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# The Bates Student - volume 16 number 06 - June 1888

Bates College

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# THE BATES STUDENT



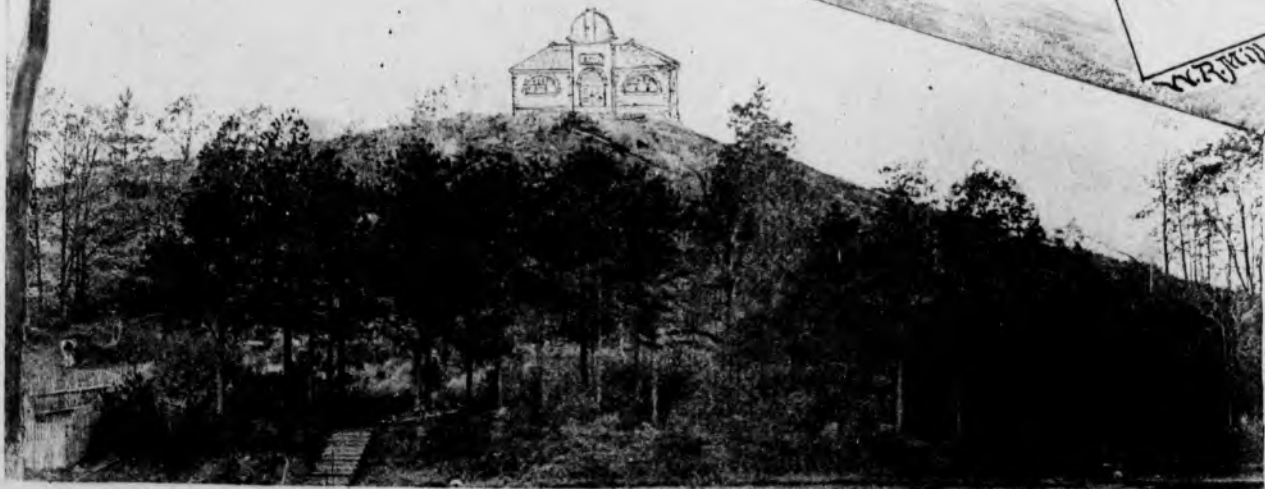
Number 6.



Sixteenth  
Volume.

'89

W.P. Jones.



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THE  
BATES STUDENT.

IVY AND COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

VOL. XVI.

JUNE, 1888.

No. 6.

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LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

AS we approach the close of the  
base-ball season we feel more  
than satisfied with the results attained.  
Though we have not secured the pen-  
nant, yet it has been demonstrated that  
our boys can play a good game of ball.  
To form an association and put a good  
nine in the field is not an easy task,  
but now that the foundation is securely  
laid we may hope that another year  
such an enthusiastic support and im-  
petus may be given to our participation  
in the intercollegiate contest as will  
bring the pennant to Bates.

EVERY class in college has a few  
who are devoted to athletic sports,  
strong, hardy fellows, who can disin-  
tegrate a page of Greek and get a  
lesson in Calculus in good shape, but  
who find a swinging pace for ten or  
fifteen miles, or a hard tussle with the  
gloves much more congenial. Then  
there are a few who are yoked to a  
grave, meditative existence, who con-  
fine their rambles and tussles to the  
realm of psychology, and with bent  
brow and quizzical eye seem to be  
searching in the grass and on the rocks  
and leaves for the trail of some vast,  
invisible fact that has passed that way;  
and, finally, we would mention a char-

acter, in thought of whom we have written what we have. One of those strong-spirited, generous fellows with noble impulses; a kind of character over whom the deeply religious hold up their hands in horror, whom the prudent condemn, whom the quiet withdraw from, whom every one likes and but few understand. Misjudge such a young man as that two or three times, make him feel that you think he is wild and tough, and you will lose a friend whom, if there is anything mean in your character, you needed, and who, if there is any good in your character, needed you.

AMONG men of broad sympathies and full understanding of human nature, Henry Ward Beecher was a conspicuous example. He was a scholar and an appreciative friend of scholars. His deep interest in the welfare of others found a glad response in many a heart cheered and strengthened by his words and influence. With more than ordinary pleasure we print here a short extract from his "Advice to Students": "Remember that much of knowledge is growth, not accumulation. The life that one is living in is the book that men more need to know than any other. Never outrun health. A broken scholar is like a razor without a handle. The finest edge on the best steel is beholden to the services of homely horn for ability to be useful. Keep an account with your brain. Sleep, food, air, and exercise are your best friends. Don't cut their company. Don't fall into the vulgar idea that the mind is a mere warehouse and education a process of stuffing it. . . .

Do not study for ideas alone, but train for condition. Get and keep a healthy brain. Train it to sharp and accurate impressions. Don't mope. Be a boy as long as you live. Keep up high spirits. A low tone of mind is unhealthy. There's food and medicine in nerve. Quantity and quality of nerve mark the distinctions between animals and between men, from the bottom of creation to the top. Now, if you come home with your cheeks sunken and your eyes staring out of hollow pits, I'll disown you. Good-bye. God bless you."

THERE are as many ways of going through college as there are of going through life, and that means as many as the individuals concerned in it, but if you look carefully you will see that they group themselves into three classes. There are those who slide through as a man goes down a toboggan chute, started by some one and the projectile force more than sufficient to overcome their original inertia and so they slip along. What with "horses" and friends and cool audacity, it is marvelous to see with how little work one can complete his college course. Then there is a second class. The members of this believe that college means five terms of mathematics, or six if you can accomplish it, so many cubic feet of Greek roots, and German irregular verbs, in fact just what is laid down in the catalogue, and nothing else. "Society work?" "Oh, I can't get any time for society work." "Well, how about athletics? Do some work in the gymnasium to keep your muscle up, I suppose?"

“You must be crazy. I leave that to the boys who come to college to learn base-ball. I get all the exercise I need if I go down to my club and back three times a day.” And so day by day they grub along growing more and more narrow and bigoted. Perhaps in two years’ time they find they can’t work as hard as they could at first, and fearful dreams of brain fever and nervous prostration haunt them. Your brain is not wearing out, this is just the trouble; you have filled it full and made no allowance for growth or outlet, one or the other you must have, and that immediately. Change your club farther down street, spend two or three hours once a week in the society room and let some of your superfluous knowledge out there; they can stand it; or even squander an hour once in a while playing with the Indian clubs and dumb-bells. In a word wake up and realize that college is a preparation for life.

Now we have, too, a third class, more numerous than both of these, let us thankfully confess. Men who know that a college education means all it does to the second class and more, too, that it means a broadening and deepening of the sympathies, an increasing of the capacity for pleasure and pain, a giving of greater ability for usefulness as well as greater opportunity, realizing that the end aimed at is not to make monks shut up in a dark, daintly fretted cloister with their books and themselves, but men out in the free air, under the clear heavens must devote themselves to the cause of the unfortunate. This is the true aim.

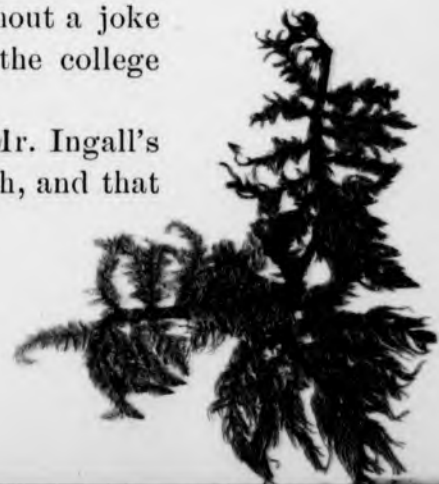
Toward this all things must tend, and to suit this end all true action is bent.

THE idea is rapidly growing in favor that every boy should thoroughly learn some business or trade. This is sound logic. The cunning of the hand should be developed as an aid to the acumen of the mind. The knowledge that he has actually mastered one of the means whereby men gain a livelihood renders a young man fearless and independent; freed from a sense of helplessness he can throw all his energy and spirit into whatever vocation he may choose. Not all who go to college care to enter a profession. Frequently business has greater attractions, and fortunate are those who have had some early training in that direction.

The most tireless brain workers at times need relaxation, and the ability to skillfully fashion some material thing gives them purest rest and enjoyment. Robert Collyer sought recreation in the working of iron. Hugh Miller got his enthusiasm for geology from the rocks that he chiselled as a craftsman, while Gladstone in his old age often plys the ax for exercise.

Senator Ingall’s severe criticism, that college graduates as a rule lack ability in dealing with men and things, and that their views are subtle and abstract, voices a sentiment widely prevalent among business and working men. Hardly a newspaper thinks its funny column complete without a joke cracked at the expense of the college man.

Although we think that Mr. Ingall’s speech was in the main harsh, and that



often the press is unjust, yet beneath so much smoke there may be a little fire. Possibly the student's quick appreciation of the ideal and his close contact with the theoretical instead of the practical tend to make him visionary. His early training may be in fault, in that he has never mingled with the active business world. Nothing will so quickly and potently dispel false notions respecting the gulf supposed to exist between brain and brawn workers as an intimate acquaintance with the thoughts and doings of practical business and laboring men. If a boy is not going to college he surely ought to thoroughly understand some lucrative trade or employment; if he does go, such knowledge will certainly do him good service. Every young man should be a master of some one of the industrial arts.

---

**A**LL honest and faithful students are studying with some end in view. And what do they propose? They are fitting themselves to move the world of humanity. They sincerely desire to help in the noble work of clearing away the darkness of sin and ignorance which overshadows the human race. A liberal culture is deemed a necessary preparation, and rightly so. Now what are the principal elements concerned in such a culture? Broadly and generally speaking, there are three: physical, intellectual, and spiritual education.

Of the first very little need be said. With the minute knowledge of the physical system and its requirements

which modern science possesses, hardly one need be burdened with ill health.

As for the second, the student is spending some of the best years of his life under the guidance of experienced instructors in carrying his intellectual development to a good degree of perfection.

Of the third we would speak more fully. By this we mean the emotional part of man, his heart, his soul. The soul has often been very appropriately spoken of as a musical instrument whose vibrations were capable of swelling with the wild, agitated notes of despair, or fear, or doubt, and at other times distilling a sweetness of exquisite harmony like the falling dews of paradise, or breaking forth into glad songs of triumph.

The men who have felt this music in its deepest intensity and have been able to explain or make it audible to others, have been the world's great artists, whether they be poets, musicians, painters, or sculptors. To these we must go and catch from them in sympathetic vibration the heavenly melody. Such souls alone have access to the great Soul of Man. Such alone can move and benefit mankind. Poetry and music, especially and above all else, must be understood and felt by those who are destined to move the world to better things. To the former of these some attention is given in every well-organized curriculum, especially to its exterior form. Yet, to come to the bottom of the matter, very little genuine sympathy, or true soul-like grasp of poetry ever stirs the student in any measure proportioned to

what there should be. Examine the average book-shelves and what do we see? Treatises on science, works of history, frequently an encyclopedia, but seldom a book of poems, at least one which gives evidence of having been well read by its possessor. We would not be afraid to assert that not more than one or two out of every hundred students have ever read Keat's "Endymion" or Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," or Byron's "Childe Harold"; yet the delicious and luxuriant fancy of the first, the sublimity and ethereal music of the second, and the pensive sweetness of the last should be woven into the very soul-fiber of every one who desires to move human hearts effectively. "I put" says Mr. Frederic Harrison in his excellent article on the "Choice of Books," "the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use."

Of music we are almost ashamed to speak. How many leave college or the university with diploma in hand, certifying that they have completed a full and elaborate course of liberal culture, who cannot tell one note of music from another, and far less have felt and appreciated the divine strains of a Beethoven, which alone are capable of stirring the more secret depths of the soul, which more than anything else can open up to mortal view the infinite breadth and depth of the unseen universe to which the human soul is ever reaching out, for which it is ever yearning, ever striving to catch its super-sensible harmony.

It is especially deplorable to think

how many clergymen are deficient in this part of their education. If the heart of many a preacher was more mellowed, more enriched by such a culture we would see less raking up into the light of day of old, musty, patched, threadbare, theological rubbish and hear more of the all-embracing love of God, of the infinite tenderness and sympathy of Christ; and not only hear but feel, and many a hungry, thirsty soul would be refreshed. Every man is a preacher whether he proclaims from the pulpit or by the silent eloquence of his daily life, and every man needs this magnanimity, this greatness and richness of soul.

"The meaning of song goes deep," says Carlyle. Men may, and often do, turn deaf ears to argument, expostulation, or entreaty; but one can never close himself to the soft, gliding entrance of music. It steals into his heart with healing balm ere he is aware. The heart is always open to its influence.

Students cheerfully spend hundreds of dollars on their education, but never once think of the value and necessity of music. Is this thoughtlessness or indifference? It cannot be the latter, for we all remember what Shakespeare says of "the man who hath no music in his soul," and can such be found among college students? No. It must be thoughtlessness or preconceived error in regard to its costliness. Now we believe that any one with a comparatively trifling expense may acquire a musical education sufficient to give him life-long pleasure, not to say anything



of the good it will be to others indirectly by its refining influence on himself.

Every one has in his possession a superb instrument, the human voice. It is all folly and prejudice to say that one hasn't a good voice for music. Music teachers have emphasized again and again the fact that one can learn to sing as easily and as satisfactorily and as certainly as he can learn to talk. All you need is a little careful development of the vocal chords which calls for a very slight outlay in instruction. This will be a benefit in other ways; physically, by strengthening the lungs and other respiratory organs, and socially by making your voice more pleasing and agreeable in conversation or public speaking. Then there is the violin, the "King of instruments." The cost is small. Careful practice (remember it is *careful* practice that makes perfect), a few dollars spent for a teacher and you have a life friend which will fill your lonely moments with sweetness. Then the flute with its brilliant, liquid intonation, or the cornet or clarinet, or a dozen others. Indeed, everything reduces to the old maxim, "Where there's a will there's a way." If we could only see the need of a musical education and then make up our minds to have it the problem is already solved.

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The two lectures delivered before the students, by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., of Portland, were of much more than usual interest. The doctor will always receive a warm welcome at Bates.

## LITERARY.

### CLASS-DAY POEM.

By A. C. T., '88.

As when a youth with hope and ardor bold,  
Beholds the morning, when with conscious  
pride,  
Exulting, he exclaims, "I am a man!"  
And then sinks back a moment, half dismay'd,  
To think how great the task imposed on him  
Who thus throws down his gauntlet to the  
world;  
So we, our *Alma Mater*, stand to-day  
Upon thy threshold looking forth on life,  
The life for which our youthful hearts have  
longed,  
Yet turning back with lingering looks of pain,  
To take thy blessing on our untried lives.  
The future none may know. 'Tis wisely hid,  
With all the devious windings we must tread;  
Though oft we stand on tiptoe, or forsooth  
Impatient strive to pull the curtain down  
Behind which are arranged to-morrow's scenes.  
'Tis better so, for, be there joys in store,  
'Tis better they should come a glad surprise  
Than by long expectation lose their charm.  
And if for us Fate offers many woes,  
'Tis mercy that conceals them from our gaze,  
That we may not the present joys obscure  
By woes to be. Enough for us if each  
Have courage, strength, and skill to meet the  
task  
That in each passing moment waits his hand.  
The present moment only is thine own;  
Then, in that present, act if thou wouldst live.  
"'Tis action, action, action gives success,"  
The great Athenian orator declared,  
When asked the secret of the power that  
sways  
Assembled men, as ocean tides are swayed,  
That follow round the world the beckoning  
moon.  
Here in these halls by kind instructors led,  
Together we've been taught and trained and  
tried,  
To prove our fitness for life's waiting tasks.  
Henceforth be ours the burden self-imposed,  
To merit true success, lest any bring  
Dishonor to our *Alma Maters'* name.  
And as we tarry for a moment here,  
Each busy with the thoughts the hour sug-  
gests,  
Each waiting for another first to say

The farewell words he feels he cannot speak,  
 Let me, kind friends, a simple tale relate  
 To break the spell we all too deeply feel.  
 In years long gone in German forests dwelt  
 The huntsman, Immo, lonely and alone,  
 His faithful dog his sole companion there.  
 So fond was Immo of the wild wood-craft,  
 That he had left the haunts of busy men,  
 Left business, friendship, love, and wife and  
 home,

To find in hunting all he wished in life.  
 So true did his unerring shaft become  
 That nothing could escape his fatal aim.  
 And soon, throughout the land, was spread the  
 fame

Of this wild huntsman and eccentric man.  
 One day a lovely milk-white fawn he spied,  
 And quick an arrow sped to pierce her heart.  
 But, lo, unharmed, the creature walked away,  
 While Immo's arrow midway met the ground.  
 Astonished, half annoyed; yet half rejoiced  
 To find he had not harmed the graceful deer,  
 He started forward on the creature's track,  
 Half charmed and half-resolved again to shoot.  
 Through tangled woods and winding paths the  
 doe

Led Immo where a lofty cliff appeared,  
 Then quick into a cavern in the rock  
 It disappeared, and Immo stood alone;  
 Then he, too, entered to secure the prize,  
 When lo, a lovely woman met his gaze,  
 Who, with one hand the frightened deer ca-  
 ressed,

And with the other, pointing at the man.  
 Said softly, "Immo, why pursue my deer?"  
 Then overcome and speechless with surprise  
 And admiration at her feet he knelt,  
 And could not look upon her radiant form;  
 But in his hands a moment hid his face.  
 When next he looked the dazzling scene had  
 changed,

And in the place of faun and maiden fair  
 Were grinning goblins mocking his dismay.  
 But in that moment all his life was changed,  
 For never from that hour did Immo find  
 His old-time pleasure in the wild wood craft.  
 But, seeking once again the busy world,  
 Found pleasure now in every walk of life.  
 Is there a meaning in this legend old?  
 The huntsman wild is he who dwarfing life,  
 Immersed in business, books, or anything,  
 Shuts all the fountains of life's joy but one,  
 And lives an exile from his better self.  
 The milk-white faun, whose heart ambition's  
 shaft

At last would seek, but ever fails to pierce,  
 Is hope, which man would sacrifice at last,  
 When all his sister virtues he has slain.  
 But in the presence of white-handed faith,  
 Hope dares revive and bid man's soul awake  
 To all its glorious possibilities,  
 Though goblins of despair sit mocking by.  
 He doth not live whose poor contracted life  
 Is narrowed to a single changeless round,  
 Who born to inherit princely palaces,  
 Lives only in the cellar cold and dark.  
 The tree of life has many laden boughs  
 In reach of him who will but pluck and eat.

◆◆◆

### INDIVIDUALITY, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—CLASS-DAY ORATION.

BY B. W. T., '88.

IT seems fitting on such an occasion  
 as this, ere the thick clouds of sep-  
 aration dim our mutual vision, to con-  
 sider together something of interest to  
 each of us. We are soon to take leave of  
 these peaceful walls, and push our bark  
 out into the stormy ocean of life. It  
 will be a solemn moment when we cast  
 off the hawser that binds us to this  
 institution, which has so gallantly led  
 us up, and undertake to stem the tide  
 alone. We must now lay our own  
 plans, and mark out our own course.

The question, "How can we suc-  
 ceed?" is asked in every vocation, in  
 every condition of life, and, methinks,  
 many of us have laid our plans—re-  
 modeled them, built air castles and  
 watched them tumble. "Individuality,  
 the Secret of Success," must be the  
 motto of each of us, if we would ob-  
 tain the best results and achieve that  
 for which we were created.

Every man, besides the nature that  
 constitutes him man, has another nat-  
 ure that constitutes him a particular  
 individual. He is distinguished by his

own physical and mental feature. He is endowed with a quality so purely in contrast with the common nature of man that, by virtue of it, he can be singled out from all the myriads of his race. Each one of us has been created for a distinct purpose, and if we fail to discover this purpose, and after the discovery to retain and cherish it, we must fall far short of the best attainable results. "Know thyself," said the wise Greek, and the echoings of that great law of power have reverberated in all the past ages, and in the coming cycles will lend hope and inspiration to a seeking world. Even the heathen esteemed it a principal part of wisdom that every man should know himself, and such was the value set on this precept that they believed it to be heaven inspired.

There is no way to discover what place we can best fill, on what lines of activity we can be the most successful, except by some severe self-searching and the consciousness of an accurate estimate of our own talents. The means of obtaining this knowledge are daily presented to us; and every time we think we have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with ourselves. This knowledge is not hidden, nor is it afar off. We must become careful students of our inner nature, of our faculties, of our aspirations, of our qualification for particular callings, of our ability to surmount the barriers before us, and of our fitness for them and their fitness for us; for on our calling we stake all our success, and after we have chosen it, it may be too late to repair the failures of an unwise selection.

God has intended every one for some useful position; and in those moments which we spend in thoughtful communion with ourselves, the veil of uncertainty enshrouding us is thrust aside, and we see ourselves in the pure light that radiates from our clear breast. If one has a strong propensity for some special employment, let him follow that employment. It is almost impossible for any one to have a strong taste for any vocation and have no power to do good work. We naturally take our tastes as a guarantee of our talents, but this is not sufficient. What we believe to be our own individuality may be only the reflection in our soul's mirrors of the individuality of others. Because one can write blank verse to his "mistress eyebrow," or win the plaudits of society, it does not always follow that his genius will be the marvel of the next century. Many a would-be doctor or lawyer is measuring ribbon over a counter. But, for the most part, our desires are infallible tests of our powers, and success in life is conditioned on careful, attentive study of ourselves. Conscious of a clear insight, and of a sound judgment of our merits, we need not doubt what niche we are to fill in the plan of the great Architect, but should direct all our energies toward gaining that position. We must be thoroughly alive to our purposed field of operation. When we contemplate the vast store of treasure to be discovered in our path, every nerve of our being must thrill with anticipated delight, our sluggish blood must pulsate more rapidly, and we must concentrate our thought with an exclusive

attachment upon the one object. This convergence of ideas and efforts is more favorable to great results than that breadth of comprehension which, so far as the routine of business is concerned, operates only as a hindrance to our taking the main chance. Even those who have done the greatest things have not always been the greatest men; but they have been men who have had a singleness of purpose, men whose train of thought was all in one direction. Such men have the grit that removes every obstacle, that wins our most signal victories, makes our most startling discoveries, and lifts humanity above the clouds of speculation into the clear light of absolute truth.

Such a man was Agassiz. Early schooled in his own thoughts and inclinations he followed them perseveringly and unswervingly. As a result, he built up the noble, manly character that all the world admires. I once heard a learned divine say, "What we want is iron, more iron in our blood, and, with all due respect to homeopathy, we want it in allopathic doses." We must have the iron of that dauntless man, who said, "We'll fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

It may seem but a small matter to turn but a little out of one's path. The Volga and Dwina are two great Russian rivers, their sources in two lakes, once touching. It would have been easy for them to have flowed together in one direction, but a little rise determines the direction of each. The one flows south in warm climes and through rich verdure, by the rich cities, and brings health and plenty to the labor-

ing swain; the other flows through barren, icy wastes, and empties its frozen flood into the Arctic. From such a small beginning was this vast difference wrought. So a young man, by misjudging and deviating from his individuality, may never be able to recover himself, and, despite of his efforts, may go on in his errors till the end of life, and even be ushered into eternity conscious that he has not done his proper work.

After you have found your individuality, follow it, for your success depends on your stability of purpose. Disaster always follows in the wake of the vacillating character, but when the compass of the soul points true the billows of life are safely surmounted. Many turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of their soul, and say to themselves, "Money we must have." For this purpose they will make some minor preference a stepping-stone to their desire. But alas! many remain always at the threshold of desire. One thing after another leads them away, and soon the path of good conduct becomes so intricate and perplexed with these constant by-paths that they never get into the right road. Some few happy men may reflect on the good fortune that has provided an appropriate sphere for their talents; but others are forever doomed to be making bricks without straw. There is no one who does not feel that he has wasted much, too much precious time, learning that which proves to be utterly worthless, and through a lack of knowledge of his talents, in making false starts, in shifting from one profession to another

for the sake of a few dollars. To be a Jack-of-all-trades is no honor.

Bacon, "that wisest and meanest of men," no doubt ranks high among the highest in culture, yet he occupies a position far lower than he would have gained had he concentrated his efforts on one great purpose. Years of his life were wasted in petty court intrigues when his mind ought to have been at work on that for which he knew he was best fitted. Let not the acquirement of money be your purpose in life. Lay not aside your cherished desire to shrivel and decay with neglect. Turn not to any profession but that of your true choice.

You might as well try to hear with the tips of your fingers as to endeavor to succeed in any vocation unattractive to you. Take the choice God points out to you, that your nature welcomes, and, as surely as the sun will rise on the morrow, success will crown your efforts. As you stand confronting the solemn responsibilities of life, I would have you each earnestly say to humanity waiting for your offering of service, "Such as I have, give I unto you."

All of you possess an element of success if only you are true to yourselves. Many a man, affecting the manner of others, has found too late that his prosperity is as meager as his pretensions. The greatest men have been original men.

"Drink water from the fount that in thy bosom springs,  
And envy not the mingled draught of sa-  
traps, or of kings;  
So shalt thou find at last, far from the giddy  
train,  
Self-knowledge and self-culture leads to un-  
computed gain."

### CLASS ODE.

By J. H. J., '88.

Time, with ever-restless pinions,  
Wafts to us the closing hour,  
Drops the spell of precious mem'ries,  
Laden with its magic power.  
Tender memories, precious memories,  
That shall cheer us on life's way;  
Angels guard and keep them sacred  
Till we meet in endless day.

Hand in hand we here have labored,  
Friendship's chain we've welded fast,  
And our hearts, by love united,  
Cherish treasures that will last.  
When our work of life is ended,  
And we reach the golden gate,  
There may angel's songs await us,  
Echoing back to '88.

### CLASS HYMN.

By J. H. J., '88.

AIR—"Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."

Father give our spirits peace,  
From life's turmoil grant release;  
Pilot-Lord of Galilee,  
Thou who rulest earth and sea,  
Tempest's rage obeys thy will,  
Speak to us thy "Peace, Be still."

Thou who erst didst walk the deep,  
Our frail bark from danger keep;  
While the waves of life dash high,  
Guide us with thy sleepless eye;  
With thy rest our spirits fill,  
Grant to us thy "Peace, Be still."

When the voyage is almost o'er,  
And we hear the breakers roar;  
As our boat draws near the strand—  
Haven of the promised land,  
Trusting all unto thy will,  
May we hear thy "Peace, Be still."

A fond mother called the other day  
upon the President of Princeton, and  
asked anxiously if her son would be  
well taken care of at college. Said  
the President: "Madam, we guarantee  
satisfaction, or return the boy."

TRUTH, THE STANDARD OF  
EXCELLENCE—VALEDIC-  
TORY ADDRESS.

BY M. G. P., '88.

**R**APHAEL paints the Madonna, and, instinctively, every knee acknowledges the divine. Mozart touches the keys, and the heart of the universe swells with responsive echoes. Shakespeare writes a play in which human emotions, the most delicate, and the deepest, forever find a voice. Harriet Beecher Stowe tells the story of the slave, and a nation takes up arms to strike off his fetters. Whence came the power? Not from new colors, new tones, or new words. It was genius? But what does genius put into its work that so stirs the heart, and over which time and place have no control? Genius is but the capacity to apprehend the true, and the power to express it.

Individual efforts are successful, and productive of permanent results in proportion as they embody some essential truth. Luther at Worms, stood for truth, not for courage or fame. The "Waverly Novels" are classics because Walter Scott knew the heather-covered hills, the grassy downs, the locks and streams of his island home, because his ready sympathy, with the motives and impulses working in humanity about him, discovered the hidden springs of action, always coming into play.

The great musician finds something more in music than a harmonious grouping of notes. His ear detects the primal chord underlying melody. His mind grasps the thought that gives each tone its value. Great pictures are

something more than surface paintings. The artist understood the character and history of the mountain, understood the philosophy of the mirrored image in the lake, ere he began to sketch, and thus every stroke of his brush made some truth clearer to less discerning eyes.

Political, social, and moral questions are decided by truth. If men generally do as good work upon the public highway as upon their own gardens, Henry George's theories are practical. If division of labor implies division of soul-power, the danger lurking in unemployed energies awaits the people who carry it too far. Truth is all alive. Dead errors cannot long confine it, though, for a time, they owe to it the semblance of life. Back of Peter-the-Hermit's enthusiasm lay the general realization of the truth that Christ had committed the keys of his kingdom to his church, a living truth that finds happier, more correct expression in the missionary spirit of to-day. Unless Communism be right, no transfusion of human blood can give it lease of life, though whatever truth now animates it, may reappear in other forms.

Truth is the test of national strength and perpetuity. Wrote an eastern prince to Queen Victoria, "Tell me the secret of your power, O Queen." The returning vessel brought him her answer,— "The Bible." Curious, that the moving, controlling streams of influence flowing over this country have so generally taken their rise in that remote corner, the bleak, storm-beaten New England? Strange that the strong men of America so generally claim New England ances-

try? No, it is not curious or strange to those who consider the steadfast purpose of the Pilgrim Fathers to live the truth.

Whether work supplement physical science, art, or political economy, the inspiring motive will eventually determine its value. Truth, the controlling purpose, is the essential condition of abiding excellence. To aim at anything less is not only to miss all real achievement, but to risk the loss of the object sought. The folly of men, who, like Robert Ingersoll, build unique fanciful structures on the sand, instead of lighthouses upon the rock, is soon demonstrated—life's work a drifting wreck, bearing destruction, is washed out to sea, and no beacon lights the shore. Darwin's success lay in his intent to be a right thinker rather than an original thinker. Wolsey's pursuit of great place, at the expense of righteousness, ended in the bitter cry,

"O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not, in mine age,  
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Though enhanced by beauty, truth is never subordinate to it. Swinburne, fascinated by poetic beauty, misses poetic excellence; while Burns, content with simple, homely truths, unconsciously thought in the language of the beautiful. Was Charles Dickens seeking beauty at Dotheboy's Hall, at the almshouse, in the slums of London? He delved beneath accumulated filth in quest of truth. His books will be read as long as hypocrisy furnishes a covering for evil.

Slavish copying of the old masters is futile. The dry wells of the past cannot yield again their waters. The

fathers, loyal to their own age, aimed simply to convert its life and sentiment into truth, which, old in itself, must be new in form to each generation. This new world, with its new resources, new politics, and new scenery creates new demands for truth. Weighty questions are to be solved in America. Few poets have sung her mornings; few painters have pictured her evenings. Maine woods may be as inspiring as Palestine or the Parthenon; to-day's experience afford all the sweetness, all the grandeur, all the pain of life that burst into song upon David's lips.

Eventually, the national character now being fashioned in the yielding clay, will be cut in marble. This generation must not work out a century of dishonor. It is best the school-house should remain where the founders of the nation placed it, beside the church. Pursuit of truth develops a facility in acquiring it. Education is but training toward the light. What a fatal perversion of its object, whenever a plant shows an unnatural tendency to grow toward the darkness of doubt and infidelity. All truth is God's truth. And in accordance with this standard, the final verdict will be pronounced over all national and individual work, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting," or "Well done good and faithful servant." To be true to thine own self, to be true to all men everywhere, be true to Him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

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\*Physics: Q.—"What is the first law of gravity?" A—"Never laugh at your own jokes."

## IVY POEM.

BY A. L. S., '89.

Oft have I seen a merry youthful band,  
That clambered up some mountain's untried  
way

On whose exalted height for them to stand  
And look abroad, was rare delight, to stay  
Their steps awhile in some attractive glade,  
Review heights gained, survey remaining  
steps,

And, for memorial monuments rough made,  
Bring neighboring stones and pile them into  
heaps.

Thus gather we, a passing band of youth,  
And plant, by Hathorn Hall, the ivy vine,  
Affections offering which shall be, forsooth,  
A living monument to that benign,  
Maternal guidance of our faltering feet  
Through learning's boundless labyrinthal  
course.

We too, turn back, and, whether sad or sweet  
The memories be, rejoice, finding a source  
Of inspiration even in defeat.

Well do I recollect, when first we met.  
Each glanced into the other's face that, bright  
With fancy, hope, and confidence, was set  
One common way. Less eager now to fight  
Each wayside foe and grasp what fascinates,  
Our steps more measured are. More steadfastly  
We seek that high reward that emanates  
From truth unmasked by zeal and constancy.  
We toward the future turn, what see we there?  
A little journeying further and we stand  
On the free hill-top, conquerors, where  
Accomplished college tasks have no demand.  
Beyond, half hid from our enraptured gaze,  
Another mount majestic appears.

We call it life and, peering through the haze,  
Its outlines soften and we have no fears,  
And if in harsh reality we know  
Steep cliffs to scale, deep chasms there to span,  
The hour, I fancy, will suffice to show  
The strength, the courage, and the stalwart  
man.

Further than this, our dim discernment fails.  
Encircling mists refuse our eager quest.  
A fairyland, it's pictured in old tales,  
A land of listlessness and peace and rest.  
But what in us celestial is, says, no.  
It must be active being. Volant mind,  
Unchained, toward higher things must ever  
go,

Be it for weal or woe its level find.  
Whatever lot for those who disobey,

None unto me more terrible can seem  
Than imbecility to rise, away,  
From sluggish, earthly passion's listless dream.  
Whatever kingdom to the blest decreed,  
None can more fully fascinate my soul  
Than where our minds o'er heaviness succeed  
And seek companionship with God, the whole.  
Enough, I care to trespass on no heart.  
Time will full soon disclose what is to be.  
The present, present only, is our part,  
To know its duties, do them faithfully.  
The saint inspired that saw on Patmos isle  
The heavens unfold, proclaimed an open door  
Beside us set that none may fasten while  
Life lasts. Let us, yet looking on before  
Remember this, and, not too selfish, pause,  
Fulfill the wayside duties as we pass  
On toward the great fulfillment of the cause  
That binds us here an undivided class.

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### FUNCTIONS OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY G. H. L., '89.

**I**MAGINATION has been defined as the power which enables us to create ideals and to picture the absent as present. Closely allied to fancy it is yet distinct. Fancy is governed by caprice, imagination by order. The fabric of fancy is wrought of materials sought for their strangeness and novelty. The fabric of imagination pleases and startles, not from the novelty of materials but from the new and original combinations. Fancy flies upon a wild wing; imagination never soars beyond the realms of reason. Accepting this definition, what functions do the imaginations perform in the human mind?

All normal growth and in fact every kind of growth and development in character is necessarily the result of striving toward an ideal. The ideal must precede the accomplishment and on its vividness very largely must depend the strength of the motive that



urges us to action in the line of accomplishment.

Raphael had seen even in his dreams the face of her whom Jesus might call mother. Mighty was the conception, grand the execution, yet necessary as the embryonic state in generation was the ideal imaged in his soul. When speaking of his Messiah, Handel remarked, "I seemed to see the great Jehovah himself before me when I composed that piece."

Imagination then, that faculty by which we conjure ideals, in the very nature of things, must find a place in the front ranks of the soul's high faculties. It is utterly impossible to take a step forward except in an aimless accidental manner, unless the eye first rests on some goal. The blind man may grope about in the darkness and may by accident move in the desired direction, while he is liable to move in the opposite direction. But he who possesses the inestimable gift of sight immediately fixes his eyes on the desired destination and with certainty and rapidity moves toward it. Or if he cannot at once see the desired destination, he successively fixes his eye on the objects that lie in front of him, between him and that desired destination and then he is soon able to behold it.

Now the ideal is to the mental world what a given object is to the physical world, and the imagination is simply the mind's eye that sees afar off the mental object of the spirit's aspiration.

Ideality is an inborn faculty and measures the worth of our being. We value ourselves and are valued not so

much by what we are as by what we desire to be. The laurels won by the so-called arbitor, reason, must be shared with its maid-servant, imagination. Shakespeare's representation of characters in all stations of life, actuated by every impulse known to the human heart, are so wonderful as to seem akin to certain great mysteries in nature which baffle our understanding and this power is the offspring of his inimitable imagination.

But why seek examples from such exalted sources? Is the imagination ministrant only to transcendent minds? The works of these very minds can be understood and appreciated only by the aid of imagination. To rightly appreciate the tragic power of *Æschylus* in his masterpiece one must take wings and soar to that barren deserted Caucasian crag; for the moment become a Greek of the heroic type; a Greek versed in the mythological lore and philosophy of his fathers. To be stirred by the eloquence of Cicero, you must walk the paved streets of Rome and hear the Tiber's roar, must linger in the market-place and standing on senate floor, gaze upon the *Patres Conscripti* of the togaed race.

Even within the sacred sanctuary, imagination may be no unhallowed intruder, but may fire the heart that prays and like the gentle dove that bears love's message on its snowy wings, may bear to heaven the messages of the burdened soul. It will lead us to the shores of Galilee, where we may embark with the disciples and amid the gathering gloom of storm and night hear the Master's "Peace be

still." To the unimaginative man the Omnipotent is but a category of attributes; to the imaginative man, the living God.

Without imagination there could be no philanthropy, for you and I have pity and sympathy for our brother only as we imagine his condition, put ourselves in his place, and, as it were, feel as he feels.

Not only does it prompt us to help others, but is the mighty factor in self help. Were it not for imagination, the weak might become disheartened among the strong; the ignorant lose courage at the discourse of sages, poverty in the midst of wealth sink to the depths of physical and moral degradation. But however weak, ignorant, or poor, each soul has within itself a saving portion. Each in imagination has tasted of strength, knowledge, and plenty, and having once tasted, there comes to the soul a yearning, an insatiable desire to rise.

But every function of the soul is capable of a twofold action, a right or normal action, a wrong or perverted action. The more exalted the power, the greater the liability to perversion. Every deed, every thought of our past life is imaged in the soul and we are made more pure or more vile by these pictures that hang upon the walls of imagination. The soul of him whose imagination is pure, is like a walled city which the besieging hosts of temptation storm in vain. While the soul of him whose imagination harbors and plays upon sinful thoughts that have crept into his mind like reptiles into a bed of flowers, is like a city

whose walls are thrown down and whose sentinels, at midnight, in drunken revelry and treacherous league, admit the enemy.

Then beware of the loss of the first purity of imagination, for as one has said, "If a harp be broken art may repair it, if a light be quenched the flame may enkindle it, but if a flower be crushed what art can repair it, if an odor be wafted away who can collect or bring it back."

And then when the fire of youth and the strength of manhood shall have departed there will come a pleasure hitherto unknown; as a recompense for the increasing bondage in the narrowing, darkening prison-house of clay, it is permitted the soul to gaze upon the picture of the past. For you who approach those later years memory gathers the materials and imagination paints the picture. As if some turbid stream had paused before entering the eternity of waters, and, coursing back, had sought the purity of its fountain source, so the soul, before entering its eternity, courses back, and among the dreams "of the days that were" finds the purity of its youth.

Then let us keep pure and undefiled this holy well-spring of aspiration within us, and allow no foul, and noisome thing to creep athwart that flowery path which stretches before us, marked by the mile-stones of heavenly ideals, up to the great white throne.

Classmates, the time is near at hand, when we as the class of '89, shall leave these halls forever. Yet indissoluble are the bonds that bind us to our *Alma Mater* and to one another. Often in

imagination, shall we tread these halls and walks, often extend the hand of a student's hearty greeting and welcome. These familiar faces will vanish never. Each will hold a cherished place in the mind's album, and as we turn its pages, visions of these, our college days, will arise.

As a symbol of the love we hold for Bates College, and of the deep, lasting friendship that binds our numbers, we to-day plant the ivy. As its tendrils shall cleave to these walls, so shall our love and hope. As its fibres are bound to one another and draw their sustenance from a common soil, so may we ever be united and draw the inspiration to lofty purpose and noble endeavor from the deep principles of wisdom and righteousness that have been here implanted in our minds by this our tender mother.

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### IVY ODES.

By A. E. H., '89.

#### No. 1.

We greet thee with joy, *Alma Mater*,  
 With joy, as we think of the day  
 When we passed through thy wide open portals  
 And entered on wisdom's bright way.  
 Three years we have labored together,  
 And brightly our pathway has shone,  
 For thou art our guide, *Alma Mater*,  
 And thou art our dear college home.

#### CHORUS:

We greet thee with joy, *Alma Mater*,  
 With joy as we think of the day  
 When we passed through thy wide open portals  
 And entered on wisdom's bright way.  
 When mariners, crossing the ocean,  
 Draw near to the rocks on the shore,  
 They eagerly look for the light-house  
 Till safely they anchor once more.  
 We're sailing the ocean of knowledge,  
 We're seeking for wisdom sublime,

And we'll follow our light till we anchor  
 Our glorious bark, '89.

#### CHORUS.

To-day we are planting an ivy  
 To stand as the years swiftly pass,  
 That others who enter these portals  
 May think of our glorious class.  
 And though far away from each other,  
 To northward and westward we roam,  
 May our thoughts still return to this ivy  
 As it clings to our dear college home.

#### CHORUS.

One year, then the hour of parting,  
 When June's leaves and flowers return,  
 Yet distance our hearts cannot sever,  
 And brightly love's fires shall burn.  
 Be thou a defense for this ivy,  
 'Round thee may its tendrils entwine,  
 A type of the strength and the union  
 Which belongs to our class, '89.

#### CHORUS.

#### No. 2.

Thrice has the June-time come  
 With its sunshine, its birds, and its flowers,  
 Thrice have the roses faded  
 In Autumn's golden hours,  
 Since first we assembled,  
 Our ways to incline,  
 Towards wisdom's bright portals,  
 Dear class of '89.

#### CHORUS:

Thrice has the June-time come  
 With its sunshine, its birds, and its flowers,  
 Thrice have the roses faded  
 In Autumn's golden hours.

Many, who with us stood  
 In the days that are past and gone,  
 Have found other fields of labor,  
 And left us one by one.  
 Though deeply we miss them  
 In chapel and hall,  
 We'll close up our ranks, boys,  
 Nor waver at all.

#### CHORUS.

Forward we'll press our way  
 To the goal that lies just before,  
 Forward without delay,  
 For June-time must come once more.  
 And now, e'er our parting  
 From college so dear,  
 We'll leave her one token,  
 This ivy we'll rear.

#### CHORUS.

## COMMUNICATION.

## AN INTERESTING COMET.

*To the Editors of the Student:*

I thought the following brief note might be of interest to your readers, and so transmit it.

Perhaps some of them will remember that a new comet was discovered at the Cape of Good Hope in Africa the latter part of February. The discoverer's name was Sawanthal. At first it was so far south that it could not be seen in the northern hemisphere, but it has gradually come north until now it is over forty degrees north of the equator, and so quite high up in our northern latitude. Another novel feature was that for quite a while after it appeared above the southern horizon it kept about even pace with the sun as regards its difference of time of rising, being all the while a morning comet and rising a short time before it. It is, however, getting so high up among the northern parallels that it has gained greatly upon the sun, rising now at about 11 o'clock in the evening. Also when first seen by us it was visible to the naked eye, the nucleus appearing as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude, but it has gradually gone down in brightness until it is only visible in the telescope. For telescopic beauty it has been quite unsurpassed, the nucleus being sharp and well defined, with a magnificent tail, straight and spear-like.

The tails of comets are generally hollow conoids, but in the present instance the conoid seems to have become interpenetrated with the gaseous matter from the head, so that the cen-

tral axis is a line of light instead of darkness, as usual, thus resembling Coggia's beautiful comet of 1874.

On April 5th we received a telegram from California, saying that the nucleus had divided into two parts, which were then separated by a distinct interval, but on the next morning I made a very careful examination of the head with the great telescope, using different powers, but failed to find any trace of separation. In a subsequent letter from the same party, he firmly maintained that he saw the separation many times on the morning of the fifth, although he failed to find anything of the sort on the sixth, as in my own case. It is quite possible, however, that he may have seen a temporary separation, and the gap have been bridged again inside of twenty-four hours, I myself having seen a decided tendency to separation in the second comet of 1881, while the head of the great comet of 1882 split into five distinct nuclei and remained so until the last limit of visibility, this latter fact being probably due to the terrific violence it was subjected to, as it went so close to the sun that it passed through the upper regions of the solar atmosphere in its perihelion passage with a velocity of over three hundred miles a second.

From an orbit of this last comet that I have just calculated, I find that it will return again. My own conclusions in this respect are also confirmed by the calculations of Dr. Becker of Germany.

The comet is now rapidly receding from both the earth and sun, as will be evident from the following figures:  
Distance from earth April 1, 106,000,000 miles.  
Distance from sun April 1, . 70,000,000 miles.

Distance from earth May 1, . 143,000,000 miles.  
 Distance from sun May 1, . 101,000,000 miles.  
 Distance from earth June 1, 176,000,000 miles.  
 Distance from sun June 1, . 143,000,000 miles.  
 Distance from earth June 15, 185,000,000 miles.  
 Distance from sun June 15, . 164,000,000 miles.

This comet will not return for some 2,000 years, while from some recent calculations, I find that the first comet of 1883 will not return for 24,000 years.

O. C. W., '68.

Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass.

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IN THE SOUTH.

*To the Editors of the Student:*

At your request I give you some facts concerning the condition of the freedmen of the South.

In the South, the opportunities given one for work are unlimited. Men and women have to be made here, and often out of very rough material. However, the negroes' eagerness to obtain an education and make something of himself, is indeed surprising.

Talladega College was founded by the American Missionary Association in 1867. In 1869 it was chartered as a college. The course comprises the Primary, Grammar, and College Preparatory studies, and a full Theological course. In the fall a full College course will be added.

Talladega, among the Appalachian hills, has rare advantages in climate and scenery. The college has grown rapidly, even beyond its accommodations. Buildings have been enlarged to accommodate fifty more students, since last year, but still students are turned away for lack of room.

Training young men for the ministry has been the leading purpose of the

college from its beginning. Already it has sent sixty young men into the field and twelve more are preparing. There is a mission band in the Theological department, which holds monthly meetings, and several of its members intend to go to Africa. We keep constantly in mind the missionary idea that we are training these young people rather for the good they will do others than for their own self-support.

The students are a different class from those one meets so often on street corners and in other places of idleness. Go into the dining-hall where all the students are together. Every one is neatly, but plainly, dressed. Everything is in perfect order. At the tap of the bell, all are quietly seated. The meal finished, at the same signal all rise and pass out at the third bell. At a monthly sociable you will meet a jolly company at the college singing favorite college songs, or in company with their teachers, playing games. In a short time you would forget you were with colored people.

So far I have spoken of the best side of Southern life, but there is another side. A few days ago I took a ride in the saddle—not on a mule or an ox, though both are furnishable here—out into the country. I had the opportunity of looking into the country homes, if they can be called such, of the colored people. I will give you an example. Beside the rail fence surrounding a dirty hut of one room are several ragged, dirty-faced children. The mother stood in the door with a rag tied over her head, though the day was very warm. Within all was black and

filthy, no chairs, no furniture, no dishes, nor anything that represents home. Should you hear the mother's tale, you would begin to realize what slavery has done for the negro. I returned, glad God had given me birth in New England.

But the colored church with its management is odd in the extreme to a Northern man. Around the door of the church and along the fence, closely packed, one sees carts of the colored man's manufacture. They were drawn hither by whatever animal the master owned, horses, mules, oxen, or cows. Sometimes a whole family will be drawn by a single steer, somewhere in its teens, high-boned and every hair perpendicular to the animal's body.

The meeting-houses are small, rude structures. Go in and take a seat. It may be a Methodist revival service. The hymn likely is "Gimm me the old time 'ligion." Everybody sings. What a melody! Yes, loud enough to raise the roof, were it not varied with a slide at every quarter note. The preacher arises and announces his text. He has a voice like a lion. The fire kindles to a glow. The sisters begin to scream, the brothers to shout, wring and clap their hands. They leap to their feet, dance, wail, and howl. A young girl begins to kick and yell. She seems to be in a fit, but soon several are in the same condition. Their friends hold them up and let them thrash, rejoicing all the while that they are so moved by the spirit. Everybody sings at the top of his voice, until there is a real pow-wow. The next day report goes out of a great number of conversions at

that church. Such is the worship of the ignorant. But the services of our American mission churches are conducted not a whit different from those of the North.

I cannot tell you what education is doing for the colored people. Most of the work thus far has been done by the American Mission Association. They have sent out fifteen hundred colored teachers, but the work of educating and reconstructing the South goes on slowly for lack of means. It will take many years at the present rate to undo the work of two centuries of slavery. Negroes who can neither read nor write are chosen inspectors of election. No wonder at the stuffing of the ballot-boxes and voting of those who have been dead a score of years. Christian education alone can solve the problem.

Many of our students walk five miles each way through fair weather and foul, seldom losing a day for the term. Nearly all the pupils are Christians. Over forty have accepted Christ the past year. Each Sunday we go out into the suburbs, where mission stations have been established, to hold meetings and Sabbath schools. In almost every meeting at these stations from six to a dozen have been converted. So the work goes on. The more one does the more he wants to do for these people. Cable has well said: "Here is the mightiest, the most fruitful, the most abundant, the most prolific missionary field that has ever opened to any Christian people."

J. B., '87.

Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.

### LOCALS.

A song of June. A pretty little lay  
That, in faint measure, will describe the day.  
Down at my desk I sit, and try to find  
Notes to express the music of my mind.  
The open window lets the June air through;  
The sky is grandly, beautifully blue;  
The tall old elms, to mortal souls akin,  
Seem peering down and gazing kindly in.  
But, though I feel that June is in the air,  
The trees, the sky, the sunshine—everywhere,  
And though I know that life is at its best,  
The song must be forever unexpressed.  
Still, every soul that is not out of tune  
Can see and feel and know the joy of June.

—Brunonian.

Band.

Bouquets.

Butterflies.

Our best wishes for '88.

The new mail boxes are just the thing.

Mr. J. I. Hutchinson has been added to the STUDENT staff of editors.

We are glad to see so many improvements about the college grounds.

Miss Mary Brackett received the prize for the best Sophomore essay.

Mr. E. J. Small, Literary Editor of the STUDENT, is still stopping at Colorado Springs. His health is improving.

Professor Angell's reception, on the evening of June 13th, to the Junior class was a very successful affair. The class generally pronounced it one of the pleasantest events of the course.

"Abraham Lincoln" is the title of a book recently added by Chandler & Estes to their "Boys and Girls' Library of American Biography." The book is written by Noah Brooks and contains a clear and graphical presentation

of the chief events in the life of "Uncle Abe." To young readers of history the book is especially attractive.

The reception given by the Polymnian Society, Tuesday evening, May 9th, was an unusually pleasant affair. The society and mathematical rooms, which had been appropriated for the occasion, were well filled by members and invited guests. The musical and literary parts of the entertainment were well sustained. Refreshments were served and a cordial good time enjoyed by all present.

The following butterflies are now to be seen about the campus: papilio asterias, papilio turnus, colias philodice, pieris rapæ, danais archippus, argynms bellona, melitæa phæton, grapta faunus, grapta progne venessa antiopa, venessa milberti, venessa atalanta, venessa huntera, limenitis arthemis, limenitis disippas, chrysophanus americana, endamus pylades, lycæna Batesini, pieris oleracea, argynms myrina phyciodes tharos, venessa cardui lycæna lucia, lycæna violacea, pamphila zabulon.

We have the following new birds to report since the last issue: black-throated blue warbler, magnolia warbler, blackburnian warbler, redstart, kingbird, wild goose, spotted sandpiper, rose-breasted grosbeak, catbird, swamp sparrow, Wilson's warbler, Maryland yellow throat, goshawk, bobolink, brown thrasher, American goldfinch, yellow-throated vireo, white-crested sparrow, night-hawk, olive-sided vireo, Trail's flycatcher, Canada warbler, red-eyed vireo, indigo bird, humming bird, cedar wax wing.

The base-ball nine recently presented Manager Cross with a gold-headed umbrella. Harvey has been very popular as manager. The entire college this year has supported the team with great enthusiasm and loyalty, meeting the players at the train late at night, after defeat, with hearty welcome and praise. Notwithstanding the fact we have won only two games no one has kicked or grumbled. Under severe disadvantages the boys have played with pluck and nerve, and laid the foundation for a winning team next year.

Ivy-Day exercises were held in Hathorn Hall, June 15, 1888, by the Junior class of '89. Following is the order of exercises:

## MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration—Functions of the Imagination.  
G. H. Libby.  
Solo. Mrs. Young.  
Poem. A. L. Safford.  
Solo. Mrs. Young.  
Presentations by F. S. Daggett.  
Female Suffragist—Ballot Box.  
J. I. Hutchinson.  
Deliberate Man—Galvanic Battery.  
W. E. Kinny.  
Philologist—Volume of Volapük.  
E. I. Chipman.  
Coquette—Fan. C. D. Blaisdell.  
“Wamba, the Witless”—Jester's  
Cap and Bells. J. H. Blanchard.  
Consumptive Man—Bottle of Liniment.  
A. E. Hatch.  
Class Police—'89 Badge. I. N. Cox.  
Dude—Eye-glass and Cane. C. J. Emerson.  
Class Favorite—Vase and Flowers.  
M. S. Little.  
Guileless Man—White Dove. W. T. Guptill.  
Class Bore—Two-Foot Auger. F. W. Newell.

## CLASS ODE.

## PLANTING THE IVY.

## COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

## SOPHOMORE PRIZE DEBATE.

Monday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, the Sophomore Prize Debate took place at Main Street Free Baptist Church. The following is the programme:

## MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Question—Ought the United States to build and own a ship-canal across Central America?

Aff.

Neg.

H. B. Davis,

N. Peaslee,

H. J. Piper,

Miss Dora Jordan,

## MUSIC.

Miss Blanche Howe,

W. J. Pennell,

Miss Nellie F. Snow,

W. H. Woodman.

## MUSIC.

Prize given for best argument without regard to delivery.

Committee of Award—Roscoe Nelson, I. C. Dennett, F. J. Daggett.

## JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

Monday evening occurred the Junior Exhibition, at Main Street Church. Music was furnished by Mendelssohn Quartette. The programme was arranged as follows:

## MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Function of Curiosity. F. W. Newell.  
Changes in Ideals. F. J. Daggett.  
The American Mind, Its Character  
and Place. A. L. Safford.  
Reality or Illusion? W. T. Guptill.

## MUSIC.

Sensitiveness of Keats. Miss M. S. Little.  
Obligations of the Liberally Educated  
Man. C. J. Emerson.  
The Great Hindrance to American  
Patriotism. J. H. Blanchard.  
The Successful Life. Miss L. E. Plumstead.

## MUSIC.

The World's Obligation to Chivalry.  
E. L. Stevens.  
English Schools as Portrayed by Dickens.  
Miss D. M. Wood.  
Dramatic Element in the Bible.  
Miss E. I. Chipman.  
The Mission of Poetry. J. I. Hutchinson.

## MUSIC.



Committee of Award—Rev. A. Given, A.M.,  
Prof. I. C. Dennett, A.M., W. H. Judkins,  
A.M. Committee of Arrangements—Miss D.  
M. Wood, E. L. Stevens, F. W. Newell.

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CLASS DAY.

The programme of Class Day was allotted to the afternoon of Tuesday, at 2.30 o'clock, in Hathorn Hall, and was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration—Individuality the Secret  
of Success. B. W. Tinker.  
History. M. G. Pinkham.  
{ a—"Canti, Ridi e Dormi." *Gounod.*  
{ b—"Peacefully Slumber." *Randegger.*  
Mrs. Helen N. Sleeper.  
Poem. A. C. Townsend.  
Prophecy. C. C. Smith.  
Solo—"O Dinna Ye Forget." *Root.*  
Mrs. Helen N. Sleeper.  
Parting Address. G. W. Snow.

CLASS ODE.

PIPE OF PEACE.

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COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

Tuesday evening, at Music Hall, was given the Commencement Concert, by Mlle. Avigliana, assisted by Miss Gertrude Edmands, contralto soloist; Mr. Geo. J. Parker, tenor; Master Harry Peck, the boy violinist; Miss Gertrude M. Lufkin, cornet soloist, and Mr. H. S. Murray, accompanist.

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COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL.

On Wednesday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, the graduating exercises of the Cobb Divinity School were held at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, which were as follows:

MUSIC.

The Lord is My Shepherd.—Hanscom.

PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Response—Keep us, Holy Lord.—Buck.

Mohammedanism and Christianity  
as Missionary Religions.

Allen Woodin Bradeen, Mexico.

The New Theology.

Willis Morrell Davis, Augusta.

The Homiletical Methods of the  
Early Free Baptist Preachers.

Willis Ayer Tucker, Willimantic.

MUSIC.

Rock of Ages (arranged).—Bliss. Solo by Mr. Jones.

The Idea of God in the Ancient  
World.

Herbert Sumner Mansur, Rochester, N. H.

The Duty of the Protestant Church  
to our Foreign Population.

Phillips Manning Tobey, Kittery Point.

Was Emerson a Christian Theist?

Edward Ralph Chadwick, Weeks' Mills.

MUSIC.

Jerusalem the Golden (arranged).—Weidt.

MUSIC BY MENDELSSOHN QUARTETTE.

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ALUMNI MEETING.

Wednesday evening, at Main Street Free Baptist Church, the alumni meeting occurred. The following were the exercises:

MUSIC.

Prayer—Rev. O. H. Tracy.

MUSIC.

Address—The Bible a Text-Book in  
Literary Institutions.

Rev. Thomas Spooner.

MUSIC.

Poem—Gabriel.

Rev. T. H. Stacy.

MUSIC.

Business Meeting of Alumni.

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COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Commencement, Thursday, at Main Street Free Baptist Church. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Salutatory.

William Frank Tibbetts, Lewiston.

Our Immigration Policy.

William Shepherd Dun, Poland.

(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)

"Leave us Leisure to be Good."

James Howard Johnson, Sutton, N. H.

(General Scholarship.)

Moral Influence of Mathematics.

Ina Francilla Cobb, Poland.

(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

Our Greatest Peril.

Hamilton Hatter, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.  
(Psychology—Second Honor.)

Saxon Character as Exhibited in  
Ivanhoe.

William Lincoln Powers, Brownville.  
(Natural Sciences—Second Honor.)

The Vitality of the Dead Languages.

Florence May Nowell, Lewiston.  
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

Alliance of Poetry and Religion.

George Whitimore Snow, Medford.  
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

The Christian Conception in Educa-  
tion. Nellie Belle Jordan, Lewiston.  
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)

The Educated Man a Thinker.

Frank Stanley Hamlet, Brownville.  
(Psychology—First Honor.)

Absence of Romance from Modern

Life. Lucy Ames Frost, Lewiston.  
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)

Relation of the Beautiful and the

Good. Clarence Townsend, Mars Hill.  
(Mathematics—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

Limits of Government Interference.

Clarence Cheney Smith, Ashland, N. H.  
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

A Plea for the Ideal.

Samuel Hetherington Woodrow, Auburn.  
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

Valedictory—Truth the Standard of  
Excellence.

Mattie Grace Pinkham, Lewiston.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

Announcement of award of prizes for Soph-  
omore debates and Junior orations.

BENEDICTION.

PRIZE AWARDS.

The prizes were awarded to H. J. Piper, '90, for best debate, twenty dollars. To C. J. Emerson, '89, first; and E. I. Chipman, '89, second, best orations, seventy-five dollars, and twenty dollars.

Commencement dinner was served in the gymnasium at 2 o'clock P.M., Thursday.

Thursday evening Judge Symonds delivered a very interesting lecture before the literary societies.

President Cheney's reception to the class of '88, Friday evening, closed the exercises of the week.

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.]

1873.

L. C. Jewell, M.D.

A. C. Libby, Civil Engineer and Real Estate Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

J. P. Marston, Principal High School, Rockland, Me.

C. B. Reade, Clerk of Senate Committee of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

William Rynne, M.D., Portland, Me.

E. P. Sampson, Principal of High School, Saco, Me.

E. A. Smith, connected with *Lewiston Journal*, Lewiston, Me.

G. E. Smith, Esq., practicing law in Boston, Mass.

L. R. White, M.D.

1874.

H. H. Acterian, teacher of flute, Boston, Mass.

H. W. Chandler, Esq., practicing law in Florida.

F. T. Crommett, practicing law in Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. J. Eastman, pastor of F. B. Church, Ashland, N. H.

C. S. Frost, pastor of F. B. Church, Pawtucket, R. I.

Robert Given, practicing law in Denver, Col.

W. H. Ham.

Rev. J. H. Hoffman, pastor of Congregational Church, Henniker, N. H.

J. F. Keene, practicing law in Minneapolis, Minn.

A. O. Moulton, Professor of Latin and Greek, Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.

F. L. Noble, Esq., practicing law in Lewiston, Me.

R. W. Rogers, practicing law.

Augustine Simmons, practicing law, North Anson, Me.

T. P. Smith, M.D., practicing medicine, Saccarappa, Me.

Rev. Thomas Spooner, pastor F. B. Church, Lawrence, Mass.

F. B. Stanford, writer and author, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1875.

J. R. Brackett, Ph.D., Prof. of English Literature and Language in University of Colorado, Boulder, Col.

H. S. Covell, Principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

F. L. Evans, practicing law, Salem, Mass.

F. B. Fuller, M.D., practicing medicine, Pawtucket, R. I.

H. F. Giles, farming.

F. H. Hall, clerk, Washington, D. C.

J. H. Hutchins, teacher in Northwood Seminary, Northwood, N. H.

Geo. Oak, practicing law, Boston, Mass.

L. M. Palmer, M.D., Framingham, N. H.

W. S. Palmeter.

A. S. Salley, Prof. of Hebrew and Greek, Theological Seminary, Hillsdale, Mich.

F. H. Smith, practicing law in Colorado.

A. M. Speare, Esq., practicing law, Gardiner, Me.

C. G. Warner.

F. L. Washburn, practicing in the office of Benj. F. Butler, Boston, Mass.

G. W. Wood, Ph.D., principal of Phillips Academy, Phillips, Me.

1876.

E. C. Adams, principal of High School, Newburyport, Mass.

G. F. Adams, M.D., practicing medicine, Livermore, Me.

W. H. Adams, M.D.

D. J. Callahan, practicing law, Lewiston, Me.

W. O. Collins, Superintendent of Schools, Bridgewater, Mass.

J. W. Daniels, Sioux City, Idaho, Superintendent of Schools and Principal of High School.

Marion Douglass, Esq., practicing law, Duluth, Minn.

Rev. J. O. Emerson, pastor of Congregational Church.

Rev. F. E. Emrich, pastor of Congregational Church, Chicago.

R. J. Everett, teacher, South Paris.

E. R. Goodwin, Principal of High School, Manchester, N. H.

J. H. Huntington.

W. C. Leavitt, practicing law, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. S. Libby, District Attorney, Buena Vista, Cal.

Rev. W. H. Tuerrill.

I. C. Phillips, Principal of Wilton Academy, Wilton, Me.

John Rankin, M.D., practicing medicine at Reform School, Randall's Island, N. Y.

A. W. Ring.

Rev. T. H. Stacy, pastor of F. B. Church, Auburn, Me.

Rev. G. L. White, pastor of F. B. Church, Farmington, N. H.

Edward Whitney.

Horatio Woodbury, M.D., South Paris, Me.

B. H. Young, M.D.

## SPECIAL ITEMS.

'70.—C. E. Raymond is connected with several papers at Bristol, Conn.

'76.—J. H. Huntington is City Editor of the *Daily Herald*, Northampton, Mass.

'80.—Kansas City, Mo., May 16th, Mr. Ernest H. Farrar of Omaha, Neb., and Miss Florence G. Hare, Kansas City.

'81.—W. J. Brown and C. S. Haskell have had the class ivy re-planted.

'81.—Norway, Me., June 3d, Rev. Bates S. Rideout and Miss Rosa E. Chadbourne.

## THEOLOGICAL.

'88.—E. R. Chadwick has accepted a call to the F. B. Church, Milton, N. H.

'88.—A. W. Bradeen will preach at the F. B. Church, Dexter, Me.

'88.—W. A. Tucker is to preach at Hampton, N. H.

'89.

J. H. Roberts will supply at Freeport, Me., this summer.

E. W. Cummings will spend his summer in Vermont.

A. O. Burgess will spend his vacation at Houlton, Me.

J. W. Burgin has accepted the pastorate at Enosburg Falls, Vt.

J. E. Gosline spends his vacation in New Brunswick.

G. T. Griffin's address this summer will be West Falmouth.

I. B. Stuart's address is South Limington.

E. J. Whitman's address is Sabatis.

'90.

J. Mantur, Portland, Me.

G. E. Paine, North Anson, Me.

C. W. Rogers, Hallowell, Me.

G. Southwick, Casco, Me.

G. M. Wilson, Boston, Mass.

The following will be the addresses of some of the students during the summer:

'88.

B. M. Avery, Oak Hill House, Littleton, N. H.

F. W. Oakes, Fiske House, Old Orchard, Me.

G. W. Snow, Lewiston, Me.

A. E. Thomas, Glen House, N. H.

S. H. Woodrow, Mechanic Falls, Me.

'89.

F. M. Buker, Gardner, Mass.

I. N. Cox, Chase House, Squirrel Island.

H. E. Fernald, Nantucket, Mass.

'90.

W. F. Garcelon, Poland Spring House.

'91.

Miss A. A. Beal, Lewiston, Me.

P. P. Beal, Lewiston, Me.

F. J. Chase, Unity, Me.

W. B. Cutts, North Pole.

L. E. Graves, Fiske House, Old Orchard.

N. G. Howard, Kearsage Hotel,  
N. H.

Miss F. L. Larrabee, Auburn, Me.

F. W. Larrabee, Auburn, Me.

W. S. Mason, Lewiston, Me.

A. K. Newman, Kearsage Hotel,  
N. H.

I. W. Parker, Jr., Otisfield, Me.

C. H. Richardson, Brunswick, Me.

L. A. Ross, Old Orchard, Me.

Miss L. B. Williams, Brunswick,  
Me.

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### POET'S CORNER.

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#### A FRIEND.

We met as strangers even to the sight,  
But from the rising to the setting sun  
Our varied paths were molded into one,  
Through lowlands leading, and through up-  
lands bright,  
Whose recollection yields to me delight,  
Sweet as the thoughts that through the mind  
will run  
(Yet sadly sweet) when life is but begun,  
When all seems blooming, and we see no  
blight.

Our way divided in the sunset calm;  
Nor word nor token ever comes to tell  
What other ways that friend of mine doth  
trace,  
Who o'er my journey cast a pleasing charm,  
Who chatted, laughed, and lightly said fare-  
well,  
Bequeathing memory a name and face.

*I. J., '87.*

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#### HOPE.

At the rising of the moon,  
Just embarking on the sea  
In a fragile craft, a youth,  
Strong and sanguine, leaves the lea,  
At the rising of the moon.

At the setting of the moon,  
On life's troubled, storm-swept, beach  
Lies a body on the sand,  
Just beyond the billow's reach,  
At the setting of the moon.

*—Nassau Lit.*

#### TO A ROBIN.

Chief songster in the chorus of the morn,  
Oft hast thou roused me with thy roundelay,  
Ere yet a shape of night had slunk away,  
Or yet a blush within the east was born;  
So eager thou, glad herald of the dawn,  
To wake thy feathered minstrels and essay  
To trill the rapturous welcome to the day  
With bubbling throats, and vanish night for-  
lorn.

*—Dartmouth.*

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#### EVENING SONG.

In the calm and silent night,  
While o'erhead the stars are bright,  
Moonbeams, drest in silver light,  
On the waves are beaming.  
Oft, to breathe a sad lament,  
Comes a sorrowful intent,  
While the winds and waters blent,  
Past the shores are streaming.

Swelling waters from the deep,  
With majestic, solemn sweep,  
With entrancing music, keep  
O'er my soul a charming.  
And the musings of the time,  
Like a mellow, golden chime,  
Like a soft and rhythmic rhyme  
Restless fears are calming.

*J. I. H., '89, in E. L. H. S. Chimes.*

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Alas, how oft in life's most fitful course,  
We think we've reached the wished-for spot;  
Ourselves, the out-most post of action gained;  
Our own, where others trespass not.

When, lo! Some like audacious, venturesome elf,  
Trailing our footsteps till we rest  
Implants another, lifts his standard there.  
We're left behind, and he is best.

*A. L. S., '89.*

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#### DREAM LOVE.

Lead me, dear Lady, into those deep recesses  
Where the world's tumult softens and is still.  
Grant me the benison of light hands in caresses  
To calm the sorrows that my bosom fill.

With your white arms around my neck enfold  
me,  
Cover my eyes upon your tender breast,  
In this close haven, oh, forever fold me,  
In the oblivion of a perfect rest.

Look down into my eyes with your dark eyes,  
 aglowing,  
 Smile on me sweetly and soothe my soul  
 asleep,  
 Your smiles are the sunlight into my bosom  
 flowing,  
 Your eyes are the heavens star-illumed and  
 deep.

When I am with you life is but a slumber,  
 The folding of the hands, the lids dropped  
 idly down,  
 The slow procession of sweet dreams without  
 number,  
 The dreams of the waking—these are life's  
 crown.

Must there come between us aught that shall  
 dissever?  
 I hear the hoarse world calling, "Now be  
 done your play."  
 Oh, so much sweeter here to lie forever  
 And in your soft arms to dream my soul  
 away!

—Dartmouth.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE IN THE  
 ACADEMY OF DESIGN, N. Y.

I care not what the critics say;  
 This bright face charms me more  
 Than all the "Visions," quaint and old,  
 Of masters by the score.

The tattered hat, the peeping toes,  
 The trousers torn and old,  
 The petted puppy's knowing face,  
 His bright, black eyes so bold.

The little boot-black's pouting lips,  
 The sweet child-face I see,  
 And almost hear his clear young voice  
 Urging his pet,—"Kiss me."

Brave little lad! In spite of want,  
 You richer are to-day,  
 In all your wealth of youth and health,  
 Than yonder worlding gray.

N., '77.

POTPOURRI.

SENIOR'S LAMENT.

Potz, dreimal einer Woche!  
 Rief der Senior neben mir.  
 War' ich nur in einem Loche  
 Zwanzig Meilen weit von hier.

—Oberlin Review.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF VOLAPUK.

Beyond the cheerless Arctic circle,  
 In that realm of ice and snow,  
 Seated in her cozy snow house,  
 I can court an Esquimaux;  
 On far-famed Mt. Desert island,  
 Buckboard riding in the mud,  
 I can talk of Robert Browning  
 With a cultured Boston bud.  
 In a yacht upon the ocean,  
 When becalmed I feel unwell,  
 I can share a bit of lemon  
 With a New York Damozelle.  
 'Neath the palm trees in the tropics,  
 Watching monkeys frisk about,  
 I can talk of Evolution  
 With a fair Brazilian sprout.  
 On the far off Fiji islands,  
 When my fate is fairly booked,  
 I can court the chieftain's daughter,  
 While I'm waiting to be cooked.—*Ex.*

Dudely (who is not as big a fool as  
 he looks)—"Did you, ah, give me card  
 to Mith Bondclipper?" Servant—  
 "Yes sir." Dudely—"What did she  
 thay?" Servant—"She told me to tell  
 you, sir, that she was sorry that she  
 was not in." Dudley—"Ah, indeed!  
 Please tell your mithtress that I said I  
 wath glad I didn't call."

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"  
 She asked with loving air,  
 He gazed into her upturned face,  
 "Yes, by yon elm I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,  
 Of his heart she'd lost the helm.  
 She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—  
 The tree was a slippery elm.—*Ex.*

Woman (to tramp)—"And if I give  
 you a nice plate of hash, you promise  
 to saw some wood?" Tramp—  
 "Yes'm." Woman (doubtingly) "I  
 don't know whether I can put confi-  
 dence in you or not." Tramp  
 (reproachfully)—"You ought to  
 ma'am. I have confidence enough in  
 you to eat your hash."

Bobby—"What are the wages of sin, pa?" Father—"Depends on the locality. In Washington they'll average about five thousand a year."

—*Texas Siftings.*

AT BAR HARBOR.

He—"Why it is growing quite dark! You can hardly distinguish the people at the hotel." She—"And rather cool, too. I ought to have something around me." He (with a familiar movement of the arms)—"That's so!"

When I smoke, my chum in anger gets,  
And the more I fume the more he frets.—*Ex.*

Customer (to art dealer)—"If that is a genuine carat, Isaacstein, I don't understand how you can sell it so cheap." Art Dealer (in a confidential whisper)—"My frent, I vas new in dot pizness, und I bought an overstock of dot make."—*Sun.*

Prof.—"What kind of a proposition is the following: 'It is not good for man to be alone'?" Student (unhesitatingly)—"Universal affirmative."

—*Ex.*

Funny Man's Little Boy—"Papa, what does the Senate do with the treaties?" Funny—"My son, it codifies fishery treaties and ratifies Chinese treaties. There, now run away and laugh, and let the gray matter in papa's brain have a chance to recuperate."—*Critic.*

The yells of the different colleges are given thus:

HARVARD.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!  
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah!  
'Rah!! Harvard!!

YALE.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah!  
'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!  
Yale!!

COLUMBIA.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!!

PRINCETON.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!  
Siz-boom-ah! Princeton!!

AMHERST.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!  
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Amherst!!

WILLIAMS.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!  
Willyams! yams! yams!!

JOHNS HOPKINS.—Hooray! Hooray!  
Hooray! J-o-h-n-s-H-o-p-k-i-n-s!!

RUTGERS.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!  
Bow-wow-wow! Rutgers!!

UNION.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!  
U-n-i-o-n!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!  
U-n-i-o-n! Hika! Hika! Hika!!

DARTMOUTH.—Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah!  
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