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THE

BATES



STUDENT

Sixteenth
Volume.

'89

W. R. Miller.



Number 3.



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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

MARCH, 1888.

No. 3.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

NOTHING is more trying to the editor and to the printer than badly prepared manuscripts, especially since they are of so frequent occurrence. Space forbids extended directions, but we venture these few suggestions, hoping it may not only lighten our own burdens but also be the means of saving some otherwise worthy productions from the waste-basket.

The best size of paper is packet heads or half sheets of commercial note. For some inexplicable reason amateur writers almost invariably use foolscap. It is much less convenient.

Contributors to the STUDENT that apply to the editors will be supplied with the regular copy paper. The manuscript should never be folded or rolled.

Never write on both sides of the sheet. A failure in this would be deemed by many publishers sufficient excuse for the rejection of the contribution.

Book manuscripts should be carefully paged in ink near the middle of the top of the sheet. If paged on a corner the number is liable to be torn off. All matter for the STUDENT, however, must be re-paged, and we prefer that the author's number should be placed

on the upper right hand corner in light pencil marks.

All directions not intended for print and all underlines should be made in red ink. Foot-notes and explanatory prefaces are generally best printed in nonpareil and it should be so indicated. Paragraphs are better designated by the sign. Marks of punctuation should be made proportionally large to avoid the possibility of being overlooked.

Lastly, the subject matter should be written with black ink in a neat plain hand, care being taken to make each letter distinct. One should be very particular with foreign words.

WE hope to see a lively interest taken in the study of Ornithology during the coming spring. Few studies afford more profit or pleasure. One who begins this study finds a new world of beauty and melody opened to him. A new sense has been awakened, and instead of the few straggling birds that he has been accustomed to see he now finds himself surrounded by a multitude of songsters, wonderful in their varieties of habits, songs, and colors. A man will be a better orator or poet for having a familiar acquaintance with the birds. His quickened observation inspires in his own being kindred sentiments of purity, sympathy, and truth. Moreover, Ornithology presents exceptionally good opportunities for recreation. A tramp through the fields and woods in the early morning, with field-glass and gun, invigorates the whole system and gives a zest to other work. We have unusually good advantages for studying birds. Our collection is

large, wild birds are numerous, and the expeditions and lectures conducted by Prof. Stanton are *par excellence*. There is no excuse for the A.B. who boasts his education and yet cannot tell a sparrow hawk from a myrtle warbler.

SINCE we have been in college we have seen an awakening in baseball, in tennis, and in other secular work; but not until within the past few weeks have we seen that enthusiasm shown in Christian work which has characterized Bates in her other departments. The powerful sermon preached by Rev. J. M. Lowden on the Day of Prayer was the beginning of a grand revival. Mr. Sandford, of '86, led the prayer-meeting on the evening of that day, infusing some of his enthusiasm in this grand work into the members of the college Y. M. C. A. The result has been a renewed consecration on the part of college Christians. Meetings have been held since, four or five evenings of each week, the result of which has been a general quickening of religious feeling throughout the college. Some have made a stand on the side of Christ for the first time, and many have re-consecrated themselves to His work. Perhaps there never has been a time in the history of the college when Christian influences were so potent as now, when so many felt, in their hearts, that the life and teachings of Jesus Christ were the true philosophy and guide of life.

THERE has come to our notice a circular issued by Sharp & Bacon, wherein they say: "Upon considering

the work of Seniors in their closing weeks of college, we have endeavored to fill a long-felt want by engaging prolific writers to furnish all kinds of productions at a slight cost."

Here then, Seniors, is a chance to get your graduation parts all ready-made, to fit you like a hat or a coat. There is no danger of getting a misfit, for Sharp & Bacon say, "The large number of productions that we have already furnished to the best colleges in the United States have given entire satisfaction."

A great educational problem has been solved. There are to be no more nights of weary toil; no more bent shoulders and aching heads; no more incentives to know anything. A profound and scholarly essay on the "Immortality of the Soul," can be obtained for \$3.50; a "Criticism on Chaucer," for \$4.25; "Orations," and "Philosophical Treatises," slightly higher, while an A No. 1 invective, with all the modern improvements, may reach the sum of \$25. Such, in substance, is the circular now being sent to American colleges by the enterprising firm of Sharp & Bacon.

Now, Messrs. Sharp & Bacon, permit us to say that we judge you to be swindlers or villains. Probably you are both. You evidently have no regard for truth, nor respect for honesty. You are parasites that would exhaust the life blood of virtue and nobility. In the sight of justice you are criminals as much as the thief and counterfeiter. You are cursed with an itching palm, and in your lust for gain violate every principle of right and decency.

A man who has had four years of literary training needs not your fraudulent and trashy goods.

NONE of us read so much as we should like, or as much as we perhaps might if our time was used with stricter economy. Yet when we do catch a little time apart from our studies to extend our knowledge of the world's literature, we often fail to receive a just profit. We think it is mainly owing to the profusion of books that the reader too often permits himself, in his haste to become acquainted with as many authors as possible, to fall into the bad habit of superficial reading. It is absurd to suppose that one can, in two or three hours, get all or even an appreciable part of the value of that which required as many years in being prepared.

We would say, then, read fewer books, and those much more carefully. One book carefully read, more than once, too, and thoroughly assimilated, would prove of more value than a hundred read in the ordinary way. It is a good plan to mark striking passages with a lead pencil. Not only would this require a closer critical attention, but would make greater convenience if one should afterwards desire to refer to the book for a quotation. It is also excellent to make notes or abstracts. Legrange always read with a pen in his hand, jotting down suggestions and criticisms. Macaulay early acquired the habit of stopping at short intervals and making a mental synopsis of what he had just gone over. He was thus enabled in later years to repeat a

work almost *verbatim* after a single perusal.

The student will find that such a course influences his own style of writing more than much knowledge of Rhetoric. Irving's style was formed by an appreciative acquaintance with Addison. Franklin's in the same way. Carlyle was influenced by the German writers, especially Goethe and Schiller. Keats and Cowley by Spenser. Shelley by Æschylus and Sophocles. One unconsciously falls into the mode of thinking of the author he is reading, and of course will reproduce it in what he writes.

THERE are many men, well informed men even, who do not believe in the education of the people. They seem almost jealous of their own position in life and try to keep others below themselves. These self-interested men make as their chief argument against enlightenment of the people, that there is a sufficient number of educated men now to do the thinking for the world, and it is best to keep in ignorance those who are to do the world's drudgery. "Educate them," they say, "and you will place them beyond all work." The slothful man can never be the successful man, and those that are so niggardly in their opinions that they would hold others to their level, are certain to be the earth's drones. There are men that find the sons whom they have educated still heavy on their hands, after the A.B. or A.M. has been appended to the names of these prospective-sons-of-fame, and these failures are to them living arguments of the overproduction of intellect.

It was not long ago that a public speaker said something ought to be done to prevent so many "five-dollar rascals" from obtaining a "five-thousand-dollar education," but he did not say what would become of the ten-thousand-dollar numskull without the five-dollar rascal to write out the tests. So many look upon studying as the building of a machine which is to be a very profitable labor-saving agent, and if this result does not follow, the machine is considered an unpleasant reminder of a shameful failure. To grind ideas into cents is the common invitation to study. Whoever thinks Education's route to wealth and fame an easy one has but to make the trial to undeceive himself. But where there is one to oppose the education of boys there are a dozen to oppose the training of girls, as if they had no part in this world of work. "Why, it is simply preposterous for that girl to study so much. Likely as not she'll marry and there'll be a waste of time and money," is the cry. But they never think she may be as unfortunate as Scheherazade and need her inventive genius to help her. An English writer said education was never known to improve the temper of a young lady. We must admit that the authoress was right—doubtless her knowledge was experimental,—but there is no case on record where education has proven very injurious to the disposition. Society has done much to put restrictions on the intellectual training of girls, and its conservatism has done some good, for had education been "the thing" for girls, at once, many that wish only

to hold what society orders, would have rushed to the academies and colleges. But whether it be boy or girl, the thought not of getting but of leaving, not of living but of life, should urge them to all work. A clear intelligence is the birthright of every one, and whoever gains it possesses his own, merely.

PROBABLY no study in our college course, that furnishes so valuable a discipline, is so universally slighted as Mathematics. We believe that any branch of learning loses its value in proportion as the student fails to bring himself into sympathy with it. Disliking it as he does he may memorize and grasp with sufficient clearness its salient principles, and yet miss altogether the spirit or soul of it. There is in every subject a vigor, a fire, which belongs to its own peculiar nature, which is its very essence. Unless this fire is communicated to the sympathetic mind, the entire value of that subject is lost. We all know that any one might, with more or less practice, become enabled to write verses, perfect in mechanical execution, but entirely wanting in poetic feeling. It is just the same with anything else. In Mathematics a similar difference exists between computation and analysis. Almost any person, who has the rules before him, can perform the mechanical operation of computing, with complete accuracy; but it is the searching Analyst, the Newton or Laplace who can ever hope to scan the far horizon of undiscovered truth.

We wish we might say something to

encourage our fellow-students to interest themselves more thoroughly in this study. We believe that dislike for Mathematics is more acquired than natural. Most scholars are prejudiced beforehand with its difficulty and dryness, and as a legitimate consequence they never once give it a fair trial. Be it remembered that but very few have not in their minds the necessary groundwork for appreciative comprehension, since Mathematics has for its intellectual basis the most universally shared mental faculty,—reason, that faculty which so largely distinguishes man from the brute creation.

Mathematics develops the habit of sustained, persistent, consecutive thought. This is a matter of inestimable worth. As far back as the time of Aristotle it was found that an argument would never have any convincing force upon those to whom it was addressed unless arranged in a certain order. This is the conservative or logical order. Destroy that and the effect of your essay, oration, or debate is weakened or lost. No doubt many of us have noticed the effect of a rambling, aimless style in a speech or sermon. We go away confused and unprofited. We sometimes hear others say of a certain speaker, "I couldn't tell what he was driving at." This is just because no care has been taken in presenting the thoughts in their proper relations.

Again, Mathematics gives a power to grasp a subject in all its fullness and importance. Without this power the writer is confused by a multiplicity of detail, a variety and breadth truly perplexing. He fails to perceive the

main issues; he is inclined to give importance to wholly irrelevant matter, does not understand the relation of different, and, to him, eternally conflicting parts; and, in the great issue, flies wholly wide of the mark. Another man analyzes his subject, discards all side issues, assumes his hypothesis, gives his definitions, shows what may be taken for granted and marches straight to his conclusions with the same fatal certainty with which Napoleon approached Austerlitz or Jena. He sees his mark, takes deliberate aim and mortally wounds some enemy of truth, or brings down some rich prize from Heaven.

Another benefit conferred is the power to reason in the abstract or subjective, rather than the concrete or objective. The abstract generalizes, the concrete particularizes. The abstract, in a single reach takes hold of a thousand different elements at once; the concrete can take but one at a time. As Holmes says: "One of the many ways of classifying minds is under the head of arithmetic and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula, $2+2=4$. Every philosophic proposition has the more general character of the expression, $a+b=c$. We are mere operatives, empirics and egotists until we learn to think in letters instead of figures."

Seeing so great benefits are derived from appreciative mathematical studies it is to be regretted that so many evince such a decided distaste for them. But yet we feel that for such students it is

lost time to pursue the study beyond certain limits. We think it should be the aim of every course of study to use all possible means to put the scholar in the most favorable and unprejudicial relations to his work, to carry him far enough to determine positively his natural capacities and there leave him to the bent of his own genius.

TO many who are hesitating on the border of entering college, the chief thing taken into consideration seems to be, By graduating from what school shall I gain the highest name and so be successful, and not that other question, From what school shall I get the most good? Gustave Doré threw away paint and brush and went back to his crayon; left all the brilliancy of color and kept to severe black and white, and with these alone he accomplished what no man ever accomplished before. The simplest means are often by far the best. That is the best training which while it controls a man yet gives him a freedom of motion peculiar to himself alone, and so that school is the best which compels a man to work out for himself the questions which arise continually, schools which while they aid him yet compel him to assist himself, not allowing him to find everything ready made. A school is really no school, in the strict application of the word, which settles all matters and has them cut and dried beforehand, but that is a school where each one must think and act for himself.

And this is one great thing to take into consideration in deciding what college to enter. Too often in the larger

colleges, a man who has no especial incentive to study finds out that he can get along without study; that by the skillful use of assistants and a little maneuvering he can complete his course and even gain his diploma with almost no work, and in many cases he takes advantage of his discovery. A college course passed in this way is an injury rather than a benefit. In the smaller colleges this is true to a considerably less extent. There a man must work for what he has. He can not shirk through. For this reason it often happens that a man who has graduated from a small college, whose diploma does almost nothing for him, is better fitted to enter life than a man of equal natural advantages who has gone through a large college, where he was not compelled to overcome his constitutional lassitude.

LITERARY.

THE WONDROUS BATTLES.

By F. L. P., '91.

I tell of wondrous battles, fought
Upon a wondrous battle ground;
'Tis somewhat like a fairy tale,
And yet 'tis truthful, I have found.

This strife, it is an ancient strife,
I know not when it first began,
But yet I think it is at least
Coeval with the age of man.

This strife, it is a ceaseless strife;
No mortal can its end foresee;
And so I think 'twill last at least,
Until mankind shall cease to be.

Some heroes are in every strife;
Two heroes in this strife I find,
Yet these, unlike most heroes, are
Extremely opposite in kind.

For one, a mighty man is he,
And large and strong and fierce and bold;
I know not whom he may be like,
Except some warrior king of old.

Some warrior king with trappings proud,
And casque of steel, and coat of mail,
And neighing steed, and lance at which
The most puissant knight would quail.

In truth he is a mighty prince;
He conquers kingdoms far and wide,
And all save one he hath subdued
And made subservient to his pride.

The other hero in this strife
Is but a merry elf indeed,
His form is fair, he bears no lance,
He wears no armor, rides no steed.

His weapon is a simple dart,
He hurls it with unerring aim;
Nor coat of mail nor helm of steel
Can rob this urchin of his game.

A curious smile he ever wears,
No scar of conflict mars his face,
His every movement seems to add
Some new and unsuspected grace.

He has a kingdom all his own,
No land so fair beneath the sun,
The very garden of the gods
By this bright realm is far outdone.

Sequestered from the busy world,
It is indeed enchanted land,
A vale of bliss beyond compare,
Forever beautiful and grand.

To guard it round on every side
Romantic hills and mountains rise,
Whose peaks in solemn silence stand,
Like mighty watch-towers in the skies.

Perpetual day unclouded shines,
Sweet perfumes laden all the air;
Nor form of beauty ever was
That does not dwell enchanted there.

There groves refreshing shade supply,
And cooling fountains ceaseless flow,
Perennial flowers and fruits abound,
And none but gentlest zephyrs blow.

Again, as oft in days gone by,
This armored prince in all his pride,

On neighing steed sets forth to roam,
Amidst the mountains far and wide.

Again he seeks the blissful vale,
By might to gain it for his own;
Again he meets the fatal dart,
And yet again is overthrown.

And so contend from age to age
These heroes in their curious feud.
Yet every generation finds
The courage of the knight renewed.

Now should you ask these heroes' names,
I'll answer ere I cease to sing;
Sir Reason is the knight so bold,
And Cupid is the elfin king.

And should you further ask me where
This realm so wondrous may be found,
I'll answer 'tis the vale of love,
With Passion's mountains towering round.

◆◆◆

THAT CITY MINISTER.

By C. D. B., '89.

"I SAY no, Mary! It is no kind of use, you can't marry that city minister. I won't have it. The idea!" Here farmer Evelith's voice broke, so intense was his indignation, and he remained speechless for full half a minute. "The idea!" he continued. "I knew when I sent you to that boarding school to learn things your mother never dreamt of knowing, that you would come home spilt. Just think, what piles of money I've spent on you, how, being my only child, you've been the very apple of my eye; how I've lotted on you; and now you are going to marry that city minister. I tell you, Mary, I won't stand it, and there's an end on't. I won't have a white-handed, muscleless, sinewless city chap for my son-in-law. Give me some likely Maine lad, who can mow, shovel, pitch, and dig, earn his living like a man. Now

there is Sam Jones, he is what I like for a man. I tell you what, Mary, he is the likeliest fellow in these parts. He can do more work in one day than any other two men in town can in the same length of time. And Sam has a liking for"—

"But," remonstrated pretty Mary, "Sam is illiterate, awkward, and"—

"What's that amount to? Do you think you are going to eat, drink, and wear that city fellow's politeness, graces, and 'complishments? I guess not. I tell you what, Mary, all the larnin' and other fine things in seven States won't make a man."

Farmer Evelith crowded his old straw hat on to his head firmly, and taking his scythe, started for the hay-field, still muttering his deep disgust. What did Mary do? Did she cry her pretty eyes out, as most modern heroines would have done on such an occasion? Not at all. With a quiet smile on her pretty face she went about her domestic duties. Evidently her philosophy was quiet waiting. That night, however, she wrote to Boston. Two days later her father brought home a letter, and casting it on the table with an uncontrollable look of disgust, said, "There is somethin', I s'pose, from that city chap." Mary caught up the letter, and, hastily breaking the seal, read its contents, which seemed to delight and amuse her very much, for she laughed heartily again and again. "She'll be stark mad 'fore long," muttered the farmer to himself. "Oh! that I ever let her go to Boston with Belle Oakes."

Three days after a tall, good-looking, muscular young man came to farmer

Evelith's place and inquired for work. The farmer looked him over critically, asked almost innumerable questions with respect to his capabilities, but finally hired him. "I've got a new hand," he said to Mary that morning as he started for the field, "and a likely looking fellow he is, too. Have things ready for him." Some way he could not understand the queer look that came into her eyes and the amused smile that played round her mouth.

Noon came, and with it dinner. "That new hand," said Mary's father to her, while she was taking the roast meat from the oven, "is a regular tearer. He works like fun. He puts the cap on, he does. Sam is nothin' side of him. Why, he mowed right away from Sam; and you'd have thought Sam was standing stock still. I don't know, Mary, I guess you had better set your cap for this fellow. He can't be beat nowhere."

"Well," said Mary, when, just before supper her father came in for a drink, "how does your new hand do this afternoon?"

"The more I see of that chap the better I like him. Why, he will go 'long side of one of those big hay-cocks down in the medder, stick his fork through it, and chuck it on the load as slick as a whistle. When we got the first load of hay into the barn Sam and I got down into the bay to kinder spread the hay round like, leaving this George to pitch off. Soon we thought a western cyclone had struck us. In less time than it takes for me to tell it, he switched that big ox-load off. We stood back in the corners of the

bay; if we hadn't, we'd have been buried alive, sure."

When supper was over, the dishes washed, and farmer Evelith and his hired help gone to see how the potatoes were prospering, Mary said to the "new hand," who, strange to remark, had remained in the kitchen: "You must be tired, George, after such a day's work as father says you have done. How is it that you are not only skilled in farming, but also possess the strength of a Hercules?"

"I worked on my father's farm until I was eighteen, and since then I have kept my muscle up by college athletics and other practice," he replied.

"Father is delighted with you. You are his *beau ideal* of perfect manhood. He advised me to give up that city minister, George Montrose, and set my cap for George Sanford, and I am not sure but I shall take his advice."

"I am willing. George Montrose or George Sanford are all the same to me."

Mary took from the cupboard a dish of cherries and began to pit them. Some way George's seat in the doorway did not satisfy him. He got up, took a chair, and placing it pretty near Mary's, sat down. He was going to help her, he said. Right here my prosy Pegasus breaks.

In every kind of farm labor George showed remarkable skill. He could use the hoe and axe with surprising dexterity, hold the plow, drive the oxen, in short, do everything that was required of him in the most satisfactory manner. The farmer's partiality for him increased, encomiums in his favor

daily became stronger and more numerous, and the farmer's countenance showed undisguised approval when he saw George and Mary together.

In the meantime, however, Sam grew jealous, not that Mary had ever encouraged his suit, indeed quite the contrary, but her father had given him to understand more than once that he could marry his daughter if he should choose. Now Sam was not the man to cry sour grapes at once. "I'll un-starch him," he growled to himself, "see if I don't. If I could get my fingers on him, I'd shake him out o' his boots, I'm thinkin'." He turned the above thought over and over in his sluggish brain, and at last exclaimed, "I'll do it, I will!"

Two or three days later, about sunset, half a dozen of the sturdy young farmers who lived near by assembled, apparently by chance, under the large elms that grew in front of the Evelith place. George, leaning indolently against one of their wrinkled trunks, listened inattentively to their talk, occasionally replying to their jests and witticisms. Soon they became a little boisterous, a slight scuffle took place between two of them, and one exclaimed, "Boys, let us have a wrestling match, and try our strength."

"All right," said Sam, who had evidently been waiting this turn of affairs. George's inattention disappeared. To use a common saying, "he smelt a rat." The wrestling began. Sam, who was the heaviest and strongest, successively threw each one of them. Then approaching George, he placed his large

hand upon his shoulder and said, "Your turn comes next. I've threw them all but you." In an instant Sam lay sprawled out on the greensward. In another instant he was on his feet. A moment after, however, he picked himself out of some wild rose bushes that grew near by. Nothing daunted, he rushed in once more. But two seconds later he found himself on the farther side of a high board fence. He climbed back, but that "city chap" had vanished, and his companions were convulsed with laughter.

"No use, you're beat, Sam," said the farmer, who was sitting on the doorsteps.

Sam swallowed his chagrin, becomingly acknowledged George's superior skill and strength, and gave up henceforth all hope of ever marrying Mary, for he well knew that he had lost cast with her father.

One rainy day some time after, when George had left the kitchen, having remained there alone with Mary an unreasonable length of time, farmer Evelith went out and said: "Mary, I thought you'd think better of marrying that city minister; wa'n't I right? Don't you think that George is a likelier fellow than that city chap? I tell you, I never seed a man I took to like this George."

"But how about Sam?" said Mary.

"We won't talk about Sam. I've changed my idee 'bout him. I wouldn't have him nohow for my son-in-law, I wouldn't."

"I cannot say that I like George any better than I did Mr. Montrose, but I like him as well; so to please you,

father, I will marry George, if he ever asks me to become his wife."

"Girl, you're the best daughter in ten States. I will take back all I ever said 'bout your being ungrateful and wantin' to marry that city minister." And the farmer kissed his daughter and went out to see after the cattle.

That evening, when the Evelith family was supping, Miss Oakes, who had been Mary's companion while she was at Boston, came in. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Montrose?" said she, addressing George. "I am very pleased to meet you again. When did you come?"

"You're mistaken," said farmer Evelith, "this is Mr. Sanford."

Mary could check her mirth no longer, and, bursting into a fit of laughter, left the room. George preserved his dignity and calmly said, "My name is George Sanford Montrose."

"And you're that city minister, after all!" ejaculated the farmer.

"Yes."

The revelation was too much for the old man's equanimity. Without a word he went out and sat down on the piazza, and for full half an hour remained there, chewing the cud of reflection. Finally a bright smile broke over his rugged countenance. He found Mary and George in the kitchen.

"You played me a pretty joke, you did, children. I was mad like. It's all gone now. You, Mary, were awful willin' to swap, but for all of that you are the best girl that ever was. You, George, you're a smart chap, I'm thinkin', and have got muscle and sinew enough to make me a fine son-in-law.

You both, as I said before, have played me a pretty joke; but then, all's fair in love and war, the fine folks say, and 'sides, if I and marm had been placed in like way, we'd—I don't doubt—have done as you have."

On the following Christmas there was a wedding at the Evelith place.

THE NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF THE UNITED STATES.

By F. W. N., '89.

WE often hear of the population and wealth of this country, and we have read of the hardships of its first settlers. The greatness of the country may appear, at the first glance, to be due mainly to the population, but on careful examination we find that it has great natural advantages.

The geographical position of this country is very favorable. It is completely removed from the strife and jealousy that so distract the various nations of Europe, and also of Asia, yet being midway between the great nations of Western Europe and the rich products of Asia, its advantages for communication with the three southern continents, and with each of them are unequaled. Add to this the fact that in extent of connected territory we are second to but a single country in christendom, and, if colonies and dependencies are also considered, we are surpassed by only two nations. Including Alaska, our territory is greater than the continent of Europe together with the British Isles. Even without Alaska it is larger by half a million miles than the continent of Australia.

Nor is this all. The mineral wealth of the United States is unequalled by that of any country on the globe. When the Spaniards first came to America they wandered over a great amount of territory in search of gold and precious stones. They even searched in vain for these in the very state where, three centuries afterward, was made by a poor laborer a discovery that would have satisfied their wildest dreams. The Western highland is rich in mineral deposits, and the Eastern is also well supplied, while coal is found over an area estimated at 200,000 square miles, a coal district larger than that of any other country. The gold mines of this country are the chief source of the world's supply, while the lodes of silver are the largest and most productive known. The supply of iron is unsurpassed, and the production is second to that of Great Britain only.

Here are found also the richest copper and lead mines in the world, and great quantities of mercury, graphite, nickel, tin, and salt. In the production of petroleum we far surpass all other countries. The immense deposits of sandstone, granite, and marble furnish us with abundant structural materials, and slate and limestone are also very plentiful.

Still more wonderful are the agricultural resources. The soil of hundreds of thousands of miles of this country is unequalled in fertility, as can be readily seen by its productions. If all the arable land in the country were to be utilized, it would easily produce enough to supply the entire population of Europe together with that of North

America. When the Norsemen found the country peopled only by a few savages, or when the colonies of Plymouth or of Jamestown were hard pressed for food, little did they dream that they were in a country that should yet be better supplied with luxuries than any man had yet seen. This great fertility of soil insures a great amount and variety of vegetable productions. The forests have always been a source of wealth, while the land that is free from forests produces great quantities of grass, or if cultivated, is soon covered with broad fields of cotton, corn, wheat, hemp, flax, or tobacco. Even the rough hill-sides are covered with orchards or vineyards, while some of the warmer portions of the country produce rice and sugar cane, or are dotted with orange groves. By such abundant supplies of grain and grass millions of horses, sheep, cattle, and other animals are furnished with subsistence; and thus we are well supplied with all necessary food and clothing by the produce of the soil.

Rushing down the slopes of the hill country are innumerable brooks and rivers on their way to the sea, and by their descent they supply the country with inexhaustible water power, and so great is the amount, that, if it were all utilized, it would furnish as much water power as is now used by all the countries of the world.

Yet without advantages for the transportation of all these varied and abundant productions, we should still be at a loss how to dispose of them. We have not, however, been left in this way. Our lake and sea-coasts give us, with-

out including indentations, shore lines of over 13,000 miles, while we have over 8,000 miles of navigable rivers. In these particulars we are superior to any other country of equal area.

Besides all these advantages there is one without which all the others would be as useless as the gold of Midas. Were this country placed in the burning, cloudless regions of the tropics or near to the frigid, icebound poles, where man cannot dwell, or if he makes the attempt, cannot reach any high degree of advancement, all these advantages so lavishly poured out upon us would be unknown or undeveloped. But on the contrary, we are placed in that "golden mean" where man attains the highest physical, mental, and moral development.

Now what is the significance of these wonderful resources and opportunities? Is it not that Providence has desired that our republic should be the greatest, the noblest, the best nation the world has ever produced?

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BIRD-NOTES.

BY M. M., '91.

I stand by the shining river
 Aglow with the sunset fire,
 While over the trembling tree-tops
 The new moon rises higher.

Soaring aloft in the azure,
 Like a bird on silver wing,
 She waxes brighter and brighter
 As the sunset light grows dim.

Just over beyond the river,
 At the foot of the rocky steep,
 Lies the forest, a sea of shadow,
 Whose billows have sunk to sleep.

A hush broods over the landscape,
 As if Nature were listening

For some sweet and holy music
 From out the shadows dim.

And hark! from the silent forest
 It comes, a soft, clear call,
 And tenderly on earth's listening ear
 Its music seems to fall.

And sweetly through the darkness
 Comes another liquid note,
 And now from a hundred thickets
 The clear bird-voices float.

As I listen with pulses thrilling,
 In the waning light of day,
 Like a dream of strife and trouble
 The dim world fades away.

And I, in the sunset splendor,
 By the shore of a golden stream,
 Stand silent with awe and wonder
 At the gates of the world unseen.

The hinges are slowly turning,
 The glories within I see,
 And beings of wondrous beauty
 Are stretching their hands to me.

I catch a sound of its music,
 A radiant gleam of light,
 But e'en as I gaze the gates are closed,
 And the beauty is shut from sight.

The sunset glow has faded;
 The song of the birds is still;
 A single star hangs trembling
 O'er the brow of the distant hill.

I stand 'mid the falling shadows,
 But the darkness to me is bright;
 For I have caught, through the gates ajar,
 A gleam of the heavenly light.

God speaks to our souls with the voices
 Of the birds or the waters clear;
 A message of love he sendeth
 That the listening heart may hear.

And the mystic veil that shadows
 The land of our purest dreams
 Is drawn aside, and the light divine
 Upon our pathway gleams.

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A Parsee girl named Sorabji has just been graduated in the University of Bombay in the first class, a distinction won at the same time by but five men.

A PLEA FOR WRONG DOERS.

By F. J. D., '89.

IT is not my wish to eulogize Satan and his imps and satirize the saints celestial, not to speak in behalf of sin but the sinner, not to sympathize with crime but the criminal, not to be charitable toward dishonor but toward the dishonored; not mine to illuminate with a diseased sympathy and imagination the ghastly night of error, but to cast therein a ray of encouragement to him who has fallen from good society, from the altars of purity, from the beauty of innocence into the Stygian vaults of a corrupt and mistaken life.

Is it not evident that sin is a disease, that no evil is performed without an adequate cause, and whether you appropriate a pair of boots of which your neighbor holds the receipt, or empty a bank of its bonds and gold, or stealthily invade at midnight the slumbering chamber and saturate the alarmed bed with the unoffending blood of its aged occupants, or darker yet exchange the mantle of purity which childhood and a mother's love wove for her darling, for that vesture woven in the very looms of hell itself, embroidered with despair and stained with shame, is it not evident that all these lines of conduct are the result of disease?

Contemplate for a moment the conduct of those brave men and women who inhabit the disease wards and hospitals of our great cities during the reign of some deadly epidemic, and ascertain the motive of their sacrifice.

Does the physician love the small-pox? Is the nurse infatuated with yellow fever? No, it is not the small-

pox, it is the man in its clothes that the physician loves; it is not the fever but the woman it has made delirious that the nurse wears herself out for. Their mission on earth is to alleviate suffering, to restore the human system to a condition of health, and to work among the foul and deadly things for humanity's sake. Can you trace the analogy between those external body-wasting diseases and the internal subtle spirit-wasting maladies!

To many of a dainty and æsthetic judgment it is an enigma what there is interesting in people who have transgressed every law of God and man. Do you wonder what there is attractive and redeeming about felonous men and fallen women?

It is the manhood and womanhood that still lives though down in the depths; it is the man and woman from whom the better impulses and thoughts are ebbing like the tides of the ocean, and ebbing, leaves dark reaches on whose slimy surface birds of prey flock and wrangle. Observe the similitude between the true mission of a prison and the mission of a hospital. Is a hospital a place where the mortal coil is to be unwound without pain; or a dyke built up to keep contagion from leaking into the world? A hospital is to arrest the dissemination of disease and unclasp the hands of deadly contagion.

The mission of the prison is to restrain the ravages of violence and raise the mind to an affection for nobler things. Prison discipline should reach beyond punishment and end in the sublime possibility of reform. A prison

should not only confine, but liberate; not only be a master, but a friend. As doctors, firm and self-possessed, pass through the hospital wards taking a diagnosis of each particular patient, and bearing the healing potions to the sufferers, so should good men, firm men who know something about human nature and believe in eternal life inhabit the prison wards, endeavoring to know each particular prisoner, the history of his temptation and mistaken ideas. They should bear to the prisoner the medicine of reform; a genuine regard, a belief that every man would repent if he only knew how. Such conduct would not avail much with a few hardened, old criminals who have been inured to crime for years; but would avail with those tender in crime, who have just begun to dabble their fingers in the fatal stream, who are yet but slightly spattered with the ichor of destruction.

I do not criticise the law, the court, and the prison; but the hand and heart and complete attitude of society when the offender swaps prison garb for citizen's dress. There is no time a man needs more help and sympathy than when he steps from the prison a free man; yet just at that time all whom he meets, except those lower than himself, trip him toward despair with a stone in each hand and a sting in the tongue, they hound him on to the places of darkness until in sheer desperation and self-defense, a human soul sinks for the last time into the depths of corruption.

Three great considerations compel a charitable conduct toward the fallen:

a person's natural disposition; a person's early training; and a person's temptations,—vast factors each in their influence upon human action, so vast, finite understanding cannot measure them. What temperature is to climate, temperament is to man. There are tropical men whose passions are as intense and consuming as the equatorial sun, whose anger eclipses their better judgment with the completeness that night quenches day. Their fancies are as rich and various as tropical foliage, swift to love, swift to hate, and swift to forgive. What can you expect from such men? Steadfastness? Calm deliberation? Reason is impotent over them. They are men who fall early through accident and passion, men who pass out jauntily for an evening's entertainment and are brought back murderers. A hasty answer and a knife thrust do in one swift moment what eternities of years cannot wash away. They who have volcanoes in their blood are not wholly to blame for eruptions.

Observe men upon the streets and you can almost read their destiny in the conformation of their features. A man's destiny lies in the shape of his chin, the set of his lip, the gleam of his eye, and the height of his forehead more than we think. Let us look deeply before we censure deeply. I suppose the flower and the peach cannot know their debt to the sun. When that perfume was distilled the flower knows not; when that delicate blush suffused its velvet cheek the peach knows not. What of sun, what of wind, and what of dew ripens fruit

man knows not. But this is the possession of the simplest, that flowers do not bloom in mouldy cellars; that fruit ripens not in darkness and cold. Think you not there are many human plants springing up in the dark and gloomy places of society, where never fell a ray of that light, nor a drop of that dew, without which human character is imperfect and deformed?

You who have noble thoughts, who would withdraw in alarm at the faintest approach of evil, whose infant and youthful life was guarded by the solicitude of loving parents, have you ever considered the debt you owe to your early training? Have you ever considered that your present hopeful situation is due to circumstances you did not create nor adjust; that you are pure and good not altogether because of yourself, but in spite of yourself?

Many people cannot help being good. Where the loam is generously warmed by the sun, cleft by the plow, spaded, harrowed, enriched, and planted with good seed and assiduously tended, is there blossom and growth and fruit. Where the shadow falls and the weeds root and multiply, there is neither blossom, growth, nor harvest. When you have met upon the street a lecherous woman whose face yet bore in dimmed glory the traces of "What might have been," has not then the thought crept over your young life, that had you fought her battles and faced her temptations you might have been where she is?

Here is an example in mathematics that does not require a collegian to solve. Given two good people called

father and mother, plus a home, plus music, plus choice books and clothes, plus caresses and words of love, plus the best schools and wisest encouragement, plus happy evenings around an attractive table, and added to all this a little child, and what is the result? A blackleg? A convict? A rowdy? A harlot? The grand total of such items is almost of a certainty culture and respectability.

Here is another example, where all good is minus and all bad is plus. A city, a clamorous, dirty street, a repulsive, old tenement, two rooms, the corners reeking in filth, salacious stories, people in whose minds a pure thought would die from the need of companionship, in fact, replete with all the paraphernalia and ultima of human refuse, and added to all this a little child. Unravel the perplexity and declare in what degree that child is responsible for its degradation. When that man is born who shall translate into language the temptation of one human life, the world will know a greater than Angelo, Mozart, Darwin, or Columbus? The man who has nearest approached it is Shakespeare in Hamlet.

Some temptations are impetuous, abrupt, and fatal as the spring of a panther; some bewildering as the storms on the lake; some benumbing as the Arctic night; some consuming as a flame; some enticing as the dream of an opium eater; some ravishing as sweet music on a summer's night; some unobtrusive as the gliding serpent and fatal as its venom.

In every human experience the waves

of temptation are continually beating against the rock of resolution. The four agents, that practically annul the force of temptation and form a good character, I consider to be: Harmonious health; a philosophical turn of mind; a sound education; and the principles of true religion. Whoever has all these conditions is more than thrice blessed. He who has one of these conditions in a goodly degree will be a better man at forty than at twenty. But the poor fellow who lacks them all, in agricultural language, has a hard row to hoe; that man is more deserving of pity than of censure, and therefore at that point where the world proclaims over the human wreck that all is lost, it seems true that then the laws of God declare in eternal contradiction: There is hope in your future yet.

SAINT PAUL AT ROME.

BY E. T. W., '89.

COULD we with magic power command the wheels of time to roll back for eighteen hundred years, and stand amid the pomp and luxury of atheistic Rome, upon her Palatine Hill, we might behold the palace of the Caesars rearing its lofty towers toward the ethereal sky, its gilded domes made resplendent in the rays of the setting sun. Along the marble pavement would resound the tread of a motley crowd of goers and comers; victorious generals returning with their legions mid dazzling triumph; merchants laden with the wealth of the Orient; votaries of pleasure attended by a servile train, all eager to mingle in the avarice and

lust of this, the world's emporium. Her men of rank had long been given over to that spirit of reckless debauchery which has made Rome a "City of lost gods and god-like men," and in almost every home, from the reed-thatched cottage of Romulus to the magnificent halls of Nero, dwelt the lovers of sin and vice, consulting the dumb oracles of uninspired reason and accepting as their creed the cold and frigid philosophy of the atheistic stoic, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Before a tribunal composed of such as these, and presided over by a man whose name will ever be associated with crimes of the darkest hue, who, not content with the murder of a wife and a brother, had stained his hands in a mother's blood, stood a prisoner from the distant province of Judea. Before this prisoner the majesty of power, and even the imperial diadem itself, seemed to fade as though but an empty pageant, as here he stood a witness for that faith which concerns man's dearest pleasure, his fondest hopes and highest aspirations.

Napoleon, with four hundred thousand followers, could climb the "cloud-capped Alps" and descend like an avalanche upon his enemies. Alexander, at the head of a powerful army, could spread the civilization of Greece over the Asiatic and African shores of the Mediterranean, and revive for a time that image of imperial unity which has placed him among the colossal figures of history; but here was a man alone amidst an enemy far more formidable than any that ever bore the Austrian spear, or charged a Grecian phalanx,

who dared to defend the cause he loved in the face of a blood-stained king. He had been accused by emissaries from the Sanhedrin of defaming their holy temple, and of disturbing their religious worship, being the leader of a new and factious sect. These, not relying on their own strength, had secured the services of a Roman lawyer to paint the dangerous character of their antagonist in darkest colors. They appealed to that spirit of fanaticism ever prevalent in a land of false gods and idol-worship, and even raised the voice of a mob, as if to add new tumult to an already overexcited populace; but the waves that sweep over the troubled Baltic were never more undaunted than this man. Calm and dispassionate, his voice fell upon the ears of his awe-struck listeners. Never before had they been addressed by one so gifted with the rarest powers to convince the understanding, or sway the hearts of men. His was not the eloquence of Demosthenes pleading for a crown, nor of Cicero pleading in behalf of a friend. His was an eloquence inspired by a faith that has been the hope of millions for a life beyond the grave; his was a theme that was destined to drive back the darkness that had so long brooded over the world, and to assist human progress to emerge from the rayless gloom of heathenism, barbarism, and universal corruption.

To-day, wherever temples and altars rise to the worship of the true and living God, there the name of "Paul of Tarsus" is revered as the great teacher of "universal redemption," the "herald of glad tidings to all mankind." Even

as the New England villager gazes at the old church tower that overlooks the graves of his kindred, so the hearts of the civilized world turn toward that gray old mausoleum, beneath whose dim shadows the sword of the headsmen ended the earthly career of their patron saint "the apostle to the Gentiles." There, looking beyond the transitory shades of mortal vision, his weary soul burst its fetters, and Paul had triumphed in a faith for which he had given his life, to wear a martyr's crown. Well might the immortal muses have crowned his brow with a victorious garland, and sang to the parting hero,

"When thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said:
Welcome to heaven's 'home, sweet home.'"

THE MAPLE'S LAMENT.

By J. H. J., '88.

Summer and its rose have faded,
Ripened into autumn's glow,
From the land of snow and icebergs
Chilling blasts of winter blow,

And among the reeds they're playing
Many a sad and mournful lay,
As they scurry 'neath the moonlight,
Like an elfin band at play.

'Mong my branches in the spring-time
Many a songster built her nest.
Zephyrs, sporting round their cradle,
Rocked the little ones to rest.

Now, their songs of joy are silent;
Unperceived they took their flight;
Gone where southern skies and sunshine
Fill their hearts with fresh delight.

And my leaves, that comely garment
That enwrapped my slender form,
Torn and faded, have been scattered,
Rent by breath of chilling storm.

Floated singly from my branches,
Topmost bareing first of all,
As from off an aged forehead
Silver threads in silence fall.

Though my form is decked with jewels
Wrought by fingers of the frost,
What care I for all this splendor,
With my robe and playmates lost?

While I stand here cold and cheerless,
Shivering in the icy blast,
By the silvern winter moonlight,
Spectral shades anon I cast.

I am lonely and forsaken,
And my heart is cold as stone.
Am I doomed to desolation?
Must I ever grieve alone?

Borne on pinions of the night-wind
Comes the Angel of the Leaves,
Comes and gently whispers to her,
For she hears her as she grieves,

Speaks in tones of reassurance,
Words of comfort, cheering, mild;
Mingling with them soft caresses,
As a mother soothes her child.

"Be not sad, disheartened, daughter.
Think not thou art left alone.
Fear not, thou art ne'er forgotten,
When then the storm-winds roar and moan.

"I'll not leave thee, not forsake thee,
Though thou canst not see alway;
I am ever near to keep thee,
Near to guard thee night and day.

"Let the Storm King spend his fury,
Though the hail should buffet sore;
Sorrows are but for a season:
Soon shalt thou rejoice once more.

"Spring will come again and flowers;
And for thee once more I'll weave
Yet a far more lovely vesture
Than the lost one thou dost grieve.

"Then the birds will seek thy bosom,
And again their voices raise,
As they watch o'er nest and fledgelings,
Swelling joyous songs of praise.

"Sorrow then shall turn to gladness;
And what seems thy present woe
Is but working to prepare thee
For the bliss thou soon wilt know."

Thus, Oh man, what seem thy trials,
Grievous loss, afflictions sore,
Are but blessings to prepare thee
For the life that's on before.

COMMUNICATION.

[Professor Brackett, of the University of Colorado, has kindly responded to our request to contribute something for the STUDENT by sending the article which we present in this department to our readers.]

AN ELEMENT OF CLASSICAL STUDY SOMETIMES NEGLECTED.

Dante, recalling his dread on entering the "Inferno," spoke a word about Virgil that would be an appropriate epitaph for the good schoolmaster:

"And after he had laid his hand on mine
With joyful mien, whence I was comforted,
He led me in among the secret things."*

When boys and girls enter the realm of the dead languages, what they need most is the warm hand of sympathy and the good taste that can initiate them into the mysteries of beauty. The student should understand that he can not recognize true beauty; that the perception of beauty is the result of culture; that the formation of good taste, even, is the work of a life-time; and that men will differ about the truly beautiful as long as they will differ about the truly good. But, in his plans for life, the day of perfect beauty should have charms second only to the day of perfected goodness.

A poem is first of all an edifice of sound. An infant or a savage would take delight in Virgil's mellow voice as he read his epic before Augustus. The metre is the heart-throb of the poem. Its significance can be taught at first by

* Longfellow's translation, INF., III., 13.

metrical translations, as in Whiton's "*Auxilia Vergiliana*"; soon the student will not only notice apparent adaptations of the sound to the sense, as in

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula
campum,
"Soundeth the hoof as the four-footed coursers
beat stroke on the level,"*

but he will also take an honest delight in the swing of the hexameter:

"Strongly it bears us along in swelling and
limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the
sky and the ocean."†

All students may be taught to scan well, and students who scan well nearly always love the poets.

From the perception of beauty in sound it is but a short step to the admiration of those half lines whose richness of expression can hardly be imitated outside of the Latin language:

O passi graviores—
Vobis parva quies—
Dis aliter visum—
Heu vatum ignarae mentes.

The youth who has his mind stored with such pregnant sayings begins to admire the beauty of Latin as an instrument of thought; his admiration will be increased by such lines as

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito,
"Yield not thou to ill fortune, but more courageously breast it."‡

Macte nova virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra,
"Practice virtue, dear boy; only thus one may rise to the heavens."

The beauty of proverbial passages is not of the highest order, but it is of a kind readily appreciated by the beginner.

By comparing passages it is not diffi-

*Whiton. †Schiller, translated by Lytton.

‡Whiton.

cult to make pupils realize how much of a holy book the Homeric poems were to the Greeks; for example:

ὅς γε θεοῖς ἐπιπειθήται, μάλα τ' ἔχλον ἀτὸν,
Whosoever obeyeth the gods, him they gladly
hear.

St. James says, "If any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth."

χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς,
The gods are terrible to be seen.

Job says, "With God is terrible majesty."

ἔρχεσθαι πάντες δὲ θεῶν χατέουσ' ἀνθρώποι,
Pray; for all mankind require the assistance
of the gods,

can hardly be matched even in Holy Writ. Every thoughtful student will see something of sublimity in the descent of Apollo:

"Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; then the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the
night."*

But this feeling will be heightened and rendered more distinct by comparison with the words of the Hebrew prophet, "And he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters and thick clouds of the skies."

The student who loves the rhythm of the classic tongues, who perceives their expressiveness as instruments of thought, who looks to Homer and Virgil for such wisdom and sublimity as he finds in his Bible, is on the way to an appreciation of the beauties of the grand style. It is not my present purpose to discuss the style further than to

*Bryant's translation, *ILIAD*, i., 57.

remark that its greatest excellences are the last to be revealed, and that its study leads one to delight in the contemplation of simple, severe, and lofty beauty.

But the master should not be satisfied with bringing his students into the beauty of rhythm, into admiration for particular passages, into a conscious delight in the grand style. He should look forward to the time when they can enjoy the spirit of a poem as a whole. Their attention should be directed, first, to its creative thought; secondly, to its organic structure, and, thirdly, to the analysis of those living characters whose interplay constitutes the life of the whole poem.

After such a study of the "Iliad," embodying a faithful attempt to realize its creative thought, to view its grand architectural proportions, and to become familiar with those characters—pillars and arches admirable in themselves—whose artistic relations to one another constitute a temple of beauty, there remains the question of deepest significance, what vitally true thing does this old poem teach to-day? a question to which an answer will be found, in time, by him who seeks. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that such a seeker has been placed in living relations with one of the greatest artists of all time; that imperceptibly his notions of beauty have been enlarged and purified.

Thus far I have spoken of instruction that has for its aim simply to make the "Æneid" and "Iliad" intelligible; but if we are allowed to load the prose masterpieces with such mountains of

philology that a smart boy cannot burrow through more than fifty or a hundred pages of the text in a year, what harm can there be in loading the poetry very lightly with æsthetics? For example, instead of allowing the young ladies to dream of snakes the night after reading of Laocoon, why not fill their minds with those marvelous essays of Lessing on the distinctive spheres of poetry, painting, and sculpture? When the boys read Homer's description of ideal beauty, why not tell them about the painting of Helen by Zeuxis? When translating those beautifully pathetic lines in which Helen is represented as peering over the battle field to get a glimpse of her brothers, there are abundant precedents for referring to the *lucida sidera, frates Helenæ* of Horace, and for saying that these dear brothers of Helen were transferred to the stars by Jupiter; but why not add to these fables a fact—that the first representations of the gods and heroes in Greece were blocks of wood or stone—that even in the palmy days of sculpture the same word, *σίωπ*, was used to denote a pillar and also a statue—that among the Spartans, Castor and Pollux were in the form of two parallel blocks of wood connected by two cross sticks, and that this primitive mode of representing Helen's brothers is yet to be seen in our sign for Gemini, II, by which they are denoted in the zodiac? and need one wait till he comes to the word "*Hermes*" in the text to say that, when in the course of time heads were set upon the ancient four-cornered stones the figures were called

hermæ, and that full-length statues were named *Dædali*, from Dædalus, who first began to separate entirely the lower half of these *hermæ* in the form of legs? When reading of the pledge of Zeus to Thetis:

“The son of Saturn gave
The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial
curls

Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head
Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount
Olympus trembled.”*

why not that Phidias, the greatest sculptor of Greece, acknowledged that these lives served him as a model for his Jupiter at Olympia, and that it was by their help that he succeeded in producing a godlike countenance? How much easier it would be for a boy to see gods in Homer, if he knew something of ancient statuary! Such a description as that of Apollo by Winckelmann can hardly fail to kindle the imagination. It begins as follows:

“Among all the works of antiquity that have escaped destruction the statue of Apollo is the highest ideal of art. The artist has constructed this work entirely on the ideal, and has employed in its structure just so much only of the material as was necessary to carry out his design and render it visible. This figure of Apollo exceeds all other figures of him as much as the Apollo of Homer excels him whom later poets paint. His stature is loftier than that of man, and his attitude speaks of the greatness with which he is filled. An eternal spring, as in the happy fields of Elysium, clothes with the charms of youth the graceful manliness of ripened years, and plays with softness and tenderness about the proud shape of his limbs,” etc., etc. †

As the student rises in appreciation of the “Iliad” he should realize that this magnificent poem is only one of the windows through which we get a

* Bryant's translation, *ILIAD*, i., 667.

† “History of Ancient Art,” book xi., chap. 3.

glimpse of Greek beauty; that the sculpture of Phidias was as beautiful as the poetry of Homer; and that the Greeks themselves and very high modern authority* praise the painters of Hellas not less enthusiastically than her sculptors; that painting, sculpture, and poetry are merely different modes of expression for the creative impulse; that without painting, our knowledge of beauty would be sadly imperfect; that the poem is not all of beauty; that the statue is not beauty, but beautiful. He should look forward to a time when, his taste having been refined by the different forms of art, he may say with Browning's Cleon:

“I have not chanted verse like Homer, no—
Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor
carved

And painted men like Phidias and his friend;
I am not great as they are, point by point,
But I have entered into sympathy
With these four, running these into one soul;

Say, is it nothing that I know them all?”

The student who finds the study of Latin and Greek only a new form of drudgery may prefer to return to the fields or the mine, where his less monotonous labors may bring him immediate profit; but is it not true that the ranks of scholars must be recruited from those who find in literature a culture for the imagination, who find its study constantly enlarging their ideal world, men whose greatest delight is in attempting to fill a sphere ever expanding beyond the apparently attainable and the apparently practicable? Is it too visionary to cherish a hope that the classical student may soon

* Dr. Woermann, of Düsseldorf: “Painting in the Ancient World.”

enter upon the vast inheritance of literature and art that of right belongs to him; that the day is not far distant when it will be considered as important for a Bachelor of Arts to define a *replica* as it now is to describe a trilobite, when he will be expected to know more about a Gothic arch than about the aspiring *formulae* of rosaniline and anthraquinonic acid?

J. R. BRACKETT, '75.

LOCALS.

There was tumult in the air,
And the snow it thronged her hair,
Near the drift;
There was stagger in her gait,
From the white accumulate
Falling swift.

Base-ball.

Now practice.

Fast-Day, April 19th.

The Sophomore prize declamations will be held the last week of the term.

Soon will the wicked Sophomore rise early and listen to the charming music of the birds.

Why not have the old dining-hall under Parker Hall fitted up for laboratory work in Chemistry?

It is commonly reported that next term we shall have a trainer and new apparatus for the gym.

Prof. (in Greek, to Freshman who is suspected of using a horse)—“Now drive right along, Mr. P.”

Prof. Carl Braun is again with his German classes. The study of German is receiving unusual attention this term.

To one of our Professor's remarks, not long since, the whole class answered “Rats!” “No disrespect; it was a *logical* reply.”

The Sunday evening lectures, by Rev. Mr. Twort, at the Free-Baptist Church on Pine Street, are enjoyed by many of the students.

Sophomore (in literature, reading)—“She left her lover's for her father's arms.” Prof.—“Of what is that an example?” Soph.—“Pathos.”

Last year two Sophomores discovered a new species of the genus *Oscines*, classified as *Puellæ High-Schoolis*, or High-school warblers.—R. + + F.

Prof. (in Greek)—“What do you supply there?” (Miss P. hesitates.) Prof.—“Don't you supply some part of *ετιμι*?” Miss P.—“Oh, yes sir. I see (*ετισι*).”

We were surprised the other morning when one of the Prof.'s suggested that we could perform our experiments better in a place of the temperature of red hot iron.

First Co-ed.—“You will need to have the seams pressed out of that basque.” Second Co-ed.—“Oh, those seams will get pressed out soon enough after I get it on.” Why did every one laugh?

Prof. (in mechanics)—“I have often magnetized a knife-blade, and it would take up tacks quite readily a year afterward.” Co-ed. (in stage whisper)—“It must be handy for spring cleaning.”

The declamations by the prize division from Nichols Latin School were held at the Main Street Free-Baptist

Church, Friday evening, March 9th. S. O. Baldwin and L. S. Bean took respectively the first and second prizes.

Soph. (translating)—“*Annette voulait nous sive; elle pleurait, elle m’embrassait; mais madame Madeleine ne voulait pas.*”—Annette wished to follow us, she cried, she embraced me, her mother did not allow her to do that.”

A typographical error in the last number of the STUDENT has caused the communication from one of the Faculty to be severely criticised by the Freshmen. We exclaim with Horace “*Ah miser, quanta laborabas Charybdi, digne puer meliore flamma!*”

To a rather foolish question Prof. S. replied: “I suppose you have heard how a Dutchman proved that one of their navigators discovered America? He said the navigator sailed away Westward and never returned. If he did not go to America, where did he go?”

Mr. Stanley the photographer, delivered an excellent address on the “Tariff,” before the Polymnian Society, Friday evening, March 9th. Mr. Stanley has made this subject an especial study, and as a consequence was able to handle it in an unusually vigorous and logical manner.

The Senior exhibition will take place at the Main Street Free-Baptist Church, Friday evening, March 23d. Following are names of those who will take part: E. F. Blanchard, C. W. Cutts, Miss L. A. Frost, J. H. Johnson, F. W. Oakes, R. A. Parker, Miss M. G. Pinkham, C. C. Smith, G. W. Snow,

W. F. Tebbets, A. C. Townsend, and S. H. Woodrow.

On Tuesday evening, March 13th, the class of '89 enjoyed a social time at the house of Mr. Leathers, ex-janitor of the college. Mr. and Mrs. Leathers entertained the class handsomely, both as regarded refreshments and amusements. Before saying good-night the boys presented “Pater” with a meerschaum. It is hoped he will become much attached to his pipe; at least to one end of it. The janitorship of a college is a difficult position, but “Pater” has filled it acceptably, and now as he goes away he carries with him the friendship of every boy in college.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'72.—In the February number of *Transactions of the American Institute of Engineers* appears a discussion by Geo. H. Stockbridge, Esq., upon the “Revision of the Patent Laws.”

'72.—George E. Gay, of Malden, Mass., has a Bible class of 185 members.

'73.—A. C. Libby, whose headquarters are Minneapolis, Minn., recently paid a visit to his parents in Lewiston.

'73.—William Pynne is having a successful practice as M.D. in Portland, Maine.

'74.—J. F. Keene has an important practice in law in Minneapolis, Minn.

'74.—H. H. Acterian is giving instruction in instrumental music in Boston, Mass.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, who holds the important position of Principal of the Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, Mass., has just issued a handsome prospectus showing the organization of the various clubs and societies connected with the Academy.

'76.—Horatius Woodbury, M.D., of South Paris, has recently been in town.

'76.—B. H. Young, M.D., is enjoying a lucrative practice at Amesbury, Mass.

'76.—R. C. Everett is teaching a private school at Minot Corner.

'80.—W. H. Judkins, Esq., chairman of the Republican Committee of Lewiston, has received congratulations from many sources for his successful management of the Republican campaign prior to the spring election.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox, M.D., has an extensive practice at Princeton, Minn.

'83.—E. J. Hatch is practicing law at Springvale, Me.

'83.—J. B. Ham is teacher of Mathematics and Sciences at Lyndon Institute, Lyndon, Vt.

'83.—O. L. Bartlett, M.D., has a good practice at Rockland, Me.

'84.—C. S. Flanders is Principal of the High School at Perrysville, Ind.

'84.—Miss H. M. Brackett has entered the School of Library Economy, Columbia College.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin is Principal of Bluehill Academy, Bluehill, Me.

'85.—A. B. Morrell is Principal of the High School at Lancaster, Mass.

'85.—Miss Clara L. Ham is teaching at the Lyndon Institute, Lyndon, Vt.

'85.—W. W. Jenness is in the Boston Law School.

'85.—Mr. Wm. B. Small of Lewiston, Bates, '85, has just taken the degree of M. D., at the Bellevue Medical College, New York.

'85.—The second edition of "Songs from the Seasons, and Other Verses," by Dexter Carleton Washburn, is now ready. The author, a native of Lewiston, and a graduate of Bates College, belongs to the recent school of charming writers whose verses never fail to delight the reader. Richard Henry Stoddard, the eminent critic, says in the *New York Mail and Express*: "Mr. Washburn is one of the best of this young school of verse writers." The *St. Johnsbury Republican* says: "The book of poems, "Songs from the Seasons, and Other Verses," is as delicate and dainty as a young lady's wedding glove. Inside it is as full of good things as a Christmas plum pudding." Mr. Washburn is at present on the staff of the *New York Press*.

'85.—Charles T. Walter, a successful publisher of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has just published the second edition of "Songs from the Seasons, and Other Verses," by D. C. Washburn.

'86.—Charles Hadley is in the Newton Theological Seminary.

'86.—I. H. Storer has recently been in town. He has just closed his labors in the Warren High School.

'86.—W. N. Prescott is in the office of the *Odd Fellows Register* at Portland, Maine.

'86.—T. D. Sale is business manager of the *Register* at Portland, Me.

'86.—A. H. Dunn is teaching the High School at Alfred.

'86.—E. A. Merrill, who is studying

law in Minneapolis, will spend the summer in Auburn.

'86.—H. M. Cheney is editing a paper at Concord, N. H.

'86.—G. A. Downey, at one time of the class of '85, is Principal of the Round Rock High School, and President of the Lincoln County Teachers' Association.

H. L. Wadsworth, a student of the Maine State Seminary from 1860 to 1863, is editor and publisher of the *Mining and Scientific Review* of Denver, Col.

THEOLOGICAL.

Prof. Fullonton is convalescent, and again with his classes.

'84.—Rev. F. E. Freese of North Anson has accepted the unanimous call tendered him by the Atkinson Church, and will remove there soon. The society is to be congratulated in having secured the services of so able a man. All may feel safe in predicting great prosperity in the days to come in this field.

'88.—E. R. Chadwick is spending his vacation at home.

'88.—W. M. Davis will enter Bates another fall.

'89.—J. W. Burgin has left school. At present he is stopping at his home in West Waterbury, Vt.

'89.—J. H. Roberts is engaged to preach at Freeport another year.

'89.—T. G. Donnocker is to preach at Green for a year.

'90.—G. B. Southwick will preach for the Casco Church during the year.

STUDENTS.

'88.—Miss F. M. Nowell is reported seriously ill.

'88.—J. H. Mansur and J. K. P. Rogers, formerly of the class of '88, have entered the Medical School at Bowdoin College.

'89.—B. E. Sinclair has closed his labors in the West Auburn Grammar School. His success has secured for him the offer of a very lucrative position.

'89.—A. E. Hatch has returned from a successful lecturing tour.

'89.—Miss H. A. Given will be with the class next term.

'89.—E. H. Thayer, formerly of '89, is change pitcher and second base man of the Amherst nine.

'90.—W. J. Pennell is teaching the High School at Waldoboro.

'90.—E. W. Morrell and A. N. Peaslee are teaching in the Nichols Latin School.

'90.—C. A. Record has closed his second successful school at Brownville, and is now negotiating for a school at Hillsborough Bridge, N. H.

'90.—It is reported that L. H. Dorr formerly of '90, has gone to New York to enter a Medical School.

'91.—Has forty-five members now present.

'91.—C. H. Richardson preached at Brunswick, March 11th.

POET'S CORNER.

But this we know, from what has gone before,
Life's what we make it, hardly less or more.

WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

Haste, little flowers. Thy message bear
With graceful tongue and mien.
Do thou, my friend, accept, nor dare
To thrust aside unseen.

Grant its request. Forgive the faults
The dark things hide away.
Let friendship reign; kinds words abide;
Bright mem'ries hold full sway.

A. L. S., '89.

NATURE.

Nature is like a sister to my eyes,
A maiden playful, petulant, and shy.
Deep in her face sweet meanings I espy
Which now she fain would hide, as the far
skies
Hide their blue souls by some thin cloud that
flies.
Rendering concealment lovelier. I sigh
When gazing on her charms, so quietly
Expressed, and learn her soul by its fair guise.
Sometimes, with folded hands upon her breast,
Alone, apart, like some sweet nun, I hear
Her pray. Sometimes she sings to me, and
fear
And joy alternate rob my mind of rest.
Her dullest ways are full of winsomeness:
Her saddest moods are rich with hopes that
bless. —*Lewiston Journal*.

Our actions on this world-stage tend
To find a mark—to reach an end.
Yet in the broad immensity
Of life—itsself a tossing sea—
They seem to lose identity.

—*Harvard Advocate*.

SONG.

There's a flush on the high western mountains,
And the forests in rapture awake;
There's a flashing of light in the fountains,
And a promise o'er valley and lake.
And the lover, who gloomily wanders
Through the morning's first beautiful flush,
In his hoping soul greedily ponders
O'er a promise, a song, and a blush. —*Ex.*

SERENADE.

Sweetly slumber, now, my darling,
While the stars their vigils keep.
Golden dreams flit round thy pillow,
Love's bright angels guard thy sleep.
Would I were that down thrice-blessed
On which rests thy blushing cheek;

By my soft and silent pressure
Fervently my love I'd speak.

May these low strains of affection
Penetrate thy sleeping ear,
Bringing to thy dreamy vision
Him to whom thou art so dear.
May each word, like silken fetter,
Never in all time to part,
Be a bond of love between us,
Binding closer heart to heart. —*Ex.*

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

Then his hand he placed, as ever,
On his heart,
And swore from her he'd never,
Never part.
Well he knew, that Boston drummer,
How sly Cupid had all summer
Dogged his steps, the little bummer!
With his dart.

Quickly Cupid caught the notion,
Wily Greek!
Deftly made his arrow's motion
More oblique.
Thought, "Dost shield a spot so oaken?
At thy *head* shall fly my token"—
In a trice its point was broken
On his cheek. —*Ex.*

FAREWELL ODE TO ANALYTICS.

(AIR—"Shoo, fly, don't bother me.")

On David's lofty mountain
We lay our burden down.
We've borne thee o'er the campus
And throughout our college town.
Our tears are multitudinous,
Our sighs are deep and long,
For now the time has come for us
To sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

Anna, farewell to thee;
Anna, farewell to thee;
Anna, farewell to thee;
And may you slumber peacefully.

We've followed thee up Science hill
Through many a weary year.
With lines and conic sections
Thou hast filled our souls with fear;
And many of us had to crib,

Though cribbing may be wrong;
But now we use the crib no more
While we sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

It never used to seem
Thy duties e'er would cease.
We never dared to dream
Thou wouldst give our minds release.
And now we find it hard indeed
To realize thou art gone,
As we gather round thy funeral pile
And sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

The third angle is thy locus,
Thine equations are transposed,
Thy signs are henceforth negative,
And all thy series close.
Thy functions equal zero,
To thee no powers belong,
And all thy squares are frail affairs,
So we close our parting song.

CHORUS.

A. E. H., '89.

 INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

Yale and Amherst have put the Bible on the list of elective studies.

Two-thirds of the Dartmouth students work their way through college.

Colby has a new professor, who will take the place of Professor Wadsworth.

Bowdoin Freshmen have decided to go into boating, and have purchased a shell.

Vassar has been invited to become a member of the American school at Athens.

Dr. Ely, of Johns Hopkins, recently lectured before the Vassar students on socialism.

A Freshman at Princeton recently won the prize in a debate between the four classes.

It is reported that Harvard would

like to buy the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

A woman's college has been established at Tokio, in Japan. The teachers are English.

Mt. Holyoke Seminary has asked the legislature to change its name to Mt. Holyoke College.

Columbia has taken another step forward and will admit women to all her higher courses.—*Ex.*

The latest rage in some of the colleges is telegraph clubs. At Dartmouth there are twenty instruments in use.

Oberlin supports four clubs, each having for its purpose the investigation and discussion of some economic subject.

Andrew D. White, formerly President of Cornell, has been elected as Prof. Asa Gray's successor as a regent of the Smithsonian Institute.

The students of Harvard have rented the Globe Theatre, Boston, at a cost of one thousand dollars, to hold religious meetings on Sunday evenings.

Mrs. Dexter of Baldwinville, Mass., will have charge of the Ladies' Hall. Dr. Robinson, President of Brown, will give the annual address before the literary societies.

The Protective Tariff League has awarded the prize of \$500 for the best essay on protection written by any college Senior, to a student at the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Rose Cleveland is about the best paid teacher in America. She receives \$16,000 a year for her work

in school and for the use of her name. Who would not be sister of the president of the United States?

Six Seniors who received highest honors at Yale last year were all athletic men. That doesn't look as if athletics were injuring the standard of scholarship in our colleges.

The Institutes of Technology will establish during the coming summer a school, either in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, or in the iron regions of Michigan, in order to give the students of the mining department practice in the work of the mines.

Jones, '88, chairman of the Exeter Lit., has offered a gold medal to that member of the nine who shall have the best record in base sliding at the end of the season. The Exonian has offered a similar medal to the man who gets the highest batting average.

EXCHANGES.

The genial "man in blue" has brought us an unusually large number of exchanges this month—the *Lits.*, with their dignified envelopes of thick paper; the weeklies and monthlies, some folded to suggested flatness, some rolled to resemble the Sophomoric tin-horn. The wrappers removed and they present quite a different though none the less diversified appearance both in cover and contents, all of which goes to prove that "dress does not make the man."

Several lament the lack of bright, spicy bits of poetry, a deficiency so common to most of the college magazines.

The man of the sanctum, who, like Sam Lawson, is always ready with an opinion, says co-education destroys the romantic sentiment in college life, and hence destroys the source of the inspiration of those sentimental little lyrics so much appreciated.

The most interesting and really beneficial article that has come to our notice is "A Half Hour with Joubert," in the *Dartmouth*. It is a well written piece on a very well chosen subject. Other literary articles are "A Psychological Reverie" and "The Dying Century." The latter is a complaint against the materialistic tendencies of the age. It closes with the following: "But the nineteenth century is nearly done. It rests with us who are now young men to make the twentieth noble and more real. Far be it from me to disparage the high work of religion which is to do the important thing. . . . But unless the world accepts the art idea, which clearly apprehended is but religion seen from another side, the life of the individual and of the nation here on earth will become barren and unprofitable. . . . Let us be men of the twentieth century. Let us ring out this heartless farcical reign of the usurping chancellor of the exchequer and ring in the return of the true sovereign, who shall come like King Arthur from the island valley of Avilion, healed of the grievous wound dealt him by the Modred of Renaissance, to usher in once more the golden days of Camelot."

The attack by the popular press upon the habits and customs of college men, and especially upon athletics, has been met by vigorous essays from several

colleges. The best that we have noticed are "College Athleticism," from the *Williams Lit.*, and "College Life," from the *Michigan Argonaut*. A late number of *University* also has an article on a kindred subject. By the way, this new-comer among us is fast gaining popularity and bids fair to be a permanent success. The last number of *Wesleyan Argus* is one of the best we have seen.

The February number of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* contains an unusual amount of good reading matter. A pleasing, vigorous style characterizes the whole magazine. Much talent is evinced by the class of '89, into whose hands the monthly is about to fall.

The February number of the *Atlantis* brings us an excellent article on Washington Irving. But how would that gentleman enjoy reading, in large advertising print at the bottom of each eloquent page, such foot-notes as "Try the royal ten-cent cigar," "Halloo, boys! Drop in and get your smoking and chewing goods at Saunders." We admire the piece, but not the taste that would make a criticism of Irving smell so strongly of a tobacco factory.

POTPOURRI.

"A kiss,
O Miss,
Is bliss,"
Said he.

He kissed her,
"O Mister,
A blister,"
Said she.—*Ex.*

There was once a gay Turkish Pasha,
Who winked—what on earth could be rasha?—

At the Sultan's best wife and so lost his life;
The moral is—don't be a masha.—*Life.*

One day a young Freshman of Bowdoin,
His cranial gun was a lowdoin
To shoot off a deck,
Oh, my! what a nee!
When it killed him dead by explowdoin.
—*Ex.*

What shape is a kiss? A-lip-tickle.

The hanging of the anarchists was a
game of seven up.—*Ex.*

"We don't care for the rain," said
one Baltimore girl to another, as she
raised an umbrella; "we're neither
sugar nor salt." "No," replied the
other, "but we're lasses."

"A prominent sporting man has in-
vented a machine which he intends to
use as a base-ball pitcher."—*Ex.* We
would like to know if it has any attach-
ment for kicking the umpire.

"A polite man," said the Duc de
Morny, "is one who listens with in-
terest to things he knows all about,
when they are told by a person who
knows nothing about them.

He had lent his stylographic pen to
direct an envelope. She—"Oh, doesn't
it write beautifully? I declare, I'm in
love with the pen." He—"I'm in love
with the holder." She saw the "point."

SPRING POEM.

Sweet spring is close at hand,
Soft blows the cooing gale,
The sun high rises in the sky,
And wags his golden tail.

When electricity takes the place of
hanging as a capital punishment, the
judge will charge the jury; the jury
charge the battery; the battery charge
the prisoner; the sheriff will serve as
discharger.

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