried to aid the students in obtaining work for vacation more than Professor Stanley.

Some time ago Mr. H. B. Nelson, '90, conceived the idea of establishing a Young Men's Christian Association building on Bates College grounds. This would be an excellent thing. The room now used for religious worship is inconvenient, and not fit for the pur-

poses of the Y. M. C. A. To the accomplishment of this purpose, Mr. Nelson will now give his attention. Towards the sum of $30,000 he wishes to raise, he has himself given $100. It is hoped that every one interested in Y. M. C. A. work will aid in this enterprise. The alumni are especially invited to contribute. During the vacation Mr. Nelson's address will be Bates College. He will be glad to receive communications from any one interested in his work.

The base-ball team was entertained by the manager, W. F. Garcelon, at his home, on Tuesday evening, October 22d. On Wednesday evening, October 30th, they were invited to the home of O. J. Hackett of Auburn. Mr. Hackett is very much interested in the good prospect of the coming year's work.

By the manly conduct of the team in the field last year, our nine won the respect of the public. We consider this a greater victory than that of the pennant. The present nine will struggle hard for the pennant next season, but may they also endeavor to maintain the standing of the Bates team in the estimation of the public.

Declamations by the Prize Division of the Freshman class were given at the chapel, Wednesday evening, November 6th. The audience was the largest ever present. The parts, ranging from the ordinary declamation to the dramatic recitation, gave a variety pleasing to the audience. The prize was awarded to Miss Annie Bean of Gray. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Dishonest Politician.—Beecher.
F. C. Watson.

Ingersoll's Speech at Chicago.
W. M. Costley.

Burdock's Music Box.—Anon.
B. W. Owen.

A Flight Against Time.—Tourgee.
Alma G. Bailey.

MUSIC.

What the Train Brought.—British Workman. Grace P. Conant.

The Lover's Errand.—Longfellow.
Annie Bean.

Eulogy on Webster.—Long. E. L. Pennell.

An Apostrophe to Water.—Denton.
N. C. Bruce.

MUSIC.

An Appeal to Young Men.—Garfield.
E. A. Crockett.

Hand-Car 412.—Heard. Ina Gould.

Rhyme of the Duchess May.—Mrs. Browning. Mary A. Peabody.

The Shadow of Doom.—Celia Thaxter.
Lelia F. Goff.

MUSIC.

DECISION OF COMMITTEE.

The public meeting of the Eurosophian Society was held at the College Chapel, Friday evening, November 8th. A crowded house listened to the best musical programme ever given at Bates. The selections were good and all so excellently rendered that no one could help giving attention. The clarinet solo by Mr. Irving could not be easily beaten. The orations showed a great deal of care and deep thought in preparation. In fact all the literary parts showed the earnest work the Society is doing in the literary line. The paper was of a literary character and free from distasteful illusions. The following is the order of exercises:

PART I.

Overture—The Prairie.—P. Bouillion.
Orchestra.

PRAYER.

Solo—Angel's Serenade.—Braga.
F. S. Pierce.

Viola Obligato. H. V. Neal.

Declamation—Protest in Faneuil Hall.—George William Curtis. J. R. Little.
Discussion—Ought Our Common School System to Include Facilities for Industrial Education.
Aff.—H. B. Davis. *Neg.*—F. J. Chase.
Clarinet Solo—Air Varie II.—E. S. Thornton. A. P. Irving.

PART II.

Recitation—Women All at Sea. Miss H. A. Pulsifer.
Oration—Repose in Strength. A. N. Peaslee.
Viola Solo. H. V. Neal.
Paper. Miss N. G. Bray, Scott Wilson.
Quartette—Let's Dance and Sing.—Wentworth. F. S Pierce, K. C. Brown, W. M. Dutton, R. A. Sturges.

On the evening of November 15th the Polymnians held one of their must successful and enjoyable public meetings. The musical parts of the exercises were all very good. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Given, his first solo was omitted. The declamation and recitation were both exceedingly well rendered. The debate was good, especially the argument of Mr. Piper, which fairly bristled with well presented points. The orator showed a sympathetic appreciation of his subject, as well as deep and clearly expressed thought. The lesson of the poet was well given. The paper abounded in keen hits, which were enforced by good reading. The following was the programme:

PART I.

Piano Duet—L'Alberte.—Behr. Misses Jordan and Fassett.

PRAYER.

Violin Solo—Selected. Fred A. Given.
Declamation—Raynor. W. S. Mason.
Recitation—Annie Laurie.—Phelps. Miss E. E. Fairbanks.
Duet—Then Turn Thy Thoughts to Music Soft.—Ingraham. Miss Fassett and Mr. Stickney.
Discussion—Should Our Government Adopt the Postal Telegraph System?
Aff., N. G. Howard. Neg., H. J. Piper.

PART II.

Violin Solo—Selected. Fred A. Given.
Oration—The Ideal in Nature. C. J. Nichols.
Poem—An Alpine Myth. F. B. Nelson.
Piano Solo—Aufforderung Zum Tanz.—Weber, op. 65. Miss Fairbanks.
Paper. Miss M. Brackett and A. D. Pinkham.

The following are the officers of the classes for the ensuing year: '90—President, H. B. Davis; Vice-President, F. L. Day; Secretary and Treasurer, Dora Jordan; Chaplain, T. M. Singer; Marshal, F. S. Pierce; for Parting Address, H. J. Piper; Poet, Jennie L. Pratt; Historian, W. F. Garcelon; Prophet, W. H. Woodman; Odist, F. B. Nelson; Devotional Committee, H. V. Neal, F. L. Day, W. F. Garcelon. '91—President, W. L. Nickerson; Vice-President, Miss A. A. Beal; Secretary, Miss Maude Ingalls; Treasurer, A. C. Hutchinson; Orator, N. G. Howard; Poet, Miss Grace Bray; Odist, Miss M. S. Merrill; Prophet, I. W. Parker; Chaplain, G. K. Small; Historian, Miss H. A. Pulsifer; Marshal, F. W. Plummer; Executive Committee, F. S. Libbey, Miss L. M. Bodge, F. W. Plummer; Devotional Committee, H. J. Chase, Miss L. M. Fassett, W. B. Cutts. '92—President, Scott Wilson; Vice-President, V. E. Sawyer; Secretary, Miss V. E. Meserve; Treasurer, A. P. Davis; Chaplain, C. N. Blanchard; Orator, L. M. Sanborn; Poet, E. E. Osgood; Marshal, W. H. Putnam; Historian, V. E. Sawyer; Prophet, A. D. Shepard; Toast-Master, H. E. Walter; Odist, Miss S. E. Wells; Executive

Committee, W. B. Skelton, Miss J. F. King, H. E. Walter; Devotional Committee, E. E. Osgood, Miss S. E. Wells, A. P. Davis. '93—President, J. F. Fanning; Vice-Presidents, F. L. Hoffman, Miss M. G. Wright; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss A. G. Bailey; Executive Committee, Miss C. B. Little, Miss A. L. Bean, M. W. Stickney.

The *Lewiston Journal* of November 9th comes out with a long article headed "Bates Observatory." The prominent citizens ask: "Shall Bates have an astronomical observatory? Shall Lewiston and Auburn be a scientific center in eastern New England?" These were the questions considered in a meeting at the Lewiston Board of Trade rooms, Friday evening, November 8th. To give an idea of the public interest in the establishment of an astronomical observatory by Bates on Mt. David, as exemplified in the meeting, we can do no better than to clip the following items from the *Journal*: "The Board of Trade believes that Lewiston would be benefited financially, educationally, and in point of standing among the cities of America by the founding of an observatory at Bates College; nearly every man present was ready and anxious to help; the ladies are interested and pledging their help; it is the duty of every man, woman, and child in these two cities and in Androscoggin County to make certain this grand project, for it is to educate the youth of coming generations and to more firmly establish in prosperity one of the noblest schools of learning in America." At the close of the meeting a committee of nine was chosen to draw up subscription papers and circulate them for securing the amount required to meet the conditions upon which the gentleman in Boston makes his liberal gift. Though the deficiency does not exceed $4,000, yet a proposal was made that it would do no harm to raise $5,000. Many subscriptions have already been made, and the deficiency will soon be met.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'68.—G. C. Emery.—The "Academic Algebra" of Bradbury and Emery is having marked success. It has been introduced by Phillips Andover Academy and Roxbury Latin School. The Boston Text-Book Committee and the Cambridge High School have recommended its adoption.

'70.—C. E. Raymond is editor of the *Bristol Herald*, Bristol, Conn.

'71.—Hon. J. T. Abbott, United States Minister at Bogota, has forwarded to the State Department at Washington a long paper on the commercial relations of Columbia with the United States.

'72.—Rev. F. W. Baldwin has resigned the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., to accept a call to the Trinity Congregational Church at East Orange, N. J.

'77.—Miss J. R. North has resigned her position in the Rockland High School, to accept a situation in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'77.—G. H. Wyman, Esq., of Anoka, Minnesota, is County Attorney of Anoka County.

'78.—Dr. F. H. Bartlett is director of the Physical Department in the Thirty-third Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in New York.

'80.—W. H. Judkins, Esq., of this city has been appointed by the Governor one of the committee under the resolve of 1889 relating to the removal of the Maine State Prison.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox, M.D., and wife, of Princeton, Minn., have a daughter, born October 17th.

'81.—C. S. Cook, Esq., of Portland, was married October 23d to Miss Annie J., daughter of the late Hon. Isaac Reed of Waldoboro.

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

'81.—Hon. W. T. Perkins has been elected Superintendent of Schools of the County of Burleigh, North Dakota.

'84.—D. L Whitmarsh, principal of the High School at Lisbon, has received from his pupils a fine copy of Shakespeare's complete works. Mr. W.'s work as a teacher is very highly appreciated by the patrons of the school.

'85.—Rev. E. B. Stiles, missionary in India, has given, in a recent letter to the *Morning Star*, an interesting description of his new home in Midnapore. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stiles belonged to the class of '85.

'86.—C. E. B. Libby, of Locke's Mills, has been elected President of the Oxford County Educational Association.

'86.—E. D. Varney, principal of Bryant School, Denver, Col., is to have a new school building which "will rank," says a local paper, "among the very best of Denver's school structures." Denver is noted for its magnificent school buildings.

'86.—Rev. F. W. Sandford has closed a three years' successful pastorate of the Free Baptist church of Topsham.

'87.—H. E. Cushman, of Tufts Divinity School, preached Sunday, November 10th, in the Elm Street Universalist church of Auburn.

'87.—F. W. Chase, principal of the high school at Belfast, has been elected President of the Young Men's Christian Association recently organized in that city.

'87 —Miss L. E. Stevens has been appointed Librarian of the Women's Reading Room in Lewiston.

'88.—A. E. Thomas has accepted the principalship of Austin Academy at Strafford Ridge, N. H.

'89.—E. L. Stevens is principal of the high school at Absecon, N. J.

'89.—A. E. Hatch was married to Miss Helen M. Jordan of Lewiston, October 22d, by Rev. L. S. Williams.

STUDENTS.

The following is a list of the addresses of some of the students who intend to teach during the winter vacation:

'90.	
H. V. Neal,	North Turner.
C. J. Nichols,	Winthrop.
A. N. Peaslee,	Ashby, Mass.
W. F. Garcelon,	Wells.
'91.	
A. C. Chapin,	West Harpswell.
W. B. Cutts,	York.
F. C. Emrich,	North Haverhill, N. H.
F. S. Libbey,	Locke's Mills.
F. L. Pugsley,	Chebeague Island.
C. R. Smith,	Wells Branch.
N. G. Howard,	West Southport.

'92.

C. N. Blanchard,	Swan's Island.

'93.

W. C. Marden,	North Troy.
C. C. Spratt,	Deer Island.
W. D. Jordan,	Willimantic.
L. E. Moulton,	East Madison.

EXCHANGES.

Many of our exchanges come laden with the usual weight (?) of shallow, love-sick jingles, falsely called poetry. It has no real sentiment as its foundation and is therefore weak and inane. Why college students should conceive and publish such wordy nothings is a mystery. An occasional real poetic thought is doubly valued for its rarity.

The *Brunonian* has done much toward raising the standard of college verse. One incentive for drawing out the poetical faculties of the students is the prizes that are yearly offered in that department. Many other valuable features make it an always welcome exchange. We can heartily second the following from its editorial column, having been made familiar with the plaintive appeals to which it calls attention:

> If a college paper cannot command support, it is probably unworthy of support. Editorials, week after week, on the obligation of college men to their representative journal are infrequently productive of any considerable good; it is only when the paper shows itself alive to the needs of its constituency, and manifests a disposition to supply those needs, that it can confidently hope for substantial returns. More than one college journal comes out of a great city printing office with little to please anybody but a printer. Somehow, these papers seem to have no appreciation of what should be their *raison d'etre;* apparently the editors are weary of their official positions and continue in office since it is almost easier to remain than to resign. They should come to realize that they are their college's representative at other colleges, and be inspired straightway with the idea of their responsibility.

The *University* is received this month for the first time. It has an excellent portrait of the Hon. Seth Low, President-elect of Columbia College, and a short account of his life. There are also two full-page engravings of college buildings, and one of a scene from the "Electra" as it was presented at Boston last spring. A number of columns are devoted to the athletic interests of our larger colleges, as must be the case with a paper designed to interest the different institutions. There is also a thoughtful article on "The Religious Element in American Colleges," which considers carefully and well the cause, condition, and remedy of collegiate irreligion. We quote a little in regard to its remedy:

> Let each college have its chaplain. He should be neither a young graduate nor an old gentleman in feeble health. He should be of mature years, and his sole duty in college should be to act as chaplain. He should be paid as well as any professor, with a salary only second to that of the president. He should reside in a comfortable house on or near the college grounds, and be able to entertain with simple but abundant hospitality. A man thus equipped should be held responsible—not that all wickedness should forever shun the college—but he should know, first, what every boy under his pastoral charge thinks of Christ, and he should understand the condition of life of every undergraduate. Thus informed, he should make himself the friend of all the students. Every student should feel certain that he could go to him in his troubles with absolute confidence.

This is all very well if only that rare

man who has the power of gaining the respect and confidence of college men can be found in sufficient numbers to supply our numerous institutions of learning. A man without that power would be worse than useless in the position.

The *Williams Weekly* fills well the position of the newspaper of the college, leaving the literary work for the *Monthly*. Just now, when foot-ball is being so universally revived in New England colleges, these foot-ball "don'ts" may be of interest and certainly command the sympathy of Bates men for their gentlemanly tenor and manly grit.

Don't under any circumstances lose your temper, and never strike a man however provoking or brutal he may be—to strike is to show temper, to show temper indicates loss of coolness; loss of coolness loses the game.

Don't forget your home training has been refining and gentlemanly.

Don't lose touch of the man opposed to you. Stay with him, bother and worry him, so that to tackle the ball, he must get rid of you.

Don't tackle around the neck—the neck is very slippery and hard to hold—make your effort for his hips.

Don't loiter; get into your place immediately on the ball being downed.

Don't talk; leave your captain to do all the coaching and talking. Your duty is to listen for the signal, and act accordingly.

Don't lag or slacken in your playing, but work hard and continuously until the game is called.

Flattery is an instrument that every man of the world should know how to use. The most cunning and irresistible flattery, at the proper time, is silence. The most skillful flatterer is who listens well.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The class of '93 at Williams is the Centennial class of that institution.

Cornell University was awarded a gold medal by the Paris Exposition for its educational exhibit.

The Senior alumnus of Harvard is George Bancroft, the historian. He belonged to the class of 1817.

Prize competitions, class honors, and the marking system have been abolished at the University of Michigan. Another step in the right direction.

The Junior class at Westminster College, Pa., has chosen the following suggestive motto: "*Nullæ muscæ nobis sunt.*"

The Sophomore class at Wellesley had a hard time electing officers this year. There were fifty-six candidates for president and each candidate had one supporter, which took all the class.

The Harvard Seniors elected McClement Garnett Morgan (colored) as class orator. C. C. Cook (colored), the class orator of the Senior class at Cornell, declines the honor because of the manner of his nomination, refusing to allow the "method of College politics" to be used in connection with his name.

When Canon Farrar visited this country a few years ago he remarked that the graduates of American colleges rank among the very first, and he seems to have been much impressed for he has recently sent his son to Lehigh University to complete his education, after which he will study engineering at the Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y.

POETS' CORNER.

ANACREONTIC.

(*From the French of Theophile Gautier.*)

O poet, do not fright my love
By ardor's too impassioned flame,
Until it flies, a timorous dove
And leaves me bathed in rosy shame.

The bird that through the garden sings,
Before the least vague sound would flit.
My passion—that is dowered with wings—
Will vanish, if you follow it!

Mute as a marble Hermes cold,
Below the arbor linger here,
And from his bower you shall behold
The bird descending without fear.

And soon your brow shall near it feel—
While breezy waftures charm the sense—
A fluttering of soft wings that reel
In white aerial turbulence.

And on your shoulder, tamely meek,
The dove at last will perch in bliss,
And quaff with his pink, balmy beak
The dizzying rapture of your kiss!

—*University.*

DEATH.

"Give me but death," I heard a sad heart sigh
Beside a night-black river, and thereby
I knew a poor blind soul, baptized of pain,
A broken lily swept by storm-blown rain,
That, loving good, and seeing not, must cry
"There is no God, and therefore I will die;
Give me but death."

Again I heard an angry voice defy
The living God, and saw one strive to fly
In self-struck death his Maker; but in vain,
For God made Death his everlasting chain;
Through Death's dread halls I heard God's voice reply
"Man, love thou Life; if thou love not, then I
Give thee but Death."

Christ, will Thy voice ne'er call from out the sky
Thy wandering sheep within thine arms to lie,
Made pure from sin? Lord Jesus, I am fain
To be with Thee forever, who didst deign
To suffer death, and now dost reign on high.
Lord, Thy great love hath made it gain to die;
Give me but Death.

—*Syracusian.*

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Two bright rain-drops fell together
Toward the summit of a hill:
Happy passage till they sever,
Finding each a separate will.

To this river, to that river,
Each one starts his different way.
"Wait," cried one, "I must deliver
One brief word while yet I stay.

"This dear friendship sure will brighten
All my journey to the sea;
Speak, my friend, and will it lighten
Some small care as well for thee?"

Then came o'er the hill-top flying
Words a few, but none more sweet:
"On your memory I'm relying;
May we in the ocean meet."

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

NOVEMBER.

I come, alas, unheralded!
The world is sorrowful to see
October's sunset gold and red
Shorn ruthlessly from field and tree;
For it forgets that sunshine lies,
As ever, on these autumn days;
That subtler, deeper harmonies
Group in the gentle morning haze;
That stars are just as thick at night,
And day-skies blue as summer seas;
That life is still as warm and bright,
And love has more than memories!
Ah, friends, believe, I mean no harm;
My heart, like yours, beats true and warm.

—*H. R. P., Brunonian.*

AN OVERTURE.

A momentary hush, while all is still,
Then it rises, gently sighing
Soft as summer wind, half dying,
Then outwelling, grandly swelling
Upward pours the rhythmic flow;
Faint again the echoes grow
Like the breezes on the hill.

I hear the tones and think of thee,
For the full-toned viols are singing
Songs to thee, and through them ringing,
Comes a minor, sweeter, finer
Tone that meets no ears but mine,
And I know the voice is thine
Whispering low to none but me.

—*Undergraduate.*

POT-POURRI.

ZOOLOGY.

Oh, Organism of lowest grade,
Thou Gregarina, tell,
Why dost thou vex our mem'ries so,
Thou'rt nothing but a cell (sell).

Oh, jelly-like Amoeba
Of Protozoan pedigree,
An ectosarc and endosarc
Form thy personality.

And thou, who are so near of kin,
Pale Infusoria;
Thy brothers all have silly heads,
But thou hast cilia (sillier).

And fie upon thee, Hydra!
With thy tentacles profuse,
Thou'rt soft, and green, and sensitive,
A jelly-fish obtuse.

To kill the Lernéan Hydra
Proved a task for Hercules;
But Science turns thee inside out
And outside in with ease.

But Science' dearest pet art thou,
Fair Sea Urchin, because
Five pearly wedge-shaped teeth hast thou
In just as many jaws.

Though the jelly-fish and polyp
Time may from memory drive,
We'll ne'er forget the Urchin,
With its teeth and jaw-bones five.

D. J., '90.

Professor in Greek: "You know, gentlemen, we are indebted to the early Greeks for our conception of the centaur, and yet, hem-m, I have sometimes thought that I recognize pretty well-defined specimens of the half-man and half-horse nowadays, hem-m. Mr. R. you may read."—*Ex.*

"I wish I was a star," said a Cornell Junior dreamily, to a companion. "I wish you was a comet," she replied, coolly, "for then you would come around only once in 1560 years."—*Ex.*

THE SENIOR.

The Senior stood in Psychology class,
Tall and graceful and fair
Earnestly striving, in vain, to pass,
Flunking with sorrowful air.

Physical, psychical, mental and all,
Every power had fled,
Amazing, imposing, astounding his gall,
Burly his frame, big his head.

The Senior sat in Pschology class
Small and humble and meek,
Never again will he think he can pass
By trusting alone to his cheek.

—*Oberlin Review.*

Dear Father, I am well, and am studying hard. We have just reached "Demand" in Pol. Econ. The supply is always equal to the demand. Please send me fifty dollars. Your affectionate son.—*Ex.*

A DIFFERENCE.

When Rome was great
And ruled in state
The nations here below;
The weather-seer,—
'Twas very queer,
Was *augur* then, you know.

But we, to-day,
In blunder way,
Don't smooth the matter o'er;
We speak it out,
And call the lout,
A plain and simple bore.

—*Brunonian.*

Ebullitious Senior (with a cut in Zoology)—"Oh! I'm just as happy as a great big dog-star!" Astronomical Junior—"Can you be Sirius?"

A Sophomore, stuffing for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render future elevation unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is justified in trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.

—*Ex.*

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