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Bates College

THE BATES STUDENT

Number 10.

Sixteenth Volume.

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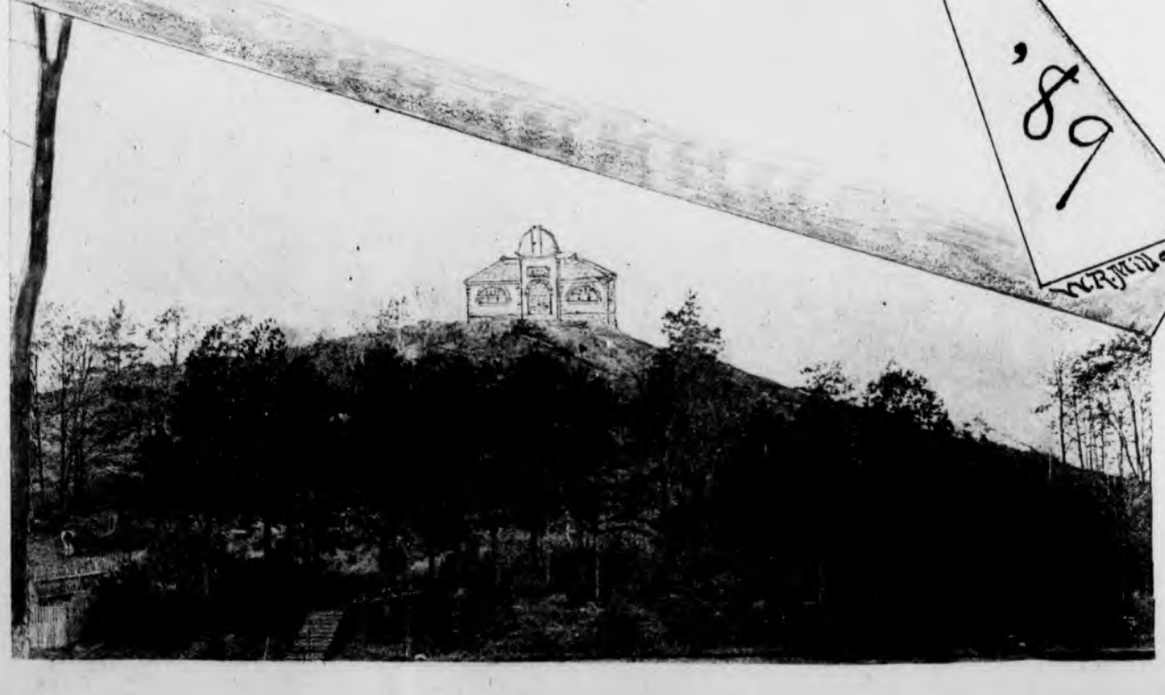

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI. DECEMBER, 1888. No. 10.

THE BATES STUDENT

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LEWISTON, ME.

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VOL. XVI., No. 10.—DECEMBER, 1888.

EDITORIAL.

WITH this number the editing of the STUDENT passes from the class of 'eighty-nine to the class of 'ninety. The editors extend their thanks to all those that have assisted them during the past year, and especially to the class of 'eighty-nine, who, by their generous contributions, have materially lightened the cares and labors of the editorial board. A word of thanks is also due our printers for care and expedition in printing the STUDENT.

THE tendency of to-day is toward co-operation, proper organization and distribution of labor, and in no branch is this more evident than in religious work. The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, the W. C. T. U., the Y's, branches and organizations innumerable are being formed as the advantages of systematic work are seen. This is a great advantage over the desultory work of the past, as all admit, and the matter for consideration to us who are fitting for life is, how we may adapt ourselves to the movement. One of the first requisites, in this as in everything, is a due feeling of responsibility, and to this, in some measure, our college course contributes. Our college

societies, both literary and religious, look to each member for work, and on individual faithfulness depends the general success.

But there is one thing more that is not made of sufficient avail, the class prayer-meeting. If every member of the class had a patriotic interest and every Christian had a religious interest in addition, the gain would be incalculable. Ask the higher classes and the alumni, you who have just entered, and all the testimony will be to good gained, all the regret that no more interest was taken.

OUR presidential election is over and our candidate or yours was elected. What did we do to further or hinder the result? To us, in a measure, belongs the honor of bringing about a clean government or the disgrace of helping a corrupt one. What excuse can those who are careless give? We have, in America, a government of the people distinctively, and yet it is universally acknowledged that the politics of to-day do not represent the spirit of the best class of citizens. If this is so, the sooner a reform is made the surer the perpetuity of this government. The fault of our corrupt politics belongs to our educated men. Boston, New York, Chicago, and hosts of the larger cities are notorious because they are in the political control of demagogues, men who rule through the ignorance and venality of the people, while the men who understand the purposes of this government and its fundamental principles stand aside and bemoan the corruption they have not tried to prevent.

An American citizen has no right to enjoy the advantages of our free institutions and do nothing to preserve them. If a scholar desires to abstract himself from the world and become a hermit, let him take up his residence in Germany, or better still in Russia, where not only the necessity but also the opportunity of sharing in the government is taken from him, but let Americans see that their country requires their best, and let them cheerfully render it.

IF "every word of a teacher should weigh a pound" not many could be spoken. Certainly not much scolding could be done. In our public schools there is nothing like fault-finding to drive all interest from a class. The conscientious pupil is sure to think the teacher is personal, and the idler never takes a "hint."

If words are more than nothing, the teacher when asked a question cannot go back to the beginning of time and trace all bearings on the subject down to eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, without the scholar being wholly bewildered and failing to distinguish between facts and theory. A pupil thus answered will ask few questions unless he wishes to escape recitations or to show his teacher's verbosity. The teacher that spends part of each recitation, scolding, will certainly lose the respect of his scholars. Even if he does have their welfare in view, they will fail to appreciate it under this disguise.

NO witness ever testified on the stand of that awful sensation a man feels when on the stage he forgets his part. Vast and brooding night, processions of dreams surcharged with the unreal and strange never gossiped over the threshold of the quaking sense of that experience. What a palsied commiseration the audience feels when it looks on that saddest of human spectacles! the ghastly, nervous smile, those parched lips, those sadly rotating, unfixed and glazed eyes scaling, like disturbed bats, the ceiling, the chandelier, and the carpet, and those fingers, sweaty and cold, that clutch and contract in convulsive, mutual agony. Have you been there, my friend, and seen your own unhappiness reflected from a hundred faces, and felt from the wide hall all eyes focussed on you; when you thought of Oregon, and wished you were there; when you thought of the humble and self-sacrificing worm, and wished you were there; when you thought of mines, and wished you were a miner and there was a shaft deep and wide at your feet? I contend that is the keenest suffering known to civilized life. I contend that the young man who, having enjoyed with his best girl the hospitality of a strange restaurant in a strange city, as he suddenly feels the accidental emptiness of his wallet feels easy and hopeful beside the man who forgets. In the past three years that we have been connected with this college we have seen Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors forget their declamations or debates or orations, and then sin against their own nature by wishing they had never been born. Men, who are working not with tools but with their minds, and who have been training their mental faculties for a series of years, ought to be ashamed of this. The memory ought to be trained and insured against any such faultiness. It ought to be self-compulsory to strengthen the memory, first by analytically following every public discourse you hear, so that afterward you hold a skeleton of it you can produce; and second, in reading be able by practice to review consecutively what you have been reading, not the language nor every image, but a connected line of thought, or an idea which the language and images subserve; and third, by committing to memory poetry and prose selections from standard pieces. This last I believe not only strengthens the memory but strengthens the whole mind. Upon these pieces which memory has established in the mind the other faculties in some way feed and grow stronger and richer in their capability of movement.

"WHAT shall I read to help me on my debate," some one asks. Don't read at all as long as you find it necessary to ask that question. You are confused. Your question shows it. Desultory reading,—reading without any plan or system, with no view to the strengthening, or revealing the fallacy of an argument will only confuse you the more. Sit down and think over your subject. Think of it on the street. Dream of it, if you please. Get where you will not have to force yourself to think of it to keep

it in the mind. It is only when a subject has found a pleasant and permanent lodgement in your mind that you will begin to think with the greatest energy and success. Retain the subject in the mind, by an effort if necessary, until it has begun to germinate, and then you will find it has a wonderful power and activity inhering in it and will of itself grow with great vigor and luxuriance. It is when the mind is working with the least effort that it thinks the best. Only once get it kindled and aglow and the fire will burn of itself.

Well, in regard to that debate or essay, you must first get your mind afire, lay out your plan and adopt your hypotheses. You must have some hypothesis, some supposition to work on, and let it be as broad, comprehensive, and universal as you can make it, or them. Now you are ready to read and study the facts of the case. You will now know what to read and will read with some system, and every fact will tell. You will test carefully the material from which your plan was constructed, and may perhaps find here and there a hollow timber in your argument, which is to be cut out and a sound one put in its place. Thus you see that your plan is a nucleus, a centralizing law round which is easily crystallized the fact that you cull from reading or observation. Without this you are very liable to collect only a heterogenous heap of rubbish.

MODERN science boasts not so much of the vast store of isolated facts which it has collected, as of the broad and comprehensive generalizations it has made. But these, comprehensive as many of them are, are but temporary devises, and only wait a master mind to supersede them with vaster and more general ones. We are coming to understand that everything arranges itself in accordance with inscrutable law. We are, as students, expected to bring our influence, however slight it may be, to bear upon our co-workers or those growing up about us; and what this influence shall be in after life depends upon our education and mode in which we learn to think. There is always danger of too strong empiricism. Before the invention of explosives, man had to do his mining by slow and laborious chipping. And so from the mine of truth he used to dig out one at a time the more easily detached fragments. But now with his more powerful laws and generalizations he may cut out from this exhaustless mine splendid blocks and immense boulders at a single stroke. This is the work of the future in which we shall all have more or less to do, either in direct exertions or in training others for such work. The broader, the more comprehensive, the farther reaching and more universal our mode of thinking the better prepared will we be to labor in that near future, which is sure to reveal some startling secrets.

WE like to see a good healthy conservatism established on a rational basis. Not a conservatism of obstinacy, bigotry, or ignorance, but one sustained by wide knowledge and clear insight. A conservative is not necessarily stationary, but he is moderate,

wise, and endowed with sound, common sense. He always looks before he leaps. He shuns heated discussions, and wild, unintelligible enthusiasm. He believes there is a nucleus of truth in every opinion that has self-power sufficient to propagate itself through any mass of people. He seeks to preserve this element, this germ of good, and crystallize around it others and still others. He is content to await the gradual maturing of time. He is an optimist.

The radical, on the other hand, presents diametrically opposite qualities. He is a pessimist. He conceives the world's progress to be blocked with error. He is afraid everything is going to the bad, and, as a drowning man, he clutches convulsively at what he believes to be the only salvation. He is a man of one thought, impelled by one impulse. It often happens that the man in him disappears and nothing is left but an embodied IDEA. He has, however, his true place and has often filled it with right good heroism. He has sometimes conceived grand projects at times when the whole web of public life had become so tangled that it has been no longer possible to bring system out of its chaos. Such times have needed men of profound conceptions and swift determination to sweep away that from which no further good could be extracted, and lay a new foundation for a fabric which the old could no longer sustain. But such times were abnormal, and such deeds as anomalous as the times. It is the slow, silent, but irresistible, onward flow of public opinion that constitutes true progress, and this is not an impulse, but the resultant of a constant, gradual growth in knowledge and intelligence.

LITERARY.

MIND AND HEART.

BY J. I. H., '89.

I had a vision of a youth whose brow
Was clad with weighty thought as one that spent
Pale night in reading the high wrought charact'ry
Of heaven. He was not wont with careless mirth
To chase away the Hours of Destiny.
He often wore a troubled countenance.
A shade of melancholy gloom o'erspread
His face which way soe'er he turned. He shunned
The touch of human life, and cared not
To hear of human deeds; deeming the thoughts
Of men were base, their looks bent to the earth.
He pitied, loathed, though hated not his kind.
And, had he deemed it possible, he e'en
Had sought to turn men's minds to higher thoughts.
Despairing of that hope, he lived a life
Of solitude. The wisdom of the past
He gathered round him. All the stores of Art,
Nature, and Science, lay at his command.
He sought not learning for its own sake; but
That he might solve the shrouded mystery
Of being. And when, wearied with long hours
Of studies deep, to cool his fevered brow,
He ranged abroad o'er Nature's realm, he sought
No flowery glades, nor rich luxuriance,
But stately forests, whose majestic silence
Spoke with o'ermastering eloquence; or oft
By ocean's strand he watched the flowing tide
That like the throb and swell of his own heart
Beat on some distant, unknown shore; or scaled,
Perchance, some dizzy mountain height and stood
Upon the verge of mighty steeps, as though
He purposed to stalk o'er the edge of th' world
Out on unknown and vast Infinity.
And thus the hours and days that others give

To pleasing fancies and bright dreams, by him
Were given to thoughts too high for man to reach,
To things too deep for man to understand;
And through his teeming brain and o'erwrought fancy
Did feverish and disjointed visions float
Laden with awful and unspoken meaning.

I saw this youth once with a Maiden meet,
Whose fair and beaming face did index thoughts
High sprung from noble mind; affections pure,
Outflowing from a heart whose depths of sweet
Sincerity no thought might fathom. There
That One whose mind had gathered from the face
Of Nature, meaning strange and wonderful,
Now read in eyes, that gleamed with eloquence
Unmatched, a volume of such lore that its
Unravelled import fed his troubled soul
With peace. He ne'er before had felt the touch
Of passion's fever. Man,
The transitory passion of an hour,
The fretful ebullition on the sea,
Unruffled, of eternal silence, he
Had all forgot. He'd e'en forgot his own
Humanity, and only felt himself
An unimpassioned Thought
Joined to the changeless and eternal calm
Of Destiny.

The weeks and months had sped.
I saw the youth had learned another language
Wherewith he could interpret all life's mysteries.
'Twas Love had taught it him. The maid had linked
Him to mankind. And now he sought not Truth
For its own abstract self. For he had learned
That it was useless pains to strive to know
Of that beyond the bounds of man's existence.
That which involved a human interest,
Or human happiness, was now to him
The only truth legitimate to seek.

And now how changed was Nature's face.
She oped a volume hitherto fast closed,
And every flower seemed to shed sweet rays
Of tender feeling. Purpled roses breathed
Around the life and light of love.
And o'er the enchained stillness of the calm
And voiceless night, the moon poured forth a flood
Of mellow beams that softly seemed to rest
O'er all the earth with universal, deep,
Unchangeable affection.

Years had gone.
The youth whom Genius erst had marked her own
Was come to manhood's prime; and on his brow
I read the life of one who now strove not
To drag reluctant secrets from their sleep
In the dread stillness of the Night of ages.
Instead were portrayed thoughts sublime, transcribed
From souls of men; and lucid harmony
Was sprung from Mind and Heart conjoined.

CHANGES IN IDEALS.

By F. J. D., '89.

A KING or a generation is a juvenile sprout compared with an ideal, for when a king dies the hopes and aspirations of a few years only are at an end; the scepter has a new hand; the robe a new wearer; the slave a new master; the base a new altar upon which to pour the incense of flattery; the brave a new object before which to tremble.

But when an ideal dies, the bell tolls and the grave yawns, not for one, not for a generation, but millions of men and women have lived and loved, looked upon God's sun, felt the sweetness and mystery of life, and gone down to the dust. When an ideal dies the ashes congregate not upon a single hearthstone, but their gray stillness has settled over the mighty embers of national dreams and struggles, and the genius of a hundred breasts has frozen into marble or spread itself upon canvas and parchment.

What is an ideal? An ideal is the difference between the dog that prowls around the prison drain for a bone,

and the great-hearted Howard, whose man-loving spirit lit up the prison cells with a kindly light. An ideal is the difference between the ass that bore Christ into Jerusalem and that more than regal tenderness, which wept over the fallen city and cried: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not."

Give the tiger, the wolf, and the crocodile an ideal and they would forsake the jungle, the cavern, and the mud, and thunder at the doors of the churches and the schools for admission. Take the ideal from human life, and love, hope, immortality, and all high adventure would become as the lost arts, and decay would spread its dread etching of destruction over every village and home, while man was quarreling with the wolf for his bed and groveling with the swine for his food.

The coat of arms representing the United States is an eagle with a sheaf of arrows in its claws. If I were to design a coat of arms representing the great ideals of the past three thousand years, you would see first a wreath of olive leaves encircling a chisel, on a background of marble; the wreath typifying physical culture, the chisel the love of art, and the age of Leonidas and Phidias it should symbolize. Then would you see a sword and a bundle of fasces on a background stained as with blood; the sword typifying conquest, the fasces authority, and the age of Brutus and Cæsar it will symbolize. Then should there be a cross and a mitre on a background gloomy as the night; the cross typifying the church of Rome, the mitre, papal authority, and the Middle Ages it will symbolize. And finally should you see an open book with light from its pages as from the sun streaming on a background of human faces; the book typifying thought, the light the dissemination of knowledge, and the age of Lincoln and Edison it shall symbolize.

Who were the nobility of Sparta? The nobility of Sparta was he of the deep chest, the sixteen-inch biceps, and a back laqueared with rigid rolls of muscle. The congress of Sparta was the field of conquest and the training table, and muscle the chariot leading to Spartan glory; muscle the coin that bought Spartan immortality. Sparta was the dynasty of abstinence and the nurse of heroic hardihood. Sterile not in brute force, her ideal, like a lean-tongued giantess, licked out of life all beauty, all tenderness. Would you be great in Sparta? Envy not the God-like utterances of Webster so much as an arm that can strike for an hour without rest. Envy not the colossal genius of Milton, who scaled high heaven and deep hell by the English language, so much as a foot that can run a day. Would you be great in Sparta, envy not the ocean-like heart of Lincoln so much as a breast that can receive the blows of a sledge and not faint. Would you be great in Sparta, envy not the world-wide sympathy of God's Son so much as a neck columnar as an oak. Fatal as the decree of Herod was it to be born in Sparta with a slender constitution. So fatal was it that against infantile disability a mother's heart was cold and a mother's breast was barren.

Rome was like a gigantic cuttle-fish, its giant radiations extending in her paved roads; her pro-consuls posted along the way like suckers to absorb the wealth of her conquered provinces. She wound her colossal constrictions about genius, enfolded religion in its chill coil until her very gods turned their sad eyes from heaven toward Rome. Cæsar found his department of greatness in Gaul and in the palace; Cicero found his department of greatness in the Senate. The Patrician found his department of greatness in the gracious and beautiful enclosures of wealth. But the ordinary, ragged, every-day men and women who walked the streets, restless and hungry, looked in vain for their department of greatness. They streamed by the Senate, through the forum,—it was not there. They lingered about the languid homes of the rich,—it was not there. It was nowhere, and they were blindly and wildly mad; hence that huge unrest. In the violence of the masses; in their clamorous homage of one faction and hasty destruction of another, they were but unconsciously seeking for some one that in some way could reveal to them greatness of soul and thus bring greatness within the reach, not only of kings, giants, and geniuses, but within the reach of every man. At this time from the neighborhood of Jerusalem, less than a dozen men, with startled eyes, ran into the night. They wore the livery of no monarch; were poorly clad, and without money, yet bore the commission of royalty to the universal soul of mankind. They were carried forward by no horses but upon the projectile force of an ideal, so grand and mighty, that it was to bring greatness within the reach of the ignorant, the weak, the poor, and the lowly. The seeds of light were scattered in the darkness. A strange, new whisper, like the breeze that moves the reeds at daybreak was passing from lip to lip. It told the slave, life meant something more to him than stabbing a man in the dark and carrying soup to kings. It halted weary men by the gates of the city and pointed their bewildered gaze to something greater than the turret and walls,—to their own souls.

The insane and foolish ask Sparta's ideal for a home and the wilderness is given. An infant stretches up its weak hands and death draws them back; the homeless hungry ask for food and the stones of the field are given; thousands of hard working men and women ask for employment and encouragement and are leased to slavery. A physical giant comes along and he is welcomed as the prodigal son. Over the entrance to Roman greatness is written: "The only passport here is the kingly treasure, the conqueror's sword, or the works of genius." To-day, not poverty nor sickness, not accident nor birth, not disease inherited nor casual, can ostracize man, woman, or child from the opportunity of greatness in their own eyes and in the eyes of their fellow-men.

The Japanese government has issued an order that English be taught in all Japanese schools.

ROMOLA.

By E. I. C., '89.

A GREAT book may be tested in the same way as a great engineering work—"will it stand"? And may be judged in the same way, by its foundations and structures. Does it treat of the true or the false? The truth of a moment, or the truth of all time? That which influences a generation, or that which influences the centuries?

"Middlemarch," "Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede," all lay claim to excellences, but "Romola" alone of George Eliot's works combines their virtues and avoids their faults. Her philosophical and minutely accurate knowledge of history; her keen, almost startling, insight into the aims and purposes of human life; the justice and impartiality of her judgments are never so clearly shown as in this—the ripened fruit of her genius.

George Eliot's method is synthetic, rather than analytic. She deals largely with the mental and moral conflicts of her characters, and less with their acts and the outward expression of their individuality. It is said of the Bible that the purity of Enoch and the sins of David are alike recorded without comment. This absolute impartiality of statement is equally true of George Eliot. She stands as a surgeon with glittering knife, separating nerve and sinew, bone and muscle, and however clearly she sets things forth and explains them, she still leaves it for your own consciousness to judge of them. She covers up nothing because it is ugly, she discloses nothing because it is beautiful.

If you doubt this, analyze the main characters of this book. Savonarola is painted not a martyr, but a man. Faithfully she sketches his self-denial, his far-seeing keenness, his confidence that he is God's chosen instrument; but as faithfully how, in time, the feeling that he was a passive instrument was lost, and the blazing glory of the end he sought blinded him to the means employed; how he prostituted his conscience to his purpose, and how, as soon as he lowered his standard of justice and right, the very means by which he sought to accomplish his glorious ends helped on their defeat.

Tito is represented more in action than the other characters, because his life was vital rather than spiritual. But even his mental states are given as causes of action, rather than his acts as indices of his mind. His open-handed generosity, his freedom from envy, his natural frankness, are shown as plainly as his love of ease and disregard of higher duty. Whether he is criminally strong, or weak you must judge for yourself; and just as you judge those around you, so you judge him. If the author's skill allows you to penetrate his heart and learn the secrets of his very soul, she only gives you more data for judgment.

As to Romola, it is only in a small part of the book that she is a woman, strong in her love, weak in her very strength. She is a mind; a soul controlling and using a body; a fact putting on mortality. Her father is dependent

upon her, then her service is her duty, and all things must subtend this one arc. The gratification of her love itself depends upon its utility to serve her duty, and, because it seems to do this service, she yields to it. Here is the first difference between Romola and Tito. With her, gratitude toward one she loved was the central pillar supporting the entire dome; with him, it was a mere entablature, to be considered solely in regard to its effectiveness of design; to be used or discarded as it increased or interrupted the grace of outline. This was the key to her life.

At first duty was plain to her, interpreted as it was by her love, but as she and Tito grew farther apart, and duty passed from the intuitive knowledge of love to the ignorance of an unforseen relation, it wavered—free duty to self, or strained duty to another.

A step farther and the die was cast; since Tito did not need her, duty did not require her to cripple herself. Then it was that Savonarola and his sublime teachings reached her, higher than a duty to self, higher even than a duty to love was the duty of man to man. Henceforth life meant something new to her—a growth until, when Savonarola himself forgot his teachings, the pupil stepped before the teacher, and in the clear light the higher duty stood forth, once for all, acute; its angles unshadowed, unsoftened; its position unwavering, uncompromising.

Considering "Romola" simply as an historical novel, it stands deservedly near the head of these hybrid works. Sir Walter Scott dips all his characters in the rosy dye of romance—knights, ladies, and castles, all are seen in this hue; hence it is impossible to judge of people or acts justly; all the knights are heroes, all the atmosphere, chivalry and high daring. "Romola" has no such claim. We can hardly conceive of a work more literal in its interpretation. In comparison, Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is a brilliant romance.

George Eliot studies history, however, not in quest of dry facts, but in search of the philosophy of history. As she sketches character, so she sketches events—by looking into the interior cause, the hidden meaning of the movements, leaving the events themselves simply as illustrations of underlying principles. From this book alone a tolerably clear idea may be gained of the peculiar relations that the different Italian states held toward one another, and that the Pope held toward all. Clearer, because more essential to the subject, are her dealings with Florentine politics. The intrigues of the Medici, the restoration of the republic, the various conflicting elements, the important influence of Fra Girolamo's preaching are all drawn clearly and boldly. While we are conscious that this was not the main purpose, or, perhaps, not a purpose at all, the conviction is forced upon us that, to the writer, the minutest part of the work is worthy the labor necessary to attain perfection. Like the drawings of Doré, the remotest figure it as accurately filled out as the immediate foreground.

There is a striking peculiarity of

George Eliot's writings—her ability to analyze the character of a man better than that of a woman. Tito is much more human than Romola. In many places Romola puts herself in a position exactly opposite to that we should expect a woman to take, rising out of the realm of womanly reality into that of sexless ideality. This fault does not lie in any slovenliness of execution, but in a lack of ability to understand woman's nature.

This is a problem that has not been and cannot be solved—how a woman can understand and interpret the hidden motives of man better than she can those of her own sex. But in Zoölogy we have physical hermaphroditæ, why not in Psychology, mental hermaphroditæ—minds belonging to both sexes and yet to neither? In our own country we have a partial exemplification of this in Howells, who is said to understand women in a wonderful manner. If, however, we examine his heroines we find the most of the knowledge is superficial, such as might be gained from shrewd observation or casual questioning. The author of "Romola," on the contrary, strikes to the very springs of the deepest actions of human life.

"Romola" has many excellences and few faults. It deals concisely and accurately with the external accessories of the plot; it impartially judges human nature; it is not over-censorious to faults, nor over-lenient to beauties; but we feel throughout a lack of human sympathy and charity. It is a crystal, icy and beautiful. For a moment, perhaps, a breath of warmth passes over it and you look to see it melt, but one touch of the artist's chisel, one look, and it is cold again. The whole picture has not one warm, palpitating crimson, one vivid gold; but tones of dull grays and browns and greens, with one lightning touch of silvery gray, Romola, and a deepening, darkening shadow, Tito.

But, faulty as it may be, "Romola" will live. The pyramids will not stand because they were built by Rameses II., nor because they were designed by his great architects, but because they were foursquare, and were powerful to resist the elements or even man himself; and so "Romola" will live, not because it was written by George Eliot, but because it belongs not to Florence and the fifteenth century, but to the world and to all time. It will appeal to the heart and life of man, because it deals with the heart and life of one man living in passionate, riotous Florence, as surely as you are living amid the fetters of chilly, gray New England.

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

By Vid, '89.

On a merry Christmas morning
The sun rose bright and fair,
The crystal snow transforming
Into sparkling gems most rare.

For robed in an ermine vesture
Of snow-flakes was the earth,
As if nature had purposely dressed her
In honor of Christ's birth.

The children from slumber awaken,
And each with half anxious face
Runs to the stocking laden,
Hung by the old fire-place.

I catch the spirit of gladness
As I watch through the half open door,
And smile away the sadness
I felt but a moment before.

Just then the morning sunlight
Danced in and seemed to say,
Look upward through the sky bright
To the Christ who was born to-day.

For he is thy truest helper,
He's more than home or kin,
Let there be joy and laughter
But let there be love for him."

VACATION HAS COME.

By B. A. W., '89.

Vacation comes. The Freshman wise,
With anxious heart, and eager eyes,
Without procrastination,
Hies him away to rural scenes,
Where he the mighty dollar gleans
In fond anticipation.

Astounding wisdom he'll display,
Coy maidens, sweet, will him survey,
In highest adoration.
Both old and young, with one accord,
His worthy fame shall spread abroad,
With words of commendation.

In patience, strong and kind at heart,
He'll to his scholars, all impart,
Without discrimination;
The wondrous stores of knowledge gained
By long and patient toil obtained,
A vast accumulation.

VACATION IS DONE.

Vacation o'er. The Freshman wise,
With unkempt beard and haggard eyes,
In deep humiliation,
His self-conceit all crushed and gone,
Now tells in tones, meek and forlorn,
His sad hallucination.

He tells his troubles to his friends,
And then most earnestly commends
To their consideration,
This knowledge he so dearly bought.
"Who thinks he knows it all, knows naught."
Give this due contemplation.

OVER THE ALPS MY ITALY LIES.

By A. L. S., '89.

I INVITE attention to one of the grandest minds history has known. Englishmen, biased by partisan hatred and prejudice, would have the world think otherwise, but amid all the strife of words, majestic and unmoved as the storm-swept cliff, stands the character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The blood that flowed in his veins was extracted from the life of the Middle Ages when it throbbed with all the exuberance of intense passion. In our hero we behold a contemporary of Dante and Michael Angelo carried forward four centuries and introduced into the drama of history at a period when the social structure of all Europe was pregnant with a mad flame. It was no time for a priest or a moralist. The age demanded a man of action, a leader, an organizer, and in Napoleon it beheld one with whom none other is worthy to be compared. The spirit of criticism that pervades the century requires that we look more narrowly into the inner character of the man, and judge, if we may, whether that character was true to the economy of life.

Let imagination, that most skillful, most charming artist, take you backward to the exciting scenes of the early summer of eighteen hundred. Napoleon is devising means to defend France. Moreau, with 150,000 soldiers, the very *élite* of French chivalry, he sends to the Rhine. There remained for himself 60,000, fragments of regiments and new recruits, with which he

must encounter an equally formidable foe in the south. He must devise an energetic, bold, decisive policy. In his sublime imagination he sees his 60,000 Frenchmen descending upon the rear of the Austrian army encamped amid the fertile plains of Italy. But the Alps! He will cross them. Can he? He studies the way. Scouts report almost insurmountable difficulties. "Is it possible?" demands Napoleon. "It may be possible," they answer. "Then I go to Italy," was the magnificent decision. How grand! Apparently how impractical; yet he had counted the cost. He undertook great things, not because of a blind, rash judgment, but because of a clear insight into the difficulties in detail, and a firm confidence in his ability to meet them.

Napoleon's mind was always practical. Others worked from theory, he from observation. Notwithstanding his intense emotional nature that frequently expressed itself even in tears, he never lost control of his acts. This seems the more wonderful when we consider how deep and far-reaching was his passion. The vast controlling power of his life was a sublime self-consciousness that in any other person would have been supreme egotism. Hence his courage. He believed that his genius was sufficient to move an army with all the equipments of war along a narrow pass scarcely sufficient for a single traveler. He was right, but who else would have dared take such an assumption to himself? Napoleon once said, "I have but one passion, one mistress, and that is France." This is the key to his whole life. He formed a purpose—one purpose—and threw all he was, body and soul, into the accomplishment of that purpose. He never proved false to it. His fidelity was complete. Whether in the flush of Italian victories, in the darkness of the defeat of Waterloo, or in the lonely hours of banishment at St. Helena, he was true to France, his first love, his goddess.

Lofty conception, splendid imagination, clear and practical philosophy, breadth of intellect, fidelity to detail, complete self-control and devotion to one all-absorbing purpose, combine to make in Napoleon a character of imposing grandeur.

The story of this life has a counterpart in the story of every life. Youth, thrilled with the first consciousness of soul-passion, shouts, as he eagerly gazes toward the future, "Over *the Alps* my Italy lies." Manhood, as he toils up the steep hill of life, looking forward to the dignity and leisure of accomplished age, cries amid his toil, "*Over* the Alps my *Italy* lies." Age, conscious of the struggles and limitations of this life, murmurs, as he contemplates the last great change, "*Over the Alps my Italy lies.*"

The economy of our being demands of us, as we traverse our Alps, qualities of character such as were essential to Napoleon. We need lofty conception. The arrow never rises higher than the mark. We need splendid imagination, the interpreter of every rational concept. We need a clear and practical philosophy. Endless misery and disgrace have resulted from uncertain dogmatic theory. We need breadth

of intellect. The world to-day clamors for broad minds. We want men that shall reach out in their sympathies beyond a narrow egotism, and grasp the universal harmony. We need fidelity to detail. A great structure is perfect in the perfection of every minute part. We must learn the lesson of the poet:

Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between.
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

We need self-control. What a hell is the soul in the throes of uncontrolled passion. And last and most of all, we need devotion to one absorbing purpose. The bark that, amid the boundless possibilities of life's ocean, yields to the capricious winds of circumstance, will never safely reach a haven. And we shall do well to consider whither our course shall tend. Napoleon fulfilled the destiny whereunto he was called; but may his choice not be ours. His genius was true, but his ambition was animal and his glory vain and transitory. Let us cultivate the higher life of the soul. May what is noble in the example of other lives be our salvation from the carnal life. May the beauty and grace of the spiritual convert our affections from voluptuousness. May we so learn to love the noble activity of the soul, that we shall be sanctified of it unto the spontaneous expression of a true manhood, just as the spring must needs gush forth from the very fullness of its being. When this shall be, I doubt not that it will have been foreordained of God to grant unto us to attain to many an Italy of our fair hopes, even in this life, and finally to attain unto the higher, grander, purer, completed Italy of all hope, which is the kingdom beyond the finite, where God is.

IS PROGRESS FAVORABLE TO POETRY?

By C. D. B., '89.

TO the "untutored mind" the wild mystical flights of the Muse verge on the preternatural. Hence the infinity and illusion of poetry more easily touch the sentiments and arouse the passions of uncultivated men than those of men more refined. The Greek rhapsodist not only worked himself into a frenzy, but often moved his hearers to tears. The French troubadours, with their songs of love and war, held spell-bound audiences composed of rude and uncultivated knights. But most of the poetry, thus composed, is imperfect and short-lived; for in such ages language, thought, everything is in a changeful state.

Again, before the liberal arts will flourish, wealth must be accumulated so that men can have leisure to cultivate a taste for the harmonious and beautiful. It was not when Lycurgus and Solon were forming the judicial codes of Greece, not when the Greek states were struggling for very existence against their Persian invaders, that Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides Aristophanes, and Pindar lived; but, when "Persia's victim horde" had "bowed beneath the brunt of Hellus'

sword"; when Athens through her Mediterranean commerce had become the richest of the Greek cities; when Phidias and his contemporaries had made the Acropolis a marble wilderness. It was not, when the kings ruled at Rome, not when Hannibal climbed the Alps and ravaged Italy, that the Roman poets, Virgil, Horace, Juvernal, and Lucretius appeared; but when the eternal city had conquered the known world; when the Roman legions had robbed "the gorgeous Orient" of "The blood-bought treasures of her tawny kings"; when, from the plentitude of their wealth, emperors and patricians lolled in luxury and licentiousness.

An appreciation of the harmonious and beautiful invariably follows material prosperity. When Venice had reached the height of her power and glory, when she had become "mistress" of the Mediterranean, when

> "Her daughters had their dowers
> From the spoils of nations,

then her great architects, sculptors, and painters came. Architects do not construct, sculptors do not chisel, painters do not paint, or poets sing, until communities and individuals reward and appreciate them. Why was it that the fine arts flourished in Italy from the twelfth to the fifteenth century? Because Popedom was in the zenith of its power, and Rome was in many respects the capitol of the world. During the reign of Louis XIV., France acquired a power equal to that which she possessed at any time under the consulate or the empire; yet in this very age of her greatest prosperity appeared the most eminent of her poets Corneille, Moliere, Racine, and La Fountaine. Does the theory that progress is unfavorable to poetry hold true in this case? On the very eve of England's greatest prosperity came many of her greatest poets, Byron, Wordsworth, Scott. Shelley, Southey, Keats, and Rogers. Even in the nineteenth century Goethe has produced a poem that ranks among the five great epic poems of the world.

The circumstances under which a man is placed and the age in which he lives do not make his genius, but they do develop and direct it. General Grant possessed great military ability, yet if the Rebellion had not given him an opportunity to display that ability, we should now know nothing of it. So men, endowed with great poetical genius have lived under such circumstances and in such ages of the world that they could not develop their powers. If Wordsworth and Cowper had lived in some ages, we should now know nothing of them; for only men who possess culture and fine sensibility, appreciate their poetry. If Byron had lived in the twelfth century he would, without doubt, have been a great feudal leader. If Scott had lived in the thirteenth century he might have become a Wallace or a Douglas.

But the whole gist of the matter is, that the material and intellectual developments of a people go hand in hand, and that these developments are an evolution with a culminating period. In the history of every people this period can be plainly seen, and within it invariably cluster orators, statesmen,

sculptors, painters, historians, and poets like the gems in a royal diadem.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

By A. E. H., '89.

I.

In the far off land of Canaan
Lived a warrior bold and free,
He was e'en a mighty giant,
Twelve ells tall was he.

II.

Cared he not for true religion;
Never asked "what faith is best?"
But he wished to yield his service,
To the mightiest.

III.

With the army of the emperor
First he did engage,
And for years he did assist him
Many wars to wage.

IV

Once they pitched their tents at evening
Near a forest wild,
And with mirth and joyous feasting
They the hours beguiled.

V.

In the feast outspake the emperor:
"Comrades! I am told
That e'en now a fiend is dwelling
In this forest old.

VI.

"Leave alone the chase, I bid you,
Lest, while you your larders fill,
If you meet this fiend, he'll surely
Do thy souls great ill."

VII.

Then spake Offerus, the giant,
"All my work for thee is done,
For I fain would give my service
To the mightiest one."

VIII.

Then he strode into the forest,
Left the emperor in his need,
There he met a coal-black rider,
On a pitch-black steed.

IX.

Fiercely rode the fiend toward him,
And he tried to bind
Offerus with obligations
Of the darkest kind.

X.

"We shall see;" replied the giant,
"If I find thee as men tell,
Mightier than other heroes,
I will serve thee well."

XI

Followed he the lead of Satan
Through many a dismal dark abyss,
Aided he the arch destroyer
Of men's happiness.

XII.

Once, as through the earth they journeyed,
Evil deeds to try,
Suddenly, before their faces,
Rose three crosses high.

XIII.

And before the central figure
Satan bowed his head,
"Jesus Christ, Oh! Son of Mary,
Thou art great," he said.

XIV.

"Satan, list, I will not serve thee;"
Said the giant bold,
"I will break thy magic power."
And he tore from Satan's hold.

XV.

Then he passed through town and city,
Nor from search could be enticed;
And for all he had one question,
"Can you tell me aught of Christ?"

XVI.

But, alas, how few possess him,
In their hearts and lives as well,
All the multitudes he questioned
Could not him the answer tell,

XVII.

Till he met an aged hermit,
Who had found the better way,
And the good man told the giant
How to labor, fast, and pray.

XVIII.

But the giant asked, emploring,
For some valiant deed to do;
For a feat of manly courage,
Like a hero true.

XIX.

"Offerus, see," replied the hermit,
"Here's a river deep and wide;
There's no place for bridge or fording,
Nor ferryman on either side.

XX.

"Carry on thy back the pilgrims
Who would seek the Holy Land;
For a staff among the waters
Take this pine trunk in thy hand."

XXI.

Gladly did he take the mission,
And a hut he built, with pride,
'Mid the water-rats and beavers,
By the river's side.

XXII.

And if any weary traveler
Sought their ferryman to pay,
"For eternal life I labor,"
Would he gently say.

XXIII.

Through long years of weary labor,
Good example he for us,
Through heat and cold, in storm and sunshine,
Toiled the giant Offerus.

XXIV.

When old age his strength invaded,
Crowned his brow with locks of snow;
One night lay he in his cabin,
Listening to the river's flow;

XXV.

And he heard a voice, so childlike,
From the other side:
"Come, good giant; come, tall Offerus,
Bear me o'er the stream so wide."

XXVI.

Wearied from the day's exertion,
Yet with joy did he obey;
Through the cold and rapid river,
Did he take his way.

XXVII.

When at last he reached the landing,
No one could he find.
All was dark, and all was silence,
Save the flood behind.

XXVIII.

Once more he sought his cabin;
Once more heard he, as before,
The same voice so sweet and childlike,
From the other shore.

XXIX.

"Come over, come over the river,
Kind Offerus, come over to me,
For I would ride on thy back to-night,
Behold, I am calling thee."

XXX.

Once more he went through the water
Of that swiftly flowing stream,
But when he reached the landing place,
No pilgrim could be seen.

XXXI.

Again he sought his lonely hut;
Again laid down to rest.
But a third time came the childlike voice,
As plaintive as the rest.

XXXII.

"Oh, good, tall, giant Offerus!
I prithee come once more,
And thou shall find a little child,
Upon the other shore."

XXXIII.

A third time, through the waters,
The patient Offerus went,
With no word of complaining,
Nor sign of discontent.

XXXIV.

And at the landing place he found
A child, with flowing robe;
In his right hand was a standard,
And his left hand bore a globe.

XXXV.

Quickly upon his shoulders
Did Offerus place the child,
And started on his journey back,
Through the river's current wild.

XXXVI.

But heavy grew his burden,
As though it weighed a ton;
Till he thought he soon must perish,
That his life would soon be done.

XXXVII.

But still he struggled manfully
Against the rushing tide,
Until he sat his burden down,
Safe on the other side.

XXXVIII.

"Prithee, little stranger,
Come not again," he said,
"For scarce have I escaped with life,
From the angry river's bed."

XXXIX.

"Fear not," replied the stranger,
"Nor be discouraged, quite,
For bravely through the river
Hast thou borne the Lord to-night

XL.

"Offerus have men called thee:
Christopher thy name shall be,
For on thy shoulders thou has borne
The Christ in majesty.

XLI.

"And for a blessed token,
Plant thy dead staff in the ground;
To-morrow thou shalt see it,
With leaves and flowers abound."

XLII.

Then baptized he the giant,
A sign of his new birth,
And the pine trunk staff, Saint Christopher
Placed firmly in the earth.

XLIII.

In light the Lord then vanished,
And left the saint alone;
But from that place ascended prayer
Before the eternal throne.

XLIV.

When the morrow's sun has risen,
And shone with radiant light,
From the pine trunk staff, so long time dead,
Came leaves and flowers bright;

XLV.

And ere three days had rolled away
The saint lay down to rest,
Content, that he had been allowed
To serve the mightiest.

XLVI.

And when at last our Lord shall come,
To close this earthly strife,
He shall arise with all the saints,
To everlasting life.

XLVII.

Oh, may we take each burden
Which shall to us be given,
Remembering that we, too, may bear
The Lord of Earth and Heaven.

The trustees of Cornell have decided to build one of the largest and finest library buildings in the country. It will cost nearly $250,000, and is to accommodate about 400,000 volumes.

COMMUNICATION.

NOW AND THEN.

To the Editors of the Student:

Girls are nice, and nowhere nicer than in college. When I see them going daily back and forth and taking part in the public exercises of the college; when I hear of the receptions and parties which they make so interesting, I want to go to college again. What an absurd old notion that was—that about the intellectual inferiority of women! I suppose it is all right that they should dress like sailors. It certainly is, if it enables them to get the full benefit of the gymnasium. This gymnasium drill is perhaps the greatest improvement since my day. Then the only attraction in that building was the bowling alley. If we keep in mind that the purpose of the college course is not to stuff the boy with information, but to develop him, we must admit that a proper use of the gymnasium is an essential part of that course.

This leads me to speak of another change that is almost made. We are to have an observatory. It will be a great thing for Bates to have astronomical work done under its auspices. It would be very gratifying to see Prof. Wendell in command of Mount David, with sufficient means and assistance for original investigation. The benefit would accrue quite as much to Lewiston as to the college. It would give this city great distinction, and there are wealthy men enough in Lewiston who could well afford—as a matter of local pride—to make up a sufficient endowment.

But (begging Prof. Wendell's pardon) astronomy is nothing but astronomy, and can never be given great space in the undergraduate curriculum. Drill must always constitute a large portion of the course. There is one department of drill, one in which Bates has been and is preëminent, which should be better served—public speaking. It seems to me that one of the greatest needs of the college just now is a new professor (perhaps an assistant to Prof. Chase) who shall drill the students in speaking and assist them in composition. This would be likely to stimulate wider reading and render necessary further instruction in history, law, and literature. The study of literature should not be confined to rhetoric or to English authors, but should become a conversation with great thinkers, familiarity with the language of great and beautiful thoughts of whatever age or tongue. Its effect should be inspiration.

Inspiration. This suggests the most important theme, the one calling for the greatest anxiety—that is, the choice of new professors. Holding fast our theory that education is development, let us not forget that through it all must run a moral development. The gymnasium will do what it can to make the young man's body a good one; the Greek and Latin and mathematics will do as much for his mind. What shall make his *purpose* right? For the college course cannot be a success, it will not produce the highest manhood, until it makes each student a Christian—taking Christianity to be active unselfishness. This must not be expected from any formal instruction in moral philosophy. It can only come from the individual day to day influence of the professors. Am I extravagant, then, in saying that a greater acquisition than an observatory, or library, or laboratory, would be *another Prof. Stanton?*

W. W., '75.

LOCALS.

ἔστι λευκὴ ἡ μεν κώρα
πέθος ἄγει τὰ δὲ δένδρα
οὐ κελίδων ὠκύτητι
ἔτι Γαίρει στιλπνὸν Ρέῖθρον

τρεῖς πρεσβύτεροι τὸ ἀνώγεων Ηάρκερ μόνοι οικοῦσιν. Κἄν ἀλλήλοις συνκοιμάσαντο.

Some are teaching.

Some are preaching.

Some *were* canvassing.

Fifty-two students are away teaching.

Some, in retrospective ease, quaff home brewed.

The library is used daily by the students spending vacation in the city.

A bell, a Bible, a razor, a watch, a district school, these are the appurtenances.

There is probability of an intercollegiate field-day next spring by the Maine colleges.

A few students were invited into the homes of Professors Stanley and Hayes Thanksgiving Day.

A Freshman called and inquired if the professor was "at liberty." "At what?" asked the lady. "I mean is the professor at large," replied the bewildered Freshman.

Some of the ladies working on the horizontal bar can swing 17 of the 360° in the giant swing.

The reception at the gymnasium, Wednesday evening, December 12th, was an enjoyable affair.

Mr. A. E. Hatch, '89, is canvassing for his "Progressive Annual." He reports excellent success.

Additional improvements are being planned for the gymnasium. We hope new bath-rooms will be included in the list.

Chase, '91, lifted 968 pounds, knee lift, on the testing machine. This is the best record ever made in college. Mr. Chase weighs just $150\frac{1}{4}$ pounds.

Nichols Latin School opened December 11th, with a full attendance. Emerson, '89, and Morrell and Hamlen, '90, are teaching there the present term.

Hutchinson, '89, is a correspondent for *The Collegian*, a magazine published at Boston, designed to be representative of the American undergraduate.

The editorial board of the STUDENT for 1889 will be: J. H. Piper, G. H. Hamlen, A. N. Peaslee, E. W. Morrell, H. B. Davis, Miss E. F. Snow; business manager, H. V. Neal.

College opens January 8th. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of students being present at the very beginning of a term. The first few days often affect the whole term's work.

We congratulate our friends of the Maine State College upon their success in the competitive drill contest held in Lewiston a short time ago. In addition to the base-ball championship they now possess the honor of having the best drilled military company in the State.

We clip the following from the *Lewiston and Auburn Gazette:* "Down at Crowley's, South Lewiston, or whatever you choose to call it, they only learned of the result of the election Sunday, December 2d. A Bates student who preached there told them who was to be the next president. The denizens of the region were right glad to hear the news. 'Don't know as we'd ever heard it if't hadn't been for that college fellar,' said one of the patriarchs this morning. The Republicans will celebrate the victory with a procession, speeches, and supper, Tuesday night."

The Sophomore debates occurred the last week of the fall term. The following were awarded prizes: Woodside, Libby, Small, Miss Beal, Miss Ingalls, Howard, Mason. Ten were chosen to take part in the champion debate which occurs near the close of the summer term. Names of those chosen: Woodside, Nickerson, Miss Beal, Miss Bray, Pugsley, Ham, Howard, Mason, Miss Ingalls, Smith.

The gymnasium exhibition given November 19th and 20th was a decided success. The special features were the tumbling and work on the bar by the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes, and the fancy marching by the class of young women. Following is the programme for November 20th:

PART I.

Club Swinging by Note.
Classes of '89 and '90.
Vaulting Bar. The Instructor and Class.
High Kick.
Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Emery, '92.
Wrestling.
Howard, '91, and French, N. L. S.; Mason, '91, and Smith, '91.
Parallel Bars. The Instructor and Class.

MUSIC.

PART II.

Dumb-Bell Drill. Class of '91.
Pole Vaulting.
Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Wilson, '92.
Horizontal Bar.
The Instructor; Woodman, '90; Pinkham, '91; Turgeon, N. L. S.; French, N. L. S.
Fancy Steps. Class of young women.
Tug-of-War (600 pounds).
'89—Libby, Daggett, Emerson, Cox, vs.
'91—Nickerson, Chase, Howard, Mason.

MUSIC.

PART III.

Short-Wand Drill. Class of young women.
High Jump.
Daggett, '89; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Nickerson, '91; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Turgeon, N. L. S.
Pyramids.
Daggett, '89; Safford, '89; Davis, '90; Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Pinkham, '91; Emery, '92; Wilson, '92; Turgeon, N. L. S.; Stetson; French, N. L. S.
Tumbling.
Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Pinkham, '91; Wilson, '92; Stetson.
Nonsense.

MUSIC.

PART IV.

Long-Wand Drill. Class of '92.
Foil Fencing. Little, '89; Plummer, '91.
Light-Weight Sparring.
Garcelon, '90; Wilson, '92.
Marching. Class of young women.

VALE.

Fourteen of the twenty-two Presidents are college graduates; two had academic educations; while the remainder possessed only a limited or self-education.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

1887.

Jesse Bailey, professor in Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.

Miss C. R. Blaisdell, assistant teacher in high school, Needham, Mass.

W. C. Buck, principal of high school, Athens, Me.

F. W. Chase, principal of high school, Lisbon, Me.

Miss M. N. Chase, assistant in Waterbury Seminary, Waterbury, Vt.

H. E. Cushman, studying in Tufts Theological School.

J. R. Dunton, principal of high school, Belfast, Me.

G. M. Goding.

E. C. Hayes, studying in Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me.

P. R. Howe, in a dental school, Philadelphia, Penn.

I. A. Jenkins, principal of high school, Littleton, Mass.

I. Jordan, principal of grammar school, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. N. B. Little Bonney, Cambridge, Mass.

A. S. Littlefield, studying law in Columbia Law School, New York City.

A. B. McWilliams, mail agent on the Buckfield & Rumford Railroad.

J. W. Moulton, studying in Theological School, New Haven, Conn.

R. Nelson, principal of high school, Putnam, Conn.

C. S. Pendleton, studying in Hamilton Theological School, Hamilton, N. Y.

Miss M. E. Richmond, teaching in Ellsworth, Me.

L. G. Roberts, studying law in Boston University.

Miss N. E. Russell, preceptress in Wilton Academy.

E. K. Sprague, one of the managers of a private hospital, Brownville, Me.

Miss L. S. Stevens, Lewiston, Me.

U. G. Wheeler, principal of Brewer High School, Brewer, Me.

F. Whitney, principal of Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center, Me.

A. S. Woodman, studying law in the office of Hon. William L. Putnam, Portland, Me.

S. S. Wright, principal of Gardiner (Me.) High School.

1888.

N. E. Adams, principal of high school, Groveland, Mass.

B. M. Avery, Monmouth, Me.

E. F. Blanchard, principal of High School, Sutton, Mass.

Miss I. F. Cobb, assistant in high school, Northfield, Minn.

H. J. Cross, Foxcroft, Me.

C. W. Cutts, teacher of Greek and Latin in New Hampton Institution, New Hampton, N. H.

W. S. Dunn.

Miss Lucy A. Frost, assistant in high school, Kingston, Mass.

F. S. Hamlet, principal of high school, Shapleigh, Me.

H. Hatter, instructor in Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

H. W. Hopkins, editor on the *Springfield Union*, Springfield, Mass.

Miss N. B. Jordan, assistant in Pike Seminary, Pike, N. Y.

J. H. Johnson, assistant in Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center, Me.

Miss F. M. Nowell, assistant in high school, Laconia, N. H.

F. W. Oakes, studying in Theological School, New Haven, Conn.

R. A. Parker, principal of West Lebanon Academy, West Lebanon, Me.

Miss M. G. Pinkham, principal of high school, Hanover, N. H.

W. L. Powers, principal of high school, Fort Fairfield, Me.

E. E. Sawyer, teacher of the sciences in high school at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

C. C. Smith, studying law in the office of George E. Smith, Esq., Boston, Mass.

G. W. Snow, teaching high school, Stowe, Mass.

A. E. Thomas, Lewiston, Me.

W. F. Tibbetts, studying theology in Cobb Divinity school, Lewiston, Me.

B. W. Tinker, studying theology in Boston University.

A. C. Townsend, studying theology in Cobb Divinity School,

C. L. Wallace, principal at Guilford, Conn.

F. A. Weeman, principal of high school in Milton, N. H.

Rev. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of Congregational church, Mechanic Falls, Me.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'76.—District Attorney C. S. Libby, of Buena Vista, Col., was elected representative from Chaffee County, by a majority of 300, running ahead of his ticket 100 votes.

'76.—Rev. Frederic E. Emrich, who studied in Bangor Theological Seminary in 1871, and became pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Chicago, Ill., from 1882, is called to South Framingham, Mass.

'77.—G. A. Stuart, A.M., has been elected Superintendent of Schools, city of Lewiston, Me.

'81.—Charles S. Haskell, formerly of Auburn, now principal of school No. 14 in Jersey City, has lately had his salary raised from $1800 to $1950 per year. Mr. Haskell is meeting with merited success in the educational line.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss has been unanimously invited to become permanent pastor of the Pine Street M. E. Church, Portland, if the matter could be arranged with the Bishops and his church in the South, Trinity Church of Jacksonville.

'84.—R. E. Donnell graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, November 20th.

'85.—Mr. Charles T. Walter has built up quite a publishing business at St. Johnsbury, Vt. His latest announcement is his best—"The Story of the Puritans," by Wallace Peck. Among Mr. Walter's other publications are: "How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney kept New Year's," by Rev. W. H. H. Murray, and "Songs from the Seasons," by Dexter Carleton

Washburn, which, we are happy to say, has reached a second edition.

'85.—Dr. Corydon W. Harlow, of Auburn, has removed to China, where he will settle in practice. He is a graduate of Bowdoin Medical School, '88.

'85.—Rev. M. P. Tobey was ordained and installed pastor of the Free Baptist church at Water Village, N. H., November 3, 1888. Mr. Tobey is a graduate from Cobb Divinity School, of the class of 1888.

'85.—The *Morning Star*, this week, gives excellent portraits of Rev. Edwin B. Stiles and his wife, Mrs. Ada Tucker Stiles, who has just gone to India as missionaries, being sent by the young people of the Free Baptist denomination. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stiles are graduates of Bates College, class of '85.

'86.—Prof. Nickerson, of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, was married to Miss Angie B. Aiken, of Lewiston, Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Mr. McIntire. They received many elegant presents, and will live at Pittsfield.

'86.—Mr. Herbert S. Sleeper, of Lewiston, is giving excellent satisfaction as teacher of the Free High School of Washburn. His second term began November 29th, with fifty pupils in attendance.

'86.—Cards are out for the marriage of E. D. Varney to Miss Susie M. Plummer of Denver, Col. The date is December 24th.

'88.—Mr. Samuel H. Woodrow was married to Miss Minnie C. Clough, November 9th, at the residence of the bride's father, in West Auburn.

'77.—G. H. Wyman was elected county attorney of Anoka, Minn., this fall, at a salary of $800 per year. He is also city attorney of the city of Anoka.

THEOLOGICAL.

'89.—A. O. Burgess is at South Paris.

'89.—E. W. Cummings is supplying at West Danville.

'89.—D. G. Donnocker is soliciting funds for the Fullonton Professorship, in New York State.

'89.—G. T. Griffin and family are at Orr's Island.

'89.—Irving Winsor is supplying at Winnegance.

'90.—G. M. Wilson is expected to return next term.

STUDENTS.

'90.—Miss Dora Jordan, who has been studying at Wellesley, is about to rejoin her class at Bates.

Following are the names and addresses of students who are teaching this vacation:

'89.	
Blanchard, J. H.,	Turner.
Buker, F. M.,	Southport.
Call, A. B.,	Hancock.
Chipman, Miss E. I.,	Rochester, N. H.
Newell, F. W.,	Oakland.
Norton, Miss S. A.,	North Monmouth.
Plumstead, Miss L. E.,	Monmouth Center.
Small, H. W.,	China.
Stevens, E. L.,	North Troy.
'90.	
Davis, H. B.,	Springvale.
Edgecomb, Eli,	North Leeds.
Garland, G. F.,	Phippsburg.
Nichols, C. J.,	Winthrop.
Piper, H. J.,	Mechanic Falls.
Whitcomb, C. S. F.,	Readfield.
Woodman, W. H.,	Gray.
Peaslee, A. N.,	Ashby, Mass.
'91.	
Chase, H. J.,	Boothbay.
Cutts, W. B.,	York.

Emrich, F. E.,	Minot.
Gilmore, A. F.,	Turner.
Howard, N. G.,	Raymond.
Hutchinson, A. C.,	Burlington, Mass.
Larrabee, F. W.,	Eliot.
Larrabee, Miss F. L.,	South Paris.
Mason, W. S.,	Raymond.
Pugsley, F. LaF.,	Boothbay.
Emrich, F. E.,	West Minot.
Merrill, Miss E.,	Lisbon.
Nickerson, W. L.,	Boothbay.
Parker, I. W.,	Otisfield.
Beal, P. P.,	Boothbay.
Woodside, C. E.,	Albany.

'92.

Wilson, Scott,	Cumberland.
Sawyer, V. E.,	Phillips.
Blanchard, C. N.,	New Portland.
Buzzell, H. L.,	York.
Coy, J. B.,	New Bradford.
Ferguson, C. C.,	West Bowdoin.
Graves, LaF. E.,	Milton, N. H.
Tuttle, O. A.,	Farmingdale, Mass.
King, Miss I. F.,	North Paris.
McDonald, F. S.,	Sullivan.
Wells, Miss S. E.,	Wilton.

POET'S CORNER.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

TO A FRIEND.

I come, I come, with a blithesome heart
As fast as ever I may,
To bring to Minnie the kind regards
And wishes for Christmas day.

Of a loving friend who, though afar
As the matter-of-fact avow,
In thought and wish hath outstripped me
And stands beside thee now.

LEON, '89.

COUPLET.

Last night a star,
From regions far
Beyond the gates of heaven,
Dropped from its place
Down, down through space—
To earth a soul was given.

To-night a light
Hath spread full bright
Far out o'er heaven's dome,
And through its beams
A swift flash gleams—
Another soul gone home. —*Tech.*

LA VESUVIANA.

Dancing, tripping, light as air,
Comes my dainty lassie fair,
Blue her eyes, and gold her hair,
Such a darling, sweet and rare,
La Vesuviana.

As she trips adown the room,
Half in sunlight, half in gloom,
Like a flower just in bloom,
Sure my heart breaks all in tune
To La Vesuviana.

Now I spring up with delight,
Seize her ere she thinks of flight,
And so in gray and misty light,
Hearts and hands we then unite.
Vive La Vesuviana.

—*Swarthmore Phœnix.*

SONNET.

This is a land of dreams. The hills are gray
With haze, and silent streams glide on with slow
And placid current. Oceans ebb and flow
Sounds dead and passionless from far away.
The starlit nights are voiceless, till the day
Shoots quickly from the sea. Dreamy and low
Is Nature's speech. Such is our world, and so
We live in peace, nor work, nor love, nor pray.

When first we came, we loved this dreamy land,
And love it now: yet sometimes, as to-day,
A breeze brings us across the rippling deep
A chill of keen remembrance. Up we stand
While glazéd eyes grow fearful, and we say,
"Oh God! torture us not, but let us sleep."

—*Dartmouth.*

SOFT IS THY REST.

Soft is thy rest, O silent sea,
To thy farthest moonlit rim.
There comes no sigh nor sound to me
Save that eternal hymn

Which in the dim age of thy birth
God taught thee how to sing
O'er watching night and the sleeping earth,
As through their course they swing.

Sweet is thy light, O silver sea.
Under the cold cloud bars
The moon's broad glory seems to me
The pathway to the stars.

—*Dartmouth.*

BATES.

Air—Old New England.

How dear to all her loyal sons,
Our own, our honored Bates,
Where first we trod the toilsome path
That leads to wisdom's gates.
We love her halls and chapel,
Where we so oft have met,
The mountain by the campus
We shall not soon forget.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for old Bates College!
Our thoughts shall linger near.
Hurrah for old Bates College!
To us forever dear!

In future years, 'mid other scenes,
Whate'er our lot may be,
By friendship's cord, thou noble Bates,
Our hearts still cling to thee.
We evermore shall cherish
These places where we roam,
Till memory's love shall perish,
And angels call us home.

CHORUS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The sea has its pearls, my own,
And its stars has heaven above,
But my heart, sweet one, alone,
My heart, my heart has its love.

Oh! greater far is my heart
Than heaven and the sea,
And brighter far than pearls and stars
Shines forth my love for thee.

Thou, little maid, so young and fair,
Come to this heart of mine;
The sea and heaven and my lone heart
Go mourning for love of thine.

—*Southern Collegian.*

THE CHURCH-YARD.

Hushed haunts of hallowed memories, to me
Thy solitude is rare companionship;
Thy every rustling leaf, a trembling lip
Whisp'ring a century's silent sympathy.
Here springs the unimpassioned tho't; here free
From petty hopes, and hates, and harrassings,
The soul its flight to loftier prospects wings,
Till earth doth dwindle and eternity
Dwells on the staggering sense—Oh mystery!
At moments o'er the shuddering spirit sweeps
The vision of its mighty destiny;
And then earth's stupor, and the God-like sleeps;
Oft at thine eloquence, my slow heart leaps,
Mute, marble lips, and hence I sing to thee.

—*Courant.*

PERPLEXITY.

"Papa, dear papa, does Father Time fly?"
"My boy, you will know it too truly by and by."
"But tell me, dear papa, why has he the glasses?"
"To note by the sands how each quick hour passes."
"But why has he wings and a scythe on his shoulder?"
"My little one, ask me when you have grown older.
This troublesome matter dismiss from your head;
Time deals, oh, *so* gently with babies in bed."

—*Brunonian.*

EXCHANGES.

With this issue Volume XVI. is completed. The editorial stylo will next month pass into other hands.

To the pleasant company before us we instinctively say, Farewell, God bless you—scarcely realizing that "*we*" have only a glance through the enduring editorial mask, and for a moment only lend personalty to that uncertain perennial character, the college editor who never says "good-bye, or farewell."

The year seems to us to have been one of prosperity to the collegiate press. The existence of a mutual interest and sympathy inspiring friendly criticism, the evident effort to attain to original excellence and the growing interest in the science and art of poetry

have manifestly added to the general merit.

This month many of our exchanges have appeared in holiday dress, and some with increased size.

The Christmas number of the *Swarthmore Phœnix* contains much matter of interest, and the editors have shown a considerable amount of good taste in the general make-up of the magazine. It is a credit to its college, and a welcome visitor to the exchange table.

We are glad to note that the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* joins in the general encouragement of collegiate amateur verse writers, but we cannot say less of the recent article entitled "A Poet's Mission" than that the author is evidently not himself a poet. "The Practical Student" is pertinent to the average college man. This is a practical age. The leaders of to-day and to-morrow must be "self-reliant," "diligent," and "original."

A new comer to us is *The Pharetra*, from Wilson College. We admire the spirit of the young ladies, but scarcely the taste that would print such fol-de-rol as "Three Maidens and the Printer Lad." The dress of the new comer is neat and attractive, quite worthy of the fair sex.

BOOK NOTICES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE 1607–1885. By Charles F. Richardson.

Vol. II. treats of American poetry and fiction. In the first six chapters the author discusses philosophically the rise and progress of poetry, and the relative merits of Longfellow, Poe, Emerson, and the "poets of freedom and culture," Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes. A seventh chapter is devoted to the "Tones and Tendencies of American Verse." The remaining five chapters are devoted to fiction, which is treated according to the same plan as poetry.

The style of the author is pleasing, and the work promises to be of lasting value to the student of American literature. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York. Price, $3.00.

We have also received from the same publishing house a HISTORY OF GREECE, by Evelyn Abbott, Fellow and Tutor of Balloil College. Price, $2.25. GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE, by D. B. Croly, and THE SCHOOL PRONOUNCER, by William Henry P. Phyfe.

We cannot better speak of the "History of Greece" than to quote from the preface.

"Though nothing can be added to existing records of Greek history, the estimate placed upon their value and the conclusion drawn from them are constantly changing, and for this reason the story is told anew from time to time. . . . The present work is intended for readers who are acquainted with the outlines of the subject, and have some knowledge of the Greek language. It has been written in the belief that an intelligible sketch of Greek civilization may be given within a brief compass, not with the hope of throwing new light on old obscurities."

"Glimpses of the Future" consists of "suggestions as to the drift of things," mainly in sociology. The author asks that this book be read now and judged in the year 2000.

The opinions advanced are by no means all well founded, but the author has perhaps accomplished his purpose, since "the book was written with a view to turning men's thoughts from dwelling so much on the past and present and inducing them to think out what is likely to occur hereafter."

"The School Pronouncer" is designed for an elementary text-book for schools. It is the best thing of the kind we have ever seen. A companion book for teachers' use is "How Should I Pronounce?"

A pretty volume of unpretentious verses is 'The Legend of Psyche and Other Verses,' by Carrie Warner Morehouse, published by Charles T. Walter, St. Johnsbury, Vt. It is handsomely printed on heavy cream paper and tastily bound in vellum. It is an appropriate volume for the holidays. One of the verses is

BABY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

What shall we give to the baby,—
Our baby just one year old?
She wouldn't know about Christmas,
Not even if she were told.

You may hang up her little stockings
Where Santa will surely see,
Or put all sorts of playthings
Upon the Christmas tree,—

But what does she know about Santa
And his wonderful midnight ride,
Or the tree that bears such fruitage
Only at Christmas-tide?

She'd only look in wonder
From out her big, blue eyes,
And reach her hand for the playthings
With innocent surprise.

So kisses sweet without number,
Kisses and love untold—
These we will give to the baby,
Our baby, just one year old.

Mrs. Morehouse *née* Warner graduated from Bates in the class of '77.

"Among the Theologies," by Hiram Orcutt, LL.D., is a book being read by several members of the Senior class in connection with their work in "Logic of Christian Evidences." The book is published by W. B. Clarke and Company, Boston. Price, 75 cents. The work is deservedly popular, either as a text-book or for reference.

We would acknowledge the receipt of a neat little pamphlet containing four of Longfellow's most popular poems: "The Building of the Ship," "The Masque of Pandora," "The Hanging of the Crane," and "Moriturus Salutamus." The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, 15 cents. It is just the thing for use in schools.

POTPOURRI.

He stole a kiss from an artless miss.
"You're a heartless thief," said she.
"I'm a heartless thief, but you're the thief
Who stole my heart," said he.
—*Williams Weekly.*

China and Japan are buying dried apples from Maine. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.—*Ex.*

Father—"Tommy, did you pass in your examination at school, to-day?" Tommy—"Yes, father; but it was a pretty tight squeeze." (A little later.) Father—"Ellen, did that young man go away last night before ten o'clock?" Tommy—"Yes, father, he did; I was on the stairs and saw him go, but it was a pretty tight squeeze." Ellen—"Oh, Tommy!"—*Ex.*

Father—"There, James, is $100 to pay your tuition. Times are hard, and you are costing me a great deal of money. I think I deserve a little praise." James (a Sophomore)—"Praise! my dear father, you deserve an encore."

AT THE PLAY.

The Freshy, wondering what mamma would say,
Sneaks slyly down to see the play
By the back way.
It surely is naughty, but then it's so nice
E'en from a seat in the Paradise.

The Sophomore loud, with air blasé,
Stalks boldly down to see the play
And sits in "A";
Whence he eyes the priestesses of song,
Through lorgnette large or field-glass long.

The Junior, so elegant, free, and gay,
In dress suit goes to see the play
In a coupé.
She nestling closely to his side
Who hopes some day to be his bride.

The Senior, prematurely gray,
With dignity walks to the play
Without display.
He marks the acts with eye and ear
While he thumbs the notes in Rolfe's Shakespeare. —*Brunonian.*

A Freshman, noticing the sign in Cressy's window, "Oysters $1.40 per gal.," went in and asked the proprietor how much it would cost for two gals and himself.

He moaned, and he groaned, and he wanted to die;
In the cold, careless earth he wished he might lie;
But he'd seventy-five cents, and ponies were plenty,
Now he gets his Greek out at the rate of 2.20.

Mrs. Flysparrow (to her acquaintance)—"You seem to be an inveterate lover of the weed, Mr. Nicotine. May I ask if your father smokes?" Mr. Nicotine—"I trust not, madame; he has been dead some time."—*Ex.*

A NEW FASHIONED GIRL.

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics, very fast.
She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the 'ologies of the colleges and the knowledges of the past.
She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology, and geology o'er and o'er.
She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus, and many more
She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques, and Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the victuals that they gnawed.
She'd discuss the learned charmer, the theology of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vandals, and the sandals that they trod.
She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.
But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

—*Lynn Union.*

DECAY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

A week I pored o'er Anglo-Saxon prose,
(Although I knew my weary soul t'would vex)
For, in the future, gladsome visions rose
Of helpful information and an "ex";
I quoted Beda, Layomon, and Orm;
I reveled in the Ancren Riwle's page;
Vague, useless, seemed each modern English form;
I lived again the Cynewolfic age,
But, somehow, though I cannot tell you why,
"Brut D'Angleterre" hence has no charms for me;
The musty tome is closely shut, and I
Have plungèd deep in Rider Haggard's "She."

—*Brunonian.*

A prize of one hundred and fifty dollars has been offered by the American Economic Association for the best essay on "The Evils of Unrestricted Immigration."

The Stanford University of California has ordered a lens for their new telescope which is to be forty inches in diameter. It will be the largest in the world.

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President.

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JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

REV. THOMAS HILL, D.D.,
Lecturer on Ethics.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

EDWARD R. CHADWICK,
Instructor of English Literature and Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Æneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $180. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

COMTuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

MENCEMENT, Thursday..... JUNE 27, 1889.

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