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THE

BATES



STUDENT

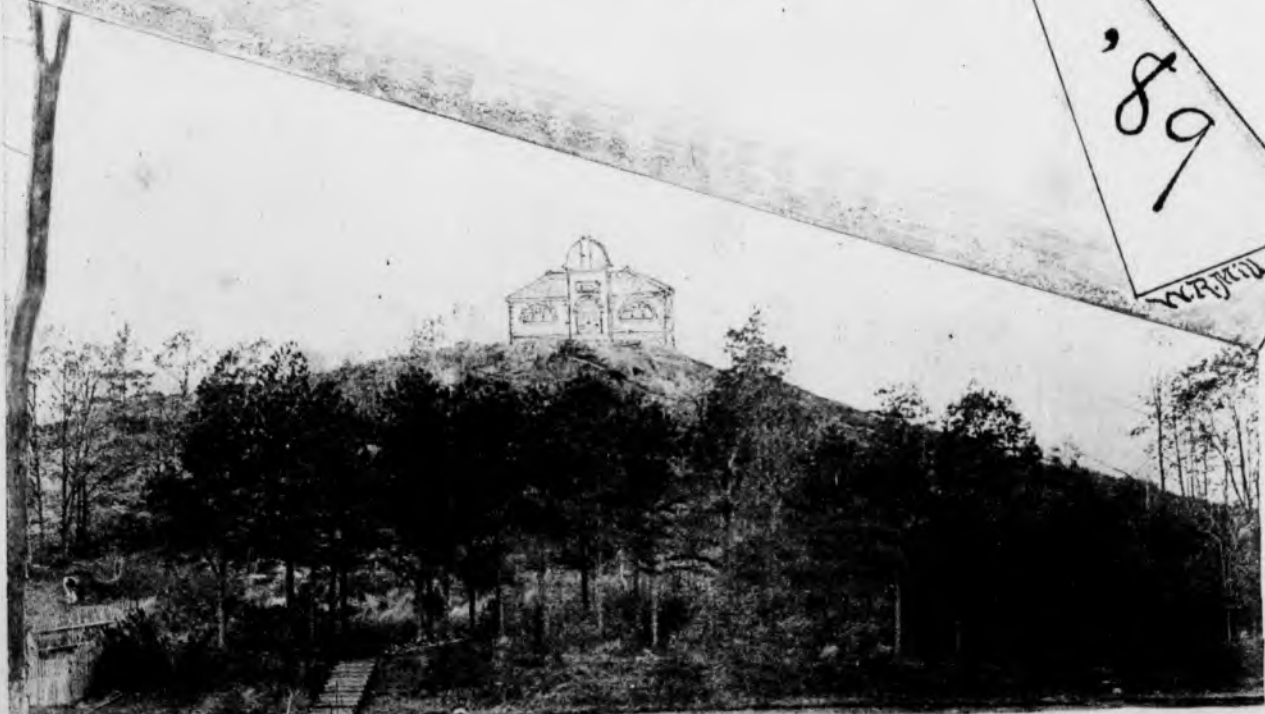
Sixteenth
Volume.

'89

W. R. M. D. E. S.



Number 9.



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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 9.

THE BATES STUDENT

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COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

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LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

IN this number of the STUDENT we
sadly record the death of Everett
J. Small, which occurred on the 14th
of last month.

At the time of his decease, Mr.
Small was president of the class of
'eighty-nine; was literary editor of the
BATES STUDENT; and secretary of the
New England Intercollegiate Press As-
sociation. The college suffers the loss
of an esteemed member, and the edi-
torial board that of a beloved co-
worker and friend.

THE success which the ball team has
achieved this fall leads to a close
inspection of our strength and our
weakness. No one better than an
athlete knows what the words "train-
ing" and "condition" mean. In-
spiration is often relied upon by public
speakers to the *ennui* of the audience.
In athletic language inspiration means
laziness. A man confidingly leaning
on the presumable and latent electricity
in his corpuscles and sinews is like a
man waiting for his rich relative to
demise. He generally gets left. Ath-
letes know that it is the trained eye,
the trained foot, the trained brain that
wins the race and game. One clean,

sharp athletic contest will drive away more of the dark-visaged birds which melancholy hatches in the brain than anything in the world. Talk about the blues! My observation has been that the students that have the blues are the ones that never do any outdoor work to mention. Talk about gloom! What business has a well young man with gloom, a young man who swallows a gallon of God's air at a gulp! How is that? He is poor. So was Abraham Lincoln. He is tired. So was the tramp I saw last week. He has the dyspepsia and headache. So does any man who controls a rocking chair at the expense of his health. How many brilliant-brained men there are who are crippled in the arm, crippled in the back, crippled in the stomach, crippled in the chest. A brain like a sword, like a lamp; but a body like a tumbled down house.

THE old saying that a thing well begun is half done, is as true as it is old. But it must be remembered that the used axle needs new oil every day.

It is easier to see pleasure in any work before we have wasted all our enthusiasm striving to convince people we are strong enough to carry the task along. But when scorn and adversity have reached the meridian we are apt to lose confidence in our ability, and regret that we had undertaken so much. Too many at this point fall into the saddest of all errors; that of surrendering to one's self. No honors can be hoped for in such a capitulation.

There are many that are ready to excuse their failures by saying it was the lack of opportunity; that had they been born in a higher station in life they too would have met with success. It is certainly of great advantage to any one to have the opportunities of high birth, yet it has its disadvantages, for one born of talented parents has less scope where human feet have trod, in which to make his march, and his success must be measured by his progress in life.

Beecher once said that his greatest misfortune was in being his father's son. The great preacher felt how much was demanded of him as his father's son. But high or low there is work for all and work for a life-time. The work of the old should be no nearer a close than the work of the young. That man has lived too long who feels that his work is done. It should be the chief pleasure of every one to see new paths of work constantly coming to view — one duty falling aside but to make room for another, until the new life shall open a richer field of work.

IT is a charge laid against the present generation that all minds at once turn to poetry; that form and finish are alone looked to and the matter treated of is of slight consequence, and that necessarily this causes a lack of reverential regard for the real poets that we have amongst us still. While it is true that in the multiplicity of rhymsters we are forgetting our poets, it may be equally true that in the microscopic presence of our poets of to-day

we are losing sight of the telescopic poets of our ancestry.

Let us hold our belief in Ossian and the misty stars of that time. Swift says somewhere that all sublimary happiness lies in being well deceived, and what can be more ennobling than an honest belief in this Anglo-Saxon Homer; clear back in the mist of tradition, from the very midst of chaos, thinking grand thoughts and giving them to men so as to make them think grandly too. We all know his "Apostrophe to the Sun," as high in its religious fervor and as true to poetic life as anything of Milton himself.

Then in the seventh or eighth century there is the epic of Beowulph, almost as artistic sense as the Odyssey, and in many respects higher in its tone. In fact both Ossian and the author of Beowulph have much higher conceptions of the place of woman, and what is more, higher and purer conceptions of the Godhead than did even great Homer.

In the thirteenth century, among others, there is "Layamon" and his "Brut of Wace," and the fourteenth, "Mort d' Arthur," and "Piers Ploughman," by the traditionary Robert Longelonde, all works of many beauties in form and language and thought.

We read Greek and Latin because they are disciplinary; because they are full of grand thoughts and because they are the basis of our modern tongues. For all these reasons, a study of Anglo-Saxon would help us and yet, while almost every school in the country teach these two, Anglo-Saxon is indeed a dead language. A

demand for a study of it will create opportunities. Let us read—read all we can until we get so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of these grand old noblemen, that the honest conviction is forced upon us that our ancestors, in nobility of thought and grandeur of utterance, were not one whit behind the ancestors of the French and Italians of to-day.

THE most intensely interesting literature is biography, because it is intensely personal. Why is a letter from a friend a greater treasure than an envelope stuffed with circulars from a book agent's office? Because one is eminently personal. It has in it something for you and for no one else, while the other is a general formula applicable to any easily deluded young man.

Biography is the noblest literature because the lives of great men lead quickly and deeply into the heart of great events. A great life, framed in biography, is a window that opens onto a comprehensive and diversified landscape of national policy and actions. This is especially true of ancient and mediæval history. Around the great men of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, and to a large extent, of Europe, are clustered or huddled the great issues and facts that form the framework of history. If you want a face-to-face knowledge of history, read biography. If you want noble models upon which to drape the fabric of thought and reflection, read biography. If you want to quicken a sterile imagination with potent and moving suggestions,

read biography. If you want to broaden your sympathies and stimulate your powers to action, read biography.

A great living preacher says that reading the lives of men whose trials and occupations were like your own, usually affects you as the steam in the hold of a vessel drives it on its course. While reading of men whose lives had no likeness to your own, guides you as the stars aid the ship in directing its course over the wide ocean.

OF composition on the benefits of reading and the use of libraries, there is no end.

Thus each new venturer risks saying what some one else has previously said, perhaps better than he. What we have to say, however, will, we think, be pertinent to certain of our students, though it be a repetition.

In the first place, don't come into the library and wander about aimlessly for an hour, looking at title pages and curious bindings. Many complain of lack of time to read, when, if they would improve their odd moments, they might, during their college course, become quite well read.

Besides, it is a valuable power to be able to take up a book just where you left off the day before, and carry the thought clearly along.

Therefore you should make up your minds what you want to read, take the book from the shelves at once and begin your task. If you do not know of any particular book that you desire to read, ask the librarian to recommend one. He knows what books are favorites with others, and, if he is an ac-

quaintance, can judge fairly well what books would be adapted to your tastes. It is a great advantage to masticate at the same time books of different natures, as poetry, fiction, philosophy, biography, art, etc.

For example: Tennyson's "In Memoriam" or Meredith's "Lucile." Scott's "Ivanhoe" or Kingsley's "Hypatia," Goodwin's "Walks and Talks in Science and Faith" or Drummond's "Natural Laws in the Spiritual World," Howitt's "Lives of the Poets" or Irving's "Life of Washington," Ruskin's "Art Culture" or Emerson's "Essay on Art."

LITERARY.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

By I. J., '87.

My days are in the yellow leaf.—*Byron.*

In pleasure's hammock, swinging slow
'Mid green leaf-filtered light,
A dreamer slept, and woke, and lo!
Sere branches met his sight.

Ah! mighty was his soul's amaze,
And Titan-like his grief;
For, spring misspent, he saw his days
Were in the yellow leaf.

DEAD.

By J. H. J., '88.

Adown yon hills by steeds of Phœbus drawn,
The funeral car slow bears the Day to rest;
And Stars of Evening guard the cloud-built
pyre
Whose glowing flames illumine the silent west.

See! led by Aries, Taurus, and The Twins,
A grand procession slow advances now;
While Pine-groves sigh in whispers born of
grief,
And all the flowers their heads in sorrow bow.

Forsaken Earth the garb of mourning wears,
A sable cloak lent by the Midnight Hours.

The dome above a million tapers holds,
And incense rises from the breath of flowers.

Anon the pall of ebon shadows woof,
Around the silent form is closer drawn,
And in the grave of days gone on before,
Another sleeps, alas! to wait no dawn.

◆◆◆

THE MISSION OF POETRY.

By J. I. H., '89.

THE soul of man is, as it were, the offspring of divinity, a spark of that divine fire which burns throughout the universe in immaculate and sovereign splendor. Mortal eye hath not seen the glory of that awful presence, but the soul can both see and understand. It bows in humble, though gracious reverence before its Great Creator, and draws its life from Him, the Fountain of Life.

God speaks to the soul of man in a varied language, too subtile for its full meaning to be expressed in human speech. In our more susceptible and thoughtful moods we catch inward gleams of a diviner beauty, of vanishing hues flashed, for an instant, from another world. All the objects of the natural creation are but the feeble reflection, in visible manifestation, of that Great Invisible who lies hidden behind the shadow of the material universe, whose presence we can only feel, not see. At those times when the influences of the natural world awaken sympathetic responses in the human breast, we almost seem to stand before the Spirit of Nature and converse with him face to face. From across the bounds of infinity a tide of gracious influences flood the soul, and man forgets his mortality, his finiteness, and feels his true

nature asserting itself as something immortal, infinite, and coeval with eternity.

Those who have caught and preserved for us these evanescent gleams of beauty, those who have made the nearest approach to translating this universal language of divinity, have been the world's great artists, whether they be poets, painters, sculptors, or musicians. And, though they might have retained but a faint, lingering beam of that splendor, or a fragmental echo of that voice, these have been, and are, the revealers of Divinity; and the lessons they have taught us have been more than human, and the beauties they have unveiled more than mortal. To poetry especially, whose range is the widest, whose influence is the most definite and sympathetic, belongs the power of reflecting the beauty encircling the soul, and of expressing as far as human language may, the nearly inexpressible.

Logic has striven to prove the existence and reality of Deity, metaphysics has hoped to analyze the soul and assure us of its immortality, and philosophy has endeavored so to consummate all attained knowledge as to construct a theoretical system of the universe, to penetrate to the Great Soul and reveal the secrets of the first cause. But the radiance of that "Life of Life" is too refined and transcendent for cold reason to behold, or philosophy to formulate. But at the point where these fail, poetry steps in, and with a much nearer and more sympathetic relation to the unapproachable source of all knowledge and intelligence, makes

known to us higher laws, deeper and more searching truths, than the coarseness and imperfection of philosophical analysis could ever reach.

One day the material universe, like a clouding veil, shall be rolled away, and then shall man behold and understand that which now seems to him darkly and indistinctly shadowed forth through the insufficient medium of the material and finite. Then shall he find his true place and complete happiness. But till then, through the gathered songs of the ages and the unwritten poetry of the heart of man, the soul shall be educated to express and realize its own infiniteness, to harmonize with the Infinite, and to endure the glories of that eternal day. It is to art, and poetry, and music, in particular, that we must look as the only adequate means of fitting man for the complete realization of his high destiny; as the only adequate power by which to purge the soul of the earthiness in which it was born, and enable it to walk in grace and dignity in the beautiful light of eternity. Not only do the songs of others waken in us responsive chords, but each soul swells with melodies that no tongue has spoken, no voice has sung; or is sometimes illumined with visions that no pencil has traced or chisel molded. To cherish these melodies and visions, to weave them in with the very fibre of life and heart, is a privilege of every one, and rightly improved will fill the life with grace and sweetness.

Man's spirit is born and cradled in the finite. The coarse, rough husk of the flower seed protects the germ within

until it shall spring to life, break its covering, discard that which once nourished it into being and burst into sweet and fragrant blossoming. So is man for awhile wrapped in the coarse envelope of the material. But, when nourished by the poetry of love and goodness and purity, distilled upon it like the dews from heaven, the soul shall have taken firm root in a celestial soil; the material, its office now fulfilled, will drop away, and that which it has nursed into life will unfold in rare and heavenly bloom, the beauty and richness of which can never fade, but will deepen and strengthen through the unlimited succession of ages.

BOREAS.

By F. F. P., '77.

A hardy and brusque Titan, born
Of the sweet, rosy Goddess of morn,
From my wild, rock-ribbed cavern I go
To wantonly buffet the snow;

But I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff
O'erlooking the gray, salt sea
I have vexed uproariously.

My father, stern Astreaus, frowns,
When he ponders what kingdoms and crowns
Could be bought with the wealth I have strewn
In the ocean depths soundless and lone.

Then I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
For the stubborn, gray, salt main
Will not give it back again.

My brothers—the fairest, I ween,
Have Auster and Zephyr e'er been—
And my sisters, loved stars in the sky,
Oft reproach me with look and with sigh;

And I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
For, down the gray, salt strand
There's a blanched corse on the sand.

The mariner knows my shrill voice,
Now cheering the way of his choice,

Now calling the storms on his path,
Provoking his fear and his wrath;
 But I sigh and sob and sough
 On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
 O'erlooking the gray, salt waves
 That fashion my victims' graves.

Disdaining all guile and intrigue,
But regardless of treaty and league,
Many good ships and stores I've destroyed,
As with war's fitful fortunes I've toyed.
 Still I sigh and sob and sough
 On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
 For, round the gray, salt deep,
 The slave and exile weep.

Though far from my dim, mountain home
On most mischievous missions I roam,
From the blest Hyperborean lands
I withhold my rough, riotous hands;
 And I sigh and sob and sough
 On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
 And gaze o'er the gray, salt way,
 On their long and gladsome day.
 —*Saturday Traveller.*

THE AMERICAN MIND: ITS CHARACTER AND PLACE.

BY A. L. S., '89.

IN the divine scheme of social organization and development the national mind is the individual. Great causes and great needs arise continually in the evolution of the ages, but simultaneously the nation appears whose advanced intelligence enables it to comprehend and fulfil the demands of its time. Thus have we received the models of literature, art, science, and philosophy. It is, then, natural and fitting that we should ask, what are the exigencies of our day and what relation do they bear to the American people?

But let us pause for a little to consider the Americans. Our constitution, in its bold departure from the established criterion occupies a unique posi-

tion in political history. National thought arising from the contemplation of a structure so unconstrained not unnaturally possesses a marked independence and breadth. The enormous extent, population, and wealth of this country stamp the contemplative mind with the impress of vastness and diversity of resources. The necessities of free government make us a candid, thoughtful people. The remarkable variety and abundance of our literature, presenting to us the achievements and ideals of the past tend to the development of a composite and all-comprehensive character.

More than all, that which makes the American mind individual—which fits it for a distinctive service—is that it unites under one flag and cements into one brotherhood all earth's races. So dissimilar are these elements that one has said "There is no characteristic American mind," but this is no longer true. The biological chemism has transformed the compound into a single substance.

Yet I am speaking more of the prospective than the actual, for not yet have we passed wholly from the confused state of transformation. The American mind is not dreamy Italian, sturdy English, vivacious French, philosophical German, nor grotesque Chinese, but, like the face of the Sistine Madonna, the whole harmoniously blended into one. Our government, our literary privileges, our universal ancestry, have unfitted the American for great original accomplishments along a single line of investigation; but have endowed him with a tolera-

tion as broad as the eccentricities of mankind, with sympathies as boundless as the experiences of the human heart, with a power of perceiving, classifying, and harmonizing truth, as comprehensive as unprejudiced reason can embrace. Is it not these attributes that the world to-day needs?

The apprehension of phenomena and law in all departments of knowledge is minute and far reaching; but the relations of the different departments are ill understood. These still await a master to bring out their concord, and produce a symphony that shall amaze the world. In economics we must consider the relations of government, land, labor, and capital. They are intricate and broad. A mind must be of majestic latitude to embrace them all. Between philosophy and religion there is a chasm yet wider and deeper; but it must be bridged. Already philosophy is saying in the language of Schiller, "Fear ye words? That is cowardly and the betrayer of an evil cause." The reconciliation must be made, and made on even ground. It is said that faith, not reason, has to do with religion; but faith is conviction, and conviction is born of reason. The same God inspires the philosopher and the saint. The alliance can and shall be made, but the intellect that shall reach this happy consummation must explore the border-grounds between the finite and the infinite.

This classifying and harmonizing may go yet farther. In all law there is unanimity. The triangle of forces is as true in biology, philosophy, and ethics, as in geometry and mechanics.

The growth and branching of a tree is the exact reproduction of the plan of evolution, and likewise the perfect representation of the laws of economic development. No less distinctly it symbolizes the course of thought. In them all is the one law of the resolution of initial forces. Herein is an opportunity for the exercise of a depth and breadth of knowledge that aspires to fellowship with God.

In view of these conditions I believe the American mind, when fully developed, is the key-stone to the triumphal arch which humanity is building, and through which it shall pass to that higher plane where it may see this life as one grand symmetrical whole; and thus be the better prepared to pass through that other triumphal arch into the infinite possibilities of eternity.

THE SOURCES OF COURAGE.

By E. L. S., '89.

THAT element of our natures which enables us to meet danger with a firm spirit and swelling soul has been called courage. The word, as is well known, is derived from the French, *coeur*, meaning heart. It seems that the effect of fear upon the heart was early observed, and thus from the chief of the physical organs was derived the name of this noblest attribute of the soul.

What is the source of this noble quality to which we instinctively pay the tribute of admiration? The name, as we have seen, suggests a purely physical origin. And that there is a certain courage arising from the consciousness

of physical power is sufficiently evident. We look for its display in the man with a vigorous constitution sooner than in the poor wretch with a feeble frame. Ancient Greece subjected her sons to the most severe physical training, and thus produced a race of men renowned for their valor and courage. A firm body braces and, as it were, encompasses the powers of the mind. Yet this is far from proving that a sound body is the sure warrant of courage. Who has not seen some modern Samson, when brought to the test, prove himself an abject coward, while the true hero has been disclosed in the person of some stripling or comparative dwarf? We must look deeper. Back of all merely physical qualities there must be a will—not an unreasonable stubbornness born of ignorance but a firm resolve founded on knowledge. All men have fear of that which is unknown or mysterious. The benighted races are hemmed in by superstitions, and superstition is the child of fear. But, as civilization advances and knowledge is diffused, the line of mystery gradually recedes. A thousand familiar instances might be brought to mind illustrative of the effect of complete knowledge upon courage. In our late war it was the skilled artisans and the students that proved the best soldiers; and in the last great European struggle the ignorant French army was easily put to flight by German troops formed from the educated classes. Their greater courage is explained by their power to contemplate the coming peril, philosophize upon the situation, and thus

avoid the effects of the sudden shock that danger always brings.

A man acquainted with the intricate paths of a woodland district enters it without a moment's hesitation, while the stranger is taunted by depressing fears. Thus, to the trained mind, objects are always presented with a distinctness and perspicuity, not like the phantoms seen by moonlight, or like Ossian's ghosts—dim forms of circumscribed shade.

Yet the wise man is not always the courageous man. We must go still deeper. Back of all physical qualities, back of all mental attributes, or perhaps more truly in a certain mysterious combination of both, lies still another source of courage. For want of a better name we will call it temperament, a term expressive of the subtle relations between the mind and the body. Under the many forms of courage traceable to temperament might be enumerated the spontaneous courage of the blood, the courage of habit, magnetic or transmitted courage, and the courage of self-devotion.

There is a certain innate fire of the blood which does not dare perils for the sake of principle, but loves them for their own sake without reference to any ulterior object. There is no special merit in it; it is a matter of temperament. No surplices no libraries, no counting house desks can eradicate this natural instinct. In the most placid life its possessor pants for danger.

Then there is that courage born of habit; and how much habit has to do with courage is shown by the well-known fact that even brave men are

often timid in the presence of novel dangers.

That, apart from all physical strength, there is a certain magnetic power in courage, is known to all. As the leader, so are the followers. It was for this reason that the Greeks used to send to Sparta, not for soldiers but for a general. Read one narrative of shipwreck, and human nature seems all sublime; read another, and under circumstances equally desperate, it appears bare, selfish, and groveling. The difference lies simply in the influence of a few leading spirits. Who has not felt this magnetic influence when listening to some powerful orator, or some strain of music bordering on the sublime? Has not your pulse beaten with a quicker stroke, and your soul welled with an emotion so strong that nothing seemed too exalted for your accomplishment? It must be admitted, however, that in most men these feelings pass away as quickly as aroused.

Still another species referable to temperament is that evoked by special exigencies, the courage of self-devotion. It belongs especially to the race of martyrs and enthusiasts whose personal terrors vanish with the greatness of the object sought, so that Joan of Arc, listening to the songs of angels, does not feel the flames. Indeed, there is something grand in this variety. The courage of blood, of habit, or of imitation is not necessarily an exalted thing; but the courage of self-devotion cannot be otherwise than noble, however wasted on fanaticism or delusion, for it borders on the domain reserved for that sublimest of all

courage—the courage inspired by a sense of duty; for back of all physical qualities, back of all mental attributes, back of all peculiarities of temperament, in the deepest recesses of man's nature is something called conscience, the monitor that tells him whether he is right or wrong, and he who follows its dictates is pre-eminently the man of courage. If, as Shakespeare says, "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," it is also conscience and conscience alone that can make true heroes of us all.

There is a proneness to look only at openly demonstrated heroism for courage. Courage, however, is not evinced by noise and bombast, but more often by modesty and reserve. The man in the midst of poverty, toiling uncomplainingly for the sustenance of his family with the full knowledge that he can never rise above his misfortunes is a man of courage. The man who can, but will not, take more than justly belongs to him is a man of courage. The man who, like Luther, has views in advance of the age and who dares to express them, he also has courage. But he gives the best proof of courage who, to shield and protect others, accepts open insult and submits uncomplainingly to contempt, ridicule, and vituperation. This is harder than enduring pain; harder than braving danger; harder than wearing a royal crown. Pride and presumption play no part in such a man's life. He cares not for the taunts and jeers of scoffers nor the applause of fools. Duty has shown him the right and his courage rises invincible above derision. The name of

such a man is rarely known to the world. Yet what matter if none below the throne of God can identify him? What matter if his epitaph is not carved among the mausoleums of the world? Poets may sing of the glorious deeds of ancient and modern heroes; of their Agamemnons and Napoleons; and revere them as gods. But should his name be written where it belongs, it would appear high up above them all.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

By N. G. B., '91.

Wide stretched the desert waste from east to west,—

From north to south wide stretched the burning sands.

No spot of green in all that broad expanse
Might rest the weary eye,—no waters cool
The tongue long parched with thirst. The caravan

Slow dragged its weary length across the sands

In silence, while the patient camels sniffed
The sultry air in vain attempt to catch
Afar the scent of palms and waters cool.
The leader of the train, deep-wrapt in thoughts
Of loved ones whom he might ne'er see again,
Till Allah called them also to Himself,
Spake not, nor turned to right or left.

But lo!

A voice, close at his side, broke in upon
His reverie at last with words like these:
"Unworthy all am I, most noble Sheik,
To stand before thy presence,—I, a man
Of humble birth and lowly fortunes,—yet
I crave your hearing for a moment, while
I tell my tale. When first I left my home
To meet the dangers of the desert waste,
My aged mother placed within my hands
This tiny leathern flask.

"Take it, my son,"

She said, 'and guard it well, for it may save
Thy life, mayhap, upon those burning sands
Which thou must cross. From a far distant land,

Where bubbles up unceasingly the Fount,—
The wondrous Fount of Life,—I brought it,
filled

With sparkling waters from the Fountain-Head.

Take it and use it wisely, and thou shalt
Not want the wherewith to allay thy thirst,
Till Allah call thee home.'

"My mother's gift

I cherished as she bade me, and though years
Have passed since then in journeys to and fro
Across the rainless plains, it never yet
Has failed my need. And now, most noble
Sheik,

I share with thee and thine the Gift of Life."

A wondering silence fell upon the train,
And on the speaker every eye was fixed,
To see what he might do. But when he had
Unsealed the flask, he did not hold it to
The chieftain's lips that he might drink, but
spilled

Upon the sand a single crystal drop,
Then placed the flask again within his breast.
The Sheik in wrath upsprang: "And dost
thou dare

To mock me thus? Dog, thou shalt die!"

But ere

The word had died upon his lips, he paused,
Transfixed with wonder. At his feet upwelled
A spring of clear, cold water, from the spot
Where fell the wondrous drop. A marvelous
Exhaustless fount, where all might drink their
fill.

Around its margin blossomed into life
A thousand unknown flowers, and all the
place

Was filled with strange, sweet odors, like the
breath

Of angels. Feathery palms upspringing cast
Their grateful shade across the grass-clothed
plain,

While at their feet welled up unceasingly
The water's clear, whose murmured music fell
Like fairy chimes upon the listening air.

With reverent awe the chieftain bowed his
head,

And kneeling by the bubbling spring, gave
thanks

To Allah for that wondrous Fount of Life,
Whose precious waters held such power to
make

The desert bud and blossom like the rose.

O ye who tread the desert wastes of life,
Whose feet press wearily the scorching sands
Of sin, behold, upgushing at your feet,
The Fount—the Life Stream from the throne
of God.

Drink and your thirsty souls shall live. The
 sin,
 The grief, the restless discontent, shall flee
 Away before its healing power. The Christ
 Hath said, "Who drinketh from this Fount
 of Life,
 Shall never thirst." Pass not unheeding by
 Till in the desert wide ye die of thirst,
 And none be found to give you drink.
 And ye
 Who carry in your hearts the hidden "well,
 Upspringing into life eternal," share
 The wondrous gift ye have received, with
 those
 Who else might perish by the way with thirst.
 Let fall on weary souls, the precious drops
 Whence healing waters shall upspring. Fill
 ye
 Their pitchers from an overflowing heart,
 That they may drink and live. So shall ye
 make
 The desert blossom and be glad. So shall
 Ye lead them to the Fountain-Head at last,
 And bring them home to God.

IN MEMORIAM.

Speak low and gently for God's angel
 Hath passed by us in the night.
 Bow down the head. A comrade
 Hath gone forward to the light.

—Dartmouth.

Everett James Small, aged 21 years
 11 months 4 days, died of consump-
 tion at his home in Lewiston, October
 14th.

At the time of his death, Mr. Small
 was president of the class of '89,
 Bates College; literary editor of the
 BATES STUDENT, and secretary of the
 New England Intercollegiate Press
 Association.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, In the Divine order of
 events, it has pleased the All-Wise
 Being to remove from us our beloved
 classmate, Everett J. Small;

Resolved, That thereby the college
 has sustained an irreparable loss and
 his class an esteemed member;

Resolved, That we extend our heart-
 felt sympathy to a bereaved parent in
 his affliction;

Resolved, That a copy of these reso-
 lutions be printed in the BATES STU-
 DENT.

I. N. COX,

M. S. LITTLE,

F. M. BUKER,

Committee of Class of '89.

Whereas, In the Divine order of
 events, death has removed from our
 society an honored and esteemed mem-
 ber, Everett J. Small, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of the
 Polymnian Society deeply mourn the
 loss of an earnest worker and a true
 friend;

Resolved, That we extend our sym-
 pathies to the bereaved father in his
 deep affliction, and to the college to
 which he was so firmly attached;

Resolved, That a copy of the above
 be entered upon the records of our
 society, and also that it be printed
 in the BATES STUDENT.

A. E. HATCH,

ELI EDGECOMB,

NELSON G. HOWARD,

Committee.

Resolved, That in the death of Ev-
 erett James Small, the editorial board
 of the BATES STUDENT sustains the loss
 of an active and efficient member.

Resolved, That we, the remaining
 members of the board, extend our

deepest sympathy to the father and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the STUDENT.

C. J. EMERSON,
F. J. DAGGETT,
A. L. SAFFORD,
E. I. CHIPMAN,
L. E. PLUMSTEAD,
Editors of Bates Student.

IN MEMORY OF EVERETT J. SMALL.

My pupil whom I ne'er forgot to love,
Yet whom the greatest Teacher loved the more.
The while we wait outside His heavenly
school,
For thee He has unclosed the heavenly door.

Within thy Father's mansions wide and fair,
With those dear ones, from earth before thee
flown,—
Why should we speak of thee as dead, thou
hast
But entered into love to us unknown.

To-day thou learnest of that life divine,
No man may tell with faltering human tongue,
O happy soul, shall we not to be glad,
This great promotion came to thee so young.

—Annie M. Libby, in *Lewiston Journal*.

IN SYMPATHY.

The attendance at the funeral services of the late Everett J. Small, son of James T. Small, of this city, at 2 P.M., Tuesday, was very large, quite filling the Main Street Free Baptist Church, where they were held.

The church was trimmed for the services, and the pulpit and recesses were filled with flowers and trailing vines. About the arch of the recess of the pulpit, were draped the colors of Bates College, with wreaths of immortelles and living green. The casket was placed in front of the altar, and was

quite buried beneath the floral gifts from affectionate and sorrow-stricken friends.

The casket was of steel gray embossed plush, setting on pedestals of white. Upon it was an open book of flowers, the token of the class of '89 Bates, and a pillow with "Everett" upon it, a remembrance from the father, besides numerous other floral offerings from the high school class of which he was a member, and from relatives and friends.

The youthfulness of the congregation at the church was one of its most touching features. The members of the Bates College class of '89, of which he was a member had charge of the services, and all of them attended. The members of his graduating class at the Lewiston High School were also present. The class of '89, Bates, wore class colors draped in mourning and occupied seats in the body of the house reserved for them.

The bearers were Messrs. Neal, Woodman, Day, Garcelon, Davis, and Whitcomb of Bates College.

Brief services were attended at the residence of the father at 1.30 P.M. The members of the class and family and friends proceeded to the church in carriages. The services were very impressive. They were conducted by the pastor, assisted by Professor Angell of the college.

In behalf of the class, C. J. Emerson offered an interesting and touching tribute to the life and character of the deceased.

Professor Angell briefly reviewed his connection with the college, and A. L. Safford read a poem.

Rev. M. Summerbell spoke very sympathetically of the life and death of the departed, and his words carried great weight to all who heard them.

The deceased was buried at Riverside Cemetery, in Lewiston.

The college boys formed a solid column and followed the procession to the grave. Prayer was offered by the class chaplain, F. M. Buker. Ode composed by A. E. Hatch was sung by the class, and each member deposited a spray of flowers and evergreen upon the head of the casket.

—*Lewiston Journal.*

IN MEMORIAM.

By A. L. S., '89.

I.

And thou art dead? What! No, it cannot be,
Thou art asleep and soon shalt wake and speak.

Once more glad converse shall I hold with thee.

No. Silent yet. Thy mortal lips are sealed.
How strange! It seems as 'twere but yesterday
Thou was the brightest, cheerfulest one of all.
Thoughtful and kind, a true friend hast thou been.

We loved thee, and e'en now thy noble brow,
Though cold in death, is pleasant to our gaze.
And thou art dead, art gone from us for aye.

II.

Spirit of faith that in the hush of night
Discerns far toward the East approaching day,
Teach us beyond the shadowed vale of death
To trace some ray of that eternal light
Than which hope knows no fairer goal to choose,

And which our fancy dares not strive to paint,
But stands o'ercome with awe as we do now.
Ye everlasting hills that from your heights
Survey unmoved the dismal wreck of time,
Teach our poor, broken, bleeding hearts to soothe

This grief that blinds us to what death must mean.

Spirit of prayer, breathe o'er our troubled souls
Thy peace. Lead us beside thy quiet stream.

Calm our grieved spirits. From thy clear,
pure, founts
Bathe thou our fevered brain. O comfort us.

III.

This is not he. 'Tis but a garb time gives
And takes away when he has filled his course,
Served out in uniform the enlisted years;
And now, methinks, he lives at home again.
A few spans more and we'll be free with him,
These finite mortal bonds be rent in twain.
Infinitude of thought, companionship
With God will be within our eager grasp,
And we again shall know, exuberant,
The thrills of fellowship and mutual love.

IV.

Last night when o'er the autumn groves and fields

The teeming moon effused its lambent light,
I stole forth from my chamber to the streets
That all deserted seemed like men to sleep,
And, as I wandered slowly back and forth,
From out the uncertain shade he seemed to rise.

As in the days of yore, we strolled along
And gayly chatted 'bout some slight event.
Yet all the time he spake, I seemed to feel
Within the presence of a master mind.
He seemed to turn those deep and kindly eyes
Toward mine, as though he read my secret self.

Fain would I then have grasped his cordial hand,
And felt the thrill of soul discerned by soul.
Upon the silence, for we woke no sound,
Obtruded rustling noise of falling leaf.
I fancied they were souls that with a breath
Were wafted back to God from whence they sprang.

So vanished he, but he has left to us
A legacy that we do well to hold.
"Father, for your sake only, would I live,
And for the good that I perchance might do."
His book is closed, the seal forever set,
To us remains a page not printed yet,
May it be filled as his brief life has taught.

A TRIBUTE TO EVERETT J. SMALL.

By C. J. E., '89.

Three years ago, when the class of '89 entered Bates College, among the number of strong and vigorous men

whom like tastes and common purposes had brought together, was our friend and classmate, Everett James Small.

Strong, self-reliant, cordial, tender, and sympathetic, he was the firm friend of every college student, and especially dear to us, who, through familiar and constant association, knew his worth and manliness.

During the two years and a half of his college life he worked steadily for the promotion of every good and desirable object. With a mind keenly alive to every college interest, whether of study, of recreation, or of loyalty, he exerted an influence, positive and beneficial. He was a college man in the fullest sense that the term implies. To him college was the workshop of character, where the noblest thoughts, the highest aspirations, and the purest ideals were to be wrought into a symmetrical and potent manhood. He lived as he believed; and to meet him, to converse with him, and to know him, was to feel that life has a mission and a majesty.

One year ago, by universal choice, he became our class president, trusted and esteemed. Viewed in the light of literary attainment, he was a thorough scholar, an easy and forcible writer, an eloquent speaker, and an attractive conversationalist. While on a trip to Florida, during his Freshman year, he wrote for the press a description of his journey—an article pronounced by literary men to be of unusual literary merit. From that time forward he has held the rank of a frequent and valuable contributor.

At the beginning of the present

year, when the class of '89 assumed the publication of our college journal, Everett James Small was appointed literary editor. Shortly afterward, at a meeting held in Boston, he was elected secretary of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, the duties of which position he has since then discharged ably, carefully, and with thoughtful discrimination.

In the literary society, of which he was an active and constant member, no name received more cordial greeting, no presence was more heartily welcomed. Of broad sympathies, of sound judgment, of tender and affectionate disposition, we loved him.

Such, in brief, was his connection with Bates College and the class of '89. A noble man has been cut down in the strength and beauty of a noble life. Our literary society mourns the loss of a distinguished member, the editorial staff that of a faithful and efficient co-worker, and the class of '89 its president.

Our sympathy goes out to a bereaved father in the loss of one who was ever thoughtful and kind. Oh, God we pray thee strengthen us as we bow before Thee and learn to say "Not our will but Thine be done."

FUNERAL ODE.

By A. E. H., '89.

Air—"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Classmates, we have gathered here,
 All our tasks we've laid aside;
 We cannot restrain the tear,
 And our grief we cannot hide.
 He was proud with us to stand,
 Who, but one short year ago,
 Was the leader of our band.
 Now, to-day, he's lying low.

Thou on whom affliction's hand
 Rests with strange and awful power,
 Think that from the blackest cloud
 Falls at last the crystal shower.
 Tried as gold, by fire refined.
 When our Lord returns to reign,
 If he finds thee faithful still,
 Thou shalt meet thine own again.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

WAKEFIELD, MASS., Sept. 29, 1888.

Dear Sirs,—In the first convention of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, held February 22, 1887, the feasibility of an established magazine, to be recognized as the official organ of the body, was extensively discussed. The idea as a project was finally abandoned.

After the lapse of a year or more the principal has come to activity again, but in a modified aspect. The ground work is now under way, upon which a periodical will take its place to be known as the *Collegian*; not the mere representative of the N. E. I. P. A., but of the American undergraduate.

Through your pages we beg to lay before him, whose support and endorsement we claim, the following tenets for his immediate consideration:

a. The American college man is capable of excellent work, for the coming literary power of the country is germinant in him.

b. The first springs of this power should and must have perceptible manifestation. The *Collegian* makes it a prime motive to introduce *young talent* to the world of literature.

c. As a magazine, nothing will come to print except the productions of undergraduates.

You will see that the aim is the staunch support of any student heartily desiring prominence in literary endeavor, and this support will be given if his work justifies approbation.

The *Collegian* will resemble *Lippincott's* in size and general make-up, and its contents will be much as follows:

One Special paper,	10 or 12 pages.
Two Prize Stories, each	10 pages.
Two Prize Essays, each	10 pages.
Two Prize Poems, each	1 page.
Editorial Columns,	6 pages.
Rostrum,	6 pages.
Preparatory School Department,	15 pages.
Letters, Berlin, Oxford, etc.,	10 pages.
Eclectic and Chronological Departments,	15 pages.
Athletic,	10 pages.
Book Review,	10 pages.

To give a few words in explanation: the Rostrum is to consist of the compilation of the best articles upon a given topic, editorial or otherwise, appearing during a month's time in the pages of our college press. These several best views will be re-printed in this department of the *Collegian*, with a few appended considerations of the Sanctum. This will, we hope, prove a means to induce editorial excellence, and the offer of a liberal prize cannot fail to enhance the zeal of the competition.

The foreign correspondence has for its chief merit the opening up of constantly occurring new ideas and incentives to the American undergraduate having in prospect a term of study abroad. This department will be made

as interesting as able co-workers can make it.

The Eclectic and Chronological pages keep willing space for all truly meritorious productions coming to the surface in "monthly," "bi-weekly," "weekly," and "daily," besides maintaining a constant record of events. In other words, we "clip" and "credit."

The Athletic and Book Review departments explain themselves. Now, as to our scale of Prizes :

For the best Essay, any subject, 6,000 words limit,	\$50.00
For the best Story, any plot whatever, 6,000 words limit,	50.00
For the best Poem, 40 lines limit,	15.00
For the second best Essay, 6,000 words limit,	25.00
For the second best Story, 6,000 words limit,	25.00
For the second best Poem, 40 lines limit,	10.00
For the best Editorial under "Rostrum,"	25.00

First topic for Rostrum—"Will the *Collegian* interfere with the individual work of the College Press?"

Our subscription price is fixed at \$3.00 per annum, and twelve numbers will be printed, the first appearing in December, 1888, as the January number—provided a subscription list sufficient to guarantee publication be obtained prior to December 1st; if not, then delay must ensue, but the *Collegian* is a mere question of time, and is a fact of the near future. Articles and contributions for this number will be due on or before November 1, 1888, at the address given below. Contributors must sign full name, class, and college.

We trust, in closing, that we are to have your heartiest co-operation, and expect to unite with you as friends of long standing.

"THE COLLEGIAN,"

Wakefield, Mass.

SAMUEL ABBOTT, Pres't N. E. I. P. A.,
Chairman Editorial Board.

LOCALS.

THE FRESHMAN'S BOAST.

"Well, no, I'm not athletic,
Don't play tennis or foot-ball,
Never try to run or hurdle;
Though I cannot row at all,"
"Yet," his bosom swelled with pride,
"I've beat the best competer,
And blown the highest record
On Seavy's spirometer."

—Yale Record.

Harrison, Morton, 'rah! 'rah! 'rah!
Did you attend the "Juch Concert?"
Now is the time to build that toboggan chute.

Several new articles of furniture add to the attractiveness of the Polymnian room.

The gym exhibition occurred Monday and Tuesday evenings, November 19th and 20th.

The Bates College Brass Band is in a flourishing condition, and will furnish music at reasonable rates.

All but one of the Professors "illuminated" at the recent Republican celebration.

About one hundred of the students, headed by the college band, composed the third company in the parade. They carried brooms, and at frequent intervals awoke the echoes with the "boom-a-laka."

Cox, Daggett, Newell, '89; Plummer, Chase, Miss Fassett, '91, and Donnocker, '92, are teaching in the city evening schools.

Ham, '91, who has been so seriously ill is very much improved, and, to the joy of every one in college, his recovery is now spoken of as certain.

A. E. Hatch, '89, has published an attractive little book, entitled "The Progressive Annual." We understand the book is meeting with a very good sale.

The lecture before the Polymnian Society, Friday evening, October 26th, by F. E. Stanley of Lewiston, was heartily appreciated by a large number of students.

Prof. Dodge has recently invented a new sort of parallel bars that he thinks will be a great improvement upon any previous style. He intends to have them patented.

The reading-room is now under the supervision of Woodman, '90, and the thanks of the association are due him for the neat and perfect arrangement of the reading matter.

Saturday, November 10th, '90 took temporary possession of the silver cup won field day, and a slip of garnet ribbon, with the monogram of '90, was placed in the cup amid enthusiastic cheers.

The college year is near a close, and we would respectfully request all subscribers who are in arrears for the BATES STUDENT to forward their subscriptions, at once, to the business manager.

Several students who went home to elect the President, have returned with new suits of clothes. ———?

Several of the students attended the Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Bowdoin, October 24th, 25th, and 26th.

The *N. Y. Mail and Express* calls attention to the fact that "Union, Bates, and Swarthmore, all lay claim to garnet" as their college color. This difficulty should be obviated by mutual arrangement. We would suggest the addition of another color to the garnet.

The annual election of the officers of the Reading-Room was held Saturday evening, November 17th, as follows: President, F. W. Newell, '89; Vice-President, A. N. Peaslee, '90; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Woodman, '90; Directors, H. E. Fernald, '89, H. J. Piper, '90, F. L. Pugsley, '91, E. W. Emery, '92.

The Polymnian Society held its annual public meeting in College Chapel, Friday evening, November 9th. The hall and stage were handsomely decorated, and the parts were all well sustained.

PROGRAMME.—PART FIRST.

Piano Duet—La Fanfare Dragons.

—F. Boscovitz, Op. 60.

Misses Fairbanks and Gatchell.

PRAYER.

Solo—When Sparrows Build.—Gabriel.

Mrs. Ada Cary Sturgis.

Declamation—Secession.—A. H. Stevens.

G. K. Small.

Recitation—The Catholic Psalm.—Elizabeth Hubbard.

Miss Carrie E. Ireland.

Solo—The Waiting Heart.—Mrs. Young.

Mrs. Ada Cary Sturgis.

PART SECOND.

Piano Solo—Ernani; Transcription.—E. Dorn.

Miss Marion Gatchell.

Oration—Over the Alps my Italy lies.
A. L. Safford.
Poem—The Legend of St. Christopher.
A. E. Hatch.
Song—The Last Chord.—Sullivan.
Mrs. Ada Cary Sturgis.
Paper.
J. I. Hutchinson, Miss Nellie F. Snow.

The declamations of the Prize Division of the Freshman class took place at College Chapel, November 13th. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Widow's Light.—Anon.
Vann E. Meserve.
Hervé Riel.—Browning. Annie V. Stevens.
Extract.—Ingersoll. V. E. Sawyer.
A Soldier of the Empire.—Page. J. R. Little.

MUSIC.

Eulogy on Clay.—Cooper. W. B. Skelton.
Horatius at the Bridge.—Macaulay.
J. B. McFadden.
The Modern Cain.—Edwards. E. L. Baker.
Tribute to Grant.—Jenkins. W. H. Putnam.
Pericles to the People.—Kellogg.
E. E. Osgood.

MUSIC.

Protest Against Turkish Perfidy.—Kossuth.
N. W. Howard.
Learning by Heart.—Lusington.
Carrie E. Ireland.
Salathiel to Titus.—Croly. Scott Wilson.
Jamie Butler and the Owl.—Anon.
H. L. Buzzell.

MUSIC.

Decision of Committee:
The prize was awarded to J. R. Little.

The Eurosophian public meeting occurred Friday evening, November 16th. The following is the programme :

PART I.

Piano Duet—Il Trovatore.—Verdi.
Misses Andrews and Wood.
PRAYER.
Duet—Friend of Sinners.—Campana.
Miss Wood, Mr. Pierce.
Declamation—Brides of Enderby.—Jean
Ingelow. F. S. Libbey.
Poem—The Fountain of Life.
Miss Grace N. Bray.
Solo—Protestations.—Norris. F. S. Pierce.
(Violin obligato by H. V. Neal.)

Discussion—Resolved, That the Roman Catholic Church has been a Hindrance to the Progress of Civilization.
Affirmative—A. N. Peaslee.
Negative—F. J. Daggett.
Song—"Bates." Air—"Old New England."

PART II.

Piano Solo—Perle Du Nord.—Ascher.
Miss A. M. Andrews.
Recitation—Echo and the Fairy.—Jean
Ingelow. Miss H. A. Pulsifer.
Oration—The Source of Courage.
E. L. Stevens.
Solo—Ave Maria.—Luzzi. Miss Della Wood.
Paper.
Mr. F. S. Pierce and Miss L. M. Bodge.
Duet—Cheerfulness.—Gumbert.
Miss Wood and Mr. Pierce.

The first convention of the foreign missionary volunteers of Maine was held with the Bates delegation, Saturday, November 18th. At this meeting an organization was perfected and a constitution adopted. The object of the organization is to secure missionary volunteers for foreign fields; to furnish to the different churches in the state, speakers whose business it shall be to present the subject of foreign missions and to accept contributions for the carrying on of this work in the state and for foreign missions. The officers of the Association consist of a chief executive and an advisory board of three. The officers elected were Rev. F. W. Sandford, of Topsham, Chief Executive; C. F. Hersey, Bowdoin, A. B. Patten, Colby, T. M. Singer, Bates, Advisors. The members of the newly formed organization took leave of each other at the close of the day with a stronger determination than ever before to give themselves heartily to the great work of spreading the gospel in foreign lands.

The officers of the different classes have been elected as follows: '89—President, H. W. Small; Vice-President, Blanche A. Wright; Secretary, Henrietta A. Given; Treasurer, H. L. Knox; Chaplain, F. M. Buker; Orator, C. J. Emerson; Poet, A. L. Safford; Odist, A. E. Hatch; Historian, Susie A. Norton; Prophet, F. J. Daggett; Marshal, I. N. Cox; for Address, G. H. Libby; Executive Committee, F. W. Newell, E. L. Stevens, A. B. Call, Mary S. Little, H. E. Fernald. '90—President, H. V. Neal; Vice-President, F. B. Nelson; Secretary and Treasurer, Nellie F. Snow; Toast-master, W. F. Garcelon; Poet, H. J. Piper; Orator, A. N. Peaslee; Marshal, F. S. Pierce; Chaplain, F. B. Nelson. '91—President, W. F. Ham; Vice-President, Gertrude Littlefield; Secretary, Edna Merrill; Treasurer, W. S. Mason; Orator, F. L. Pugsley; Poet, Grace Bray; Historian, Hattie Pulsifer; Prophet, Alice Beal; Chaplain, W. L. Nickerson; Marshal, A. D. Pinkham; Executive Committee, C. E. Woodside, Stella Chipman, F. W. Plummer; Social Committee, W. M. Davis, Lilla Bodge, Mabel Merrill. '92—President, Scott Wilson; Vice-President, V. E. Sawyer; Secretary, Miss C. E. Ireland; Treasurer, J. B. Coy; Orator, W. B. Skelton; Poet, H. E. Walter; Odist, Miss A. V. Stevens; Marshal, E. W. Emery; Prophet, C. C. Ferguson; Historian, W. H. Putnam; Chaplain, H. L. Buzzell; Toast-master, N. W. Howard; Executive Committee, J. R. Little, Miss V. E. Meserve, R. A. Small.

Field Day, as observed at Bates, Fri-

day, October 12th, was a decided success. Of those who had entered the lists, Daggett was obliged to be away, and Larrabee and Mace had sprained themselves in practice.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Hundred Yards Dash. Stevens, '89; Daggett, '89; Garcelon, '90; Day, '90; Garland, '90; Howard, '91; Plummer, '91; Nickerson, '91; Ham, '91; Putnam, '92; Wilson, '92; Donaker, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 11½; second, Putnam, record 12.

Throwing Hammer. Emerson, '89; Newell, '89; Cox, '89; Whitcomb, '90; Morrill, '90; Nickerson, '91; Pugsley, '91; Coy, '92; Blanchard, '92. Winner, Coy, record 53-7; second, Whitcomb, record 51-4.

Hitch and Kick. Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Larrabee, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 8; second, Woodman, record 7-1.

Mile Run. Nichols, '90; Garland, '90; Cutts, '91; Mason, '91; Howard, '91; Graves, '92. Winner, Garland, record 5-55½; second, Cutts, record 6-2.

Standing Broad Jump. Newell, '89; Stevens, '89; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Morrell, '90; Plummer, '91; Emery, '92. Winner, Stevens, record 9½; second, Emery, record 9¼.

Putting Shot. Cox, '89; Whitcomb, '90; Morrell, '90; Pugsley, '91; Coy, '92. Winner, Whitcomb, record 25-10¾; second, Morrell, record 23.

Mile Walk. Buker, '89; Fernald, '89; Edgecomb, '90; Woodman, '90; Ham, '91; Larrabee, '91; Cutts, '91; McFadden, '92; Skelton, '92. Winner, Skelton, record 9-26½; second, Ham, record 9-35.

Running Broad Jump. Daggett, '89; Garland, '90; Garcelon, '90; Ham, '91; Emery, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 15-5; second, Ham, record 15-4½.

Knapsack Race. Small and Kinney, '89; Edgecomb and Garland, '90; Garcelon and Woodman, '90; Mason and Howard, '91; Mace and Watson, '91; Nickerson and Plummer, '91; Skelton and Wilson, '92. Winners, Nickerson and Plummer, record 25; second, Skelton and Wilson, record 25¾.

Bicycle Race. Putnam, '92; Walter, '92. Winner, Walter, record —; second, Putnam, record —.

Standing High Kick. Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Morrell, '90; Garland, '90; Larrabee,

'91; Ham, '91; Emery, '92. Winner, Emery, record 7-3; second, Woodman, record 7-1.

220-Yards Dash. Small, '89; Stevens, '89; Kinney, '89; Garcelon, '90; Day, '90; Garland, '90; Cutts, '91; Smith, '91; Putnam, '92. Winner, Day, record 26½; second, Garcelon, record 27½.

Throwing Base-Ball. Daggett, '89; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Mace, '91; Emerick, '91; Emery, '92; Putnam, '92. Winner, Putnam, record 291-6; second, Emery, record, 289.

Half-Mile Run. Garcelon, '90; Nichols, '90; Garland, '90; Ham, '91; Mace, '91; Graves, '92; Skelton, '92. Winner, Garland, record 2-35; second, Skelton, record 2-44.

Running High Jump. Daggett, '89; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Nickerson, '91; Greenwood, '91; Putnam, '92. A draw between Garcelon, Nickerson, and Putnam, record 4-7.

Hurdle Race. Daggett, '89; Small, '89; Emerson, '89; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Garland, '90; Ham, '91; Larrabee, '91; Mace, '91; Watson, '91; Cutts, '91; Skelton, '92; Donnocker, '92; McFadden, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 21; second, Garland, record 21½.

Standing High Jump. Garland, '90; Garcelon, '90; Nickerson, '91; Mace, '91; Putnam, '92. Winner, Putnam, record 4-1; second, Garland, record 4.

Pole Vault. Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Garland, '90; Ham, '91; Pugsley, '91; Donnocker, '92; Wilson, '92. Winner, Ham, record 6-7; second, Wilson, record 6-5.

Three-Legged Race. Newell and Buker, '89; Kinney and Small, '89; Garcelon and Woodman, '90; Mace and Mason, '91; Smith and Larrabee, '91; Ham and Plummer, '91; Wilson and Graves, '92. Winner, Graves and Wilson, record 17; second, Garcelon and Woodman, record 18½.

Tug of War. Six men from each class. Winner, '92 and '90.

This being our first field-day for several years, the records were rather low. We hope to raise them considerably at the spring meeting.

Cornell has 1200 students. 400 have entered '92, and the college is so pressed for room that all the dormitories have been changed into recitation rooms.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

1884.

Aaron Beede, Jr., student at Andover Theological Seminary.

Miss A. M. Brackett, assistant teacher in Auburn High School.

Miss H. M. Brackett, assistant librarian in Columbia College, N. Y.

Rev. E. R. Chadwick, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Milton, N. H.

J. W. Chadwick, principal of grammar school, Gardiner, Me.

W. H. Davis, principal of high school, Skowhegan, Me.

R. E. Donnell.

Mrs. F. A. Dudley McKenzie, Northwood, N. H.

E. H. Emery, engaged in the Signal Service stationed at Chattanooga, Ala.

C. S. Flanders, principal of high school, Perysville, Indiana

Sumner Hackett, practicing law, San Diego, California.

M. L. Hersey, a graduate from West Point, and a lieutenant in the U. S. Army.

E. M. Holden, Harvard Medical School.

Miss E. L. Knowles, practicing law in Dakota.

Miss K. A. McVay, assistant teacher in Lewiston High School.

F. S. Sampson, practicing law, Lewiston, Maine, in the firm of Sampson & Angers.

H. Whitney, veterinary surgeon, at New Haven, Conn.

W. D. Wilson, teaching in State Normal School, Tuskegee, Ala.

D. L. Whitnarch, principal of high school, Lisbon Falls.

1885.

R. E. Attwood, treasurer of Lewiston & Auburn Horse Railroad Company.

E. H. Brackett, principal of grammar school, Merrimac, Mass.

B. C. W. Cushman, teaching high school, Sumner, Me.

Miss M. A. Emerson, teacher in seminary, Wilton, Saratoga County, N. Y.

F. S. Forbes, pastor of Saratoga Street Congregational Church, Omaha, Neb.

A. F. Gilbert, principal of grammar school, Newburyport, Mass.

Geo. A. Goodwin, studying law in Lewiston.
Miss C. L. Ham, assistant teacher in Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Centre, Vt.

C. W. Harlow, practicing medicine, China, Maine.

W. W. Jenness, P. C., in law school, Boston University.

F. A. Morey, practicing law, Keeseville, New York.

A. B. Morrill, principal of high school, Lancaster, Mass.

J. M. Nichols, first assistant in high school, Rochester, N. H.

C. A. Scott, managing proprietor of Bay State Teachers' Agency, Boston, Mass.

W. M. Small, practicing medicine in hospital, Randall's Island, N. Y.

Rev. E. B. Stiles, appointed foreign missionary to India.

Rev. M. P. Tobey, pastor of Free Baptist church, Water Village, Ossipee, N. H.

Mrs. A. H. Tucker-Stiles appointed foreign missionary to India.

C. T. Walter, proprietor and editor of *St. Johnsbury Republican*, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

C. A. Washburn, first assistant Auburn High School, Auburn, Me.

D. C. Washburn, engaged in journalistic work, on *New York Press*, New York City.

W. V. Whitmore, engaged in real estate business in California.

1886.

W. Bartlett.

A. E. Blanchard, member of the law firm of Nearing, Barry & Blanchard, Kansas City, Mo.

S. G. Bonney, in Harvard Medical School.

H. M. Cheney, editor of a paper, Lebanon, N. H.

A. H. Dunn, principal of high school, Fairplay, Col.

J. W. Flanders, employed by a railroad company, Portage City, Wis.

J. W. Goff, principal of North Anson Academy, North Anson, Me.

C. Hadley, in Theological Seminary, Newton, Mass.

W. H. Hartshorn, principal of high school, and Superintendent of Schools, Laconia, N. H.

C. E. B. Libby, in business at Locke's Mills, Maine.

H. C. Lowden, studying in Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me.

E. A. Merrill, in a law office, Minneapolis, Minn.

W. A. Morton, studying medicine in College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.

F. H. Nickerson, teacher in Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

G. E. Paine, Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me.

F. E. Parlin, principal of academy, at Bakersfield, Vt.

W. N. Prescott, druggist, Lewiston, Me.

T. D. Sale, publishing a newspaper, Portland, Me.

F. W. Sandford, pastor of Free Baptist church, Topsham, Me.

H. S. Sleeper, studying medicine in New York City.

C. E. Stevens, teaching high school, Lewiston, Me.

I. H. Storer, teaching high school, Warren, Maine.

Miss A. S. Tracy, assistant in high school, Topsham, Me.

E. D. Varney, principal of Bryant Grammar School, Denver, Col.

A. E. Verrill, in the law office of Messrs. Savage & Oakes, Lewiston, Me.

L. H. Wentworth, civil engineer, Boston, Mass.

J. H. Williamson, in the law firm of Wyman & Williamson, Minneapolis and Anoka, Minn.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'85.—W. W. Jenness, who for two years was a student in the office of Thomas Cogswell, and for the last year a member of Boston University Law School, passed a very successful examination recently before the committee at Concord, N. H., and was admitted to the bar. His rank was 95 per cent., only one person ever ranking higher, and that one marked 96.

'85.—Lancaster, Mass., September, to the wife of Prof. A. B. Morrill, a daughter.

'88.—In Levant, October 14th, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. O. Staples, by Rev. Ira H. Brown, Mr. Charles L. Wallace, principal of Guilford (Conn.) Academy, and Miss Grace Montgomery of Levant.

'87.—A. S. Woodman is studying law with Hon. W. L. Putnam, Portland.

'87.—Percy Howe, attending Dental College, Philadelphia.

'82.—Norcross has resigned the principalship of Lewiston Grammar School to accept a position in Chelsea, Mass.

'77.—Mrs. Morehouse is preparing a book of poems.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham has resigned his pastorate at Boothbay.

'74.—H. H. Acterian is taking special studies at the State University, Minneapolis.

'71.—Abbott is in the employment of an extensive mining company in South America, at a large salary.

'71.—Libby is re-elected county attorney for Androscoggin County.

'67.—Sleeper is re-elected state senator for Androscoggin County.

'75.—Spear has just returned from a journey to Dakota, on important law business.

STUDENTS.

'89.—E. L. Stevens is teaching at Clinton, Me.

'90.—H. J. Piper is principal of the high school at Mechanic Falls, Me.

'91.—W. F. Ham is at his home sick with typhoid pneumonia.

'91.—W. M. Davis is sick with pneumonia at Boston, Mass.

'92.—L. E. Graves is teaching at Wilton, N. H.

Professor A. W. Small, of Colby, will take charge of English, and American Constitutional History, at Johns Hopkins.

POET'S CORNER.

IMMORTALE EST.

The fields lie brown; the trees are gold and red;

The sougning breezes sigh of storm and cold;
But still above, though all the world be dead,
The fadeless sky is radiant, as of old.

From this poor world sad death may steal our all,

The wealth of friends, of comfort, and of love,
And yet, in tenderness, whate'er befall,
Bright, pure, and fadeless, heaven bends above.
—Brunonian.

REST.

In a quiet fern-clad valley:

Where the weeping willows bend,
And the thriving, dew-kissed creepers
Up the mossy cliffside wend:

There I love to lie, and, dreaming,

Wander back to by-gone days:
Back to home, to friends, to mother;
Back to all my youthful ways:

And, while memory paints her pictures,
Touching chords that make me weep:
Nature with her dulcet music
Lulls my weary soul to sleep.

—Tuftonian.

ON THE COAST.

The night is dark and the wind blows east,
The spectral fog creeps in from sea,
The breakers are white as foaming yeast,
But sheltered safe and warm are we.

A gust of wind and a dash of rain,
The storm has reached the coast at last,
The gale moans low like a thing in pain,
Then shrieks and roars, a raging blast.

The waves sweep over the reeling deck,
The vessel staggers in the sea,
She drifts in the trough a helpless wreck,—
While warm and sheltered safe are we.

—Dartmouth.

THUNDER-STORM AT SEA.

(Rondeau.)

Their mighty arms the dull blue clouds that drift
Down slantwise, hurtling seaward sheer and swift

Spread far and heavily. Angry ocean glowers,
Darkened by their dread shadow. Tall cloud-
towers;
Torn by the deep-based sky-quake, start and
shift
Their massive masonry. And, see! a rift
Splits their high walls! Through the rent
strange sky-gleams sift.
High toss the waves where low the welkin
lowers
Their mighty arms.

Cloud-mountains! Vast sky-beaches surfed
and cliffed!
O strong wind wailing for the ungained Sea's-
gift!
O fierce Sea-beast that bellows and devours!
Behind your rage the calm resistless powers,
The stern, grand, elemental angels, lift
Their mighty arms.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

Rendered into Latin Rhyming trochaic verse.

JOHN ORDRONAU, M.D., LL.D.

I.

Me, fer, Tu potens Jehovah,
Peregrinum in deserto,
Labor sed in Te vis tota,
Forti, tolle Me, lacerto.
Panis coeli! Panis coeli!
Pasce me per cursum aevi.

II.

Sit aperta speciosa,
Fons quo lympha viveus fluat,
Fac ut nubes luminosa,
Me per vitam semper ducat.
Numen tutum! Numen tutum!
Esto mē, nunc vires, scutum.

III.

Quum Jordanis ero vadis,
Ab pallente mentu parce,
Strages Mortis! Victor Hadis!
Me, coelesti duc in arce,
Carmen laudis! Carmen laudis!
Jesu! dabo cum vi cordis.

IV.

Meditans domo de nostro,
Volveus sedes sacras coeli,
Replet cor cum sancto voto
Veni Jesu! citò veni!
Vana tantim cerno, Tecum
Jesu! *Maneam per aevum.*

—*Dartmouth, Jan., 1880.*

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers 'gainst my
hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tender-
ness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving
thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said,
Strands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-
night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more
to me
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious
clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O Friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow
The way is lonely; let me feel them now,
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a
thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

—*Sunbeam.*

EXCHANGES.

The *Dartmouth Lit.* has the conclu-
sion of its article on the study of the
ancient classics and takes up the follow-
ing points: III. The study of the an-
cient classics brings the student in con-
tact with the great sources of literary

and historical influences; IV. The classic tongues furnish the key to a vast range of modern thought; V. An education that includes classical studies tends to a far wider range and a higher scale of success in life. The points are all strong and well argued and the whole forms a notably strong argument for the classics. It also contains a picturesque paper on "Butterflies" and several good poems.

The *College Rambler* is full of notes of the late intercollegiate oratorical contest in Illinois, and publishes the essay that took second prize, "Gladstone and England." If we take the testimony of this magazine, these contests are advantageous, and there is no reason why New England, or at least Maine colleges, should not try co-operation in this as in athletics.

Three of this month's exchanges come out with articles of a political tendency: the *Tuftsian*, on the "Re-election of Cleveland"; the *Aegis*, on the "True Import of Socialism"; and the *Denison Collegian*, on "The Tariff in the Present Campaign." It is only right that college students should take a strong interest in these subjects, as it is only through our educated men that the standard of political life can be raised, and as long as all bitterness of party feeling is absent these discussions are helpful rather than otherwise.

The *University Herald* has an interesting article on "Co-education in the Old Countries," as a means of incitement to the new.

The *College Journal* contains a fine paraphrase on the "Hail Mary," besides many interesting centenary notes.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

Columbia is to have a course in library instruction.

Professor Bancroft, of Brown, has started a Saturday class in Anglo-Saxon.

Seventy young ladies from Chicago have entered the different seminaries and colleges of Massachusetts.

Yale has furnished ninety-two college presidents.

The trustees of Brown University have voted not to adopt co-education.

Thirty-seven Japanese students are attending the University of Michigan.

Pan Yan, President of Pekin Academy, is translating Shakespeare into Chinese.

Thirteen hundred and sixty members of the University of Cambridge are opposed to co-education.

In place of the customary rush at Boston University, the Sophomore class gave the Freshmen a supper.

POTPOURRI.

RASH VOWS.

On Mabel's lip there glowed such charms,
I could not in my soul resist her;
I caught her, blushing, in my arms,
And on those ruddy lips I kissed her.

Till panting, trembling, and afraid
To give her tender bosom pain,
I cried, "Forgive, forgive, sweet maid!
I vow I'll ne'er offend again."

"I do forgive," she kindly cried
And sweetly arched her smiling brows.
"I do forgive," she softly sighed,
"But, prythee, dear, make no rash vows."

—*The Tech.*

Vivacious Young Lady — “Guess what we are to have to-night, Mrs. Bascom—charades!” Mrs. Bascom—“I knowed it! I smelt ’em clear out to the gate.”—*Burlington Free Press*.

Ethel (shuddering) — “How the trees moan and sigh to-night!” Bobby (speaks whereof he knows) — “Well, I guess you’d moan and sigh if you were as full of green apples as they be.”—*Ex.*

“What do you want to set such a tough chicken before me for?” indignantly exclaimed a fair damsel in a restaurant, the other day. “Age before beauty, always, you know, ma’am!” replied the polite attendant.

—*Colby Echo.*

In curtained elegance and cushioned ease,
With charms from orient to please,—

A quaint retreat,—
A window seat;

Guitar and music scattered there,
Perfumed abandon lades the air.

The stars without, within the firelight’s ruby
hue,

Send glances to the eyes of blue,—
A form so chaste,

A slender waist;
Upon the lounge she sits with me,
What rapture, bliss, and ecstasy!

The grotesque figures wrought in ancient
clay

With knowing glances seem to say,
“How awful sweet,
It can’t be beat.”

But what cared we? they couldn’t tell;
Oh, that we thus might always dwell.

Why didn’t I propose? I didn’t dare;
She wore a condescending air,
She was a flirt,
I do assert;

But then I liked to have her hug,
For I’m her little frowzy pug.

—*Amherst Lit.*

Mrs. Bascombe (to the cook)—“O! dear, Mary, what shall we have for dinner? Can’t you make a suggestion?” Mary—“I’ll try marm. What do you make it of?”

“May I venture to tell the old, old story, Miss Maude,” he said tremulously; “the old, old, yet ever new, story of—” “Pardon me, Mr. Sampson, if I cause you pain,” interrupted the girl gently, “but to me the story you wish to tell is a chestnut. “A chestnut?” “Yes, Mr. Sampson, I’m already engaged; but I will be a sister—” “It isn’t as wormy as that one,” murmured Mr. Sampson, feeling for his hat.—*New York Sun.*

NIGHT.

’Twas a warm mid-summer evening,
When the moon with modest glances
Looked beneath the cloudy curtain,
Looked into the student’s window;
Saw the student sweating badly,
With his hair in tangled masses,
And his temper not the sweetest.
Now the cricket in the corner
Sung his soporific music
To the student so ill-natured;
And the death-watch in the ceiling
Answered back in measured ticking.
But the student did not heed them,
Did not hear the death-watch ticking,
Did not hear the cricket chirping,
Did not mind the moon bright-shining;
For mosquitoes large as vampires
Sang their anthems o’er his forehead,
Lit upon his blood-stained forehead
And upon his hands all swollen,
Flew into his ears so ample,
With caresses soft and tender.
In the chimney very ancient
Chimney swallows fed their fledglings
And disturbed the angry student
With a clatter most incessant,
Like the mill at Minnehaha
When between the stones have fallen
Flinty rocks or spikes of iron;
And two dogs beneath the window,
Fighting o’er a bone new-stolen,
Answered back in tones sonorous.
Then the student fell a dreaming,
And in far-off Onomagás
Dreamed that he was Adam Forepaugh!

W. L. N., ’91.

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

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