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VOLUME XIII.

NUMBER 9.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

Animo et Labore.

✦ NOVEMBER, 1885. ✦

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

No. 9.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
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CONTENTS.

VOL. XIII., No. 9.—NOVEMBER, 1885.

EDITORIAL.....	203
LITERARY:	
A Norwegian Legend.....	206
Possibilities of the Human Mind.....	206
The Spectre Wood-Cutter	208
Self-Knowledge	208
Cape Cod	211
In Memoriam	212
COMMUNICATION.....	213
LOCALS	215
PERSONALS	219
EXCHANGES.....	221
AMONG THE POETS.....	222
COLLEGE PRESS OPINIONS.....	223
COLLEGE WORLD	223
LITERARY NOTES.....	224
CLIPPINGS.....	226

EDITORIAL.

SEVERAL of the Seniors attended Archdeacon Farrar's lecture on Dante, recently delivered in Portland. The lecture was the most finely written of any we have heard. The style was metaphorical, with such a wonderful adaptation of the sound to the sense that the lecture could not fail to have a melodious and charming effect.

The subject was at first dry and uninviting to some, but as the speaker advanced it became more interesting, till towards the close every attentive listener must have resolved to read the wonderful work of Dante. Such lectures as this are truly inspiring, and this *one* seems to teach us a lesson that is perhaps too often forgotten—the importance of constantly associating with the great literary geniuses of all ages. Let us remember that an intimate acquaintance with such men as these, alone will call forth the noblest aspirations, create the purest thoughts, and inspire us with the grandest motives.

The Freshman declamations have passed off well this fall; an unusual amount of interest being displayed by

both students and public, as shown by large audiences. The system by which the speakers for the prize are selected—four from each division and united in a final trial,—is well calculated to draw out the best efforts of the students.

One thing seems necessary, however, to perfect the system, and that is to have the first divisions arranged by the professor they receive instruction from. With the present plan of arrangement—that of drawing places—it is often the case that some not selected for the final division speak better than some that are selected. It might even happen that one of those not selected from the first division excel all selected from the second and third divisions.

It is now apparent, therefore, that justice is not done to all by the present system. With very little trouble the instructor could distribute the best speakers among the first divisions, and thus aid in making the final division the best possible representation of the class.

Even in this “enlightened age” it is not uncommon to meet with those who seriously and heartily condemn, as unnecessary, all knowledge higher than reading, writing, or arithmetic. In some parts of the country the sending of a boy to college is taken as the standard sign of foolishness, even as the three R.’s have been regarded as the standard limit of profitable education.

The loafing philosopher of the corner grocery, whose high ambition is to hit the dog in the eye with a solution of tobacco, invariably clinches

his arguments against education by referring to his own intellectual acquirements. The great cry is for practical education, and any system involving studies not directly used in every-day affairs is promptly set aside as a waste of time. Too many persons regard education as some strictly defined bulk of material that is stored away in the mind. Here they make a grand mistake. The fixed walls of a granary will hold only a certain number of bushels, and anything besides grain does not belong in it.

But with education we cannot be thus particular, nor can we apply the standard of weights and measures in its measurement, for the chief purpose of an education is not so much the storing of the mind with material to be directly used, as it is to increase the capacity of the mind to think for itself. All education of the schools is but an index that points toward the path of knowledge. No student can remember all the facts he learns in school; he can, at best, classify them in order that he may find them when called for.

The comparison of the mind to a store-house is not relevant. Such is the peculiar constitution of the mind, that, although an idea may be stored up in it, yet it is very likely to come forth from the mind doubled or trebled or entirely changed. Let no student fear the jeers of the unlearned, for, although he may not have all knowledge on the tip of his tongue, yet he is constantly acquiring habits of thinking that will be to him a constant source of pleasure and profit.

The question as to the expediency of capital punishment for the crime of murder is once more occupying public attention. The strong popular feeling against the execution of two confessed murderers has shown what is the drift of public sentiment on the subject. It is time for the human race to advance a step and look upon the law as a physician rather than a death-dealing nemesis, and its penalties as healing balms rather than avenging tortures. May the discussion of the question increase. Let the press perform its duty in educating the public mind. This question bids fair to be one of the principal topics of the next legislature, and we hope then to see capital punishment permanently abolished from our State.

The spare hours at the command of the faithful student are few, and even the few that come to him he is apt to deem too sacred to be lightly spent. But the old saw, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy is well applied nowhere, if not to students; and in the coming winter months, when out-of-door recreation is largely a forbidden luxury, some quiet, pleasing, in-door amusement may be sought with profit. A suggestion may be tolerable.

A few months ago we were introduced to chess, and since our first meeting, we have assiduously cultivated an acquaintance with that most ancient of games. We feel sure that all students should know something of it. Some affirm that chess is too intellectual for recreation. It certainly

requires large mental activity, but of a sort so different from that required by most other kinds of mental work demanded of students, as to render it in a high degree refreshing. Yet it is an excellent disciplinary agent. We have heard a friend, who is a devoted admirer of chess, remark that nothing else ever afforded him so much assistance toward concentration of thought.

Courtesy imposes the preservation of one's equanimity and forbids any exhibition of even a slightly-ruffled surface, however provoking may be the situation. So it becomes a test of self-possession, and an aid in acquiring this. Other games have, perhaps, the same advantage, but possibly, in a less degree. Chess also cultivates one's persistency and steadiness of purpose. Vacillation is always punished in playing this game. Constant vigilance is essential to a high degree of pleasure.

But it is our purpose to be only suggestive, and, if possible, induce those students who know nothing of chess to seek an acquaintance with it. Indeed, we believe a small portion of the time allotted to reading might be advantageously devoted to this. Many students—although these are perhaps not the most faithful—find ample time for card-playing, the influence of which we have never yet observed as in any respect elevating. The suggestion we would make is apparent. The universality of chess in the intellectual world, its sympathy with human nature, its historic accompaniments; these, and many other reasons, commend to the student this oldest,

most delightful, and most profitable of games. Yet, as we first suggested, chess is simply a recreation, to be thus always used and regarded; as such, we have recommended it, while we have mentioned a very few of its advantages.

◆◆◆

LITERARY.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

By A. C. T., '88.

In the legends of the Norsemen,
Of the mediæval times,
Full of weird, wild fascination,
With their mystic runes and rhymes,

Is the story of an infant
Fashioned so divinely fair
That the gods, when they beheld her,
Made her their especial care.

So they drew a solemn promise
From the mountain and the plain,
From the thunder and the lightning,
From the tempest and the rain,

From the sun and moon in heaven,
From each river, rock, and tree,
From the deadly powers of evil,
On the land or in the sea.

That to her they would be harmless,
That their forces fierce and wild,
Should be used to guard from evil,
Bulda, Heaven's chosen child.

But a little harmless, helpless,
Vinelet of the mistletoe
Seemed too weak to give a promise
Or a thought of evil know.

But while once the gods were sporting
Round the child so wondrous fair,
Hurling thunderbolts upon her,
Harmless now as empty air,

With the mistletoe one smote her,
Oh, ill-fated, fatal blow!
It had slain the beauteous Bulda,
Filling heaven and earth with woe.

So we bind our strongest passions
Lest the heaven-born spirit die,
Overlooking little habits
That will smite us by and by.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE HUMAN MIND.

By C. H., '86.

PERHAPS man never feels more genuine pride than when contemplating the achievements of human thought in the field of modern science. He is proud of being an individual of the great human race; of possessing a portion of that something called mind, which has been the prime agent in producing all these results. Glancing back over the ages of the past, he can see it stretching out its infant powers in every direction, gradually enlarging its sphere, until it has clothed him with a power almost supreme. It has given him the keys to the treasure-box of Nature, has taught him to harness her great forces and to guide them by the pressure of his finger. As well might we attempt to number the sands of the sea as to enumerate its beneficial conquests.

And it is indeed delightful to think of this power as infinite, of its possibilities as limitless. We picture to ourselves the philosopher of some future generation sitting down and weeping because there are no more worlds to conquer. Reasoning from recent progress we almost feel justified in this assumption. For during the nineteenth century more has been done to unravel the mysteries of Nature than during all the ages before. And for the next era we shall see results even more brilliant. But consider the extent of the field. Philosophers have peered into the mysterious depths of every department of science and can discern no sign of a bottom. And

with a limitless power and a limitless field, what marvelous results can we not expect!

But a critical examination of what we term the realm of scientific thought will show a necessary division into two distinct parts. The true field of science is the human universe,—whatever is, or has been, or may be, related to mankind. Now all the results attained by human invention and research have been worked out by one and the same rule. The first step has been the observation of phenomena; generalizations from these have given us theories; these theories, practically established to the satisfaction of the mind, have given us laws. By this process constantly repeated, has been reared the magnificent citadel of physical science, and the wholly unsuccessful attempts to shake it have proved its permanent stability. In this department there can be no limits to the possibilities of human knowledge. It is a sphere in which the mind has proved itself potent, and its problems are those alone which, with patient industry, man can solve.

But in all its researches the mind finds many stumbling blocks, many frowning barriers. There are constantly recurring such questions as: What is this gravity? What are these chemical, electrical, and vital forces? What is the essential nature of matter, energy, and life? And the mind finds no approach to them whatever? Ever since the human mind established its first hypothesis, the invariable question has been asked, why and how were the elements of matter combined for their

marvelous processes? And we are no nearer the answer now than then. Is there anything more powerful to stir up our innate conviction that world building must have had an architect, that intelligence presided over the arrangement of the properties and forms of matter?

But why is it that the mind, so potent in all these other departments, utterly fails of a conception of these questions? What is there in their nature that places them beyond our reach? The human mind, though perhaps spiritual in its nature, is chained to a mortal body, through which alone it can act. It can work only under physical conditions, and consequently all objects of its conception must possess tangible relations. This fact accounts both for the potency of the mind in the field of physical science, and also for its complete insufficiency outside of that field. For example we study the effects of falling bodies. We establish, by our observations, the existence of a law of gravity. But who will describe to us this force, and who will analyze it or give our minds even a conception of it. There is nothing tangible. We know simply that it *is*.

From time immemorial the favorite themes of philosophers have been the universe, its construction and nature, and the origin of the human race. Theory after theory has been set forth, and is there any reason to think that we are nearing the truth? The scientist of to-day propounds to us the nebular hypothesis. He depicts in glowing language its plausibility, yea

its probability. But can the mind accept it? It is indeed a magnificent theory, and that is all it ever can be.

From all parts of the field of science we hear able advocates of the theory of evolution. They enthusiastically offer their arguments to convince us of its truth. But can the mind receive it? Let them show to us an unbroken chain of existence, link by link, from the minute bit of protoplasm to the summit of excellence,—the human being; does even this debar the possibility of other theories? No; probabilities can never become realities, until their absoluteness is proved.

Think not that we seek to arraign the scientific men who have busied themselves in these particular departments. For what occupation in the field of science is more sublime? The translation of the Creator's inscriptions in nature. The point in which they err is in expecting the world to accept conjectures as proofs, mere imaginings as realities.

From the foregoing examples, we see the proper domain of the human mind to be *physical* science, and that all problems outside of it transcend man's power. Although, perhaps, the boundaries of the field of physical science may not be well defined, yet the necessity of their existence is apparent. Around it there is a gulf fixed which no human power can bridge. We may stand upon its very brink and vainly stretch out our hands over its unfathomable depths into the mysterious beyond, and that is all.

But even in all this we recognize a divinity. By faith we believe that

for the solution of these great problems, there has been reserved a whole eternity. The human mind, developed, freed from all earthly hindrances, will enter a new field of study. And what a glorious occupation for an eternity! The contemplation of the sublimity of the Creator as exhibited in an infinite universe. With an eternity of development before it, consider then the possibilities of the human mind. But consider also its nothingness, when compared with the grandeur of the Creator. Our individual eternity has its beginning. That infinite eternity was without beginning, is without end.

THE SPECTRE WOOD-CUTTER.

By I. J., '87.

Is it but folk-lore?
In the Black Forest
Men say a spectre
Wood-cutter stands,
By the dim moonlight
Of the ghost-hour
Felling the fir-trees
With fleshless hands.

Ah! he has trafficked
For sordid riches
Power of feeling,
Love's pure delights;
Trees make his music,
Crackling and crashing
Through the deep stillness
Of starry nights.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

By E. F. N., '72.

“THE proper study of mankind is man,” says Pope, and we assent, with the idea that it can only mean some other man, while a little of our study, turned towards ourselves, would doubtless be of great benefit. Igno-

rance of our powers as well as of our weakness, is too often the secret of our failures. Perhaps, of all ignorance, self-ignorance is the worst and the most embittering in its results. The swimmer does not entrust himself to the rush of the stream without first knowing his own strength and power of coping with its force; but humanity breasts life's currents and plunges into its most turbulent waters with a mad recklessness and daring, too often born of self-ignorance, and too often ending in disaster and ruin. The bold plunge is for the man of tried forces; for a weakling it is simply suicidal. By all means, then, let man know himself. Let him study ever his own powers, watching their development with care, and always seeking to make it fit and true. The ways by which this self-knowledge can be gained are various, and each must determine for himself the plan he will pursue. DeQuincey has said, "How much solitude, so much power," and doubtless, the means used to attain power would serve to test its possession. The solitary communings by lake and mountain-side, the dwelling upon the varied scenery of sea and shore, that careful study of outward things that finds in "the meanest flower that blows," "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," test man in one of his most important relations, namely, its nature. Nature is both a teacher of new truths and a revealer of latent forces, at the same time that she reveals to man his own exceeding littleness. In the presence of her manifestations, arrogance and self-

assertion can not exist; humility and self-abasement witness to her power of developing self-knowledge in man. Thus the communion with nature has two bearings, each full of importance, to reveal to man his powers and to show him also the insignificance of all finite powers when compared with infinity; the one an incentive, the other a check.

But with all deference for the benefits of solitude, it would seem in our day and generation, that there is a self-knowledge born of communion with the world, nourished and sustained in its society, attaining its maturity in the marts of trade and arenas of strife, to which the self-knowledge arising from solitude, is, at best, but supplementary. The teachings of the cloister often need the ventilating air of day, the cheery, sunny influences of society. I remember once being much interested in the varying blossoms of an oleander, which was kept, at different seasons of the year, in the garden, the dining-room, and the cellar of my home. In the cellar these blossoms were always pale and white in the dining-room they looked brighter, being slightly tinged with pink, those on the side toward the windows possessing a decidedly pink color; but in the garden in the pleasant summer months, the tree, laden with its deep pink bloom, would scarcely have been recognized as the same which bore the pale blossoms. In the house I have seen blossoms half pink and half white, the dividing line seeming to mark where the sunny influences ceased and the shadows began. It is

a trite comparison of life to a flower, but the oleander may teach a lesson. There are lives, smitten by solitude, which never attain their highest possibilities because they were passed too much in shadow, and the sunlight was needful to develop their latent forces. The owners of those lives bloom into sickly whiteness, and learn, when too late, to envy their ruddier brothers and sisters, and to realize that the same brilliant hue might have been theirs had they turned their faces toward the light.

Man should make society instrumental in teaching him self-knowledge, as well as self-development. The mirror which society holds up to one's face is sometimes a marvelous revealer of unsuspected features. By no means would we maintain that it is always clear and undistorted, but its revelations, however imperfect, are suggestive and instructive. The incentives of communion with our fellows, in one form or another, are like keen spurs driving us on the race-course of life, and the self-instituted comparison of the steeds tends to a better knowledge of the characteristic points of each.

Perhaps we are pre-supposing a more stimulating society than is usually to be met. However that may be, the conception of a society which shall be at the same time a revelation and a stimulus, is not unwarranted nor incapable of realization. A book upon *Madame de Staël* contains the following: "In this age she would be denounced as an old woman with a hobby, and be voted a bore of the first magnitude. She could no more adapt

herself to the tone of society of the present day, or mingle in its conversation, than the eagle could adopt the manners and customs of a duck. Imagine her seated upon one end of a sofa in the drawing-room, with her highly ornamented fan before her face, and her eyes peering from behind it at a young Adonis at the other end of the sofa, and, with the most languishing and bewitching air possible, saying, 'Now, Mr. A., I think you are real mean.'" If this be an exact picture of the present state of society, then there is need of reform before we advise our youth to give up their books and solitary communings with nature, in order to partake of its delights. But most persons can testify to having met in social life those who, by reason of natural gifts, or trained intellect, or wide observation, have been able to send them back to their studies richer in knowledge, both of themselves and others. It is to such social intercourse we should resort and there find food for reflection. Then know thyself, study thy inner nature, understand all thy powers, and know also thy weaknesses. "The greatest obstacle to being heroic," says Hawthorne, "is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom, to know when it ought to be resisted and when to be obeyed." The man who has a thorough knowledge of himself holds by far the most important factor in that "profoundest wisdom," and however the knowledge be obtained, whether in cloistered walls, in "ver-

nal wood," in public marts, or social life, it is always a power and a blessing.

CAPE COD—H. D. THOREAU.

By C. E. S., '86.

WE have before us a book descriptive of Cape Cod. It tells us of the physical features of this small piece of land, giving the minutest details in regard to every point or indentation. It tells us of the inhabitants, man, beast, bird, or plant; their mode of living and getting a living. It informs us of the manners and customs of the people. It acquaints us with the animals of this narrow strip of land as well as the names of plants that do not grow elsewhere. Let us endeavor to peer through this mass of description and discover the characteristics of the author of this interesting volume. We find no difficulty in judging him to be a man of keen perception. This is one of the most prominent characteristics that will as strikingly distinguish him as will any other. What beauties he discovers in places that the ordinary observer would pass by unnoticed! What pictures he draws of wholly common-place persons and places!

The mass of mankind are content to pass their lives in listless indifference and inattention as to all around them, while those who are destined to distinction have a vigilance that nothing can escape. Dr. Johnson once said: "Some men will learn more in a Hamstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." Mr. H. D. Thoreau saw more, learned more, in walking from Eastham to Provincetown on the shore

of the Atlantic, than many would in going around the world. He saw not alone the sandy waste, with its occasional tufts of grass and stunted trees, the birds of various colors and sizes, the fish that frequent the coast, and the people that live on the Cape, but he noticed every hillock and hollow in the sand and how it was formed, the particular kinds of grasses, plants and trees, the varieties of birds and kinds of fish, and the peculiarities of the people, in dress, mode of living and occupation. Truly, our author is not one, "who," as the Russian proverb has it, "goes through the forest and sees no fire-wood."

Although he confines his observations to no particular line of study, yet he shows a marked interest in birds and plants. Nothing seemed to afford him more delight than to observe the habits of the birds. He evidently treated them almost as if they were human beings. It is said of him that he named all the birds without a gun, and that he never killed or even imprisoned any animal except under extraordinary circumstances. How different from the ordinary man! What fine sympathy, what deep love for the animal creation are here exhibited!

And sympathy it is, that seems to be the grand quality of the man. As the sea-anemone, which feels the first returning wave upon the rocks, and throws out its tendrils, so the tender nature, the poetic life of the man gives forth all its sympathies at the slightest intimation of distress on the part of any one of God's dumb creatures.

In such a man we are not surprised to find, also, a fiery kindred of wrong of any kind. Thoreau, if we judge correctly, on a point of right, would have fought and borne away any indignity. He improves every opportunity to express his admiration of all acts of honesty, justice, and humanity, wherever and whenever exhibited. That eloquent statesman, Henry Clay, once said, "I would rather be right than President." And it is this same principle that characterized Thoreau. Such a man could not fail to write a good book. Uniting this high sense of honor or right with a sudden and sparkling humor, Thoreau has filled this book with fine sayings. Let a few of the many be noticed: "I picked up a bottle half buried in the wet sand, . . . but stopped tight and half full of red ale. . . But as I poured it slowly out on the sand, it seemed to me that man himself was like a half emptied bottle of pale ale, which time had drunk so far, yet stopped tight for a while, and drifting about in the ocean of circumstances; but destined ere long to mingle with the surrounding waves, or be spilled amid the sands of a distant shore."

Also the following from the chapter "The Plains of Nauset": "Sailors making the land commonly steer either by the windmills or the meeting-houses. In the country we are obliged to steer by the meeting-house alone, yet the meeting-house is a kind of windmill which runs one day in seven, turned either by the winds of doctrine or public opinion, or more rarely by the winds of Heaven, where another sort of grist is ground, of which, if it be not all bran or musty,

if it be not *plaster*, we trust to make bread of life." And so we might quote other passages equally fine, but let this suffice.

Thus we find our author to be a man possessed of keen perception, universal sympathy, poetic feeling, dazzling humor, an elevated standard of right, and a boundless love for all God's creatures. And now we take our leave of Thoreau with regret, however, that we have so poorly revealed his character, yet pleased to have hung in memory's halls another picture that will ever be an incentive to noble living.

IN MEMORIAM.

[UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1885.]

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

Dear Sirs,—In response to your request of the 12th, that I should write a poem in memory of our late and beloved friend, Everett Remick, I send you the following lines.

Had the theme been one that less keenly touched my heart, I should have declined to comply with your request. But were I to withhold even the tribute of my feeble song, I should feel that I was wronging the memory of one of the truest, noblest, manliest friends I ever had.

Please allow the shortness of the time to excuse, in part, the obvious imperfections. Sorrow's language is most eloquent when broken with suppressed emotion, and if these broken, halting lines are rightly interpreted, the sympathizing and the generous may perhaps perceive, through their imperfections, the impress of a tender thought.

C. E. SARGENT, '83.]

Strange that Death should seek such victim,
At the brightest, happiest hour,
'Mid the fairest hopes of promise,
And the gilded dream of power.
Just at manhood's proudest moment,
When his soul sought fullest scope,
And love's jeweled lamp was lighted
In the golden tower of hope;

While the shadows all were westward,
And the sky was cloudless blue,

And upon life's opening roses
 Trembled yet the morning dew.
 Strange that he, the fairest flower
 In our friendship's garland wove,
 Should be first to fall and wither
 From the silver vase of love.

When fair Childhood sleeps in beauty
 'Neath its little rosy mound,
 Mingled sweetness with our sadness
 Consecrates the hallowed ground;
 And, with Nature's benediction,
 Softly falls Old Age to sleep;
 But unmingled is our sorrow
 When at manhood's grave we weep.

Fell consumption—ghastly presence,
 Strange perverter of the truth—
 Walked beside him, all unnoticed
 Through the golden hours of youth.
 Strangest paradox of nature,
 That a false and lying king
 Still should seek 'mid truth and beauty,
 Wearers of his signet ring.

Why, oh Death! should falsehood please
 thee,
 Beauty-wreathed and jewel decked?
 Why those false delusive roses
 On the cheeks of thine elect?
 Art thou, with ironic humor,
 Pleased at sight of human pain,
 'Mid the wrecks of disappointment,
 While the stars of promise wane?

It is hard to tell why beauty
 Should so charm thy hungry eye;
 Why the truest and the fairest
 Should be always first to die.
 Yet, we know that, through all nature,
 Thou dost show a critic's taste,
 In the tender flowers and children
 Thou dost gather to thy breast.

When we gaze, with dewy eyelids,
 On the icy face of death,
 And discern the awful chasm
 That seems bridged by simple breath;
 How the soul, with fondest yearning,
 Longs to follow, and to know
 Of life's deep mysterious river,
 Whence and whither its dark flow.

'Tis the question of the ages,
 With solution yet unfound,
 Ever asked, yet never answered,
 At each flower-laden mound.

Does the friend who lately left us
 His cold legacy of clay,
 Know the answer to the question
 That we fain would ask to-day?

Does he, in transcendent glory,
 Hear and heed grief's wailing cry?
 Does he still know earthly friendships,
 And perchance, that tend'rer tie,
 Severed 'mid the white-lipped kisses,
 Stifled sobs, and speechless fear,
 When the dark and cruel angel
 Whispered in Love's startled ear?

But, though nature's voice be silent
 'Mid death's marble mystery,
 And her pantomime of flowers
 Teaches not life's history;
 Though her meanings lie too hidden
 For our thought's too narrow scope,
 She may lend us stars and rainbows,
 To adorn Death's arch with hopes.

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COMMUNICATION.

SIMLA, PUNJAB, INDIA, }
 Aug. 11, 1885. }

To the Editors of the Student:

On leaving my dear Midnapore on the evening of the 28th ult., it was no common pleasure that I experienced in the assurance that I was leaving a good man behind, who, though new to India and inexperienced in work, would faithfully care for our Mission interests, and seek for the extension of the operations now in hand.

But glad as I was in the thought that Mr. George was there, I could not resist the real sadness that came with a second thought, which was that he was alone, or without an experienced colleague. Mr. Burkholder, to be sure, is at Blinapore, only twenty miles away, but his own work there is pressing, and Midnapore should never be left

without at least two men. Thank God we have a strong and reliable native pastor there in Jacob Mishra, and until he gets his tongue well into colloquial Bengali, Mr. George will have to lean heavily on this good native pastor, and a few others who know English enough to be very helpful. Miss Coombs' two years and a half have been well improved, and she is getting on finely in her department, but it seems hard to leave her without another helper, now that Miss Millar has changed her name and her station.

What is the cure for this state of things? I am writing for the young men of Bates College, and I cannot forget how their kind *Alma Mater* has from the beginning, manifested in the person of its instructors and pupils, a hearty and generous interest in our foreign missionary enterprise. And now that one of her own sons has come to our help in India, I can appeal more confidently than ever to her sympathy and co-operation. When this foreign mission was begun, we had no colleges and no theological seminary. Possibly this may be partially the reason why the close, and, I insist upon it, vital and indissoluble relationship of the seminaries of learning at home to our foreign missionary work, has not been adequately recognized or appreciated. Be that as it may, we must now hope for more intelligent views and a better understanding.

The point is just this. Our mission in India not only needs now, but will always need a fresh supply of qualified young men and women from America, to carry on its important department

of work among these people. It is not necessary to cite here what qualifications of head and heart are now generally counted important in candidates for this foreign service. But our schools that are training men and women for every kind of work and for every kind of post in the wide world, must be training some for this work. The history of modern missions amply illustrates the statement that from the schools of Europe and America have come the mightiest missionaries of the Cross in all pagan lands. And so it will continue to be, till the whole earth is evangelized.

My plea then is this: Let the instructors and students of Bates College see to it that the condition and claims of this mission in India are so faithfully represented and thoroughly understood, that there shall always be men and women in the college fitting themselves for this field. Our members are liable to be cut down at any time by illness, death, or worse causes, and men and women should be ready to step into the vacant places. There should be no such risks as we are now obliged to run. Our stations should never be closed as Dantoon has been for three years; our men should never be breaking down by sheer overwork, as they have more than once; our inviting outposts should not longer plead in vain for missionaries, as Contai, Garbeta, Bluddruck, and other places have plead for years. Let Bates College and her theological seminary send us the much-needed re-inforcements, and let her count it her high duty and privilege to provide these re-

inforcements as they are needed from year to year. Let her every class have men for India in it, men whom nothing can turn aside from their purpose, men who shall study with an eye on India, pray with their hearts throbbing for India's woes and wants, eager to learn her language, to lovingly lift her sons and daughters out of the mire and misery of superstition into the blessed light of the Gospel of Christ. Give us this our prayer, and the future of our mission will be brighter.

J. L. PHILLIPS.

◆◆◆
LOCALS.

Cut, cut, boys, cut with care,
Cut in the presence of the professare.
A five-minute cut is entirely fair;
But four minutes up, won't find us there.

Run, Prof., run, you must run this trip,
Three minutes are gone, we'll give you the slip.

See his right foot slip and his left one trip,
The Prof. isn't here, so now we skip.

"Sing hey, but the turkey."

"Going to teach, this winter?"

Prof. in Psychology.—"Now I want to lead you up into the realm of nescience if I have not already done it."

One of the inhabitants of P. H. has lately bought a parrot. The bird is of Russian descent, and his name is Ocheneyocomeoff.

Vaccination exercises were held at the lower chapel, Oct. 29th. The chief ceremony was a "puncturation" exercise by the doctor.

A certain Sophomore was heard complaining lately about the chanting service at Sunday school. He says it

is not right to do things in church by chance.

It is said that one of the ladies of '89 wrote the following:

"Winter's coming
Just a humming,
Now air up the old saw,
How does your old stove draw?"

Two Juniors intend to take boarders at their room in Parker Hall during vacation. They advertise: "Meals, once a day. Those tardy at meal time shall be fined." The last word should be "found."

Following are some of the toasts at a recent "breaking up" supper: "Examinations—things of the passed or not passed;" "Pedro—its danger of being caught;" "Pedagogical Wand—its relation to the beat root."

An almost unanimous Thanksgiving was held at the college a week earlier than the public festival. All whose roaring voices were not raised in huzzas were those who "did not quite pass" their examinations.

The Bates alumni of Boston and vicinity will hold their second annual dinner at Young's Hotel, on Tuesday, December 29, 1885, at five o'clock p.m. All members of the alumni that can be present, wherever they live, are cordially invited to attend.

Small boy (to parent)—"Judging from the timid expression of this young person approaching us, I believe he is a Sophomore in Bates College." Parent—"My son, you have a large head." Small boy—"Papa, I know he is a Sophomore; I just saw him secrete his cane in his coat sleeve

when he observed those Freshmen coming."

The treaty of peace between the Freshmen and Sophomores expired on the last day of the term. According to the treaty no Fresh. or Soph. should carry a cane. It was not five minutes after the close of the term that a haughty Freshman was seen down town asserting either his manhood or babyhood by proudly bearing a stick.

O certain grand and stately Senior, impersonation of dignity, we have a gag for you. A high-school girl, well known in the "catch-on" circles, exposes to view a lock of hair that developed to maturity on the top of thine own head. Such treachery as hers should never go unpunished, and for your benefit, O Senior, we quote the lines of beloved Virgil, "*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*"

It was very interesting for the poor land-locked reporter to stand in front of Parker Hall the day after the term closed and watch the departure of the boys. Here comes a Senior with measured step and lofty mien. His baggage has been sent to the station, but he walks down to show off his size and the carefully-polished plug hat. While we are thinking of this, several Freshmen rush past us and flock together on a truckman's dray. We are glad those noisy boys are gone, and now we listen to the calm orders of the tall Junior who has secured the services of the longest whiskered hackman in town. As the cart whirls down the avenue the driver is envied by us all. Five minutes more before the train

starts. But listen to that terrible racket on the stairs. Look out yagers, here comes a Soph. with his grip under his arm and hat in hand. He pays no attention to the teams, for he is "dead broke." Let us get on the trunk rack of this retreating coach and see if the Soph. gets there in time. Dogs bark at us, but we cling to the rack. Yes, he got there at the right moment. The boys are getting settled in the cars. One is reading "Ten Great Religions." Several others are arranging themselves in groups. One fellow declares he is going to throw away all his game and save the jack, if possible. Ah, there goes the train, the boys look pityingly back on the poor scribe, and, mingled with the whistle of the engine as it enters Auburn, faintly comes to our ears pathetic tones, "Fare ye well, Brother Watkins."

Not many months ago one of the students, whose illness kept him awake, was annoyed by persons talking in the room above him, in the little hours of night. A bad cold oppressed the invalid's lungs and dire anger engaged his mind until he resolved to pass a tube through the floor above, and, on following nights to render ghostly the atmosphere of the room over head by groans and conversations with incorporeal forms. Soon after, accordingly, the tube was put in working order and the programme was opened. Five minutes of groaning brought our upper friend to the realization of the fact that the boy below was showing signs of intense agony. At first he acted on this idea, but finally he took

the cue and then began the fun. Armed with three pails of water, the primary and intended victim of the joke began to fill up the speaking tube with water, and thus confer the degree of H₂O on his friend below. Slowly but steadily the brooklet trickled down to the prime mover of the mischief, who was obliged immediately to bring his waterpail and coal-hod into the service of meeting the demands of the inundation. Mischief, like a mule, sometimes acts in the wrong direction, and the rebound of a practical joke is worse than its forward motion.

The prize debates of the Sophomore class were delivered Nov. 13th and 20th, at chapel hall. Following are the programmes: Friday evening, Nov. 13th.

PRAYER.—MUSIC.

FIRST DIVISION.

Question—Is the "New Departure in College Education" advisable?

Affirmative—R. A. Parker, B. M. Avery.

Negative—F. A. Weeman, W. F. Tibbetts, J. H. Johnson.

MUSIC.

SECOND DIVISION.

Question—Ought all Prizes and Systems of Ranking to be Abolished in College?

Affirmative—F. W. Oakes.

Negative—S. H. Woodrow, C. C. Smith.

MUSIC.

Prizes were awarded to Avery in the first division, and Smith in the second.

Friday evening, Nov. 20th:

PRAYER.—MUSIC.

THIRD DIVISION.

Question—Is Queen Elizabeth a Great Historical Character?

Affirmative—G. W. Snow, W. N. Thompson.

Negative—A. C. Townsend, H. J. Cross.

MUSIC.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Question—Ought the United States to Adopt a System of Free Trade?

Affirmative—W. S. Dunn, A. E. Thomas.

Negative—H. W. Hopkins, *C. L. Wallace, H. Hatter, N. E. Adams.

* Previously delivered.

MUSIC.

Prizes were awarded to Cross and Hopkins. Committee of award: J. W. Flanders, A. E. Blanchard, G. E. Paine. The following were selected to participate in the Champion Debate: R. A. Parker, B. M. Avery, W. F. Tibbetts, J. H. Johnson, S. H. Woodrow, C. C. Smith, A. C. Townsend, H. J. Cross.

"A splendid entertainment for the benefit of the Base-Ball Association, held at the college chapel, Wednesday evening, Nov. 11th, was attended by a good audience. Encores were frequent, and all the parts were so well received that it is hardly possible to mention one without mentioning each. Mr. M. Dennett, with his comic readings, seemed to be the favorite of the evening, and was each time called to the stage. He kept the audience in continued laughter while reading "The Goat, by a Boy," the "Letter from a Female Friend Asking for Advice," and "Fare Ye Well, Brother Watkins." Mr. F. A. Conant represented Farmer Magee in the best manner from the time he entered the chapel until he left the stage. Following is the programme:

Overture—Siege of Paris.—Ripley.

College Orchestra.

On the Sea.—Buck. Mendelssohn Quartette.

Piano Duet—La Midget.

Mr. W. A. Walker and Miss Rose Hilton.

Solo—The Scout.—Campana.

Mr. F. L. Pierce.

Reading—Selected.

Mr. M. Dennett.

Song—Birds in the Night.—Sullivan.

Mrs. Young.

Solo—Farmer Magee.

Mr. F. A. Conant.

Trio—Hey Diddle Diddle.—Jarvis.

Messrs. Jones, Lothrop, and Goss.

Overture—The Silver Bell.—Schlepegrell.
College Orchestra.
Reading—Selected. Mr. M. Dennett.
Song—Robin Adair.—Adair. Mrs. Young.
Violin Solo—Cavatina.—Raffe.
Mr. John Hilton.
Song—Selected. Mr. F. A. Conant.
Reading—Selected. Mr. M. Dennett.
Serenade—"Slumber Sweetly, Dearest."
—Eisenhofer. Mendelssohn Quartette."
—*Lewiston Journal.*

The annual public meeting of the Polymnian Society was held Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th, at the college chapel. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.

Piano Solo—Convent Bells.
G. W. Hayes, '89.
Declamation—Heroes of the Land of
Penn.—Lippard. C. L. Wallace, '88.
Reading—The Shadow of Doom.—Celia
Thaxter. Miss M. G. Pinkham, '88.
Solo—The Angel at the Window.—Lours.
Mrs. Young.
Discussion—Are the Irish people wise in
wishing for immediate independence?
Aff.—E. C. Hayes, '87.
Neg.—S. H. Woodrow, '88.

MUSIC.

Poem—An Indian Legend.
A. E. Verrill, '86.
Oration—The Possibilities of the Human
Mind. Charles Hadley, '86.
Solo—A Voice that is Still.—Pinsuti.
Mrs. Young.
Paper.
E. A. Merrill, '86; Miss L. S. Stevens, '87.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

C. E. Stevens, '86; J. R. Dunton, '87; S. H. Woodrow, '88.

The second division of the Freshman class declaimed Tuesday evening, Nov. 3d. Below is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Hannibal at the Altar.—Kellogg.
H. L. Knox.
Irish Aliens and English Victories.—
Sheil. E. Edgecomb.
The Puritans.—Macaulay. A. E. Hatch.
Despair.—Victor Hugo. J. I. Hutchinson.
MUSIC.
Starving Ireland.—Prentiss. E. J. Small.

Extract. *O. B. C. Kinney.
Liberty.—Dewey. H. E. Fernald.
Horatius at the Bridge.—Macaulay.
Miss Laura L. McFadden.
Clarence's Dream.—Shakespeare.
Miss Blanche A. Wright.
MUSIC.
War Unsanctioned by Christianity.—
James. H. W. Small.
One Niche the Highest.—E. Burritt.
Thomas Singer.
Verres Denounced.—Cicero. W. R. Miller.
Spartacus to the Roman Envoys.—Kellogg.
F. W. Newell.
MUSIC.
*Excused.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

A. E. Blanchard, H. M. Cheney, A. E. Verrill.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

W. R. Miller, Blanche Wright, Thomas Singer.

The following names were selected for the final contest: E. Edgecomb, E. J. Small, Miss L. L. McFadden, and Thomas Singer.

The prize declamations of the third division of the Freshman class were delivered at the college chapel, Friday evening, Nov. 6th. The programme was the following:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Extract. *B. C. Carroll.
Extract. *A. B. Call.
Victor of Marengo.—Anon. J. F. Hilton.
The Memory of Washington.—Edward
Everett. H. S. Worthley.
Lochiel's Warning.—Campbell.
G. H. Libby.

MUSIC.

Extract of a Speech.—Emmet.
B. E. Sinclair.
The Restless Heart.—M. G. Sleeper.
Miss M. S. Little.
Ideal Standards of Duty.—Beecher.
E. L. Stevens.
Mother and Poet.—Browning.
Miss I. M. Wood.

MUSIC.

Eulogy on O'Connell.—Seward.
C. J. Emerson.
The Civil War.—Kilpatrick.
E. H. Thayer.
Unfinished Problems in the Universe.—
Mitchell. W. M. Getchell.

Leak in the Dyke.—Phœbe Cary.

Miss L. E. Plumstead.

MUSIC.

* Excused.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

A. E. Blanchard, H. M. Cheney, A. E. Ver-
rill.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

G. H. Libby, B. E. Sinclair, Miss M. S. Little.

The following speakers were selected
for the final division: J. F. Hilton,
Miss Wood, C. J. Emerson, E. H.
Thayer.

The prize division of Freshman Dec-
lamations was held Tuesday evening,
Nov. 10th, at chapel hall. Following
is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Eulogy on O'Connell.—Seward.

C. J. Emerson.

Zenobia's Ambition.—Ware.

Miss E. I. Chipman.

Regulus to the Carthaginians.—Kellogg.

G. C. Barton.

Irish Aliens and English Victories.—

Shiel.

E. Edgecomb.

MUSIC.

Eulogy on Grant.—Blaine.

J. H. Blanchard.

Victor of Marengo.—Anon.

J. F. Hilton.

The Civil War.—Kilpatrick.

E. H. Thayer.

The Irish Disturbance Bill of 1833.—

O'Connell.

G. W. Hayes.

MUSIC.

Horatius at the Bridge.—Macaulay.

Miss L. L. McFadden.

Starving Ireland.—Prentiss.

E. J. Small.

Mother and Poet.—Mrs. Browning.

Miss D. M. Wood.

One Niche the Highest.—E. Burritt.

Thomas Singer

MUSIC.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

S. A. Lowell, W. H. Newell, E. R. Chadwick.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

C. J. Emerson, G. C. Barton, Miss McFadden.

The prize was awarded to Mr Singer.

It is said that sixteen American
colleges are looking for presidents.—
Ex.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. Arthur Given has been
elected treasurer of the Free Baptist
Missionary and Educational Society.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost has received
a call to the Free Baptist church in
Somerville, Mass.; he is now in Paw-
tucket, R. I.

'74.—Rev. J. H. Hoffman was re-
cently installed pastor of the Congre-
gational church at Shelburne, Mass.

'74.—F. P. Moulton has resigned
his position at New Hampton and
accepted a position at Waltham as
sub-master of the high school, and
teacher of Greek and Latin.

'74.—R. W. Rogers secured, at the
last term of court in Waldo County,
the largest number of indictments
against the liquor traffic on record.

'75.—A. T. Salley, of Hillsdale,
Mich., has been compelled to suspend
his work on account of illness.

'76.—C. S. Libby, of Buena Vista,
Colorado, at the recent state election,
was elected District Attorney of the
Fourth Judicial District.

'77.—O. B. Clason and A. M.
Spear ('75) have formed a law part-
nership at Gardiner, Me.

'78.—J. Q. Adams has accepted a
call to the Free Baptist church at
West Buxton.

'81.—G. P. Curtis was recently mar-
ried to Miss Anthony of Providence,
R. I.

'81.—E. T. Pitts is pastor of the
Pilgrimage church at Plymouth, Mass.

'84.—Miss A. M. Brackett, assistant
at Wilton Academy, is spending her
vacation at her home in Lewiston.

'84.—A. Beede, Jr., recently delivered an interesting lecture in Auburn, on "Washington's Place in History."

'84.—R. E. Donnell and Miss M. A. Emerson ('85) have taught the fall term of Foxcroft Academy with very flattering success.

'85.—Miss A. H. Tucker of Collinsville, Conn., will spend her vacation in New York city.

'85.—A. B. Morrill was in the city a few days recently.

'85.—W. B. Small has returned home after teaching a pleasant term at Cornville.

STUDENTS.

'86.

W. Bartlett, A. E. Blanchard, J. W. Goff, W. A. Morton, and T. D. Sale intend to remain in Parker Hall during the vacation, for the purpose of study and general reading.

S. G. Bonney is teaching his first school in Greene.

H. M. Cheney, J. W. Flanders, C. Hadley, E. A. Merrill, G. E. Paine, F. E. Parlin, Miss A. S. Tracy, and A. E. Verrill will enjoy, during the vacation, the pleasant associations of home.

A. H. Dunn and H. C. Lowden are instructing the youth of Poland.

W. H. Hartshorn, with the assistance of Miss J. G. Sandford, has fully maintained the former high standard of the Oakland High School this fall.

C. E. B. Libby and I. H. Storer are teaching in Washington County.

F. H. Nickerson teaches in Winterport.

F. W. Sandford is teaching his second term at Barter's Island.

H. S. Sleeper has charge of a school at West Monroe.

C. E. Stevens is principal of the grammar school at Litchfield Corner.

L. H. Wentworth is teaching at his home in West Lebanon.

S. S. Wright, the most popular teacher of Franklin County, has consented to teach the Farmington Falls Grammar School.

We regret that W. N. Prescott and J. H. Williamson were obliged to go home before the close of the examinations on account of severe attacks of sickness, caused by vaccination and overwork.

It is gratifying to hear that E. D. Varney has gained a lasting popularity at Lyndon Institute.

'87.

Jessie Bailey is teaching his second term at Vinal Haven with excellent success.

J. R. Dunton is teaching the grammar school at Appleton.

E. L. Gerrish and E. I. Sawyer are teaching in the south-western part of the State.

G. M. Goding and E. K. Sprague intend to canvass during the vacation.

E. C. Hayes is teaching his first term of school at Gray.

I. A. Jenkins has engaged a short term of school at West Bristol.

Israel Jordan has employment for the winter in a Damariscotta Grammar School.

A. S. Littlefield teaches at Corinna.

A. B. McWilliams, L. G. Roberts, and U. G. Wheeler give instruction in the Lewiston evening schools.

F. Whitney is teaching in Norway.

'88.

G. F. Babb is having good success in his first school at East Bowdoinham.

H. J. Cross will teach at East Dover.

H. W. Hopkins has engaged a school at Hallowell.

J. H. Johnson will teach at Waldoboro.

F. W. Oakes is teaching at Cape Neddick.

R. A. Parker is principal of the high school at Columbia Falls.

Miss Mattie G. Pinkham is teaching a pleasant term of school at Greene.

W. L. Powers has engaged a school in Gray.

J. K. P. Rogers has charge of the school at his home in South Eliot.

E. E. Sawyer has begun his second term of high school at Topsham with prospects for a very pleasant term.

G. W. Snow is teaching a school in Poland with good success.

W. N. Thompson is teaching a large school at Abbott.

A. C. Townsend is laboring with the youth of Pittston.

C. L. Wallace is principal of a school at Jackson, N. H.

F. A. Weeman is teaching a long and we trust a successful term of school of Yarmouth.

S. H. Woodrow will spend the vacation preaching in North Auburn.

'89.

G. C. Barton is teaching at Waldoboro.

F. M. Buker and B. E. Sinclair are giving instruction to the youth of Wales.

A. B. Call and Miss Lelia E. Plumstead are teaching in Pittsfield.

I. M. Cox and Miss Susan A. Norton are employed in the evening schools.

C. J. Emerson is principal of a well-regulated school in Wells.

W. T. Guptill sways the rod of direction at his home in Lynchville.

A. E. Hatch is on a lecturing tour. We wish him success.

G. H. Libby is teaching at Cousin's Island.

E. H. Thayer has charge of a school at Pemaquid, Me.

THEOLOGICAL.

'86.—R. L. Duston has been supplying at Penley's Corner.

'86.—A. D. Dodge is preaching at Burnham.

'86.—W. W. Carver is preaching at Orr's Island.

'87.—D. T. Porter is preaching at Hallowell.

'87.—A. W. Bradeen fills the pulpit at West Paris.

EXCHANGES.

Among our Southern brethren the *Southern Collegian* holds an important position. In exterior appearance it is one of the neatest and most attractive exchanges, and it generally gives us a good table of contents.

The *Troy Polytechnic* is, perhaps, too much devoted to technical subjects to be of great interest to the average exchange editor. But it of course represents the interests of its own institution, and is probably very interesting and valuable to its supporters. It is, on the whole, a very readable paper.

The *Brunonian* does not quite meet our ideas of the paper which should proceed from the university which it represents. We have seen it stated that the *Brunonian* is a foe to poetry. However this may be, there is certainly a lack of this important part of a college paper. The *Brunonian* is not very aspiring in any of its literary work, but contents itself with a few columns. This, we think, is a mistake, for it seems to us that the chief province of a college paper is to encourage literary work among the students.

AMONG THE POETS.

RONDEAU—AH LASSIE FAIR.

Ah lassie fair! thine eyes of blue
Betray a heart both warm and true—
Yet something bids me stay, beware,
For thou art false as well as fair,
As fickle as the morning dew.

Yet pretty maid I would I knew
The shortest way to win and woo,
For then my love should ne'er despair,
Ah lassie fair!

Her soft cheeks tinged a deeper hue;
A charming glance at me she threw,
She tossed her wealth of dark brown hair
With such a gay coquettish air.
"Monsiuer, pardonez moi—adieu,
Ah, laissez faire!"

—Fortnight.

DOES IT PAY.

Does it pay to burn your smoking
On some neighbor's generous soul?
Does it pay to run your fire
From his larger pile of coal?
Does it pay to borrow dollars
Which you know you'll ne'er return?
Does it pay to shirk the lessons
Which you're giving cash to learn?
Does it pay to skip the duties
Which surround your daily life?
Does it pay to marry money

When you're seeking for a wife?
Does it pay to be a traitor
To your honest sense of right?
Or to sacrifice your honor
To attain distinction's height?
Does it pay to say you cannot
When you know full well you can?
Does it pay to be a mummy
When you ought to be a man?
Does it pay? look on the ruins
Strewn along life's weary way;
And you'll quickly find an answer
To the question, "Does it pay?"

—Bowdoin Orient.

RONDEAU.

The shadows fall, and one by one
Grow longer still, until the sun
Has dipt into the western sea,
Then over all the widespread lea
Night settles down and day is done.

How many tasks are yet undone!
How few a meed of praise have won!
Yet over them where'er they be,
The shadows fall.

And Fate no finished thread has spun,
No perfect race has yet been run,
For when the noon is past and we
The paths to Honor clearly see,
Lo! e'er the progress is begun,
The shadows fall.

—Chronicle.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

One day, while Neptune raged with savage
hands,
And drove the waves ashore, a hurrying band,
With tossing, foamy crests and sullen roar,
I spied a struggling skiff which bore a youth
and maid.

Determined he; while she, affrighted, said,
With brimming eyes and clasped, trembling
hands,
While gazing on the distant, longed-for sands,
"Please, sir, do hug the shore."

Another time when gentle Notus breathed
Upon the liquid lake, and Cynthia wreathed
Her magic spell o'er hill and mountain hoar
I saw the skiff, and, as before, the youth and
maid;
He, stupid, plied an oar with either hand;
While she, bewitching, pouting, did command;
"Don't *always* hug the shore!"

—Chronicle.

COLLEGE PRESS OPINIONS.

We feel called upon to recur once again to a subject hoary with antiquity, and that is the mode of teaching college men the classics. When a student reaches such proficiency as to be able to read a Greek tragedy or a Latin comedy, he naturally desires to learn something besides Greek and Latin conjugations and declensions. It is undoubtedly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" to be able to refer to the exact subdivision of the last exception under some remark of a certain rule, and truly nothing can give an ordinary student a keener pleasure than the ability of reciting the Sanskrit or Chaldee roots of every other word he meets. Yet, in face of all these advantages, we cannot but favor a different course of instruction, where there may be more attention to translation and a non-syntactical consideration of the text. If a natural mathematician should be compelled to commit to memory Loomis's "Logarithms," he would be inclined to lose his liking for what should be his favorite study, and, in our opinion, to make a student of classic literature pursue a similar course with reference to his grammar, will bring about a similar result.—*Fortnight*.

The practical value of a good manner can hardly be overestimated in its influence on and with men. The man who leaves his college equipped with this grace, has at his command a power that will be of more value to him in fixing his position among men, than any amount of mental power or

untiring energy would be without its presence.—*Cornell Review*.

With all his book lore, the "dig" lacks what endless study can never give him,—a wide sympathy, a broad sensibility which, mingling with his fellow-creatures, alone can give him. He loses the pleasant recreation, which relaxes the mind and gives it a healthier and more buoyant tone.—*Beacon*.

The originality of a student cannot be expected to have the purity and freshness of that of an older and more experienced man. Reading must supply the deficiency of experience. Yet, while not placing the attainments of the average college student too high, we believe that by the last part of his course he should have outgrown, to some extent, his puerile style of composition. He should not have to run to a magazine or cyclopedia to write upon a familiar subject.—*Brunonian*.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Cornell, Michigan, and Virginia Universities have made chapel attendance voluntary.

A Harvard student from New York carries \$15,000 insurance on the furniture of his rooms.

The Faculty of Williams College have voted to give President Carter an indefinite vacation. It is understood that the reason is President Carter's poor health.

The report is current that James Russell Lowell is to be Vice-President of Harvard next year, and that he

will be in full charge during President Elliot's absence.—*N. E. Journal of Education.*

Cornell men are debarred from examination in any study from which they have been absent fifteen per cent. of the recitations.

Thomas A. Edison has given Cornell University a complete electric lighting plant for its workshops and mechanical laboratory.

Canon Farrar in a lecture delivered at Johns Hopkins University, put himself in line with those who protest against making the ancient language the chief business of college life.

Cornell has 220 Freshmen; Yale, 134; University of Pennsylvania, 100; Lehigh, 106; Dartmouth, 108; Williams, 90; Rutgers, 50; Bowdoin, 37; Bates, 41; College of the City of New York, 30; Colby, 21; Trinity, 21.

A few years ago Prof. Tyndale, having realized \$12,000 from lecturing in this country, left the amount with some American gentlemen to endow a fellowship in science. The fund judiciously invested has increased to \$32,000, and has been divided equally among Columbia, Harvard, and Pennsylvania Universities.—*Ex.*

The details of Senator Stanford's scheme for the establishment in California of a great university, were made public on Nov. 10th for the first time. His ranch at Palo Alto, near Menlo Park, about thirty miles from San Francisco, has been selected as the site. The several buildings comprising the university will be on the general plan of a parallelogram, and

will be constructed so as to permit additions being made as the necessities of the institution may require. Senator Stanford will give to the university his Palo Alto, Gridley, and Vina properties, worth \$5,300,000. To this he will add a money donation, so as to make the total endowment of the university \$20,000,000.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE STORY OF ROME. By Arthur Gilman. M.A. [G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.]

The Story of the Nations is a series of graphic historical studies now in preparation. These stories are intended to present to the young student of history a vivid picture of the different nations that have risen above mediocrity. "The Story of Rome" begins with its earliest legendary history and continues to the end of the Republic. The book is of marked excellence in three respects. First, the author has so beautifully woven the legendary divinities and historical facts into the thread of his story that while the work is filled with ancient lore it is more attractive than a charming novel. Second, every chapter seems to contain the history of some Roman hero dictating to the Roman world, and thus we imbibe a personal interest in the narrative. Third, the life, manners, and motives of the people are made so prominent and clear that we cannot fail to have a distinct and comprehensive conception of this heroic race as men and women in the family circle. The author has left the reader the task of searching out the lessons that should

be drawn from the story; therefore, the book should be read with the greatest care. We earnestly recommend every student of historical taste to digest, at least, "The Story of Rome," if not the complete series.

THE POSTULATES OF ENGLISH POLITICAL ECONOMY. By the late Walter Bagehot. [G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.00.]

In this volume the author has endeavored to set forth the principles that underlie the transferability of labor and capital, and he has certainly succeeded. The book is practical rather than theoretic. It deals with commercial and industrial problems that exist in reality, not in the ideal. The language is simple and laconic, with a style sufficiently easy and figurative to interest. The author seemed to have forgotten that other nations have capital as well as England, but being an Englishman himself we should naturally expect this, and in part overlook it. We consider this work, however, one of the best we have read on the relation of labor and capital. Few questions are more important to us than this. Therefore we advise every thinking student to read it.

WHAT TOMMY DID. [John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York.]

"What Tommy Did" would be worthy the serious consideration of parents, if it were possible for any one to be other than wildly mirthful over the saintlinesses and dreadfulnesses of the little hero. Tommy is an ideal boy—one of the kind which are by turns unendurable and angelic, which changes parents from young to old and from old to young again many times a day. No one should fail to read this

book; there is no time in the day in which its pages will not dispel care. It is a delightful book for every boy and girl, because it can be read over and over again and still suit the insatiable appetites of youthful readers, and yet never sicken the mind with any weakness or nonsense in its composition. It has just been published in delightful shape, fine cloth, richly ornamented binding, by Alden, the "Revolution" publisher, at half its former price, 50 cents.

The Library Magazine for November fully carries out its promise to furnish a repertory of the best periodical writings of the current month or two. This number contains several carefully conceived and well written papers in the English Reviews. Among these is a thoughtful essay by the Bishop of Carlisle, entitled "Thoughts About Life," being really a review of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology." An appreciative sketch of the late Lord Houghton, by Mr. Estcott, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is a timely article and worthy the attention of every reader. Mr. William Henry Hurlburt, well known as an American literateur and for many years editor of the *New York World*, furnishes a well considered paper upon "Catholic Italy and the Temporal Power." Mr. Richard A. Proctor's paper upon the "New Star in the Andromeda Nebula," is worth more than the space it occupies. Probably the most interesting article is written by Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey. It relates to the "Lost Manuscript" by Solomon Spaulding, that has been believed to be the source from

which Joseph Smith got his Book of Mormon.

A personal interest attaches to several of the pictures and articles in the December *Century*. The frontispiece is a striking portrait of the late Helen Jackson ("H. H.") with which is given an appreciative account of her life and writings, by a New England writer, followed by seven new poems, her last works in verse. Mark Twain contributes a chapter of autobiography, entitled, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," which is humorously illustrated by Kemble. It describes the writer's short service as a Confederate volunteer, and is a perfect type of a satirical war paper.

There are several popular essays, and the one of most general interest is written by Professor Walker, of the Columbia College School of Mines, on "Dangers in Food and Drink." The writer's position as chemist to the New York Health Department lends weight to his opinions regarding this important subject. Short essays in the "Open Letters" department contain opinions by Senator Edmunds, Judge Cooley, and others on the question recently brought into discussion in the *Century*, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" The December number contains matter of more than ordinary interest, and is worthy of wide circulation.

In the construction of a single locomotive steam engine, there are no fewer than 5,416 pieces to be put together; and these require to be as accurately adjusted as the works of a watch.

CLIPPINGS.

I sat me down and thought it o'er,
And found the maxim true,
It is easier to like a girl
Than to make a girl like you. —*Ex.*

Soph.—"The Professor's bald head makes me think of heaven. Fresh.—"Why, how's that?" Soph.—"It's because there is no dyeing or parting there."—*Ex.*

He—"You don't sing or play. Then I presume you write or paint?" She—"Oh, no; I'm like the young men we meet in society. I simply sit around and try to look intelligent."—*Ex.*

He was a Senior, stiff and staid,
She was a gentle, winsome maid;
He at her dainty feet reclined,
And in her arms a poodle whined.
The restless poodle she caressed,
And on its nose a kiss impressed.

"O, would I had a kiss as sweet!"
The Senior cried; she bent her head
And gently kissed him on the lips:
"And was it sweet?" she said.

With shoulders twisted in a shrug,
He rose and seized his cane and "plug,"
And fixed himself to jog;
"Sweet? Yes, indeed," said he; "but
then
It kinder tastes o' dog." —*Ex.*

"They have discovered footprints three feet long in the sands of Oregon, supposed to belong to a lost race." It is impossible to conceive how a race that made footprints three feet long could get lost.—*Ex.*

Prof.—"How dare you swear before me, sir?" Student—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"—*Ex.*

A Georgian darkey prays with discretion. He said: "If I ask the Lord to send me a turkey, I won't get it; but if I ask him to send me after one I get the turkey before daybreak.

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

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

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

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

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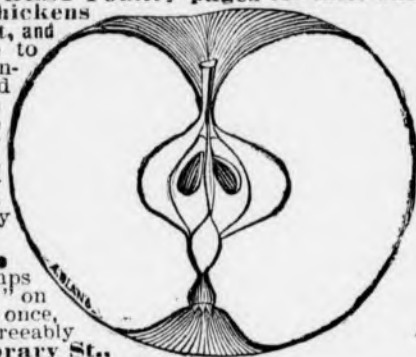
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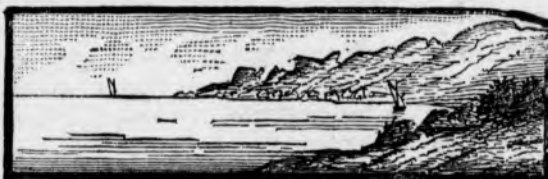
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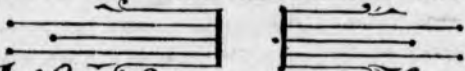
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