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VOLUME XIV.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

PALMA NON SINE PULVERE.

Published by the Class of '87,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

Editorial Board:

ROSCOE NELSON,

E. C. HAYES,

L. G. ROBERTS,

ISRAEL JORDAN,

H. E. CUSHMAN,

FAIRFIELD WHITNEY.

BUSINESS MANAGERS: ARTHUR LITTLEFIELD, F. W. CHASE.

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ISRAEL JORDAN, L. G. ROBERTS,
E. C. HAYES, FAIRFIELD WHITNEY.

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EDITORIAL.

“A Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.”

THIS famous line, at least for one
day in the year, expresses a wide-
spread sentiment. No equal number
of words could better represent the
universal heart on Christmas day.
“Merry Christmas” is born with the
day and fills the earth, like sunshine
at the dawn of the morning. Just as
a storm, or a wind, or an intense cold,
or an unusual brightness is found upon
the earth at our waking; and just as
these enter into our lives and cause us
to say to whom we meet, “a bad
storm,” “an awful wind,” “a magnifi-
cent day,” so on Christmas day, we
awake amid an all-pervading gladness,
and find on our lips a hearty “Merry
Christmas,” for all we meet and the
same in our hearts for those we cannot
see. Children catch the spirit as nat-
urally as they breathe the air, and vie
with one another in their “Merry
Christmas” wishes. Sleigh-bells jin-
gle out the happy chorus; the whirl
of joyous skaters, and the sound of
the woodsman’s axe echo through the
forest and mountains the same festive
merriment.

What a universal teacher is this
“Merry Christmas” time? All mean-
ness, I am inclined to think, is made

ashamed of itself on this day. Throughout the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, men may defraud and slander their fellow-men, but on this day they find in their hearts, if indeed they still have any, for them all, a "Merry Christmas," which finds expression, not in words alone, but often in a more substantial form. Distinctions of class, wealth, and social position, for a single day seem to disappear; and all entertain common feelings and mutual sympathies. A single bright ray untinged with selfishness; a single day unsullied by sordid schemes and thoughts of gain—what a beneficent contribution to the dole of days that make up the life! A verdant oasis in a desert of commonplaces is this Christmas season, when old cheery Santa Claus brings joy to so many hearts so little accustomed to it.

WITH the present issue '87's term of service expires, and the interests of the *STUDENT* fall to the care and keeping of '88. There has been bustle and confusion about the sanctum for the last few days, sweeping down cobwebs, clearing out paper-stuffed corners, consigning to the flames such old manuscript as might be of no further use, making ready for the departure of the old servants and for the arrival of the new corps. Dame *STUDENT* in her appearance, has evinced considerable anxiety, though close application to work has concealed, even from herself, much of the commotion in her mind.

As we were advancing from the sanctum for the last time, the old lady

stood in the doorway and peered out over her spectacles after us. Her lip quivered and in her moistened eyes was a deal of pathos. She looked tenderly, patronizingly, upon us for a short time, then raised her hand to her brow to gaze into the distance. And as she saw the approach of her new corps of supporters, her countenance lightened for a moment, but the lessons of experience crowded in upon her mind, and she gave way to tears.

For the cause of her discomfort we had no need to ask. We were too familiar with her experience not to understand it all. We had often seen her feeling downhearted and forsaken from the same cause that now moved her to tears.

The source of her trouble was not in the departure of '87 from the sanctum, for she saw a goodly company coming to take their places. To be sure, a year's constant companionship had created an attachment that made the parting reluctant. She did feel badly that she had often found it necessary to require at our hands an undue amount of service, thus causing recreation, reading, rank, and sleep often to be sacrificed. But "the past, at least, is secure," and she indulged in no fault-finding for its failures. Nor did she waste any words in vain denunciation of any one for what is past and gone.

The main cause for her grief was that, though she, in a sense, represents equally every member of the four college classes, and has claims upon them all, so few actually contribute to her support that she becomes to these few

a heavy burden. This has been the cause of her sorrow in the long past, and will as long remain to be so, unless there is a more hearty and general response to her needs and legitimate demands.

Our work is done and we leave it without excuse for public inspection. It has been our purpose to treat intelligently and fairly whatever questions might come up, and to maintain a liberal, unpartisan, policy—to make the *STUDENT* represent the college, rather than the class that edits it. Whether or not we have done this we must leave to others to judge. We shall have no more to do with the direct management of the *STUDENT*, but our connection with it has revealed to us its importance and possibilities, and created in us a love for it that will not subside with the expiration of our editorial term.

IT becomes our unpleasant duty to warn our subscribers that their subscriptions are now due. Some have kindly forwarded their dollars early in the year and without asking. Such we feel to thank. But more have waited to be dunned. Of course no alumnus or any one else that takes our college paper thinks of refusing to pay for it. Then let there be a prompt and hearty response to the bills that have been or may be sent out. The printer's bill must be settled at the end of the year, and we must have some money with which to pay it. It is far from encouraging to us to do our best to make our magazine interesting and worthy to represent our college

and then to find such an indifference among its patrons as to render it, to say the least, a disagreeable task to collect the subscription bills.

WE all unite in commending the plan in vogue at Bates, of lengthening the winter vacation and also allowing students to be away teaching during the first four weeks of the spring term without obliging them to make up studies. The help it gives to the purses of the students, especially the many that are obliged to earn the money for themselves in order to go to college, is the benefit of this plan first to be recognized, but by no means the only one. Every Bates student should teach a school, whether he need the money it yields or not. It is a most fruitful part of an education. To go among strangers and win the respect and esteem of the community is a means of discipline not easily overvalued. Going thus into a strange place and being obliged to study its people not only brings information, but cultivates the power of understanding people and meeting them successfully. And the boy brought up in the city who goes to teach a country school has a revelation of a new kind of life and new aspects of human nature. If during his course a student is to teach several terms of school, it will be for his own advantage not to go repeatedly to the same place, but to places as different as may be from each other, and from that to which he is accustomed. Another and probably in most cases, a greater benefit is that which comes upon the student-teacher from having

in his hands an enterprise, the success of which depends upon himself; his energy and enthusiasm and power to plan are called into action. He learns what success demands of a man, and wherein he must change what nature or habit has made him; he has undertaken a man's work and must be manly. He is almost sure to come back from teaching, a better student. Not only these things referred to help to make him such, but the long effort to instruct others and awaken their minds to appreciate education has reacted on himself. We do not close here the enumeration of benefits to the student-teacher because no more occur to us, but in order to reserve our space for other purposes.

This plan of Bates befriends not the students and the college only, but the rural districts—and who shall say where its good ceases? The teacher molds men, who are to be the substance of our country, and have a part in the architecture of the world's history. The coming of a pure and manly teacher into a country district may cause a slight uplift, invisible perhaps to him, in the standard of society. A hundred fold more so if he be a true Christian, his thought and life transformed so as to accord with the thoughts of his Lord. Then he cannot come down to the level of anything low, and must lift up. Such a young man, student, full of high purposes and ambition must help to raise the standards and purposes of the scholars among whom he spends the days. The plan of Bates that has led us into these thoughts, sends annually

into the country districts about eighty teachers, of whom two significant things can be said: First, they are *young* men, and second, they are college students. To say that a teacher is a young man is significant, because the bane of school teaching is lack of enterprise and falling into ruts, and young men are of all men, by far the most likely to be progressive, essaying new things and avoiding ruts, bubbling over with enterprise and energy. He is a college student, is a significant thing to say of a teacher, for he may then be fairly expected to have, on that account, a broader understanding and a higher appreciation of education. Perhaps the appreciation of education is higher with Bates students than with the average, even, of college men, for few, if any, come here just because they are sent, or because it is a very respectable way of adding four years to jolly boyhood before assuming the responsibilities of men. But they come for the sake of education, and have a desire for it that makes many overcome serious obstacles. The college student may have gone by the notion that the principal part of an education is a store of knowledge, but has now learned that finding the handle of one's intellect, training his powers till they are strong, sharp instruments in his hands, is more of education. As it was the business of the Roman *lanista* to make fighting men, it is the business of the teacher to make thinking men. The school where children do nothing but blindly follow rules others have thought out, and memorize what the observation and thought

of others has set before them, though they do this with machine-like perfection, is a failure. Not because it accomplishes no good, but because it fails of that which is of so much greater import that no comparison is tolerable. No lesson but should be made to suggest some question the scholar must answer by his own thinking. He should be taught to explain for himself the facts of his various lessons, and helped to the natural habit of requiring explanations. But he should not only be made to think about facts that are thrust upon him; it is an indispensable part of his education that he learn to find things everywhere that call out his thought. Natural philosophy—and, indeed, every department of natural science is constantly being illustrated around him. Yet he may not see anything to set him thinking, nor ever learn to use his powers of observation, which are faculties for self-education with which God endows every man. The teacher must open his eyes for him. Have a little time each week set apart for calling out the interest of the scholars about some natural object familiar to them. There is no end to the variety and interest of such things that the teacher who has himself had some training in natural science can discover. The student-teacher ought also to give his pupils an occasional glimpse into the highest, broadest, most astonishing fields of thought and knowledge that can be made attractive to them, and endeavor to stimulate their ambition to follow him in. Narrowness of thought and littleness of horizon are

the evils that, for the sake of our nation, and for humanity's sake, the country school must combat. And the plan that sends annually a band of college students into the conflict is not a blessing to the student-teacher alone. Let him not fail to see his responsibility and embrace his opportunity.

THE drift of sentiment in civilized communities toward full recognition of the rights of property in the creations of the human intellect," is the wording by which President Cleveland, in his recent message, approaches the subject of international copyright. This drift, it must be confessed, has been wonderfully slow. Just a half century ago, a memorial, signed by a large number of English authors, was presented in the Senate by Clay, setting forth "the need of a law to secure to them within the United States the exclusive rights to their respective writings." After demonstrating with force and feeling that their claims were founded on fair dealing and morality, the eloquent Senator spoke of Scott, whose last years were darkened by debt that might easily have been raised, had justice been done him by American publishers. Like requests for legislation have repeatedly been made through such men as Irving, Choate, Jay, and Sumner. It is devoutly to be hoped that not many more generations of authors on either side of the Atlantic will fall victims to what has been justly stigmatized "literary piracy." As regards international copyright, surely patience has had her perfect work.

LITERARY.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

Sleigh-bells jingle,
 Noses tingle
 In the wintery air;
 Skating, coasting,
 Turkeys roasting,
 Christmas everywhere.

Smiling faces,
 Beauty, graces,
 Glad hearts brimful of glee;
 Thanks be given
 Him in Heaven,
 Who gave this day to thee.

A MAINE NOVELIST.

By M. E. R., '87.

IT is said that the charm of poetry lies in its resemblance to the thought of the reader, that the true poet merely puts into pleasing words the half defined thoughts of the multitude.

It is certainly true that whatever is ours is interesting to us, and what we can make our own, equally so. No wonder then that Miss Jewett's works are charming, though they have no overwrought plots, no unheard of predicaments or impossibly good or bad people in them, but merely every-day lives and homes. Do they not tell us of the simple cheery people, the quiet old-fashioned home, and the bits of scenery that characterizes nine-tenths of the New England villages of to-day?

And the charm lies in being able from among our own friends and villages to find people just as cheery and quaint, homes as old-fashioned and quiet, and landscapes so like those of the story that we can almost fancy them the same.

Sarah Orne Jewett was born in

South Berwick, Me., in 1849. She was the daughter of the late Theodore Jewett, a distinguished physician, at one time Professor in the Maine Medical School.

Never very strong, Miss Jewett passed much of her childhood in outdoor life, either accompanying her father in his long rides about the country, or in hunting for Nature's secrets among the woods and hills of old Berwick. Living thus in the country, her interest seems to have centered in country life. Rarely do we find her in the city, but most often in some village on the coast.

It is this love for the seas and seaport towns, the broad sympathy with all human nature, especially that which is in any way pitiful, the hearty appreciation of human peculiarities, and the thorough understanding of them that seem to characterize Miss Jewett's writings. Note in her stories how the sea comes into them all, with its decayed wharves and crumbling storehouses; see the terraces and elms that surround her square, substantial houses or grass-grown cellars; note her constant reference to family pride and old-time sayings, the half-pitiful way in which she speaks of ships and sailors past usefulness; the lilacs, marigolds, hollyhocks, and cinnamon roses that fill her gardens, and the quiet, gentle, old-fashioned women and the queer-gaited, comically dressed old men that people her houses and walk her streets.

Among the first of her works are "Country By-ways" and "Old Friends and New." These are collections of short stories, evidently sketches of her

home life. She gives us a pleasant sense of companionship, as she carries us along the country roads, pointing out the beauties of the fields and woods, stopping to gather a bit of moss or to find a last year's nest, telling us the history of an old cellar or bit of clearing, or conjuring up the long-forgotten images of men and women that once formed a part of the scenes about us.

In "Deephaven," one finds his ideal of a seaport town whose life seems to have left it when the last ship was launched and sailed away, a town which has seen its best days, and appears to have tired itself out and gone to sleep.

Very pleasantly told is the story of the summer spent in Deephaven. We come to take a personal interest in the long walks about the shore, the talks with the fishermen, the rides inland, the visits to the gentry, the Sabbath experiences, in short, in everything pertaining to the drowsy seaport town.

Miss Jewett's later works, "A Country Doctor," and "Marsh Island" are novels. In these we find the same homeliness which characterized her previous works.

Even in romance Miss Jewett successfully resists the desire to invent, which Jean Ingelow calls a peculiar pleasure, and confines herself to reproducing the peculiarities of the people with whom she has associated. She atones for any disappointment we might have in finding her characters possessing imperfections, in common with the rest of humanity by arousing within us that strong feeling of sympathy which one mortal has for another.

So much of reality and so little of fancy is found in her writings, that we can well imagine her exclaiming with Emerson: "I find nothing in fables more astonishing than my experience in every hour. One moment of life is a fact so stupendous as to take the luster out of fiction."

MY DREAM.

Both crisp and clear the autumn night was,
When to my couch, not over soft and easy,
T' obey, in part, dame Nature's sleep laws,
I went with wearied limbs and mind most hazy.

Soon Morpheus held, in his enchantment,
My body bound in his encircling arm;
But *ego* out into the streets went,
In search, I fear, of nothing else than harm.

I boldly went up to a passage
Which led through halls to dens of evil men;
While stalking through, an angel visage,
A lovely lass impelled me home again.

No word she spoke. Her love-lit eyes seemed
Bright guide-posts on the way to Heaven.
Resist! I could not, one whom I dreamed,
Unto the earth was far the fairest given.

Alas! that Heaven sends such fair ones,
In dreamland sweet to guard my midnight bowers;
And never neath sky's rolling suns
A single guide for all my waking hours.

THE SCHOLAR IN SOCIETY.

(ORATION.)

By R. N., '87.

MUCH is heard about modern civilization. On the street corner and in the pulpit; in the class-room and in the workshop; in the newspaper, by the fireside, on the farm, and in the factory, is observed the use of the same interjections of admiration for

the wonders of the age. The less intelligent can but gape the gape of wonder, as they contrast the steam-engine of to-day with the stories they have heard of stage-coaches and pack-horses of former times. The better informed are equally elated as they contemplate the beauty of modern ideas, in comparison with the crude notions and superstitions of the early forefathers. The fact of a mighty revolution in society, in all its aspects, is recognized by all minds, both great and small, both cultured and untrained. The belief in the superiority of the present age over all other ages, even as the electric telegraph as a means of communication is superior to the Roman footman, is well-nigh universal. But ask a hundred men, chosen haphazard from the community, their several opinions as to the most important factor in this modern civilization, the one force which has been foremost in the large category of forces in producing it, and the one prop, among the long array of props, most essential to its preservation, and, I dare say, the answers would be various. Some would answer one thing and some another, and all have more or less of ground for their opinions. For so intricately interwoven are the various forces and elements, which go to make up the fine fabric of society, that it is no easy task to determine which is the warp and which the woof, or how it is woven.

One, from habits of life that have caused him to think mainly upon the development of the world's resources, and of the creation of new States out

of wildernesses and deserts, might accord precedence to steam; while another, whose habits of observation have been in another direction, might mention the printing press. One, having watched with enthusiasm the molding of plastic boys and girls into gentle women and men, brave, intelligent, and true, might say the common school; while another, touched with a spark from Franklin's kite, might exclaim electricity. And indeed the opinions of each might be sustained with a degree of plausibility.

For the first it might be argued, that the old world once separated from the new by months of perilous voyaging over three thousand miles of intervening ocean, has lost much of its foreign aspect; that the mutual mingling together of the continents in friendly commercial relations, each giving to, and receiving from, every other, is fast revealing man to man and verifying indeed the traditional doctrine of his universal brotherhood; that a continent, teeming for centuries with fertility, rich with golden fruitage ripe for the harvest and none to gather but bird, wild beast, and savage, bearing within its bosom untold treasures of mineral and metal, has become dotted and adorned by the abodes of civilized man; that mines have been opened, cities have been builded, land has been tilled, wild forests have been hewn into beautiful dwellings. And why? Is it not because, by the facility which steam has given for transportation, the crowded surplus of enterprising men of every land have been carried to these formerly unknown fields of

abundance and peace? Is it not because the world has been brought to see the world, and distance made to appear as if it were not? Is it not because the products of every clime and of every class, and of every industry have been made accessible to every other clime, class, and industry? Is it not because Lewiston has been brought into commercial relations with the rest of the world, and all towns and cities made mutually dependent and helpful by the modern means of transportation?

The advocate of the printing press might present a similar plea. Look at the condition of the world before the rise of the art of printing. Not a single printed book was on the face of the earth. Few there were of any kind, and those few locked up in monasteries and guarded by priests. Not a Bible, nor a hymn-book, nor an almanac, within the reach of the people! No wonder that men reveled unrestrained and unrestrainable in war, robbery, superstition, vice, and poverty. No wonder that the height of the best men's ambition was reached in chivalry. Chivalry was indeed an appropriate name for the age. The horse was more worthy to be thus honored than his master, however much to be admired there was in the profession of arms. But with the rise of the art of printing, began the new order of things; and with its growth the old has gradually faded away. It has scattered the wisdom of the ages, both past and present, among the people. It has placed a printed Bible within the easy grasp of the poorest peasant

that delves in the ditches of the meanest highway. It gives to the world every day the history of itself. Its growth has been inseparably linked with the growth of civilization. Their beginnings were one, their culminations the same. Take from modern society the printing press and its products, and how long would it be before the age of chivalry would again return?

And the common school as the principal factor in modern society might be supported in a manner something like this. A State is its citizens. A barbarous State is a community of barbarians. A civilized State is a body of civilized men. Subtract a barbarian from a civilized citizen and you have education as the remainder. The application of the proof, too, verifies this. Add education to the barbarian and you have the civilized man. To perform this work of simple addition is the purpose of the common school. And wherever it has performed its best service, there you find most highly civilized States. Wherever it is excluded, there the barbarian still remains. Hence, attributing to the common school the whole credit due to educational influences, it is easy to draw the conclusion that the common school is the prime factor in modern civilization. And similar, though lesser arguments might be advanced in support of electricity.

All these forces are indeed potent. Each is an essential part of the web of modern society. But every web must have a weaver. All these stand in the relation of results, not causes. All these are efficient, not sufficient.

Beyond and behind these there must exist some other factor to which these are all subordinate. But what is its name?

The facts of nature are as old as Nature herself. Ere the world was flung finished from the hand of the Creator, water, it may be, was vaporized upon its surface. Steam has exhibited the same phenomena of expansibility to every generation since Adam and Eve. The historian of every age has known it. The telescope of science does not reveal its beginning. It sported around the camp fires of Chaldean and Egyptian. It has vexed the kitchen maids and matrons from Herodotus to Froude. And, but for the Wattses, the Fultons, and Stephensons, it would yet have found no other employments than those of "ye olden times."

Electricity is no new element. It played about the spears of Cæsar's army. It augured good or evil to the legions of Cyrus. And it would have remained to this day a common enemy and thing of terror, had not some genial Ben. Franklin sent forth his kite over the yawning chasm of hostility, and hospitably bidden it come. It almost seems that even he "acted wiser than he knew" in this matter of reconciliation. Epitome of wisdom! loved by a continent for his services rendered the suffering colonists at foreign courts, yet thrice renowned for his scientific thought, well might the French poet say of him:

"Legislator of one world! Benefactor of two!
All mankind owes to you a debt of gratitude."

The gold of the Sierra Nevadas, the

coal and petroleum of Pennsylvania, the granite of Hallowell, the iron, the salt, the steel, the lime, the lead, are no new things under the sun. Neither are the houses, the factories, the churches, the magnificent buildings, public and private, that go to make up the cities and towns that line the continent, new in respect to any element. The granite in the quarry, the clay in the brick-yard, the lime in the bosom of the earth, and the timber upon a thousand hills, have been so, for aught we know, from the time when man was not.

The only new thing is thought. The difference between yonder brick-yard and yonder factory is thought. The hundred and one discoveries in medicine for the relief of pain, for the prevention and curing of disease; the equal number of inventions for the lightening of labor, for facilities in transportation, travel, and communication; the thousand contrivances that minister to the convenience and happiness of the modern home, involve but one new element, and that is thought. The difference between the New England of the white man and the New England of the Aborigines is thought.

"Men of thought and men of action" have cleared away the rubbish of mediæval darkness, and established in its stead the celestial light of modern civilization. And need I say that these "men of thought" are the scholars, the active learned of the land? Need I say that, with a few exceptions, the scholars, the thinkers, are men of the university rather than of the com-

mon school? It follows then that the university is primary and the common school secondary. And this, I think, we shall find to be true. In this matter at least the theory of evolution does not apply. The best is not evolved from the poorest. Logically considered, scholars are not so much the product of the working of intellectual forces among the masses as they the cause of this activity.

For if we review the history of education, we shall find, as a matter of fact, that the university did not have its origin in the common school, or in any system of rudimentary education; but that the reverse is nearer the truth. Oxford was a flourishing institution with three thousand students in the year 1201. The University of Bologna had about ten thousand students in the twelfth century. The University of Paris had twenty-five thousand in the fifteenth century; and the University of Prague was founded in 1350. These European strongholds of learning were not evolved from any primary system, for they antedate everything of the kind. Nor is it reasonable to suppose they were the result of a spontaneous and simultaneous generation of philosophic thought in the minds of the masses. It is not in this manner that learning grows or great universities spring up. A single spark was the beginning of that vast conflagration which consumed Chicago. So in this matter, growth is a process of radiation from an original and central spark, rather than a process of accumulation of imperceptible atoms spread over an infinite territory into

gigantic institutions or scholarly geniuses. A dozen or a hundred candles may be easily lighted from one already burning. A speech from a Wendell Phillips may kindle fires in the souls of a thousand men who by themselves never would generate sufficient heat on the subject for combustion. A world may think after him the thoughts of Emerson. Few would ever think them in any other way.

But we need not go abroad for argument on this subject. The history of New England is a history of the scholar in society. The Massachusetts Colony, the nucleus of New England, contained a large number of well-trained men. "Among the leading men of this colony," says a historian, "were statesmen, diplomatists, and ministers fully a match for the ablest of those left behind in the mother country." In 1647 the population of the colony had reached the number of about nine thousand souls; and out of these, from ninety to one hundred were men trained in the great English universities. There were seventy from old Puritan Cambridge alone. It was these men, forming from nine to ten per cent. of the population, that gave the original impulse and direction to the forces that have produced the New England of to-day. It was they who planted in America the seeds of popular government. It is to them that the world is indebted for the germs of political truth which, says Barry, "have been wafted on the wings of every breeze to the nations of Europe, to ripen in due time to a harvest of blessings." It was they who, with a

wisdom better than their knowledge, first lighted the torch of education, and set it up as the guiding star and safeguard of the nation that was to be.

Here again we have an illustration of the relative importance of the higher education. Seventeen years after the landing at Plymouth, and only six after the arrival of the Massachusetts company, the Puritan Fathers founded, not the common school, but Harvard College. And it was fully ten years subsequent to this when they established the common school. How consistent with their character! They looked for upward impulses to come from on high. In the mountain tops they expected to find the sources of the streams that were to course among the valleys and to cause the desert land to bud and blossom as the rose.

And how great beyond estimation is their influence even to this day! The mainspring of society while they lived, these Puritan scholars wrought for the far future. First in thought, first in power, first in responsibility, they sought after truth, they builded for humanity, they discharged their obligations. Out of the midnight silence of the tomb their voices methinks I hear, crying to the scholars of subsequent ages—

“O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.”

It is excellent to be a scholar. It is a grand thing beyond comparison to belong to that distinguished company which holds within its grasp the destiny of States. But how charged with responsibility! The scholars of to-day hold in their hands the reins of the

present, and the thread of the nation's future destiny. It lies with them to allow the demon of corruption and of mercenary self-interest to gnaw away the vitals of the nation, and to bring to ruin and decay a glorious ancestral inheritance; or to elevate, adorn, and purify the present, and to transmit the blessings received from the fathers, increased and beautified, to posterity.

May the same spirit which ruled in the hearts of the Puritan founders ever remain to guard and keep the nation pure.

DRESS.

Beneath the murky, mildewed covering
Ears of golden corn are found;
Ceres cares not for the outward,
But to have the kernel sound.

The coat and hat avail but little,
Save to dignify the mien.
Oft beneath the tattered garment
Dwells the noblest soul unseen.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

By D. C. W., '85.

Listen, my soul! 'tis the Angelus bell
Dolefully, soulfully tolling its knell;
Tolling a knell for the dying day:—
Calling to sinners to stop and pray,—
Pray for forgiveness, and peace, and rest,
Pray to the Mother of Christ, the Blest;
“*Ave Sanctissima, ora pro nobis,*”
Now and when death is near, “*ora pro nobis.*”

Think what a burden of sin and crime,
Rolls from the world at Angelus time,
Up through the peaceful evening air,
Floats into space, on the wings of prayer!
Think of the hearts and the heads bowed low,
Touched by the tints of the sunset's glow:
Think of the endless wave of prayer
That rolls round the earth in the twilight air!

May it not be that the Saints above
Pause and gaze earthward with looks of love,

As up through the infinite depths of air
Comes floating the incense of evening prayer,
Laden with care and sins forgiven;—
Promised pardon and hopes of Heaven,
And the longing sighs that of old age tell;
And the far-away sound of the Angelus bell?

Then pause, my soul, as the sun goes down
On the fair, green fields and the busy town;
Pause and think of the day that is gone,—
The words that are spoken, the deeds that are
done,—

Pause and pray for forgiveness and rest,
And a home at last with the Mother Blest.
For the day shall come when thine earthly ear,
No longer the Angelus bell shall hear:
But thou shalt rise on its tolling knell.
Then listen! my soul, to the Angelus bell!

—From *Songs from the Seasons*.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By E. F. N., '72.

IN Goldsmith's day Sir Joshua Reynolds was the foremost painter in England. It was his custom to admit to his table his numerous friends after a somewhat informal fashion. From this casual meeting of various men of talent at his hospitable board arose the Literary Club. Its formation was proposed by Reynolds and eagerly seconded by Johnson. First formed in 1764, it did not receive its name until several years after. The original members were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Bennet Langton, Topham Beauclerc, Anthony Chamier, Hawkins, and Goldsmith. Among others who afterwards joined we need mention Boswell and Garrick only. The club conversations have become literary history through the medium of Boswell's pen, but we imagine that the conversational repute of one of its

members rests upon the couplet, in which it was celebrated by Garrick:

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness
called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor
Poll."

The standard of conversation by which Goldsmith was tried was quite exceptional. The question asked was not whether he could converse intelligently on ordinary topics with men in general, but can he argue with Johnson, a man of whom Goldsmith says "that in argument, when his pistol misses fire, he knocks his opponent down with the butt of it." Can he excel the brilliant monologues of Burke? Can he sneer with Beauclerc? satirize with Garrick? Only a negative reply can be given to these questions when asked concerning Goldsmith. He was too impulsive and rash to be fitly opposed to so rigid a logician as Johnson; he was not sufficiently erudite to vie with Burke; too kind to sneer with Beauclerc; too charitable to satirize with Garrick.

That much was expected of Goldsmith in conversation, after the display of his power as a writer, is doubtless true; he may have been conscious of this, and by his effort to maintain a share in the club discussions have drawn upon himself the sneer of Boswell at his manifest desire "to get in and shine." Neither must we forget that most of our reports of Goldsmith's conversation come to us through Boswell, who, in his devotion to Johnson, forgot to be even just to his associates, and, content himself to shine by reflected light, was jealous of the

faintest star that dared send forth an independent beam. Yet specimens of conversation could be cited wherein, even when conveyed through a Boswellian medium, the wine of Goldsmith's speech is not without a distinct and pleasing flavor. Had he been more careful and discreet, he would have been silent when he was not well versed in the topic discussed, and thus would have avoided the comparison between his knowledge and that of such men as Johnson and Burke. But he possessed no secretiveness, he exposed alike his follies and foibles, forgetting that others were more critical than he, and recklessly flinging forth pebbles when his audience expected and demanded pearls. Add to this a fatal facility in blundering, a decided talent for saying things capable of gross misrepresentation, while wearing the semblance of actual truths, and we have some idea of the circumstances which hedged Goldsmith about and rendered it difficult, indeed, almost impossible for him to do himself justice. To assert that Goldsmith was a brilliant talker would be to err as far in the one direction as do the accepted estimates of his powers in the other. We only desire to claim that such epithets as "an inspired idiot" and "poor poll" give an erroneous impression of his abilities.

It is as a literary worker that we see Goldsmith at his best; here and here only, he appeared in his natural guise. In public he too often was forced into playing a part which was no true indication of the man. In private—and the only private life he

had was when he took pen in hand to write out the truth and beauty that the stammering, blundering tongue refused to utter—in private he forgot the world's gaze and appeared in his true character. Here it is that all the sympathetic feeling, the gentle charity, the tender love for mankind, break the barriers and surge forth in a full tide of expression. The shrewd, yet kindly judgment, the keen discernment of folly, the charity toward error, and the nobility of sentiment, that found no expression at the Literary Club, are breathed forth from the lips of Dr. Primrose in the "Vicar of Wakefield." It is customary to call the father of Goldsmith the original of this character, and doubtless many of the accessories were taken from his father's situation, while the memory of a loving parent may have softened many a touch and given a gentle reverence to parts of the delineation, but the heart expression is as truly that of Oliver as of Charles Goldsmith. So was it with other capabilities of this man.

The power of portraying character and developing incident, which never showed itself in the vivid word painting of a conversationalist, has found lasting expression in "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer"; the merry humor and genial satire which in public shrunk back, palsied by the stroke of Garrick's ready wit, rallied in private and administered a forcible, though kindly blow in "Retaliation," while the love of nature, the sympathy with all classes of men, the kindness toward other nations, the loving loyalty to his

own—all these traits, which found no utterance, even under the friendly glances of the Jessamy Bride, have sung themselves into the universal heart in "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village." It is in these works we have mentioned that the genius of Goldsmith found its true expression.

In his histories we see examples of his style only, and they have but slight kinship with his genius. The facts are Hume's or Robertson's, as the case may be; the mode of narration, inimitable in its way, is Goldsmith's. The patient sifting of testimony, the sound judgment between rival claims, the deduction of principles from facts,—all the varied minutiae of toil which characterize the true historian are not of Goldsmith. He took another's story and told it with an added grace, which the original owner could never have given, and we credit him with the grace, not the story.

As a naturalist, his rank is much the same. Johnson says: "He is now writing a Natural History, and he will make it as entertaining as a Persian tale," and we might add, had he not depended upon Buffon for his facts it would have contained about the same proportion of truth. Such works as these are not fair types; they were performed as task work, to meet the demands of his publishers and relieve the pressure of debt, and though adorned with a refinement of style that was the inevitable accompaniment of all he did, they do not bear the same impress of a loving hand that we find in his poems and the "Vicar." Still,

as we consider the various lines of literary pursuit which he followed, we cannot but admire the versatility of his genius, which touched so many subjects and in some sense adorned them all.

It is with reference to the personal character of Goldsmith, as manifested in his relations to his friends and the outside world, that we have most need to cultivate the spirit of his own well-known lines:

"Taught by that power which pities me,
I learn to pity them."

We are told that he neglected his relatives, even some of the nearest and dearest. If this be so, he must have possessed a far greater degree of hypocrisy than is at all consistent with what we know of him. His letters and published writings abound in sentiments of the fondest regard and most affectionate consideration. Read the opening lines of "The Traveller," which was dedicated to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, and one finds words that are not the outcome of a heart cold toward friends. From his life a more practical instance may be cited. After the publication of "The Traveller," a nobleman of rank and influence sought an introduction to Goldsmith, in order that he might advance the poet's fortunes. The interview was brought about, and the distinguished lord, after complimenting his writings, told our author he should be glad to do him any kindness; and what does this selfish man, so neglectful of his friends, reply to this offer: that he had a brother in Ireland who stood in need of assistance,

and for himself he looked to the booksellers for support. Thus the first and almost the only honorable offer of help that he received, was immediately, and doubtless ungrudgingly, transferred to the brother whom he loved. We specially mention his relations to his brother, for it is here that the most serious charges rest, and they seem to have resulted from an overestimate of his influence and power to assist, combined with ignorance of what he attempted. It was not his nature to solicit assistance either for himself or others, and Henry Goldsmith died in 1768, before the publication of those works which brought to our author the most satisfying returns in money, fame, and influence.

Again, the world of to-day holds up its hands in horror, and murmurs that he gambled. He did so, and it is greatly to be regretted, but the extent of his indulgence has doubtless been greatly exaggerated. Irving, in his "Life," says: "He was not an habitual gamester. The strictest scrutiny has detected no settled vice of the kind. He was fond of a game of cards, but an unskillful and careless player. Cards in those days were universally introduced into society. High play was, in fact, a fashionable amusement, as at one time was deep drinking; and a man might occasionally lose large sums, and be beguiled into deep potations, without incurring the character of gamester or drunkard." Some of his contemporaries have left on record similar statements, but there are others who, either from a desire to slander the poet's fame, or to complete

the rhythm and increase the force of an epigram, have not hesitated to call him both a gamester and libertine. Even his generosity, which is generally lauded as a virtue, has, in the hands of his critics, been turned against him, because he was of so tender a heart and impulsive a disposition, that he could not allow himself to turn away any appeal to his kindness, however undeserving. If he was improvident, he suffered as keenly as any one from his improvidence, and his instruction in youth palliates the fact, since he was taught to be generous before he was taught discretion.

The bonny Emerald Isle never sent forth a truer son of its soil, in many respects, than was our careless, jovial, warm-hearted hero. If he erred greatly, he was greatly tempted, and in atonement greatly suffered. A writer in the *North British Review*, in his enumeration of the immunities which Goldsmith enjoyed in distinction from many literary men, mentions this, that he was not burdened with the responsibilities of a family. However true this may be in general, in the case of Goldsmith it can scarcely be so deemed. The responsibilities and restraints of a home, dependent upon him for its comforts and luxuries, might have served as a check in many an impulsive moment, and turned the gold, which, under existent circumstances, was wasted in play, indiscriminate charity, or extravagant folly, into the smoother channels of a well-directed and happy household. From the day he went to college, to the close of his checkered life, he had practically no

home. He was welcome at many a happy English fireside, but there was none in any degree linked with himself, to sink or rise with him. Can one think that he who was so fond of children, would not have tenderly cared for his own, had he been thus blessed? If the eyes of the Jessamy Bride had shone more favorably upon his suit, can we doubt that he would have fondly cherished the partner of his choice? Would he, so ready to hear the cry of the real or pretended sufferer, have been deaf to the manifold calls of his own household? And can we believe that he who stripped himself of needful covering that he might bestow upon his poor neighbor, would have been less compassionate and tender toward his own flesh and blood? Would that his warm, loving heart might have had a resting place on earth to call its own! It would have been a guidance, a restraint, an inspiration. One cannot but think with sorrow of that last scene of his life, when at the age of forty-five, in the height of his fame, yet without loving hands to soothe his dying pillow, or loving lips to catch his dying breath, he passed away. In those last moments his physician said: "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever you have; is your mind at rest?" "It is not," answered Goldsmith, and they were his last words; and the burden, whatever it was, went with him to be laid at the feet of a compassionate Father, before the eyes of a charity that "seeth not as man seeth." With this thought in mind can one

venture to write failure at the end of that record? Can one even confidently assert with Macaulay that there was little in his character to respect? Are a man's writings, then, so little the index of his mind, so faint a reflection of his character, that we can give laurels to the work and crown the worker with thorns? Weak he was, most humanly weak, but never wilfully unjust. Tempted was he, even unto sin, but also charitable toward the temptations of others. Rash, reckless, improvident, if you will, but never deliberately malicious or untrue.

And to this kindly spirit, which never became soured through failure, which, though buffeted by the bleak winds of misfortune, kept still a warm love for his kind; though despondent, had still a smile for a fellow-creature's joy, and, though elated, still a tear for his sorrow,—shall we deny to him the tribute of our respect? His own kind words concerning Voltaire may well be spoken of their author: "Let his errors rest in peace; his excellencies deserve admiration; let me with the wise admire his wisdom, let the envious and the ignorant ridicule his foibles; the folly of others is even most ridiculous to those who are themselves most foolish." His was a rash, improvident nature. He won golden meeds from Fortune's hand, yet paid large tribute to her in her more unpropitious moments. He pawns his clothing, when he has no ready money, with which to assist the unfortunate, and leaves a party of friends to go out and relieve the wants of a poor street singer. Whether it be the

golden guineas, or an order upon his tailor for a suit of clothes, he is equally ready. No wonder he died in debt. Neither do we wonder that no stain of dishonor has attached to his name. His creditors believed as firmly in his intention to pay them as did he in his ability to ultimately do so. He drew, too, large drafts upon his powers of future work, forgetting that the hand which wielded the pen did not also hold the thread of the life which gave to that pen its power. What he might have given us had he lived, we can only guess. Enough, that we have tasted of the ripened fruits of his genius. He died in the fulness of his powers, ere envious old age had dreamed of robbing his brain of the cunning, which had wrought so deftly and so well. There were no last, flickering rays, faint indications of former brightness, but the sudden extinguishing breath of the death angel came so unexpectedly, that men knew their loss by the instant darkness where once had been light.

But he left on his best works the impress of genius which marks them for posterity. We smile at the queer figure in the bloom-colored coat making blundering remarks at the Literary Club; we sigh for the prodigal when the Irish love of excitement asserts itself and he indulges in gaming; we may even regret much of his ill-considered generosity; but we lend a willing ear when the melodious voice begins to chant the story of "Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."

We are fain to enjoy "The Traveler," with its descriptions of foreign

scenes, and characterizations of national traits, marking the growth of the true poetic spirit of insight into nature and humanity. We turn with ever renewed pleasure to the story of Dr. Primrose, in the "Vicar," not for the sake of the plot,—for our modern novelists would sneer at its faulty structure and glaring impossibilities in development,—but for the naïve humor, the honest spirit of kindness, which emanates from its chief character, the pathos of many of its incidents, the grace and charm of its descriptions. We recall with keen relish the merry humor, the sparkling wit, the droll haps and mishaps, the pointed elucidation of character displayed in his comedies, and realize that in story, song, and drama he has contributed notable additions to the literary delights of the English-speaking race.

It cannot be unwarrantable to deem that as long as the story of humanity shall win our attention, as long as its excellencies shall command our admiration, and its follies our pardon; as long as its wisdom shall gain our respect, and its gracious charities our love; as long as its joys shall call forth our smiles, and its sorrows our tears,—so long will there be pardon, love, and tears for the memory of Oliver Goldsmith.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

By C. W. M., '77.

Janus-like, between the parting
And the coming guest we stand,
Bidding farewell to the Old Year,
Reaching to the New our hand.

Old Year, thou art tried and faithful,
Dearly loved by every heart;

Yet, to friends so true and trusty,
Sometimes comes the time to part.

New Year, thou art like a stranger,
Yet with joy we welcome thee ;
Fraught with blessings without number
May thy coming to us be.

THE LEGEND OF ST. AGNES.

[An editor's desk, especially in the office of a metropolitan newspaper, gradually accumulates from year to year a mass of manuscripts upon every conceivable subject under the sun, which, for various reasons, have not been published. Recently I came into the possession of such a desk, and in my moments of respite from editorial work have amused and interested myself by looking over the contents of dusty pigeon holes. Among the manuscripts which gave me the most pleasure was one contained in a square envelope, dated at Rome. It was written in a somewhat cramped hand, and bore the title which appears at the head of this article. I do not know the writer's name, but I felt sure, as I ran over the pretty story which he had written, that his work deserved a more extended reading than it would get in a musty pigeon-hole, in an editor's desk, and so I send it to my old college magazine, that it may entertain others as it has entertained me. It reads as follows :]

"SEE," said our boatman, as he pointed to something on the shore beyond us, "There is the holy maid, Saint Agnes. We must hasten back to the shore, or we shall be caught in a storm, for her apparition always forebodes one." We looked in the direction of his eyes, and truly, we saw a white cloud, which took the shape of a human form, passing over the distant trees! Old Jack, however, crossed himself, and told us it was the spirit of Saint Agnes, and to please him, we feigned to believe him. Our return to shore was effected in silence, for Jack would not utter another word, but hurried us back to

land, as quickly as the little boat could carry us. We had scarcely touched land, when Jack's words were fulfilled, and a storm broke over the town. This verification of his prophecy made us curious, and the next time we saw the old seaman we asked him to explain to us the meaning of his words, and it was then we heard the legend of Saint Agnes for the first time.

"Many years ago," said Jack, "before the castle was in ruins, as you now see it, the Counts of Montridolpho lived there. They say, that in those days, the now desolate courts (which are filled with sheep and goats) were beautifully paved with marble, and lovely fountains played in them. A curse, however, is now on the place, and nothing will ever grow there, whatever they may do.

"Well, one night, when the castle was still prosperous and full of life, a servant was hurriedly sent down, through a fearful thunder storm, to the chapel of the Annunciator. The Countess was dying, and the Count had allowed her to send for a priest. This was the first time the Count had allowed a priest to enter the castle for many years. He hated priests, in true Italian fashion.

"When the servant, Joseph, returned to the castle with Father Paul, they found the Count walking up and down in great agitation. His dress was in disorder, and he looked as if he had been weeping, which was quite possible, for in spite of his hard nature he loved his gentle wife as few men have ever loved any woman. He scowled at the friar, however, when he saw

him, in order to show how unwillingly he had consented to his visit.

“ ‘Go in and be quick to end your mummary,’ he said, ‘and be off before morning, or I will throw you off the castle walls!’ ”

“The friar bowed and went in to the Countess. No one ever knew what passed between those two, during the hours they were together. Whatever secret the Countess disclosed to him, it was never divulged. The next morning it was known that the Countess was dead and had left an infant daughter, whom the priest christened Agnes, because she was born on Saint Agnes Day. A woman called Theresa was sent for from Mentone, and she acted as mother and nurse to the newly-born babe. A *suite* of rooms was set apart exclusively for her and the child.

“The Count grew more morose than ever after his wife’s death, and to forget his care he left the castle with a troop of retainers, and went to join the Crusaders in Jerusalem, at least, so people thought, for he was never heard of.

“In the meantime, Agnes grew into a lovely girl, under the care of Theresa, who loved her as her own child, and Agnes loved Theresa as a mother. The two would often go and sit by the sea to watch the fishermen mend their nets, and to gaze on the blue waters. They were sometimes joined by Theresa’s son, Lucian, and by Father Paul, who educated Agnes’ mind and soul. Lucian would then speak of the distant wars, and say that he too yearned to go and fight, and win to himself a

great name. But Agnes shuddered when she heard him speak in this wise, for she loved peace and quiet. She loved Lucian, and would willingly have been wedded to him, poor as he was, but the youth was proud, and vowed he’d win a noble name before he asked her to be his wife.

“One evening, as all were returning to the castle, after a sea-side ramble,—and when they had been talking more than usual of the future, which they depicted as being so bright and beautiful,—they saw that a great event had taken place in the castle during their absence. Men on foot and on horseback were hurrying in and out the castle gate, and from the battlements waved the Montridolpho banner. The Count had returned. Lucian was immediately seized by four retainers, and Agnes was conducted into her father’s presence. The meeting was a stormy one, and the Count’s angry voice was heard even in the court. When he came out of his daughter’s presence, his countenance was fearful to behold. The next day Agnes was sent into the convent on Cape St. Martin.

“Three years passed away—then Lucian, who had joined the Normans in Sicily, became in his turn a well-known chieftain, feared from one end of the Mediterranean to the other. His ships were crowded with brave and devoted followers, and he had become as rich as he was brave.

“Agnes, however, knew nothing of all this, and lived sorrowfully in her convent. The sisters all loved her, however, for her kind and gentle disposition; and there was great joy among

them, when she said she would take the final vows.

"A few days before taking the veil, however, as she was walking in the convent garden, she was suddenly startled by a word that sent all the blood rushing to her heart. That word was, 'Lucian.'

"She hastily turned round, and saw a young novice, with a finger on her lips, standing behind her. In a few words, she told Agnes all; how Lucian had grown great and rich, and loved her always the same, and was ready to carry her off, if she would give the signal, by placing a light in her window, and go into the garden after vespers.

"Three hours later, a light shone in Agnes' window, and Agnes stood trembling in the garden. The night was dark and cloudy, and the wind moaned in anticipation of a coming storm. But Agnes feared not, she thanked the darkness and the wind for helping her in her flight. At last she heard voices, and then felt herself lifted from the ground, and carried hurriedly toward the sea. Lucian's brave arms bore her. They had not reached the shore, however, before the convent bells announced that her flight was discovered, and that she was being followed. But the fugitive reached the boat that was waiting for her, and it was immediately pushed off into the sea, and strong hands began to row it towards the ship a little way off.

"The storm, that had been threatening, however, burst forth, and in a moment the little boat was dashed

about amid mountains of waves, which tossed it most furiously. The boatmen strained every nerve to reach the ship, which could be distinctly seen, with the men, and the captain giving his orders. In another moment they would be safe.

"But a wild cry was heard. 'Lucian! Lucian! save me!' And a black cloud, with a fearful crash of thunder, fell over the boats.

"When it had passed, the boat had disappeared, and neither it nor its passengers were ever seen again.

"But Agnes' spirit has ever afterwards revisited the spot where she was drowned, to warn sailors of their danger.

"Of Lucian not much is known. It is thought that it was he who afterwards burnt the convent and stormed the castle. One thing is certain, that after Agnes' death no one ever lived in the castle, and even its ruins are called after Maid Agnes, the last of the Montridolphos."

"You know now," added Jack, "why I hastened to shore when I saw her spirit floating on the water, and over the trees near the spot where her body still lies. When I hear the wind murmuring there, I always think it is her voice, and I say a prayer for the peace of her soul. Amen!"

FRANK L. BLANCHARD, '82.

He looks o'er life's unresting seas
In fitful dreams of quest;
Beneath his feet unheeded lies
Love's gift of home and rest.

—E. F. N., in *Star*.

SONG.

What makes the morn so drear?
 Birdies have flown.
 No more their songs I hear,
 Birdies have flown.
 No more they linger near,
 Life's now to me less dear,
 For them I'll shed a tear;
 Birdies have flown.

What do I long for sore?
 Birdies' return.
 What joy have I in store?
 Birdies' return.
 Come back to me once more,
 Come sing beside my door,
 Oh, leave the foreign shore,
 Birdies, return.

What pierced my heart last night?
 Birdies all slain;
 Ranged in the windows bright,
 Birdies all slain.
 'Gainst Heaven's eternal right,
 Yet woman's pure delight,
 Fashion is despot quite,—
 Birdies all slain.

PELL RUSSELL CLASON.

MANY of the STUDENT readers who knew him well were surprised and pained when the news of the death of Dr. Clason reached them a little over a month ago. He died at his home in Gardiner, Sunday evening, October 31, 1886, of consumption. He was then in his thirty-second year, having been born at Litchfield, Maine, July 13, 1855.

When he was quite young his parents moved to Gardiner, which continued to be his home through life. Passing through the city schools, he fitted for college, and with his brother, Oliver B. Clason, entered Bates in 1873, graduating with him in the class

of '77. Leaving college, he taught for several years, after which he applied himself to the study of medicine and was graduated at the Bowdoin Medical School in 1882. He immediately commenced practice at Gardiner, where he was successful from the beginning. His character and ability won for him friends and patrons, who trusted their lives to his judgment with confidence.

Prominent in all the affairs that interested the community in which he lived, he was called to various offices of responsibility, and at the time of his death was a member of the school board, and President of the Common Council of the city of Gardiner.

Possibly the germs of consumption had long before been planted in his system; it may be that the long, hard struggle for his medical education, during which he applied himself very closely to his studies, undermined his health. Certainly it seems strange to us who remember him in college, foremost in all matters requiring strength and endurance, a strong man among strong men, full of life and vigor, that he should so quickly succumb to disease. For it was only last December, a short year ago, that he took a violent cold that settled upon his throat and lungs, and it was not till April last that he gave up his practice.

From that time it was a determined fight with death. Nothing that medical skill could suggest or loving friends could compass was left untried to save him. But change of climate, surgical treatment, and devoted nursing all proved vain. Gradually his

vital forces failed him until, long before the end came, the trained skill which had so often watched the last moments of others must have perceived the approach of the grim Enemy, steady and certain. Yet he earnestly desired to live, and with the persistence that marked his character resisted till the last.

He was a Christian, and the principles of his religion had long been a part of his character and life. He made his deliberate choice during college life and thenceforward accepted fully the peace which was his right.

So when we say he was anxious to live we would not imply that any weak fear of death was the motive. His mind was on other matters. As he was near to death he remarked to a friend: "What should I do if I now had to fit myself for death? There would be no time for that." But his thoughts went out to his wife and his two little sons, whom he dearly loved, and whom he must soon look upon for the last time on earth; to his father and mother, who had cared for his early years with watchful affection, and had followed him in the success of his young manhood with joy and pride; to the brother, at once brother and companion, who had stood by his side from boyhood to maturity, sharing his joys and troubles, sympathizing with him and upholding him in all his labors, rejoicing in his success even more than in his own, and who now held him by the hand as he approached the final moment.

And deep in his heart must have been a great longing to finish out his

life. He stood now on its threshold, just equipped for its work. Before, it had been almost all preparation, and in him, as in every man who rightly esteems life, and holds it as a sacred trust for which he must answer to himself and to his God, the desire must have been strong to fill out the measure of his days and usefulness. How pathetically did the great poet voice this longing, speaking of his own blindness:

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though more bent
Therewith to serve my Maker, and to present
My true account, lest he returning, chide,—
Doth God exact day labor, light denied,
I fondly ask."

The sadness of Milton's words must touch every heart. But life yet remained to him, and his "one talent" afterwards availed to give the world some of his most valued productions. Our classmate was leaving all. We may well believe that had his life continued to old age it would have been crowned with usefulness and honor. We who knew him well remember that in him were the qualities which more than any accidents of genius, are guarantees of a noble and successful life.

Speaking of him, one of his classmates writes us: "We had, perhaps, no man in our class in whom decision of character was more strongly marked. I have seen him in college many times, wrestling with himself, whether to yield to the importunities of the boys, or to decide the whole matter in a word. And once decided, that was the end of it; there was no swerving to right or left. He was fixed and im-

movable in his decision." These words we all accept as accurate.

Faithful to himself and his fellows, with high aims and earnest purpose, already firmly established in his professional life, there was much in the future of such a man which he might well wish to prove to the end.

Yet, after all, it is quality of heart rather than that of head which moves our love, and Dr. Clason was a man who had more than often happens of the affection of those who knew him.

Always kind and sympathetic, joining heartily in the affairs of those about him, ever ready with a helping hand, practicing in his life the teachings of his religion, the sorrowful friends who gathered at his funeral, crowding the church and testifying their grief by many a quiet tear; busy men who left their occupations; teachers whom he had often encouraged and assisted; children and gray-haired men and women; bore witness stronger than words could give of the place he held in their hearts. And we, his classmates, who after this must count another vacant place in our ranks, shall long mourn his loss and hold him in affectionate remembrance. For the ties that bound us to him, always growing stronger through the years of college life and after association, were closer than those of ordinary friendship.

As we say these words in his memory we recall those written of one of his professional brothers, the noble Kane, which may well be said of our brother:

"He needs no tears who lived a noble life,
We will not weep for him who died so well,

But we will gather round the hearth
And tell the story of his strife.
Such homage suits him well,
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell."

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

At a business meeting of the Alumni Association of the college, held last Commencement week, the matter of securing a larger attendance of the Alumni at Commencement exercises, was discussed. Thereupon it was voted "That the Executive Committee be a committee to secure an attendance of all the graduates of the college, so far as possible, next year, and that it is the sense of the Association that the Executive Committee take early action to secure such attendance." Our duty under the vote recited is, obviously, to interest the Alumni in the work of the Association, and to secure a full attendance of them at our next Commencement in June, 1887. In this work the committee desire to avail themselves of the columns of the *STUDENT*.

Many of our college graduates, we may say the majority, do not understand the nature of the organization of the Alumni Association. This is not, indeed, strange, for little effort has ever been made to inform them relative to its management and work.

On the 30th day of June, 1871, the Alumni of the college formed themselves into an association under a Constitution and By-Laws. The preamble recites, "We, the Alumni of Bates College, desirous of sustaining the

friendly relations formed in that Institution, and of subserving in the highest degree practicable the interests of the College, do, for these purposes, form ourselves into an Association and adopt the following Constitution." The Constitution then made consisted of ten articles. Article 1 provided that the name of the association should be the "Alumni Association of Bates College." Article 2 provided that "All persons receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Bates College thereby become members of this association." Article 3 enumerated the officers. Article 4 provided that "The annual meeting for the election of officers and overseers and for the transaction of other business shall be holden on Tuesday, preceding Commencement day at four o'clock in the afternoon, at such place in Lewiston, Maine, as the secretary shall designate at least four weeks before the time of meeting, by a notice in some regular newspaper published in Maine." It will be hereafter seen that this article is in conflict with the charter. By article 5, fifteen members were made a quorum. Article 6 provided for the defraying of expenses by a tax. Article 7 was as follows: "No alumnus shall be eligible to the office of overseer in the corporation of the college until he shall have been a graduate five years." Under article 8 special meetings could be called. Article 9 is of interest and we give it entire.

"The overseers of the college elected by this association shall be chosen, vacancies excepted, in the following manner: Four persons shall be annually

nominated on the day of the annual meeting, and from the persons thus nominated, the association shall, at the next succeeding annual meeting, elect two persons as overseers. The nominations and elections shall be by ballot and by majority votes. The first nomination shall be made on the day of the annual meeting 1872." Article 10 regulated the manner of amending the Constitution.

The By-Laws then adopted were composed of nine sections and regulated the duties of the several officers. Section VII. of the By-Laws directed: That "The historian should keep in a book, provided by the association for that purpose, a chronological record of events and occurrences in relation to the college and association which are of common interest." This section is worthy of notice from the fact that the office of historian has long been obsolete.

In 1874 the legislature of the State granted to the association a charter, which we give entire.

STATE OF MAINE.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR.

AN ACT granting a charter to the Alumni Association of Bates College.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

SEC. 1. All graduates receiving the degree of A.B. from the President and Trustees of Bates College, an institution of learning located in Lewiston, are hereby constituted a body politic and corporate under the name of the Alumni Association of Bates College, and by that name shall have power to prosecute and defend suits at law, to have and use a common seal and to change the same at pleasure, to receive and hold for the objects of their

association by gift, grant, purchase, bequest, or otherwise, any estate, real or personal, the annual income of which shall not exceed twenty-five thousand dollars, and to sell and convey any estate, real or personal, which the interests of the association may require to be sold and conveyed.

SEC. 2. All property and estate, real or personal, or both, which may at any time by gift, grant, bequest, purchase, or otherwise, come into the possession of the said association shall be devoted to the promotion of the interests of the said college.

SEC. 3. The said association may adopt such rules and regulations, pass such laws and by-laws, the same not being repugnant to the laws of this State, as they may deem expedient for the management of their affairs; and they shall be and are hereby invested with all the powers, privileges, rights, and immunities incident to similar corporations.

SEC. 4. Fifteen members of the association shall be necessary to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

SEC. 5. The said association shall not admit to its membership any person who has not regularly graduated from said college and received the degree of A.B.

SEC. 6. The annual meeting of the association aforesaid shall be held on the day preceding the Commencement of the college. Special meetings may be called in a manner hereafter to be prescribed by the Constitution of the association.

SEC. 7. The said Alumni Association shall at each annual meeting nominate two of their number to fill two of the five vacancies which by section seven of the Charter of Bates College are annually created in the Board of Overseers of the college; and if the said Board of Overseers fail to confirm the nominations thus made, they shall at once notify the said Alumni Association, which shall immediately make other nominations and so proceed until the vacancies are filled; and in no case shall the vacancies be filled except from persons nominated by the said Alumni Association.

SEC. 8. This act shall take effect when approved.

IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVE, }
March 4, 1874. }

This bill having had three several readings, passed to be enacted.

W. W. THOMAS, JR., *Speaker.*

IN SENATE, March 4, 1874.

This bill having had two several readings, passed to be enacted.

J. E. BUTLER, *President.*

Approved.

NELSON DINGLEY, JR., *Governor.*

The foregoing Charter was adopted by vote of the association, June 18, 1874. It was then "voted to adopt those articles of the original Constitution of the association which do not conflict in any way with the provisions of the new charter." We cannot forbear remarking that this vote was a very lazy, or very foolish, attempt at law-making. At the same meeting it was "voted that the executive committee amend and complete the Constitution and present a report at the next annual meeting." The record of the next annual meeting, held June 29, 1875, shows that the "Report of the executive committee having reference to the amendment and completion of the Constitution was read and accepted." This report was not spread upon the records of that meeting and we have not been able to find it.

We have now given substantially, though briefly, the history of the organization of the association. It is still in a crude state. The Charter, which is the fundamental law of the association, has, heretofore, answered the purpose for which it was drafted; but it might have been improved. There is, virtually, no compilation of By-Laws; for no one has ever decided, or was ever authorized to decide, what portions of the original Constitution and By-Laws are not inconsistent with the Charter, and so in force.

At the last meeting of the associa-

tion, held June 30, 1886, the following resolution was adopted, which is self-explanatory :

Whereas, It appears that neither the Charter, Constitution, nor By-Laws, specify in detail the several objects to which the funds of the association shall be appropriated, and it is desirable that these several objects should be formally stated and expressed.

Therefore, be it resolved, That it is the sense of this association that the funds thereof be collected and expended for one or more of the following purposes, viz.:

First.—For the payment of the annual necessary expenses of the association, incurred in holding the Annual Public Meeting and for printing and postage.

Second.—For the liquidation of the liabilities of the association, principal and interest, now consisting of the alumni note on which is due about the sum of five thousand dollars.

Third.—For any general purpose which shall be deemed expedient in the judgment of the association, such as the printing of the history of the association, or reports of its officers from time to time, or the offering of prizes to be competed for by undergraduates, or for the purchase of any work of art for a gift to the college.

We had purposed to state at some length the reasons which should bring together the largest possible number of the alumni at our next Annual Meeting. Lack of space at this time forbids. We have given the facts, in preference to an exhortation; and in them, we believe, any alumnus can find abundant reason for his being present. Perhaps we may ask a little more space in a future number of the STUDENT. We hope to hear the views of many of the Alumni, through the STUDENT, upon the subject in question.

J. H. RAND,
E. M. BRIGGS,
W. H. JUDKINS,
Executive Committee.

LOCALS.

PEARL.

Small and pretty, bright and witty,
Maiden sweet and coy.
Would she be just such a beauty
If I were not a boy?

Tiny feet go patter, patter,
Up and down the walk;
Gladly do I walk beside her
To hear her charming talk.

Mornings early, sharp and frosty,
Off she goes to school.
Lips so dainty, cheeks so rosy—
Built by nature's rule.

Voice of softest intonation,
Adamantine girl!
Worthy of all adoration,
Coy and lovely Pearl.

“City Government” is finished!

The library is open every day during vacation.

How do you like the new test arrangement?

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!

Prof. Chase expects to meet his classes this winter.

Lawrence Barrett is booked at Music Hall for December 22d.

When are we to have some more furnishings for the Gymnasium?

The glass setter reports quite a prosperous business for the past term.

The society libraries were very largely patronized just before vacation.

The Latin School began, Tuesday, Dec. 14, with quite a good attendance.

Prof—“Who can tell me—” Chorus of voices from the class—“I can! I can!”

Prof. Stanley has been in Boston

a few days, purchasing apparatus for the mechanical department.

Mrs. Caroline A. Wood of Cambridgeport, Mass., died Dec. 6th, leaving the college, by her will \$35,000.

It must be that these wintry blasts whistle dismally through the whiskers of some of the Freshman pedagogues.

The subjects for the Senior exhibition were given out last fall. Let us hope that every one is working on his part.

From Traf's note-book—"The milk of elephants is sulphur dissolved in a strong alkaline solution and precipitated by an acid."

An innovation has been reached at Bates in the matter of examinations. Hereafter the examinations of each class will be oral *and* written.

Goding writes that he has forty-two scholars, and expects more "when the ship comes in." It is probable that the addition will be quite salt.

The STUDENT editors for next year are, S. H. Woodrow, A. C. Townsend, C. C. Smith, Miss M. G. Pinkham, W. F. Tibbetts, Miss N. B. Jordan.

One of the Seniors moans out this:
Am I content? Believe me, 'tis not true—
My chum stalks forth fair maid to win and woo;
Nor will I be, till I, like him, can go,
And the secret joys of love begin to know.

Willie says that the hollowness and sonorousness of Parker Hall was very marked during the first two weeks of the vacation. More lively at present.

During the early part of the vacation, considerable plastering was done through the halls; and some of the rooms were repaired and newly papered.

The examining committee said that the oral examination of the Seniors in Astronomy was the best recitation they had ever listened to. Three cheers for '87!

Those stopping here this vacation have obtained permission from Prof. Stanley to use the telescope whenever they choose. No new planets have as yet been discovered.

The last game of tennis for the season was played on the ladies' court, Thanksgiving morning, by three of the "Big Four." The game was remarkable for its slides.

At the meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society, at Brunswick, Dec. 30th, 31st, and Jan. 1st, Prof. Chase is to consider the work of the schools from a literary point of view.

Ex-Governor Cheney of New Hampshire, brother of President Cheney and trustee of the college, has been appointed U. S. Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Pike.

The '87 local editors propose to publish a volume of rejected locals. The book will be elegantly *bound* and beautifully illustrated. On the cover will appear in old gold the words "ching-a-ling-ling."

The class of '86 are soon to publish their full Class-Day exercises. This is something not done by the classes heretofore. We hope all succeeding classes will follow the precedent thus established.

The Seniors devoted the last Friday evening of the fall term to a candy-pull at the home of Miss Stevens.

What with apples, grapes, pears, and candy the evening passed very pleasantly. When we went home Regulus was visible!

The students of Bates manifest a good interest in the matter of reading. 1074 volumes have been taken from the library during the fall term. Besides this, a large number of books were taken from the society libraries.

The Bates Alumni of Boston and vicinity will have their annual dinner at Young's Hotel, Wednesday evening, December 29th, at five o'clock p.m. A special invitation is extended to all alumni, wherever they are, to be present if they can.

The following of the Sophomore debaters have been selected to take part in the champion debate next summer: W. T. Guptill, A. E. Hatch, F. J. Daggett, C. J. Emerson, Thomas Singer, H. S. Worthley, E. J. Small, E. L. Stevens, W. E. Kinney.

Profs. Hayes and Angell very kindly invited the boys stopping here to take dinner with them Thanksgiving Day. A very pleasant day and evening was passed. Many thanks to our kind Professors for this and the many other like kindnesses they have shown us.

On the evening of December 12th, services were held at the High Street Congregational Church, in memory of the Rev. Mr. Tinker. Many of the alumni will remember the interesting and instructive sermon given by him on the Day of Prayer for colleges in 1882.

Lisbon Street presents a decidedly Christmas aspect nowadays. It is

especially pleasing to notice the interest manifested by the country people in purchasing Christmas presents. Some of the windows are arranged very tastily, notably B. Peck & Co.'s.

Thursday, December 16th, the Main Street Free Baptist Society served a turkey dinner in the church vestry. Several of the Bates students were engaged in the, not lucrative, but highly enjoyable, position of waiters. The affair proved a great financial success.

One day, shortly after the term closed, a Senior noticed some one wandering with slow, pensive step through the empty corridors of Hathorn Hall. This meditative and lone being proved to be a Freshman. He was endeavoring to advance to the test room once more. "Mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream!"

Dr. Cheney and Prof. Chase have been very successful in obtaining subscriptions towards the \$75,000 necessary to meet the Hon. J. L. H. Cobb's pledge of \$25,000. The following subscriptions only have come to our knowledge. Hon. James G. Blaine has given \$1000; the Misses Mason of Boston, \$4000; Mr. Charles Gay of Auburn, \$1000; Mrs. Rufus Deering of Portland, \$1000.

The hearing has been had in the Belcher will case, commencing Dec. 6, before Judge Morrison of the Probate Court, Franklin County. The hearing lasted three days and the Judge has decided to admit the will to probate, a formal announcement of which will be made the first Tuesday in January.

This throws the burden of proof upon the contestants, if they choose to carry the case further.

The Rev. Mr. Hayden, of Auburn, has been giving a series of very interesting lectures. He has given two lectures on "One Sunday in London." The first evening he spoke principally on "Westminster Abbey"; the second evening he spoke on "Spurgeon's Tabernacle" and "St. Paul's Cathedral." Among others his lectures on "Our Boys," and "Our Girls," were especially good.

The Sophomores had a "blow out" the last Friday night of the term. Nearly all of the male members of the class were present, as well as several invited guests from the Senior class. During the evening three baskets of grapes, one crate of peaches, an indefinite amount of candy, oranges, and bananas, and half a bushel of nuts were consumed. The repast was interspersed with toasts, speeches, etc. A good racket.

Harvard Student—"How do you like reciting with the girls? I should think some of the boys would get mashed on them." Bates Student—"Oh, no danger of that. Being with them four years we know them too well. There is but one serious objection to co-education in our college. It is this. Where there are so many girls in a class it makes it very embarrassing for the STUDENT editors to make out the average age of the class.

The *Youth's Companion* is about to begin its sixtieth year of publication. In its announcement for 1887 will be

seen the names of many distinguished authors. One of its forthcoming articles will be "The Wonders of the Cascapediae," by the Marquis of Lorne, with illustrations of that Canadian stream, by the Princess Louise. Among other noted contributors are, Howells, Huxley, Taine, and Farrar. Charming serials by J. T. Trowbridge and C. A. Stevens will be published.

Prof. G. C. Emery, of the Boston Latin School, has made the first contribution toward providing gymnastic training for the ladies of Bates. He recently forwarded five dollars for that purpose; and it is hoped enough will soon be added to furnish apparatus sufficient to give the ladies their needed exercise. Anyone wishing to give something for this worthy object, can forward the same to Prof. J. H. Rand. It is proposed, if sufficient money is raised, to purchase Indian clubs, dumb-bells, and such other small apparatus as it may seem expedient to have, and to allow the small chapel to be used for the purpose of practice.

The prize division of Freshman declamations occurred in Chapel Hall, Saturday evening, November 20. Although the weather was somewhat inclement, a good-sized audience was present. Garcelon's ('90) Orchestra furnished good music, and the evening passed pleasantly. The speaking was well up in the scale of excellence. Many showed marked improvement over themselves at the former speakings. There was the usual variety of pieces, varying from the speeches of Webster to the highly dramatic, which renders a committee's duty a difficult

one. The prize was awarded to H. B. Davis, and honorable mention made of Miss J. L. Pratt.

An elegant little volume of verses entitled, "*Songs from the Seasons*," by D. C. Washburn, '85, has just been published by the International Art Publishing Co., Lewiston. Many of the poems have been published in the *STUDENT* during the last three or four years; some in the *Outing*, *St. Nicholas*, and similar magazines, and a few have never before appeared in print. The book contains about one hundred pages, is printed on heavy linen paper, and is illustrated with nine full-page plates from paintings by D. D. Coombs. The cover bears a tasty design representing the seasons, by the same artist. It makes a handsome Christmas token, and merits a good sale. May success attend it and its author.

The Sophomore Prize Debates began, with the second division, Friday evening, Nov. 12. The first division, having been postponed from Thursday, occurred, Saturday forenoon, Nov. 13; and the other two divisions came respectively, Thursday and Friday nights of the last week of the term. The second division debated the question: "Was Napoleon Bonaparte a greater man than Oliver Cromwell?" A. L. Safford, W. T. Guptill, and H. W. Smith spoke in the affirmative; J. I. Hutchinson, Miss Chipman, W. R. Miller, W. E. Kinney, Eugene Thayer, and F. J. Daggett, in the negative. The division was good throughout. The prize was awarded to Mr. Guptill, but not till after the committee had

heard a second reading of the four they considered best. "Ought the United States Government to subsidize steamship lines for the purpose of increasing its commerce?" was the question of the first division, Saturday. E. Edgcomb and F. W. Newell spoke in the affirmative; H. S. Worthly, O. B. C. Kinney, and E. L. Stevens, in the negative. Mr. Worthly received the prize in this division. As on the night previous, the debates were of a uniform excellence. The question discussed by the third division was, "Ought the United States to become a Great Naval Power?" The prize was awarded to A. E. Hatch, who argued in the affirmative together with J. H. Blanchard, G. H. Libby and H. L. Knox. F. M. Buker, F. J. Libby, Miss Plumstead, E. J. Small, and C. D. Blaisdell supported the negative. "Will Bismarck be a greater character in history than Gladstone?" was the subject of the last division. The affirmative was sustained by B. C. Carroll, I. N. Cox, G. W. Hayes, and W. F. Grant; the negative by E. F. Blanchard, C. J. Emerson, J. F. Hilton, and Thomas Singer. The prize evidently lay between Mr. Emerson and Mr. Singer. After much difficulty in reaching a decision, it was awarded to Mr. Singer. It will be seen that thirty-one debated, including two ladies, which is an unusually large number. The debates were pronounced good from first to last. The class did themselves credit, and an excellent series of debates will be expected from them next summer.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'76.—Marion Douglass has been visiting Lewiston. After his graduation, Mr. Douglass traveled for a time in Europe; thereafter he studied law in the office of Hutchins & Savage, in Lewiston. On finishing his studies here, he went to Columbia, Dak., where, by the practice of law and dealing in real estate, he made himself wealthy. He has now changed his residence to Duluth, on the shore of Lake Superior.

'80.—W. H. Judkins was married November 25th, to Miss Nellie Jones, at the house of the bride's father in Lewiston.

'80.—W. A. Hoyt has left his position as teacher of classics in the boys' school, at Cornwall, on the Hudson, and accepted a fine position as principal of the high school, at Medway, Mass.

'81.—We recently saw an announcement, dated at the law office of Chas. S. Cook, Room 17, First National Bank Building, Portland. A member of the Faculty, on seeing this announcement, remarked: "A man that always minds his business is a man that always has business to mind. The former has always characterized Mr. Cook, and the latter will be true of him beyond doubt."

'82.—O. H. Tracy is located at Biddeford.

'82.—L. T. McKenney has recently visited Lewiston. He is the successful principal of the High School at Newport, Vt.

'83.—W. H. Barber was married Nov. 25, to Miss Nellie N. Wentworth, of Ursina, Penn.

'83.—H. H. Tucker has been in town. He is principal of Wolfborough Academy, which has recently received an addition to its endowment of two millions or more. The institution is to offer to the world its advantages free of expense.

'84.—Miss Knowles is teaching in Salt Lake City. She recently read a paper before an educational society of that place, which was criticised very favorably by *The Congregationalist*.

'86.—A. H. Dunn is principal of the High School at Alfred, Maine.

'86.—Miss Angie S. Tracy is teaching at East Hiram.

'86.—E. A. Merrill is now employed by the Pray Manufacturing Co., Minneapolis.

'86.—W. H. Hartshorn was married November 30th, to Miss Blake of Montville.

'86.—G. E. Paine has resigned his position at New Hampton, on account of the death of his father.

'86.—T. D. Sale has charge of the business of the advertising department of the Portland *Evening Express*.

'86.—E. D. Varney is engaged to fill a remunerative position this winter, teaching at Tenant's Harbor, Maine.

'86.—W. A. Morton is the first colored man that has ever gained admittance to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York.

'86.—S. G. Bonney was married November 23d, to Miss N. B. Little, hitherto of the class of '87, at the house of the bride's father in Lewiston.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

'86.—W. S. Bartlett has been chosen from among twenty candidates, at a competitive examination, to fill the office of principal of the High School, at Centreville, Mass.

STUDENTS.

'87.—F. W. Chase is teaching at Waldoboro.

'87.—L. G. Roberts has been visiting friends in Boston.

'88.—F. W. Oakes has been obliged to leave his school at York, on account of sickness, and C. W. Cutts has taken his place.

'89.—W. T. Guptill is teaching at Enfield.

'89.—H. E. Fernald is teaching at Harrison.

'89.—C. J. Emerson has profitable employment this vacation as a teacher, at Wells, Maine.

'90.—Miss Blanche Howe is visiting her aunt, in Melrose, Mass.

'90.—Day, Garcelon, and Neal are spending a few days in Boston.

'90.—Miss Mary Angell is soon to start on a visit to friends in Providence.

EXCHANGES.

An unequal thing indeed is this even handed exchange of college periodicals. The college journals of the country present a great variety of merit as well as of cost. No one could blame the *Nassau Lit.*, the *Harvard Monthly* and other papers of their class, if they should be reluctant to exchange even handed with the *Occident* and the *Lantern*, or even with the *Georgetown Collegian*. Whenever such exchanges are

made, of course the generosity must all be set down to the credit of one party. It could hardly be counted a special gain to the *Williams Lit.* to exchange with the *Acta Victoriana*.

Some of the first-class monthlies and bi-weeklies are noticeably more generous than others toward their smaller and weaker brothers. It would be for the advantage of college journalism at large if more of the first rank papers should see fit to adopt the same plan. One thing the first class magazines should not forget, namely, that it is largely in their power to mold the college journals of the country by keeping samples of the best continually before them.

The new *Dartmouth Monthly* has found its way to our sanctum. But three numbers have been issued; yet the new comer has already taken a creditable place among the *Lits*. The printing is well done, and the cover has an attractive design. It augurs well for college journalism when two or three such magazines as the *Dartmouth* and *Amherst Monthlies* spring up in a single fall.

"Such statements as 'gallantry forbids anything derogatory,' are entirely without point," says the exchange girl of the *Lasell Leaves*, speaking of the man that occupies a similar position on the *Yale Courant*. The Yale man had refrained from criticising severely a certain ladies' journal on the ground that "gallantry forbids anything derogatory" to the fairer sex; and the Lasell editor accuses him of making a bid for the titles, "'Gentle Youth,' 'Fair Sir,' and 'Pretty Mr. Editor.'" This seems

a little hard for the poor Yale man. The conventionalities of life demand for the gentler sex a little extra consideration; and doubtless he thought only to obey this demand. Even if his purpose was to court the favor of some young lady editor, what is there improper or uncommon about that? The following little squib from "A Controversy," in the *Leaves* is amusing, and carries its own explanation:

"Tell me what is sweeter
Than a walk at night
With one we love beside us,
And the moon in sight?"

ANSWER.

"Gently swaying hammock
'Neath chaste Luna's beam,
Voice in softest accents
Murmuring 'Love's Young Dream.'"

"Arm encircling loved one,
Lips in rapture met,
Than a walk by moonlight,
Is sweeter far, you bet!"

The *Williams Fortnight* has changed its printers,—not for the better, however. The typography has been excellent. Foot-ball comes in for its share of space; we confess, however, that the scores have little significance to us. The editorials of the *Fortnight* are always good, and a high order of merit prevails throughout. By the way, what does the *Fortnight* mean by saying "These papers," meaning the *Orient*, *Echo*, and *STUDENT*, "otherwise excellent, are in a constant broil, continually firing hot shots at one another?" Whatever broils the two former are continually engaged in—and we have long hoped to see them get their fill of mud slinging and call a truce—an examination of the back is-

sues will reveal the fact that for years the *STUDENT* has had and is now having no part in them.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* has a vigorous editorial on compulsory chapel. The writer enumerates the evils of the system and comes to the conclusion that Harvard's example must be followed throughout the college world. Cornell, he says, has her chapel full to overflowing, and has been compelled to enlarge its seating capacity. We quote the following: "Let the Faculty co-operate heartily with the Y. M. C. A. in its efforts; let the whole body of students feel that every service has a real purpose, and is not a mere observance of the college curriculum, and our college need have no fear of retrogression in Christian work. Yes, compulsory chapels must. Experience has already stamped their observance a fossil, a relic, a superstition of the barbaric past. The future generation shall be free from such persecution, to which we say amen and amen."

Many papers are still before us. We delight to have them, but cannot read them all. The *University Mirror* invites a look into itself; the *Troy Polytechnic* presents good claims for attention; the eye is arrested by the rustic cover of the *Bethany Collegian*; the *College Argus* casts a wistful look. But all must go to their respective corners. And now, fellow-exchanges, I must bid you good night, wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.—*Carlyle*.

COLLEGE WORLD.

The new Y. M. C. A. building, recently dedicated at Yale, cost \$60,000.

The *Nassau Literary* offers a prize of twenty dollars for the best story contributed to the December number.

The authorities of Princeton are considering a proposition suggested by President McCosh, to transform the college into a university.

Exercises in the gymnasium have become compulsory to the ladies in Oberlin College. A physician's certificate is required for an excuse from practice.—*Ex.*

Tulane University, New Orleans, has received a donation of \$100,000 from a New York lady, with which it is to establish a college for the higher education of women.

The combined new Freshman class of all the colleges of the University of Cambridge, consists of nine hundred and thirty-eight members, the largest ever admitted.

The publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine* offer a prize of fifty dollars for the best article on "Social Life at Princeton," to be written by an undergraduate of the Academic department. They have made the same offer to the students of Yale for the best article on "Social Life at Yale."

The death of E. H. Garrison, a Sophomore in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., during a recent game of foot-ball, is the second that has occurred in that institution from the same cause. Some forty years ago, after a game, a young athlete proposed to give an exhibition of his skill by

kicking the ball over the college cupola. The ball grazed the top of the lightning rod, and went over as desired; but ere it had reached the ground the young man lay on his back dying, from the effects of a broken blood-vessel.

♦♦♦

AMONG THE POETS.

"AH, BY-GONE DAYS!"

Ah, by-gone days! Sweet days of old!
What recollections you unfold
Of laughter gay, of tearful sighs,
Of hatred's scowl,—love-laden eyes
Whose timid glance their secret told.

Hair silver-gray was erstwhile gold;
Warm blooded youth in age grows cold,
Far swifter than the wind time flies
Ah, by-gone days!

The woof of the loom of life must fold,
Never again to be unrolled;
The flame of love quivers,—and dies.
Can death be all? Ah, vain surmise!
Those hours of joy, sorrow foretold.
Ah, by-gone days!

—*Advocate.*

EVENING SONG.

Swing little gate,
The hour is late
And day into night is growing.
Faint, tinkling bell,
You softly tell
That the cows come homeward, lowing.

Rest, little gate,
For work can wait
Till morning creeps o'er the wheat fields.
Up from the dell,
Comes mystic spell,
That rest for the weary heart yields.

—*Fortnight.*

A SUMMER DAY.

Across the sky the swallows sweep,
Across the marsh sweet breezes blow,

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That murmur in the grasses deep;
The west winds soft and slow.

The grasses nod; the sunshine streams
On sea and shore in lines of light,
On ocean's verge a white sail gleams;
A sea-bird in its flight.

The thunder music of the sea
Is hushed; but fairy fingers play
A melody in softer key;
A sweet and winsome lay.

Oh heart of mine, drive care away;
Let wave and sunshine to thee bring
A wealth of joy this summer day;
A song of gladness sing.

—*The Dartmouth.***PINES BY MOONLIGHT.**

Oh, ghastly, gaunt, unhappy pines,
Reaching in haggard misery your naked
arms,

Weird mourners,—how the moonlight shines
As if in mockery! Ye have no tender
charms,

And in the sweet pale light ye look
Most pitiful. The gentle breeze but makes
you moan,

Beside the wild and swollen brook
Ye stand and mingle groan with groan.

Unhappy pines, like ghosts ye seem,
Lost spirits, wailing wildly with a vain
regret,

Waked from a fearful grave-yard dream
To find but darkness all around, the stars
all set,

The moon gone down, and naught to guide
To where the light that shineth ever doth
abide.

—*University Press.*

Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot and begs its way.

—*Longfellow.*

Reasons of things are rather to be
taken by weight than tale.—*Jeremy
Collier.*

Knowledge is no part of an educa-
tion.—*Prof. Standish.*

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OSWALD & ARMSTRONG.

CLIPPINGS.

I've run a piece of wood under my finger nail," said an old married man to his wife. "Ah," she sneered, "you must have been scratching your head." —*Ex.*

A FRAGMENT.

(AFTER POE.)

Hear the clanging and the banging
Of the bell,
Chapel bell,

When the early morn is blushing,
And we hear the students rushing
To the club,

For their grub,
And, while, as for the bell,
They wish it down in—well,
As they listen to its clang,

And they use the lurid slang,
As they listen to the whanging
And the clanging and the banging

Of the bell,
Chapel bell,

Of the bell, bell, bell,

To the clanging and the whanging of the bell. —*Record.*

"Jim, kin you tell me the dif'rence between a rotten head of cabbage and a water-melon?" "No, sah." "Well, for de land sake! You's de last nigger dat I'd send out after a water-melon for me."

"My dear Miss A, this ring, which I would ask you to accept of me, is emblematic of my love for you; it has no end." "Thank you very much, Mr. B. It curiously resembles my love for you; it has no beginning."

THE KISS.

The fault was mine! Excuse is vain!
Nor thought I pardon to obtain.

Prompted by love or fate—who knows?

I asked her for a blushing rose—

"'Tis thine," she sighed, in lightsome vein.

In kindness she did not disdain
To pin it on my coat. Insane,

I bent and kissed her on the lip—
The fault was mine !

The crimson flushed her cheek amain,
What could I do? Oft and again
I begged forgiveness for the slip
Of kissing her upon the lip.
She whispered, "Nay, 'tis very plain
The fault was mine!" —*Advocate.*

AN ITEMIZED BILL.

A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent. He did it, and presented a bill in full for fifty-nine francs and eleven centimes to the curate, who refused to pay it, saying the committee would require a complete detail. The painter produced it as follows :

	Frs. Cts.
Corrected and renewed the ten commandments,	5.12
Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a ribbon in his bonnet,	3.06
Re-plumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel,	4.18
Washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheeks,	5.12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, gilded the sun, and cleaned the moon,	7.14
Re-animated the flames of Purgatory, and restored some souls,	3.06
Revived the flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned,	4.10
Re-bordered the robe of Herod and re-adjusted his wig,	4.04
Put new spatter-dashes on the son of Tobias, and dressing on his sack,	2.00
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass, and shod him,	3.07
Put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah,	2.04
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliah, and extended his legs,	3.02
Decorated Noah's Ark,	3.00
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaned his ears,	4.00
Total,	59.11

—*The Tech.*

THE CENTURY FOR 1886-87.

The leading features of the CENTURY for 1886-7 will be

The Authorized Life of Abraham Lincoln,

By his confidential secretaries,

JOHN GEORG NICOLAY,

Now Marshal of the Superior Court
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—AND—

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THE WAR SERIES,

Which for two years has been a leading feature of the Magazine, will be continued by such writers as

GEN. HENRY J. HUNT,

GEN. LONGSTREET,

GEN. ABNER DOUBLEDAY,

GEN. D. H. HILL,

GEN. JOHN GIBSON,

And others of no less reputation.

THE FOOD QUESTION,

Which is, in fact, an important branch of the Labor Problem, will be treated in coming numbers by Prof. W. O. Atwater of Wesleyan University.

RUSSIA AND SIBERIA

Is the subject of papers by GEORGE KENNAN to appear in early numbers.

Mrs. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Will contribute a series of papers on about twelve English Cathedrals.

A Novel, "THE HUNDREDTH MAN,"

Begun in the November number, will be continued.

Among other important and valuable contributions will be Cable's Acadian Stories, Religion in the Colonies, Dreams, Presentiments, Astrology, Somnambulism, Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, and Old Chelsea.



A CARD TO CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous Cigarette manufacturers to copy in part the BRAND NAME of the 'RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT,' now in the eleventh year of their popularity, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original STRAIGHT CUT BRAND is the RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1, introduced by us in 1875, and to caution the students to observe, that our signature appears on every package of the genuine Straight Cut Cigarettes.

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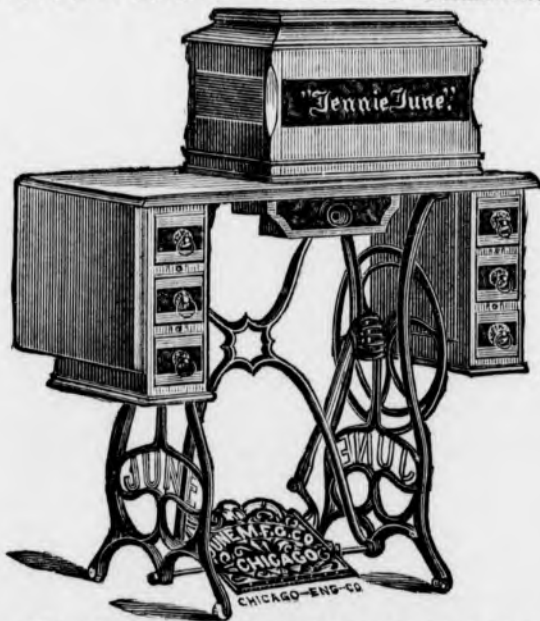
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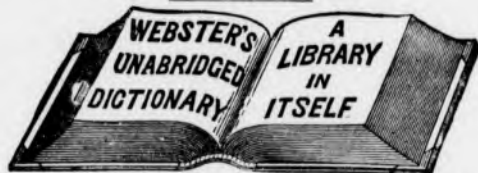
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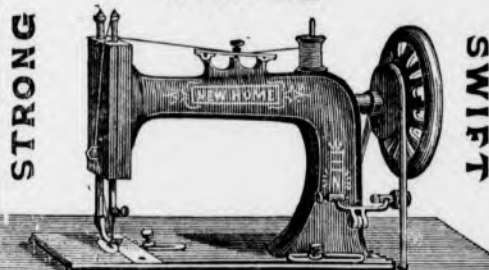
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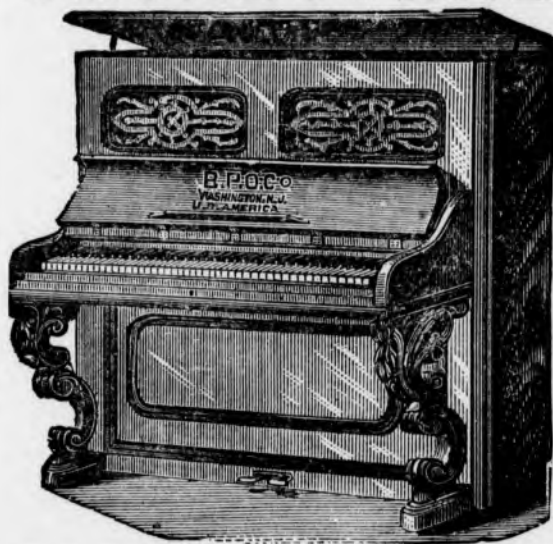
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