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INSURE YOUR LIVES IN A RELIABLE COMPANY.
A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF RUFUS DEERING.

T he death of Rufus Deering of Portland, Maine, has removed from the Free Baptist denomination one of its most earnest and devoted workers, one of its most wise and sagacious counsellors, one of its most loyal friends and generous benefactors. For many years he has been closely connected with all its different interests, and has devoted a great deal of time out of a busy life to the promotion of their welfare. He was born in the town of Scarborough, near Portland, on the 16th day of April, A.D. 1818. His parents were Christian people, and from their precepts and example, more particularly from the wise teaching of a loving mother, sound moral and Christian principles were deeply fixed in the young boy's mind.

He was thrown upon his own resources at an early age, and at once began to educate himself as well as his limited opportunity and means would allow, using a large part of his first months' wages of about five dollars in the purchase of books. In spite of the unfavorable circumstances in which he was placed, he was able to obtain a good education, and by keeping up the habit of study and reading which he early acquired, his mind was broad-
ened and strengthened. He took a deep interest in all that was transpiring about him, and was remarkably well informed on all the topics of the day.

At the age of seventeen years he went to West Buxton, where he worked as a carpenter and school teacher, at the same time keeping books. In 1840 he went to Georgia to engage in lumbering, and here he was surrounded by great temptations to intemperance and other vices, but he came out of the trial uninjured, and in fact strengthened by his experience. He was ever after an unflinching enemy of the rum traffic, and an earnest, consistent believer and worker in the temperance cause.

In 1843 he was married to Miss Deborah Eastman of Limerick, Maine, and they soon joined the Free Will Baptist Church at West Buxton. Thus early in their married life they established that true Christian home which afterwards was so influential upon their children, and shed a bright light into many other hearts and lives. Their children were most carefully and lovingly trained, were early taught the precepts of the Bible, and one by one at an early age were led to accept the faith which they had seen exemplified in the lives of their parents. In 1854 they removed to Portland and Mr. Deering went into the lumber business on Commercial Street, where he continued till his death. He was faithful, industrious, and persevering in his business and was very successful, building up a large and profitable trade.

To the First Free Baptist Church of Portland, which he joined soon after removing to that city, he was an invaluable ally, serving most acceptably as treasurer of the parish for twenty-eight years and as a deacon for thirty-two years. He was ever cheerful and hopeful, even in times of darkness and adversity. Constantly planning advanced work and better accommodations for his church, he was willing also to give liberally of his time and money. He was ever among the foremost in evangelical work, ever thoughtful of the aged and infirm, and ever reaching out a helping hand to the young and inexperienced convert. That church is to-day more largely indebted to his untiring labor, foresight, and liberality for its present standing and church home than to any other one person. His home was ever open to the ministers and other workers of the denomination, and many have enjoyed his hospitality while seeking his advice and encouragement.

He was always one of the foremost workers in the Sunday-school and was its efficient superintendent for many years. He was teacher of a class when not acting as superintendent, and to the members of his class he was most helpful. He was a close student of the Bible, and never appeared before his class without a careful preparation of the lesson.

As might be expected of a man who was so deeply interested in his own church, he extended his efforts to the benevolent and educational work of the denomination. For three years he was President of the Home Mission Society; for twenty-five years treasurer of the State society; many times a
delegate to the General Conference; and for many years, up to the time of his death, a member of the Conference Board. He was deeply interested also in foreign mission work and was ever giving liberally to its aid. He erected a building for the Bible School in Midanapore, India, and in his will gave the sum of two thousand dollars to aid in carrying on this work.

Although he did not have the opportunity and means to procure a liberal education for himself, he was anxious to aid the young in every way to obtain the best education possible. For thirteen years he was one of the trustees of Bates College, most of that time serving on the Executive Board. He gave liberally of his means to the college, Cobb Divinity School, and other institutions. He was one of the charter members of the Ocean Park Association, which was formed in 1880, and one of the first to erect a cottage on its grounds. He was a member of the Board of Directors from its organization to his death, and for ten years its honored president. The success which has attended this association in furnishing a quiet and enjoyable summer home at this lovely beach is largely due to his inspiring, unwearied efforts.

Of his private work and benevolences we can not give any particulars, but we know that he was a very generous man, giving to many public benevolent causes in his own city most liberally, and ever seeking an opportunity to assist the needy about him. His giving was systematic, a certain amount being set aside each year to be used in this way.

Mr. Deering was one of the finest types of the true Christian gentleman. It has been the pleasant privilege of the writer to be associated with him in many ways, to be in his company under many different circumstances, at home and abroad, on business and on pleasure trips, and he never saw Mr. Deering in act or word inconsistent with his profession as a follower of Christ. He was courteous to all, shedding joy and gladness wherever he went. He thoroughly enjoyed life, was a most agreeable companion, was ever ready to join the young in any proper amusement, but he never lowered his colors or allowed any improper action or language in his presence to go unrebuked either by word or look.

A true life has ended here below, but we are assured that he has entered into the rest that has been prepared for the faithful, which he looked forward to with such confidence.

His first wife died in 1883. In 1886 he was married to Mrs. Abby T. Thissell, who survives him. His surviving children are Mrs. Emily I. Jordan of Limerick, Me.; Miss Hattie A. Deering, a Professor in Hillsdale College, Mich.; Mr. Charles E. Deering, and Mrs. W. J. Orr, of Portland.

L. M. W., '70.

THE MINISTER'S STORY.

[Following the "Funny Man's Story," which appeared in the December STUDENT.]

As the Funny Man neared the end of his remarkable production he seemed to be deeply affected, and was obliged to pause several times to wipe his eyes. It was easy to see, however, that the Minister was not listening. Apparently oblivious of everything around him, he was leaning back in
his chair, with his hands clasped before him, evidently engaged in deep meditation. The Drummer was obliged to speak to him several times before he was made to realize that his turn had come to furnish a story.

"How strange a thing is life," he exclaimed, half to himself. "While some laugh, others are sad; the bush from which one plucks beautiful flowers has for another only thorns. Yet, blessed thought! those that weep now shall be comforted.

"Gentlemen, there is a village about a dozen miles from here, up on this railroad, called Rosevale, where I commenced to preach fifteen years ago. It was a quiet country village then which seemed to be shut out from the world by the mountains that rose all around it, as if God would hide it away from all harm. When I first began to preach there I became acquainted, among others of my flock, with a young couple who had just been married, and before whom seemed to be a life of happiness. They lived in a little house up on the side of the mountain. I used to love to take long walks in those days, for there was something in the loneliness of the forests that seemed to bring me nearer to God. I remember of often coming down the mountain side as the summer day was drawing to a close, and finding this young man at work in his garden. I would stop and speak to him about the joys of a Christian life. He would lean on his hoe and talk earnestly with me, but I couldn't help feeling, as I went away, that my words had been in vain. There seemed to be something about him which I could not understand—something that puzzled me and caused an involuntary shudder to pass through me. Why, I knew not.

While I was talking with this young man I could hear his wife singing in the house, and often she would come out, with a pleasant smile on her face; for she seemed to be happy all the time in those days.

"In my talks with the people of my flock I came to know all the past life of this young couple, and found that her parents lived over on the other side of the mountain, while it was said by those who seemed to know that his father was a man of considerable wealth in New York. It seems that this young man, having plenty of money, had spent a summer vacation hunting and fishing among these mountains and had thus seen the girl who afterwards became his wife. Charming her with his fluent talk and easy manners, he had quickly won her heart, and they were married. She loved him; whether he loved her or not, God alone knows. I will say here that his name was John Benton and her name was Margaret—or Maggie, as the folks all called her.

"Well, it seems that when his father heard of this he sent him an angry letter, disowning him and telling him that he should never have a cent of his wealth. The young man had then, with what money he had with him, bought the little place over on the side of the mountain near Rosevale, and he and his young and trusting wife had commenced their married life there in what seemed to be happiness.
"Every Sunday they came to church, she looking as sweet as an angel, while he—well, as I said before, I could not understand him, and whenever I looked at him I felt that there was something lacking in his character. Yet there was something that seemed to draw me to him, and often in preparing my sermons the thought of him was in my mind, and I prayed that my words might in some way help him.

"I had spent two years of pleasant, happy work in that little village, and had brought many souls into closer relations with Christ, I trust, when one day my wife and I went over to call upon this young couple, as we had done very frequently, for we had become very much interested in them. During these two years there had, apparently, been nothing to mar their happiness. Although inexperienced in farming, he had worked hard, and God had prospered them. A little one had come to bless their home—a boy that had the very features of his father. On this day of which I am speaking the young man was preparing to go away, and he told me that he had just received word that his father was very sick and desired to see him. I knew not why it was, but while he was speaking to me the idea went through my mind that he was thinking more of his father's money than of his father. He was to take the train at the nearest station, which was then about three miles away. As he left the house his wife went with him to the gate, with the baby in her arms. He kissed them both and, hurrying away, was soon hid from sight by a turn in the road. The wife came back into the house with a look of sadness on her face that I shall never forget, and clasping her little one more tightly in her arms, burst into tears. What cause had she for weeping? Her husband would be gone only a few days. Was it a premonition of some evil—the shadow of a great darkness that was to come to her? I could not understand. My wife tried to soothe her, and she was soon smiling through her tears. Laying the little one, who had gone to sleep, in its cradle, she went with us into the yard, showed us the roses that were just beginning to open their buds, and plucked off one that seemed almost ready to spring into full bloom; but as she raised it in her hand it fell to pieces, and the petals fluttered to the ground. She started and turned pale, and as I went away I noticed the same sad look on her face that I had seen before.

"After two or three weeks had passed, the village gossips began to say that John Benton was staying away a good while, and the postmistress whispered to her intimate friends, of whom she had many, that no letters had come from him to his wife, and that, although she had come to the post-office every day, she had gone away each time disappointed, and people began to notice that her cheeks were growing a little thinner and paler. The weeks slipped away, and the roses in the front yard of that little house one after another bloomed and faded. July and August came and passed, and still John Benton did not come back, nor, to the knowledge of the postmistress, had any letters
come from him. The people of the village shook their heads, and felt that there was a great mystery somewhere; but as Mrs. Benton went about silently, telling her troubles to no one, the mystery remained a mystery. She did not come to church now, because she must stay at home with her child, but my good wife, who had learned to love her, would often go over there, finding her almost always kneeling in prayer.

Three more years passed away, and still things seemed about the same. John had not returned, but his wife still lived in the little cottage with her child. Why she did not go back to her father's to live, no one knew, and, indeed, no one seemed to know much about her now.

Five years had passed away since I began my work in that pleasant village, and God seemed to call me to a new field of labor. It was with many feelings of regret that I left Rosevale, for the people had become dear to me, and they seemed to like me; but our ways are not always God's ways, and however much I should have enjoyed staying in the little village among the hills, I felt that my duty now lay elsewhere. I and my wife said good-bye to our friends there, and riding over the dusty roads to the railroad station, were soon speeding away to our new field of labor. Often, in the months that followed, we spoke of the little house on the mountain side, and prayed for that woman into whose life so much trouble had come, and whom we felt that God alone could comfort. Occasionally letters came from our friends there, from which we learned that Mrs. Benton still lived alone with the little child, and that nothing had been heard from her husband.

"When I had been gone from Rosevale five years, I had a longing to see my friends there once more, and so, writing to the pastor at that place, I made arrangements for an exchange with him for one Sunday. It was a pleasant Saturday in April when I went there, and as I neared the village I found that many changes had taken place during the few years of my absence. The railroad now ran through the village, and several new streets had been laid out. Everything seemed to be active. As I got off the train one of my first questions was in regard to Mrs. Benton. I found that she still lived in the same house, but the little child, which had seemed to be all that was left to her, was dead now, and I could not help feeling that there were many things in life that I could not understand. Why do some have so much grief, while others see nothing but joy and sunshine? I almost felt like complaining against God who could allow it. And yet He knows best.

"I was to stop that night with one who had helped me in many ways during my pastorate there, and that evening, as we sat talking about things of the past, there was a rap at the door. My host opened it and a woman, with her hair all loose, and with a wild look in her eyes, stood there. It was Mrs. Benton; but her hair, which had been brown only five years before, was now snowy white. I afterward learned that it had become so since her child died. She looked in and saw me, and then,
clasping her hands together, exclaimed, 'Come, for God's sake, come!' I could see that there was some more trouble, and I followed her out into the night.

"'She is crazy,' my host whispered to me as I went out. She said not a word to me as we walked along the street and up the side of the mountain toward the house, but often she would raise her hands to her face, and moaning piteously would say, as if involuntarily, 'O God, why hast thou forsaken me?' When we reached the house she motioned me to go in, and I did so. She, following me, locked the door, and then, pointing to another room, exclaimed, 'She is dying in there. Go in, but don't let me see her again. O, why did God bring her here?'

"I went into the room indicated, and there lay a woman over whom the Angel of Death seemed already hovering. My first thought was that a physician ought to be summoned, but as I glanced in her face I saw that anything of that kind would be useless now, and that all that could be done was to commend her soul to God. Her eyes were closed as I went in, but she opened them. I took my Bible from my pocket to read to her, but she motioned for me to stop, and I could see that there was some great burden upon her mind. With a strength that seemed remarkable in one who was evidently so near the end of life, she commenced to talk hurriedly, as if she had much to say before she went. I will not repeat the words that she said, but her talk pertained to John Benton, and his life after he had left Rosevale, eight years before.

"Arriving in New York, he had found his father already dead, and also found, contrary to his expectations, that he had changed his mind and left all his money to him. The woman who now lay dying before me had been acquainted with him ever since they were children, and when she found that he had come into possession of his father's property she determined to win him to herself. She knew that he was already married, but with the glitter of gold before her she had used all her wiles so successfully that he, devil that he was, had married her, putting out from his heart whatever love he had for the true woman waiting for him at Rosevale. They had left New York together and traveled for two years in Europe. Thinking that their money would last forever, they had spent it lavishly until, in a few years, it was gone.

"When the woman had reached this part of her story she seemed to weaken fast. Her breath came in gasps, and she had to stop speaking for a few moments. 'Where is John Benton now?' I asked when she seemed to be able to speak again.

"'I don't know,' she answered with difficulty; 'when the money gave out I left him, for money was everything to me then—but it won't save me now though!' she exclaimed bitterly after a pause. She remained silent for a moment, and I thought that she would never speak again. But, suddenly starting up, she stared toward the door through which I had entered the room.

"'Who is that woman?' she asked in frightened tones, pointing in the direction toward which her eyes were
turned. I looked around and saw Mrs. Benton standing there and gazing toward the dying woman, with eyes from which gleamed the light of insanity, mingled with a look of intense hatred. From that sad sight I turned my eyes back again to the woman before me. Her gaze was still directed toward the door where Mrs. Benton stood, and speaking to me again, this time in a feeble whisper, she asked, 'Who is she? Who is she?' Then breaking off, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Don't ask God to forgive me, for I don't deserve it.' These were her last words. In a few moments her soul had taken its flight. I then turned around and looked toward the door, but Mrs. Benton had disappeared as noiselessly as she had entered. The poor woman who had just died had carried a part of her secrets with her. How she happened to be at Rosevale I did not know. Neither did I know how she happened to be at that particular house. All that I could learn was that she had called there just at nightfall, cold and sick, and that Mrs. Benton had taken her in and had heard from her a part of her story before she came for me."

The Minister now stopped to get a drink of water from a pail that stood near. As he did so he noticed, for the first time, that the Tramp had risen from his chair and was now on the other side of the room, looking out of the window into the night. But the man lying on the settle in the corner whom, for obvious reasons, we will call the Silent Man, had seen more than this. He noticed that when the Minister had first commenced his story the Tramp had moved uneasily in his chair, and then had pulled his ragged hat down lower over his face. As the story proceeded he had gotten up and walked to the further side of the room where the light was dim, and pressing his face against the window, had remained motionless, peering out into the darkness. Once or twice the Silent Man thought that he heard a stifled groan come from his lips. But it was so faint that it might have been the result of imagination. The Minister held the dipper of water to his lips for a long time, with his eyes still fixed upon the Tramp, and then setting it down, he began to go on with his story. He had spoken only a few words when a rumble was heard, which told that the train was approaching. In an instant the Tramp opened the door and stepped out into the darkness.

The Minister, stopping in the midst of a sentence, rose from his chair, and striding toward the door, opened it and stood looking out. Almost immediately the approaching train thundered up to the station and stopped. As it did so the Funny Man, the Drummer, and the Silent Man, gathering up their baggage, prepared to leave, forgetting for a moment the Minister's unfinished story in their wonder at the strange actions of the Tramp and the Minister himself. When they reached the door and looked out they saw the conductor and some more of the train men lifting from between the wheels of the engine what seemed to be the lifeless body of a man.

"Another dead tramp," the con-
ductor said with a careless laugh, and as they bore him into the depot, where the light shone full upon him, it was easy to see that it was the same one who had gone out just before. They laid him on the floor, and the Minister, kneeling down beside him, brushed the hair back from the face and gazed at him earnestly for a moment. Then he looked up at the three other men of our narrative and whispered, "It is John Benton and he's been listening to a story of his own misdeeds to-night."

A number of the passengers, who had gotten off from the train when they heard that a man had been run over, gathered in the depot around the body, out of idle curiosity. Some one of them heard the whispered words of the Minister and caught the name "Benton." "His name is Benton," one or two called out in reply to a question from a man standing on the platform of the front car.

Immediately there was a scream from within the car, and a woman rushed out and made her way through the crowd into the depot. For a moment she looked at the mangled form of the tramp on the floor, and then with a piercing cry flung herself down beside him and raised his head in her lap. It was noticed that while she seemed to be still young, her hair was snowy white, and one in the crowd whispered to another that she was insane. The Silent Man turned a questioning look at the Minister. "Yes," the latter replied in an undertone, "it is Mrs. Benton. How did she happen to be here? God sent her."

The Tramp now half opened his eyes, looked up at the face of the woman bending over him, and as if trying to recall something, moved his hand over his forehead. Then raising a lock of the woman's hair to his lips for a moment, he sank back and his eyes closed again. It was only a faint, however, and in a few minutes he sighed deeply and opened his eyes again. The train was nearly ready to start now, and the Minister, after a short talk with the woman, whispered to the three men of our story, and together they raised the helpless Tramp and carried him into a car, the woman still keeping at his side. When the train reached Rosevale they tenderly bore him into the depot there, and then our story-tellers separated, the Minister staying at Rosevale, while the Funny Man, the Drummer, and the Silent Man, stepping onto the train again, were borne away.

Several years afterward, the Silent Man, happening to pass through Rosevale, thought he would stop and look around. He noticed that the ticket agent walked with crutches, and was astonished to find that his name was John Benton. A few hours later in the day, just at sunset, idly strolling outside the village, he came to a little grave-yard, and inside was standing this same man, while at his side was a woman with hair of snowy whiteness, but whose features no longer showed any traces of insanity. They were putting fresh roses upon a small grave—the grave of the little child whom the Silent Man had heard about in the Minister's story.

L. D. Thibetts, '96.
THE VIOLIN.

Flowers and a glitter of light,
A shimmer of silks and laces,
And a long room fairly bright,
A-blossom with laughing faces.

A shivering music-sigh
Thro' the ripple of talk and laughter;
Like a wind it passed us by,
With a shower of wild notes after.

Then lo, by a winter sea
We stood, and the storm was wailing,
And the sea-gulls shrieked with glee
In the track of the tempest sailing.

And a bell in the dark rang doom;—
But as mist that a scene erases
A silence fell, and behold, the room
A-blossom with happy faces.

—M. S. M., '91.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

I prayed for light, for all Life's barren course
Seemed filled with shadow—darkness gloomed around,
And Doubt walked on before, with deathly hand
Clasping my hand, and led my weary steps,
Hauling and stumbling through long joyless ways.

Where poisonous weeds grow rank, and cold remorse
Sheed its sick perfumes, bitter e'en than Death.
Yet still I prayed for light that would not come;
And then from out the darkness and the gloom
A voice as soft as summer winds at night
Spake in my heart, and seemed to breathe these words:

"O blind one, canst thou be from darkness led
By one that loves the darkness—treacherous Doubt?"

Thrust Doubt aside, and then before thine eyes
Shall be revealed the blessed light of God."

I heard the voice; and gathering all my strength
Let go the hand of Doubt and pressed him back.

Behold, a wondrous, joyous change was wrought!
For where before the way seemed filled with thorns,
Sweet flowers bloomed, and all the path around
Was brilliant with the light that God alone
Gives to His children; then sweet music played,
And smiling Faith, with words of loving cheer,
Came to me, put her tender hand in mine,
And led me on.

L'ECRIVAILLEUR, '9-

LINES.

Ah! love 'tis,
And faith 'tis,
That makes a happy day.

May God's plans
E'en my hands
Work out, and Him obey.

Not Sorrow's cloud,
Nor Death's shroud,
Can make me tremble now.

To God's will,
Up life's hill,
I'll meekly, bravely bow.

The turning
No learning
Can teach of life's strange road;

But love 'tis,
And faith 'tis,
That lifts the heavy load.

—S. M. B., '98.

Evangelist Gale's visit to Auburn has proven a great blessing to Bates.
He spoke to the students Sunday morning, February 23d, and met the ladies and men separately during the week following, and gave impressive talks. At the farewell service, in Auburn, the college was represented by Cutts, '96, who expressed the sentiments of all the students of personal gratitude for Mr. Gale's visit. Wonderful results have been seen already in our midst. Special meetings are being held each evening by the students, and, in a quiet way, they are endeavoring to induce others to enter upon the Christian life.
College News and Interests.

LOCALS.
“| reverently believe that the Maker, who made us all, makes everything in New England except the weather.”—Mark Twain.
Are we to finish the term without a social?
Marr and Burrill, ’97, are among the latest returned from teaching.
Miss Knowles, ’97, acted as librarian during the absence of Miss Woodman.
A number of the boys exercised the franchise for the first time at the March election.
Bates is again in the Maine Intercollegiate Base-Ball League, and, we hope, to stay.
Flagg & Plummer have taken an excellent series of photographs of the gymnasium team.
“There are no rent lands—there aren’t any rent lands—I mean there are no no-rent lands.”
Why so many conflicting meetings at twelve o’clock? Let us have an understanding beforehand.
Several of the theological students have supplied lately at the Pine Street Free Baptist Church.
The Bates delegates to the Y. W. C. A. State convention were the guests of the Colby association.
Professor Strong has been making some exceedingly interesting experiments with the cathode rays.
We are glad to welcome among us M. P. Dutton of North Anson, who has become a member of ’99.

Professor Angell was unable to meet his classes for several days last week, on account of serious illness.
Rev. C. E. Cate, of Portland, lectured before the theological students, February 28th, on the “Incarnation.”
Rehearsals of the “Merchant of Venice” are going on daily. Everything points to a successful production.
Parker and Miss Houghton, ’97, are teaching, the former in Greene, the latter as assistant in Monson Academy.
Cut not thy theme, for if you do
Your mentor’s wrath will fall on you:
For know you, that the Prof. will say,
“Where is that essay due to-day?”
And if you say I cannot tell
The Prof. will wreak a vengeance fell;
And he will scale your rank to be,
Down from its perch of A to Z.

While the flood detained Instructor Dinsmore across the river on the morning of the 3d inst., the Freshmen took a cut.
Bates students are constant and persistent attendants at all fires and freshets; the co-eds are especially interested.
A letter has been received from the Colby representatives on the debate, expressing thanks for their pleasant reception while in Lewiston.
President Chase lectured to the Sophomores on poetry last week. For two days, during Professor Stanton’s absence, the Freshmen recited to him in Latin.
Recitations and society meetings were laid aside Friday out of respect to the
memory of Mrs. Stanton. The college classes sent flowers to the funeral.

The visitors into recitation have been quite frequent of late. Among them have been Professor Black of Colby, and Professor Dunton of the Lewiston High School.

Prof. (after an experiment)—"If it had been a thing animate instead of inanimate and in conspiracy to waste my time and yours, it could not have acted worse."

Mr. E. E. Osgood, of the Emerson School of Oratory, is drilling the Sophomores for their declamations at the end of the term, and once more the chapel rings with eloquence.

The Latin School ball team practice mornings in the college cage. They have many candidates for their team, and expect to have one of the strongest among the fitting schools of the state.

Dr. Summerbell's Sunday evening lectures are proving very popular. One more has been added to the course, to be given on the evening of March 22d; subject, "The Decline of the English Reformation."

Mr. Tukey, in behalf of the Class of '98, recently presented to the college a handsome crayon of Professor Hartshorn. The Professor accepted the portrait, in behalf of the college, in a graceful, off-hand speech.

Thomas, '96, and Durkee, '97, were the judges at the preliminary speaking of the Middle Class at the Latin School. Eight were put over to speak for the prize. The exercises of the prize division took place Friday evening, March 13th, at the Main Street Church.

The prizes were awarded to Dunham and White.

The Y. M. C. A. officers for the coming year have been elected as follows: President, Skillings, '97; Vice-President, Landman, '98; Recording Secretary, Tukey, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Toothaker, '98; Treasurer, Greeley, '99.

Extract from "Rules and Regulations," by Prof. S—g:

If some day it must happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list, I've got a little list,
Of pestilential students who would well be under ground,
And who never will be missed, who never will be missed;
Of customary loafers who cut me day by day,
The sum of all whose knowledge is the present tense of lay,
Of the catalogue of dunces who know not what to say,
Of the young and frisky co-eds, so frolicsome and gay,
Who bother me and pester me until my hair turns gray.
They'll dance another step when I the fiddle play,
When I read my little list, they'll not one of them be missed.

A question at present much discussed among the students is that of changing the time of the Sophomore-Freshman base-ball game from fall to spring, and substituting in the fall a foot-ball game between these two classes. In doing this Bates would be falling into line with other colleges and materially benefiting both the great college games.

Cunningham, '97, manager of the Athletic exhibition, is getting out a handsome souvenir programme. It is to be arranged along the lines of the Dartmouth-Amherst foot-ball souve-
nirs; designed cover, several cuts, programme, and advertising directory. The same ads., with different cuts, programme, and cover will also be used at the presentation of the "Merchant of Venice" next term.

We were favored with the presence of President Butler and Professor Black of Colby, at chapel the morning after the debate. The former conducted the exercises, and at the close gave a short friendly address, in which he congratulated us on our victory, declaring it well earned, and said that Colby would be prepared to beat us next year. His remarks were warmly applauded.

Since this number went to press we learn with deep regret of the death of our friend and prospective foot-ball coach, Edward M. Bowles. Mr. Bowles made himself a favorite at Bates through his strong individuality, his warm interest in the college and her foot-ball team, and his kindly manners to us all. Big Bowles, as he was called, had a heart as big as himself, and that is saying much, for a better specimen of developed manhood never walked Bates' campus. We shall miss his cheery voice and hearty enthusiasm next fall.

The enterprise of Bates co-eds was well shown by the Y. W. C. A. entertainment in the gymnasium on the evening of Washington's Birthday. The various booths were well patronized. Dignity was given the occasion by the presence of George Washington and wife, John Adams and wife, and Thomas Jefferson and wife. The feature of the evening was the Washington march, after which the distinguished visitors received for a short time.

Calendars containing a cut of the college buildings were on sale and served as a souvenir of the occasion. We understand an appreciable sum was realized for the association treasury.

The newly organized Building Fund Association has adopted a constitution and elected the following officers: President, Cutts, '96; Vice-President, Skillings, '97; Corresponding Secretary, Mason, '96; 1st Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Miss Morrill, '97; 2d Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Purington, '96; Recording Secretary, Miss Chase, '99; Assistant Treasurer, Cunningham, '97; Executive Committee, President and Vice-President, ex officio, Miss Mason, '96, Coy, '96, Milliken, '97, Miss Files, '98, Greeley, '99; Collectors, Howard, '96, Foss, '97, Landman, '98, Calhoun, '99. The treasurer of the college is treasurer of the association.

Mr. Ellis, a representative of the Maine Outings, a magazine devoted to Maine sport and published in Portland, was recently at the college to make arrangements for an illustrated article on "Athletics at Bates." His plan was to publish such an article on condition of procuring fifty subscribers to his magazine at the college. A committee of students was appointed to look after the matter, and we understand that the necessary subscriptions have been obtained. Mr. Thompson, '96, was appointed as regular correspondent for the remainder of the college year. While Bates has been decidedly misrepresented in this magazine of late, we are assured of fair treatment in the future.
THE BATES STUDENT.

The alumni will be pained to learn of the death of Mrs. Professor Stanton, that occurred Tuesday, March 3d, at eight o'clock in the morning. The funeral was held on the following Friday, attended by the relatives and the Faculty of the College. Selections from the scriptures were read by her pastor, Rev. G. M. Howe. Rev. G. S. Dickerman, D.D., a former pastor and personal friend, made remarks appropriate to the occasion and appreciative of the deceased. A fervent prayer was offered by Professor Hayes of the Divinity School. President Chase and Professors Rand, Jordan, and Files served as bearers. The remains were conveyed to the Riverside Cemetery and placed in the tomb. Many hearts have been touched by this sad bereavement, and many testimonials of sympathy and respect from within and without the college have been received by the afflicted family. A sketch of Mrs. Stanton will appear in the next Student.

OUR VICTORY.

"ἄτομον ὁ ζῇ τῷ ποθέντασιν,
οὐδὲ ἐὰν μὲν γλῶσσαι, δέκα ὃς στόρατ' ἔστιν,
φωνῇ δ' ἄφροφητῳ, θάλασσα ἔστι μὴ ἠτρ ἐνείτιν."

—ΠΑΙΔ.

CITY HALL was filled with a good-sized audience on the evening of February 27th, when Bates and Colby inaugurated the era of intercollegiate debates in Maine. The few facts are soon chronicled; but a faithful record of the occasion exists only in the memory of those who attended. His Honor, Mayor Noble, presided. Callahan's orchestra furnished the music of the evening. The college sat in a body at the front, and gave a decided inspiration to our debaters. After prayer by Rev. C. A. Towne, the chairman read the question for discussion: "Resolved, that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 should be the financial policy of our government." A. S. Cole opened the affirmative for Colby, and her other speakers were Richard Collins and H. W. Dunn. Bates had the negative and was represented by C. E. Milliken, J. Stanley Durkee, and A. B. Howard. The speaking was done alternately by each college and the speakers were limited to fifteen minutes each. Rev. G. M. Howe was the impartial time-keeper. The Colby men were young-looking, and presented a pleasing appearance on the platform. Their arguments were crowded with statistics and were devoted largely to a defense of bimetallism. They all spoke rapidly and made no attempts at oratory.

The negative expressed the intention at the outset of constructing an independent argument, and adhered to this purpose throughout. Their admirable team work was a subject of remark. The arguments they advanced were characterized by careful delivery and forcible oratory. At the conclusion of the speaking, the committee of award, consisting of President Hyde of Bowdoin, Col. F. N. Dow and Hon. M. P. Frank of Portland, retired to prepare a decision. The conditions of award, as announced, were: Best presentation of side, logic, oratory, and delivery.
The committee was out but a few minutes. President Hyde's felicitous remarks, in rendering the decision, congratulated both sides upon the ability with which the arguments had been presented. He said that if the committee were omnipotent, they would have two medals struck, one of gold which they would present to Bates, and another of silver sixteen times as large, which should go to Colby, but as only one award could be made, it belonged to Bates.

The result was received with hearty applause by the audience, above which could be heard the enthusiastic and long-continued cheering of Bates men. Nine 'rahs were given for Colby and for each of her representatives, and lastly, as the audience filed out of the hall, "B-A-T-E-S," etc., sounded forth with a will. Our enterprising co-eds had arranged for an impromptu reception at Cheney Hall, to which we all went, and spent the time until midnight in enjoying our well-earned victory.

The delegates from the Maine Young Woman's Christian Associations, at Northfield last summer, were strongly impressed while there with the need of some movement which would bring the associations of the state in closer touch with each other, this state having no state association. As a result a deputation meeting was decided upon, to be held at Waterville with the Colby Y. W. C. A.

Our hopes for the meeting were realized, when on February twenty-eighth, delegates from Hebron, Higgins and Coburn Classical Institutes, and from our own association, assembled with the Colby women in the college chapel. Eighteen of our girls attended the meeting, our delegation being much the largest. We were very cordially received by the Colby girls, who made our visit to Waterville a very pleasant one.

Miss Pepper, President of the Colby Association, opened the first session with an address of welcome. The afternoon was then spent in listening to reports from the associations and transacting business. In the evening we had the pleasure of listening to Miss Simms, General Secretary of the International Association, as she spoke to us of the power of college women when engaged in Christian work. Her address was followed by a stirring address by Dr. Butler on Christian growth.

The forenoon session was particularly helpful, especially the College Conference, led by Miss Simms, and the Bible Hour, led by Miss Teal, Secretary of the Portland association. The cabinet and committee work was discussed as fully as time would permit. Miss Teal brought out very plainly the importance of Bible study, and gave an outline of the work. Miss Nye, from Colby, read a paper on the Student Volunteer Movement, and Miss Miller, of our association, a very stirring article on Spiritual Awakening.

The forenoon session closed our first Deputation meeting. We returned with a stronger determination to do active, earnest work for our Master, and to consecrate our lives anew to His service.

Miss M. E. Dolley,
President Y. W. C. A.
We had expected to give to our readers of this issue a symposium upon an interesting subject, and one occupying the thoughts of a large number of students. We have delayed going to press, hoping that the articles would arrive in time, but are disappointed. We are assured, however, that we shall have them later, but may be forced to print them at different times. The editors are more and more impressed with the fact that this life is a busy life, and men who have gained prominence, and keep it, are men who have toiled, and are to-day toiling unremittingly. There is no substitute for work. Brightest genius and rarest gifts shall only be known through long-continued toil. If sometimes the student at Bates is inclined to weary with the close work and steady application, let him remember that by this means alone can he hope to take his place by the side of those men who are scholars and masters. We are proud of the record Bates College has made for herself, in the face of great difficulties, and are proud of the success crowning her efforts to-day. But we must remember that only steady, persistent toil can bring us to the desired perfection of scholarship, and make us worthy representatives of our loved institution.

The result of the Bates-Colby debating contest is not only very gratifying to us as Bates students, but it has lessons to teach us as well. Just as in case of defeat we should have studied the causes which hindered us, in order to remove them if possible; so our victory will have double value if we notice some of the conditions which helped to make it possible. Thus having discovered why, as a college, we were successful, we can resolve to retain and improve the favorable conditions.

This debate should teach us in the first place the value of harmony. The sympathy between Faculty and students, the utter absence of class or society jealousy, and the unanimous, hearty support given by the college to her representatives, contributed in no small degree to the successful result.

But the most significant feature of the victory is expressed in the following extract from the Waterville Mail:

A member of the Colby Faculty, who witnessed the debate between the Colby and Bates representatives at Lewiston, counsels a revival of the old-fashioned debating club at the Waterville institution—and wisely. However scholarly a man may be and however well he may be equipped with facts and arguments, he is at a disadvantage in the presence of an opponent who has had the experience in debating before a large audience, which he himself lacks. We understand that at Bates this practice of public debating is followed faithfully, and, judging from the reports of the debate on Wednesday, it produces the best of results.

Beneath all the incidents of this particular debate the contest was between two different systems, and the result was a victory of literary societies over secret societies.

The value of the training in public speaking, which may be afforded by regular work in our literary societies,
can hardly be overestimated. This training means not merely increased power in debating, and increased strength for Bates in intercollegiate contests, but also a permanent advantage for Bates graduates in the competition of practical life. Training in public speaking is recognized as an essential part of education. Other things being equal, the man who has acquired the power to express his opinions clearly and forcibly before an audience has a great advantage in any department of life.

This power can only be gained by systematic practice, and the literary societies afford an ideal opportunity for such practice. A Bates alumnus said to the writer a few weeks ago, "If I had only realized while in college, as I do to-day, what an opportunity my literary society was offering me, I would have taken a greater interest in its work." This opportunity is before us as Bates students. Let us make the most of it.

We are sure that the whole college is glad at heart that Bates is back in the four-cornered Maine Intercollegiate Base-Ball League. It has been four years since there has been such a league, and during each year there has been some different arrangement through which the colleges have met each other, and yet could arrive at no definite championship. During this time, while there has been a decided advance in college base-ball, owing to the better coaching and more regular practice of the college athlete of to-day, yet there has been a distinct falling off in the general interest of the student body which is the one thing that leads a college to success in athletics. We are sure that the league ensuring, as it does, regular competition and a fairly-awarded championship, will boom base-ball at Bates this spring. Bates took this step advisedly, for while the playing of the Bowdoin Medics was the root cause of the breaking up of the old league and for the cessation of which Bates has stood out, still it had come to a pass that we played a series of games with Bowdoin every year, Medics included, and it seems very little different winning or losing to her in or out of a league. Now we are in the league, the only thing to do is to keep up the standard of our teams while we were out of it, and at Commencement to have a pennant on our old flag-staff.

The Students' Building Fund Association is, we believe, the first movement of the kind ever inaugurated at Bates. With a constitution adopted and officers elected, it has entered upon its round of existence. College life, no less than other branches of modern activity, is tending to over-organize itself, and we do well, before augmenting this tendency, to ask ourselves whether there is a definite need of a new organization, or, in other words, whether there would be a distinct loss without it. Our undoubted growth during the last few years abundantly argues the need. The question turns on the best way of meeting this need. It is not reasonable to suppose that any great gift is soon to fall to the
college, for her patrons are too few; rather, whatever is realized, must be the aggregate of modest contributions. But to whom can we look to start such a fund? Bates' zealous alumni are at present occupied with raising funds for a chair of pedagogy; and while they would materially assist a building fund, once started, we cannot expect them to take the initial step. It is likewise hopeless to look elsewhere for pioneers; yet, we are persuaded that the friends of the college will generously respond to a movement that has an efficient organization back of it. Moreover, fresh laurels have placed Bates in a favorable light before the public, and the timeliness of such a move is apparent.

In view of these considerations, we think the existence of the Building Fund Association is amply justified and, further, is urgently called for. Its plan is to erect a building for the literary societies and Christian Associations, and to contain besides an assembly hall; for the students to take the initiative by securing pledges from those interested in the college and others whom they may, by personal efforts, interest. Subscriptions have already been received. The Executive Committee of the Association has had blank pledges printed, which may be had of them on application. These pledges stipulate that $25,000 shall be subscribed before work is commenced. The fact that the treasurer of the college is treasurer of the Association, insures a competent and trustworthy management of its finances.

With the work of solicitation actually begun, it behooves us, as loyal undergraduates, to give the organization our earnest support.

This season has witnessed the production of more student theatricals than any previous one in the history of American institutions. Almost invariably they have been given for purposes of aiding financially in worthy enterprises, and, contrary to the fears of a few over-anxious persons, do not signify that mere appearing before the footlights possesses any alluring attractions for the student. It is false and unjust, too, to suppose for an instant that training in elocution develops a longing for the stage. The production of student theatricals justifies no such supposition, but shows rather the willingness and unselfishness with which students assume the burden of additional and outside labor for the sake of some good cause connected with the welfare of their institutions. The stage, in itself, from the scholar's point of view, has no power to harm; an eminent American teacher says it may be as low as the bottomless pit or as high as heaven, reminding us that without it we should have had no Schiller and no Shakespeare, showing there is opportunity in it for what is noble, right, and pure. He says: "There is no book outside the Bible that makes sin appear so sinful as do Shakespeare's plays. Everywhere Shakespeare's power is tremendously moral. To fully appreciate his plays we must see them acted. He is always the favorite dramatist of the student, and the necessary study of interpretation
and labor of presentation on the part of those participating in producing the plays cannot fail to be educating and inspiring, which may serve in a slight degree as compensation for so much extra labor. Given as these student theatricals always are, before select, highly appreciative home audiences, we have all the conditions for the drama in its high and pure form.

In the old days the student was looked upon as having little intercourse with the world. Like the Clerk of the Canterbury Tales, he lived apart, forewent all pleasure, and cared alone for books and book-learning. More recently the student has appeared in exactly the opposite light. He is a privileged character, living a gay, romping life, uncontrolled by law or custom. To-day the idea of the student is different from either of these earlier views. No longer an ascetic, nor yet a lawless fellow, he is judged by the same standards as those about him. In becoming a student he does not renounce all intercourse with the world. The same laws govern him that govern other people, and the same requisites for being a gentleman are demanded from him as from others. And yet there ought to be a certain barrier between the student's life and the life of the ordinary man. A successful college course means something of self-denial. We go to college for a particular purpose, presumably to improve our intellectual powers. To accomplish this purpose we must forego everything that stands in its way. We cannot expect to gratify every social desire, and to take the whole world in while going through college. The student must plan to spend a definite time in study. Those who are always interested in what is going on outside, and who are continually arranging for some new form of amusement, are the ones who overlook the real meaning of the college course. Social life, while desirable and necessary at its proper time, should never become a main end of the college.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

IN MEMORIAM.

ANNIE V. STEVENS.

THE Class of '92 and the alumnae of Bates College met with a sad loss in the death of Annie V. Stevens, which occurred February 14th, at her home in Lewiston. Few left a record in scholarship equal to hers. Endowed with unusual ability, and the capacity for thorough application, she easily attained that degree of excellence which marked her entire course.

The first year after graduation Miss Stevens filled acceptably the position of High School assistant in Hopkinton, Mass. In the second year she took a post-graduate course at Yale, intending to fit herself for a special teacher of
English Literature and History. Last year she resumed her work of teaching, but finding her strength somewhat overtaxed, she returned to Lewiston for a little rest, as she supposed; but the fearful and insidious disease of consumption had taken a firm hold in her system, and from that time she failed rapidly.

Aside from her regular work as a student and teacher she found time for other duties and interests. She was a great reader, and always chose the best books. The historical novel was her lightest literature and afforded a favorite recreation. She gave some attention to music, and still more to that social circle of which her home and church formed a part. In short, any claim that her conscience imposed, her life acknowledged.

As we recall the college days we think of Annie Stevens as the close student, the careful and accurate scholar; but this is by no means the greatest tribute we can pay to her memory. Her sincerity of heart, far more than her depth of intellect, commands our admiration and regard. She had no desire to be politic. Whatever position she took she wished to be found there, and she was found there. Fearless in the extreme, no prospect of unpopularity made her waver in doing what she believed to be right.

She was quiet and reserved by nature, and only those who knew her well could appreciate her warm heart and kindly sympathy with any one in distress. These qualities, though quietly manifested, were very apparent to those whom she could help.

Such a life was full of bright possibilities. Her talents were an argument in behalf of the highest culture of woman. Their development must have won for her manifold opportunities for doing good. Yet our wise Father has seen fit to bring this promising life to a close, to leave to other hands her unfinished work. May that work not be left undone, but may the inspiration which a noble and useful life always leaves, fall upon those who cherish her memory.

V. E. M. F.

PERSONALS.

'67.—J. S. Parsons is a prosperous farmer and miller at Theed, North Dakota. His eldest son will graduate in June from the Law School of Michigan University.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford, D.D., editor of the Morning Star, has organized a "Morning Star Vacation Tour" to Europe during the summer of 1896. The trip is arranged by contract with Thomas Cook & Sons, the well-known excursion managers, and will be personally conducted by a representative of that firm. The party will leave Boston July 4th on the Cunard steamer Seythia, and returning, arrive in Boston August 25th. The tour will include England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Switzerland. Six days will be spent in London, five in Paris, and ten in Switzerland. Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, and Geneva are a few of the other places mentioned in the itinerary. Persons wishing to in-
clude Scotland and Italy can do so at minimum rates. Arrangements have been made so that the whole expense of the tour (855$) may be defrayed by securing 325 subscribers to the *Morning Star*. This trip is arranged especially for those who wish to make the most of a short vacation. Doubtless many will improve this opportunity to see the noted places of the Old World in a short time and at small expense.

'74.—Rev. Charles S. Frost is traveling among New England churches, advocating the adoption of the tithe system of giving for benevolent enterprises.

'75.—The course of lectures in English Literature recently delivered in Denver, Col., by Prof. J. R. Brackett of Colorado University, has attracted much favorable comment.

'75.—Rev. N. S. Parmeter is residing in Stoneham, Mass. His health is so much improved that he is now able to preach regularly. For some time past he has been occupying the pulpit of the Free Baptist Church in Brockton, Mass.

'77.—R. J. Emerson, A.M., is superintendent of schools in Minot, Me.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge, A.M., is practicing law in Lisbon, Me., and is also superintendent of schools for that town.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Lawrence, Mass.

'83.—L. B. Hunt is a prosperous merchant at Gray, Me.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee recently read an interesting paper before the Maine Historical Society at Portland, on "The Colonial Days of Kittery." Mr. Frisbee is about to publish a history of his ancestors back to 1497. Mr. Frisbee is connected with some of the distinguished old families of France and England. By reason of his ancestry he has joined the Huguenots Society of America, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Naval Order of the United States.

'84.—Rev. Aaron Beede contemplates a trip to Germany this summer.

'85.—E. H. Brackett is superintendent of schools in Canton, Mass.

'85.—Rev. M. P. Tobey is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Gilmanton Iron Works, N. H.

'88.—Prof. W. F. Tibbetts, of Hillsdale College, is pursuing a course of study in the Ancient Classics at Chicago University.

'88.—Miss Martha G. Pinkham is teaching in Lassell Academy.

'89.—H. E. Fernald, M.D., is practicing medicine in Pocasset, Mass.

'90.—H. V. Neal is instructor of Biology in Harvard University.

'92.—A. D. Shepard is superintendent of schools at Valley Falls, R. I.

Many Bates alumni have figured in the recent municipal elections. Hon. O. B. Clason, '77, was re-elected Mayor of Gardiner without opposition. Lewiston re-elected Mayor F. L. Noble, '74, by a handsome majority. N. W. Harris, '73, was elected Mayor of Auburn. In the Lewiston City Government for 1896 we find J. R. Little, '92, Councilman from Ward 1, and Prof. L. G. Jordan, '70, and F. H. Peekham, '72, on the school board. F. H. Briggs, '78, was elected a member of the Auburn school board.
College Exchanges.

EVERY student, whether himself an athlete or not, cannot fail to be intensely interested in an article, "Revival of the Olympic Games at Athens," published in the February number of the Bachelor of Arts. The writer (J. W. Lang, ex-President Oxford, U. A. C.), has treated the subject of athletics in such a wise, strong, and comprehensive manner, and the institution of world-wide Olympic games so interestingly, that a single reading of the article is not sufficient. We quote from it these few brief sentences: "It is impossible to overrate the importance of athletic sports. Athletics alone can correct the vicious tendencies of the artificial nature of modern life, and it is pleasing to find that the growing sense of their value should have received its important practical application at the hands of the above-mentioned institutions. . . . The qualities which must be of every-day practice with the athlete are those to which the highest place has ever been assigned by mankind. . . . It is a glory to a gentleman that he should possess a larger mind and a more highly developed intellect than the hoodlum, but it is a shame to him that the hoodlum should possess a broader chest and a more highly developed biceps."

The Brown Magazine, always a delightful exchange, opens the current number with "The Storied Pane," a long poem of unusual beauty and merit. We regret that lack of space forbids our quoting it entire, but we offer the following extract:

And now upon the pane, the moon,
Bursting a veil of vapor, shone.
And touched to life each holy form.
A soft light melted thro' the room;
It fell into the madman's brain
And calmed his raging, soothed his pain.
From dark soul-chambers, weird with gloom,
It drove the stricken imps of harm.
He looked up at the cross above,
The holy agony of love,
And as he gazed, he seemed to hear
A whisper, breathing in his ear:
"I loved the world and came to save
It from an everlasting grave.
Behold me dying, hated, curst,
The spit upon, the vilest, worst,
Yet from death's depths shall I return
To bless e'en those who would me spurn.
What is thy love? Up, man, arise!
The veil has fallen from thine eyes,
All men are beautiful and good,
Search out the man, the womanhood,
And thou shalt find Earth, Paradise."

—F. Severance Johnson.

In the Yale Lit. we read with much admiration and interest the Yale Lit. prize essay, by Cornelius Porter Kitchell, on "The Novels of Henry L. Sienskisniez." It is an example of vigorous, careful thought, and rare elegance of style. From the same number is the following:

THE AURORA.

In the frozen North, where half the year
Is ruled by continuous night,
There gleams a splendor beyond all ken;
Now too keen for the eyes of men,
And now a nebulous light.

Frozen and fettered the streamers rise,
In an ordered, an ominous row.
The moon in winter is not more chill,
Nor steel more hard, nor death more still,
Than the monarch who holds them so.
But see! they leap in fierce revolt,
And struggle, and rage, and strain;
The luminous streamers writhe and bound
And wound the air with a voiceless sound
As they tug at their icy chain.

But vain is the effort, and soon they rise
In a ghastly, radiant ring.
Their bonds are firm, and they may not forth,
For the souls of men who have died in the North
Are thrall to the Frozen King!

—Huntington Mason.

The college publications of the last month hardly come up to the usual standard of excellence, owing to a dearth of poetry, yet we cannot justly complain if such is occasionally the case, for we realize that it is the few and not the many who are favored with a gift for writing good verse, and consequently the demands upon their abilities are often too many to be met.

**LINES.**

Life is one vast trackless desert
Peopled by the wasting sands,
Wind-swept, stormy, parched, and burning,
'Tis the realm the evil commands.

Yet within sin's arid kingdom
God has placed the pilgrim's goal,
And provides for man's salvation
In the oasis of the soul. —Brunonian.

**WASHINGTON-LINCOLN.**

Two suns that shall be ever bright
Through all the endless course of years,
To guide the onward march of Right,
And wither Wrong when it appears.

—Bowdoin Orient.

The editor who always uses a large amount of acid in his ink is not one to be esteemed; nevertheless, when a thing boldly challenges criticism, should it be allowed to pass. Forbearing personalities, we take opportunity to note a few things we don't approve.

It seems hardly in good taste for an editor-in-chief to come out boldly in his editorial with a violent criticism on his assistants. Such things belong strictly to the private of the editorial sanctum.

It is also a matter of wonder how such a production as a certain poem entitled, "Alpheus and Arethusa," ever found its way into a college journal, for it dishonors not alone that one which first published, but the many which have since quoted it.

**Our Book-Shelf.**

This month brings to our notice its share of choice new books.

Professor Benj. W. Wells has recently written a pleasing work on Modern German Literature. After giving a brief history of the early German writings, he introduces us to the great authors of the eighteenth century, describing their work and relating something of their lives. We meet Klopstock, Wieland, and Herder, spend some time with Lessing, become well acquainted with Goethe and Schiller, pass onward to Richter, and meet as Germany's last great writer, Heine. The author has been especially successful in dealing with the fascinating Goethe and the sarcastic Heine. The reader is impressed with the individuality of these men. The chapter on "Faust" is clear and well worth study. The last of the book is devoted largely to
modern German fiction. We learn that Germany produces annually about twelve hundred novels, and as many as six thousand short stories. She excels in the historical novel, but is weak in the social romance. This volume is written in an easy, graceful style. The topics are well chosen and are treated in an attractive way. The criticisms of the different works described are clear and interesting. The book is intended to meet the need of students who have not made German literature a specialty, but who wish to know the leading facts about it.

The new novel by Kate W. Hamilton, The Parson’s Proxy, is unique and interesting, consisting more of narrative and dialogue than of descriptions. The hero, “Big Nate,” is a rough mountaineer, who in a drunken frenzy has injured the parson. Feeling that he has broken his code of honor by striking a man not ready to fight, he resolves, after a severe struggle with himself, to atone for his misdeed by taking the preacher’s place. In his effort to do this he becomes converted. And from this time, in his rough way, he is a great power for good, until he finally meets a tragic end while saving the parson’s life. The plot is well worked up and is much aided by minor incidents. The heroine of the story, the parson’s sister, is an attractive young lady, wavering between a society belle and a whole-hearted, simple girl. She finally solves her fate by marrying an enterprising young man, who is building the railroad. The description of the “kinder weddin’” at the beginning of the book is very amusing. The whole story is vigorous and full of action, but its strength lies in the character of the hero. This novel is much better than the average modern story. Its moral tone is good.

Francis C. Lowell’s Joan of Arc is a critical, carefully written work. The Maid of Orleans has appealed so to the imagination and so many legends have gathered around her name, that an authentic history of her and her time is well worth reading. In this present work the author shows us the condition of France at Joan’s birth. He tells us of her home surroundings and of her girlish habits. And then he takes us with her to the king, and upon the battle field, revealing what she accomplished for France. We read a faithful description of her captivity, her trial, and her final death. The author describes Joan, at her home in Domremy, as a “well-grown girl, strong and healthy, dark-haired, with a pleasant face and sweet voice,” somewhat reserved in manner, and very faithful with her home duties and in her devotion to the church. Speaking of the revelations given her, he says: “Never did she suppose that God would work for her any unnecessary miracle, or that his commands would excuse her from using her best judgment in carrying them out.” The description of the trial is especially valuable because coming from a lawyer. The book is written in a simple, straightforward way. The author states the facts, and allows the reader to draw his own con-
elusions. The maps introduced are very helpful.

1 Modern German Literature. By Benj. W. Wells. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

2 The Parson's Proxy. By Kate W. Hamilton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; $1.25.)

3 Joan of Arc. By Francis C. Lowell. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; $2.00.)

College Notes.

The number of American colleges is 451.

Harvard has 250 men training for track athletics.

Yale and Harvard are to have a whist tournament.

Daniel Webster was editor of the first college paper in the United States.

Pennsylvania is about to have a dining-hall which will seat about one thousand students.

The Faculty at Pennsylvania have decided that no man shall play on the 'varsity nine who has ever played on a "summer nine." Seventy-five per cent. of last year's team will thus be prevented from playing again.

The New England Skating Association proposes to offer a silver cup for a triangular polo league between Harvard, Yale, and Brown, to be competed for during the present winter.—Ex.

About sixty years ago the so-called "Honor System" was introduced at the University of Virginia. Its aim is to improve the general standard of honor in examinations. Recently many of the Eastern colleges have followed this example with excellent results.

The University of Paris has over 7,000 students and no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.—Ex.

One-third of the university students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at school; one-third die from lack of exercise, and one-third govern Europe.—Ex.

"Lorna Doone" was voted the most popular modern novel by a majority of men taking the course in Modern Novels at Yale.

The Bachelor of Arts offers a prize of $125 to its undergraduate subscribers for the best original short story of college life.

Columbia University is to have a new boat-house which will cost $15,000. It is to be erected on the Hudson River, and will be of classic style with colonial front.

The young ladies of Wellesley have voted to give up butter for a month and give the money saved by this means for the relief of the suffering Armenians.

The United States Golf Association is trying to arrange between some of the leading colleges for next year.
The University of Chicago offers 1,086 courses, all departments included. Wesleyan is to have a magazine edited by the Faculty. Harvard has the largest attendance of any American college, and the University of Paris of any college in the world.

There are 144 instructors in the University of Wisconsin.

Clippings.

**Treed.**
A spruce young man adored a maid,  
His love she did decline;  
And this young man, so spruce before,  
Turned quick as thought to pine.  
—Siclo Collegian.

**FIN DE SIECLE.**
"As Providence willed,  
By her bicycle killed,"  
"Twas thus her epitaph ran.  
"In bloomers and cap,  
Through sad mishap,  
She went to her death like a man."

—Ex.

**A MEAN ADVANTAGE.**
She was standing under the mistletoe,  
I shouldn't have done it, of course, I know,  
For she wasn't pretty,  
'Tis done in pity  
When forty stands under the mistletoe.  
Tho' I knew at the time it was out of place,  
And I did it, without the first thought of grace,  
Yet I scarcely, you see,  
Expected to be  
Arraigned in a Breach of Promise Case.  
—Ex.

**THE YALE PROM.**
Oh, the dancing!  
Oh, the glancing!  
Oh, the happiness entrancing!  
When the Prom. belles come.  
Oh, the moaning!  
Oh, the groaning!  
Oh, the awful pawn-shop loaning!  
When the Prom. bills come.  
—Ex.

**WHEN ABOUT TO PROPOSE.**
If you're the least bit bashful,  
And don't know what to do,  
Go and consult your tailor,  
He'll press your suit for you.  
—Ex.

**THE SAME OLD GIRL.**
"Where are you going, my pretty lad?"
"I'm going a-milking, miss," he said.
"May I go with you, my pretty lad?"
"Yes, if you wish, kind miss," he said.
"And what is your name?" asked the blushing lad.
"I'm the New Woman," she proudly said.
"How new might you be?" asked the pretty lad.
"That's none of your business, sir!" she said.

—Ex.

**A CHANGE OF MIND.**
He offered me his heart and hand,  
Whereat I laughed and said him nay.  
But soon I found that when he went  
He took my happiness away.  
And so I wrote a little note—  
"Dear Jack," it ran, in sweet design,  
"In love is't fair to change one's mind?"
"'Tis," he replied, "and I've changed mine."  
—Tuftonian.

"Capital punishment," said the boy  
when the teacher seated him with a girl.—Ex.

**AT THE FOOT-BALL GAME.**
"The umpire called a fowl just now,  
But I see no feathers," said she.  
"Um,—ah,—yes, the reason is  
'Tis a picked eleven!" quoth he.  
—Ex.

**AMONG THE COLLEGE BELLES.**
The breezy one: She has four or five lovers at her feet all the time.  
The envious one: Well, there's easily room for them.
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