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STORY FROM THE SEA.

BY RICHARD B. STANLEY, '97.

It was the first day of week and year, a Sabbath New-Year's day, and a blustering one it was, too. If, as some say, Sunday and New Year omen future weather, the week and year following this day must have been rough indeed. Straight from the northwest blew the gale, tossing up the mad white-caps and sending the "merrymen" rolling in over the beach stretches or dashing and pounding on cliff and reef. Merchantmen and fishing crafts turning, fled before it, and lucky the vessel that could drop anchor in some sheltering harbor. Thus driven before the gale came the Mary Hendricksen (named after the captain's wife), a fugitive from the sea, into the spacious harbor of a little forsaken town on our Maine coast.

Captain Hendricksen breathed a sigh of relief as his ship stood steady under him. "It isn't, boys, that we've been in very much danger; we don't care for that. I've been pulled out of the grip of death such as would have taken the life out of most men, and you know, boys, who I say did it. Sometimes God
doesn’t steer us as near the breakers, without tacking, as he does others.”

You would know Captain Hendricksen was a good man, a kind husband and father, and a master whom his crew would love, obey, and respect, to look in his honest old Swede face. Once he must have been tall and square, his hair and beard fair, and his complexion smooth and ruddy. He was tall now, but his shoulders were slightly rounded, his hair was white and his face scarred and seamed. But the sunny smile, with white teeth and twinkling eyes, was there yet. A jollier old sea-dog never trod ship’s deck. There may have been rough places in his life, however.

On shore the wind blew no less fiercely, but the billows were wanting underneath, and the sun shone brightly or stars twinkled merrily overhead, so the landsmen said it was a good blow and put their hats on tighter, that was all. One man on shore, though, thought of the wind more than once. For among other of its sportful doings it loosened one of the dosed blinds of Deacon Israel Bingham’s bedroom window and sent it bang against the side of the house. Deacon Israel Bingham, formerly known as Captain, known as Deacon now from gathered age, dignity, and church position, retired sea captain, widower, sixty-eight years old, and living on the interest of his money, awoke with a start and leaped from bed. Was it the sudden crash or the howling wind that made the Deacon’s cheek white, his lip to tremble, his hand uncertain, and his movements hasty as if to escape a dreaded presence? Or had the Deacon been dreaming? Perhaps he had. A dream of past and present grotesquely mixed, his own children playing with their children and with those of his boyhood and himself among them, playing on shipboard, and then the ship driving before the gale toward the breakers; then this crash, himself unable to move, a captain now, and his wife, long dead, to save. It might have been some such dream as this, for a dream is a weird thing, full of strange unrealities which seem too real, and there was that in the Deacon’s look and talk to show that his waking had been from troubled sleep.

Deacon Bingham was talking to himself, incoherently at times, but evidently of days long past brought vividly to mind. “I thought God had forgiven me that crime and I thought I had made myself forget it. I am sure I have not thought of it for years. How many times have I asked God to blot it out of my remembrance? And I have stood a friend with hand and purse all my life long since that fearful night, to every man who sails the sea. But even now I see that night as if it were this I have just slept through, and that crash was when our fishing craft struck the reef at the Banks and there was shrieking and crying like that of the wind I hear now. Ah, it was an awful night. I shall never, never forget it.

After breakfast, when the meeting with those of his household had somewhat quieted him, the Deacon went back to his room and purposely reviewed the horrors of that night so many years ago, for try as he would they stuck in his mind and he could fight them best this way. “I was only twenty then and it was my first fishing cruise. For
my father said I must learn the sea, and my first lesson was in the schoolroom before the mast from the rope's end of a rough old fisherman from New Bedford. Strange that, in all my life at sea, from common sailor to the captain and owner of ships, in this first voyage I should have done my only wrong to a fellow-seaman. God knows that I have done my best to atone that wrong. To every means that can lighten the lives of those who go to sea, to every sailor who has asked of me, I have been generous beyond my means. God has accepted this in His name and in the name of that man, and has not forgiven me. Let me see. We were driving before the gale up at the Banks somewhere in the darkest night, I think, I ever remember. We had lost two of our boats and one man overboard, our sails were ribbons, and the water came in through the strained seams of the ship's hull and washed in over the sides; then we struck the sunken reef that ends so many a good craft. We had been dazed by fear of the darkness and storm; we were frantic madmen now in the added fear of certain death. Shrieking and cursing and praying, we rushed madly for that one boat the waves had left us, each man for himself against all the others. Somehow we got it launched and the men tumbled in any way till I and one more were left each struggling with the other, for the boat would hold but one and the men were pushing off. Then in my fury I snatched an iron pin from the deck and struck him down, leaped into the boat and left him there. He was not stunned, and rising up, hurled curses after us till we were out of hearing and his cries had blended and disappeared in the harmonies of the winds. I have never ceased to hear those cries, and, for all I know, in everlasting fires even now he may be calling me down to perdition. He was a surly fellow, an infidel to all appearances; and I think from somewhere in Scandinavia, though he was so sullen none of us knew. But I have prayed God for him, I have caused his name to be remembered by generous gifts, I have even caused masses to be sung for his soul. I have lived alone with this haunting vision, for the sailors did not see my blow. I shall not answer for it here, and—" The Deacon rose and paced the room.

All day long the Deacon paced, back and forth. As he passed the window he would look out over the harbor and see the Mary Hendricksen lying safe at her anchorage, and no small wonder would drift into his thoughts. For one might stand at that window for weeks and months and watch the white sails, glorious in the sun or dark in cloud or mist, pass and repass, homeward or outward bound, and yet never see one enter that harbor. The Deacon stayed away from church this morning, and every one of the little congregation inquired, "Where's the Deacon?" as they would have if the pulpit or organ or gilded chandelier of lamps were missing, for the Deacon was a fixture. As it grew dark, however, he put on his great coat to go to the evening prayer-meeting. "I am a whitened sepulchre," he muttered as he went out.

On the Mary Hendricksen the sailors had been busy since she dropped her
anchors, and when darkness fell she was tight and ship-shape. The Captain had omitted the Sabbath services he was usually so punctilious about, and now, as the men gathered in the forecastle, he stepped in among them. "What say, boys, if we go ashore to-night to the church up yonder?" And every man said, "Aye, aye, sir, we'll go." "Then draw lots for watch," said the Captain, "and the rest clear away the boat. Every man look his best, too." Swiftly and silently as a thought in the mind the boat left the ship's side with a low good-bye to the lonely guard. Up to the slimy, time-worn landing it glided, and quietly the men marched to the white church. It was still blowing hard and very dark when they entered the door.

It was a plain country prayer-meeting; a simple gathering together of friends and neighbors, where parson and elder might speak the words of grace, unconsciously perhaps repeating like automatons week in and week out the same prayer and same bit of testimony. Deacon Bingham had his prayer with the rest, and prayed it to-night as usual. Then he spoke his customary stint, vaguely alluding to past sins; the Deacon had quieted down, though, since morning, and avoided particularizing. In fact it was a meeting in no way out of the ordinary except for the little knot of sailor strangers gathered in the back seats, with Captain Hendricksen's white head in their midst.

Last of all to speak was Captain Hendricksen, rising up in the place among his crew. Every one in the little room listened. There was a slight accent in his voice of the Swedish of his boyhood. "You see me, friends, in here to-night, and it isn't a very common sight either to see a captain right from his ship stand up in a meeting like this. But though a stranger here, it isn't a new thing for me. What I'm going to tell you I've told many a time, and many a sailor's braced up and been a man for the hearing of it." Then Captain Hendricksen went on over a story very similar to the Deacon's in the morning, only the "I" of the Captain was that man left to go down with a fated ship, unfit to die, cursing God and cursing man. "You blame me! Why, friends, I was an infidel; I never believed in God; I never believed any good of man, and was there that in seeing one's comrades desert him there to make me look away at that tossing boat kindly? But I was fond of life, savagely fond of it. I made myself a float as I could, and when the ship broke, it bore me up. Ah, that night, and the wind and rain and darkness and giant waves! I clung desperately to my only hope, but my courage was going fast. Then I thought, 'If there is a God,' and I thought of mission sermons I had heard; then I remembered an old sailor I never took much stock in, saying as how he was in a like fix once and God had rescued him. Thus I thought it out and decided to ask Him. I didn't know what to say, I don't know as I said anything, for it don't make much difference; you can feel a prayer as well as you can say or think one. Maybe that felt prayer didn't have anything to do with it; some men have laughed at me for say-
ing it had; but I was picked up after riding that dreadful night out. When I saw that ship that took me in, I knew that there was a God and that He had forgiven me all and taken me out of the sea as Christ did one of his own wayward followers who was something like me, I think. Those men who left me with the ship were forgiven, too; for if I could do it, who could not? They must have gone down, for I never have seen or heard of one of them since.”

Deacon Bingham may have been white in the morning, but he was rosy then to his pallor now. He rose mechanically, and walking to the back of the room, grasped the seaman’s arm. A stillness was in the room. “Do you know me, Hendricksen? It was I who struck you down, and you say after years I am forgiven. My God, is it possible? Captain Hendricksen rose and placed his rough hand on the Deacon’s shoulder. “Remember you!” he said, “Yes. And I have said that as I forgave you, so God has tenfold. It has haunted me that that boat went down under my curse. Thank God that you know in life that I take it away.”

The simple benediction had a new significance to two men that evening. And when these two like brothers left the church together, the wind had gone down and the night was flooded with moonlight. “It is a beautiful New-Year’s night,” said the Deacon. “Beautiful,” responded the Captain.

One-sixteenth of the college students in the country are studying for the ministry.
of Tararattle, Hurricane, and Tom seemed to float with the clouds. I had seen this landscape many times; but now it sprang to life, became a part of me.

Under the gentle influence of my Professor, a thousand things took shape and beauty, the pine cones, the old trees and gray rocks, the frost pictures on the window panes—common things which in my careless childhood I did not see until he gave me eyes.

We used to sit in the twilight listening while he repeated the pretty, jingling "One-Horse Shy" and other bits from his favorite poets. In the long winter evenings we read aloud "The Princess," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Old Mortality."

He never told me to read a particular book, but touched them lovingly, and thus roused my curiosity in them.

Our school was small, and our school-room was the Professor's library, a corner room with large windows opening upon a wide piazza. One side of the room was lined with many books upon rough, unpainted shelves. An open fire gave a warm home look to the room.

Here on wild winter days the small school gathered. The big boys, fitting for college, came tramping in, and carelessly shaking the snow from their great coats, settled at once to work. The girls, wrapped in shawls and buffaloes, came with the jingle of bells; and the thoughtless, mischievous little boys, laughing and scuffling, sometimes tumbling quite out of sight in the big drifts.

We had always great freedom in our school-room, and plenty of chance for individual development. Instead of Geography we read the foreign news in the London Times and similar papers, looking up in an atlas the places mentioned. We studied physiology from simple talks, pictures, and stories. The one lesson in composition was to write, write, write.

There were no rigid rules, no stated methods; but those of us who wished to study found our lessons easy and attractive. It was an ideal school except those naughty small boys. How they wearied the heart of the gentle teacher! He would not punish them, and they knew no other law.

One of the sacred memory pictures of my childhood is of that quiet library. The young men soberly bending over their work, at the long table in front of the south-east windows; the girls in different parts of the room, reading with earnest, sympathetic faces; and in a corner, the rosy-cheeked small boys, in eager whispers plotting hidden mischief. In a chair before the open fire, his head bent forward and his dreamy eyes wandering past his pupils out, far out, into the unknown—my Professor!

We none of us understood or appreciated my Professor; but we loved him, and learned, unconsciously, some of the wisest and deepest truths; and when he went away, the memory of him clung about our choicest books and thoughts.

There is a growing interest in America over the Olympic games which are to be held at Athens. It is hoped that an American team will contend for the olive wreaths, which are the prizes.
INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY OF YOUTH.

BY GERTRUDE LOUISE MILLER, '96.

The period of childhood is passive; its growth unconscious. We see in the child, as in the budding flower, day by day new faculties unconsciously unfolded, new capabilities developed. But there comes a time when individual responsibility becomes a factor in every life.

Behold the youth who has left the golden days of childhood, as he stands on the threshold of a new life. Individual responsibility first presents itself to him in the form of a definite purpose.

A ship setting out for sea has its course already mapped out, and sails directly for its destination. Shall any young person starting out on the ocean of life do less than this, and without thought as to his course and destination, become simply driftwood on the river of Time?

As the youth enters the arena of life individual responsibility comes slowly toward him with the choice of his life work. He must needs ask himself: "What am I best fitted to do?"

In this choice the individual is aided by his own nature. He has special aims and special aptitudes; but it is his duty to choose the highest work of which he is capable.

"A world of Chance!" the dreamer says. But let the dreamer awake, let him behold the mystery, the solemnity, the grandeur of existence. Everywhere let him behold the hand of the Great Architect. Then will he realize that life is governed by fixed laws.

Every flower, every leaf, has its place. So, in the divine plan, each has a particular place for which he is responsible. "Know Thyself" was the maxim of Thales, the old Greek realist.

Not only the object, but the duty of man, is to grow. We are all acquainted with the parable of the talents. Every faculty that we possess is a talent for which we are responsible. It must be improved or lost. It is not by sitting still and dreaming that the prizes in life are won. The goddess of fortune has placed the best things in life beyond the reach of indolence. That which is worth having is worth working for.

Let the youth remember that success is not attained by great deeds, but by constant endeavor. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor what he had done to remedy defects in a certain statue. "But these are only trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Behold individual responsibility in the garb of habit. Day by day youth is unconsciously forming habits whose iron chains will become harder and harder to break. So, the question comes pressing upon each one: What sort of habits am I forming? Will they bring to me honor or shame?

Again, individual responsibility appears to the youth in the use of time. The progress of time! What is more mysterious, and yet, what more common. The Past! The Present! Eternity—countless ages loom up before us. Our minds are lost in labyrinths of confusion as we try to fathom the beginning and end of time. Let the
youth remember that he can live only once. What is done, is done forever. The record which he is to-day writing on life's tablet can never be changed or erased.

The world is to-day calling for men who can think. But youth seems afraid of individual responsibility in thought. It is afraid to leave the old, well-beaten paths. Public opinion is its conscience. But he who would be true to himself must be true to his convictions. What would have been the result if Luther, George Fox, John Wesley, had not heeded the voice of their consciences?

But not only is the youth responsible for the use he makes of his own life, but he is, in part, responsible for the lives of those around him. There is something solemn and fearful in the thought that every act, every word, leaves an impression which not even the waves of the sea could wipe out.

Finally, youth is responsible to the world, for the civilization of the world is the civilization of the individual.

Let the youth be not easily satisfied. Let him heed that voice which is constantly urging him forward, bidding him advance higher and higher until, finally, having passed through the valleys of sorrow and defeat, he stands on the pinnacle of the truest success.

Are you rich in the years of bright gold,
Yet untold?
Do they leisurely go
Like a dream that is fair,
Or a prayer?
Oh, be wise; use them well!
You shall know
How the years, growing shorter, with good can increase,
And a life at the end be
Transfigured with peace.

EARTH'S BATTLE FIELDS.

By Oliver F. Cutts, '96.

Behold a crescent-shaped plain, rugged mountains surrounding its outer edge and extending close down to the water at the horns of the bay. Upon this plain are encamped the Persian hosts; in the mountains above watches the courageous band of Athenians. The power of giving battle lies with the Greeks, as the Persians dare not attempt to storm the heights. At length the Athenian generals resolve upon an attack, and Miltiades leads the dauntless patriots against their surprised yet contemptuous foe. Behold the desperation, the madness of hand-to-hand conflict. Hear the sharp crack of the broken spear and javelin, the crash of the short sword and battle-axe, the yells of the frenzied combatants, the agonizing groans of the dying. The struggle is for freedom, home, and native land, and the little band of eleven thousand patriots are victorious over an invading host of nearly ten times their number.

Passing over an interval of fifteen hundred fifty years, again view the scene of a famous battle. On the Sussex coast of England, the Norman and Saxon armies struggle fiercely for the mastery. Skill in generalship, discipline, and superiority in troops decide the result, and England rapidly advances in civilization and prosperity under the rule of the Normans.

The years glide away until there are seen the military powers of Europe combined to crush the gigantic designs of that wonderful "man of destiny." Fate and chance combine against their
former king, and amid the glorious radiance of the setting sun, the disordered, hopeless ranks of Napoleon's magnificent army flee, panic-stricken, before the victorious forces of the allies.

Imperishable are the lessons of these hard-fought, representative battles; world-wide their results. Marathon is synonymous with courage and patriotism fighting in defense of liberty. Hastings made possible the English-speaking race. Waterloo established the law that no one man can rule the world, and demonstrated that human affairs are guided by the continual balancing of power.

Military battles have always been lost or won before a blow was struck or a shot was fired. Napoleon's victories were achieved on the eve of battle, when his brain was the battle-ground, his thoughts the combatants. In all contests of a like nature the actual struggle occurred, not upon the green carpet of Mother Earth, under the cheering rays of a glowing sun, but in the prolific brain of some inflexible, unconquerable leader of men.

Grand is the fairly-fought, hard-won victory of physical courage and endurance, when even the passive spectator is aroused by the thrill of enthusiastic life, until the hot blood leaps and surges through his veins, and his strain ing eye and hushed breath bear witness to his deep concern; infinitely more grand is the self-sacrificing triumph of intellect over matter, of good over evil, of life over death. The fame of such victories never dies. Contemporaries may sneer, may oppose, may throw themselves, frenzied, beneath the remorseless wheels of truth's advancing chariot, but civilization still rolls onward. The brain of Martin Luther was a battle field where reason contended with habit, and where freedom of thought and abhorrence of evil obtained a victory over ignorance and superstition. Such a contest required vastly more courage than do the united efforts of trained bodies of troops. Luther opposed the convictions of his soul and the fertility of his brain against the long-established and tyrannical rule of the Pope. History awaited the outcome of the struggle. Upon it depended the English nation, English puritanism, Parliament, the French Revolution, the American Constitution, American freedom, and the civilization of to-day. Was it not one of the great battles of the world?

There are other familiar examples of mind battles. Doubt struggled with conviction, arguments by platoons, by companies, by regiments were hurled against the fortress of justice and freedom, before the Emancipation Proclamation announced to the world that a mighty battle had been fought and won in the brain of history's great liberator. All are familiar with the results of this silent victory; all are proud of the brain that achieved it, and rejoice in the freedom of a downtrodden race.

Although bitterly opposed by their countrymen, Newton and Copernicus won a victory over doubt, ignorance, and bigotry, and revealed to mankind the marvelous laws of gravitation and the divine plan of the solar system. Originating in the brain of Charles
Darwin, the contest for the truths of evolution has constantly widened, until now the world is its battle-ground, and the triumph of the truth is assured.

These peaceful battles are not fought out during any one period or in any one country; they have been waged throughout the ages and are still being fiercely contested. Wherever a radical change in customs or manners has occurred, it has been effected only after a long struggle. The tendency of mankind is to move along contentedly in the old ruts, and it is only by severe exertion and contention that old-fogyism is transformed to genius. Parliamentary floors, congresses, and state houses are the battle fields of to-day. Here are fought battles similar to those Demosthenes and Cicero waged against the enemies of their country. It was in the halls of Parliament that the manly and gentle spirit, the powerful intellect, the brilliant oratory, and the masterly statesmanship of Richard Cobden achieved a world-famous victory for the poor people of England, greatly benefited his country by the commercial relations which he negotiated with France, and conferred a blessing upon humanity by their embodiment in his own unselfish, patriotic life.

These are the battle fields of the past; they are familiar to all. What of the battle-fields of the future? The days of war are over, and no longer shall flesh be torn and blood be spilled to settle differences of the mind. Industry shall advance; arts shall flourish. The poet shall sing; the artist, inspire; the orator, arouse; the statesman, direct. There shall be faultless unity and peace. Nation shall not rise up against nation, nor kingdom against kingdom, but differences shall be settled in peace, even as they arise in peace, and civilization shall yet witness the great victory which the peoples of the earth shall achieve over selfish prejudice and international feuds.

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**Bates Verse.**

**SUNRISE.**

The golden sunbeams deck the sky
Where not long since, in sorrow,
The pale moon wept with circled eye,
As fearing for the morrow.

The rosy cloudlets greet the morn
And usher in the day;
And sparkling in the early dawn
The dew-drops gem the way.

Behold, behold, on yonder hill
The stately tree-tops tower!
While happy little songsters trill
Sweet music from their bower.

And glistening spires gleam tall and fair
'Gainst purple-tinted sky,
While lofty roofs of structures rare
Rise proudly up on high. — , '99.

**THE SNOW-STORM.**

Through the hushed air, thickly falling,
The snow floats gently down,
And a slow, white film is creeping
Over meadows, waste and brown.

The glory of Spring and the Summer,
And Autumn's golden light
Seem fading away forever,
As a dream fades into night.

From the cold gray twilight stealing,
I hear a whispered breath
Of wonderful sad compassion,—
The voice of the Angel of Death.

"The joy of life," he murmurs,
"The beauty of life doth cease;
And I fold Earth's weary children
Beneath my wings of peace."
O'er my soul a gentle sadness
Drifts down with the flakes of snow,
Till my life seems a frozen garden
Where the sun shone long ago.
—G. M. C., '93.

WAS IT ALL A DREAM?
"Was it all a dream? Was it all a dream?"
I said as I woke from slumber deep,
And thought of the vision, so strangely real,
That had filled my mind in my hours of sleep.
'Twas a dream I had often dreamed before—
Sleeping or waking, 'tis all the same—
Day-dreams and night-dreams, they haunt me
still,
Leaving a longing no tongue can name.
So all through life, as we turn and look
On the hopes that once so bright did seem,
We ask ourselves in the same old way,
"Was it all a dream? Was it all a dream?"
—L'ECRIVAILLEUR, '9-.

A TWILIGHT THOUGHT.
The hills were wrapped in twilight's veil,
The Face* was lit with glory,
The lake and Notch I'll not describe,
The place is old in story.
I know not why I sought the rock,
Where outward flows the water
In slender thread from Profile Lake,
The White Hills' fairest daughter.

*Old Man of the Mountain, Franconia Notch,
N. H.

She gave him the mitten at half-past ten,
And he tore his hair and cried in pain;
But just as the bells, with clash and din,
Ushered the morn of the Leap-Year in,
She respectfully asked it back again.

Are you using the "Harvard" notebook?
The Class of '99 is glad to welcome
Miss White, ex-'96, and Miss Berry,
ex-'97, as members.

Students who passed the vacation in
town welcomed the New Year at Cheney
Hall as guests, by surprise, of Miss
Mary Buzzell, '97.

Burt W. Carr, ex-'97, now Dartmouth, '97, paid a flying visit to the
college during vacation.

—son, '98, keeps up the musical
reputation of his tuneful antecedent;
and Parker Hall reaches for its javelin.

Among the improvements which In-
structor Bolster will introduce in the
gym this winter is apparatus for basket
ball and hand polo.
THE BATES STUDENT.

The Juniors are quite agreed that, if the politician belongs anywhere in the industrial order, it is to the commercial class.

The New Year was ushered in by a merry party of students at the home of Miss Hewins, on the evening of December 31st.

In the Zoo. Professor—How can an animal who has not the power of locomotion get food? Bright Senior—Has it brought to him.

The young ladies in the Political Economy Class were somewhat at a loss to define the economic man. How would they define the economic woman?

A beautiful carbon crayon of Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple" adorns the reception room of Cheney Hall, the gift of the alumnae of the college.

We heartily welcome back to college Thompson, '96, our popular base-ball manager. Mr. Thompson was dangerously sick most of last term with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Lincoln, of cook-book fame, enlightened Bates co-eds and otherwise on the uses and misuses of the chafing-dish in a lecture in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, January 10th.

Work in the gym began promptly on Thursday of the first week. The hours for the various classes are as follows: Ladies, 1.30-2.30; Sophomores, 2.45-3.30; Juniors, 3.40-4.20; Freshmen, 4.30-5.15.

The executive committee of the local debating league recently formed, in conjunction with the Faculty, have selected A. B. Howard, J. S. Durkee, and C. E. Milliken to represent Bates in the discussion with Colby.

Bates co-eds received Christmas greetings from Colby sisters in the form of an owl in cap and gown. Very typical, young ladies, of your monopoly in wisdom, in these two colleges at least.

The students of the College and Divinity School listened to an entertaining lecture on the afternoon of the 10th inst. by Rev. Dr. H. S. Burrage of Portland, editor of Zion's Advocate, on "The Famous Orators whom I have heard." Sumner, Webster, Lincoln, Choate, Everett, Phillips, and Curtis were discussed at some length.

The union meeting of the two literary societies at the beginning of the winter term has become an established thing. The two societies came together in large numbers the first Friday evening of the present term and an unusually interesting literary and musical programme was carried out. An informal social followed. Such occasions cannot fail to check the growth of that undesirable feature of college life—society feeling.

We are glad to learn that Professor Stanton is to be relieved of over-work in the class-room. Mr. John Edward Dinsmore of Auburn has been engaged as assistant in Greek. Mr. Dinsmore graduated from Bowdoin in 1888. He served as assistant at Hallowell Classical Institute for three years and has since been principal of Fryeburg and Lincoln Academies. He comes well prepared for his work, having spent a year at the American School in Athens.
At the union meeting of the literary societies opportunity was taken to present the matter of having a drama this winter, similar to the one a year ago, under the auspices of the two societies and for the benefit of the athletic association. It seemed to be unanimous that under wise management the undertaking could be made a success. A motion was carried that two committees, one from each society with the presidents of the societies as chairmen, have the entire management in charge.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League, December 27th, it was decided to hold the parliamentary debating contests between Bates and Colby February 27th, at Lewiston. The question for discussion is: "Resolved, That the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, should be the financial policy of our country." Bates has the negative. The winner of this contest will meet Tufts College April 16th. Wesleyan University and Boston University will break lances on the same date as the Bates-Colby event.

Quondam things have gone for good;
Committees sit no more;
Drop your 'scuse in the box of wood
That hangs on the library door.

Cheney Hall was filled with a merry company on the evening of the 13th inst., the occasion being the midwinter social of the Main Street A. F. C. E. Society. It was the first time that the hall has been open to the public since its occupancy by the young ladies, and the majority of the students took advantage of the opportunity. Though the company was large, the young ladies proved genial and efficient hostesses. The refreshments were unique, consisting of pop-corn, molasses candy, and apples. Everybody carried away a dainty souvenir, the work of the Cheney Hall artist. The local editors have overheard many of the "eds" express the fervent wish that like occasions may be of frequent occurrence in the future.

Wo gehen sie mein
Schöne magd?
Ich gehe an das "gym"
Sie sagt.
Gehe ich mit der mein
schöne magd?
Nicht auf dem Leben, Herr,
sie sagt.

President Chase has been fortunate in securing as instructor in history and economics for the winter term, Mr. Frederick J. Allen. Mr. Allen graduated from Dartmouth in 1889 with honors in economics, which is his favorite study. Since graduation he has been employed in teaching and postgraduate work at Dartmouth. His work, especially in the department of history in Limerick Academy and Milford High School, has been highly original and satisfactory. He has himself prepared a valuable text-book on the study of United States History. Mr. Allen comes to Bates with highest recommendations from President Tucker of Dartmouth. His work consists of European history with the Seniors, Political Economy with the Juniors, and United States History with the Sophomores.
A NEW era of progress has undoubtedly dawned for Bates College. One feels it as he walks over the campus. The newspaper reports and magazine articles appearing for the past year, have all noted the fact.

"Boom, Bates, boom," the students have lustily shouted at public meetings, upon the campus, and as victors upon many a well-fought field of athletic sports. Of course these feelings must find vent in the college magazine. It must be in the van of all progress.

With this issue, the new board of editors take up the work. Hopefully we look into the editorial year. That the STUDENT has been a leader among the college magazines of its class, is a record we hope to maintain. With this end in view, we have arranged for some new features to appear in our magazine during the year. To avoid repetition and a feeling of sameness, we have changed the make-up and arrangement of the STUDENT. We think this will appear to all its friends as an improvement.

We heartily respond to the greetings of our exchanges. May success crown their efforts. We reach out our hand to the alumni, hoping to be welcomed by them.

While the Junior Class is mainly responsible for the success of the magazine, and to the co-operation of our classmates we look for much of our success, yet all the classes are responsible, all the alumni and friends of the college are responsible, and in our greeting, we welcome you as fellow-laborers.

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In this rushing, whirling age of specialties, each of us must have some definite aim in life, and putting our whole strength into that work, press forward with all the enthusiasm of youth. So the STUDENT shall have one aim, through the whole editorial year, and that aim shall be to bring to each reader, each month, something of real benefit.

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A NOTHER Yule-Tide has come and gone with its thousands of glad carols and its wondrous bursts of melody from the chorus choir. As we look back upon this musical season we reflect how marvelously susceptible is the human mind to the enchantments of this divine art called music, how magically its charm controls, how pleasantly and how often too the strain of some sweet song heard returns to the mind to bless again.

Thus it is with the sound of the Christmas carol still ringing in our memories and our love of music kindled anew, that we return to the duties and pleasures of college life more deeply regretting than ever that Bates has no distinctively musical life. We believe music should be made a prominent and
attractive feature in such an institution as the college, for not only is it in itself one of the greatest of educators and refiners, but it is needed to give warmth and cheer to student life, which oftentimes becomes over-serious under the strain of constant application.

We hope sometime to see the musical interests of Bates under the charge of a competent director, but for the present they remain entirely in the hands of the students, who seem to lack somewhat in enthusiasm in this respect. There is much musical talent in the college at present, enough, we believe, to support some good musical clubs, and enough too to warrant a successful season for the college band if it could be revived.

The offer made last year by the College Club for Bates songs was not well responded to, and it is to be regretted that the song for which the prize was awarded has not been placed before the students. However, the offer of the club has been renewed this year, and we hope that the students will show themselves interested in college music by responding with a large number of loyal Bates songs.

Among the functions of a college course, none is obviously more important than the development of what is termed a "public spirit," and it is being well emphasized at the present. Surely no more despicable person is met with than that cautious individual whom the spectre of the too-many-irons-in-the-fire idea haunts day and night, and who consequently pursues the even tenor of his way along the path of the college curriculum.

Yet much as the lack of public spirit is to be deprecated, its over-cultivation is equally bad. Nothing in college life is more to be discouraged than the tendency of many students, eager to touch the life of the college at every point, to assume responsibilities, aside from studies, beyond their power to meet. Inevitably their best energies are frittered away, the work is feebly and only half done; the student suffers, the organizations which he represents suffer. It is a tendency which creeps in so insidiously that it is hard to check; and it is greatly enhanced, for obvious reasons, in a college like Bates. The remark, commonly made in its defense, as to the secondary nature of studies, rarely conveys the truth it contains. A recent book by President Thwing of Western Reserve refutes by statistics the trite assertion that eminent men, as a rule, ranked low in scholarship while in college. Facts go to prove that an overplus of public spirit, acquired in college days, clings to one in after years, and decrees a mediocrity of success.

The writer is aware that in delivering himself thus, he will be blamed by many as criticizing a condition which does not exist; and in support of their statement, they will point to the work of the different organizations languishing oftentimes for lack of willing lend-a-hands. Yet the unprofitable drone thrives never so much as when he can shift his share of the work upon an uncomplaining, over-worked individual. It is folly and worse, in our zeal to conserve the
organism, to lose sight of the individuals who compose it.

UNTIL recently, contests between the smaller New England colleges have been, for the most part, on the athletic field. Comparisons between the different colleges have been made largely from an athletic standpoint. Each has its definite position as shown by the records of the track, the diamond, and the gridiron.

But with the formation of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League, a new standard of comparison is introduced. The strength of Bates as a debating college will hereafter be known as definitely as her athletic strength. We shall probably have regular annual debating contests in some form, and it is for us as loyal Bates students to make every effort in preparation, not merely for contests in the immediate future but also for those in coming years. Our strength in debating depends and will depend very largely upon the literary societies. They are to forensic contests what the gymnasium is to athletic sports. The athlete is not developed merely by studying Physiology, nor is the debater trained by class-room work alone. Actual practice upon the floor of the society room is the best road to successful debating.

Let us then regard our literary societies as fitting schools for intercollegiate debates. Aside from the priceless opportunities which these societies have to offer us in other ways, they are worthy of our earnest and loyal support simply as the means by which to secure for Bates a high position in future debating contests.

Perhaps no department of the modern magazine meets with more thoughtless criticism than that allotted to advertising. We are sure, however, that advertising as it is now carried on is a perfectly legitimate part of periodical publications; for they enable a distinctly higher level to be reached than subscription receipts could possibly allow. Advertisements attractively put seldom fail to catch the eye of even a chance reader, and must be productive of results, if we may judge from the persistent advertising of men admittedly owing their success to this very thing. Magazines reach a distinct class of people, oftentimes the only class to whom a business may look for support. Without discussing the direct or indirect returns of advertising it may be asserted safely that non-representation in a general business directory lessens a firm's prestige. We believe it should be, and in a measure is, a fact that as the standard of a publication is, so should be the standard of its advertising. In the case of our own magazine we have tried to present a list of advertisers up to the past, and we hope the future standing of the Student worthy the patronage of our subscribers. In every case we are personally acquainted with the firms represented and bespeak for them the attention of all our readers.

We, as students of Bates, have many reasons to be proud of her, and not the least among these are the signs of healthful life and progress she shows.
In the past year we have had occasion to rejoice over improved facilities for study, fresh religious interest and successes on the athletic field. The large Freshman Class, the President’s house tastily fitted up as a hall for the young ladies, the occupation of Roger Williams Hall, a finely trained gymnastic instructor for all the young men, an efficient librarian and the promise of a well-arranged library, the crowded Y. M. C. A. room every Wednesday evening, improvement in the chapel music, and healthful interest in the literary societies, all these things should encourage us. But best of all have been the spirit of good-will between the classes and between teachers and students, and the general desire for scholarship which pervades our institution.

We feel that all these successes are due to the fidelity of our college to her mission, and to the hearty support of her alumni, students, and friends. And if we would have her prosperity continued, instead of blindly aping after the customs of other older colleges of which they would gladly rid themselves we as students should be loyal to the spirit of Bates, and should be proud of her individuality.

By the death of John P. Spaulding, the well-known Boston merchant, Bates has lost a staunch and loyal friend. Although not an alumnus, he ever maintained a lively interest in the welfare of the college. By his financial aid, by his influence, and by his words of encouragement at critical periods in her history, he helped to make possible the Bates College of to-day. He carried this interest to the close of life, and one of his last acts was a subscription toward the endowment of a chair of History.

Few of us perhaps know how much we owe to him, for his philanthropy was never ostentatious. But the influence of his life cannot fail to inspire us as students, and we join with the host of others whom he has helped, in mourning the loss of a good man.

We have often wondered why it was that college boys everywhere invariably attach some nickname to professors or instructors. Taken, perhaps, from some peculiar characteristic or expression, they descend from class to class, from the youngest undergraduate to the oldest alumnus. Spoken kindly by the boys in college and reverently by each graduate, they are the names we shall always know them by. We say we have wondered and often framed answers for ourselves, but we found the true answer the other day in the opening chapter of Maclaren’s beautiful “Bonnie Briar Bush”: “Dom-sie [as] we called the school-master behind his back in Dumtochty, because we loved him.”

The Lasell Leaves makes the following announcement: “The Leaves will award a prize of $15 for the best original story between 1,500 and 2,000 words in length, to be contributed before April 10, 1896, by the students who are resident members of any school or college.” Second and third prizes are also offered, and the merit of the stories will be judged by Louise Chandler Moulton.
THE brief life of Walter A. Morton, M.D., but recently sketched in the Student, has been to me of tender and peculiar interest. Circumstances favored me with an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Morton, and I cannot forbear giving utterance to the impressions that his somewhat pathetic career has made upon my mind. He was a man of rare qualities of character. Even a slight acquaintance with him revealed this. There was a refinement in his nature which appeared in all that he said and did. It was manifest in his dress, his manners, the tones of his voice, his movements, and, above all, in the purity of his language and his life. It is impossible to associate anything rude or thoughtless with the memory of a man who had a quick sense of propriety in whatever relations he might be placed. His excellent taste, his sense of fitness, made him everywhere a gentleman, even in the conventional meaning of the term. He was endowed by nature with what others often acquire only by embarrassing experience.

Nor did his good taste have any affinity with that affectation and over nicety to which mere surface men are prone. He was no less remarkable for his high purpose—his aspirations. He aimed to exemplify the best in whatever he undertook. He was never content with hasty work, whether in study, in composition, or in the practice of his profession. He was appreciative of excellence and emulated true worth equally in his life as a man, a student, and a physician. Although the means for pursuing his college and professional studies were obtained only by toil and struggle, he never lowered the standard for the sake of avoiding painful effort. His goal was invariably the best, the highest. The end once clearly conceived, he gave all his energies to the means. He deliberately chose the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons as the proper place for pursuing his medical studies, because he earnestly believed that it would best help him to realize his ideal of a thoroughly educated physician. That cherished ideal made this finely-organized and sensitive man superior to the prejudices, the opposition, the ill-will that threatened to wreck his dearest hopes. In his victories and his defeats he was steadily true to a great life purpose—a purpose that included not merely his own personal prosperity but the well-being of his people with whom he would gladly choose to suffer affliction, if only he might, in some measure, be their deliverer from the tyranny of civil and social bondage.

A more loyal man I never knew. He was loyal to his friends, to his race, to his ideals. He could not do enough for those who loved him. He returned every favor tenfold. Bates had no more devoted alumnus. Honor to his Alma Mater was a motive that never
lost its spur, however he might be assaulted by ill-health, disappointment, or temporary defeat.

And he had the courage of his convictions and his aspirations,—courage to contend with a hostile climate, adverse circumstances, and bad men. For none of these did he ever lower his standard. Born in the "sunny South" and never robust, he welcomed our rigorous Maine climate because it did not frown upon his cherished hope of a liberal education.

Such a man cannot but respect himself and command the respect of others. A gentleman himself, he exacted with the proud spirit of a noble nature the rights that are due to manhood and citizenship. Never courting strife, he could, if constrained by duty to self or to others, teach the bully a wholesome prudence. He had, in unusual degree, the qualities that make friends and that win position and leadership. In a word, he was in impulse, purpose, and action a man.

To the traits already named add deep religious feeling, sincere reverence for God, and a consistent Christian character with all that it implies of helpfulness in the home, in society, and in professional life,—and we can see that our college has good reason to mourn the early death of a loyal and tenderly loved son. G. C. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

LEWIS ABRAM BURR, A.M., son of Rev. David C. and Jane (Metcalf) Burr, was born in Freeport, Me., June 6, 1849, and died in Malden, Mass., December 19, 1895. Mr. Burr had been confined to his home for a few days, and was thought to be rapidly recovering, when pneumonia suddenly developed with fatal results. The funeral services were held December 22d, at his home, and the remains were taken to Lexington, Mass., for interment. He was naturally a student, and acquired an excellent common school education before he determined upon a college course. His success as a teacher, then, and his love for that profession caused him to select that calling for his life work. With that object in view, he entered Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me., and was graduated from the college preparatory course in the Class of 1873. He entered Bates that fall in the Class of 1877. It was my good fortune to be associated with him during his entire college course. He was one that quickly impressed upon all his individuality. Quick in thought, and quick to act, it seemed no exertion for him to decide at once what his course would be. His decision once made was final. I do not mean that he was obtrusive in his manner, for he was always courteous, and respected the opinion of his classmates, yet his views were always expressed in so decided and direct a manner as to leave no doubt as to his position. All respected his honesty and good judgment. Very few have been graduated from Bates who have exerted a greater influence over their associates than he, and it was always exerted for the right. He worked hard in college, and aimed to thoroughly understand whatever subject he
was pursuing. His intended profession required exactness. Although compelled to be out of college considerably teaching, he ranked high in his class. After graduating, Prof. Burr taught in Lisbon, Me., for a few terms, and then was principal of a private school in Johnstown, Pa., until 1883. He was then elected sub-principal of the Malden, Mass., High School, and was connected with the Malden schools until 1890, when he was elected principal of a Grammar School in Chelsea, Mass., which position he held at the time of his death. Prof. Burr ranked high in his profession, and was considered one of the best-equipped teachers in the state. He had been honored by being elected President of the Middlesex County Teachers’ Institute.

September 7, 1878, he married Miss Lizzie A. Dunning of Lexington, Mass., who, with a daughter, survives him. To them and to the aged father, who looked with a fond pride upon the success of his son, the sympathies of all will go in their sad bereavement. A dutiful son, an affectionate husband and a loving father has passed away. His life work is done, and well done. His example, his influence, and the remembrance of his many virtues will live on. While his relatives and immediate friends will long and tenderly mourn his early departure, his college classmates feel that another tie has been broken, another one of their little band has crossed the dark river, but the remembrance of the many virtues of their departed classmate will linger with them as long as life shall last.

GARDINER, January 7, 1896.

[The following communication has been received by President Chase.]

LEWISTON, ME., December 14, 1895.

President G. C. Chase, D.D., LL.D.:

The Alumnae Association of Bates College begs leave to present through you, to the young women of the institution, a carbon photograph of Hoffmann’s “Christ in the Temple,” the same to be placed in some public room of the College. May the picture cultivate a truly artistic taste among the students, and also serve as the nucleus of a future art collection for Bates.

Respectfully,

Miss MARY FRANCES ANGELL,
Mrs. J. H. RAND,
Miss NELLIE B. JORDAN,
Executive Committee Alumnae Association.

POSSIBLY a word of explanation is due the Alumnae Association as to the course its committee has taken in purchasing the above-mentioned picture.

At the meeting of the Alumnae Association, held last June, it was voted that its funds be expended towards furnishing a reading-room for the young women of the college. At that time Cheney Hall as a dormitory for the young women was not in existence, but during the summer vacation it was decided to devote it to that purpose, and a general reading-room and reception-room were equipped with all necessary furnishings. The desired reading-room being provided and furnished without any assistance on the part of the Alumnae Association, it was thought best by the committee to use the Alumnae funds for purchasing books of reference for the reading-room; but a request from the young women of the College themselves that, since they had no pictures whatever in either reading or reception-room of
Cheney Hall, and since they already had a few books in the library, and could also have access to the College Library, we would contribute some work of art rather than books for the reading-room, led the committee to believe that it was wisdom to grant their request, and the result is the exquisite photograph of Hoffmann's "Christ in the Temple" that now graces Cheney Hall.

It has been suggested, and it is hoped, that the young women of the College will themselves form a reading-room association, with a small membership fee, the proceeds of which shall be expended to secure current periodicals for the reading-room and books for its library.

The Twelfth Annual Banquet of the Alumni of the College in Boston and vicinity occurred at Young's Hotel, December 20, 1895. There were fifty-three alumni and alumnae present, and the wives and lady friends brought the number up to seventy-two. This was the largest attendance in the history of the association.

The presence of Professor Stanton, as the guest of the occasion, was a sufficient warrant for the crowded tables. The main dining-room assigned us was quickly filled, and an overflow meeting was held in an adjoining room. Many new faces were seen in the assembly, among them Haskell, '81, recently elected principal of the Jersey City High School; W. H. Adams, '76, and Holden, '84, both well known and rising physicians in their respective fields of labor; Woodman, '87, of Portland, Me., one of the prominent lawyers of that city; and Woodrow, '88, recently called to the pastorate of one of the large churches at Providence, R. I.

When Professor Stanton arose to speak, at the close of the dinner, he was received with great enthusiasm. His remarks were altogether characteristic of the man, and showed that the passage of years had not dulled or changed that active mind and generous nature, which never fail to leave their impress on the students of Bates College.

The speech-making of the evening was of an informal nature and in a happy vein, reminiscent and otherwise, and the closing hour was devoted to social intercourse and the renewal of college ties. A shade of sadness was also upon the assembly, as the morning papers had brought to many, news of the sudden death of Lewis A. Burr, '77, a former president of the association.

Dr. Collins, '76, offered appropriate resolutions upon his death, and the same were adopted by a rising vote.

W. F. Garcelon, '90, was elected president of the association for the ensuing year; E. C. Adams, '76, vice-president; and the writer, secretary.

C. C. Smith, '88.

The prominent position which Bates alumni hold in the educational affairs of Maine was well shown at the annual convention of the Maine Pedagogical Society, recently held in Bangor. Papers were presented by Professor
Hartshorn, '86, and Professor O. H. Drake, '81. I. C. Phillips, '76, is president of the society for the ensuing year; Professor J. R. Dunton, '87, is vice-president; President G. C. Chase, '68, is chairman of the Advisory Board.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath, D.D., was president for the year 1895 of the Passumpsic Congregational Club of Vermont.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood of Bath, who has just made an extensive tour of Egypt, Palestine, and Asia Minor, has prepared a series of lectures, to be illustrated by 400 stereopticon views.

'73.—Professor J. P. Marston, for several years principal of the Biddeford High School, has been elected principal of the Ipswich, Mass., High School with a large increase of salary.

'74.—W. H. Ham, of Jackson, Wash., has been re-elected county representative to the State Legislature. Mr. Ham is a ready speaker and has considerable influence in the political affairs of his state.

'74.—Littleton, N. H.—For the better promotion of the interests of his church, Rev. J. H. Hoffman, the pastor, has begun the publication of The Inkhorn, a monthly, for the dissemination of such information as may be needed to acquaint his congregation with matters of essential importance in regard to the general work of the parish.”—Congregationalist.

'75.—Lewis M. Palmer, M.D., has sailed for Europe, where he will spend six months in study and travel.

'76.—I. C. Phillips, formerly superintendent of schools at Bath, Me., has been elected superintendent of the Lewiston schools.

'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase is pastor of the Unitarian Church at Houlton, Me.

'79.—E. W. Given, of the Newark, N. J., Academy, lately read a paper on “Certificates for Admission to College” before the New York School-masters’ Club.

'81.—Rev. Charles W. Williams is pastor of the Baptist Church in Harrison, Mass.

'81.—We quote the following from the Bismarck (North Dakota) Daily Tribune: “Superintendent W. T. Perkins, of this city, was yesterday elected president of the State Educational Association, which has been in session at Grand Forks for the past few days. Mr. Perkins has for some years been an active member of the association, and for the past year has been chairman of the executive committee. His election as president is a deserved recognition of the interest he has taken in educational matters, and his fitness for the position as head of the association.”

'82.—William V. Twaddle, LL.B., is practicing law in El Paso, Texas.

'84.—Mrs. Ella Knowles Haskell lectured in the Woman’s Building at the Atlanta Exposition on the subject, “Women in the Professions.” January 27th, Mrs. Haskell will speak on “The Environments of Women as Related to their Progress,” before the National Convention of the North American Women’s Suffrage Association at Washington.
'86.—A daughter (Vida Edwina), was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stevens, September 13th.

'87.—Rev. Jesse Bailey is still in very poor health, and is living for the present at Buffalo Creek, Col.

'87.—Miss Lura S. Stevens has entered the training school of the Y. W. C. A. in Boston.

'88.—C. C. Smith, Esq., has purchased a beautiful new residence in Everett, Mass.

'88.—Westerly, R. I.—A fellowship meeting with all the Congregational churches within twenty miles, was held here recently. There was a good attendance, the subject being Family Reading. At his last two sermons the pastor, Rev. S. H. Woodrow, preached to a crowded house, and at his farewell reception the parlors were overflowed."—Congregationalist.

On December 4th, Rev. Mr. Woodrow was installed as pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, Providence, R. I. Since the beginning of his pastorate, the parishioners have decided to build a new church edifice.

'89.—John J. Hutchinson has received the degree of Ph.D. from Chicago University. His thesis was "On the Reduction of Hyperelliptic Functions to Elliptic Functions by a Transformation of the Second Degree." Mr. Hutchinson now holds a position as instructor in Mathematics in Cornell University.

'90.—Miss Jennie L. Pratt is in the Christian Training School at Springfield, Mass.

'90.—H. J. Piper is in the Theological School at Andover.

'91.—On Thursday, November 28th, at Brockton, Mass., F. W. Larrabee of Auburn was married to Miss Bertha L. Wood of Brockton. Mr. Larrabee has been appointed junior house officer at the Hitchcock Hospital, connected with Dartmouth College. He is a student at Dartmouth and the office referred to is a competitive position having many applicants.

'94.—F. C. Thompson is principal of the Sanford High School.

'95.—J. N. B. Robertson is teaching at Acushnet, Mass.

'95.—Hamilton, Miss Nash, and Miss Wright were in attendance at the Rhode Island Educational Convention, recently held in Providence.

"It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."—Disraeli.

December exchanges furnish much pleasant reading. They show, however, such marked similarity in two general respects that the pen of the reviewer at once traces out the words "foot-ball" and "Christmas literature." These topics are in their season and very interesting, yet, even at the close of an exciting football season, it is somewhat disappointing to pick up a college magazine, typographically pleasing, and find the subject of athletics treated almost to the exclusion of all else. To the Christmas literature, which comprises much good fiction and verse, are due many words of
praise. We feel sure that the Muse of poesy did faithfully her annual duty of inspiring all the young bards to write of the Nativity, of the mistletoe, too, we might add.

Among the exchanges which are especially attractive this month is the *Dartmouth Lit*, which is full of interesting matter, and maintains a very high literary standard.

The short story seems to be in great favor, and we notice that several of our leading college magazines offer prizes to be competed for in this line of work. A few worthy representatives of the college fiction of the current issue are "Tangent" in the *Harvard Monthly*, "Hack Marvin" and "A Financial Error" in the *Brown Magazine*, and "Cupid at Basket Hall" in the *Sibyl*.

In the *Williams Lit* the remarks on criticism under "Collegiate Press" are very able and deserve a careful reading.

We clip the following verses:

**The Seventh Wave.**

[A Sonnet.]

As when one wandering on the surf-washed strand
Looks o'er the restless, surging waves and near
Sees each succeeding wave roll in a sheer
And massy wall, that wonderfully grand
Booms like low thunder on the quivering sand,
And sees beyond the sixth a seventh appear,
Its creeping, crest-like flash of sword or spear,

Pierce hurling 'gainst the cliff its mighty hand,
And leaping, crashing, grinding 'gainst its base
Recede into the caverns of the deep:

So in our lives oftentimes there wells a wave
That floods the soul with memories of days long passed, and from life's commonplace we leap,

As flotsam on the tide, to heights we crave.

---*Dartmouth Lit.*

**A Skating Song.**

The sound of the bugle over the hill—
Ho! lads, ho!
The twang of the bowstring, silvery shrill,
Across the waste of snow.

Then busk ye, all my merry men,
And arm ye for the fight,
There's many a heart now whole, I ken,
Will helpless lie this night—
For who can brave a maiden's glance
Or ward her dear device—
What time the moonbeams are adance
Along the diamond ice?

The gallant rush as the squadrons wheel—
Away! lads, away!
The rollicking call and the ring of steel—
Ah! but the world is gay.

So, merry men, lay down your arms
And quit a vanquished field,
For we are bound by stronger charms
Than Baron Frost can wield.
The icy chains of doughty Jack
Must vanish at a breath,
But these fond ties we wear, aye!
Shall hold us to the death.

Dan Cupid's bow is never still—
And like a bell
Sounds Love's light laughter over the hill—
A sweet farewell.

---*Nassau Lit.*

**LIFE AND DEATH.**

A tuneless theme, a soulless strain,
A striving for lost chords in vain;
Death's prelude ever shall remain
A throbbing threnody.

A thrilling theme, a spiritual strain,
Attainment of life's efforts vain;
Death's advent will ever contain
A master's melody.

---*Brunonian.*

**Beyond the Music.**

When moved by music there is something more,
Beyond the art than what the artists sing;
Melodiously, and open many a door
Of sweet access and glad along the score
My spirit Hies for entrance—lo, the wing
Of fantasy is stayed, and may not bring
To perfect light the eager soul it bore!

I traveled through the lives of many men,
Seeking the gleam of their far isles of gold;
I sought the elfinland of book and song,
That smilingly retreated from my ken;
But still behind the harmonies unrolled,
Fair portals open to a glorious throng!

---*Bachelor of Arts.*

**Remember.**

One faded flower I kept for aye;
In mem'ry's book 'tis laid away
Between the leaves!

No token from a loved one's hand,
No treasure from a foreign land,
Yet 'round it weaves
A spell beneath whose power my heart
Becomes of those faint ashes part.

---*Polytechnian.*
Our Book-Shelf.

On this shelf it is our purpose to keep interesting new books of all kinds and on all subjects. From month to month we shall tell you of the new features of our Book-Shelf and shall call your attention to the most valuable works recently published. No dust-covered, musty, time-worn works, bearing the imprint of the ages, shall have a place on our shelf. For all such works, we advise you to seek out some antiquarian. This little corner shall be devoted solely to books whose exterior and date, at least, give them the title of modern.

For our first book we have chosen a very attractive one. We are charmed with the little volume of Lyrics, written by T. B. Aldrich. It consists of about fifty short poems made up of touches from nature, thoughts from foreign travels, songs, fanciful pictures, moods described, and tributes to great men. The music of the verses is very pretty and is well suited to the subjects. We particularly noticed the melody in The Voices of the Sea and On Lynn Terrace. The thoughts throughout the book are delicate, fanciful, and refined. In many of the poems there is an undertone of subdued melancholy, perhaps most prominent in Broken Music. And yet in others we are delighted with the half-playful, almost mischievous spirit of the verses, as in A Serenade, Insomnia, and Comedy. The style of the poems is always graceful and pleasing, and the language is choice. After examining this dainty little volume, so artistically arranged and so prettily bound, we feel that we have had only a glimpse of something beautiful, and are unwilling to listen to the author's parting words, as he says:

If my best wines mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste,
There's many another inn in town.

Another valuable work and one thoroughly practical is the book by Washington Gladden, entitled Ruling Ideas of the Present Age. It is a clearly written and forcible presentation of the problems of the day from a Christian standpoint, and furnishes much food for thought. The author makes us feel the personal responsibility of each one toward his fellow-beings in society, in business relations, and as a citizen. He impresses upon us our duty to be interested in whatever is of concern to those about us, and he discusses many interesting problems.

Mr. Gladden has very decided views about charity. He believes that indiscriminate giving is bad, and he despises a generosity prompted by a desire for fame. His chapter on The One and The Many, showing the relation of the individual to society, is written in a very concrete style, which adds much to its interest. We are glad to see that the author is a patriotic American, and that he considers it not only the privilege but the duty of every citizen to exercise his civic rights. The chapter on Public Opinion is strong and pointed. He carefully distinguishes between public opinion and "public passion." The book as a whole is energetic and sensible.
Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago* arouses our curiosity by its title. It is an interpretation of the book of Solomon, as a love-story. According to this author's views, the principal characters are a shepherd and a shepherdess who have formed a mutual attachment. Through the agency of the maiden's brothers and certain other characters, she is taken to Solomon's court, where she is urged to become one of his wives, of whom he already has sixty. She, however, deaf to all entreaty, remains faithful to her shepherd lover, who soon appears and takes her back to her home. This explanation, as you see, is clever and rather unique.

Another book in reference to the Old Testament is entitled The Prophets of Israel.* Its author is a German professor, and the book is a critical, carefully written work, showing the function of the Israelitish prophets in their connection with Jewish history. The author considers Jeremiah the greatest of the prophets and Isaiah the most eloquent. The book certainly shows deep research and an extensive knowledge of Hebrew and of Jewish history. It would prove valuable as a reference book to be used in connection with the study of the Prophetic Books of the Bible.

Clippings.

A FOOT-BALL PLAYER'S EPIGRAPH.
Here lies my flesh and broken bones, 
Never again in this world to wake, 
And over my fate my sad soul mourns, 
I died for the want of more bones to break.

—The Unit.

In the beginning, man was created with a funny-bone, and to this day he laughs up his sleeve. He is the only animal that laughs except the woman, who at present laughs more than man, perhaps on account of the size of her sleeves! —Ex.

Under an ancient elm she stood, 
A fairy form in grey— 
Her eyes were bright as the stars at night 
And she merrily trilled a lay.

I stood in the shadow and watched her face, 
It was eerie and passing fair, 
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang 
On the waves of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul— 
Ne'er heard I a voice like that, 
And I threw all I owned at her very feet, 
For she was my neighbor's cat. —Ex.

The following is a yell given at one of the Western colleges:

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"Hast thou a lover?" asked he, 
"Oh maiden of the Rhine?"

She blushed in sweet confusion, 
And softly faltered, "nein."

He felt rebuffed and knew not 
What best to say, and then 
A sudden thought came to him, 
He pleaded, "Make it ten."

"What makes the boys leave college so?"
The thoughtless prep inquires.
The adage will the reason show—
"Where there's smoke there's fire."

—Colby Echo.
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