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# THE BATES STUDENT



Number 7.



Sixteenth  
Volume.

'89

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THE  
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 7.

THE BATES STUDENT

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COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,  
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

C. J. EMERSON,            E. I. CHIPMAN,  
E. J. SMALL,             A. L. SAFFORD,  
F. J. DAGGETT,         L. E. PLUMSTEAD,  
                              J. I. HUTCHINSON.

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EDITORIAL.

AS we return to college our attention is called to the numerous improvements that have been made and are still in progress about the college buildings and grounds. A new laboratory, with advantages for individual work in Analytical Chemistry, is a welcome innovation. The gymnasium has been provided with the best apparatus, class rooms have been remodeled and enlarged, a reception hall furnished, and steam introduced as a heater. The "Boom-a-la-ka" will be given this year with redoubled vigor.

FIELD-DAY will be held about the first week in October. Every student blessed with average strength and quickness should begin systematic training at once for participation in the sports. We have many strong, active boys in college and there is no reason why good records should not be made. A spirited contest this fall and vigorous work in the gymnasium through the winter will insure a creditable showing at the annual field-day in June. We would like to hear opinions from the other Maine colleges as to the advisability of holding an inter-collegiate field-day some time during next May or June.

TOO often the student makes the terms and the years his landmarks and ignores the days and the hours that seem so small. But let him drain sixty minutes' worth of good from this hour, twenty-four hours' worth of advantage from to-day, and then seize to-morrow as if that contained the great secret, and his years will be fruitful. It is useless to think if this or that study is irksome that it can be gone through with by a few hours' "plugging" before test. It may do in war to feign a retreat, but it will not answer here. A few hours of midnight application will not take the place of honest every-day work. The student has only about so much time and strength to give any study, and if he cannot do justice to his work in that time, provided he has done his best, the training is the same. It is by no means wise to so work during a college course as to be unable to carry on the work through life. The one that does honest work in college, whether he obtains the highest rank or not, is the one that will become the thorough scholar and the one that will not leave study as soon as rank bills stop.

COMPULSORY and systematic training in the gymnasium is one of the new features at Bates. Prof. Dodge, the instructor in gymnastics, is a graduate of Yale and an enthusiast in his department. The gymnasium has been newly equipped with the most approved apparatus until it stands on a par with any gymnasium in the State. A move has been made in the right direction.

That the students appreciate the addition to the college curriculum is attested by the eagerness with which they have complied with its requirements. Zeal and energy displayed in physical exercise are indicative not only of a big muscle but of a general bodily vigor that will support the mental energies through a year's hard study. We hope the keen interest now taken in athletics may not be allowed to flag.

THE work in general chemistry in this college has been supplemented this fall, by a course in Analytical Chemistry, under Mr. A. S. Bonney of Harvard Medical School. This change is to be permanent. Mr. Bonney superintended through the summer the arranging of temporary facilities in Prof. Stanley's lecture room for individual work in analytical chemistry. The instruction is highly competent. The course is identical, so far as pursued, with that in Harvard Medical College. While the general chemistry under Prof. Stanley, in foundation, is comprehensive and universal, so to say, the analytical work is personal and specific. Improvements in this department of instruction, which are nearly consummated, are appreciated most highly. Those who are contemplating teaching or medicine are working with unusual interest in the laboratory a large part of each day, and those who are contemplating neither teaching nor medicine are drawn into enthusiasm for laboratory work by the genial alertness of the instructor. During the past vacation the improvements have been many and extensive. The turf has

been broken on the college grounds for new buildings adequate to the growing needs of the college, but none of these are commensurate with the new edifice reared upon the curriculum of this institution,—namely, the new and full advantages of pursuing the science of chemistry. It has filled a deep need of its students. The course in chemistry is unexcelled.

---

**T**HE Bates Young Men's Christian Association is a thing of the past. Last spring when the general secretary visited us he discovered that in two respects our constitution was faulty; first the clause rendering it necessary that only members of evangelical churches should be admitted to fellowship; and second that the membership should be restricted to men alone. These two clauses of course made it necessary for us either to alter them or to withdraw from the intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association. The question was considered *pro* and *con*, the gentlemen held their meetings and discussed it, the ladies held theirs, and the Faculty, even, considered it worthy of their notice. After long and anxious debate these premises were accepted. Many of the most active members belong to other than evangelical churches or to no church at all; this is a co-educational college, and as the ladies are admitted to all other privileges of the college, it is hardly just to shut this branch of work against them. Therefore it was unanimously agreed to change the name from the Bates Young Men's Christian Association to the Bates College Chris-

tian Union; that the active members should not be restricted to any particular church or churches, but should be any who were in active sympathy with the work; that associate members might become such by showing a desire to enter Christian relations; and, lastly, that ladies should be admitted on equal terms with the gentlemen. The society is formed and flourishing. Long life and success to the Bates College Christian Union.

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**T**O the Freshman class three features of college work we mention for your acute consideration as you begin your college life. First, the reading-room; second, the library; and third, the literary societies. We give these departments prominence because of their positive value and because they are, in a majority of cases, neglected during the first year, as we know by reference to the statistics of our observation and experience. You cannot withdraw your physical existence from the class-room nor your intellectual personality from certain copious and perplexing volumes, written by gentlemen intimately sympathizing with the Greek and Latin tongues, without entailing thereby certain precipitate and efficacious consequences, whose deteriorating effect upon one's happiness and reputation is well known among us. But in the matter of reading-room, library, and society there is no monitor to report, no faculty to formulate necessities, other than one's own ambition and appreciation of their value. Neglect these and no importunate creditor pulls at your sleeve.

You incur a debt but to yourself, and of low great magnitude, but later years and inability to cope with issues pregnant with interest to you are alone competent to reveal. The reading-room is the centralization of converging streams of intelligence from the whole world. Here to you are given the magnificent conclusions of the statesman before the ink is hardly dry on his manuscript. You learn of the felon's attempt and apprehension before the blood has coagulated on his knife. Here you learn of the benvolent millionaire's gift to education and religion before his beneficiaries have formulated their gratitude. Here the endeavors and marches and struggles and accidents and providences and plans shared by a whole world are revealed to you before the participators rest from their labors.

You must study the library before you can appreciate what is in it and know how to find what you want. Supposing you are on for a debate referring to some recent public measure. You want to know its origin, the history of its development so that you can form an original judgment upon it. This can be had in the library in five minutes if you know how to look for it, and if you don't you will examine books two hours to no purpose. When you go into the library, as far as possible, know what you want; learn the locality of the different books so as to save time and get what you want.

On society work the most worthy and best paying effort includes that preparation made in your own room.

Many a stammering performance in the society is a great success. Take interest in every debate, single out at least one point in the argument, master and utter it. If you neglect society work, I say of your college life, you are sitting at a feast and overlooking the best dish; you are at a symphony concert with cotton in your ears; you are at the foot of the Alps with diseased eyes. By the interest the Freshmen evince in these matters we feel well assured of their appreciation.

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## LITERARY.

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### THE SUNSET-GATE.

By M. M., '91.

Over the city roofs  
 Silence is falling;  
 From yon rough mountain side  
 Sweet birds are calling;  
 Telling of evening near,  
 Silver notes soft and clear,  
 Charming the listening ear,  
 Each heart enthralling.

'Tis the strange sunset hour—  
 Mystical season!—  
 When the strong soul o'erleaps  
 Barriers of reason;  
 Fetters of earth it rends,  
 Purpose and will it bends,  
 And to the stars ascends,  
 Free'd from its prison.

O'er the bright evening sky  
 Gray clouds have drifted,  
 But low adown the west—  
 See—they are rifted.  
 Look, through the gate of gold  
 Wonders of heaven unfold;  
 Gleam realms of wealth untold  
 Through the veil lifted.

Ah, if we could but keep  
 That glimpse of heaven  
 Which, in a kindly mood,  
 Nature has given.

But the earth shadow lower,  
We must await the hour  
When, by a hand of power,  
Earth bands are riven.

—E. L. H. S. Chimes.

◆◆◆  
SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

BY C. D. B., '89.

CHAPTER I.

COMMENCEMENT was over. It was Friday night. Guy, his elbow on the window-sill, and his chin in his hand, sat dreamingly gazing toward the west where the sun, encircled by gorgeous-hued clouds, was setting; Ned, his hand thrust into his crisply curling locks, an earnest look in his dark eyes, and a pleased smile on his lips, was at the table, reading; and I—well, I lay on the lounge watching them. For twenty minutes neither had apparently moved a muscle. Presently Ned turned toward Guy, and, clasping his hands behind his head and tilting his chair back as far as equilibrium would permit, said:

“Guy, what do you think of Robert Browning’s ‘Last Ride Together’? Have you ever read it?”

“Read it? Long years ago. Lovesick nonsense! every word,” Guy replied without removing his eyes from the sunset’s now softened hues.

“Guy, you are out of sorts.”

“No; I’m philosophical.”

Ned turned toward me. “Say, Charlie, what think you of the poem?”

“I like it,” I replied. “It’s the personification of love. When one’s in the society of her he adores, he’s oblivious to all, but that she’s so near. His cup of bliss is overflowing. Am I not right?”

“Well, I don’t know. Perhaps I never got so deep into the water as that.”

“If you haven’t, you will, if you live long. You’ll meet one whom you’ll think is the minutest perfection, whom you’ll consider as fair as Venus, though she be a synonym for ugliness, whom your heart’ll bow down before, whom—”

“Great Jove! and all the rest of the Grecian and Roman gods and goddesses! be still! You’ll craze me. Were I to let you go on in this way for an hour, you’d utter enough stuff to make a first-class Shakespearean comedy of unadulterated sentimentalism. Now, be still! or I’ll throw you both out of the window,” burst out Guy.

“Not another word, Guy,” said Ned, and, rising, he gently patted his irate chum on the shoulder, “will we say, provided you don’t lift that leonine voice of yours again. We heartily sympathize with you in your cynicism at our Cupidisms. We well know that more than once of late your heart has been broken up and harrowed down by love-agonies; that Venus’ cherub son has more than once inextricably entangled you in the meshes of his net, and then spilt you out of it neck and heels into almost fathomless morasses of disappointment where, like Bunyan’s Pilgrim you are continually floundering. No wonder you snarl at our chatter. Not another word will we utter.”

And Ned, sitting down, took up his Browning, remarking that he would read “The Glove.” For more than an hour nothing was said. Ned, judg-



ing from the turning of the leaves, had read, "The Glove" several times; Guy still gazed toward the west, though the red and orange long ago fading from the clouds had left them a dark and murky mass on the horizon. At last Ned closed his book, and, tossing it on the bed, said:

"I've an uncle who lives on the sea-coast—"

"I've a baker's dozen; not one of them, however, lives on the sea-coast," broke in Guy.

"This uncle," Ned went on without noticing the interruption, "is half-fisherman, half-farmer. I was at his home last summer and had a splendid time. When I left he not only invited me to come myself this summer, but to bring my friends. I shall go to his place to-morrow, and you two will go with me. I know that you, Charlie, can go; and you, Guy,—I overheard that you need not begin your canvassing for two weeks unless you choose."

"I can't possibly go," said Guy.

"Yes, you can, and what's more you will. Let me get you on to the coast, and I'll take this mumpishness out of you. Kate wasn't worth your notice. She's a flirt, a coquette, a—"

"I thought you were going home," I broke in.

"I've changed my mind," he replied, pulling a letter from his pocket. "This is from mother. Here's a paragraph: 'My dear son I'm going to write something now that will, I think, please you. My schoolmate, Esther Green, and her daughter will visit us next week. The daughter is the nicest girl in the world; take a mother's word for

it. Now, I don't command, but still it would be so nice if you should fall in love with her. She's pretty, well-educated, and sensible. She'd make you a splendid wife.' My mother is an excellent woman," said Ned. "Indeed her only fault is, I think, loving her only son, Ned, too well; but even taking this into consideration, I can hardly permit her to choose my wife. Again, it wouldn't be right for me to make myself a party to this little conspiracy that she's concocted. So we're off for uncle's, to-morrow."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Guy, suddenly springing to his feet; "to-morrow we go," and, giving Ned a push that sent him on to the bed, began dancing around the room in the most extravagant manner, singing a college song.

#### CHAPTER II.

"A letter for you, Inez, and one for you, Gussie," said Maude Milton, coming into her friend's room.

"Well, it's time. Just think! I've been expecting a letter all this week, and it didn't come until to-night; and you—one, two, three, four" (counting on her fingers). "Yes, you've received four within that time to my knowledge. No matter, though, mine's come at last," said Inez.

In the meantime Gussie had broken the seal to her letter and was reading its contents. Now Inez followed her example, and Maude took up "Ben-Hur" from the table. Three minutes passed during which one could have heard a pin, had it fallen on the marble top of the center-table. Inez had reached the last page of her letter,

when a look of amused displeasure came over her face, and she involuntarily exclaimed: "I sha'n't go."

"Where shan't you go?" Gussie inquired. "Evidently your letter contains something unpleasant as well as mine. That school agent politely informs me that he doesn't need any of my services."

"Listen to this, girls, in mother's letter," said Inez. "'My dear Inez, you will reach home Saturday night. Monday morning we shall start for Boston where we shall visit Kate Powers, who has extended us so many kind invitations. My dear Inez, Kate's only son will be at home. He has just completed his Junior year in college. He is good-looking and talented, they say. Now, Inez dear, can't you get him to fall in love with you? His father's rich, and so on, you see.'" "No; I shan't go. Oh! I know what I'll do. I'll go to aunt Jane's for a few weeks. Can't you girls go with me? Yes, you must. Gussie hasn't any school yet."

"But I," Maude said, "don't see."

"No buts. You must go. I will have it so. Aunt's just the nicest old lady in the world. We'll have a famous time."

#### CHAPTER III.

"We'll not do as I did once, ride in that mail-coach over a dusty road," said Ned, as we stood on the platform of the depot. "We'll hire one of those fishermen to carry us across the bay in his boat. One can land us almost at my uncle's door. There goes the man, now, that'll do it."

An hour after we were nearly across

the bay. We were seated in the prow of the boat, eagerly scanning the shore on which Ned's uncle's farm bordered. Ned had a field-glass. "There's uncle's house," he said, directing it landward, "with its environment of maples and elms; there are the cattle in the pasture; I can see their white faces." Soon he carefully swept the rock-ribbed shore.

"As I live and we're here," he suddenly exclaimed. "There's uncle sitting over there on a rock, smoking as placidly and peacefully as a Dutchman. Here Charlie, you take the glass. He's where the ledge breaks on the left."

There he sat; a long, lean man, with long hand-spike-like arms and legs, attached to which were immense manual and pedal appendages. His head was bald and almost as pointed as that of Iliadean Thersides; his nose, long and hooked, nearly meeting his chin; his mouth, large and curved; his eyes, small and sunken, but full of life and animation; and on his whole face an unmistakable look of shrewdness and grimmest humor. Don't think, reader, I saw all the above through a field-glass. I'm anticipating. We landed a dozen rods below where he sat. In no way did he acknowledge our coming. He had just replenished his short-stemmed T. D. and, putting it in one corner of his mouth, puffed volumes of smoke from the other.

"How are you, uncle!" said Ned as we approached. "How's your health? How do you feel?"

"How do I feel? Gorripus, Neddie! how do I feel? Why I feel just as I always did; how ye expect I feel?"

Without another word he went on pulling at his T. D.

“Say uncle haven’t you a welcome for me?”

“Gorripus, Neddie! course I have. Why didn’t you ask for one ’fore. What isn’t worth askin’ for isn’t worth havin’. Come, bys, come,” he said, after shaking hands with Guy and me, “let us go to the house. You haven’t had any dinner. I reckon Jane’ll find somethin’ for ye.”

Under his leadership we climbed up the ragged side of one of those steep cliffs that seem to bid eternal defiance to the ocean, and found ourselves in a grassy field. Before us was a gentle rise which entirely concealed the farm-building. When we reached the summit of this, glancing down on the other side, we saw a commodious set of farm buildings: house, ell, stable, barn, and outbuildings too numerous to mention. Oh! was the earth beneath our feet! Were we of the earth, earthy! Was the sky above us! Down in front of the house was a tennis-court, net, and—Was it a figment of the imagination!—four ladies playing. Guy pinched Ned till he halloed, and punched my ribs so hard they were sore for days.

“How’s this, uncle?” cried Ned.

“How’s what, my by? Don’t see but everything’s right.”

“Those ladies, who—”

“Them be wimen; didn’t ye ever see any ’fore?”

“Yes, of course; but last summer I saw none save aunt and Mary Hanna. Here’s four.”

“They’re here visiting, same’s you

are. That one on this side o’ the nit, in black gownd, is yer aunt’s niece, Inez; that one in a blue gingham is me Mary; them two on t’other side ’re Inez’s friends. There’s the whole on’t, Neddie; now for dinner.”

“Just wait a minute, uncle; you must introduce us to those ladies first.”

“Jerusalem—Hanna, Neddie! What ye thinkin’ o’? I can’t do it no how. It wouldn’t be right. I’ve heard people say more’an once, bys o’ your age ought to be paying attention to their books, not gettin’ their heads muddled with women.”

“My dearest uncle,” pleaded Ned, taking him by the coat, “you don’t know how pleased I shall be if you will—”

“Well, Neddie, you’re a good by. I’ll do it.”

Now, reader, without preamble, I’m going to pen the portraits of my heroines. Here’s Maude. She’s a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, full-lipped, splendid woman. My pen were weak if you could see her. If you could see her, sir, you would say: “She’s the queen of beauty’s fairest flowers—an unsurpassingly fair rose that you would feign pluck and wear next your heart all your life.” My fondest wish was when uncle Jack introduced her to me in his queer way, that there were twin roses somewhere, and I were one and she the other. Here’s Gussie. You, lady, ’d say, that she’s dumpy and too fleshy, that her hair is red, that her cheeks have too much of nature’s rose; also you’d say, when you look at your lily-white hands and tapering fingers, that her’s are chubby and

baby-like. But I say that she is plump and fair, that her hair is not red but auburn, that her cheeks have the glow of health on them, that her hands are little darlings, too nice for anything. Lady, Gussie is that article of food, that begins with "d" that we eat sauce on, that's made of butter, and sugar, and flour, and seasoned with lemon. Don't think I'm cannibal enough to insinuate she's good to eat; oh, no. But them, if you, sir, were a bee and she a flower you'd give the world to sip—not kiss—the nectar from her petal-lips. Here's Inez. Her hair is sablest night, braided and coiled. Her eyes are blackest black; their glances are love's own darts. Her mouth is too large for featural symmetry, but the smile, playing round it, hints of paradise. Her nose turns up a dote, but there is a dimple on her chin that's a cradle in which Cupid lies, always kicking, and laughing, and crowing. You frown at the above, lady. Well, I don't care a pin; Inez is that flower that's the namesake of "that nebulous star we call the day."

## CHAPTER IV.

Evening once more. The mists from the ocean were around us. Down near the shore on a half-decayed pine log, the mouldering skeleton of what had once been a forest giant, we sat, listening to the murmurings of the incoming tide. The hours of the afternoon had flown on eagle pinions. Bright eyes had helmed the ship of time, and winning smiles been stiff breezes on her sails. We had played tennis, had had a delightful *tête-à-tête* under an apple-tree, had gathered sea-

urchins, shells, and star-fish on the beach.

"Yes," said Guy, resuming the conversation which we had dropped, "Inez is just the one for Ned. Repartee, wit, and *naïveté* flow from her lips as fast as bubbles rise from the bottom of a boiling caldron."

"What do you know about it," questioned Ned, in pleased rather than offended tones. "I should prefer my mother's choice to yours. Your talk resembles the clucking of a ten-year-old *femina* of the gallinacean genus."

"I don't need to choose for you, Ned," replied Guy. "You've chosen for yourself. Why, Ned, I saw it in two pair of eyes as plain as I can see my face in a mirror. It's no use talking, Ned, you've chosen Inez. Now I'm not going to be left. I choose next. My choice is Gussie. She's the loveliest—"

"Don't, don't, Guy," broke in Ned, "you're forever in love. Kate, Bell, Edith, and a legion others—have you forgotten them all?"

"Guy does," I suggested, "as young Romeo did, lets 'one fire burn out another's burning.'"

"Yes, and always cries in spirit if not in word of each new love," said Guy:

"The all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world  
begun."

"No coquetting or flirting this time," said Guy. "I'm dead in earnest. I'll tell you why. I overheard aunt Jane say that Gussie is rich—worth half a million or so."

"Hold on, Guy," I said, "if that's the case we may try our hands."

"Boys," said Guy, "I think I ought to have some show. Ned invited me to come, and wouldn't take no for an answer, and you, Charlie, assented to it. Now I'm here if you don't give me my piece of plum pie you'll find me the worst Tartar you ever caught."

"Well, what'll you have, Guy?" asks Ned.

"That I have the privilege of saying which one of the ladies each one of us shall have."

"We agree," said Ned. "Now tell us our fates."

Guy rose and addressed us in mock heroic tones.

"To you, Ned Powers, I give Inez Green. It's yours to win and wed her. Wed, she'll make you a splendid wife. Her dower is wit and sociability.

"To myself I give Gussie Cross. It's mine to win and wed her. Wed, I shall make her a first-class husband. Her dower's her goodness and pelf.

"To you, Charlie, I give Maude Dane. It's yours to win and wed her. Wed, her love will decapitate all the thorns that fortune places beneath your pillow. She's not specially dowered with wit or pelf, but her goodness and sociability will outweigh those, besides she's as wise as Athenian Socrates and fair as a sleeping Ariadne. So you see, my boy, yours is the best of the three."

#### CHAPTER V.

Two days had passed, and it was the afternoon of the third. The weather was perfect. Not a cloud adrift upon the sky. There was a breeze just strong enough to move the leaves and

dry the moisture from the brow. The sun was a moulted gem of silver in a sapphire-setting.

"Now's the time to examine that yellow-hammer's nest," said Ned to me.

A short distance away was an elm full three feet in diameter. Limbless it extended straight up twenty feet, then spread into four equal branches. One of these, ten feet above the trunk itself, branched into two forks, one of which, having been broken off, had become so decayed that a pair of yellow-hammers had made their nest there.

"Let us go to the house and obtain a ladder of uncle Jack," continued Ned. We found him at the barn.

"Say uncle have you got a ladder that's long enough to reach the woodpecker's nest I called your attention to yesterday?"

"Gorripus, Neddie! course I have not! Why, there isn't one in town that is."

"Isn't that one up there on the beams long enough?" inquired Ned.

"Jerusalem-crickets! that ladder's not more 'an twenty-two feet long; it would take one thirty to reach that nest," replied uncle Jack.

"I think that one will reach the lower branches. Let us take it down and try."

"Great-guns, Neddie! that ladder can't be took down 'less you took the barn down."

"How did it come up there, uncle, if it can't be taken down?"

"How did it come there? Gosh-all-hemlock. Why it grew there, it did."

"Now Uncle Jack you are just the nicest uncle I've got."

"There, Neddie, the ladder isn't long enough, but just to please ye, ye can take it."

Five minutes after we were on our way to the tree, Guy and the girls in the meantime having joined us.

"Be careful and not fall," said Inez as Ned began to ascend the ladder.

"Don't go," pleaded Maude as I was going to follow him; and I didn't. Who would climb a ladder when a fair lady requests him to remain by her side. Not I.

In the meantime Ned had reached the lower branches. A moment after he stood in the fork, looking into the nest.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, drawing back, "it don't smell good."

Had I time and space I might tell you how Ned brought the half-fledged brood down in his hat, how Inez wondered at the length and size of their beaks, how Gussie thought it strange they could ever cling to the side of a tree with those clumsy-looking feet, how Maude took them in her hands and said they were an interesting piece of natural history.

As Ned was descending the ladder, after returning the birds to their nest, he perceived a large cavity in the trunk of the tree. At first he tried to investigate its gloomy depths with his eye, soon giving that up he thrust in his hand. He grasped something and, after considerable tugging and pulling, brought to light a rusty iron box.

I won't weary you, reader, by telling

you how astonished we were at finding the box, how we wondered what was in it, who put it there, and for what purpose.

We obtained uncle Jack's cold-chisel and hammer, and, breaking it open, found the following written on aged parchment:

"On the 12th of June, 1698, I buried a treasure on Horn Point. One hundred yards west from Crown Rock; thirty yards south from a very large boulder on the north side of the Point; where these distances meet is the treasure. I killed two sailors who were with me and buried them over the box that contains the treasure.

CAPTAIN KIDD."

"Why, we are on Horn Point! Crown Rock,—seems to me I have heard of it," said Ned.

"There's uncle Jack. I'll ask him."

"Jerusalem-cherry-tree, Neddie! It's the very pint of the Pint. It's the big ledge that 'tends out over and seems almost tumblin' into the water," replied uncle Jack.

"Boys, we'll go and see what we can make out of it, to-morrow," said Ned.

#### CHAPTER VI.

We were in the kitchen. The clock struck nine. Uncle Jack was reading his weekly paper. Aunt Jane was washing the dishes. Guy and Gussie were shelling a pan of green peas. Ned and Inez were reading "Hiawatha" together. I—well I wasn't far from Maude.

Finally Ned, laying aside "Longfellow," said: "I wish we could find fifty thousand or so in that box. Tell

you what we'd do. We'd have a yacht built and go cruising."

"I wish," said uncle Jack, throwing down his paper, "that me barn was chock full to the ridge-pole with bags, and that them bags was chock full of needles, and that them needles had to be worn to the eye in makin' bags for me to put me gold in."

"I wish that I had a gun that would shoot over a mountain and hit a flea and a dog that had five tails, seven heads, and could scent a mosquito ten miles off."

"Gumfrey-whittaker! Your talk o' dog and scent," said uncle Jack, "puts me in mind o' a dog I once had. He was the greatest dog on scent ye ever see. I used, when I went a huntin' with him to lay down and sleep while he went a smellin' for game. Soon as he found any he'd come and pull me pant-leg and wake me up. Now once, when I went sharkin', I took that dog with me. When we was full five miles from land he come and pulled me pant-leg; and I said: 'boys, there's game not far off,' and they laughed at me. Well, 'fore two minutes a big shark was pulled on board. Great Scott! two live partridges flew out of his mouth. When we cut that shark open we found two hen partridges in his stomach. One had a litter of nine chickens, and t'other was settin' on twelve eggs, six o'which were pipped."

"Your story is good, uncle, but not so original as it might be," remarked Ned.

"Neddie, what's a book good for if you can't quote from it?" questioned uncle Jack.

The clock struck ten, and uncle and aunt retired, as the old folks always should when love's in the air. But it was near the first hour of morning before we sought the arms of Morpheus. "What did we do?" Reader, you are silly. Why, we talked. "What did we say?" Reader, are you young or old? If young, you know the what by recent experience. If old, let your memory recall the days of your youth. We didn't talk politics or question whether Jim Blaine would be the next President, or not. We didn't talk of the weather; we didn't moot about the psychological *ego*. In fact our talk was as unpsychological as anything well could be. We said pretty little bon-bons that melted as coolly and sweetly on the intellectual tongue as ice-cream does on the oral. We said—Oh! reader, my brain shrinks from the task of labeling the sweets. Your imagination 'll tell you better than I can.

[Concluded Next Number.]

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#### THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT IN THE BIBLE.

By E. I. C., '89.

**O**FTEN, we know, an ungainly root lies hidden in the ground, the rain falls upon it, the sun warms it and it sends forth leaf and flower. The root was not a plant nor a flower, and yet it held both wrapped up in its dark self.

And as, concealed in this root, there lies the beauty of the plant and the glory of the flower, so in every man's life there lies the germ of the beauty and glory of the true drama.

But why a drama? Why not an epic or a lyric? We live a life of action,

not of song nor even of high thought, and here lies the secret of the drama. For as music lies not in the pedals used nor even in the skill in rendering, but in the life and soul of the musician, so the true drama lies not in any external form but in the vital spirit of the action, the living interest in the characters. If, then, the true drama be but the story of men's lives correctly told, where shall we find such perfect dramas as in that book which tells the story of God's people? In reading the Bible we feel it is not so much a history or a series of biographies as a chain of dramas, held together by the golden thread of God's overruling providence and excelling in interest all profane dramas, as living, moving men and women must always excel the puppets of the stage, be they ever so skillfully arranged or carefully draped. The opening chapters put before us a drama, the scene, the garden of Eden, the actors, Adam and Eve, and the holy angles of God.

Merely to mention the instances of the dramatic element in the Bible would require not minutes but hours. Abraham, the Chaldean shepherd, bringing that perfect evidence of his faith on Mt. Moriah; Joseph, to-day, the inferior of Potiphar, to-morrow, the equal of Pharaoh himself; Ruth, the Moabitess, gleaning in the sunlit fields of Boaz and becoming the mother of the princely house of David; Esther, the dark-eyed maiden queen, winning the heart of Ahasuerus and, by her strong, patient courage, saving her people. Over and over, we find this, in Arabia, in the patient sufferings of Job, Satan-

afflicted; in the tent of Heber, the Kenite, when Lisera, lord of nine hundred chariots is slain by the hand of a woman.

While the world stands, will it be fascinated by the story of David. The dramatic events of his early life, a stripling rashly standing forth as the champion of the armies of Israel; the striking vicissitudes of his youth, to-day, Saul's most favored harper, to-morrow, a fugitive for his life. The peaceful course of his middle life and the pitiful tragedy of his old age. A weak, trembling, old man, driven from his city and his kingdom, climbing Mt. Olivet with bare feet and uncovered head; his dearest son, Absalom, seeking his very life, a mere accident, a lucky chance, turning the tide of battle in his favor and in the first flush of victory, his question to the messenger, "Is Absalom safe?" and the sorrowful answer, "May all the enemies of my lord, the King, be as that young man is." Down through the ages there rings that passionate cry of anguish, "O, my son Absalom, my son, my son! Would God I had died for you, Absalom, my son, my son!"

This much and more we see in the Old Testament, but when we turn to the New, we confront a drama at once the most sublime and the most tragic of the world's history, a drama which is to all other dramas as the dark of midnight is to the gray of twilight, and yet with a glorious gleam of sunrise upon it. Christ's whole life was a drama, tragic in his ministry, tragic in his death, but the closing scene was the most wonderful of all time. Mon-



day, riding into Jerusalem, the people strewing the way with palm branches and shouting "Hosanna in the highest." Thursday betrayed, and Friday, the people shouting again—listen—"Hosanna?" no, "away with him, crucify him, crucify him," "Barrabas, Barrabas." "And from the sixth hour there was darkness over the earth and the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom." And this was the end of this great tragedy. The end? no! This was the dark of midnight, but the third day after the long expected sunrise burst forth and in the resurrection not in the crucifixion, the world's greatest drama was closed.

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### THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

BY N. G. B., '91.

Far up among the hills, a tiny brook  
Danced merrily from stone to stone all day,  
And seemed to laugh aloud in glee, when'er  
A ray of sunshine reached it through the trees  
Which sheltered it on either side. Tall ferns  
And blue-eyed violets bent lovingly  
Above its sparkling waters, and the birds  
Sang sweetly to it all the day, until  
The twilight called them to their nests, and  
they  
Were hushed to rest by its soft lullaby.  
One spot there was, far down the mountain-  
side,  
Where, when the sun was low, the brooklet  
loved  
To stay its hurrying feet and rest awhile  
In its swift journey toward the sea.

Hard by

A mountain cottage stood, where dwelt a  
child,—  
A laughing boy with sunny curls of gold,—  
Who often turned his footsteps toward the spot  
Where paused the weary brook each day to  
rest.  
The child would gaze into the crystal depths,  
Until he fancied that the placid pool  
Returned his smile with one as sweet and glad.  
When'er he gazed upon the picture, framed

By ferns and frail wild blossoms crowding to  
The water's edge,—the fair, still picture of  
White fleecy clouds in unknown depths of  
blue,

Of swaying elm, and quivering aspen tree,  
Of violets, and frail anemones,  
And, fair as they, his own bright, sunny face,—  
His childish heart was filled with peace, and all  
The world seemed beautiful to him, and good.

But childhood lasts not alway, and the years,  
Swift-passing, brought full many a change to  
those

Who dwelt within that simple mountain home.  
The stream still listened to the summer birds,  
And still the wild flowers bent to catch their  
own

Reflection in the pool, as they had done  
Of yore. But far from these the gladsome child  
Who played beside the brook all day, had  
strayed,

And in the restless city toiled for fame.  
The childlike faith and trust that had been  
his

Were vanished, and his heart,—grown hard  
and cold,

Through all his selfish struggle with the  
world,—

Thought all men proud and selfish as himself,  
Nor deemed he that the world held aught of  
good,

Or beauty, since he knew its hate and wrong.

But when he held within his grasp the prize  
For which he toiled, and men had placed upon  
His brow the laurel crown, there came a time  
When he, awearied of his hard-won fame,  
Longed for the love which men withheld, and  
for

The childlike faith in God and man, which he  
Himself had slain. Into his heart there came  
The memory of that far-off time, when he  
Had played beside the brooklet's brim and  
thought

The whole world beautiful and good.

Back to

The mountain stream he turned his steps once  
more,

And knelt beside the placid waters, as  
Had been his wont so long ago. He saw  
The same fair picture of blue sky and cloud,  
Wild flower and drooping elm, but no sweet  
face

Of trusting childhood, wreathed with sunny  
curls,

Looked up at him with innocent, wondering  
eyes.

The face he scanned was written o'er with deep,  
 Hard lines, that told of pride and hate; stern  
 eyes  
 Gazed somberly from under frowning brows;  
 And as angry cloud had swept across,  
 The peaceful picture seemed to pale before  
 His baleful presence.

As he knelt, the light  
 Of truth broke in upon his soul. The world  
 Was beautiful and good, and he himself  
 A blot upon her purity. Mankind  
 Had, like the pool, but given back to him  
 The image of himself. His pride had been  
 Reflected from the faces of his friends,  
 And their distrust but answered back his own.  
 The lines upon his face grew softer, as  
 He knelt beside the stream, and when he rose,  
 And to the restless city took his way,  
 He bore within his heart the lesson learned  
 Beside the mountain streamlet's resting-place.

In after years, when few remembered how  
 The laurel crown had one day graced his brow,  
 His name lived in the hearts of men, as one  
 Who loved and toiled for them; for, like the  
 pool,  
 The world gave back the image of his face,  
 And men had answered back his love with  
 love.

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LEAVE US LEISURE TO BE  
 GOOD.

By J. H. J., '88.

**T**HE President vetoes a bill. In a few seconds the lightning's finger has written the news in every city of our republic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The iron horse harnessed to our coach, we ride four times as fast as our fathers, and the fruits of our industry surpasses theirs many fold. Our fortunes we count in millions, whereas theirs were told in hundreds. Who shall say ours is not the height of prosperity? What nation shall assume to compare its success with ours?

And yet, amid this heyday of our glory, let us see whether in our zeal

for acquisition we are not forgetting an important decree of our nature. Is there not in our characteristic American rush a dangerous tendency? With a discipline that never calls halt, what wonder that men become gray at thirty, and are stricken with paralysis at forty. The candle of life burns too fiercely, and the children of each succeeding generation, born with their vital energies half consumed already, pay tribute to the vices of their fathers.

The business man, with his insatiate desire for gain, becomes a stranger to his own children. The higher impulses of his nature are paralyzed, and he becomes a mere machine, half his native energies wasted by friction.

Equally true is it with the professional man. The mainspring of his activity constantly tense, at length collapses, and the brilliant and successful career ends in imbecility.

The rush of business life, the bustle of society, and the race for office, tend also to vitiate the moral character of our people. Greed begets selfishness and indifference, and the tendency toward questionable dealing receives no check from conscience. Society, acting on the motto, "Every man for himself," witnesses undisturbed the remainder of the proverb fully exemplified.

Our political elections, partaking of the same spirit, are fast becoming a mere race between parties, a contest of opposing factions, made up, not of devoted adherents to principle, but of hereditary partisans, who confuse prejudice with principle, for a large class of Americans have no time to learn the

science of government; they indifferently ask, "How did my father vote?" Hence the final issue too often represents, not the triumph of principles, but of wire-pulling, bribery, and the grog-shop.

In nothing is the evil tendency of our national haste more apparent than in its effect upon our literature. What more striking example can be found than the recent premature death of that wonderfully gifted and universally beloved friend of the children, Miss Alcott? Her noble life went out, not because of exhausted powers, but swept away by the flame of her overwrought genius.

When Charles Reade was asked for more of those stories that gave him his fame, he replied, "I cannot now afford it." Fortune and fame, and the habits that had won them, left him no time to write masterpieces.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," sang Isaac Watts. Granted, but "All work and no play" yields no better result. Leisure is not idleness, and as the day follows night, so should rest follow toil.

In vain does the sunset display its hues of gold and amber to the hurried man; the work of an Angelo cannot touch him; the finer sensibilities of his nature are dead.

That "Haste makes waste," we have seen exemplified in every sphere of American activity. The wretched results suggest their own corrective: leisure to renew our exhausted energies, to attain our highest possibilities of body, mind, and spirit, to hear the voice of God speaking from Nature's

oracles, from old ocean's waves as they leisurely break along the beach, from the silent grandeur of wild mountains, aye, from the voiceless solitude of the desert waste.

Nature generously offers rude forces to be yoked for our service, and thus rendering our labor many times more productive, conspires with Providence to give us leisure. And in vain?

Student, merchant, legislator, professional man, the toiler of whatever name, all need leisure to attain perfect manhood. For character is a silent growth, the product of many choices, the expression of many steadfast purposes slowly ripened in the favoring sunshine of leisure.

The patriarchs of old had their quiet hours of prayer. The people that God chose to be the repository of his greatest thought for man, during forty years of their formative period were wanderers in the wilderness. It was the shepherd, not the warrior life of David, that made him the "sweet singer of Israel." Luther, in the silence of his heart, matured a purpose, and all Europe trembled in the throes of the Reformation. Moody spent weeks and months in quiet prayer and consecration, and the whole world will feel his influence for ages to come. Christ, aye, reverently we say it, in preparation for His ministry, "was with the wild beasts forty days in the wilderness."

"'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow  
The suffering Saviour prays alone."

"Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." Satan for the last time is vanquished, and man's redemption insured.

When upon a quiet Sabbath morning we hear the peace-proclaiming church bells summoning the toil-worn multitudes to rest and worship, we feel the sacredness of leisure—that God intended it for us—and we recall the words, “He blessed the seventh day, for in it he had rested from all his work.”

Yes, methinks that even now the Pilot of Galilee is stretching his hand over the troubled sea of our national life with his “Peace! Be still!” Shall we not heed it?

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#### THE WORLD'S OBLIGATION TO CHIVALRY.

By E. L. S., '89.

**B**ACK in the darkness of the middle ages there existed a Christian virtue whose name still awakens in our breasts the most noble emotions. Chivalry! that remarkable combination of valor, loyalty, courtesy, and munificence—an institution peculiarly adapted to its time.

For the one thousand years following the breaking up of the western Roman Empire, Europe writhed in the toils of feudalism. There was no fixed code of laws, no recognized ruler. Through Europe were scattered here and there the strongholds of the powerful lords, each surrounded by his vassals; while the so-called kings were little more than dukes. Lust and crime run riot; the strong triumphed and the weak yielded; and the world's whole future development hung in the balance.

Still there existed in some noble minds an innate sense of justice and

honor; and from this, together with the old German idea, sprang the institution of chivalry, an institution that was to take the place of a written code of laws. It kept alive the one spark of virtue that shone brightly through the middle ages. It was an attempt to amalgamate the Christian graces with the rougher requirements of the feudal code to vindicate justice, to avenge wrong, to defend the weak, unprotected, and oppressed. It comprised and knit together the warrior chaste of christendom into one great fraternity.

Strange it may seem that such an institution should be kept pure through the vice, superstition, and universal ignorance that prevailed; yet the strictness with which each must prove himself worthy of the rank of knighthood, the solemnity of the oaths, and of the attending ceremony, together with the very splendor of knightly equipage, its shining armor, and richly-caparisoned horses all acted powerfully upon the mind of the whole warrior as he rode forth the champion of truth and justice.

According to the chronicles of those times perjury was general, and the remedies applied increased the evil. Many forms of oaths were invented to no purpose. Never was the simple obligation of veracity so completely lost sight of as in these times; yet when this perjury was most rife, the knight stood forth and challenged faith in his veracity on the simple word of a gentleman. And from that time the word of a man of honor is the surest bond of confidence between man and man.

Chivalry decided all disagreements by the trial of the strongest arm and steadiest heart, and thus developed that great virtue, manly courage. But it taught the duty of being pitiful as well as brave; asserted the principle that war can be carried on without personal animosity; that courage, endurance, and the other knightly qualities are to be admired as much in an enemy as in a friend. It is to chivalry that the best and most humane laws of war owe their origin.

Yet the knight was not always fighting for country or church. Among those who claimed the protection of his valor the weaker sex held a conspicuous place. At the proper moment the knight steps forth as the champion of the fair and lays the glory of his arms at the feet of beauty. He makes woman arbiter of all his achievements. The principal seat in hall and festival is reserved for the sex that hitherto has scarcely been considered worthy of reverence or companionship. And thus is taken the first step toward the elevation of woman.

We can also trace back to those days of romance the birth of poetry and song, awakened into life by the joyous lays and love sonnets of the young knights returning from Palestine and pouring forth their admiration of birth and beauty in the soft language of Italy or Languedoc. It is from this inexhaustible fount that poets and novelists still draw their richest stores.

After shining brightly for nearly a thousand years chivalry as an institution was destined to go out forever; but it had done its work. It had con-

trolled the destiny of nations through the darkest period in history.

Slowly and gradually order was evolved from chaos, and our modern system arose. In proportion as knightly power declined the standard of knightly virtue rose and its expiring embers flashed up higher.

Kingdoms and dynasties flourish and decay and make no permanent mark upon the succeeding age, but the institution of chivalry has left an impression upon the world which, let us trust, may never be blotted out.

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### BUBBLES.

By A. C. T., '88.

Little child with your bubbles at play,  
In the long, dreamy midsummer day;  
Why that shadow that lurks in your eye?  
Would you grasp the bright bubbles that rise,  
Sailing off toward the bright azure skies?  
Pray tell me the cause of that sigh.

Know you not, if that bubble you clasp,  
'Twill be crushed and dissolved in your grasp,  
While you get but a splash for your pains?  
It is well that they float out of reach,  
For a lesson they silently teach,  
That life's pleasures are fleeting and vain.

Little child, there are, deep in your breast,  
Smothered yearnings you've never confessed:  
Hidden fancies of childhood's bright years.  
But they're bubbles that float in your sky;  
And, if grasped, they'll be crushed and will die,  
Leaving only the splashing of tears.

But still o'er the realms of the real,  
The beautiful fleeting ideal  
Floats, beckoning up to the sky,  
And it may be, each frail earthly token  
Has led us, before it has broken,  
Up to heights that we else would not try.

—*Nichols Echo.*

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For entertainment in eatables the students can find a pleasant host and good food at Long's, on Lisbon Street.

## COMMUNICATION.

*To the Editors of the Student :*

At your request I will try and give you an account of my trip to Northfield, endeavoring to relate some of the things that occurred at Mr. Moody's Summer School for Bible Study, which was held during the past summer.

We left Portland by boat June 29th, at 7.30 o'clock, and reached Boston at five the next morning. After breakfast we secured our tickets to Northfield, over the Fitchburg road, and left the great metropolis of New England with its din and confusion, for a ride over one of the most beautiful tracts of country in the "Old Bay State." Arriving at Northfield, we found carriages in waiting to convey us, with our baggage, to the school buildings which are about two miles from the station.

As we rode along through the village of Northfield, we were delighted with its beautiful scenery. It is built on a broad street shaded on either side by grand old trees, which have seen the sunlight of more than a century of summers. It stands on a gentle eminence commanding a view of the renowned Connecticut Valley. As we were drawn along under the shade of its beautiful trees, which furnished such a pleasing contrast to our railway journey, we could not, as we thought of its being the native place of Mr. Moody, but appreciate the kindness of him who had invited us thither, and our voices rang out with a glad shout of gratitude, as our renowned host rode past swinging his hat and bidding us welcome. We passed his home, a few

moments later, and also the school-house in which it is said he received all his school education. We arrived at the grounds in good time and immediately registered and were assigned our rooms. After arranging our toilet slightly we hastened to partake of our first dinner at Northfield. And having finished dinner, let us take a look at the grounds and buildings.

The grounds comprise about 250 acres of land, which gradually descends from the tops of beautiful wooded hills to the valley of the Connecticut. Situated about midway between the tops of the hills and the river, on gentle elevations are five beautiful buildings. So that standing in front of the buildings, one looks down upon the king of New England rivers, proudly making its way through peaceful valleys and quiet meadows. The buildings are five in number, and are built of stone and brick. The first building which we will notice briefly is Marquand Hall; this is situated on the northern side of the grounds, and faces west looking toward the Connecticut, for the grounds I should have said are on the east side of the river. The next building that claims our attention is a beautiful edifice constructed of a peculiar brown stone. It is known as Stone Hall, and contains the recitation rooms and a large hall, where the meetings were held, capable of seating six or eight hundred. We next come to Talcott Library, a beautiful building constructed of stone and very nicely finished both inside and out. Other buildings are East Hall and Weston Hall, both made of brick and overlooking those build-

ings mentioned above. But we must not spend more time on the buildings, for we want to say something about the meetings and the students in attendance.

The meetings began in the morning, the first being held for half an hour each morning after breakfast. This meeting was an informal one devoted to the consideration of some topic interesting and helpful to Y. M. C. A. workers. The breakfast hour coming at 7 o'clock, and this meeting following at 8 o'clock, and lasting as we have said one-half hour, left an hour and a half before the beginning of the next meeting, which was usually spent in study or conversation upon some theme that had been presented.

The meeting at 10 o'clock was opened with singing led by Prof. D. B. Towner, assisted by a large male choir.

After singing, Mr. Moody usually called upon some one, perhaps one of the students, to read a portion of scripture, after which prayer was offered, and then followed singing. Then we were permitted, perhaps, to listen to a talk by the great evangelist, or a sermon by some renowned theologian. This meeting was of course often varied as to its programme, as it is an especial feature of Mr. Moody's to break up monotony, and to furnish one with delightful surprises. This meeting was in session until about half-past twelve. Dinner came at one, and after that there were no more meetings until seven o'clock in the evening, when a meeting was held on a little round hill back of Mr. Moody's house for missionary volunteers. This meeting lasted for

one hour and was attended by about one hundred students.

The character of the meeting was varied, it being sometimes a prayer-meeting and sometimes a talk by some returned missionary or by some one that was about to sail for foreign fields.

At 8 o'clock came the grand closing meeting of the day, which was conducted similarly to the one in the forenoon. The afternoon was devoted entirely to athletics and recreation. Mr. A. A. Stagg, "the praying pitcher" of Yale, was chairman of the athletic committee, and was assisted by a number of prominent athletes, among whom was H. W. Cowan, the captain of the foot-ball team of Princeton. The games were base-ball, tennis, cricket, etc. Besides these games there were excellent opportunities for bathing, boating, hill climbing, and other things too numerous to mention.

But my communication is already getting long and I have not said half that I should like, but will close after a few words regarding the number of students and teachers; whence they come, and their purposes.

There were at the school 496 men, of whom 391 were college men, representing 94 institutions in different parts of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and other countries in Europe. There were men from Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh, Great Britain, and from Utrecht, Holland.

In the audience might be seen represented nearly every nationality in the world. The teachers that were in attendance represented the talent of the

country. Among them might be mentioned Dr. McKenzi, of Cambridge; Prof. William R. Harper, of Yale; Dr. Broadus, of Kentucky; Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of London; Bishop Hendrix, of Missouri; H. Clay Trumbull, editor of *Sunday School Times*; H. L. Hastings, of Boston, and others.

Mr. Moody presided over all the general meetings, and had an oversight over the entire school. He is deeply interested in college Y. M. C. A. work, and is doing a vast amount of work for the evangelization of college men. One could not sit and listen to such men as these whom we have mentioned, without feeling that life means a great deal. And we all left the place that had become dear to our hearts because of acquaintances that had been formed and on account of pleasant recollections of times that had been spent listening to the inspired words of our teachers.

Each one felt that there was some part in the great work of the Master for him and all went away with strong determinations to labor more earnestly for the benefit of his fellow-men.

H. W. S., '89.

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### LOCALS.

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"Such deadly stench from the depths arise,  
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies."

*H<sub>2</sub>S.*

Receptions!

Welcome, '92.

See the big oxen at the Fair?

"Ah there! Join our society."

Several M. S. C. boys were on the campus Fair week.

Sophomore band rehearsals at 7 P.M. in the upper chapel.

The Zouaves in full uniform enter the gymnasium at 4.30.

A. E. Hatch, '89, has been stumping the State for prohibition.

Prof. Bonney recently analyzed some wine in a suspected poison case.

Prof. Dodge, instructor in the gymnasium, is very popular with his classes.

Emerson, '89, is instructor in Rhetoric at the Nichols Latin School for the coming year.

The course in Analytical Chemistry, under Mr. Bonney, is very interesting and profitable.

Why not have some college songs? Brace up boys and make a noise if you can't sing.

The effect is observed in the unexpected ringing of the bell at all hours of day and night,

"And his merry bosom swells  
And he dances and he yells  
At the ringing and the tolling of the bell."

The bell room has been remodeled, steam introduced, light admitted, and the bell man made happy.

We desire the assistance of the alumni in making the Personal columns of the STUDENT more complete.

Several of the students were employed during State Fair week as conductors, waiters, and ticket sellers.

Prof. (in Psychology)—"What is an example of forced attention?"  
Student (innocently)—"The class."

When is the Freshman a rose between two thorns? When the two societies are trying to "rope him in."



Prof. (to Freshman)—“Now, Mr. F., if you would use your brain more and mouth less, you would do first-rate.”

Dr. Cheney is to take a Western trip soon to look after some matters pertaining to the financial affairs of the college.

In the tennis tournament at Northfield this summer, Sandford, '86, and Small, '89, won the doubles, and Small won the singles.

In Astronomy: Prof. S.—“If the earth hangs in space what hinders our seeing the sky below us?” Student (thoughtfully)—“Our feet.”

The Indian club and dumb-bell moves in spasmodic gyrations no more forever, but describe the perfect circle and ellipse with musical precision.

The new boiler lies silent in the basement, the ghost of next winter's comfort. If the recent cold wave continues we hope the ghost will materialize directly.

An opportunity to hear the tariff discussed by representative men from both parties has been eagerly accepted by the students. The rallies were better patronized than any theatre has been.

“A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.” A Senior was mistaken for a Freshman recently at the Y. M. C. A. reception, by a young lady skillful to detect conditions by deportment.

Ground will be broken for the new laboratory about September 20th. It is to be a brick building 58 x 36. In our next number there will be a de-

scription of the building, its location, and the proposed grading about it.

Day, '90, is captain of the ball team this year. Cox, '89, is manager. Following are the players: Call, Wilson, Gilmore, Graves, Day, Little, Knox, Putnam, Emery, and Whitecomb. September 20th and 21st the boys play in St. Johns, N. B.

A Senior returned to college with something of a moustache. A lady friend who had not become accustomed to seeing the new object, remarked: “I will become acquainted with the length and depth of that before the term is over.” “Fairy Moonlight.”

Our list of birds goes on as follows: Great horned owl, red-tailed hawk, black-billed cuckoo, dusky duck, shel-drake, great blue heron, bittern, hairy woodpecker, great crested fly-catcher, bank swallow, marsh blackbird, wood-duck, dipper duck, upland plover, pileated woodpecker.

The Bates College Athletic Association has just organized with the following officers: President, Daggett, '89; Vice-President, Neal, '90; Secretary, Ham, '92; Treasurer, Hamlin, '90; Directors, Stevens and Newell, '89; Day and Woodman, '90; Plummer and Small, '91; Wilson and Walter, '92.

About seven thousand five hundred dollars remain to be raised to complete the one hundred and thirty thousand dollars required to meet the conditions of J. L. H. Cobb's gift; but President Cheney and several prominent business men have given a bond to raise the amount and the conditions of the gift are met.

Our thanks are due E. L. Stevens and F. M. Buker for assistance in getting out the present number of the STUDENT.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society for the coming year are as follows: President, F. M. Buker; Vice-President, F. L. Day; Secretary, W. B. Cutts; Treasurer, A. C. Hutchinson; Orator, G. H. Libby; Executive Committee, F. J. Daggett, A. N. Peaslee, Miss Hattie Pulsifer; Committee on Public Meeting, F. L. Pugsley, Miss Blanche Howe, W. E. Kinney.

Entering for field-day and not practicing is what might be termed physical cheek. An ancient philosopher once remarked of a certain nocturnal insect, "that he had no wings but he got there just the same." It has been observed of certain students who have entered for the running matches, "that they don't practice but they will get there just the same." Yes. But think of the time it will take.

The reception tendered the Freshmen by the Christian Association, August 30th, was an exceedingly pleasant affair. The greeting extended to the class of '92, by Vice-President H. J. Piper, was cordial and appropriate. Remarks by Professor Hayes were appreciated, and a short literary programme enjoyed. Later in the evening refreshments in all fullness and variety were served. Over one hundred guests were present.

The Polymnian Society held its annual election of officers, August 31st. President, C. J. Emerson; Vice-President, G. H. Hamlen; Secretary, Miss

Edith Fairbanks; Treasurer, N. G. Howard; Orator, A. L. Safford; Poet, A. E. Hatch; Librarian, F. B. Nelson; Executive Committee, F. W. Newell, H. J. Piper, C. H. Richardson; Editors, J. I. Hutchinson, Miss Nellie Snow, A. D. Pinkham. A public meeting will be held the last of the term.

The Polymnian Society gave their annual reception to the Freshman class on Friday evening, September 7th. Reception Hall was very prettily decorated for the occasion, and a large gathering of members and friends gave it a lively appearance. An hour was spent in getting acquainted, after which a highly appreciated literary programme was presented. Refreshments followed and the remainder of the evening was spent in *tête-à-tête*, tucker, etc. Such occasions lend additional charms to college life.

September 14th, the Eurosophian Society gave their usual fall reception to the Freshman class. The reception was held in the gymnasium and was largely attended. One very pleasant feature was the presence of several of our Polymnian friends, thus making the occasion one of more general and college interest. There was quite an extended literary programme, and of course the usual games. Refreshments of cake, coffee, and fruit were served, and the evening closed with a grand march and a college song in chorus. All voted it a very pleasant evening.

The STUDENT has received from D. Lothrop Company a beautiful edition of the "Odyssey of Homer done

into English prose by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang. Price \$1.50." For closeness and accuracy of translation it stands without equal among the many English versions. In England it has received the warmest commendations of Greek scholars and has taken its place as the standard prose version of the poem. The same publishers are also bringing out a new and beautiful edition of Jewett's translation of Thucydides with an introduction by A. P. Peabody, LL.D. Price \$3.50.

With characteristic zeal the Seniors have plunged into the study of Astronomy. No theory will remain unexplored; no problem unsolved. Nothing but personal observation and calculation will satisfy their practical minds. Many a doughty knight and fair lady may be seen on moonlight occasions, sauntering oblivious to all earthly pains and cares, their eyes and thoughts fixed upon the celestial dome. Heavenly theories, ethereal bliss, and harmonic squares throb tumultuously together, and all the while, in perfect unconcern the north star twinkles at the extremity of the "handle of the little bear," while giraffes and monkeys, snakes and heroes, go backwards round the pole.

During the summer quite a number of books have been added to the college library. The alcoves are well-arranged and the finding of books convenient. If you need assistance in your search, Mr. Safford, the assistant librarian, will gladly come to the rescue and overhaul that library from top to bottom, from north to south, and from east to west, till the reticent

and retiring document is brought to light. As you enter the library, on a shelf at the right stands the cup that will be contested for on field-day. This cup was presented by the class of '80, and has been won by '80, '82, '83, and '85. It is a matter of interest as to who will add a class color to the cup on the approaching field-day.

The interest awakened in the study of Entomology last year by Prof. Braun has not been allowed to die out. Several of the students have extensive collections of insects found in Maine. At the State Fair, Neal, '90, exhibited excellent cases of butterflies and moths. Prof. Braun requests that the students send him all butterflies and moths that they see fit to spare, as he has recently had extensive orders from abroad. Catacalas are especially desired, as the Professor has an order for five hundred pairs from one firm in England. All insects for exchange must be perfect. Foreign butterflies or moths will be exchanged for our native ones, or money paid, as the sender may prefer. Our thanks are due Prof. Braun for the stimulus he has given at Bates to the study of insect life.

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Tramp (some years hence)—"I see you belong to a college society. So do I. Can't you lend me a dime?" Man of Wealth—"Yes, I am a graduate of Yale and I make \$10,000 a year as a base-ball pitcher. Here, take this five dollar bill and get a square meal. What college did you attend?" "I am a graduate of Harvard. They don't teach base-ball at Harvard. Thanks."  
—*Omaha World.*

## 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. In the present number we have experienced much difficulty in getting such information. 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.

## 1877.

- L. A. Burr, principal grammar school, Baldwin, Mass.  
 Rev. J. A. Chase, pastor Unitarian church, Chelmsford, Mass.  
 O. B. Clason, Esq., practicing law, Gardiner, Maine.  
 C. B. Emerson, Esq., practicing law, Lewiston, Me.  
 B. T. Hathaway, principal high school, Northfield, Minn.  
 L. H. Moulton, principal Lee Academy, Lee, Maine.  
 N. P. Noble.  
 Miss J. R. North, first assistant in high school, Rockland, Me.  
 H. W. Oakes, Esq., practicing law, Lewiston, Me.  
 F. F. Phillips, Somerville, Mass.  
 A. W. Potter, M.D., practicing medicine at Lisbon, Me.  
 J. W. Smith, insurance agent, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 G. A. Stuart, principal high school, Gardiner, Me.  
 J. K. Tomlinson, principal grammar school, Harrisburg, Penn.  
 Mrs. C. M. Warner Morehouse, Bristol, Ct.

## 1878.

- Rev. J. Q. Adams.  
 F. H. Bartlett.  
 D. M. Benner.  
 F. H. Briggs, one of the proprietors of a large stock farm, Auburn, Me.  
 C. E. Brockway, pastor of a Free Baptist church in New York.  
 M. F. Daggett.  
 A. M. Flag, in business in Auburn, Me.  
 A. Getchell.  
 Rev. F. D. George, missionary in India; recently returned.

- B. S. Hurd, principal high school, Beverly, Mass.  
 C. E. Hussey.  
 J. W. Hutchins, sub-master Baldwin High School.  
 F. O. Mower, California.  
 C. F. Peaslee.  
 H. A. Runlett, M.D.  
 E. B. Scribner, M.D.  
 E. B. Vining.

## 1879.

- T. J. Bollin, in Washington.  
 E. M. Briggs, Esq., practicing law, Lewiston, Maine.  
 F. L. Buker.  
 E. W. Given, teacher in New Jersey.  
 Fletcher Howard.  
 Rev. R. F. Johonnett, pastor Unitarian church, near Boston.  
 F. N. Kincaid.  
 W. E. Lane, druggist, Lewiston, Me.  
 T. M. Lombart, engaged in gardening in Auburn, Me.  
 E. A. McCollister, M.D., practicing medicine in Gray, Me.  
 F. P. Otis, Esq.  
 L. M. Perkins.  
 Walter E. Ranger, principal Lyndon Institute, Vermont.  
 C. M. Sargent, manager school agency, Boston, Mass.  
 M. C. Smart, principal high school, Biddeford, Me.  
 A. E. Tuttle, principal high school, Ambury, Mass.

## 1880.

- A. A. Beane.  
 C. H. Deshon.  
 E. H. Farrar, architect, Omaha, Neb.  
 I. F. Frisbee, principal Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, Me.  
 Mrs. L. W. Harris Robinson.  
 Rev. F. L. Hayes, pastor First Free Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.  
 Rev. J. H. Heald, pastor Congregational Church, Bennington, N. H.  
 A. W. Hoyt, principal high school, North Brockfield, Mass.  
 W. H. Judkins, Esq., practicing law in Lewiston, Me.  
 W. P. Martin, Esq.  
 H. L. Merrill, Minnesota.  
 M. T. Newton, M.D., practicing medicine at Sabatis, Me.

Prof. J. F. Parson, Hillsdale, Mich.  
 C. B. Rankin, M.D., practicing medicine at  
 Bryant's Pond, Me.  
 A. E. Richards, Esq., practicing law at  
 Farmington, Me.  
 Miss E. H. Sawyer, teaching.  
 O. C. Tarbox, M. D., at Elk River, Minn.  
 A. L. Woods, teaching in Dakota.

## SPECIAL ITEMS.

Wyman, '79, and Williamson, '86,  
 have opened a law office at Anoka,  
 Minn.

'81.—Principal H. B. Nevens, of  
 Bridgton High School, has accepted a  
 position as supervisor of schools for  
 the city of Rockland.

'85.—F. S. Forbes graduated from  
 the Oberlin Theological Seminary last  
 June, and has accepted a call to the  
 Congregational Church on Saratoga  
 Street, Omaha, Neb.

'85.—C. A. Washburn has been ap-  
 pointed to fill the vacancy in the Ed-  
 ward Little High School, Auburn,  
 caused by the resignation of Cushman,  
 '85.

'86.—A. B. McWilliams has been  
 appointed postal clerk on the route  
 from Canton to Mechanic Falls.

'86.—J. W. Goff is having excellent  
 success as principal of the North An-  
 son Academy.

'86.—Married in Boston, August 16,  
 Mr. A. E. Blanchard of Farmington,  
 and Miss May Harding of New Sharon.  
 Mr. Blanchard is in the law office of  
 Nearing & Barry, Kansas City, Mis-  
 souri.

'87.—Jesse Bailey returned to his  
 position in Talladega College, Ala.,  
 the 17th of this month.

'87.—W. C. Buck is principal of  
 Somerset Academy at Athens, Me.

'88.—S. H. Woodrow was ordained

by a council called for that purpose at  
 Mechanic Falls, Thursday. He has  
 engaged to supply the Congregational  
 church at that place for a year, after  
 which he expects to pursue a further  
 course of study.

The following members of '88 are  
 now teaching :

F. S. Hamlet,	Shapleigh, Me.
R. A. Parker,	West Lebanon, Me.
J. H. Johnson,	Bowdoin Center, Me.
Miss M. G. Pinkham,	Hanover, N. H.
Miss N. B. Jordan,	Pike, N. Y.
Miss L. A. Frost,	Kingston, Mass.
Miss I. F. Cobb,	Northfield, Minn.
Miss F. M. Nowell,	Laconia, N. H.
E. F. Blanchard,	Sutton, Mass.
E. E. Sawyer,	Saratoga, N. Y.
W. L. Powers,	Fort Fairfield, Me.
A. C. Wallace,	Guilford, Conn.
W. F. Tibbetts,	Nichols Latin School.
A. C. Townsend,	Nichols Latin School.

## THEOLOGICAL.

'87.—S. D. Blaisdell has accepted a  
 call to preach at Bath.

'88.—E. R. Chadwick was recently  
 ordained as pastor of the F. B. Church  
 at Milton, N. H.

'89.—H. C. Lowden has returned  
 from a visit to his home in Nova Scotia.

'89.—E. Z. Whitman is preaching  
 at Sabatis.

'89.—G. T. Griffin is preaching at  
 Orr's Island.

## STUDENTS.

'89.—G. H. Libby is principal of  
 the academy at Foxcroft.

'89.—Miss L. E. Plumstead is teach-  
 ing at Wiscasset.

'89.—B. E. Sinclair has charge of a  
 school at West Harrington.

'89.—E. T. Whittemore is to preach  
 at Fayette for a year.

'90.—G. H. Hamlen is preaching at  
 South Lewiston.

'90.—F. S. Pierce is at the Pigeon Cove House, Cape Ann.

'90.—Miss Dora Jordan will enter the Junior class at Wellesley.

'90.—A. F. Gilmore is teaching the high school at Turner.

'91.—W. L. Nickerson attended the yearly meeting of the Free Baptist Church, held at Oakland, the first of September.

'91.—H. J. Chase is teaching at Boothbay.

'91.—L. A. Ross has charge of a high school at Wells.

'91.—C. A. Record is principal of South Paris High School.

'91.—E. L. Peabody has a paying position in New York.

'91.—Miss N. G. Bray, who has been teaching at Bridgton Academy, has entered the Sophomore class.

'92.—Following are the names of the Freshmen and their fitting schools :

E. L. Baker,	New Hampton Institution.
R. S. Baker,	Nichols Latin School.
C. N. Blanchard,	North Anson Academy.
H. L. Buzzell,	New Hampton Institution.
B. H. Carpenter,	Putnam High School, Ct.
J. B. Coy,	Maine Central Institute.
A. P. Davis,	Northwood Seminary, N. H.
W. M. Davis,	Augusta High School.
E. W. Emery,	Melrose High School, Mass.
N. W. Howard,	Nichols Latin School.
Miss C. E. Ireland,	Lewiston High School.
Miss J. F. King,	South Paris High School.
J. R. Little,	Lewiston High School.
H. S. Mansur,	Nichols Latin School.
J. B. McFadden,	Nichols Latin School.
F. M. Merrill,	Lewiston High School.
C. G. Mosher,	Nichols Latin School.
Miss V. E. Meserve,	Rochester High School.
Miss S. E. Wells,	Lyndon Institute, Vt.
Miss A. V. Stevens,	Lewiston High School.
D. G. Donnocker,	Nichols Latin School.
C. C. Ferguson,	Maine Central Institute.
H. I. Neal,	North Berwick High School.
E. E. Osgood,	South Berwick Academy.
W. H. Putnam,	Lewiston High School.

L. M. Sanborn,	Limington Academy.
V. E. Sawyer,	Nichols Latin School.
W. B. Skelton,	Nichols Latin School.
R. A. Small,	Lewiston High School.
H. E. Walter,	Lyndon Institute, Vt.
O. A. Tuttle,	Northwood Seminary, N. H.
E. E. Wheeler,	Gould Academy.
Scott Wilson,	Nichols Latin School.

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## POET'S CORNER.

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### SEPTEMBER.

Hail, September, bronzed and sturdy,  
 Breaking through the mists of summer,  
 Followed by a train of sunshine,  
 That shall deck thy frost-touched standards  
 With autumnal wreaths of glory!  
 Sound recall unto the reapers;  
 Prouder troops ne'er stood for combat  
 Than the host with golden helmets,  
 Challenging a bloodless onset.  
 Call for aid the youths and maidens;  
 Let Spring's sunlight, shed in beauty,  
 Greet with sheaves the moon of harvest,  
 Waxing full and waning slowly.

—F. F. P., '77, in *Saturday Traveller*.

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### FROM THE GERMAN.

Live ye pure and lovely lives, my children,  
 Pure from guilty act or meditation,  
 As the lily lives in quiet virtue,  
 As the doves within the forest fastness;  
 That ye, if your father's glance rest downward,  
 Be upon the earth his cherished eye-marks,  
 As unconsciously the wand'rer's glances  
 Rest upon the radiant star of ev'ning,  
 That ye, if the sun should e'er dissolve you,  
 May'st a spotless pearl reveal unto it,  
 That your thoughts be like the rose's fragrance,  
 That your lives be as the sparkling sunlight.  
 As the shepherd's night-song let your lives be;  
 As the tones from his soft flute-notes echoing.

—Leon, '89.

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### IN SILENCE.

There are songs unsung in the heart,  
 Like music, mystic and sweet,  
 In a cloister played, apart  
 From the rush of busy feet.

—Dartmouth.

## THE CROWN OF LIFE.

With free and airy grace our youthful days  
 In wonderment are ever passing by,  
 Light songs upon their lips; yet sad they gaze  
 Into the veil of mist that dims the sky,  
 And faintly wakens vain desires to die  
 Amid the fading purples of the hills.  
 Though life be fair and joyous yet they sigh  
 For all the passions and the pains that fills  
 The veins with pulsing blood, the heart with  
 burning thrills.

The days of youth pass by like famous kings  
 Who, 'neath the weight of massive crowns of  
 gold,  
 Stoop, as beneath the weight of fated things—  
 Disasters and calamities untold.  
 So they, across the woodland and the wold,  
 Are stepping slow, with heads bent toward the  
 ground  
 By life's rich crown and garlands manifold,  
 Seeking the land where strays no human  
 sound;  
 Beneath whose silent skies they stand at last  
 uncrowned.

—*Nassau Lit.*

I flung a heart-pearl to the air  
 In song, half trusting that my gem  
 Might win some answer even from those  
 That pry and peep for flow and seam,  
 Yea, in the fairest. All in love  
 I sang, the pure, sweet love that knows  
 No earthly soil, but high above  
 The crowd in zones ethereal  
 Catches its fire. But some one said  
 "His lines are grossly passion!"  
 Added all unknowing, clearly made  
 A tracing of his character  
 That marred the sunlight into shade.  
 Poor soul, *he* could not understand!

—*Yale Lit.*

## MORNING COMPLIMENTS.

A light little zephyr came flitting,  
 Just breaking the morning repose,  
 The rose made a bow to the lily,  
 The lily she bowed to the rose.

And then in a soft-little whisper.  
 As faint as a perfume that blows:  
 "You are brighter than I," said the lily;  
 "You are fairer than I," said the rose.

—*St. Nicholas.*

## SONNET.

And, oh, that human souls might closer meet  
 In union that this world hath never known.  
 Most men in life walk silent and alone,  
 And treat with others only as they greet  
 And pass in haste upon the crowded street.  
 But there are spirits nearer, friendlier grown,  
 And those who speak of love, in tender tone,  
 And join in looks and dear caresses sweet.  
 Still these are all imperfect, though so high;  
 We feel the barriers and the distance yet.  
 Oh, is there not some land of golden sheen,  
 Some silent spot where the loud world rolls by,  
 Where souls may rest and blossom and for-  
 get,  
 And meet in one and find no soul between?

—*Dartmouth.*

Love is a river that would flow  
 Forever calm and bright;  
 Dashed into spray, its misty tears  
 Are rainbowed into light.

Love is a jewel flashing forth  
 The brightness of the sun;  
 Crushed, and a thousand glories shine  
 Where there has been but one.

Love is a never-ending song,  
 Taught to the soul at birth,  
 That it might sing of heavenly things  
 While waiting on the earth.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

## FROM EMIL RITTERSHAUS.

The sun I questioned: "Tell me, what is love?"  
 He gave no answer, only golden flame.  
 I asked a flower: "Tell me, what is love?"  
 She gave me odors, yet no answer came.

I asked the Eternal: "Tell me, what is love?  
 Deep earnestness, or gentle dallying?"  
 Then God gave me a wife, a true, true love;  
 And nevermore will I the question bring.

—*Dartmouth.*

He—"I read something funny the  
 other day. It was about a man who  
 had invented a parlor lamp which  
 would go out promptly at 10 p.m."  
 She—"How nice." And he hasn't yet  
 made up his mind whether it was a hint  
 to go or to turn down the gas."—*Ex.*

## EXCHANGES.

It is always a pleasant duty to look over our exchanges, and this month it is doubly so, as the Commencement numbers are of unusual interest. One of the striking features is the comparatively large number that come from our Southern and Western colleges, magazines which are constantly increasing in number and in excellence. We have, besides, two exchanges from neighbors of ours, the *University Monthly* from Fredericton, N. B., and the *College Chips* from the Norwegian College at Decorah, Ia.

Among so many good things it is hard to choose, but we noticed a fine article on "The American Girl," and that, too, in a high school magazine. An article full of good points and showing a clear, unbiased way of thinking that was refreshing to see. It is a good sign when meters cease to chaff the "Vassar Girl," in other words, the girl that is trying to make herself capable of other things than gossip and unmeaning chatter, and begin to realize that she has a brain to develop and has both a desire and an opportunity to do so, and we may say with the writer, "all honor to the American girl" and, as the Arab would say, "May her shadow never grow less."

Many of the college magazines of the day have come to print stories almost entirely, the *Amherst Lit.*, the *Williams*, and many others are filled with articles of this kind, instead of the standard materials of such papers. This is in some cases, perhaps, an advance as there was danger of our grow-

ing too stilted and prosy, and some of them would compare not unfavorably with the shorter stories in the leading magazines, but they are too often light articles dashed off with no thoughts and no care, of benefit neither to the author nor the reader. One more thing and—finis—in the last number of the *Amherst Lit.*, the "Window Seat," reports a conversation between two college boys on the real beauty and use of college friendships, an article which should be copied by all college papers, and learned by heart by all college men; we quote an extract:

"Confound making up back work," said I, as I wiped my pen. "So say we all of us," said Dick. Then, "I've just been thinking, chummie, there's some back work in college which a man can't make up. I mean neglecting opportunities for making friendship, and things of that sort. I got a letter from the governor this morning, telling me about a college friend of his who's just died," and he read, I really believe that I gained from my college work no such benefit as from his friendship. He was always a strength to me and helped me through many a hard place. I owe half my manhood to him. That set me thinking. I'm more convinced than ever, we waste too much time in study, and I'm going to see if I can't make up a little of this kind of back work.

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 POTPOURRI.
 

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CARMEN.

Jack et Gill, quaerentes fontem,  
 Ascendebant parvum montem;  
 Ille, cadens, fregit frontem.  
 Secum trahens hanc insontem.—*Ex.*

Solomon was the first judge who ever proposed to split the difference.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Ransom—"So your little brother is sick, eh?" Herbert—"Yes."  
 Mrs. Ransom—"What's the matter?"  
 Herbert—"He's got chicken-coop."



First Tramp—"Well, how much did ye get out of the felly?" Second Tramp—"Faix, only enough for me-silf." First Tramp—"And is this de way yer stand in wid me, Mickey?" Second Tramp—"Sure, all Oi got was a kick. Ye can take yer share of that, if ye want."—*Life*.

"Woman is but a delusion,"  
Said a bachelor with a shrug.  
"Yes," quoth one without confusion,  
"And men oft delusions hug."—*Ex.*

## I.

The hour is late; yet o'er his book,  
With soulful sigh and groaning,  
A Freshman pores; enough one look  
To show that he is *boning*.

## II.

Loud peals the chapel bell, and yet  
For negligence atoning,  
Behold a Soph at work, to get  
His Tacitus by *Bohning*.—*Brunonian*.

She had promised to be a sister to him. He thanked her coldly, but said that he already had five sisters. "Why, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, "I thought you were an only child." "I am," he responded; "I mean that I have five sisters such as you offer to be," and he tottered to the door.—*New York Sun*.

"What does your father do?" asked the teacher of a new boy. "He's a contractor," was the reply. "A railroad contractor?" "No, ma'am, a sausage contractor. He ties the ends together after another man has filled 'em!"—*Ex.*

She loves me not, and yet she wed me,  
For I was rich, had wealth untold;  
Her heart and hand she gladly gave me—  
A fair exchange for all my gold.

Fair and sweet, at first I loved her,  
But found her heartless, cruel, cold;  
And yet our bargain's fairly equal,  
For she was bought and I was sold.—*Ex.*

## WHAT COLLEGE DOES FOR A MAN.

It gives him some knowledge of Latin and  
Greek,  
Allows a minute's psychological peek,  
And teaches him rightly to think and to speak;  
Yes, that's what it does for a man.

If he journeys to college all awkward and  
green,  
With a black Sunday coat that's been worn  
into sheen,  
It polishes him till he's fit to be seen:  
Yes, that's what it does for a man.

Perchance he's been petted at home all his  
days,  
And been led to suppose that he needs naught  
but praise;  
College shows such a man the mistake of his  
ways;  
Yes, that's what it does for a man.

It may give him hard looks; it may take him  
'way down;  
But a kindness that's true lies behind the  
dark frown;  
At least that's the way that it is at old Brown,  
And Brown's the best place for a man.  
—*Brunonian*.

He (at Saratoga, tenderly)—"I think I have met you before; your face is very familiar." She (coldly)—"Yes, sir; and those goods that you warranted would wash I tried to give away to my maid." And then the silence became so wide and solemn that you could hear them pumping the gas into the mineral springs.—*Life*.

Irish Woman (to Chinaman in street car)—"Shove yourself fernnist the carnor wid yer blue sherret, ond give a leddy a chonce to set down, bad cess to yez!" Chinaman—"Wow!" Irish Woman—"Can't yez talk English, ye yaller haythen?" Chinaman—"If I couldn't talkee English muchee bettle old Ilish woman, yep, I shootee my glandmothle!"—*Mirror*.

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

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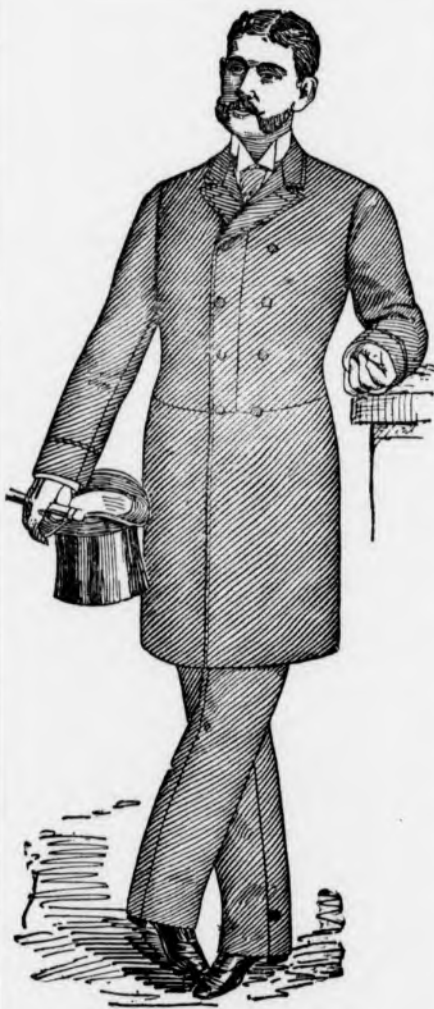
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