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THE

BATES



Number 5.

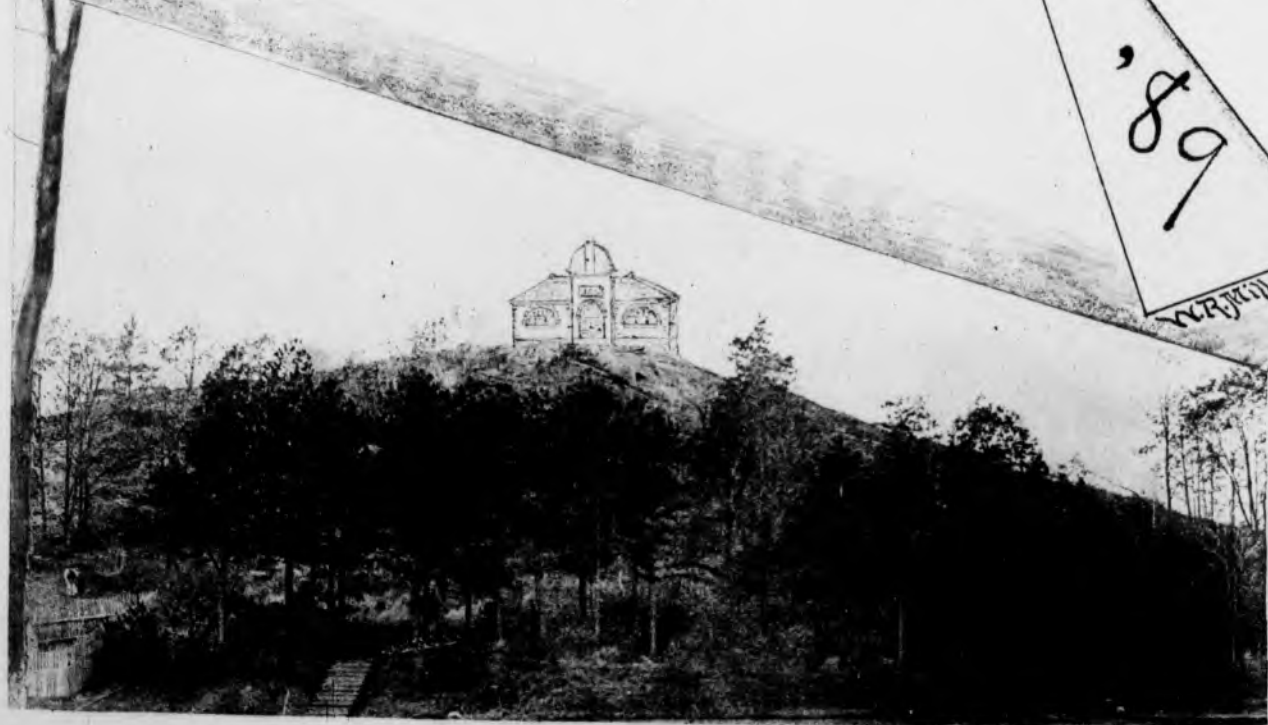


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Volume.

'89

W. R. Miller.



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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1888.

No. 5.

THE BATES STUDENT

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COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

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LEWISTON, ME.

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C. J. EMERSON, E. I. CHIPMAN,
E. J. SMALL, A. L. SAFFORD,
F. J. DAGGETT, L. E. PLUMSTEAD.
I. N. COX, Business Manager.

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EDITORIAL.

WE are glad to note the enter-
prise of the Sophomore and
Freshman classes. A brass band of
eighteen pieces has recently been formed
through their efforts. The instruments
are of Besson make, and regular prac-
tice is the order of the day. The in-
timate connection between a band and
college sports leads us to hope that
financial aid will be given it as promptly
as to base-ball or any other college in-
terest.

The band will be a valuable accom-
paniment of the campaign club already
forming in anticipation of the fall elec-
tion.

I BELIEVE a man's moral and spirit-
ual nature occasionally becomes
clogged up with a kind of phlegm and
coated by an unhealthy deposit, which
is scraped off from the multitudinous
and oftentimes grimy procession of ideas
and sensations which travel therein. At
such a time one allows his personal ap-
pearance to shabbily decline,—a fit ex-
ponent of his mental status. At such
a time one will applaud, follow, and
originate measures which in a better
condition he would brush lightly aside
and mind no more than dangling cob-
webs. A man is an unqualified materi-
alist then, and it does not take heavy
premises nor eloquent exposition to

convince him that immortality is a groundless supposition. But if there is one thing above others that will cut and eat out such moral corrosion, it is to read some of Emerson's essays. They convince one that inward purity is better than applause. Some of his short sentences, pregnant with inspiration, not based on narrowness, will help one to think more of himself and his work, and to count himself on the winning side of life so long as he does his duty.

THIS spring great interest has been manifested in the study of Ornithology. Nearly every morning between five and six, one may see knots of students making their way toward the groves and swamps to hear the morning concerts and get a peep through their field-glasses at nature's *prima donnas*.

In the pursuit of this study, probably no institution in New England affords equal advantages in respect to location, excellence of instruction, and enthusiasm among the students. Within thirty minutes' walk from the college can be found almost every inland bird that ever comes to Maine. The fox sparrow, winter wren, and ruby-crowned kinglet have been more than ordinarily abundant this spring, and quite a number of the students have had the good fortune to hear and become familiar with their rich notes. As some one recently remarked on the campus, "It is worth all the effort and expense of a college course, to learn of the birds, the butterflies, and the flowers."

WHAT can I get to do this summer vacation? How much can I earn? Those are the two sphinxes

sitting at the end of the college year and at the gateway of opening summer, and into the enigmatical face of each the year-worn student looks with a keenness and a seriousness which a man with a \$20 bill in his pocket can never appreciate nor understand. There are three answers to the first question: You can hire out on a farm during haying, canvass for a book, or work in a hotel. In regard to the opportunities, pay, etc., afforded by each I will make a few suggestions which may help those who are unsettled to make a selection. Through July and August one can get on a farm from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per day. In a hotel the ordinary pay is from \$10 to \$15 per month, and if you are fortunate enough to have several benign and generous souls to wait upon, you may, by proper obsequiousness, receive \$15 a month extra. But that is very doubtful. You may have a semi-parsimonious and critical audience, or perchance you may spread a two-minute boiled egg upon a silk dress, and then farewell to gratuity. As for canvassing, how about that? Ask me something easy, for instance will it rain the 14th of next September? Oh yes, there are men who can canvass and make heaps of money; there are men who can climb Mont Blanc; there are men who can go through Niagara whirlpool in a barrel and live; there are men who can fish day after day and never get a bite. Perhaps you could; at least you can buy a prospectus and try. You might make a good thing of it. You may go through the whirlpool all safe and cling to the perpendicular mountain of ice without a slip. Of choice in hotels, one does better at the

mountains than at the beach, and if you have a slight touch of dyspepsia either place will do much toward making it chronic in one season, for the *sub coatum* ice-creams, strawberries, fritters, and bananas eaten at furtive intervals are very unhealthful. If you are slightly effeminate or over-dainty, have a lank cheek, and feel all played out at the end of the year, then for money, for health, for morals, for endurance, for ability to work long and hard, hire out on a farm. It will take hold of your back and your courage, but it will secure to you a bodily vigor that will last all the year.

THERE are but few people that do not wish to be square with the world and feel that their accounts are balanced.

The old saying that "The world owes every man a living" is one of the many sayings that have not the least truth in them. Every man, as far as he is able, should pay his debts, for the world owes him naught but that he has earned.

There are many goods that men and women receive which they can never repay; in fact, mankind is a great debt to the world, for a man cannot offer as good as he possesses.

We may be able to get the exact meaning of great authors, but we cannot feel as they felt or see as they saw. The best work is very meager compared to its conception.

The student may think he owes no one, and may feel he has no one to thank for his accomplishments but himself; yet if he stops to reflect he must

recognize his indebtedness; see that there are but few and insignificant things that can be paid for. How can he repay those instructors, whose experience and thoughts he has made his own? How can he repay the Past for its rich store of knowledge from which he has so greatly drawn? There is but one way through which he can, in the least, lessen the debt, by giving others as he has received. But he that recognizes the glittering metal as the only true currency, will become more and more involved in his obligations to the world.

LITERARY.

A BREEZY CONFERENCE.

By A. E. H., '89.

Down from the North the cold winds came,
From the home of the ice and the snow;
Came with the sleet and hail at its feet;
Came with a terrible blow;

Came over mountain, and forest, and hill,
To Hanover town, by the river.
The people stood in shivering groups,
Declaring what awful cold weather.

Up from the South the breezes blew,
From the home of music and song,
From the land where the orange and pine-apple grow,
From the land that is ever warm.

They came so silent, they came so still,
That no one could tell they were there,
Save to the gentle influence lent
To the frosty winter air.

For the winds had agreed to meet, on a day,
At Hanover town by the river,
And settle a conflict, which long they had waged,
Of which one should rule the weather.

"Stand aside! Stand aside!" the North Wind cried:

"I am Boreas, the prince of the air;
And I make men feel, with sharp blades of
steel,
My power everywhere.

"I cause mighty forests to bow at my will,
I crown great mountains with snow;
I chain vast rivers, and lakes, and seas,
With fetters of ice as I go.

"O ho! Young stripling from the South,
Your preferences are nothing to me,
For I rule by power, and I make men cower,
When my very presence they see.

"The icebergs are my palaces,
The glaciers my domain;
The walrus, seal, and polar bear,
Make up my courtly train.

"The Esquimaux, in his hut of snow,
Is a peasant on my estate;
My chariot is the black storm-cloud;
My foot-stool ocean great.

"My throne is on the mountain top,
My sceptre a Norway pine;
I need no fortress, for the snow
And hail are weapons of mine.

"The eider duck, on her lonely nest,
I pass in the driving storm,
And I force her to tear the down from her
breast
To keep her little ones warm.

"For me Aurora's bright display
Streams up in a northern sky,
Making the night as bright as the day,
While the moon shines out on high.

"I rule by might; swift is my flight,
And wonderful deeds I do.
Now I've come down to Hanover town,
To require homage of you."

"I know," the South Wind murmured low,
"Of the havoc you have made;
The tale you tell is true enough,
And more you might have said.

"You turn green forests brown and seer;
You biting frosts employ
To damage every living thing.
You rule but to destroy.

"The ruin that each year you bring
On flower, shrub, and tree,
I do repair, when early spring
Comes dancing o'er the lea.

"Boast on, proud champion from the north!
Your boasting is nothing to me,
For I make the hearts of all men glad,
When my welcome form they see.

"I glide along the sunbeam's path;
I mount the azured sky;
I kiss the children's rosy cheeks,
Who smile as I pass by.

"I gently lead the April showers
To moisten every root;
To bring forth pink-and-white May-flowers,
And feed each tender shoot.

"To me the forests lift their heads;
The snow-caps on the hill
Vanish at my magic touch,
And join the sparkling rills.

"The ice-chains that in winter-time
You forged on lake and sea,
I burst asunder, and I set
The mighty rivers free.

"My home is in the forest glades,
And 'mong the spicy isles,
Where live the birds of paradise,
And curious crocodiles.

"The lion and the panther seek
Their prey among my bowers.
I come from lands of mighty trees,
Of curious shrubs and flowers.

"I rule by love, swiftly I move,
And beautiful deeds I do:
And now I've come to Hanover town
To require homage of you."

"I'll overthrow thee with my power,"
The North Wind quickly said;
"I'll bring a blizzard from the North
To strike thy flowers dead."

"I've power, too," the South Wind cried;
"A power equal thine,
For great cyclones, and hurricanes,
And whirlwinds are weapons of mine."

At last the mighty river spoke:
"Do no such thing, I pray.
Think of the damages you would bring,
If you should strive to-day.

"The great world needeth both of you,
To carry out the plan
That, from the time the earth was made,
The Lord decreed to man.

"The lumberman, with patience, waits
The coming of the snow;
The tillers of the soil rejoice
In spring, to see it go.

"Each season, every month and day,
Is needful unto man;
There is no time of year but what
We need it back again.

"And the Hanover girls and boys,
Who play by the mighty river,
Like the ice and snow, and the cold winter
time,
As they do the summer weather.

"For they skate between my ice-bound shores,
And coast down the hills,
As merrily as when they rove
Among the brooks and rills."

"'Tis true," the North Wind laughing said,
"And here's a gift from me,
A bunch of moss and evergreen
From the shores of the Northern sea."

"'Tis true," the South Wind smiling said,
"And here's a gift to thee,
A bunch of flowers and bright green leaves,
From many a southern tree."

Thanks, noble river, thanks
For the lesson thou hast taught.
Each thing in nature has its place
In service and in thought.

The North Wind's strength, the South Wind's
love,
The River's wisdom, too;
Strength, love, and wisdom are
Three temple pillars true.

They will support us in this life,
And, when our tasks are done,
May we be called to reign with Him
Who is all three in One.

THE COQUETTE.

By C. D. B., '89.

"WHO will win little coquette?"
"What a question! I can't
ever guess. Ask me rather, which way
the wind will blow to-morrow."

"She is the strangest woman I ever
met. I can't understand her at all."

"Well, I don't know. To me she

seems to be one of those human butter-
flies, that, taking no thought of the
morrow, flit in the sunshine, from
flower to flower."

"She seems to be angling for Jones,
the millionaire?"

"I know; but yesterday she smiled
on John Wight, who is poor but hand-
some. I tell you, she don't care for
wealth or beauty, or anything else, ex-
cept the gratification of her own fri-
volity. Anything! so long as she passes
the time by, and kills *ennui*. To-day,
it is the awkwardness and diffidence of
Jones. What a figure he cuts. Tall,
ungainly. 'Nature,' said Byron, 'broke
her die in molding Sheridan.' Now,
if Nature did not break her nasal die
in molding Jones' nose, why I lose
my guess. His mouth—they sat his
ears back to make room for it. But
enough. Dean, what do you think of
little coquette?"

The person thus addressed, a good-
looking young man, twenty-three or
four years of age glanced carelessly
toward the lady in question, and said,
"I think you are mistaken. You think
a woman must be either mercenary or
romantic and sentimental. In my opin-
ion, Miss Western is neither; but a
sensible woman, who enjoys life her-
self, and wishes others to do the same.
But why do you call her a coquette?"

"Oh, because she smiles on this one
to-day; on that, to-morrow. Because
she is full of witty caprices and follies."

"But the word coquette signifies a
woman, who, from mere vanity, seeks
offers of marriage."

"Well, little coquette doesn't do
that. Words, however, sometimes get
misapplied. But few of us consult

Webster about their use in common conversation. Somebody said 'little coquette,' and the words tickled our ears."

The three men separated. One went to the house; another to the lake; the third, Carl Dean, turned toward a group of young people who were playing tennis, among whom was Miss Western. Carl was a poor student, who was spending a week of his summer vacation at Oak Villa, his rich uncle's country house. Though young in years, he had seen much of the hard side of life. Left an orphan at twelve years of age, without the aid of friends or money, he had prepared himself for college; and now had nearly completed his collegiate course. As he approached the players, Jones, catching his toe behind his heel, fell sprawling on the dusty ground. Miss Western, who was his partner, said, "You must be careful, Mr. Jones. The government does not pension disabled tennis players, you know." With the grace of a Venus, she extended her daintily gloved hand to his aid. Then she saw Carl; and, casting aside her racquet, starts toward him with outstretched hand. "You don't know how glad I am to see you, Carl. Three years ago, when we parted at Commencement, you said we should meet again. I've been expecting you for a week. Your uncle told me you were coming. How did I find out that he was your uncle? What a question to ask! Why, wasn't I always famous for finding out everything of that kind?" By this time Miss Western's partner had regained his feet, recovered his racquet, and

taken his position, ready to continue the game.

"Excuse me, Maud, but I am detaining you; your friends are waiting for you," said Carl.

"Here, take my place, Mr. Dean. I am tired of playing," said Jones.

"No, I thank you. My uncle is coming; I will go with him." And Carl, joining his uncle, went to the other side of the lawn.

My hero is one of those good-natured, sensible persons, whom everybody likes. He played tennis, croquet, and boated with his uncle's guests, and before two days became a general favorite. More than one of them, in the meantime, saw him cast longing glances toward Miss Western.

"Poor fool! what a pity," sighed one young lady, "that a fine fellow like Carl Dean should waste a thought on such a coquette. He might as well think of preserving sunbeams in a bottle as winning her heart. She hasn't any. Ah me! men are all fools, every one."

"We will go along the shore of the lake this afternoon," said Carl's uncle, one morning, "and gather some water-lilies."

About two o'clock the whole party, in three or four boats, left the wharf; rowing as near to the margin of the lake as possible, thus shielded from the sun by trees that grew at the water's edge. The day was perfect. It was not warm enough to be oppressive. The sky was deep blue and guiltless of clouds. A gentle breeze just moved the forest boughs, and raised slight ripples on the surface of the lake. The

painted birds, flitting from bough to bough, sang their sweetest songs. By chance or intention, Carl and Miss Western found themselves in the bow of the same boat. One lady nodded toward them, and nudging her neighbor, said, "Coquette smiles on Dean this afternoon."

"The face of Nature is so fair and smiling that one could almost wish himself a part of her," said Carl.

"Not I; that's Byron. I can't sympathize with him or Jaques. One is as absurd as the other to me," replied Miss Western.

"Well, let us imagine, then, that there are fauns and satyrs in the wood, and water nymphs in the lake."

"I don't like water nymphs; they are cold, slimy, snaky creatures. Ugh! I shudder at the thought. But fauns and satyrs are just what I delight in. I wish I had lived in the old Arcadian times. Why, I could have danced all day; I know I could."

"Then 'Marble Faun' must be your favorite novel."

"Not at all. Why, every page of that novel is full of the author's melancholy."

"You like 'Pickwick Papers,' perhaps."

"Yes, better. But I am always reminded, when I read them, of the saying in 'As You Like It': 'the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.'"

And so the talk ran on. Sometimes the eyes speak what the tongue says not. Finally the goal was reached. The boats glided in among the lily-pads.

The lilies lay floating, like tiny water chariots, on each side of them.

"See," said Carl, plucking a splendid lily from its watery home, "here is one of the chariots in which your shiny, snaky water nymphs take their pleasure rides, Miss Western."

"Nonsense, you are too poetical for anything. Talk of a nymph riding in that flower. The essence of foolishness is that."

"Make the door upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that—' You know the rest."

"I've no ears for nymphs and musty wit, when such beautiful flowers as these are within my reach," Miss Western replied, as she pulled a lily from the water.

"There are some splendid lilies over there in the mouth of that brook," said Carl. "We'll go there. Give me an oar. I haven't rowed any yet. Look! uncle's boat is heading for the same place. They've seen the lilies. Ah! they are trying to get there first. Let us give them a race."

Carl and his companion were both excellent oarsmen. Away sped the boat as straight as an arrow, propelled by their strong, steady strokes, and arrived at the brook ahead of its rival.

"There we have all the lilies," said Miss Western. "Just row the boat into the mouth of the brook. There, isn't this beautiful? A perfect Arcadian retreat."

"It doesn't seem so to me," said Carl. "This seems to me like Dante's forest. 'The foliage is not verdant; but of dusky hue.' I doubt not that these trees have thorns 'with venom

filled.' Why, I can actually see a harpy perched on that knarled oak. I can—"

"Enough! you make me shudder. You have spoiled the place for me. But see; the rest are starting back. We shall be left."

On the following day the guests went to the grove, that was situated on the bend of a river, for a picnic dinner. Arriving about ten o'clock in the forenoon, they deposited their baskets and wraps on the tables and benches, prepared for the use of pleasure seekers, and began to look about them.

The grove extended down a gentle slope to the very verge of the water. All the undergrowth and fallen timber had been cleared from beneath the trees, which, towering upwards, interlaced their branches into a "verdant roof," that the rays of the noonday sun could not penetrate.

In one glittering sheet, the river swept by; a short distance below, however, it became broken and foamy, and flowed, for an hundred yards, over ragged ledges; then separated by a high cliff that rose in its center, went thundering through two rocky sluiceways, and, falling forty feet, plunged into deep caldron basins which the waters had worn in the primeval rock.

The party separated into twos, threes, and fours, and chatting, sauntered about the grove.

Carl, however, wandering away from the rest, seated himself on a cliff that almost overhung the falls, and unmindful of what was going on around him, gazed into the rushing waters; now and then casting a pebble down the dizzy distance. Suddenly he was aroused

from his meditations by a quick step and a familiar voice.

"Come, Carl; the cloth is spread. Come, come."

The dinner was ended. "To the falls, now. None of us, except Carl and myself have seen them. I found him before dinner gazing into the mad waters, expecting, no doubt, to see one of his nymphs appear," said Miss Western.

"That's so," responded a dozen voices. "We'll go."

They had gone down the river but a short distance, when they came to a ledge that jutted out over the water. Here the party paused. Miss Western, walking to the very edge of the rock, looked down into the foaming tide. Suddenly, striking a theatrical attitude, she exclaimed: "If I cast myself into the river, who will—"

Her foot slips—she falls headlong, and is borne away by the swift current. In an instant all was confusion. Some stood still; some ran in this direction; some in that. Some cried one thing; some, another.

For a moment Carl was inactive; then he ran down the bank to the falls. Miss Western was well out into the current. In fifteen seconds she would be past all aid. Carl comprehended all. If he did anything he must do it instantly. He could see but one chance of saving her.

In all probability she would be carried over the branch of the falls next to him, and very near the dividing cliff, for the current set hard against it. On the almost perpendicular side of this cliff was a cleft in which a scrub

oak had found root. If he could leap from where he was to that cleft, he might grasp the oak with one hand, and, perhaps, catch her with the other as she passed. There were many chances against the success of the attempt; if he missed his footing by six inches, he was lost. But his mind was made up; he would try it. He measures the distance with his eye. He runs forward and leaps across the chasm. Thank God! his feet strike the lips of the cleft. His hand grasps the oak. Not an instant too late. Oh, heaven! She has passed him. No! one white hand is raised above the water, and his closes around it like a vice.

Ten days passed. All of the guests had left Oak Villa except Carl and Miss Western, and they were going on the morrow. She had fully recovered from the effect of her accident, and was as joyous and gay as before.

"This is a beautiful evening," she was saying to Carl, "and our last at Oak Villa."

"I was thinking of that," he replied. "Let us view its beauties in the gloaming."

They went down through the orchard, climbed a stone wall, and seated themselves beneath a sugar-maple. Far up among the green branches a cock-robin and his mate had built their summer home. She, half asleep, sat brooding; he, perched on a limb below her, was wide-awake, and heard the whole story of Carl's love: how he had longed, waited, and hoped; but now could wait no longer, and must know his fate. How he—

But you, gentle reader, know what

the robin heard, as well as I. You, lady, have listened to such. You, sir, have said them. Oh, no; you won't admit it. But it's true all the same.

Master robin, in his eagerness to to hear, fluttered from bough to bough, until he was just over their heads. There he heard the word "yes." Robin flew back, and, waking his mate, told her all he had seen and heard; and she, unromantic bird, closing her eyes again and nestling down more closely upon blue eggs four, said: "Robin, you are a simpleton."

MAN'S TRUE GREATNESS.

BY H. J. P., '90.

IT is often difficult for us, with our finite minds, to determine what in man is truly great. The mind is said to be the glory of man. But the mind, with all its educational resources, may receive such a training as will destroy all the nobility of the heart, and doubtless there are many men comparatively ignorant, who are greater in the sight of God than the most highly educated. It is often remarked that wealth and social position constitute all the greatness of man; that great wealth must be amassed, regardless of consequences. It is indeed true that wealth and social position do gain for man a certain external grandeur, but they never can command the respect of the heart. True greatness is not put on; it is something within, and a part of the man. One tells us that if we would be useful we must be helpful. Who can separate usefulness from greatness? The man who by party spirit reaches

the topmost round of the ladder of fame and looks down with contempt on his fellow-men, is far less noble than he who, half-way down the ladder, is supporting with his helping hands some unfortunate falling comrade.

It is not so much what a person says as what he does that tells of the goodness that is in him. Often beneath the roughest exterior beats a heart as warm as that under the finest broadcloth. The human heart is a peculiar receptacle, for that which is put into it shapes the vessel. So he who would be truly great must put that into his heart which will fashion noble impulses. True greatness is not always gauged by great achievements. Men, forgetful that greatness springs from the purity of the heart, often contaminate themselves by grasping that which may look great in the sight of men. How often we see a man deviate from his former path of honor and trustworthiness, and enter upon a course of life that, he avers, will bring him position and greatness. Emulous of great and historic men, jealous of any honor acquired by his fellows, and willing to enter any path that may seem to bring him quickly into the highway of greatness, he soon finds himself in the midst of such an intricate network of interweaving paths and diverging roads, that he knows not which way to turn. His mind misleads him, and he is lost. Thus deluded, he finds out when it is too late that he who works for self alone will never find true greatness. All need to take heed lest the stepping stones by which they would climb to distinction, be not stumbling

blocks by which they may fall into obscurity.

That person who grasps after things concerning himself alone, who sees no farther than his own interests, is destined to make of his life a failure. No person, be he peasant or president, can be truly great only as he follows out the precepts of that rule given to us ages ago—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

THE EAGLE AT LAKE GEORGE.

By F. F. PHILIPS.

Well hast thou chosen, daring bird,
To haunt this billowy bound of lake and sky,
These domes and peaks—a mighty herd,
That in disordered grandeur troop and vie
Each most to trespass on the brink,
And deepest-welling beauty drink.

Did this proud wilderness alone
Allure thy crag and tempest-loving heart
Here to deride the balked wind's moan,
And, pennon-shielded, brave the lightning's
dart,
To view, above the storm's affray,
The birth of dawn, the death of day?

Or cam'st thou, in avenging mood,
To haste the judgment heaven shall mete at last
And, on grim Moloch's sleeping brood,
Hurl down a terror-wakening trumpet blast—
Dire plaint for father Jogues' death-throes,
And fated William Henry's woes?

From some dim height may be thy glance
Oft runs the mazy water-way along,
At thought that yet again, perchance,
In pomp, with bugle-note and martial song,
Down forest paths, through lake and gorge,
Shall come the bannered host of George.

The northern gate * full long ago
Noiselessly closed against the Frenchman's
arms;
Long by the fortress, sunken low,
Has lain the Briton, deaf to war's alarms.
Proud bird, thy lofty quest must be
To know of Freedom's destiny.

* Gate—Champlain, "The lake which is the gate of the country."

THE RIVER'S LESSON.

By P. P. B., '91.

I stood one night by the river,
Where the waters come and go,
As on to the sea forever
They haste with an endless flow.

And while I stood and wondered
On that peaceful summer's night,
How oft was the starlight sundered
By the raging water's might!

My heart was burdened with sadness,
As the gentle rays of light
Were lost by the raging madness
Of the river's onward flight.

But deeper far was my grieving,
When a voice seemed speaking near,
"The lesson thou art receiving
Wilt thou go and leave it here.

"Thy life is the rushing river,
And the stars of Heaven above,
That shine through its night forever
Is the light of a Father's love.

"The rock thou art forsaking,
Which troubles the peaceful stream
Is the night that with sorrow and aching
Now troubles thy life's bright dreams."

I saw the light of the morning
As I turned my eyes away,
But the silent voice of warning
Is with me from day to day.

O let not the folly and sadness,
That each day now brings to thee
Deprive thee of all life's gladness,
While hastening on to the sea.

 THE MONASTERY AS A SYMBOL OF CULTURE.

By M. G. P., '88.

BEAUTIFUL for situation, venerable for its culture, hallowed by prayer, the monastery was the distinctive institution of the dark ages. During the disintegration of powerful empires, its strength increased. While

literature and art were passing through the formative stages of a new era, it became the treasury for past achievements. Above it rested the Star of Bethlehem, under whose light it first appeared, the embodiment of ideal purity; but in the end, when the wind and rain had done their work, its dark stains and crumbling walls became the more hideous.

Self-denial was not here first misapprehended and misapplied. Heathen Mystics warped the truth, long before, in their contempt for matter. The Jewish Essenes and their followers in Alexandria promoted the error. But never had it seemed so attractive, never gained such far-reaching influence as when allied with Christianity. Church, state, schools, and society conformed to the prevailing idea. Aye, so powerful was this, that even after Luther, with his mighty sledge, crushed the substance into fragments, the ideal lived in the popular mind. Though Cromwell trampled it under foot, it still lingers in English politics.

The rise of civilization marks the decline of monarchism. Yet in education, from its very conservativeness, and the monastic origin of the schools, this influence has proved most enduring. Here even the late-discovered New World, defended by Puritan institutions, betrays it.

That same restrictive spirit which built walls between the people and their ministers moves the cultured to withdraw from general society, and bury their much-needed talents. It leads highly qualified men to avoid public duties, leaving vital interests with the

incompetent. Thus in a republic, demanding of every citizen his best, unprincipled men too often hold the positions of influence, and the term politician is an ill-becoming stigma.

This spirit appears in institutions of learning whose doors are double locked by wealth and prejudice,—wealth which in exaggerated expenses and exclusive society, tacitly but emphatically says to the poor, only the rich enter here,—prejudice which, from woman's inferior position in the past, from her present degradation in uncivilized lands, argues that inferiority is her natural condition and that it is, therefore, absurd to lower the standard of scholarship, or violate caste by breaking bread with woman.

The monastery claimed to be a law unto itself and acknowledged no superior authority. The same arbitrary feeling is discernible in literary circles, prompting men of genius and learning to disregard social principles, and to display unpardonable eccentricities as the credentials of extraordinary character. It prevails in the opinion that students are not under the general jurisdiction, but constitute a little world by themselves where all crimes become fun, and where wild oats may be sown broadcast and no one held responsible for the harvest.

Unsymmetrical culture is the bitter fruit of Monasticism. Development of one part of the nature at the expense of the rest produces bigots and fanatics, skeptics, or prize fighters, according to its application. The same narrow, unnatural training which lighted Europe with fires of martyrdom, tore

Hypatia limb from limb, and incited the children's crusade, is responsible for the French reign of reason, and the German science worship. Evidently the monastery laid too much stress on misconceived piety, undoubtedly the early schools devoted too much time to the classics, but are not modern educators falling into similar error in maintaining that thorough culture may be derived merely from study of the sciences.

New occasions teach new duties. Republican institutions call for universal statesmanship. The printing press, the telegraph, and the steam engine demand thinkers for a world, fathers who will not risk a priceless musical gift for a moment's adulation, mothers skilled to guide the infant steps of genius. It is idle to accept an education that fits simply for some one work or profession. With Elihu Burritt's purpose no man need be defrauded of his own.

Ministers, lawyers, and educators make admirable bankers, but the gold belongs to the people. The Latin that illustrates Blackstone's Commentaries will illustrate the newspaper. If science can make the rocks speak and the flowers unfold deep mysteries for the scholar, how much more helpful may she become to the miner, and the farmer.

A new, living Christian spirit in education bids us leave "the low vaulted past" about which gathered the fungus of monarchism ever attendant upon decay, and build more stately mansions, strong in health and purity, broad in acquisition and purpose.

CIVILIZATION OF ANCIENT
GREECE.

By C. J. E., '89.

A VAST subject is to be treated in a short space; hence arises a necessity of selecting and considering only such phases of it as may be of vital importance. Probably no element is more universal in civilization than is education. Greece recognized this principle, and though compassed about by the ignorance of neighboring states and with no model to guide her, she reached a height and completeness in the education of her people that has never been surpassed. In one century she accomplished as much in letters as modern civilization has wrought in a thousand years.

Plato says, "Education and discipline were begun in early childhood and continued through life." The wisdom of which course is fully attested by the extraordinary intellectual ability exhibited by all grades of Grecian society. Mr. Freeman says, "The average intelligence of an Athenian audience was higher than that of the English House of Commons."

In history and some of the sciences that are the results of civilization, Greece is certainly deficient, but in her literature as a whole, and the literature of a country, we find the most durable evidences of a people's greatness; there is a strength and fitness of language, a depth and condensation of thought that has excited the admiration of critical scholars and warranted the assertion of Professor Mahaffy that "No modern nation, however well instructed, has been able to equal by

labored acquirements the inborn genius of the Greeks."

Again the element of religion pervaded the civilization of the Greeks. The sensitive and inquiring Greek mind was instinctively religious, and despite an immoral and worthless theology it worked out for itself a morality higher in its manifestations than is enjoyed by many Christian communities at the present day. Thales taught that "God is the oldest of all things, for he is without beginning," that "The earth is the fairest of all things, for it is the work of God." Pythagoras enjoined upon the members of his fraternity not only silence, but modesty, temperance, and brotherly love. He taught that there was one Deity pervading and maintaining the universe.

Xenophon said, "There is one eternal, infinite, immortal Being, by whom all things exist, and this one being is God. He hears all, he sees all, he is at once mind, wisdom, and eternal existence." Such was the foundation upon which Christianity four hundred years later was destined to rest.

Next to religion as a civilizing agency stands philosophy, the reaching out of the human soul in its search for truth. Here we meet with the names of Euclid, Plato, and Aristotle, while towering above them all in the grandeur of his conceptions, the majesty of his genius and the power of his thought is Socrates, of whom it has been said, "He drew philosophy down from heaven and placed her among the habitations of men."

If we turn our attention from philos-

ophy to the fine arts, we find Greece still giving instruction to the rest of the world. In sculpture she followed no models, but aiming at the life-like, the beautiful, the exalted, and the true, she created the models that have ever been the study and delight of sculptors, painters, and connoisseurs. The sculptor, Phidias, in his statue of Jupiter Olympus, wrought from ivory and gold, has given us a masterpiece, so far beyond what others have accomplished, when compared with him, that we instinctively feel all modern sculptors are but merest imitators. In architecture as in sculpture, Grecian civilization set the pattern for the world. Architecture in Greece was reduced to a science. Its aim was to combine beauty, grandeur, unity, and power. Three styles of architecture, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic, had their birth in this land of intellect and soul. In exquisite beauty, in extreme simplicity, in symmetry of form and harmony of parts, the Parthenon at Athens, the work of the inspired Phidias, is the culminating triumph of human architecture. If we turn our attention to music, we find it received its development at the hands of Aristoxenus and Pythagoras in that period when architecture and sculpture had their rise. If to oratory we are confronted with the names of Pericles, Plato, and Demosthenes, the world's greatest orators. If to painting, we meet with Anaxagoras and Democritus. There is no department of the fine arts not fully represented in Grecian civilization. Again, if bravery and military glory have an attraction for any, such

should study the conduct of the Greeks under Themistocles at Salamis, or under Miltiades at Marathon, or Leonidas with his little band at Thermopylæ opposing the Persian hosts of Xerxes till twenty thousand were destroyed. Can all history show more striking examples of military genius, of dauntless courage, or of sublime patriotism than these?

Yet it is not in military affairs that we find the surest marks of civilization. Uprightness and purity of character in social and private life are more important than the arts of war. Grecian civilization was especially free from social vices. Drunkenness was a thing almost unknown; it was not only a disgrace but a crime against society that society did not tolerate. Theognis says, "'Tis a shame to be drunk among sober men; 'tis also a shame for a sober man to stay among men that are drunk." Greece had no dens of debauchery, no dance halls, no gambling hells. She had no filthy streets, no tumble-down tenements, no garrets where men, women, and children, ground down by poverty, herd together, where starvation comes and death is welcomed as a release. Hers was a civilization more exalted, more pure.

Still further, it is a universal contrast between civilized and uncivilized communities, that in the former the penalty of death is carried out without cruelty and without torture, while in the latter the victim is subjected to insults and needless pains. We shudder at the barbarities of the middle ages when the stake, the rack, and the guil-

lotine were in constant requisition and horrible deaths served for daily pastimes; we lament that our own day so often finds the gallows erected, hears the awful death-sentence pronounced, and sees that sentence carried into effect before a jeering and ribald mob, and yet more than two thousand years ago the little country of Greece had done away with these barbarities. No contrast can be made that ought to make us more ashamed of our Christian age and privileges than this contrast of humanity. There is another peculiarity of the ancient Grecian civilization. While other nations desired wealth as a means of power, the Greeks sought it as a means of culture. Refinement was rated higher than mercenary pursuits, and nobility of soul highest of all. Selfishness and greed were absent from Greek character; hospitality, compassion, benevolence, and generosity were its most striking features.

It is true that many inventions, machines, and appliances that in our day are supposed to make work easier and life happier, were wanting to the Greeks. Yet these are but the accumulated knowledge of centuries. They are the results of civilization and not civilization itself. Greece alone worked out a civilization for herself, by herself. She alone produced and taught to the rest of the world the highest forms of literature, philosophy, science, art, humanity, and social purity.

Seven American colleges have more than a thousand students.

IN THE ANTIQUE HOTEL.

By F. L. P., '91.

In an antique hotel far away in the North,
I was sitting at eve by the broad open fire:
The back-log and fore-stick were blazing away;
There was comfort as much as the heart could desire.

Without there was howling; the wild wintry winds
And the crisp air came in through the cracks
at the door.
'Twas a night for ghost stories and tales of the
Indians,
And hair-breadth escapes from the goblins
of yore.

The guests straggled in and sat round in a circle;
The hosts poked the fire till the sparks filled
the flue,
And piled up the fagots with art that was
cunning,
As ever our old-fashioned grandfathers knew.
'Twas a Saturday night like the good olden
times,
When the New England rum and the whiskey
were pure,
And could render one safe from a sunstroke in
summer,
And from freezing in winter could keep him
secure.

There were stage-drivers, wood-choppers, men
from the logging camp,
Peddlers, and loafers and quacks of the day;
There were youths and men strong in the vigor
of manhood,
And men that were aged, decrepit, and gray.
There was "Ike" and "Big Ephraim" and
Enos, the fat man,
And Jacob renowned for the power of his lungs,
Whose voice had a roar like the pealing of
thunder,
Sonorous above the full Babel of tongues.

Indeed 'twas a Babel for accents partaking,
Of English, Scotch, Irish, French, German,
and Dutch,
Went round like a buzz-saw from "Dick" in
the corner,
To "Jake" the "poor devil" who leaned on
his crutch.

And each had some story, or tale of adventure,
As thrilling or quaint as has ever been told,

By the genius of wit, in the lore of the ages,
Recording the deeds of the heroes of old.

There were fish stories, bear stories, snake
stories, ghost stories,
"Yarns" of the traveler on land and on sea,
But "Jake" with his crutch was the hero that
evening
And seldom is born one more gifted than he.

His face was as honest as that of an angel,
And calmly he swore by the Cæsars of Rome,
He had caught more brook trout in two hours
after dinner
Than four yoke of oxen at night could haul
home.

In fishing for pickerel he gave his experience,
And said that he hoped he'd be blown to the
skies
If he hadn't caught one that he pulled out of
water
Three feet and a half ere he came to his eyes.

The fierce grisly bear, of the wild Rocky
Mountains,
He often had met in a hand to hand tilt;
But the last one he "murdered" weighed
forty-four hundred,
Though he said "I confess I was mighty near
kilt."

Then he drew from his pocket a plug of tobacco,
And cut off a chew with his rusty old knife,
Declaring that though it might kill many
others,
For his own part he knew it had once saved
his life.

Then added that when he was young and a
sailor,
While rounding Cape Horn he was wrecked in
a gale,
And the Sea-Serpent swallowed him up as old
Jonah
Was swallowed some ages ago by the whale.

While kicking around inside of the serpent,
He thought that perhaps if he took a new chew
And spit out the juice it might sicken the
monster,
And sooner or later might cause him to spew.

Well, the trick worked remarkably well, for
our sailor
Was belched up at Bath right before his own
door,
All right except feeling a little bit weary,
As safe and as sound as he had been before.

He had served in the army and served in the
navy,
Was familiar with tactics, in land and sea
fights,
I thought him the rival of Sinbad the Sailor,
Of whom we have read in "Arabian Nights."
Thus the hours were beguiled by those tales of
adventure,
As we sat by the light of the broad open fire,
Till at length the faint glow of the smouldering
embers
Gave warning to each of the time to retire.

COMMUNICATION.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., April 20, 1888.

To the Editors of the Student:

In a communication from this part of the country you would of course expect one to treat largely of Minneapolis; but it would be impossible for one who is not possessed with most remarkable powers of condensation to do justice to this town within the limits of an ordinary communication, and a verbose writer would have his allotted space filled before he had finished his introduction.

In 1850, Lo, the red man, felt easy and at home as he smoked his mullein leaves by the Falls of St. Anthony. In 1875 there was, about the Falls, a population of 32,000 white people; and in 1888, Lo, the poor Indian, looks as though he were wandering in a strange and foreign land as he shuffles along the broad streets and beholds the high buildings of this beautiful city of 185,000 inhabitants.

Flouring mills have sprung up until now Minneapolis is the leading city of the world in the production of flour. The combined product of all the mills for the last week was 168,200 barrels

of flour, the largest output being for one week in October of last year, when 177,000 barrels were produced. About the first of July, 1887, a large grain elevator in Minneapolis, containing about 1,250,000 bushels of wheat, was burned, but the wheat is still smouldering at this date. Thus wheat demonstrates its "staying" qualities. Why not use it for fuel, and then when it is winter, and the servant girl leaves the damper in the kitchen stove open all night she will still be sure of having a fire in the morning?

Seven miles down the river from Minneapolis is the enterprising town of St. Paul. It would be unjust to speak slightly of St. Paul, but it would be high treason for me to admit that in many material points of excellence it approaches Minneapolis. As representing the great Northwest, they are practically united in business interests, and their union in name has been discussed considerably by the leading men of both cities. However much "Paul" desires the marriage, "Minnie" will never consent to give up her name.

Probably New England has more representatives here than any other part of the country of equal size. One meets "Maineites" everywhere around here, but, unlike many tribes in the West, they are "friendly to the whites." There are several Bates men in Minnesota, among whom are, Keene, of '75; Leavitt, '76; Randall, Wyman, and Hathaway, '77; H. L. Merrill, '80, and J. F. Merrill, '82. After one has been here a few months he is not much surprised at meeting any one whom he ever knew.

It will doubtless be a great surprise to many of your readers to learn that the snow, which remained with us so faithfully during last winter, has all gone, but it is even so. When the eastern newspaper men are called up for their final accounting, it will be one of the hardest things of their lives to explain the "wrong stories" that they have told about Minnesota weather. However, if you visit Minneapolis in the winter it would be well to take your overcoat with you, and if there is a fur collar attachment, be sure that that also is brought up into its proper position around your ears.

Many people in the East have the impression that this is the "Wild West" where "they shoot folks," as a friend once expressed it, where bold cowboys, with their wide hats, leather breeches and belts full of guns and knives, ride into saloons on their bronchos and order free refreshment for the crowd. I will not speak for Montana, but such is not the common practice in Minneapolis. Our valiant municipal officers would discourage such pleasantries as that immediately. The people here are as cultivated and refined as they are in the East, though perhaps they do not spend as much time discussing the "whyness of the so," and such abstract questions as in the city of the Baked Bean. The common aim seems to be the pursuit of the "almighty dollar," and quite often a dollar and a half.

I wish to thank Mr. Miller, the artist who designed the cover for the *STUDENT* this year, for that picture of Mount David and the observatory.

And I wish to thank him again for the chicken yard down in the corner of the picture; it is the attesting seal which stamps the production genuine.

E. A. M., '86.

LOCALS.

"Non paratus" dixit scholar
 Cum a sad, a doleful look;
 "Omne rectu" prof. respondit,
 Et "nihil," scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

Buds.

Birds.

Boom-a-la-ka!

Join the campaign club.

The ball games to be played by the "Bates Home League" will be hotly contested.

F. W. Plummer is teaching a fencing class in Auburn on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday evenings.

W. F. Ham will spend the remainder of the spring term and also his summer vacation with his brother in New York.

This is the busiest term in the year. Good work done in the class now will save a deal of plugging for tests by and by.

I. N. Cox went to Bangor, April 26th, as delegate to the Republican State Convention from ward four of this city.

The June number of the STUDENT will contain much matter interesting to the alumni and friends of the college. All who wish an extra June number should notify the business manager at once.

Since the last issue of the STUDENT we have been informed, on good author-

ity, that practical instruction in laboratory work is to be given classes at the beginning of another year.

Class in Rhetoric: Prof.—"When we see a drunken man clinging to a lantern post, and addressing to it endearing epithets, what is this a violation of (referring to the abuse of pathos in maudlin sentiment)?" G. (*sotto voce*)—"Prohibitory law."

E. J. Small, literary editor of the STUDENT, has recently gone to Colorado for his health. He writes us that he is stopping at the Alamo Hotel, of Colorado Springs, a town near the foot of Pike's Peak. Mr. Small will probably be away some two or three months.

The Bates Brass Band has been organized as follows: F. S. Libbey, *e* flat cornet; F. L. Day, clarinet; J. R. Little, solo *b* flat cornet; P. P. Beal, first *b* flat cornet; G. K. Small, second *b* flat cornet; H. B. Davis, solo alto; W. B. Cutts, first alto; N. G. Howard, second alto; W. S. Mason, third alto; L. F. Graves, first *b* flat tenor; F. E. Emrich, second *b* flat tenor; F. S. Pierce, baritone; F. L. Pugsley, *e* flat bass; W. F. Garcelon, *e* flat bass; A. D. Pinkham, tenor drum; —, bass drum; —, cymbals. Each member of the band has bought the instrument which he plays. The boys have got under good headway. Organizing a band, buying the instruments, and settling down to hard practice requires energy. The Sophomore and Freshman classes deserve much praise.

The Ornithology class report the following birds to have arrived since the last issue of the STUDENT: hermit

thrush, American brown creeper, yellow-bellied woodpecker, yellow hammer, rusty grackle, chipping sparrow, tree swallow, ruby-crowned kinglet, golden-crested kinglet, pine creeping warbler, myrtle warbler, Savannah sparrow, white-throated sparrow, Cooper's hawk, bronze grackle, yellow-palm warbler, purple martin, Wilson's thrush, red-bellied nuthatch, winter wren, Nashville warbler, black-capped titmouse, field sparrow, swamp sparrow, oven bird, barn swallow, wood peewee, sparrow hawk, ruffed grouse, blue-headed vireo, least flycatcher, black-throated green warbler, chimney swift, black and white warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, Parula warbler, warbling vireo, loon, kingfisher, water thrush, yellow warbler, and Baltimore oriole.

Following is the schedule of the league games to be played by the nines of the four Maine colleges :

S.	May 5,	Colby	vs.	M. S. C.,	at Orono.
S.	" 5,	Bates	"	Bowdoin,	" Brunswick.
W.	" 9,	Colby	"	Bates,	" Waterville.
Th.	" 10,	M. S. C.	"	Bowdoin,	" Orono.
S.	" 12,	Colby	"	M. S. C.,	" Waterville.
S.	" 12,	Bowdoin	"	Bates,	" Lewiston.
F.	" 18,	M. S. C.	"	Bowdoin,	" Brunswick.
S.	" 19,	M. S. C.	"	Bates,	" Lewiston.
W.	" 23,	Bowdoin	"	Colby,	" Waterville.
S.	" 26,	Bates	"	Bowdoin,	" Waterville.
W.	" 30,	Colby	"	M. S. C.,	" Bangor.
S.	June 2,	Bates	"	M. S. C.,	" Orono.
S.	" 2,	Bowdoin	"	Colby,	" Brunswick.
S.	" 9,	Bates	"	Colby,	" Lewiston.
W.	" 13,	Bowdoin	"	M. S. C.,	" Bangor.
W.	" 13,	Colby	"	Bates,	" Brunswick.
S.	" 16,	Bowdoin	"	Colby,	" Lewiston.
S.	" 16,	Bates	"	M. S. C.,	" Waterville.

Spaulding ball. Spaulding Manual of League Rules.

The following course of lectures is being delivered before the students: Thursday evening, April 26th, "Lessons in Words," by Prof. T. H. Rich of

Bates College; Thursday evening, May 3d, "The President," by G. W. Wood, Ph.D., of Boston; Thursday evening, May 10th, "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," by Rev. F. S. Root of Auburn; Monday evening, May 14th, "Religion and its Relations to Study and to Life," by Rev. H. M. Plumb of Boston; Thursday evening, May 17th, "An Address to the Students," by Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., of Boston; Thursday evening, May 24th, "Art, a Divine Message, and Beauty its Messenger," by Rev. F. H. Allen of Auburn; Wednesday evening, June 6th, "Reminiscences of Agassiz," by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., of Portland; Thursday evening, June 7th, "Juan Fernandez," by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., of Portland.

Commencement concert this year promises to be something much above the average Commencement concert. Mlle. Avigliana, a soprano known in the best operas and musical societies of London and Paris has been engaged; and the engagement has been made because of special favor, she having been a resident of Maine several years ago. Mlle. Avigliana will be received in Lewiston with much pleasure. The rich contralto voice of Gertrude Edmands, which has been very favorably criticised by English critics as the best in America of her age, will be heard. George J. Parker, the unrivalled tenor, has been secured to sing. Master Harry Peck, of Boston, nephew of C. A. White, of Boston, will play the violin. He is called "the boy violinist," and plays with wonderful accuracy and sweetness.

Miss Gertrude Lufkin, of Boston, the cornetist, and Mr. H. S. Murray, of Portland, as accompanist, complete the list of talent.

The first league game of the Maine intercollegiate base-ball series was played at Waterville, May 9th. Official score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.	6	0	0	0	3	0	2
Tinker, 1b.	6	3	2	2	13	0	0
Gilmore, c.f.	6	1	1	2	1	0	0
Daggett, p.	5	0	2	2	1	11	3
Call, c.	5	2	1	2	7	5	3
Newman, r.f.	4	1	1	2	2	2	2
Pierce, 2b.	5	0	1	1	3	3	1
Whitcomb, l.f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Day, s.s.	3	1	0	0	3	5	1
Total	45	9	9	12	33	26	12

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pulsifer, c.	6	1	2	2	11	0	4
Wagg, p.	6	1	0	0	1	13	7
Gibbs, l.f.	6	2	1	1	4	0	0
Parsons, 2b.	3	0	1	2	3	1	0
Gilmore, 1b.	5	2	1	1	10	0	0
Roberts, c.f. and 2b.	5	1	1	1	1	1	0
Foster, r.f.	5	0	1	2	1	0	1
Bangs, 3b.	5	1	1	1	2	1	0
King, s.s.	4	2	2	5	0	2	1
McGuire, c.f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	47	10	10	15	33	18	13

RUNS BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Bates	0	0	0	4	3	2	0	0	0	0	0—9
Colby	2	0	1	0	4	0	0	2	0	0	1—10

Struck out—By Wagg, 10; Daggett, 6. Passed balls—Pulsifer, 1; Call, 2. Wild pitches—Wagg, 3; Earned runs—Bates, 2; Colby, 3. Time of game—2 hours 35 minutes.

STATISTICS OF SENIOR CLASS.

N. E. Adams: Fitted at Wilton Academy; age, 25; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 140 pounds; hat, 7; religious belief, Methodist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Milton;

expenses, \$860; earnings, \$660; intended profession, teaching.

B. M. Avery: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 21; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 170 pounds; hat, 6¾; politics, Republican; expenses, \$800; earnings, \$600; intended profession, teaching.

E. F. Blanchard: Fitted at Farmington Normal School; age, 26; height, 6 feet 2⅞ inches; weight, 175 pounds; hat, 7¼; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Milton; expenses, \$800; earnings, \$400; intended profession, ministry.

Miss I. F. Cobb: Fitted at Edward Little High School; age, 23; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 130 pounds; hat, 7⅛; religious belief, Congregationalist; favorite author, Irving; intended profession, teaching.

H. J. Cross: Fitted at Foxcroft Academy; age, 22; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 165 pounds; hat, 7¼; religious belief, Universalist; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$1,350; earnings, \$500; intended profession, law.

C. W. Cutts: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 25; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 170 pounds; hat, 7¼; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Scott; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$700; intended profession, teaching.

W. S. Dunn: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 20; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 165 pounds; hat, 7⅜; religious belief, Methodist; politics, Republican, strong; favorite author, Tennyson; expenses, \$800; earnings, \$600; intended profession, teaching.

Miss L. A. Frost: Fitted at Lewiston High School; age, 22; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 145 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Episcopalian; favorite author, H. W. Beecher; intended profession, teaching.

F. S. Hamlet: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 23; height, 5 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 159 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religion, Home Baptist; politics, straight Republican; favorite author, Longfellow; expenses, \$900; earnings, \$800; intended profession, medicine.

H. Hatter: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 30; height 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 185 pounds; hat, $7\frac{3}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, straight Republican; intended profession undecided; expenses, \$1,100; earnings, \$1,100; favorite author, Shakespeare.

H. W. Hopkins: Fitted at Hallowell Classical Academy; age, 24; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 140; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$950; earnings, \$500; intended profession, journalism.

Miss N. B. Jordan: Fitted at Lewiston High School; age, 22; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 112 pounds; hat, 7; religious belief, Free Baptist; favorite author, Hawthorne; intended profession, teaching.

J. H. Johnson: Fitted at Symonds High School; age, 25; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 130 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Meredith; expenses, \$800; earnings, \$650; intended profession, teaching.

Miss F. M. Nowell: Fitted at Lewiston High School; age, 21; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 115 pounds; hat, $6\frac{1}{2}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; favorite author, Hawthorne; intended profession, medicine.

F. W. Oakes: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 27; height, 5 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 200 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{2}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Emerson; intended profession, ministry.

R. A. Parker: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 27; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 165 pounds; hat, 7; religious belief, Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$950; intended profession, ministry.

Miss M. G. Pinkham: Fitted at New Hampton Institution; age, 23; height, 5 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 105 pounds; hat, 7; religious belief, Free Baptist; favorite author, Joseph Cook; intended profession, teaching.

W. L. Powers: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 25; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 155 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Universalist; politics, Jim Blaine; favorite author, Tennyson; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$600; intended profession, engineering.

E. E. Sawyer: Fitted at Warner (N. H.) Free High School; age, 26; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 155 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Prohibition Republican; favorite author, Burroughs; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$800; intended profession, teaching.

C. C. Smith: Fitted at Lewiston

High School; age, 23; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 180 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{2}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$1,000; favorite author, Washington Irving.

G. W. Snow: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 22; height, 5 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 140 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Prohibition Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$886.50; intended profession, ministry.

A. D. Thomas: Fitted at Lewiston High School; age, 26; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 138 pounds; hat, $6\frac{7}{8}$; religious belief, Episcopalian; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Scott; expenses, \$900; earnings, \$500.

F. W. Tibbetts: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 23; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 125 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Carlyle; intended profession undecided.

B. W. Tinker: Fitted at Norwich Free Academy; age, 21; height, 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 153; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Methodist; politics, Prohibitionist; favorite author, Lytton; expenses, \$1,050; earnings, \$850.

A. C. Townsend: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 28; height, 5 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 145; hat, $6\frac{7}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Holmes; expenses, \$750; earnings, \$750; intended profession, undecided.

C. L. Wallace: Fitted at New Hampton; age, 27; height, 6 feet; weight, 160; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; religious belief,

Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$1,400; earnings, \$800; intended profession undecided.

F. A. Weeman: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 25; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145; hat, 7; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Scott; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$500; intended profession, civil engineering.

S. H. Woodrow: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 26; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 150; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Prohibition Republican; favorite author, Dickens; expenses, \$1,250; earnings, \$1,300; intended profession, ministry.

PERSONALS.

[The STUDENT proposes to publish, during the present year, a complete list of the alumni with the residence and occupation of each in so far as we are able to ascertain these facts. We earnestly solicit the assistance of all to enable us to make the list as complete and satisfactory as could be wished. If any mistake is found in the following list, please notify the editors.]

ALUMNI.

1867.

Rev. Arthur Given, secretary of the Free Baptist Benevolent Societies, Providence, R. I.; residence in Auburn, R. I.

Rev. A. H. Heath, D.D., pastor of South Congregational Church, New Bedford, Mass.

J. S. Parsons, engaged in extensive agricultural operations in Minnesota.

Professor J. H. Rand, professor of Mathematics in Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

Rev. G. S. Ricker, pastor of a Congregational Church, Pierce City, Mo.

Hon. F. E. Sleeper, M.D., practicing medicine at Sabatisville, Me.

Rev. W. S. Stockbridge, principal of an industrial school, Washington, D. C.

Rev. H. F. Wood, pastor of a Free Baptist Church, Dover, N. H.

1868.

Prof. G. C. Chase, professor of Rhetoric and English Language, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

G. C. Emery, master in Boston Latin School, and teacher of Mathematics, Boston, Mass.

Hon. T. O. Knowlton, Esq., practicing law in New Boston, N. H.

Hon. H. W. Littlefield, farmer, Wells Branch, Me.

Professor O. C. Wendell, assistant director of Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass.

1869.

Rev. W. H. Bolster, pastor of the Congregational Church, South Weymouth, Mass.

G. B. Files, principal of high school, Augusta, Me.

Miss M. W. Mitchell, principal of Young Ladies' School, Boston, Mass.

Rev. L. C. Graves, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Bowdoinham, Me.

C. A. Mooers, M.D., practicing medicine, Lawrence, Mass.

Rev. G. A. Newhall, pastor of Methodist Church, Washington, Me.

A. Small, cashier of Manufacturers' National Bank, Lewiston, Me.

1870.

J. Chase, deputy collector of customs, Custom House, Portland, Me.

Rev. A. G. Chick, Baptist minister, Vermont.

D. C. Durgin, principal of high school, Ashland, N. H.

Dr. I. Goddard, dentist, Auburn, Me.

I. W. Hanson, clerk of courts of Androscoggin County, Auburn, Me.

L. G. Jordan, principal of high school, Lewiston, Me.

F. H. Morrell, principal of high school, Irvington, N. J.

E. A. Nash, clerk of corporation, Lewiston, Me.

C. E. Raymond, teacher in Connecticut.

W. E. C. Rich, master in Dudley Grammar School, Boston, Mass.

Hon. D. M. Small, Esq., practicing law at Providence, R. I.

L. M. Webb, Esq., practicing law, Portland, Me.

1871.

J. T. Abbott, Esq., practicing law, Keene, N. H.

G. W. Flint, principal of high school, Collinsville, Conn.

J. N. Ham, principal of high school, Lexington, Mass.

Hon. C. H. Hersey, Esq., practicing law at Keene, N. H., in partnership with Abbott, above mentioned.

J. M. Libby, Esq., county attorney of Androscoggin County, Mechanic Falls, Me.

H. W. Lincoln; post-office address, Meredith Village, N. H.

A. L. Marston, teacher.

1872.

Rev. F. W. Baldwin, pastor of First Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass.

Rev. C. A. Bickford, editor of the *Morning Star*, Boston, Mass.

H. Blake, Esq., practicing law, Hallowell, Me.

Professor J. S. Brown, professor of Chemistry in Doane College, Crete, Neb.

Hon. A. M. Garcelon, M.D., practicing medicine, Lewiston, Me.

G. E. Gay, principal of high school, Malden, Mass.

E. J. Goodwin, principal of Newton High School, Newton Centre, Mass.

C. L. Hunt, superintendent of public schools, Braintree, Mass.

J. A. Jones, civil engineer, Lewiston, Me.

E. F. Nason, contributor to current periodical literature, Augusta, Me.

Rev. F. H. Peckham, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Boothbay, Me.

G. H. Stockbridge, editor of the law department of the *Electrical World*, Pulter's Building, N. Y.

Rev. T. G. Wilder, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Belmont, N. H.

1873.

E. R. Angell, teacher; post-office address at present, Derry, N. H.

J. H. Baker, principal of high school, Denver, Col.

Rev. C. H. Davis, pastor of Free Baptist Church in California.

Charles Davis.

Professor I. C. Dennett, professor of Latin in Colorado University, Boulder, Col.

Rev. Miss A. E. Haley, an evangelist; a

preacher of the Christian Baptist Denomination.

N. W. Harris, Esq., Ph.D., practicing law, and register of Probate Court, Auburn, Me.

Freedom Hutchinson, Esq., practicing law, 23 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood has just completed the sixth year in his pastorate at Dover, N. H. His church is in a flourishing condition.

'72.—Baldwin will sail for Europe on May 29th for a four-months' absence.

'73.—Professor Dennett is engaged in preparing some elementary Latin text-books.

'74.—Rogers has been appointed, by the Governor of Maine, Judge of the Municipal Court, Belfast, Me.

'75.—Spear is taking a trip West on legal business.

'77.—Emerson is a member of the Lewiston Board of Health.

'77.—A. G. Potter, M.D., has recently been re-elected as superintendent of schools, Lisbon, Me.

'78.—George, returned missionary from India, preached in the Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, Sunday, May 6th.

'79.—Sargent has just opened the "Bay State Teachers' Agency" at 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, in conjunction with Scott of '85.

'80.—Judkins has been re-elected city solicitor of Lewiston.

'81.—Foss has been transferred from the Maine Methodist Conference to the Florida Conference on account of ill health.

'81.—Gilkie has accepted a call to the Richmond Free Baptist Church.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout will deliver the memorial address at Norway, Me.

'81.—C. S. Haskell, who has been teaching Latin and Greek in the high school of Jersey City, N. J., has been elected principal of the grammar school in the same city at a salary of \$1,800.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard, as the *Lewiston Journal* says, "has done wonders with the *New Britain Herald* since he assumed the management. He has brought up the tone of the paper, increased its circulation, and has moved it into shining new quarters."

'82.—Emmonds, M.D., is practicing medicine at Richmond, Me.

'83.—Rev. O. L. Gile has resigned his pastorate at Richmond and has accepted a call to Cape Elizabeth, Me.

'83.—Rev. W. H. Barber has been appointed pastor of the Methodist Church at North Augusta.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard has entered a law office in Kansas City, Missouri.

'86.—Libby is engaged with the publishing house of Leach, Sherwall & Sanborn, Boston, Mass.

'86.—Morton will deliver the address before the alumni at the anniversaries at the close of this month.

'86.—Miss Tracy is teaching at the Topsham High School.

THEOLOGICAL.

'88.—Chadwick is teaching for a short time at Pittsfield.

'88.—Bradeen is supplying at Dexter.

'88.—Whitman will supply at Sabatis for one year.

'89.—Paine is teaching Rhetoric in the Latin School.

STUDENTS.

'88.—Miss Minnie E. Wheeler, formerly of '88, is teaching at Stark, N. H.

'89.—Libby has been teaching in Foxcroft Academy.

'90.—Mainwaring, formerly of '90, is in the Croyer Theological School at Chester, Penn.

 ◆◆◆
 POET'S CORNER.

SPRING.

As when a loving mother bends
 And with a kiss her child awakes
 So Earth aroused by gentle Spring
 The semblance of new being takes.

W. L. N., '91.

BOATING SONG.

Oh, life is fair when the eyes are bright,
 And the heart is strong, I trow ;
 But day is followed by depths of night,
 Then merrily heave, ye ho !

Oh, sweet is death when the hair turns gray,
 And the pulse grows weak and slow ;
 For night is followed by golden day,
 Then merrily heave, ye ho !

—Yale Courant.

IM ABEND.

From a lovely grove's cool shadows,
 Where a dainty rug is spread,
 Made of softest moss and flowers,
 Fit for none but fairies' tread ;
 Where the mellow rays of moonlight
 Through the leafy lattice peep,
 Tracing graceful dreamy figures
 Where the shadows lie asleep—
 Comes a magic invitation,
 Gently born to mortal sense
 By soft sighing forest zephyrs
 Fraught with sylvan redolence.
 "Come," each sleepy flower murmurs
 Through the drowsy woodland hum ;
 And the wakeful crickets chirping
 Echo back in chorus, "Come."

—Williams Lit.

A SERENADE.

Soft be thy slumbers, fair Leonore.
 Sweet be thy dreams forevermore.
 Like the bright jewels in golden bed,
 So on thy pillow rests thy fair head.
 Peacefully sleeping whom I adore,
 Soft be thy slumbers, dear Leonore.

—Harvard Advocate.

OUR ALMA MATER.

Under the shades of the mountains,
 And bright with the sheen of the sun,
 Where the Freshman from its fountains,
 Goes forth its long journey to run.

At the base of these hills it is nestled
 On the sands of a long lost sea,
 Where Tritons and Titans wrestled
 For the old time's mastery.

Here reigneth our queenly mother,
 The proudest of subjects are we,
 On all the round globe not another
 Hath half so much beauty as she.

—Amherst Student.

A SONG OF THE LAKES.

The night wind dies in quivering sighs,
 In yon lake depths one star is gleaming ;
 From ivied wall dim shadows fall,
 And there above my love is dreaming.

Sweet, clear, there breaks across the lakes
 A wild hill song still fainting, failing,
 Till fainter still the echoes thrill
 And fairy voices die in wailing.

Far, far below, the plashing low
 Of idle waves grows silent, sleeping.
 Calm be thy breast and sweet thy rest,
 For night and love the watch are keeping.

—Dartmouth.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Far, far away in evening's hush,
 We caught a plaintive, liquid lay,—
 The lonely, love lorn hermit thrush
 That sang the vesper hymn of day.

The fragrant air was drunk with May,
 And from the marsh's tangled brush,
 Far, far away in evening's hush,
 We caught a plaintive, liquid lay.

The mist stole from the meadows lush
 The day's glad chorus died away,
 Save, half-unheard, the river's rush,
 And, like the murmurs from its spray,
 Far, far away in evening's hush,
 We caught a plaintive, liquid lay.

—Dartmouth.

SONNET.

[On a picture in the April *Lippincott*.]

O fair, sweet face, O shadowy, pictured dream,
 O lovely vision from the lovely South,
 Glad am I only o'er this page to dream.

Ah! happy he who from that perfect mouth
 Shall know warm kisses—in those tender
 eyes

Under the drooping lashes, long and fine,
 The gleam of that glad light that never dies
 Shall catch. O sweetness sweeter far than
 wine—

The honeyed wine of thine own sunny land,—
 Only to see the beauty of thy face,

Only to feel the cool touch of thy hand,
 Only to glimpse the glory of thy grace;

O pictured maiden, lowly at thy feet
 We bow, far-off, and whisper, Love is sweet.

—Williams Lit.

Listen to the soft breeze whispering,
 Smiling joyous, light and free.

Fond Demeter is rejoicing

O'er her loved Persephone.

All the spring life is awaking,

Birds are singing, flowers bloom.

We can hear the soft sea ringing

With no lightest touch of gloom,

All the earth is robed in beauty,

Glad hearts quiver, filled with glee.

From the realm of death and sorrow

Comes the lost Persephone.

—Kent's Hill Breeze.

MEMORIES.

'Twas blooming May when I saw thee last;
 And on the hills and in the vales

The bright and glorious hues of spring

Were budding into beauty; and as I passed

Thee, wandering by the river's side,

And viewed the landscape far and wide,

I saw the power of nature, felt its thrill:

The scene was lovely, but thou wast lovelier
 still.

—Ex.

I had ventured a kiss,
 Just an instant of bliss,

Made bold by the flash of her eyes;

'Twas rashness, 'tis true,

And its peril I knew,

But a man never knows till he tries.

Then I plead—lest it might

Her displeasure excite—

“ Was it really a wrong thing to do ? ”

And she frowned as she said,

With a toss of her head,

“ Yes, I'm sure it was wrong—save for
 you.” —Yale Record.

EXCHANGES.

The noticeable feature of the exchange table for this month is the presence of a large number of preparatory school magazines. Some of them are issued yearly, some once or twice each term, and some monthly. Many of them exhibit the characteristic high school verdancy, while a few are ably edited publications and outrank some of the college magazines. Among the latter class the *Kent's Hill Breeze* is one of the best and attests to the good sense of the editors. Though many of the pieces are of a moral or religious nature, such as are hardly expected of the school journal, yet they are uniformly good and doubtless meet the approval of their readers.

The *High School Annual*, Lancaster, Mass., is the best high school paper that we have received. Of course it has the advantage of those issued oftener and ought to have something good.

“ To the May-Flower ” is a pretty poem of some merit, but the author fell into the very common error of drawing a moral at the expense of art. Amateur poets as a rule should never draw morals or see visions, yet this is what

they almost invariably do. The following is the first four stanzas of the poem alluded to:

TO THE MAY-FLOWER.

Sweet May-flower! daughter of the spring,
Born of old winter's frown,
We hail thee! peeping from thy bed
Of twigs and grasses brown.

What angel with her pure sweet lips,
Has kissed thy petals fair
And left them blushing? Whence has sprung,
Thy fragrance passing rare?

Did some sweet fairy, 'neath the snow,
Breathe on thee as thou lay
Waiting for spring to break thy chains,
And all thy charms display?

Did all the gods of olden times
In making thee, agree
That every thing most fair, most sweet,
Most lovely, thine should be?

The *Peddie Chronicle* appears in a very pretty new cover.

Laying aside the preparatory to magazines, we turn to our old friend, the *Colby Echo*. With this number Vol. XII. is completed. We wish to congratulate the editors upon their success. In all our long list of exchanges very few of the bi-monthlies excel the *Echo* in literary merit and as a general college journal, and interpreter of college spirit, none is superior. "The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy," "Tolstoi," and "Need of a Party Issue," are pertinent subjects discussed in the literary department of the number at hand. Like ourselves the *Echo* sometimes lacks artistic little lyrics which add much to the attractiveness of a paper.

We clip the following from the *Undergraduate*:

The largest prize and greatest honor at Harvard is the "Bowdoin" prize for excellence in English Composition. Separate prizes are awarded to "regulars" and students of the

"Annex." All compositions must be handed in sealed without the owner's name. By chance this year the two sets of compositions became mixed and when the best essay was announced the "mark" was found to belong to one of the "Annex" students. According to the bequest she could not receive it and so must content herself with the modest "Annex" prize of one-fourth the value. Moral, be a man.

The Williams *Literary Monthly* has some very good stories and some excellent poetry in the April issue. "Sartor Resartus" and "Hyperion," is also worthy of mention as a good comparison of Carlyle and Longfellow. We clip a couplet:

ON AN OLD PROVERB.

Distance doth lend enchantment; thus we say
And straight forgetful of the proverb trite,
Our truant thought runs backward to the day
When Spanish student sang his roundelay
'Neath mullioned casement, in the summer
night.

Youth is romance's hey-day: weight of years
Has aged the world, you say; it is not true!
To us small sense of sweet romance appears
For very nearness. After flight of years,
Distance shall lend enchantment to the view.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

The young ladies of Vassar will soon have the opportunity of developing their muscle in a new \$20,000 gymnasium.

Harper & Brothers have placed copies of all their historical productions in the Vassar library.

Amherst students recently held a mock Republican convention.

Ex-President Hayes has been asked to become President of Ohio State University.

Dr. Patton, president-elect of Princeton, is heartily in favor of college

The mist stole from the meadows lush
 The day's glad chorus died away,
 Save, half-unheard, the river's rush,
 And, like the murmurs from its spray,
 Far, far away in evening's hush,
 We caught a plaintive, liquid lay.

—*Dartmouth.*

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 Shall catch. O sweetness sweeter far than
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The honeyed wine of thine own sunny land,—
 Only to see the beauty of thy face,
 Only to feel the cool touch of thy hand,
 Only to glimpse the glory of thy grace;
 O pictured maiden, lowly at thy feet

We bow, far-off, and whisper, Love is sweet.

—*Williams Lit.*

Listen to the soft breeze whispering,
 Smiling joyous, light and free.
 Fond Demeter is rejoicing
 O'er her loved Persephone.
 All the spring life is awaking,
 Birds are singing, flowers bloom.
 We can hear the soft sea ringing
 With no lightest touch of gloom,
 All the earth is robed in beauty,
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 From the realm of death and sorrow
 Comes the lost Persephone.

—*Kent's Hill Breeze.*

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 And viewed the landscape far and wide,
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 The scene was lovely, but thou wast lovelier
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 Just an instant of bliss,

Made bold by the flash of her eyes;
 'Twas rashness, 'tis true,
 And its peril I knew,
 But a man never knows till he tries.
 Then I plead—lest it might
 Her displeasure excite—
 “Was it really a wrong thing to do?”
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The *High School Annual*, Lancaster, Mass., is the best high school paper that we have received. Of course it has the advantage of those issued oftener and ought to have something good.

“To the May-Flower” is a pretty poem of some merit, but the author fell into the very common error of drawing a moral at the expense of art. Amateur poets as a rule should never draw morals or see visions, yet this is what

they almost invariably do. The following is the first four stanzas of the poem alluded to :

TO THE MAY-FLOWER.

Sweet May-flower! daughter of the spring,
Born of old winter's frown,
We hail thee! peeping from thy bed
Of twigs and grasses brown.

What angel with her pure sweet lips,
Has kissed thy petals fair
And left them blushing? Whence has sprung,
Thy fragrance passing rare?

Did some sweet fairy, 'neath the snow,
Breathe on thee as thou lay
Waiting for spring to break thy chains,
And all thy charms display?

Did all the gods of olden times
In making thee, agree
That every thing most fair, most sweet,
Most lovely, thine should be?

The *Peddie Chronicle* appears in a very pretty new cover.

Laying aside the preparatory to magazines, we turn to our old friend, the *Colby Echo*. With this number Vol. XII. is completed. We wish to congratulate the editors upon their success. In all our long list of exchanges very few of the bi-monthlies excel the *Echo* in literary merit and as a general college journal, and interpreter of college spirit, none is superior. "The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy," "Tolstoi," and "Need of a Party Issue," are pertinent subjects discussed in the literary department of the number at hand. Like ourselves the *Echo* sometimes lacks artistic little lyrics which add much to the attractiveness of a paper.

We clip the following from the *Undergraduate* :

The largest prize and greatest honor at Harvard is the "Bowdoin" prize for excellence in English Composition. Separate prizes are awarded to "regulars" and students of the

"Annex." All compositions must be handed in sealed without the owner's name. By chance this year the two sets of compositions became mixed and when the best essay was announced the "mark" was found to belong to one of the "Annex" students. According to the bequest she could not receive it and so must content herself with the modest "Annex" prize of one-fourth the value. Moral, be a man.

The Williams *Literary Monthly* has some very good stories and some excellent poetry in the April issue. "Sartor Resartus" and "Hyperion," is also worthy of mention as a good comparison of Carlyle and Longfellow. We clip a couplet :

ON AN OLD PROVERB.

Distance doth lend enchantment; thus we say
And straight forgetful of the proverb trite,
Our truant thought runs backward to the day
When Spanish student sang his roundelay
'Neath mullioned casement, in the summer
night.

Youth is romance's hey-day: weight of years
Has aged the world, you say; it is not true!
To us small sense of sweet romance appears
For very nearness. After flight of years,
Distance shall lend enchantment to the view.

 INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

The young ladies of Vassar will soon have the opportunity of developing their muscle in a new \$20,000 gymnasium.

Harper & Brothers have placed copies of all their historical productions in the Vassar library.

Amherst students recently held a mock Republican convention.

Ex-President Hayes has been asked to become President of Ohio State University.

Dr. Patton, president-elect of Princeton, is heartily in favor of college

sports. He recently prepared, at his own expense, four tennis courts for the use of the Theological students.

The athletics at Moody's School at Northfield this summer will be in charge of Stagg of Yale.

The new fire-proof library at Syracuse will accommodate 150,000 volumes.

Dr. Phillips Brooks will be the Y. M. C. A. speaker at the Williams Commencement.

Johns Hopkins University has a "Tramp Club." No person can become a member until he has walked thirty miles in one day with some member of the club.

Wellesley has 620 students; Vassar, 283; Smith, 367; Byrn-Mawr, 79. These are the four largest ladies' colleges.

"Prof. G. Stanley Hall has accepted the presidency of Clark University at Worcester, Mass.," says an exchange.

Euphrates College at Harpoot, Turkey has 300 students, 87 of these are in the classical department. Rev. Mr. Wheeler formerly of Warren, Me., is president.

About half the colleges in the United States publish papers. The *Notre Dame Scholastic* has a larger circulation than any other college paper, 1,250 each issue. The *Dartmouth* comes next with a circulation of 1,150.—*University News*.

A perfect recitation is called "teat" at Princeton, "squirt" at Harvard, "sail" at Bowdoin, "rake" at Williams, "cold lush" at Amherst, and a "score" at Bates.

Stagg of Yale is constantly receiving

flattering proposals to sign with professional teams. The New York league recently offered him \$5,000 for the season's work.

There are over eighty post-graduate courses at Yale.

Almost one-half of the graduates of Yale are still living.

Cornell students are very angry because the police have forbidden them to give the college yell in the streets of Ithaca.

The Newton Theological Seminary, founded in 1825, has sixty-one students, of whom eight are in the Senior class, eighteen in the Middle class, twenty-three are in the Junior class, and twelve are not in the regular course. Of the Seniors, two are from Brown University, one of Harvard, one of Cornell, and two of Colby.—*Ex.*

Ex-Gov. Leland Stanford, who gives \$20,000,000 to found a university in California, thus expresses himself about it: "It will be built with a sole regard to the poor. No rich man's son or daughter will want to go there. The houses for the comfort and convenience of my guests will be plain but substantial, and due regard will be had to every want of the pupils, but nothing ornate or grand will be allowed. This institution will absorb my wealth and be a monument to the memory of my son. The poor alone will be welcome; it will not be built for the rich."—*Pennsylvania College Monthly*.

Teacher—"Tommy, what is the greatest empire in the world?" Tommy—(who is captain of a base-ball nine) "Ferguson, he's the greatest empire."

POTPOURRI.

Cupid, little wretch, is blind;
 And tho' his darts are sighs and krs,
 When he shoots at pretty maids
 He's forever making Mrs.

—*Transcript.*

A miss is as good as a mile,
 A kiss is as good as a smile,
 But four painted kings
 Are the beautiful things
 That are good for the other man's pile.

—*Hallowell Classical.*

CHARITY.

A student to his father sent
 His third-term Freshman bill;
 The statement of the money spent
 A page or more did fill,
 And as the *pater* cast his eye
 O'er items great and small,
 He chanced a little one to spy
 Mixed in among them all.

'Twas this: "For charity I gave
 Of dollars fifty-four,"
 At this his father's face was grave,
 And looks of sorrow bore;
 Till down he sat and wrote, wrote he,
 With face suffused with grins,
 "I greatly fear that 'charity'
 Doth cover many sins."

—*Lafayette.*

About ten years ago the Amherst Serenaders were to disturb the slumbers of pretty Kate, a stage singer. In her honor they struck up "Sweet Evelina," using the words—

"Dear Kate Pennoyer,
 Sweet Kate Pennoyer,
 Our love for thee
 Shall never, never die."

After singing the entire song the boys waited a moment for a response to their serenade. Slowly a window was raised, a man with long whiskers and clad in robes of white was seen, and then a bass solo was wafted down to the collegians:

"Dear boys below there,
 Sweet boys below there,

Your Kate Pennoyer
 Lives four doors below here."

As the last words died on the frosty air, the singers gathered up like Arabs and as silently stole away.—*Musical Record.*

Fizz-icians—Fire crackers. A big dent—President. A boy-cott—A trundle-bed.

Irate Prof.—"How dare you swear before me, sir?" Student—"How did I know you wanted to swear first."—*Ex.*

Requisites for ball players—"Eyes open and mouth shut." "Couldn't these apply outside the diamond?"

A pupil in one of the schools of this city complied recently as follows with a request to write a composition on the subject of a physiological lecture to which the school had just listened: The human body is made up of the head, thorax, and the abdomen. The head contains the brains when there is any. The thorax contains the heart and the lungs. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five, A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y."—*Star.*

The Indian who was so much pleased with the first locomotive he had ever seen, that he tried to lasso it, afterwards told another Indian that he was never so carried away with anything before in all his life.—*Journal of Education.*

Three perfected dudes, accompanied by three accomplished belles, occupied six chairs in the orchestra of Daly's Theatre a few nights ago. Their conversation previous to the rising of the curtain was such as to convince a hearer that they were of the most cult-

ured society. They discussed the opera like accomplished musical amateurs. They argued about the respective merits of J. Frank Currier and T. Addison Richards in a way that showed how well they knew the difference between the "hard" school and the "impressionists." They made telling remarks about the intricacies of the Yale-Harvard foot-ball game. Any one could see with half an eye that the men were graduates of Harvard. Just after the curtain descended at the close of the first act one of the ladies caught sight of the embroidered motto in its center. Turning to the gentleman next to her, she said: "What does that mean? It's Latin is it not?" The gentleman adjusted his single eye-glass and carefully read the line: "*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*" "By Jove, you know," he remarked, "I'm dreadfully rusty in my Latin. Say, Charlie, can you translate that rubbish?" The man addressed took a long look at it and then said: "I could if I had a dictionary here, don't you know; but I can't remember what any of those words mean except *qui*—that means 'who' or 'which' or 'what.'" The third man was called upon, and, after a few moments of study, he said: "Well, now, it's funny, but I can't seem to remember all of the words myself. *Palmam* means 'a palm,' and *ferat* means 'he makes.' "He who makes a palm," murmured the first gentleman. "Don't seem to be much sense in that, does there?" "No, by Jove," said the second man. "I don't believe it is classical Latin. It must be a quotation from one of those idiotic old mediæval fathers." "Per-

haps I can help you," remarked the youngest of the three ladies, who had not before spoken. "I think it means, 'Let him take the cake who deserves it.'" The three men looked puzzled for a moment and then burst out laughing. "Ha! ha! deucedly clever! You're always so witty, you know."

The Junior motto: "*Qui non proficit, deficit,*" was recently translated by a Freshman, "He who does not brace up gets left."

The Business Manager of one of our exchanges recently received the following note with one of his remittances:

"Lest some policeman westward flee
To grab me by the collar,
I forward you immediately
The necessary dollar."

A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a University of Pennsylvania paper.

A short time ago a gentleman took his little son on a railroad excursion. The little fellow looked out of the window, when his father slipped the hat off the boy's head. The latter was much grieved at his supposed loss, when his papa consoled him by saying he would "whistle it back." A few minutes later he whistled and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad flung the hat out of the window, shouting: "Now, papa, whistle it back again!" A roar of laughter served to enhance the confusion of papa.



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