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VOL. XV.

NO. 6.

JUNE,

1887.

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STUDENT.



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THE
BATES STUDENT.

IVY AND COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1887.

No. 6.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '88, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, MAINE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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EDITORIAL.

SURPRISE is often expressed that so many of those that enter college leave before the course is completed, and we often hear queries as to the cause of it. Of course there are many causes, but one suggests itself to our mind more forcibly than the others, that is discouragement. But we must take a step back of this to find its cause. In the majority of cases it is not, as one might suppose, the result of ill-health, or want of means to carry on their work. In college, as in the world, it is mainly because students do not realize the high ideals which they set up for themselves. Basing our arguments upon this, are we to say we are to have no ideals? No! no, a thousand times no! Rather our ideals should be such that they may be a source of continual inspiration to us; they should be such that their influence upon us may be seen and felt every day. Edward Everett Hale, in his recent address before the students, struck the key-note of this matter, when he said, "Do not live for yourselves alone! Live with God, for man, in Heaven." The great fault is that our ideals are too narrow; they embrace too trivial objects; they want to be broad and

expansive. Let the last clause quoted be your motto and there will be no danger of failure from want of courage.

THE need of the present day is not more men, but more manliness. The call for human agents to open up the resources of our country has brought from the old world an abundant supply. The demand now is for noble characters. With an advanced learning, classical, scientific, and literary, with our progress in civil liberty, we need the elevating principles and the example of the noblest men to give tone to society, and stability and permanence to government.

Manliness consists not alone in behavior, not alone in physical strength or courage. It is neither dependent upon dress, nor upon rank. It is something wrought out within us, deeply within. Reputation does not affect it. Character alone determines it.

The opposite of manliness is meanness. The one seeks the good of others; the other their injury. The one is truthful and honest; the other false and deceptive. The one blesses in the light; the other stabs in the dark. Want of manliness is often the result of a faulty education. The training of the heart is of more importance than the training of the head. A perverted conscience at the helm is sufficient to wreck the otherwise seaworthy craft. It often results from a lack of independence. Moral courage and a strength of character sufficient to resist the lead of the passions are essential to manliness. Unyielding firmness is its truest support.

THE name of Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, has long been familiar to college students. It has never been our fortune to meet him, but thinking that his recent death may recall to many of the alumni his former visits to Bates, so that a short reminiscence of his life would be of interest, we clip the following article from the *Boston Transcript*:

A figure familiar for more than half a century on the streets of great American cities, on the campus of many a college, seen occasionally in the backwoods of Maine, and at remote Western military posts, has disappeared. Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, died at the City Hospital, June 17th, aged seventy-eight. He was, as he had informed millions of hearers in his time, a native of Prattville, Chelsea. He came of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry, and is represented to have been a youth of much promise. Whether the mental aberration that made him a wanderer over the face of the United States was due to sickness or to a crushing grief and disappointment is uncertain, as both theories have been advanced by those who remember him when young. Nearly sixty years ago he disappeared from his native town. He was not seen again for twelve years, when he re-appeared, returning from a journey, which, according to his story, comprehended the greater part of the settled United States. By that time his insanity manifested itself in the form it ever afterwards maintained, a belief that he had been elected President of the United States, and was kept out of the office by a combination of unscrupulous rivals. For fifty years he lived on the charity of those who found amusement in the spectacle of a distorted mind. The general—for the Great American Traveler was very tenacious of this military title, which he took at a time when there were more "generals" than soldiers at every militia muster—claimed to have traveled fully 200,000 miles; to have been in twenty-seven States; among sixteen tribes of Indians; and to have visited Washington nineteen times; to have seen five presidents inaugurated, "and got back alive." His special favorites were college students, whom he declared he had found "the most liberal

young men in America." Peace to Daniel's ashes. His life was a sad one.

THERE is one factor that is frequently omitted in solving the problem of college life. We hear of the discipline of the class-room, of the molding power of an energetic professor, and of the refining influence of classic halls, but we seldom hear of the boarding club. It is so common a thing for students to meet three times a day at their meals, that it has been overlooked. But common things have the greatest molding influence. The uncommon may startle, but rarely produces any lasting change.

We do not wish to speak of the influence of the club upon the physical development of students, but just a word as to its influence in molding college sentiment. In his own room the student is an individual who will cling tenaciously to all his pre-conceived notions and hobbies. In the class-room there is a kind of restraint, and many will never venture an opinion, but at the club all this is reversed. In the pleasure of eating, the student forgets his notions and hobbies, and talks freely—too freely, perhaps. The restraint of the class-room is gone, and the student who had nothing to say has now a well-laid plan. Meeting in large numbers, and cheered by the music of the knives and forks, they are ready to discuss anything, from the weightiest matters of state to the last ball game or worst "flunk." Everything that happens around the college comes in for a share in the discussion. New light is flashed upon the subject, and it

is no unusual thing to hear a man who went to dinner advocating one side of a question, return arguing the other side just as strongly.

Thus day after day these seemingly trivial discussions go on, until each one has been compelled to take sides, and a sentiment is formed either for or against some measure of college polity.

FAREWELL, '87! And it is with genuine feelings of sadness that we pen these words. The common bond of association as fellow-students, and in many cases of firm friendship, which has heretofore existed between us cannot be wholly severed by your departure. Yet when we casually meet hereafter, if our past observation has been correct, that peculiar chord of sympathy existing between college students will be absent. Inside the college our interests were all common, but when you go out, and the great world comes between us, we feel that memories of the past are the only common grounds for us to meet upon. But those we shall ever cherish. Neither do we think that any class differences, for which adjacent classes in college are proverbial, have been strong enough to lessen our mutual regard. We fancy that most of us have laughed in our sleeve at the mock heroic style in which we have, on divers occasions, decided to renounce all friendly relations, and to become mortal enemies, because, forsooth, some one did wear upon his head a hat of a forbidden style, or carried in his hand a harmless bit of wood.

You have left a good record behind

you, '87. And we do not imply by that, a good record in your routine studies alone, but in the Y. M. C. A., the literary societies, and all the outside opportunities for growth, which college life offers young men and women. Go in now, boys, and win your spurs! You are well equipped for the battle. You all have something of real worth to offer the world, and that is what the world wants. Our best wishes go with you, and may fortune smile upon you, as you pursue your chosen vocations.

“**W**HAT hotel are you going this summer?” is the question frequently asked among students as summer approaches. Within the past ten years or less, working in summer hotels has become a regular employment for self-supporting students.

Ordinarily the only question considered is the financial one. This, from its uncertainty, has been condemned by some as engendering a desire for speculation or the lottery, but in a majority of cases it cannot be maintained that the waiter or porter receives more than his due. There are not many Vanderbilts to distribute their thousands to the hotel employés, and though the reports of some such rare gifts may have enticed some to engage in this occupation, only to be disappointed, yet the student who engages, expecting to receive only what he earns, will often receive more than he expected.

Another side of this question, though seldom considered, yet demands serious attention. This is the moral side.

The young man with habits fixed and purposes formed, will find hotel work a good school of experience and a good place to study human nature, but to him who is open to temptation—and who is not?—there are many evils thrown in his way. The fashionable society that frequents summer resorts has too often nothing but its money to recommend it, and fashion with them, dictates custom, that would once have shocked old puritan New England. The employé must, from the nature of his position, pander to these vices, and fortunate is he whose mind is strong enough not to be influenced by them.

The hotel waiter must also, in a measure, pocket his conscience in regard to the Sunday question. The hungry must be fed, and fashion demands, as a part of its devotion, a more elegant dinner for Sunday.

In short, there are temptations and evils in hotel life, as in every other, but he whose purpose it is to walk uprightly may preserve his honor and principle there, as well as elsewhere.

AT our request President Cheney has favored us with some of the advance sheets of his annual report to the trustees of the college.

The President says that this year completes a work of thirty-three years in founding the institution. The college proper is twenty-four years old, and graduates this year its twenty-first class. The Divinity School was established seventeen years ago. The whole number of graduates is 389. The whole number of graduates from the Divinity

School is 70. Total number of graduates from the institution is 459.

Two graduates have died during the past year—P. R. Clason, M.D., of Gardiner, and Rev. A. L. Morey, of West Derby, Vt. Out of the 459 graduates twenty-three men have died.

Four gentlemen, who have been trustees of the college, have died during the year—Hon. N. W. Farwell of Lewiston; Hon. Theodore Wells of Wells; Rev. I. D. Stewart, D.D., of Dover, N. H.; and Rev. C. H. Smith of Somerville, Mass.

The financial standing of the college is as follows: Receipts for the past year are \$19,140.91; expenditures, \$22,095.54. This shows a floating debt of \$2,954.63. The permanent fund is \$157,549.32, which, of course, is made less by the sum of the floating debt. The amount received for tuition the past year is only \$4,375. The tuition is very low, only \$36 a year, not half the students paying anything.

A few of the President's friends have paid nearly one-half of his salary. The President, in speaking of the subscription of \$25,000, made a year ago by the Hon. J. L. H. Cobb of this city, says that the sum of \$18,825 has been added to that subscription, thus leaving \$56,175 to be raised to make the pledges binding.

He makes mention of the \$30,000 conditionally subscribed by a gentleman in Boston to build an astronomical observatory on David Mountain. The \$30,000 will be payable when the above named \$56,175 shall be raised, as Mr. Cobb and the Boston gentleman attach the same condition to their pledges.

The President recommends that Prof.

Hayes be released from his work in the Theological School in one year from this time, to devote his whole time to work in the College. Also, that a new professor be appointed to the Theological School, to take his chair in a year.

The report contains other items which will be of interest to the friends of the college. The reports of the professors, treasurer, librarian, principal of the Latin School, examining committees, and president of the Christian Association connected with the college, are included in the President's report.

The President allows us to say that he will furnish a copy of his report to any student who may call for one.

LITERARY.

IVY POEM—THE CATHEDRAL.

By A. C. T., '88.

Where the Rhine, for ages guarded
By its battlements of stone,
Half its course has run to ocean,
Soft it glides beside Cologne.

Yonder stands a great cathedral,
Greeting the astonished eye,
Like the finger of the city
Pointing upward to the sky.

In the old heroic ages,
So the legend has been told,
Lived and reigned the good King Conrad,
Pure in faith, and rich in gold.

And he formed a noble purpose
To erect a temple grand,
To the Christ and the religion
Of his life and of his land.

Architects were then invited
To produce a grand design,
That should be the pride of ages,
And the glory of the Rhine.

Many came, but none succeeded,
 No one met the King's ideal;
 And they murmured in impatience,
 "'Tis his fancy, 'tis not real."

One, a youth, his plan presented,
 'Twas rejected like the rest.
 He had built his hopes upon it,
 Now dependence filled his breast.

As he wandered silent, thoughtful,
 By the Rhine at eventide,
 Satan, ever tempting mortals,
 Glided softly to his side;

Whispering in his ear the promise
 To produce the wished-for plan,
 That should make his name immortal,
 Known in Heaven, revered by man.

In return for this demanding,
 That the youth should give his soul
 For eternity to Satan,
 When his years on earth were told.

Long the young man pondered, doubting,
 Floating on the whirlpool's edge,
 Till at last ambition conquered,
 And he signed the fatal pledge.

In the blood drawn from his right arm,
 To the bond he signed his name;
 Sold the priceless gift of Heaven
 For a breath of empty fame.

On the next night, by the river,
 Satan met the youth again,
 Bringing what he long had sought for,
 Bringing the desired plan.

This one met the King's approval,
 'Twas received with greatest praise;
 And the young man stood in honor,
 Praised and feasted many days.

Came there not sometimes before him,
 Like a dark funereal pall,
 Warnings of that fatal promise,
 Like the writing on the wall?

Soon, ah, soon did Satan claim him;
 Then the youth, in wild despair,
 Held the cross of Christ before him,
 Meeting Satan baffled there.

But the fiend, though vanquished by him,
 Fiendish, baleful vengeance sought,

Like a fiend he cursed the young man,
 Cursed him and the work he wrought.

May thy work be ne'er completed,
 Be thy name on earth forgot,
 May the temple be unfinished,
 'Till its very stones do rot!

Years passed on, the youth had perished,
 Soon his name no more was known,
 And the temple stood a useless,
 Crude, unfinished pile of stone.

And to-day, to dunce or scholar
 Of the dwellers at Cologne,
 Who designed the great cathedral
 Is a mystery still unknown.

And the great cathedral waited
 Age on age, and still to-day,
 Though men say 'tis now completed,
 'Tis but varnish on decay.

'Tis but as some great memorial
 Of all things that might have been,
 Did not pride and false ambition
 Thwart the noblest plans of men.

Life, thou art a grand cathedral,
 Through whose vaulted roof should roll
 Anthems sung by choirs celestial,
 Fit companions for the soul.

May none seek to build life's temple
 By the help of guilt and sin,
 Lest his guilt recoil to curse him,
 And life have no joy within.

CLASSMATES:

In these halls we've labored, searching
 For life's great cathedral plan,
 To present the King Eternal,
 Vying with our fellow-man.

He who would by fraud obtain it,
 Founding life on deceit,
 Cursed by self, must be forgotten,
 With life's temple incomplete.

Rather, then, by faithful striving,
 True to self and true to Heaven,
 May we build life's temple grandly,
 Wheresoe'er life's work is given.

IVY ORATION.

HIGH MENTAL ACHIEVEMENTS DEPEND-
ENT UPON MORALITY.

By S. H. W.

IT is rarely, if ever, that we feel so much pride as when contemplating the achievements of the human mind.

Looking down the centuries and beholding the conquests of mind, in the heavens, the earth, and the waters under the earth, we feel a thrill of joy that we belong to the human family, and that we possess a measure of that mind that is without limit in its powers. There is no wall or boundary on which it is written of the mind, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." The mind can remove its operations to any sphere of the universe, or any point of time. With untired pinion it visits Venus, and sports amid the satellites of Saturn. It penetrates space to discover new worlds in the illimitable immensity. The pre-historic earth appears before its vision as clearly as the face of a friend. Swifter than light or the lightning's flash it becomes familiar with creation, and looks upon the original chaos as it was ere Jehovah had said "Let there be light."

It speaks with the sages of every age and clime. Milton, old and blind, sits in a little room, now in London, now in Chalfont, but his mind roams unrestricted through the vast field of the classic ages, and heaven and hell are encompassed by his imperial fancy.

John Bunyan is chained in Bedford jail, but his soul is free from bondage. Chainless and swift it soars the delectable mountains, sweet zephyrs fan his

brow, and the joys of paradise greet his enraptured vision. To such a man

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

But who at all able to translate the triumphs of mind into words?

It has caused "the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." It has covered the barren, wild, and unmeasured wilderness with fields of golden grain and populous cities. It has hewn highways through mountains, spanned mighty rivers, stretched out bands of iron and steel, and sent the steam horse to race with the winds across continents. And "the end is not yet." Its progress from the past to the present, so marked by the memorial stones of civilization and of knowledge, is but the hint of a broader, higher, and deeper growth. The "march of mind" is ever onward. There are other worlds to conquer, other heights to scale, and none need despair that there will ever be a lack of employment for thoughtful minds.

But, while we glory in the conquests of mind and admire the wide range of its powers, we believe that there is something higher and nobler than mental ability. Something upon which mental greatness depends. No man ever left any lasting monument of his greatness, who was not governed by moral principle.

Moral principle is to man what the regulator is to the watch. A watch may be ever so carefully constructed, every wheel may be placed upon jewels, and the whole adjusted in an elegant case, but if the regulator is left out the watch is valueless as a watch, be-

cause it fails to perform the function for which it was made. So it is with men. A man may have a sound body and a well-stored mind, nay, he may even be a genius, but if he lack moral principle to govern and control his life, that life will be a failure.

The highest achievements can not be effected by one whose soul is dark, troubled and diseased. There is a law, holy and divine, that genius and talent must obey or fail. Morality gives the power to rise in thought and imagination into regions of perfect light and purity, to commune with the wise and good of other ages and other worlds, to explore the realms in which the noblest sentiments find their corresponding objects: to know the source of all knowledge, and to mark the progress of eternal wisdom as it goes to and fro in the earth, establishing and executing its immutable decrees. Now this power has no security, no protection, if indeed it can be said to have any existence outside the moral nature—in the conscience and soul of man. Where the moral nature is utterly neglected it cannot exist.

To produce anything that will outlive the occasion that gave it birth, a man must have a heart to feel what is true and beautiful, brave and holy. He must draw inspiration from the warm and glad, from the pure and lovely spirit of nature. He must commune often with himself, and learn the height and depths of his own nature, if he would discover those principles, old as the eternal sun, that rule the hearts and minds of others.

He must understand the sorrows,

temptations, and joys of those around him, and not be a stranger to the heroic and eternal in man's nature.

And can this be the work of intellect alone? Is it within the possibilities of mere intellectual culture? Can there be any true and living inspiration to a heartless bosom, a frozen soul? Can there be heart-stirring utterances where there has been no inspiration and no moral experience? Alas! the experiment has been tried too often to leave room for doubt.

The gifted genius, who might have enchanted the world with the sweetness of his numbers, and electrified the ages and thrilled the eternities with his influence, had he but listened to the heavenly voices speaking in his soul,—but he has closed his ear to them and thus
 “Profaned the God-given strength and marr'd
 the lofty line.”—

Byron furnishes an instructive example of great intellectual powers coupled with a dwarfed moral nature. He had talents that would have commanded admiration and respect in any field he might have chosen for their exercise. But he began his career by tearing away the foundation stone of all true greatness. He broke the golden chain of moral control, and then “snapped the strings of his angel harp.” The divine instrument was shattered, but so skillful was the hand of the player that its sound echoed through the civilized world, causing the friends of truth and purity, everywhere, to lament the discord. Sad is the tale of Byron's genius. A failure it certainly was, a mournful though splendid failure. We observe him as sad and disconsolate he

wanders from place to place, a stranger among friends, an exile from the land of his birth. We hear his murmuring discontent in every new condition, and listen while he pours his distempered soul into his lofty but embittered song. At length, stung to desperation, he rushes into the camp of Mars, and battles for the sons of ancient freedom. We observe him with pleasure as he pauses to breath the air of Attica and Phocis, once surcharged with the electric fire of poesy. And when at last he hangs up his discordant harp, lies down in despair and dies, we feel to weep with the thousands that deplore him; and the question is forced upon us: What has he done at all commensurate with his abilities? Where are the trophies of his greatness? Had his moral nature been as well developed as his mental, he could have produced works that would have been cherished and admired till the end of time; as it is they will scarcely survive the passing age. He must have recognized the cause of his failure, when he wrote those sad lines:

“Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness,
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or oceans of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain,
The shore to which their shivered sails shall never stretch again.”

This is only one of the many examples that might be mentioned to prove that the highest mental achievements are possible, only when moral principle exists to guide and control the life. And then the pleasure of possessing this moral nature! The healthy soul

drinks in the songs of birds, and the tones of the wind enrich it with joyous health. The dawn is to it a daily feast. It revels in the azure of the sky, and its fires are kindled by the light in which the planets roll. It glories in the majesty of the ocean. It is nourished by the events of history, enlarged and ennobled by the truths of science, crowned and glorified by the commanding sentiments of religion. Truly, the man who has carefully cultivated his mental and moral powers possesses a talisman that makes the humblest life sublime.

Ghiberti's SECOND GATE.

“Ghiberti, from the beauty of thy thought
Let now for us in lasting bronze be wrought
A massive gate, that weary passers by,
Forgetting care, may pause to feast the eye;
And dust-stained pilgrims, when they shall
retrace
Home-bringing ways, may gladly find a
place
In recollection for its sweet designs.”
Heedless of cost, so spake the Florentines;
And great Ghiberti toiled, and made for
them
Ten goodly panels, each a storied gem.
Ye countless artists, be not envious;
Not sigh, “Alas! few are commissioned
thus!”
For One far wealthier than Florentines
Whispers, “Begin, carve beautiful designs.”
—I. J., '87, in *New England Magazine*.

TO CHOOSE IS TO CREATE.

By J. H. J., '88.

ALL is darkness. God, wrapped in the silence of His own eternity, reigns alone. The first act of creation is a choice. He chooses: “Let there be light,” and space is studded with

worlds, the rolling spheres swing in their orbits, and the morning stars, clad in robes of light, sing the glory of a Creator.

A human being stands at the beginning of his career. His inherited powers and tendencies are without form and void. His whole being is chaos; darkness rests upon his world. With his first choice, he launches into his universe. He has separated light from darkness; something begins to stand out as his. His first choice is a creation. Although he has not rolled worlds into being, he has brought out of the chaos of his own mind a decision; has wrought the greatest achievement possible to man; for to make a choice calls into action the whole being of the man. He is conscious of the native impulses of his heart, and of the emotions awakened by the outer world, appealing to his imagination and judgment. He feels, compares, decides—a deliberate act of the will, and having made his first choice, is no longer the same being; he has begun his world.

Without this power, he would be, at least, a brute or an idiot; only mechanically, and not as a creative force, able to fashion in any degree himself or anything about him. In the first recorded choice of man, how momentous the result! All nature breathless awaits the issue of that first conflict in the breast of her chief. The choice is made, and the black-winged angel hovers over the infant world. God, choosing, foresaw instantly the whole course of ages; but finite man must fashion his world by degrees. He cannot see the end from the beginning.

Yet the lamp of experience throws its light far into the misty future, and the scales of judgment indicate with precision the probabilities in every crisis.

In the youth unformed in character, light hearted, free from responsibility, the creative power of choice is greatest. His choice of knowledge may fashion a life of usefulness, for knowledge, like youth, is progressive. The choice of good may make him the model and pride of his friends; of evil, the bane and detestation of society; for as a great novelist has said, "reiterated choice determines character." True alike, be it ignoramus or scholar, criminal or saint. A choice in youth made a Voltaire, and a Wesley, an Ingersoll, and Spurgeon. A choice to develop genius may change the face of the physical world. James Watt chooses, and the iron horse goes thundering through every land; Franklin, and the lightning becomes our messenger; Columbus, and Europe hails a New World.

But of transcendent importance is the influence of choice upon the world of intellect and character. Cæsar chose to cross the Rubicon, and the civilization of Rome spread over Western Europe; Garrison, Phillips, and Lincoln chose, and the Stars and Stripes no longer floated over human beings in fetters; Luther chose, and the world trembled in the throes of the Reformation.

Choice is a cumulative force, not only molding our own character, but, through our influence, the character of others. However much we shirk the responsibilities, we are each our "Brother's Keeper."

A man chooses an ideal, incarnates it in his life, and mingling with his fellows leaves the world other than he found it. His choice determines what his family shall be, his neighbors, his community. His creative force projects itself not only into latitude but into longitude, for his creatures in their turn become creators, perpetuating his works not only through time but through eternity.

Choosers of to-day! Creatures in the realm of choice! You are now fashioning for eternity. A conscientious choice will bring light upon your world; the light of a noble character. Under the creative hand of your choice, chaos may give place to order and beauty. By molding the character of others you may help the Great Creator to fashion His world aright. In the balance of your choice hangs the welfare of our nation. What an inspiration may you impart to others! What a monument rear! more enduring than marble shaft or sculptured bust! The immortal creation of a wise choice!

TRUE STANDARD OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

By L. E. P., '89.

IT has always been the one great aim of nations to hold the palm of greatness; and the means to secure it have been as numerous as the trials. The most common means is military power. Forts, armies, and navies, for generations, have been the standard of national greatness, but it is far from being the true standard. It is easy to see how this power comes to be so regarded. By it the nation becomes

populous, gains wealth, extends its territory, and, in every way, assumes a prosperous appearance.

War, war, has been the cry. Men have blindly followed this phantom god until every land, every nation even, has been bathed in blood. Glories have been won and lost. The history of a nation has become only the recapitulation of its wars, its victories, and its defeat. This standard is certainly a false one. A nation may by force of arms establish a wrong principle, and yet, according to its standard of might, be the measure for all other nations. And this has been, and is, the criterion. No one would admit this as a true measure. If so, then Greece was once as noble as nation could be; likewise Rome, once mistress of the world. But their forces are gone, and other nations, each in its turn, have held the military palm.

In the late American struggle, had Jefferson Davis gained the title of hero instead of traitor, had his life been passed in a palace instead of a prison, would the chains and lashes of the slave have been right or more easily endured? No, might alone cannot make right. What is true of the individual is true of the mass; the measure for the man is the measure for the nation. One would never cite the man whose body is perfectly developed, whose muscles are hard and knotty, whose every limb is fit for the artist, but in whose heart there are all sorts of evil,—nor the infant, helpless, but innocent, in its mother's arms,—as a true type of greatness. Still, in the one there is strength, and in the

other purity. There must be more than one quality to make up true greatness.

Education is another means whereby nations have tried to become great. This is a more noble means than the one mentioned. Grecian writings, whose authors are almost unknown, remain in literature as masterpieces; architecture and painting show their skill, but one can scarcely say they were true men. The hand and head may give every evidence of true development and still there may not be true greatness.

Surely education is noble, and without it no nation can be truly great; it is learning God's truths, and certainly He meant that they should be known. If men could see all that lies in and about them as evidences of Supreme Power, there would not be half of the unbelief in the world. Education is certainly leading man from darkness into sunlight, from unappreciation to appreciation of truths. But this must act in conjunction with other qualities to produce the best results.

The individual and national standard is the same. It is imitating, as nearly as possible for a finite being, an infinite God. As long as the weaker man is trampled down by the stronger in their onward race for glory, as long as there is strife in the heart of a nation, so long does it fall short of the true standard. The old idea that it was a shame for a man to sustain a defeat in war has a far greater significance when applied to spiritual struggles. There comes a pretty thought from the Grecian story, that one spot, at least, was kept free from war. War

was never to be carried into the island of Delos, sacred to the gods; the smoke of battle was never to vitiate the air, nor was the blood of the slain to redden the sod. One feels that one ray of God's light has shone into the darkness of that age, and that in a measure they acknowledged it.

Men say that a nation cannot follow such a standard as this would impose, but unless it does, it can never reach the highest and best standard. It is easier for the nation to follow the true standard than for the man. The little stream is bent out of its course by hill and vale, but the ocean has conquered valleys and mountains. So the man cannot overcome great evils alone, but it is easy when assisted by the nation. William Lloyd Garrison could not free a slave, but when the nation saw the wrong, the shackles fell from the slave and left him a free man.

Let the nation have great extent of territory, vast population, and great wealth; let it have strong fortifications, armies, and navies; let it be rich in architecture, science, and art; but it cannot be a true standard unless it has, in connection with these, a true love for the right. The smoke of battle cannot proclaim greatness or insure peace, unless behind the dark wreaths are hearts filled with noble purposes.

As well might the rose strive to cast its perfume on the air without the sunshine, as for men to exert right influences in the world without the great warming influence of God. The man or the nation is great only when he dares and does proclaim true loyalty to the King of kings.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

BY I. J., '87.

At the great feast of knowledge, richly spread
By those kind ones within whose eyes we read
Deep earnestness and gracious welcoming,
When first we came, have we been banqueting,
As sons and daughters of one peaceful home ;
From whose protecting walls we soon must roam
Our several ways. Alas ! too soon ; and whence ?
No tongue finds answer, for no human sense
Can make the secrets of the morrow known.
Shall we then fear ? Not so. They rest alone
With Him who leaves no bark unpiloted,
Or garden dewless, or white flock unfed,
Or mist-hung crag without bright stars above,
Or filial breast lacking the father-love
That who so feels, therewith finds all, and more
Than jocund hope e'er garnered in the store
Of her blithe heart. Trustingly go we ; yet
Our sundering is fruitful of regret.

With eyes just lifted from some pleasant book,
Through college windows we no more may look
Over the campus, whose engirdling green
Shuts out the slaving world ; nor from them lean
In day's last sunshine, while the lines of trees
Lengthen their shadows, and the rising breeze
Lays cooling fingers on the brow, and brings
Hints of blown roses, and of all sweet things
Wrought into beauty, by the sun and dew,
To teach high thought, and make our old world new.
Nor may we hear on their benighted panes
The windy sallies of the rushing rains
That drench late travelers, while we within
Cozily sit, pleased with the outer din,
But better pleased to hear, along the hall,
Some classmate's tread that promises a call.

Not boastingly, though conscious of a strength
That makes us servants through its gift, at length
We choose our portions of that mighty task
Laid on the shoulders of mankind ; nor ask,

With those that stoop to petty rivalries,
 Is mine the grander toil? or thine? or his?
 Since all true service is divinely great,
 Whether it be to lead the van, or wait
 In silent chambers where the pallid lie
 Long, patient nights, until the eastern sky
 Brings yesterday's sad like; but can not bring
 One of those days at whose remembering
 The pale lip quivers, and the languid eye
 Brightens a little between sigh and sigh.

A few of us, perchance, will choose to turn
 Leathern-bound books of law, and haply earn
 A place beside gray champions of right,
 Who lead the tyro to a field of fight,
 Where the high gods, as on Troy's battle plain,
 Stand side by side with men. A few will gain
 A noble knowledge of the art that steals
 Disorders from the fevered frame, and heals
 Those wounded sore, as was that luckless man
 Whose wants were met by a Samaritan.
 And some of us, with truth's unrusting key,
 Will ope for eager eyes the golden treasury
 Where lies the hoarded knowledge of the past,
 Like spoils of war into wild medleys cast
 For wisdom's future sorting. High, indeed,
 The teacher's mission; but, forsooth, what need
 Of words like these, when each of us recalls
 This truth made fact within these very walls.
 And some of us will at God's altars stand—
 Will seal love's vows while hand is clasped in hand—
 Will voice the comfort of the king of kings
 In homes made sad by Azrael's dark wings,
 And like a royal scribe who only writes
 The lofty thought that majesty indites,
 Will utter only what the spirit's ear
 Hears from the throne in tones divinely clear.

Let me recall unto your minds a tale
 That, rightly pondered, surely will not fail
 To yield a lesson worth the little time
 You grant a silence for my flowing rhyme.

One winter day, as sombre twilight fell
On that fair town great Dante loved so well,
With a soft wafture, slowly, round and round,
Snowflakes descended, making no more sound
Than gay-winged butterflies about the blooms
That hide in hedges. So through starless glooms,
While sleep's great blessing came, nor held aloof,
Save from the hapless, on each villa's roof,
Church, palace, garden, and deserted square,
Fell white-cloud crystals down the frosty air ;
And when light came, Arno's unrippled stream
Wound through a landscape pure as is a dream
Of some calm, arctic vale, from distance seen,
Blindingly splendid in the morning sheen.
Then Piero de Medici in sport
Ordered that straightway in his palace-court
A slender stripling, known as Angelo,
Should fashion for him from that dazzling snow
A queenly form of such surpassing grace
As ne'er was seen. Though bearded was his face,
The curling lip betrayed the cruel mock.
Thereat his courtiers laughed ; and then the common talk
Grew of the clown that, answering the call,
Took snow for marble, where the palace-wall
Gave a safe shade from the dissolving might
Of the high sun ; but soon before the sight
Of those proud Florentines that flouted him,
A statue stood, in drapery and limb
A matchless marvel ! a white loveliness !
A joy of vision ! Circlewise did press
The ever-growing throng that trooping came
Into the court. In one short hour shame
Was turned to glory by young Angelo,
Who for his scorers wrought, in fragile snow,
With such sincerity and earnestness,
As to make masters of his art confess
In him their master, and proud nobles draw
Their mantles close in silence and in awe.
Thus princely souls prevail, although they know
The bitterness of scorn, and all their marble snow.

Scenting far-growing flowers, that, may be,
Make glad some green isle of the salt-breathed sea,

Mark how the bees go honey-harvesting,
 Morn after morn, and at cool nightfall bring
 Rich nectar back over the rolling swells
 Unto the snug-built hive wherein the waxen cells
 Wait to be filled against the time of snow ;
 And likewise mark the vulture, when the woe
 Of clashing steel has spent its fatal force,
 Carrion-led, turn thitherward its course
 From wheeling round some unscaled summit, where
 The bright cliff flowers nod in seeming taintless air,
 As that which fanned the fabulous abodes
 Of high Olympus, tenanted by gods.
 And what do these things teach the docile mind?
 Is it not this, what seekers seek, they find?
 Between dualities men daily choose,
 And taking one, its opposite refuse,
 For, be it known, the gates of Paradise
 Now stand ajar for beauty-thirsting eyes ;
 And, be it known, the noisome gloom of Hell
 Now circles him within whose heart doth dwell
 Grov'ling desires, though he seem to be
 Gay as the gayest ; as the freest, free.

Bethink you how the feast of promises,
 Found on the mid-May tree, too oft at fruit-time is
 A hungry shame of thin and yellow leaves,
 Through which the wind, blow as it may, but grieves ;
 And how, from modest blossoms, nature shapes
 Large, cone-like clusters of dark, globy grapes,
 That, being pressed, brim with delicious wine
 The chalices at sacraments divine.
 And then bethink you what our lives are worth,
 If each day see not love's rich wines poured forth.

Moments are wavelets on the ocean of Time,
 That beneath and around us so silently lave ;
 If now thou'rt engaged in the trough of the brine,
 To-morrow thou'lt ride on the crest of the wave.
 Be never dismayed at thy prospect, for lo,
 Why thou wast so guided, at last thou shalt know.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[At our request, Mrs. Mosher, well known, through her literary work, to many readers of the *STUDENT*, gives us a little of her European experience. Prof. Wendell's communication will also be of much interest to students.]

AN AFTERNOON IN LONDON.

To the Editors of the Student :

It was in June, when the days are at their longest, that we approached London for the first time. There were no intimations of the dense fogs that often in winter and autumn make the city so dreary, and the sun was shining brightly as it could over a town so panoplied by coal smoke.

One o'clock, and the team drew up in the Paddington Station, an immense stone structure worthy the great city we had entered. A few moments later we were having our first experience in a London Hansom, a carriage peculiar to that place. It is like an old-fashioned chaise, only the driver has an elevated seat behind, and guides the horse by the reins extended over the top of the carriage. The horse is driven at a rapid speed, and one has the sensation, without any of the danger, of being run away with. "What 'otel?" asked the driver. But we were not ready for any hotel, either with or without an *h*, till we had driven to Cook's Tourist's Office, received our home letters, made arrangements for farther travel, and obtained a recommendation to a good boarding-house, which this time was the Temperance Angus House, at the end of Blackfriars' Bridge. A couple of slices of roast beef, cooked as only the English can, put us in good humor with the

world, and by three o'clock we were ready for our first walk in London.

We went direct to Ludgate Circus. I hope no Sunday-School scholar is shocked, for in this English metropolis a circus is simply the intersection of several streets; but we speedily made amends for any suggestion of frivolity by pursuing our walk through St. Paul's church-yard, an irregular circle of houses surrounding the cathedral. It was the hour for service. We passed into the area under the dome, affording seats for five thousand people, and remained a few moments listening to the organ, one of the finest in Europe. Visitors are requested not to walk about during divine service, so we could only glance at the monuments to Howard, Johnson, Bacon, Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, and other eminent men.

Passing out a side door, we walked along Threadneedle Street, rightly named, for we must carefully pick our way among omnibuses and carts, and reached the Bank of England, covering four acres, and the Royal Exchange, with its Corinthian portico. Opposite is the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor of London lives. Here is the center of business; and we hastened out of the crowd; and ten minutes more walk brought us to the gates of London Tower. We looked at the buildings in the inclosure, guarded by an array of red coats, but resolutely turning aside from the historical associations of eight hundred years, which these stone walls and towers call up, we returned a short way along the docks of the Thames, and cross the

river on the famous London Bridge. Were the sun not shining so brightly we should be sure we were walking in books, and seeing these places in imagination, while our bodies were in some dim old library bending over Dickens or Hood, so familiar are all these places from the accounts we have read in English writings.

But everybody hurries too much on London Bridge to give opportunity for moralizing or sentiment, so catching a glimpse of the towers of Westminster, we walk briskly along the uninteresting Surry side to Westminster Bridge. We admire the beautiful Victoria Tower on the Parliament House, with its great clock, requiring five hours' time to wind it, and have just time to walk through Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus, five centuries ago, where Cromwell was inaugurated, Charles I. was condemned, royal revels were held, and great state trials took place.

Westminster Abbey is across the street, and we have twenty minutes to walk through its aisles and corridors before the church is closed; but how much an eye trained by education and observation, may see in twenty minutes! By chance, we strolled in through the poets' corner. Again we seemed leaving the world of reality, and wandering among deeds of history and fancy. The names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, and Thompson rise from monuments and tablets. The custodian bids us hasten, and we may only raise our eyes as we walk down through the transept and the nave at the

magnificent stained glass windows and architectural grandeur of the Abbey.

It is not yet approaching sunset in the June days of this northern latitude, and we take a passing omnibus and ride up Regent and Oxford Streets, where we meet ladies returning from their fashionable shopping, and past Hyde Park and the Kensington Gardens, where the aristocracy of the town is taking its afternoon drive; and as evening comes on, we wander awhile through the South Kensington Museum, taking lunch at the restaurant, looking over the evening paper in the reading-room, listening to band music, and tiring the eye and mind among the multitude of rare and instructive objects making up this vast museum.

When weariness of body asserts the supremacy over interest and curiosity, we go back to our hotel along the Thames embankment, brilliant with electric lights, and gay with the evening excursions on the river. Surely, where there is so much to see, one can see much, even in one afternoon.

F. S. M.

SPECIAL ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA.

To the Editors of the Student:

Having been asked by the editors of the *STUDENT* for contributions in the line of my work, the following items may be of interest, as showing, in the first case, how near we are to the limit or dividing line of astronomical phenomena, and secondly, how relatively near cosmical bodies sometimes approach to us without actual contact.

Perhaps many will recall the solar

eclipse of the 29th of last August, which was visible as a partial eclipse in the southern part of New England and the Atlantic States. It lay principally to the south of us, the path of totality passing over the northern edge of South America, across the Atlantic Ocean and the southern part of Africa, while the southern limit stretched along the central part of South America and the Atlantic Ocean, and extended to a point south-east of Africa, in latitude about 54° .

Having reason to calculate the eclipse, I found that the deviation at Boston was only twenty-two minutes. In other words, we were very close to the northern line of contact. It then became interesting to find where the northern limit was, and this by calculation proved to be forty-three miles north of Boston. In other words, it ran between Boston and Lewiston, and about seventy-five miles south of the latter, showing how near both places came to the dividing line, one being a little within, and the other a little without the belt, while to a party on the line the moon just grazed the sun's limb.

The other case is that of Barnard's Comet, discovered February 16th of this year. A telegram having been received on the 17th, announcing its discovery, I observed it the same night, and found that, although faint, being about eleventh magnitude, it was moving in an angle very rapidly. In fact, its motion was very perceptible in five to ten minutes, which was quite unusual. It occurred to me at once that the comet must be relatively near the

earth, and upon calculating its orbit, I found that its distance from us on February 17th was only twenty-six million miles, while on the 22d, it had increased to thirty million, and on the 28th, to forty-five million, showing that it was relatively near, being less than one-third that of the sun's distance, and moving rapidly away from us. It may be asked how closely a comet is likely to approach, and what would be the consequences of a collision. In reply to the first question it may be said that a near approach, or even contact, is perfectly possible, but, according to the theory of probabilities, rather improbable, having only one chance in a great many.

To illustrate: from counts of stars of the brighter magnitudes and the deduction of a mathematical formula therefrom, expressing the number of the fainter stars, as well as from a partial count of the fainter stars themselves, it has been estimated that there are some two hundred million stars visible in our largest telescopes; but suppose we err on the safe side, and call the number sixty million, as some are inclined to do. We see that among so many, moving in all directions, a collision is perfectly possible. In fact, as Sir William Thomson says, it is as certain that collisions will occur in time, as that such will be the case with ships crossing the ocean, and this may be the cause of some of the sudden outbursts of light in so-called temporary stars. But, on the other hand, when we calculate the amount of room there is in space between these bodies, we see that, although a collision is pos-

sible, it becomes theoretically quite improbable and rare; and the same may be said of comets.

As to the consequences of a collision of a comet with the earth, if, as Prof. Peirce and some others have maintained, it contains a central core or controlling body within the nucleus equal to a ball of iron 100 miles in diameter, a collision would be fraught with disastrous consequences; but, on the other hand, if, as is quite possible, and even probable, in the present light of science, the whole comet is an aggregation or swarm of minute cosmical bodies, we should only get a magnificent display of celestial pyrotechnics, similar to the great meteoric shower of 1833.

IVY DAY.

Friday, June 10th, was the day appointed by the Juniors to observe Ivy Day. The day was a perfect one, and all the forenoon was spent by the class in decorating the hall. It was the universal expression that the hall was never so handsomely decorated before. The front of the stage, and both arches in the rear of the hall were draped with the class colors. On the stage, raised upon an easel was an elaborate shield of snow-balls and peonies, with "'88" worked in the center with buttercups. Promptly at a quarter past two the class marched in and took the seats which had been reserved for them. Music was furnished by Perkins' full orchestra, and Miss Helen Nash. We give the programme and odes. The

oration and poem we print in the front part of the STUDENT.

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration.	S. H. Woodrow.
Solo.	Miss Nash.
Poem.	A. C. Townsend.
Solo.	Miss Nash.
Presentations.	C. C. Smith.

CLASS ODE.

BY J. H. JOHNSON.

Twice the rose has bloomed and faded,
Since we first as classmates met,
Fading, left 'mong mem'ry's pictures,
Scenes we never can forget.

CHORUS.

Time can part the tendrils never,
Love around our hearts has twined,
Nought but death the vine can sever,
Or its tender folds unwind.

Many hearts as one united,
Bound in friendship ever true,
Time shall draw the chain but closer,
Weld each golden link anew.

[CHORUS.]

Like the vine of trailing ivy
Planted by this hall to-day,
Love, here in our bosoms rooted,
Tender, true, shall bloom for aye.

[CHORUS.]

PLANTING THE IVY.

After the singing of the Class Ode the class marched to the south side of the chapel, where the ivy was planted, and the Ivy Ode sung.

IVY ODE.

BY J. H. JOHNSON.

Our dear college home, 'neath thy walls we
assemble
To leave thee a token of love and esteem,
As now full of youth and with hopes that still
tremble,
We look forth on life as a radiant dream;
And now we implore thy maternal protection,
To guard well this offering we leave to thy
care,
A pledge of our love, of our filial affection,
A pledge that in future our memory may
bear.

Thou delicate vine, thou so helpless and tender,
 We plant thee an emblem our love to declare,
 Our hearts fondly hoping thy branches so slender
 May come to perfection a vine tall and fair,
 And now as with earth we renew thy connection,
 Each adding a portion the off'ring to share,
 A pledge of our love, of our filial affection,
 A pledge that in future our memory may bear.

In years that shall come when the spell has been broken,
 And scattered our numbers in lands far and near,
 Wilt thou ever bloom on in thy beauty, a token
 Of tendrils that bound us in fellowship here.
 With promise of care and of fond recollection,
 We leave thee to flourish 'mid sunshine and air,
 A pledge of our love, of our filial affection,
 A pledge that in future our memory may bear.

PRESENTATIONS.

Linguist, Tuning Fork.	B. M. Avery.
Lazy Man, Chair.	Miss L. A. Frost.
Dig, Pick.	G. F. Babb.
Handsome Man, Looking-Glass.	F. W. Oakes.
Society Man, Card Case.	F. S. Hamlet.
Punctual Man, Schedule of Standard Time.	R. A. Parker
Innocence Abroad, Dark Lantern.	B. W. Tinker.
Good Feeder, Loaf of Brown Bread.	W. L. Powers.
Wit, Razor.	Miss M. G. Pinkham.
Class Defender, Broom.	W. F. Tibbetts.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

The Commencement exercises began Sunday, with the Baccalaureate sermon delivered by Dr. Cheney. The day was a beautiful one, and everything seemed to smile propitiously upon the brave youths and maidens, just prepared to enter upon the career of life. The President was at his best,

and delivered a very fine sermon. At its close the Class Ode was sung by the class. The singing was of unusual excellence, as three members of the well-known Eurosophian Quartette are of the Senior class, whose music will be much missed from the college halls.

In the evening, the annual address before the Theological students was delivered by Rev. E. W. Porter, who is well-known in all Free Baptist societies. The speaker is a man of rare power and eloquence, and his sermon was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

CHAMPION DEBATE.

Monday afternoon, at two o'clock, the Champion Debate occurred in the Main Street Church. The parts were well sustained by all the disputants, and whoever gets the prize will deserve it. This exercise is one of the most interesting of Commencement week, and should be more fully attended. The following was the question: "Is the English civilization superior to that of ancient Greece?"

Aff.	Neg.
E. L. Stevens,	A. E. Hatch,
E. J. Small,	C. D. Blaisdell,
H. S. Worthley,	C. J. Emerson,
W. E. Kenney,	W. T. Guptill,
F. J. Daggett.	Thomas Singer.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

A large and attentive audience assembled in the Main Street Church, Monday evening, to listen to the Junior parts, which were fully up to the usual excellence expected at this exhibition. Mr. Southwick, of the Monroe College of Oratory, drilled the Juniors in their

parts. Excellent music was furnished. The exercises were as follows :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The To-Day and To-Morrow of the American Laborer.	F. W. Oakes.
Spartan Patriotism.	C. C. Smith.
Our Navy.	R. A. Parker.
The Struggle for Equality.	C. W. Cutts.

MUSIC.

Is a Great Social Revolution Im- pending?	Miss M. G. Pinkham.
Influence of Faith in Molding Char- acter.	S. H. Woodrow.
Function of the Public School.	Miss L. A. Frost.
Art as an Educator.	A. C. Townsend.

MUSIC.

A Defense of Cicero.	W. F. Tibbetts.
Vox Populi, Vox Dei.	G. W. Snow.
Silent Influences.	C. L. Wallace.
The Hebrew Character.	B. W. Tinker.

MUSIC.

CLASS DAY.

Tuesday afternoon the Class-Day exercises occurred in Hathorn Hall. Every seat was full. Many alumni and friends of the graduating class from out of town were present. The oration was scholarly, the history and prophecy were laughable, and the parting address was impressive. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration.	E. C. Hayes.
History.	L. G. Roberts.
	SOLO—E. W. Goss.
Poem.	Israel Jordan.
Prophecy.	Miss M. E. Richmond.
	SOLO—E. W. Goss.
Parting Address.	H. C. Cushman.

CLASS ODE.

PIPE OF PEACE.

On Tuesday evening, June 28th, a large audience assembled in Music Hall, where a rare musical feast was

enjoyed by Lewiston's worshipers at the shrine of Euterpe. The talent, consisting of Miss Frances Dunton, soprano, Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, the great violinist, Herr Heinrich Schuëcker, harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Ruggles Street Church Quartette, were all of the very first class. The artists were all new to a Lewiston audience, with the exception of the Ruggles Street Quartette, who are always sure of a warm reception, to which Tuesday night was no exception. Although it was Miss Dunton's first appearance here, she was universally regarded as a favorite, and was repeatedly encored. The duct, "A Night in Venice," by Luncantoni, rendered by her and Mr. Johnson, was enthusiastically received. Herr Schuëcker was a novelty, and was very much enjoyed. Everything was of such superior excellence that it would be difficult to say that one part was better than another, and still more difficult to sustain such an assertion, yet we may venture to say, at least, that one of the greatest attractions of the evening was the execution of Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, who at present is probably the first artist in his department. The programme was made up of a good variety of most excellent selections, and it was without doubt one of the best Commencement concerts.

On Wednesday forenoon occurred the examinations for admission to college. In the afternoon, the exercises of the graduating class of the Theological School occurred at the Main Street Church, which were as follows :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Popular Amusements.

Ransom Eugene Gilkey, Bath.
Athanasius and The Nicene Council.

Walter Newell Goodwin, Northwood, N. H.
Discussion—Is the Present State
of the Church Adapted to the
Wants of the People?

(a.) In Respect to Her Forms of Worship.
Samuel Augustus Blaisdell, Franklin.

(b.) In Respect to their Economic
Condition.
Douglas Thorpe Porter, Barrington, N. S.

MUSIC.

Is a Theological Course of Study
Favorable to Independence of
Thought?

Richard Baxter Hutchins, Phillips.
The Conversion of Constantine.

John Ansel Wiggin, North Baldwin.
The Humanity of the Mosaic Stat-
utes. Horace Frank Young, Lisbon Falls.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

In the evening the alumni held their
reunion. The oration was delivered
by G. B. Files of Augusta. A poem
was read by Rev. J. H. Heald of Ben-
nington, N. H.

Commencement, Thursday, at 10 A. M.
The following was the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Salutatory. Fairfield Whitney, Harrison.
Scott as a Delineator of Character.

Lura Susan Stevens, Lewiston.
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)

Christianity, the Final Religion.
Ulysses Grant Wheeler, Paris.
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)

Success in Failure.
Leonard George Roberts, Sherman.
(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

Gladstone as a Statesman.
Ezra Kimball Sprague, Lewiston.
(Class Honor.)

Can the Benevolence of Deity Be
Known from Nature Alone?
Mary Antoinette Chase, Buxton.
(Natural Sciences—Second Honor.)

How the New World Puzzles the
Old. William Crosby Buck, Milton.
(Mathematics—First Honor.)

The Outlook for the College Grad-
uate.
Albert Stanton Woodman, Portland.
(Psychology—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

The Answer for the Pessimist.
Charles Stanton Pendleton, Norwich, N. Y.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)

Tennyson in Youth and in Age.
Martha Ellen Richmond, Camden.
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)

The Nerve of Missions.
Edward Cary Hayes, Lewiston.
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)

The Function of the Imagination.
Arthur Stevens Littlefield, Vinal Haven.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

The Secret of Personality.
Herbert Ernest Cushman, Lewiston.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

Our Greatest American Poet.
Nora Elvena Russell, Wilton.
(Psychology—First Honor.)

Valedictory — Mirabeau and the
French Revolution.
Roscoe Nelson, Canaan.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

BENEDICTION.

Commencement dinner at 2 P. M., in
the gymnasium.

Address before the Literary Socie-
ties, by H. B. Carpenter.

Friday evening Commencement ex-
ercises close with the President's re-
ception to the graduating class.

—◆◆◆—
A committee has been appointed by
the Cambridge (Eng.) University Boat
Club to arrange with the Harvard Uni-
versity Boat Club for a race, to take
place some time in September, in
America.—*Ex.*

LOCALS.

“Ho! ho! vacation days are here,
Tra, la! tra la! tra la!
We welcome them with right good cheer,
Tra, la! tra la! tra la!

How about that?

Good-bye Seniors.

Welcome Freshmen.

Did you pass? Chestnuts.

Who hired that hack at the Junior reception?

Who locked those doors on the night of May 13th?

The Freshmen, formerly Freshmen we mean, got two cuts Ivy Day.

Prof. Stanley was recently appointed State Assayer by Gov. Bodwell.

Prof. Stanton gave the Sophomores a reception the first of the month.

P—— is getting quite tired when he has to try twice before he can get up.

Prof.—“What is the usefulness of invertebrates?” Student — “Which kind?”

The Seniors were entertained by Miss Rhodes, of Lisbon, near the close of the term.

P—— says that if the navy never did any other harm, it has come pretty near destroying him.

Even the flowers play base-ball. They have numerous catchers, pitchers, umpires, yaggers, etc.

The Juniors were recently informed by the Prof. that the big toe of birds is always the smallest.

Oberlin students have been forbidden by the Faculty to wear knickerbockers. Such a reform is needed at Bates.

Prof.—“What is a supraesophagal brain?” Mr. O——, “It is a brain more developed than the aesophagus.”

Many of the boys have gone to the summer hotels. '88 sends a full delegation to the Marshall House, York Harbor.

The Polymnian reception occurred June 3d, in the Mathematical recitation room. A first-class time was the verdict of all.

“Mr. P——, you describe the making of hydrogen.” Mr. P——, “I have got just half a minute to get out and ring that bell.”

Prof. — “What is an imperfect flower?” Mr. M——, “It is a flower that lacks some of the parts which a perfect flower has.”

Such dreadful puns as our Prof.'s do get off sometimes. One said the other day that “the dew was simply what was due to the earth.”

We recently noticed a sign-board on one of the trees of the campus, advertising it for sale. Wonder if a purchaser has been found?

A student, who frequently attends church in Auburn, translated “*amabo dulce loquentem*,” I will continue to love my sweet prating.

Hamlet gave himself dead away the other day. While he was cutting open the leaves of the advance lessons, the Prof. called on him to translate.

The Freshman nine has won a moderate amount of glory on the diamond. Among other victories they defeated the Bowdoin “Medics” by a score of four to nine.

G. B. (to the Prof.)—"What peculiarities do you suppose were considered in naming my genus?" Prof.—"I shouldn't like to enter into conjecture about that."

The prizes for the best plant records were awarded to F. S. Hamlet and J. H. Johnson. Mr. H. has the highest record in analyzing and pressing plants ever made in the college.

One of the students in translating the description of the "Coronation March" in the "Maid of Orleans," rendered one passage as follows, "Next came the bishops with the jugs."

Parker brought the house down, recently, when in the German class he translated his passage as follows: "O, would I were far from here, where my mother awaits me and a sweet young bride!"

H——, when asked who he was going to take to the Junior reception, said, "Well, now, I don't know many girls around here;" as much as to say he had an extensive feminine acquaintance in other towns.

"Mr. T——, you may recite." Mr. T——(after a few moments' pause)—"Did you call me?" His excuse was that he thought the Prof. called on some one else, but then, you know, he was out late the night before.

"It never rains, but it pours" is a good old adage that was recently brought home to the Botany class, for no sooner had a hand-organ man began to play beneath the window, than the professor accidentally kicked the table over.

The following translation of a pas-

sage of German by O—— seems to contain a superfluous—"less." He read thus: "How many mothers through you have become childless, how many tender children fatherless, how many loved brides 'widowless.'"

What about those Sophs getting put off the train at Lisbon for not paying their fare? In the words of Artemus Ward, when speaking of that stage coach of passengers that arrived in Santa Fe, after having been robbed of their clothes, "they must have felt rather mortified."

The Prof. called on one man to recite, and the reply came that he was absent. The second one called on said he didn't know. Number three, W——, gave a rather ambiguous answer, whereupon the Prof. remarked that "when you run on to one snag you are pretty sure to run on to another right away." What, called our chief a snag!

Brownville is a great place for squashes, according to Powers' account. They were speaking in the Botany class of the rapidity of vegetable growth, and honest "Bill" thereupon related that his father had had squash vines grow so fast that they wore the squashes all out dragging them over the ground.

We are always prepared for a rare literary treat when we expect to hear Edward Everett Hale, and we were not disappointed in his recent lecture before the students on Monday evening, June 13th. His subject was "The Democracy of a Liberal Education." He spoke of the word "princely" as being a misnomer as applied to Amer-

ican institutions, but rather we should speak of them as the outgrowth of democratic generosity. In closing, he paid a very eloquent tribute to the work of some of our graduates.

The third lecture in the course before the students was delivered Thursday evening, June 9th, by Rev. W. H. Bolster, of the class of '69. His subject was "The True Basis of Progress." In a very scholarly and pointed discourse, he plainly showed that morality was the true basis of all real progress.

Quite a crowd of the boys started for Brunswick to see the Bowdoin-Colby game, on the supposition that the fare was to be sixty cents; but when they presented themselves at the ticket office they found a discrepancy in their reckoning of one dollar, whereupon most of them marched sorrowfully back to the college again.

The walls of the chapel have been adorned this term by two pictures; one of the President, donated by the students and professors, and the other of Prof. Stanton, given by the Sophomore class. It is a move in the right direction, and we hope that in a few years we shall see pictures of all the professors hanging with these.

The Eurosophian reception was a grand success. About fifty couples assembled in the small chapel on the evening of June 10th. The evening was well filled up with singing, humorous recitations, and other mild forms of hilarity. After a generous share of refreshments had been served the company dispersed at an early (?) hour.

It is an adage that poets always develop in spring-time. This was again proven by Powers, when in translating he read:

"Thibaut comes, dressed in black,
Ramond follows to hold him back."

The Botany class were astonished to hear the Prof. say that the Herbarium would probably paralyze the most of the specimens.

The reception to the Juniors, given by Prof. Angell, was a most enjoyable affair. The Prof. and his wife have a way of making every one feel at home as soon as he enters the house. Among other festivities of the evening none were more laughable than the attempts made by the company to hang the donkey's tail on to its owner in the right place. After refreshments were served, Miss Nash entertained the company with songs, and all went away feeling that the evening was one they would long remember.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'69.—G. B. Files delivered the oration before the alumni of the college, June 29th.

'71.—G. W. Flint is soon to visit Europe.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham has been elected a trustee of the Maine Central Institute.

'72.—C. L. Hunt is Superintendent of Schools at Braintree, Mass.

'73.—N. W. Harris, Esq., was married, June 1st, to Miss Edith Conant of Auburn.

'77.—J. W. Smith, of Philadelphia,

is spending his annual vacation in the East.

'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase is the editor and publisher of the *Unitarian Record*.

'77.—G. H. Wyman is married, and is practicing law in Anoka, Minn.

'79.—F. P. Otis is practicing law at Sonora, Cal. He has been married during the last year.

'80.—E. H. Farrar has been appointed to superintend the erection of a ten-story building at Omaha. The work will occupy two years. Mr. Farrar receives a large salary, and a commission besides.

'80.—Rev. J. H. Heald delivered a poem before the alumni of the college, June 29th.

'80.—H. L. Merrill visited Washington as a member of a military company, and participated in the grand review there.

'80.—Dr. C. B. Rankin is having a large practice at Bryant's Pond.

'80.—“Prof. I. F. Frisbee, principal of the Nichols Latin School, has recently received a very flattering offer of the principalship of a fitting school in Massachusetts, where students are fitted especially for Harvard. Prof. Frisbee has been seven years with the Nichols Latin School in this city, and has been widely successful in the management of the school. A change would be deeply regretted by his friends in these cities.”—*Lewiston Journal*.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, of Bath, attended the Ivy-Day exercises at the college, June 10th.

'81.—C. L. McCleery has been chosen a director of the Bar Harbor and Mt. Desert Island Land and Investment

Company, recently organized, with a capital of \$200,000, to operate in land on Mt. Desert Island.

'81.—William P. Foster, Esq., and wife, of Bar Harbor, have been visiting friends in Lewiston. Mr. Foster has an extensive law practice, having made, as we learn, ten thousand dollars in his business the past year. In this number of the *STUDENT* we copy from the *Century* one of Mr. Foster's “Songs of the Sea,” of which he has four in the June number of that magazine.

'81.—O. H. Drake is principal of the Normal Department of Maine Central Institute.

'81.—J. H. Parsons has recently resigned his position as principal of the Maine Central Institute. He has been connected with the institution for six years and has been very successful in his work.

'81.—R. E. Gilkey graduates from the Theological School this year.

'81.—Rev. W. W. Hayden recently received a large accession to his church by profession of faith.

'81.—C. P. Sanborn is traveling for a large commercial house in Boston.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy delivered the oration on Memorial Day, at Biddeford.

'82.—W. V. Twaddle is engaged in the law and real estate business at El Paso, Texas.

'83.—C. E. Sargent, who has been on the editorial staff of the *Utica Morning Herald*, has contributed a chapter to a popular subscription book soon to be published.

'83.—O. L. Bartlett has graduated

from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and is practicing medicine in Rockland.

'83.—J. L. Reade has been promoted from the reportorial staff of the *New York Tribune* to a position in the editorial rooms.

'84.—R. E. Donnell has resigned his position as principal of Foxcroft Academy, and is studying medicine.

'84.—E. H. Emery has been in the signal service for three years, and is now stationed at Chattanooga. We learn that he has recently made six thousand dollars in real estate speculation. Mr. Emery is now visiting friends in Maine.

'85.—W. B. Small will enter the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in the fall.

'85.—F. A. Morey was recently admitted to the New York bar.

'85.—C. T. Walter, who is the manager of the *St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Republican*, is to publish this summer a large edition of a volume of short stories by W. H. H. Murray. It is to be profusely illustrated by Thomas Worth, A. B. Shute, and others.

'85.—E. B. Stiles will preach at Epson, N. H., during the summer.

'85.—C. A. Scott, principal of the High School at Bowdoinham, has received an offer from J. H. Vincent for a serial story to be published in one of his periodicals.

'86.—F. W. Sandford was recently ordained pastor of the Free Will Baptist church at Topsham.

'86.—E. D. Varney will supply the Free Will Baptist church at Richmond, Me., during the vacation.

'86.—C. E. Stevens will attend the Summer School of Science, at Harvard, this summer.

'86.—F. E. Parlin has completed a very successful year as principal of Bridgham Academy, Bakersfield, Vt., and is now visiting in Maine.

The following will be the addresses of some of the students this summer. Many will work in hotels, and some at home in the hay-field.

'88.

B. M. Avery, Bay View House, Old Orchard.
H. J. Cross, Marshall House, York Beach.
C. W. Cutts, Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard.
F. S. Hamlet, Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard.
F. W. Oakes, Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard.
W. L. Powers, Crescent Beach House,

Magnolia, Mass.

A. E. Thomas, Marshall House, York Beach.
W. F. Tibbetts, Marshall House, York Beach.
B. W. Tinker, Marshall House, York Beach.
A. C. Townsend, Marshall House, York Beach.

S. H. Woodrow will supply the Congregational church at West Auburn.

'89.

Thomas Singer, H. S. Worthley,
Moody's School for Bible Study,
Northfield, Mass.

I. N. Cox, York Beach.
G. W. Hayes, York Beach.
I. J. Hutchinson, York Beach.
O. B. C. Kinney, Bay View House, Old Orchard.
Miss S. A. Norton, Wentworth House,

Portsmouth, N. H.

Eli Edgecomb will canvass, and O. B. Call play ball on the Aroostook team.

'90.

F. B. Nelson, Glen House,
White Mountains, N. H.
F. S. Pierce, Pigeon Cove House,

Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, Mass.

C. A. Record, Fiske House, Old Orchard.
T. C. Spillane, Mt. Kineo House,
Moosehead Lake.

J. H. Welch, Marshall House, York Beach.

H. B. Davis will canvass, and G. W.

Blanchard and L. H. Dorr work in grocery stores.

F. H. Day and H. V. Neal will play in the orchestra at Squirrel Island.

A. A. Mainwaring will supply the Baptist church at Leeds, Me.

STATISTICS OF SENIOR CLASS.

Jesse Bailey: Politics, Republican; height, 6 feet; weight, $177\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 27. Fitted at Bath High School.

Miss C. R. Blaisdell: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet 4 inches. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

W. C. Buck: Intended profession, medicine; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 150 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 20. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

F. W. Chase: Religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 145 pounds; hat, 7; age, 22. Fitted at Maine Central Institute.

Miss M. N. Chase: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet 5 inches.

H. E. Cushman: Religious belief, Universalist; politics, Mugwump; height, 5 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 157 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{2}$; age, 21. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

J. R. Dunton: Intended profession, teaching; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, $136\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 27.

G. M. Goding: Intended profes-

sion, business; religious belief, golden rule; politics, for the party that brings the greatest good to the greatest number; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 170 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 23. Fitted at Wilton Academy.

E. C. Hayes: Intended profession, missionary; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 145 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 19. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

P. R. Howe: Intended profession, Dental Surgery; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 130 pounds; hat, 7; age, 22. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

I. A. Jenkins: Profession, undecided; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican.

Israel Jordan: Intended profession, journalism; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 24.

A. S. Littlefield: Intended profession, law; religious belief, Congregationalist; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 160 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; age, 23. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

A. B. McWilliams: Intended profession, medicine; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 150 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 25. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

J. W. Moulton: Intended profession, missionary; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 165 pounds; hat $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 32. Fitted at New Hampton Institute.

Roscoe Nelson: Religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Democrat;

height, 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 150 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 25. Fitted at Maine Central Institute.

C. S. Pendleton: Religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Anti-Saloon Republican; height, 5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 142 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 24. Fitted at Norwich Academy, New York.

Miss M. E. Richmond: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet 1 inch. Fitted at Berwick Academy.

L. G. Roberts: Intended profession, law; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 179 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 24. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

Miss N. E. Russell: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Methodist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; age, 20.

E. K. Sprague: Intended profession, medical missionary; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Mugwump; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 144 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 21. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

Miss L. S. Stevens: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet 3 inches. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

U. G. Wheeler: Intended profession, medicine; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 157 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; age, 25. Fitted at Bridgton Academy.

Fairfield Whitney: Politics, Re-

publican; height, 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 130 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; age, 25. Fitted at Bridgton Academy.

A. S. Woodman: Intended profession, law; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 156 pounds; hat, $6\frac{7}{8}$; age, 20. Fitted at Portland High School.

S. S. Wright: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 168 pounds; hat, $7\frac{3}{4}$; age, 29. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

LITERARY NOTES.

The frontispiece of the June *Century* is a striking portrait of Count Leo Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, engraved by Thomas Johnson from a photograph, and presenting a personality of a unique and homely, yet fascinating type, the impression of which, upon an American, is recorded by Mr. George Kennan, in a paper entitled "A Visit to Count Tolstoi." This account is the forerunner of a remarkable series of papers, which are to appear later in the *Century Magazine*, making record of a hazardous trip to Siberia in 1885 and 1886, by Mr. Kennan, in the interest of the *Century*, for the purpose of investigating the Russian exile system. Mr. Kennan's present paper gives a graphic description of Count Tolstoi and his home, and sets forth some of the novelist's peculiar religious and social opinions as elaborated in conversation; also a thoughtful and suggestive paper by the Rev. T. T. Munger, considering the true aim and the best methods of

education, bears the title, "Education and Social Progress." It is in the nature of a protest against the tendency to specialization and false utilitarianism in contemporary college instruction.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June opens with a curious and interesting story by Josiah P. Quincy, called "A Crucial Experiment." It is, to some extent, a continuation of his striking sketch, "The Peckster Professorship, which appeared in the November number. Mr. John Fiske writes about "The Completed Work of the Federal Convention," in his series of historical papers; and Dr. Holmes continues his interesting account of his European experiences. The two serials by F. Marion Crawford, and Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich, go on as usual, and the number closes with some able criticisms and the usual departments of The Contributors' Club and the Books for the Month. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The new number of *St. Nicholas* opens with a charming frontispiece by Frank Russell Green, entitled "A Day Dream." It reminds us that summer is a hand; and Frank Demster Sherman's poem, "June," leaves no doubt upon the subject. The story of "The Child-Princess, Charlotte," is cleverly told by Ellen M. Hutchinson, and there are some interesting items in "Editorial Notes, about another historic maiden, Grizel Cochrane, whose story was told in the February number. "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding House" grow better as they grow older; the "Brownies" have an

adventure with a bee-hive, and there is a great deal more than there is room to tell of.

COLLEGE WORLD.

There are over 18,000 female students attending college in the United States.

President McCosh declares that since he abolished secret societies at Princeton there has been better order, less drinking, and less opposition to the Faculty.

Professor Turner, of Edinburgh, receives \$22,000 salary. This is supposed to be the highest salary paid any teacher in the world. It has been stated that \$8,000 paid President Holden of the California State University, is the highest in the United States.

AMONG THE POETS.

VISIONS.

Oh, happy land, with castles fair,
Where blows a perfumed, fairy air;
On sunny waves light vessels glide;
A stormless sea, a gentle tide.
What nameless light upon it streams,
That country where we live—in dreams.

Old friends return in laughing guise,
Again we gaze in trusting eyes,
Long silent voices echo still,
Forgotten scenes our pulses thrill,
From out the past the pleasure seems
To come, without the pain—in dreams.

Will ever cloudy day-light bring
Such heart-felt words of welcoming?
Will ever come, in waking hours,
Such breezes wafting scents of flowers?
Will sober spirit catch the gleams
Within the veil withdrawn—in dreams?

—Tuftonian.

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SERENADE.

All dimly the drowsy stars
 Woo now to sleep;
 The moon doth with silver bars
 Silent watch keep,
 And casts a soft shiver
 And dancing of light
 O'er the breast of the river,
 O peaceful is Night!

With the night-breeze now whisper
 In tree-tops the leaves,
 The swallow croons soft to
 His mate 'neath the eaves,
 The night-mist is wreathing
 O'er meadow and lea;
 All, all of them breathing,
 My Dearest, of thee.

—Harvard Advocate.

WITH DYING LIGHT.

With dying light, all in the west,
 The weary moon has sunk to rest
 Beneath the shadow of the hills,
 Lulled by the murmur of the rills,—
 An orison that seemeth best.

Love waneth in my love's fair breast,
 Of fancies sweet the favored nest,
 And, fading fast, my sad heart fills
 With dying light.

No room is there for quip and jest;
 Flown in the night are all things best,
 When love its vesper hymn now stills,
 And darkening clouds the vista chills,
 In shadows that my sight invest
 With dying light.

—Williams Lit.

THEKLA'S SONG.

SCHILLER.

Dark rise the clouds and the oak-trees moan,
 By the water a maiden walks alone,
 And, though the storm breaks forth with
 might,

She sings her song in the murky night
 While her eyes are red with tears :

"My heart is dead and the world is rain;
 It has given and cannot give again!
 O Father call back thy child to thee
 For I know what the joy of earth may be :
 I have lived and I have loved."

—Harvard Advocate.



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CLIPPINGS.

“My question puzzles you,” said a professor to a student. “Not at all,” was the reply, “it is the answer that is a sticker.”—*Ex.*

EVOLUTION.

We sat in cozy confidence,
Myself and fairy Kate,
In the charming little parlor,
Before the glowing grate;
Our theme was evolution,
And laughingly she asked,
“Do you, a man, acknowledge
The highest types were *last*?”
“For if you do,” she added,
“You must confess it, then,
That women rank up higher,
In scale of life, than men.”
My arms stole softly round her waist,
And then with merry laughter,
I proved to her 'twas womankind
That *men* were always *after*.

—*The Targum.*

Clara—“Oh, John! what lovely flowers! They look as if they had just been gathered. Why, there’s a little dew upon them!” John (somewhat

embarrassed)—“Due upon them? Not a cent, Clara, I assure you, not a cent.”—*Life.*

They say the Vassar girls are never so happy as when allowed to go down to the river and paddle around the buoys.—*Ex.*

THE EDITOR.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
Letting his lessons rip;
Racking his brain for an item,
And stealing all he could clip.

The editor sat in his class-room,
As if getting over a drunk,
His phiz was clouded with awful gloom,
For he’d made a total flunk.

The editor returned to his sanctum,
He hit himself in the eye;
He swore he’d enough of the business,
He would quit the paper or die.

—*Hanover Monthly.*

Our ancestors were not so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.—*College Transcript.*

“Cur’us ’bout me, Mac, I can ’membah de mos’ insignif’cant ting that eber happened since I wah two yeah ole. F’r instance——” “I say, Pone, does yo’ ’membah anyt’ing ’bout dat ha’f dollah yo’ borrh’d ob me las’ yeah?”
—*Chironian.*

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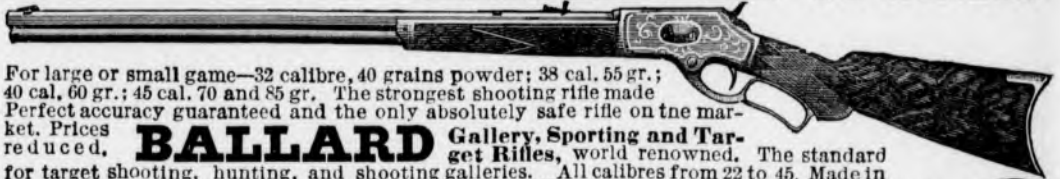
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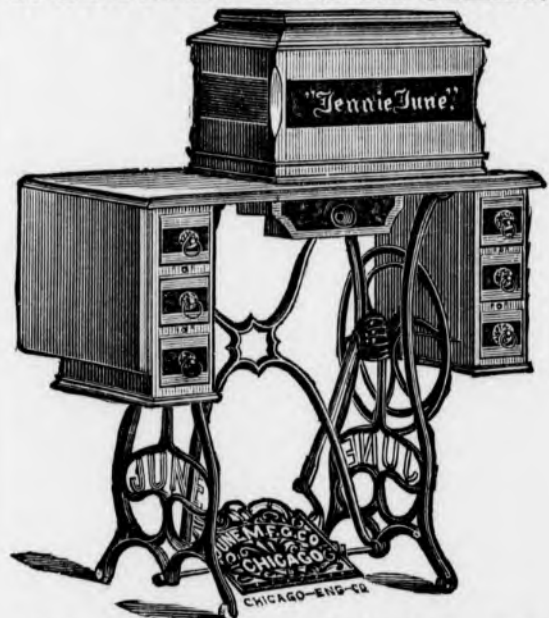
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