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A COMPLETE LIFE.

An artist paints a beautiful picture, and the world stands in wonder and admiration before it. Among the throng some venture an opinion. One says, "The artist's skill consists in graceful drapery"; another, "Rich coloring gives the painting its beauty"; and still a third, "The painter excels in delineating faces." But all these fail to interpret the complete beauty of the picture. They do not see that while each element alone may be beautiful, the richness, the perfectness of the work is due to the presence of each part, blending with and enhancing every other, thus forming a symmetrical and beautiful whole.

And just as these failed to understand this picture, so do men continually fail to understand, what is of vital importance, the truly beautiful life. Some few think they discover life's meaning. This one would give all for pleasure; another says knowledge is the only worthy aim for man; while
that one yonder exclaims, "Learn to do one thing well, and your life will succeed." But all these are wrong. As with the picture, no one gift or power makes life strong and beautiful. The best life requires each part, whether physical, mental, or spiritual, fully developed, but subordinate to one perfect whole.

The symmetrical, complete life is the ideal one; but how far we are from realizing this. Look at humanity, and behold how one-sided, ugly, deformed! At first thought we say, how strange this is when such a beautiful life is possible. But consider: It is only the few who look life in the face and try to understand its meaning. The mass accept the world's standards almost without a thought. In the hot race for wealth, position, fame, "Who will be first?" is the cry. And the throng rush blindly on, each trying to get ahead of his neighbor, each eager for the lion's share of these seeming treasures. In this delusive race men spend their whole lives; and only realize the emptiness of these treasures when it is too late. They are slaves to the world's opinions; and almost all of us feel this bondage in some degree. Perhaps we read foolish books because they are popular. Possibly we follow some silly fashion, when we know that it violates our sense of the beautiful. And sometimes, it may be, we do not dare to take the unpopular side of a moral question. When we think how wantonly we cramp and deform our lives, does it seem strange that they fall so far below the ideal?

Some look to learning to do away with all these evils. But while knowledge may do much to broaden and elevate us, just as long as we persist in squandering our powers on the empty things of life, there is nothing that can develop our whole nature. We fail by making our lives artificial and selfish. Moreover, one of the hardest qualities to acquire when it is lost, and yet one that is absolutely necessary before the whole man can develop, is simplicity.

When we learn to like things and want them simply because we know in our inmost souls that they are true and beautiful, then are we ready to take the good God has for us in this world. And just as we need simplicity, so also we need unselfishness. As soon as a man makes himself the centre of the universe, he will find that only very little worlds can revolve about him. The selfish man has merely his own small interests to feed his soul on; so that he soon becomes dwarfed and incapable of appreciating the true and the noble. But the man with the warm, open heart has the whole universe to develop his powers; so that his soul is continually growing more beautiful and complete.

Then if we would have our lives perfect and symmetrical, we should remember that only as we make them simple and unselfish is this possible. On these two qualities depends our power to use the gifts God has given us for making our lives capable of all the happiness, the usefulness, and the beauty in the divine plan.

If we have these two qualities, then will each part of life do its share toward forming this complete whole. Youth,
life's morning, will be rich in hope and earnestness, and will furnish a wide and firm foundation. Then the noontide of life, from the fierce battles fought and won, will bring strength and experience; and old age will pick up the dropped stitches, smooth the rough edges, and blend the parts together into a graceful whole. And just as the fairest day ends with the bright sunset hues, so the beautiful life closes not in gloomy clouds, but with a glorious revelation of what may be hereafter, in the presence of the Father of Lights, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Emma V. Chase, '97.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

We often hear it said that "the world is what you make it," and there is surely much of truth in the words; for the optimist life has more of light than shadow, while the pessimist under the same circumstances reverses this rule. Yet even the lightest heart must sooner or later have its Gethsemane, for we and all mankind alike live under a law as unalterable as the law of sin and death, namely, the law of suffering.

Go out under the open sky some sunny morning. How gentle the breeze! How sweet the flowers by the roadside! How all Nature rejoices! Watch those birds; how proud and happy they seem over their nest of birdlings. Yet within an hour their joyous songs may be changed to mourning, while an empty nest sways in the summer wind. Yet walk on, and let Nature with her joyousness beguile you into forgetting that there is such a thing as sadness, when suddenly you start and shiver. What is that blot on the landscape? Only a funeral train, but somehow as the slow-moving procession passes out of sight the light of the morning seems to have faded. Ah! need you go farther to learn the lesson? Yes, to learn it perfectly, it may be; yet in the midst of youth's glad harmonies your reluctant ears can have scarcely failed to catch at times the minor chord, while into life's prime there has come again and again some dim perception, vaguely felt at first, of the meaning of the words, "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Since, then, this is life's great law, let us seek to find its meaning. There is said to be off the northern coast of Ceylon a submerged bank of about twenty miles in length, where, for two thousand years, extensive oyster fishing has been carried on. The oysters are sought, however, not for food but for pearls, and so many are found that the profits of the business in a single year are often over a million dollars. But what are pearls? Whence do they come? What causes them? We are told that a tiny grain of sand, it may be, works its way inside the shell of the oyster, and this coming in contact with the flesh, causes pain. The little creature cannot rid himself of the irritating substance, but Nature in time furnishes relief by forming a crust of hard, calcareous matter about it. This constitutes the pearl—the product of
pain. The larger and more irritating the substance, the larger and more beautiful the pearl.

In the beautiful temple of Solomon the sacred altar and all the vessels of the inner sanctuary, the most holy place, were made of pure gold. But no gold untried by fire could have found acceptance there.

In the early days of the Christian era, an aged man is banished to a lonely isle. Faithful has he been to his life's mission, yet the more fiercely for that seems to break the cloud, big with persecutions, on his head. Yet to whom is it granted to look into the opened heavens; to see the walls of jasper and the streets of gold; to see the throne and Him that sitteth thereon? To whom but to this aged saint, purified by persecutions and afflictions; and to his own wondering questioning as he gazes at the great multitude which no man can number, is returned the answer, These too "are they which came up out of great tribulation." And how did they get into the Holy City? Through gates of pearl. The entrance to perfect blessedness can only be through gates of pain. We love to think of the beautiful figure of the gates of pearl and streets of gold, and the wonderful wall of precious stones. Do we know as well the value of the pain they symbolize? Mrs. Whitney, in her beautiful interpretation of the wall of jasper and sapphire, says: "See! this crimson that lies at the very beginning,—it is the color of passion, of suffering. Out of the crimson we climb into the blue,—that is truth and calm; beyond is the white glistening chalcedony, for purity; and next flashes out the green—the hope of glory. Then they mingle and alternate,—the tenderness and the pain and the purifying. It is the veined sardonyx stands for that,—the life-story."

Yea, truly the life-story and the life-lesson as well; the pain and the purifying and the tenderness which grows out of it all. Have you ever had some great sorrow come into your life? Then you remember how, after the first shock had passed, your heart went out in a great passion of tenderness and longing to comfort all earth's weary, moaning multitudes; how even a little child's passing grief seemed no longer trivial to you, but how every tear seemed to ease the burden of your own sorrow, which lay too deep for tears. Ah, that is the fellowship of suffering, and only when we have learned that lesson may we begin to understand the love of Him who through suffering was made perfect.

MABEL C. ANDREWS, '97.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

CONSIDERED in its deep and true significance, what problem is more difficult than the measurement of a man! It is easy to sound the depths of the ocean and compute the position of the stars, for to man it is given to measure all else in God's creation. But who shall measure man himself, created in the image of God?

Yet, in all the relations of life, this problem is constantly confronting us. Some one has said that "Every man has three selves: the man as he appears
to others, the man as he knows himself, and the real man.” Society, for each of us, is composed of men and women as we know them. Vaguely and unconsciously, perhaps, but constantly we are measuring our fellowmen; we are measuring ourselves, and in proportion as our estimates are just, our views of life are true and right.

Of supreme and vital interest, then, to every thinker, is the question: What is the truest standard for the measurement of a man?

We measure man by his possessions without regard to the chance of birth or fortune by which those possessions may have been acquired. We measure man by his deeds and forget to reckon the external influences, the accidents of opportunity which have helped to determine the character of his deeds. Such standards as these are conventional and superficial. They deal with the exterior of the man and show him as he seems to be; but as true criterions of character they are, at best, partial and insufficient.

The real man is measured neither by what he has nor by what he does, but by what he needs; by the things which he finds necessary to make his life complete.

The savage has few needs. A meagre subsistence from the proceeds of the chase, a rude shelter from the storm, a few bright feathers or bits of shell with which to deck his person, and he is satisfied. But the rising scale of civilization is accompanied by a corresponding increase of needs until, at last, the highest stage is reached when man’s needs are bounded only by the world. Thousands toil to supply him with food and shelter. From the uttermost parts of the earth are brought the necessaries for his table. Music, art, and literature are summoned to supply the needs of his higher nature.

Increasing need is the constant law of growth. The tiny twig which shoots up from the swelling acorn in the spring needs but a ray of sunshine and a little clod of earth to make it grow. But as years pass on the trunk thickens and roots and branches spread until the kingly oak draws its life from the soil and sunshine of half the hillside. So a man’s needs grow as his life expands. Each victory brings new battles to be fought; each attainment reveals new possibilities.

Sir Isaac Newton said of himself near the close of his wonderful career: “Like a little child playing on the sea-shore, I have found here a shell, there a pebble more beautiful than the ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.” And it is ever so. He that lacks least needs most. He that rises highest has the broadest outlook. Need, then, indicates not poverty, but wealth, and a man’s life is broad and noble in proportion to the breadth and nobility of his needs.

Moreover, this is not only the surest but also the finest and most subtle test by which to take the measure of a man. For a need is the expression of a man’s whole nature. He needs nothing which does not find some response within himself. The queen delights her royal eyes with the beauties of earth’s fairest garden-lands, and the ragged child in the city streets gazes wistfully at the
beautiful flowers in a florist’s window. But, whether found in queen or beggar child, the need of beauty, the passion for the beautiful, means beauty in the soul. Thus, no matter what the outward circumstances may be, each need reveals unerringly a corresponding trait of character. Count up, if you will, all a man’s words and deeds; weigh them in the balances and pass upon their worth, and yet you may have misjudged the real man who is behind it all. But discover his needs, the true fountains of his life, and the real man stands revealed before you.

True education, then, is the creation of needs so broad and noble as to make a return to the former narrow life impossible. For the college student the crucial question is not How much knowledge have you gained? but How much that is true and beautiful and noble are you making essential to your life? How much broader is your vision? How much more do you need today than yesterday? For true nobility reveals itself most surely in noble aspiration.

He that is most needs most to help him live. And who shall say that needs, divinely high and infinitely broad, are not to be the measure of the perfect man in the grand, eternal life beyond?

C. E. Milliken, ’97.

HEROSTRATUS.

In all its matchless symmetry and simplicity stood the temple of Diana, the embodiment of the loftiest idealism of the Greek, the glory of Ephesus, the wonder of the world. Grander even than Solomon’s temple, grander than Athens’ Parthenon, a nobler work never came from hand of man. Through the snowy columns were wafted the solemn chantings; through the courts glided the silent priests; round the smoking altars of the crescent goddess thronged the pilgrims; the perfection of pagan worship was here. But into this beauty, stealing through the massive shadows, comes the destroyer, and in a lurid pillar of fire ascends this grandeur, a very sacrifice to its own patron, leaving only heap upon heap of smouldering ruins. Then from the torture of the rack, uttered between the groanings of the man and that of the terrible wheels, we may hear this confession: “I burned your temple that my name might live forever,” and in the last agony comes the dying shriek, “and my name is Herostratus!” Despite man’s edicts and decrees, that name comes writhing and hissing from the past to the present, and will go on in its twisting way into the dim beyond of the future, a synonym of all scorn and infamy, until in the last great day God shall take his book and blot it out. But a new temple arose under the hand of one of the world’s heroes, Alexander of Macedon, born by singular coincidence on the very night of its destruction.

The resistless power, then, that drove Herostratus to this infamy was false ambition, the striving for what should not be his. Myriads of men are driven like him to like fate. There is all the difference of east and west between
this and the high incentive of a noble life. Strange that men should mistake the paths, both leading from the twilight of the morning, but one into the blackness of the night, the other into the glory of the perfect day; the one ending with the flickering beam that wavers and dies away, the other ending in light triumphant, guiding every truly noble soul over life’s pathway. It was this glimmer of false ambition, the bane of every life it shines on, that urged Thomas Wolsey on into the darkness of artfulness, dissimulation, and diplomacy, and then went out, leaving him on the dizzy heights which such as he are never fit to reach, to fall like Lucifer into the abyss of obloquy, crying his warning to us all: "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by’t? Love thyself last."

But as the new temple, more beautiful, more sublime than the old, rose from the ruins, so from the heel of the destroyer rises every truly noble thing, a certain proof of greatness. If Providence permitted each malignant shaft to reach its mark, then all that is good on earth must surely pass away; but there is an angel’s correction for each devil’s work. You thought, Caiaphas, when you sealed that stone before the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, that you had destroyed the temple of our Lord; but you failed, and your people are your living witnesses. You thought, Julian and Voltaire—you now think, Robert Ingersoll, that the tenets of Christianity may be destroyed; so thought Canute the Dane that he could command the sea.

"Though the cause of evil prosper, yet ’tis truth alone is strong,
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see
Troops of beautiful, tall angels to enshiel her from all harm."

Finally, in Herostratus, we may see a type of every man who, blindly imagining that fame is life’s only end, attacks the world’s true and beautiful, and falling from the recoil of his own crime, receives in the very counter-stroke the curse of that he longed for. And, too, let us set this down: that nothing lasts like an evil name. Conspirators, assassins, and traitors are ever remembered. Guy Fawks waiting to blow parliament into eternity, Benedict Arnold rowing down the Hudson, and my lord of Jeffries laughing in the bloody Wiltshire shambles, were making the destiny of their names such as we speak only in loathing, but which still live on. If all of life were to leave a name, whether pure and shining, or stained and tarnished with corruption, there were many a tortuous way to reach that goal.

But what should be the restitution to such Herostrati? Surely the rack, man’s punishment, is little. But the Almighty, acting beyond our wisdom, gives such their only wish, and thus metes out an awful justice, a name to be as the mark of Cain. To be called through eternity by a name won thus on earth, must be a bitter reminder of a misspent life.

Thus, from the contemplation of such a man, we do well if we grasp
this thought: To live only for the best, and then if we win a name it is well prized; but to do one conscious act for fame alone, that is the depth of baseness. A name unfairly gained is like the haven of the Sirens, easily reached, but best steered clear of.

Richard B. Stanley.

May 29, 1896.

College News and Interests.

NINETEEN HUNDRED.

SEVENTY-FIVE young ladies and gentlemen filled the Freshman seats at first chapel, September 8th, and will be known henceforth as the Class of 1900, unless they wisely devise a briefer title. If first impressions count for anything the class is certainly a promising one. Two-thirds of it are young men,—certainly, all will agree, a right proportion. Already they have given evidence of physical prowess, and we believe many of them will shine on the athletic field. Following are their names and fitting schools:

Frank Percy Ayer, Cornish High School.
Jane Eliza Avery, Hallowell High School.
Ira Allen Butterfield, Dover High School.
H. M. Brry, Litchfield Academy.
Alice Mary Baldwin, Dearborn-Morgan School, Orange, N. J.
Edward Percival Chase, Auburn High School.
Bessie Roberts Cole, Guilford High School.
Daniel Marston Cram, Monmouth Academy.
Silas Oliver Clauson, Lisbon Falls High School.
William Wentworth Courser, New Hampton Literary Institution.
Alison Graham Catheron, Beverly (Mass.) High School.
Carl Sargent Coffin, Maine Central Institute.
Rena Dresser, Lewiston High School.
Emma Clark Dixon, Lewiston High School.
Harry Elmer Dunham, Latin School.

Charles Page Dennison, South Paris High School.
Ed. Payson Davis, Lewiston High School.
Richard Stanley Enrich, Framingham (Mass.) High School.
Perley C. Elder, Lewiston High School.
Mary Belle Ford, Lewiston High School.
Ethel Grace Files, Lewiston High School.
Charles Lewis Foster, Latin School.
Horace Mayland Fernald, Thornton Academy.
Leslie Wilbur Gildden, Latin School.
George Llewellyn Griffin, New Hampton Literary Institution.
Ploe Louise Getchell, Lewiston High School.
Harold Clifford Goddard, Auburn High School.
Carl Perry Hussey, Guilford High School.
Guy Ernest Healey, Friends School, Providence, R. I.
Ernest Forrest Johnson, Latin School.
George Herbert Johnson, Latin School.
William Sylvanus Jones, Maine Central Institute.
Albert M. Jones, Maine Central Institute.
Miss Joyce, Lewiston High School.
Mary Belle Lamb, South Paris High School.
Parker Samuel Littlefield, Maine Central Institute.
Mabelle Alice Ludwig, North Yarmouth Academy.
John Francis Murphy, Lewiston High School.
George Edward Manter, Latin School.
Mabel Emery Marr, North Yarmouth Academy.
Maud Frost Mitchell, Littleton High School.
Frank Henry Miller, Latin School.
Herman Rowe Parsons, Edward Little High School.
Edith Stone Parker, Latin School.
The only intercollegiate fraternity in which Bates can claim membership assembled in annual convention at Northfield last July. In its ten representatives, our college had the banner delegation of the state. M. S. C. sent five, Colby four, and Bowdoin two.

As usual the conference lasted ten days, and they were days of spiritual uplift. The daily conferences on association work, such as Bible study, religious meetings, work for new students, equipped those in attendance with valuable methods for the work this year. The subjects of prayer, the Holy Spirit, the Bible, missions, reform work, practical Christian living, etc., were considered in the form of platform addresses by such men as Dr. Alexander McKenzie, Robert E. Speer, Dr. R. L. Torrey, Dr. A. F. Shaulifer, and Mr. Moody. The address of Mr. Speer on "The Unspotted Man," a manly presentation of a practical subject with college men, was the most impressive of the entire session. The presence of Charles E. Studd of England, one of the famous "Cambridge seven," gave enlivened interest to missions. The famous "Round Top" meetings, back of Mr. Moody's home every evening at seven, were very popular. Each meeting of the session seemed preparatory for the next, and the closing session on the last Sunday night will long be remembered by those present. It seems impossible to estimate the influence which the 487 delegates in attendance will carry to their respective colleges, scattered through all the states, the coming year.
One who has attended any of the summer conferences at this spot, which Mr. Moody has done his utmost to make attractive, knows how impossible it is to explain what a thrilling sound the very word "Northfield" has to us who have been there. The enjoyment to be derived from the surpassing beauty of the surrounding scenery, combined with the wonderful inspiration to be obtained from attendance upon the meetings, make the place to seem scarcely less than perfect.

The Bates Y. W. C. A. was represented this year by four of our girls, three from '97 and one from '98.

Perhaps the regular programme for the day would give the best idea of how busy we were while at Northfield.

The morning devotional service was followed by Mr. Sallmon's class on the "Life of Paul." Next was the college conference, in charge of Miss Nellie J. Allen. This, in turn, was succeeded by a Bible hour, and then the programme of the forenoon was concluded by "Talks on Association Work," by Miss E. K. Price, the leader of the conference.

The Missionary Conference in the afternoon was very practical and full of suggestions which have been helpful to us in making our plans for the year.

The Sunset Meeting on Round Top was the most grandly inspiring meeting of the day. This was followed by the closing service of the day. At these times we were addressed by Dr. MacKenzie, Mr. Speer, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Dr. Pierson, Mr. Moody, Miss Price, and others.

In conclusion, let me say that the four Bates delegates have returned, praying that the Christian earnestness and consecration exemplified at Northfield, may penetrate the whole College this coming year.

Bertha F. Files, '98.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

To the work!

Foot-ball is "on" in good earnest.

Who will resurrect the college band?

Miss Butterfield, ex-'97, is with 1900.

Childs will complete his course with '97.

Haven't we material for a good glee club?

The building fund has gone up to $1,200.

Miss Cobb, '97, presides at the piano at chapel.

The Latin School has an entering class of 21.

Tucker and Landman pull the bell-rope this year.

Butterfield, ex-'99, has become a member of 1900.

Misses Hicks, Rounds, and Hastings, ex-'98, are with '99.

A much-needed enlargement of the Y. M. C. A. room was made the past summer.

Slattery, '97, and Pulsifer, '99, were stars in the Knox County league this summer.

Steam heat has been put into the gym, thanks to the enterprise of Professor Bolster.

Prizes in the Junior exhibition were awarded to C. E. Milliken and Miss
E. V. Chase; the prize for Sophomore essay to M. E. Stickney.

A few improvements have been made in the Polymnian room during the past summer.

She gazed across o'er the muddy street,
It would float the whole of H. B. M.'s fleet,
Across to the distant black concrete,
Then ruefully down at her dainty feet.

A youth approached to the other side,
His whiskers were into his bootlegs tied,
His Populist's hair blew far and wide,
And he wished this maiden to be his bride.

He had no mantle there to fall,
He had never heard of Raleigh at all—
But what is the use of an old red shawl
To a man of Populistic gait?

He tied a rock in the whisker strands
And threw it across to the maiden's hands.
Well, now they are living in western lands,
And he hoops those whiskers with silver bands.

Skillings, Peacock, and Glidden are the teachers from the college at the Latin School this year.

Mr. John Corbett of Harvard has been secured as coach for our foot-ball team for the entire fall.

Mary Buzzell, '97, again attended Dr. Sargent's summer school at the Hemenway gymnasium, Harvard.

If there is no New England league team in Lewiston next year, Bates's financial prospects will be clearer.

The Student has received from the publisher, F. W. Helmick of New York, a march dedicated to Major McKinley.

The Y. W. C. A. tendered the Freshman young ladies a reception at Cheney Hall on the evening of September 21st.

Knapp, '96, has been engaged as permanent teacher at the Latin School and also as assistant in Chemistry at the college.

'99 welcomes to itself E. S. Grover, formerly of Dartmouth, '98. Mr. Grover comes here with excellent promise as a track athlete.

Professor Strong and his geology class make frequent excursions and are doing some interesting work in local mineralogy.

Through the efforts of Professor Strong the lecture room of the physical laboratory has been very attractively fixed up during the summer.

'99's officers for this year are as follows: President, Bassett; Vice-President, Wheeler; Secretary, Miss Blake; Treasurer, Graffam.

An improved edition of the Students' Hand-Book, issued by the Christian Associations of the college, appeared at the beginning of the term.

1900 has organized with the following officers: President, Johnson; Vice-President, Stinchfield; Secretary, Miss Baldwin; Treasurer, Sturgis.

Several have come to Bates from other colleges. F. R. Griffin of Amherst joins '98; Grover of Dartmouth and Hutchins of Colby join '99.

The society meetings have attracted large numbers each Friday evening, and the programmes have been excellent. Over half of 1900 have become members.

Bates won three seconds in the field day at Northfield—Tukey in the fifty and hundred, and Foss in the 440 yard dashes; Daniels, the Cornell crack, winning the three firsts.
The participants in the Sophomore Champion Debate, postponed from last Commencement, will read their parts privately before a committee, Saturday evening, September 26th.

One of the most important acts of Commencement week was the election of Rev. F. W. Baldwin to the prospective chair of history and economics. Dr. Baldwin will leave a parish in New Jersey, and take up his duties in the winter term.

The Psychology class is treated occasionally to such paradoxes as this: Prof. — "We are so far behind in our work that we will begin this morning with pain." Immediately the victim called upon began to demonstrate that pain is an enigma.

Mr. C. H. Lincoln, who was for a time instructor of history and economics in Bates, has recently received the degree of Ph.D. from University of Pennsylvania and also been elected to a fellowship in the university, which means a good salary and an honorable position.

The following is this season's football schedule as it stands at present:

October 17. M. S. C. Lewiston.
October 31. Open.
November 7. Open.

The Seniors have elected officers for the coming year as follows: President, Foss; Vice-President, Sampson; Secretary, Miss Winn; Treasurer, Brackett; Executive Committee, Sampson, Cunningham, Miss Knowles, Miss Hanson, Miss Cobb; Councillors, Burrill, Durkee, Slattery, Skillings; Orator, Marr; Address to Undergraduates, Durkee; Address to Halls and Campus, Milliken; Prophet, Miss Twort; Poet, Miss Morrill; Odist, Miss Andrews; Historian, Stanley; Parting Address, Miss Houghton.

On September 10th occurred the usual reception to the entering class, tendered by the Christian Association. Marches and conversational topics occupied most of the evening. After refreshments a short programme was carried out, consisting of address of welcome for the Y. M. C. A., by Milliken, '97; for the Y. W. C. A., by Miss Morrill, '97; in behalf of the college, by President Chase; a declamation by Parsons, '98; and recitation by Miss Vickery, '97. A large number was in attendance and an enjoyable time was spent.

On Wednesday morning, September 16th, we all laid aside recitations and repaired to the base-ball field, where the Sophomores and Freshmen crossed bats in their customary ball game. The new-comers showed themselves foemen of worthy steel, and fielded all around the Sophs. They were, however, outbatted, and lost by a score of 13 to 9. Each of the grand stands was handsomely decorated with class banners and streamers. As usual, plug hats, horns, and cow-bells were abundantly in evidence and there was lots of noise. After the game everybody quietly dispersed without the least semblance of a rush. As usual, the Sophs held forth down town in the evening.
WHILE the claims of the different activities, athletic and literary, of Bates are being presented to our attention at the year’s beginning, it will not be amiss to speak a word regarding the work of the Christian Associations. No branch of college life is generally admitted to be so indispensable as this, whose avowed object is to maintain a pure college atmosphere and wholesome influences. Yet it may be said in no cynical spirit that it is the first to suffer, to become neglected, when those things which engross the attention, peculiar to each season, rush upon us. If each will take this fact of the past as a caution for the future, we believe that the Christian work, so auspiciously begun and so full of hopeful promise, may be brought to that condition which is its due, when spasmodic effort will be absent because unthought of, where all activity will be even, systematic, premeditated, yet energetic. And all this may become actual fact by the year’s end. Let each member show his fidelity to his association by practical co-operation in those lines of work which have constituted the established policy from year to year. Let him hold its interests primary, and seek to obviate any occurrence that would militate against those interests. Let the members of 1900 understand that the Christian Associations are not closed corporations, but that enrollment in college entitles them to the right of membership in these organizations, and hence it will not be bad form for them to apply for membership without waiting to be approached by the membership committee.

A new departure in policy is to be made this year by the Y. M. C. A. in establishing a graded course in devotional Bible study. There will be three grades, as follows: For Freshmen the Life of Christ with McConaughey’s outlines; for Sophomores the Book of Acts with Speer’s outlines; for Juniors and Seniors the Life of Paul with Sal- mon’s outlines. The classes are to have student leaders who attended the Northfield Conference and have been preparing for the work by summer study. Probably before this issue of the Student, the classes will have been started. The reflex benefit to the association as an organization, to be derived from this course, as well as the direct benefit to the individual student, is self-evident. It seems to us that this new effort is just what the work has been waiting for these few years past, and that upon its success depends the realization of that most desirable condition of association affairs, mentioned above.

THE football season of 1895 was the most important of any in the history of the game. Not only were radical changes in methods of playing considered, but whether there should any longer be such a game was a serious question. In all parts of the country the objection to the game’s alleged
brutality was raised, and so strong was this that in some instances it was openly announced that the coming season was the last if roughness was not minimized. Then Yale and Harvard did not meet, and as these colleges have always been considered the leading exponents of the American style of play, it was feared that there would be a falling off in enthusiasm in these two institutions, with consequent similar results to less important colleges. Again, two sets of rules to constantly conflict were not conducive to harmony, and many charges of unfair officials are traceable to them. The fact that there were these obstacles to the game, and the greater fact that they were fairly met and overcome, has made, we repeat, the season of 1895 memorable in football annals. From the first practice game to the day when Thorn of Yale ran through the Princeton team, the game was living down the disgrace of the previous year's Harvard-Yale contest, and to-day is more firmly lodged that ever in the hearts of America's college youth.

There were few quarrels about rules, none of them important; the Princeton and University of Pennsylvania elevens made it interesting enough for Harvard, and Yale found her match in Brown; as for brutality, it was as noticeable for its absence as it had sometimes formerly been by its presence. At home we had our own little troubles, but after the first falls the game got onto its feet and walked, and is going to walk one more season at least. It is proved that there can be football without brutality; it is proved that the players are better students and better gentlemen for it; the new rules are clear and explicit; and as far as healthful influences are concerned, one may read the letters in the rule-book edited by Walter Camp, from which we would quote were the book not to be so common. The game is with us again, and let's boom it; if there is ever going to be a time when we want Bates to boom, it is now in this fall term of '96; so turn out, thirty men in uniform and all the others to watch and cheer, and let's make Bates a leader in grand old Rugby.

WITH the opening of our new college year, the students are once more confronted with society work. The large entering class will bring strong additions to our working force, and when each member of 1900 has found his home in one of our excellent societies we hope he will determine to put forth his best efforts for the improvement of himself here. Amid all the advantages Bates is offering to her students, none exceed those of activity in our literary societies. May every member of 1900 realize this at the first of his college course, and thus gain the greatest possible good during his stay here. The intercollegiate debates will soon be claiming our attention, and upon the floors of the societies our men are trained for this work. Thorough preparation, fearlessness in speaking convictions, and great enthusiasm should characterize the debates.

Another line we hope to see brought prominently to the front this year, is our musical talent. Bates has much of musical talent, both vocal and instru-
mental. The excellent glee club she maintained for a year shows what can be done. The entering class brings us talent of the first order. Why should not our glee club be reorganized, and the influence of our college extended in this way? Let there be speedy gathering of forces, and a permanent club formed. Our old leader could probably be secured, and under his direction we could make our college famed for her singing as well as in other lines. Further, we hope to see a mandolin and guitar club speedily organized. With these clubs in active training, it would mean much to the individual members, and vastly more to Bates.

As we love our college let us push every line that will tend to increase her influence. All these interests are fostered in our societies, and to them we look for movement in these directions. A few students have gone through their course at Bates without taking active part in either of the societies, or in any of her vital interests. Such students look back, to-day, to see the great mistake they made, and claim that their course was not complete, because of this.

We hope to see every member of 1900 enrolled upon the society books, and each taking active interest in all that pertains to society success and harmony.

"EVERY season has its charms," says the sage old almanac editor, and certainly the opening season of the college year is no exception. What with the reunion of friends and classmates after the long summer vacation, the welcome presence of many new faces about the campus, and many inviting fields of work and pleasure lying open before us anew, there must come a sense of realization that student life is indeed thoroughly busy and intensely attractive.

This season of the year is one of special activity with the literary societies of the college, and as the editors meet about their table they cannot refrain from making at this time some observations on society work. Rivalry does not mean antagonism; a spirit of rivalry between the two literary societies may be necessary to the best results in the work of each, but a spirit of antagonism must surely work to the disadvantage and discomfort of both. Each should treat the other in this time of special competition with courtesy without bitterness. The past two years have seen a great improvement in this direction, but there is opportunity for further improvement.

Slandering is ever a mark of ill-breeding, and any under-handed means of "society chinming" will be spurned by any one capable of making a rational choice. To bring all powers of persuasion to bear in order to capture a prize may be honorable enough in the eyes of the majority, but however susceptible a person may be to attention and homage, he will generally not relish being treated as though incapable of making a decision for himself. There is nothing to be criticised in "putting the best side out," but drag not forth your rival’s skeleton from its closet and put it on exhibition, if she be so unfortunate as to have one.
We look hopefully forward to a year of increased friendliness between Euro-
sophia and Polymnia, more union meet-
ings than in the past, and heartily wish both a year’s prosperity.

Is Bates to be victorious in the inter-
collegiate tennis tournament next June? This question is of interest to every Bates student. For although many of us regard tennis merely as a recreation, yet it counts as one of four branches of athletic contests in which we meet annually the other Maine colleges.

Moreover, this question should interest us now, for its answer depends very largely on the amount of attention given to tennis this term. The time for practice in the spring is short, and our intercollegiate team must get a large part of its training this fall. We have material equal to that in any Maine college. It remains for us to develop it properly.

This can be done best by a lively interest in the fall tournament. Let every man in college who plays tennis at all enter the tournament and make some one work hard to beat him. In this way, if he does not make the team himself, he will have contributed largely to the development of players who shall represent us worthily next June.

At the beginning of the college year, especially to those who have just entered college, and in a less degree to all the students, it is natural to look ahead and plan what this year shall mean to us. Each of us has aspirations. We all want to make our college course a success. And while no doubt the courses are planned so that one cannot but be helped by them, yet how much good they shall do us, depends largely on ourselves. Opportunities can be improved in different degrees. We should remember that our lessons are not the end but the means to the end, and that our education does not depend upon how much Greek and Latin we have read, but upon our power of thought and our ability to do. Those who work simply for rank and prizes, while they may secure these, generally in the end get but a narrow education. There is much truth in what Ruskin says: "It is the effort that deserves praise, not the success; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or dullest, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has." In the rush of college life it is very easy to forget this broader view. However, if we are going to make the most of these four years, our motive for work must be to gain for ourselves a broader and fuller life.

**Bates Verse.**

**Hast thou forgotten, darling?**

Hast thou forgotten, darling,
The days of long ago,
The joyous hill, the meadow,
The wood where orchids blow?

**Hast thou forgotten, darling,**
The glow of childhood’s dream,
The vows we plighted then, dear,
Beside the silver stream?

Hast thou forgotten, darling,
Our love's encircling light,
The shining of whose glory
Makes e'en the darkness bright?
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
The days of long ago;
The shadows of the evening
In silence whisper low.
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
My lonesome heart replies.
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
The strain in echo dies. —, '99.

THE SEASON'S PRAISES.

"Praise ye the Lord."
The dancing brooks in Spring,
O'erflowing in their glee,
Bring this refrain to me—
"Praise ye the Lord."

"Praise ye the Lord."
Summer swells the song
In glad, full, throbbing notes
From bird and insect throats—
"Praise ye the Lord."

"Praise ye the Lord."
The softly-falling leaves
Whisper the minor strains
Of Autumn's sweet refrain—
"Praise ye the Lord."

"Praise ye the Lord."
Triumphant, loud, and clear,
Through Winter's frosty sky
The north wind sings on high—
"Praise ye the Lord."
—S. M. B., '98.

THE SONG OF SIGHS.
I sing a silent song of sighs,
The murmur of a mournful moan,
The lonesome love of life alone,
The dimming dusk of Paradise.

I only worshiped from afar,
A radiant glory round me shone,
A glory while for me alone,
Now vanished as a fallen star.

The sunlight shines not in the shade,
Her darkness never sees the day,
A myriad woful wallings stray,
To linger in that gloomy glade.

Oh, Joy and Light and Heaven-born Love!
Aye some are fashioned but to die,
To touch a shadow with their cry,
To know no blessings from above.

The gifts of glory to the fair!
The plundered treasure of the sad,
The only brightness that I had,
Nor ere was answered earnest prayer.

A cry from deepest springs of gloom,
The anguish of a dying soul,
A silent blank behind the scroll,
Eternal darkness in the tomb. —, '99.

THE PALACE OF AKHMED.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

Northward from Niris Lake, in the province
of Khoristan,
Persian Persepolis sleeps, dreaming of ancient
days.
City of crumbled walls, city of ruins and mould,
Where the shadows of things long gone walk
the deserted streets.
Mingled with dust of years its towers and
minarets lie,
For thus has the power of Time mocked at the
labor of men.
Silent, in revery deep, through those ruins of
splendor and show,
Akhmed, the Language magician, the builder
who builded with words,
Wandered at close of day, and watched where
the moonlight fell
Full on the marble shafts and the ghostly
pillars that stood
Silent sentinels there 'mid the relics of kingly
wealth.

Then from his heart he spoke, pondering deep
in his mind
Over the changes that come as the ages move
on in their course:

"Silent town of ancient wealth,
Where, like ghosts, traditions rove,
Laid at rest thy glory sleeps
In the shroud the centuries wove;

"On the veiled Past's hallowed ground
Only weeds of Fancy wave,
And Oblivion sits all day
Watching over Memory's grave;

"Thus forgotten are the deeds
That once promised endless fame,
And these royal ruins here
Cannot tell their builder's name.

"Yet must it ever be so?
Must the labor that mortals bestow
On the works that their genius has planned
Be like letters inscribed in the sand?
Must the structures my fancies create
Meet the same deadly combat with fate?
Must my name be a dream of to-day,
That to-morrow shall vanish away?
Can nothing endure to the end,
But must all in forgetfulness blend?
Then the efforts of life are in vain,
And all that man's strivings can gain
Is just the mere knowledge of weakness—
Life's cost and life's value made plain.
No, no. In my heart a voice cries,
Bidding Hope from her sepulchre rise.

"Though the marble's rich ruins may lie,
Scattered dust where the desert winds blew—
Sad reminders that all things must die
As the swift marching years come and go,

"Yet ever Ambition leads on,
Pointing still to some far-away goal,
And from heights that my strivings have won
Come whispers of hope to my soul.
I will build me a palace so grand
That in all the ages to come
Men shall behold it and stand
In wonder and reverence dumb;

"Not from the stone that fails
Crumbled like these old walls,
But from things that the mind conceives,
From fabrics the fancy weaves—
Mine shall a structure be
Built for eternity.
Towers of wisdom shall rise,
Piercing the blue of the skies,
Proclaiming to all the nations
The name of Akhmed the Wise.
Gems in the towers shall gleam—
Poesy's gems, that shall seem
Rich as the opals and diamonds the angels
Wore in Mohammed's dream.
Out from my palace shall roll
Music, the voice of the soul—
Music so grand and sublime
That through all the cycles of time
Its echoes unceasing shall ring,
And Art her bright garlands shall bring
To hang o'er the portals which ope
To the life-breathing whispers of Hope.
Then shall my palace of fame
Render immortal my name,
And future-born races shall tell
That Akhmed has builded well."

Deep in the quarries of Thought, where the
treasures of learning lay hid,
Akhmed, the Language-magician, the builder
who builded with words,
Wandered and pondered long as to what the
foundation should be
On which in its grandeur should rise his palace,
the wonder of men—
Wandered and pondered long, for there where
he walked and searched,
Side by side in the depths of the mystical
caverns of Thought
Truth and falsehood lay—truth with its sur-
faces rough,
But falsehood polished and smooth, worked
out by the cunning of Sin.
Wandered, yet not alone, for close at his side
there walked
The spirits of good and ill that speak in the
hearts of men
When dark doubts shadow the mind, and
Reason's light burns dim.
Then the spirit of good whispered in Akhmed's
ear:

"Akhmed, beware of doctrines false, that
gleam
For a brief season brighter e'en than truth,
Yet crumble when the light that Reason gives
Falls on them with its all-destroying glare.
Take for thy firm foundation lasting truth,
That shall endure through all the years of
time."

Silent, the spirit of ill walked closely at
Akhmed's side—
Silent, yet all the time pointing where false-
hood lay,
Sparkling there in the gloom with its dazzling,
lustrous light.
Once in the lives of men comes a moment of
infinite worth,
A time when the soul is weighed, and the
future unchanging is shaped.
Thus all unheralded came the moment in
Akhmed's life—
Moment of question and doubt—moment of
weakness or strength.
Then did his mind decide, and his building's foundation was planned.
"Not on rough truth shall arise My palace to dazzle the eyes.
Give me the glamour and glare Of falsehood sparkling there."
Thus did Akhmed decide as he delved in the quarries of thought.

Then into Poesy's mines, agleam with bright diamonds and pearls,
Searching with diligent care on the banks of the river of Rhyme,
Akhmed dreamily walked, gathering all the while
Jewels of priceless worth to adorn his palace of fame.

Thus as the years wore away, on the structure his genius had planned
Akhmed unceasingly toiled, Ambition still leading him on.
Thus, as the years wore away, grander his building became,
Brightly gleaming afar to dazzle the eyes of men,
Till with his work complete, Akhmed, the builder, slept.

Things that gleam brightly to-day may fade ere another dawn comes;
Not by one age or one race can the worth of a life be declared.
So the bright palace of fame, that gleamed with such dazzling light,
Quickly its grandeur lost when the hand of old Akhmed was still.
Quickly the finger of Time worked with its magical touch,
Till falsehood gleamed brightly no more, and Akhmed's foundation sank low.

Gone is that palace of fame and vanished the labor of years—
All unremembered and lost has the name of the builder become,
Save when a lover of books, a searcher of chronicles old,
Finds here and there scattered gems—the diamonds from Poesy's mine,
Dropped from that temple of fame and covered with dust of long years.
Faintly inscribed upon each are letters uncertain, that spell
"Akhmed, the Language magician, the Builder who builded with words."

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

PERSONALS.

'68.—Rev. Arthur Given, D.D., has removed from Roxbury, Mass., to Auburn, R. I.

'71.—Prof. James N. Ham, principal of the Oxford School, Providence, R. I., came to Lewiston during the vacation, and has been ill in the hospital.

'72.—Rev. F. W. Baldwin, D.D., was elected, last commencement. Professor of History and Economics, and it is hoped that he may begin his duties January 1, 1897. Dr. Baldwin came to Lewiston at the opening of the term with his daughter, who entered the Freshman Class. He was present at first chapel and assisted in conducting the exercises.

'72.—George E. Gay, formerly principal of the High School at Malden, Mass., has been chosen superintendent of schools in the same city.

'73.—President J. H. Baker, of Colorado University, presided over the collegiate department at the meeting of the National Educational Association at Buffalo.
'74.—Robert Given, Esq., is one of the lecturers of the Colorado University Law School.

'74.—Prof. F. P. Moulton, senior teacher of Latin in the Hartford, Ct., High School, has published through Ginn & Co. a beginners' text-book in Latin.

'75.—J. R. Brackett, Dean of Colorado University, has been visiting friends in the East during the summer vacation.

'76.—E. C. Adams, formerly principal of the Newburyport High School, has been elected principal of the High School at New Britain, Ct.

'76.—W. O. Collins, M.D., has resigned his position as superintendent of schools at South Framingham, Mass., in order to give his entire attention to his increasing practice in medicine.

'77.—Hon. O. B. Clason of Gardiner is elected state senator from Kennebec County. Mr. Clason is a very popular man in his native city. He has been mayor for three terms, and received a large majority at the last election.

'79.—W. E. Ranger, formerly principal of Lyndon Institute, has accepted the position as principal of the Vermont Normal School, Johnson, Vt.

'82.—W. H. Dunn has resigned his position as principal of the High School at Ellsworth, in order to enter business.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy, formerly pastor of the Somersworth, N. H., Free Baptist Church, has accepted a call to the Shawmut Avenue Free Baptist Church, Boston.

'83.—J. B. Ham, formerly a teacher in Lyndon Institute, has been elected teacher of mathematics and sciences at the Vermont State Normal School.

'83.—Prof. A. E. Millett, principal of the High School in Utica, Mich., has been visiting friends in this vicinity during the summer.

'84.—Miss H. M. Brackett, formerly of the Columbia University library, has gone to Berlin for a three years' course of study.

'85.—W. H. Dunn has resigned his position as principal of the High School at Ellsworth, in order to enter business.

'86.—Rev. E. C. Hayes has been compelled by ill health to resign the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Augusta, Me., and will take a year's rest.

'87.—Alexander B. McWilliams was drowned at Crescent Beach while bathing. A sketch of his life will appear in the next STUDENT.

'87.—Rev. Jesse Bailey died September 9th at his home in Buffalo Creek, Col. A sketch of his life will appear in the October STUDENT.

'88.—Frank A. Weeman died in Lewiston, September 5th, after a long
illness. We shall print in the October number a sketch of his life written by President Chase for the *Lewiston Journal*.

'88.—N. C. Adams, formerly principal of the High School at Groveland, Mass., has been elected principal of the High School at Saugus, Mass.

'88.—C. W. Cutts has entered upon his duties as Professor of Mathematics in Keuka College.

'88.—G. W. Snow is principal of the Sullivan School at North Berwick, Me.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts has resigned his professorship of Latin at Hillsdale, and is studying for the degree of Ph.D. in Chicago University.

'89.—F. J. Daggett, Esq., and wife, of 42 Court Street, Boston, have been visiting friends in Lewiston.

'89.—Prof. G. H. Libby, who has been for the past five years teacher of Latin and Greek in the Denver, Col., High School, has been elected principal of the Lewiston High School. The following item is taken from the *Colorado School Journal*:

Mr. George Hobart Libby, for several years teacher of Greek and Latin in the Denver High School, has accepted the principalship of the High School at Lewiston, Me. Mr. Libby was a Bates man and will, no doubt, find the work pleasant in his old college home. The personality of the man and the character of his work cause his loss to be a matter of deep regret to all who were associated with him in Denver.

'90.—Miss Mary Brackett has returned from Europe and has been visiting in Lewiston recently.

'90.—Prof. H. B. Davis of Ashburnham, Mass., delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture before the Chautauqua assembly at Ocean Park last summer. The subject of the lecture was "The World's Greatest Hero," and it was illustrated by a series of very fine stereopticon views.

'91.—F. E. Emrich, Jr., A.M., has been elected Professor of Mathematics in Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla.

'91.—N. G. Howard has been elected superintendent of schools at Northborough, Mass.

'91.—F. L. Pugsley has been elected principal of Lyndon Institute, Lyndon, Vt.

'92.—Cyrus Blanchard has been elected representative to the legislature from Wilton, Me.

'92.—A. D. Shephard is studying a special course at Brown University, in order to fit himself for a librarian.

'92.—E. E. Osgood will teach Latin and Greek this year at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'93.—Miss Grace P. Conant has entered upon a graduate course of study at Cornell University.

'93.—L. E. Moulton has been chosen principal of the Rockland High School.

'93.—W. F. Sims has been elected principal of the High School in Northborough, Mass.

'93.—E. W. Small has been chosen principal of Lincoln Academy, Lincoln, Mass.

'93.—C. C. Spratt has been elected principal of Bridgton Academy.

'93.—C. H. Swan, Jr., is travelling in Europe and writing letters to the *Morning Star*.

'93.—E. J. Winslow has been elected sub-principal of Lyndon Institute.
'94.—C. C. Brackett has been elected principal of the High School in Wilmington, Mass.

'94.—E. J. Hatch has been chosen teacher of mathematics in Dow Academy, Franconia, N. H.

'94.—Rev. W. H. Harris has accepted the pastorate of the Somersworth, N. H., Free Baptist Church.

'94.—Miss Dora E. Roberts has been chosen assistant in the Auburn High School.

'95.—Miss Staples has been elected assistant in Foxcroft Academy.

'95.—W. S. Brown is principal of the Dexter High School.

'95.—Miss Nash is assistant in the Presque Isle High School.

'96.

Miss Bonney is teaching in an academy near Boston.

O. C. Boothby delivered an able lecture on "The Duty of the Citizen in Politics," at the Chautauqua Assembly, Ocean Park, Me. He will enter Harvard Law School.

J. B. Coy is principal of Pike Seminary, Pike, N. Y.

O. F. Cutts is teaching mathematics and English in Haverford Grammar School, Philadelphia.

Miss Dolley is assistant in the State Normal School, Madison, South Dakota.

H. R. Eaton will be in the employ of Brown, Durell & Co., Boston.

L. P. Gerrish will enter the Harvard Medical School.

O. E. Hanscom teaches at Georgetown, Me.

A. B. Howard preached his first sermon at Phillips, Me., during the summer. The church was crowded, and the sermon was regarded by some of the audience as among the ablest which they had ever heard.

A. B. Hoag is principal of the High School at Groveland, Mass.

F. W. Hilton is principal of the High School at Sabatis, Me.

A. L. Kavanaugh is to study law at Manchester, N. H.

F. A. Knapp teaches in the Latin School, and is also assistant in the departments of Physics and Chemistry in the College.

Miss Miller is assistant in Bridgton Academy, and is meeting with good success in her work. She teaches rhetoric and ancient languages, and also instructs the young ladies in the gymnasium.

A. P. Norton is acting as substitute clerk in the Lewiston post-office. At a recent meeting of the Maine Epworth League he was elected first vice-president of that organization.

Miss Parsons is teaching mathematics in the Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.

Miss Peacock is assistant in the Gardiner High School.

Miss Prescott is teaching in the South Portland High School.

G. W. Thomas will enter the Harvard Law School.

R. L. Thompson will enter the Harvard Medical School.

L. D. Tibbetts has entered Cobb Divinity School.

Beside the above personals we notice the following marriages, of which lack
of space forbids more than a brief mention:

'91.—F. J. Chase and Miss Ray Summerbell were married at the residence of the bride's father in Lewiston, September 14th. They will make their home in Kansas City, Mo.

'91.—Charles R. Smith and Miss Hadassah Goodwin were married at Wells, Me., August 6th.

'92.—O. A. Tuttle and Miss Hattie S. Warner were married August 19th.

'92.—Herbert E. Walter and Miss Alice E. Hall were married, August 25th, at the residence of the bride's father, Lyndon, Vt. Their home will be in Chicago, where Mr. Walter is teacher of biology in the public schools.

'93.—E. W. Small and Miss Alice M. Spear were married at the residence of the bride's father, Hon. A. M. Spear, in Gardiner, September 1st.

'94.—Daniel F. Field and Miss Clare E. Hinkley were married at Phillips, Me., July 7th.

'96.—F. A. Knapp and Miss Carrie E. Southwick were married at Peabody, Mass., August 26th.

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College Exchanges.

Our table at this writing groans under the weight of some forty baccalaureate sermons and an equal number of class orations, addresses, and poems, all included within the covers of our exchanges.

As many of the last issues are given over almost entirely to commencement parts, there is little variety in the matter we review this month. With a few exceptions a general excellence prevails among these parts, but limited space prevents our mentioning only a few of the best. We, however, invite the attention of our readers to our exchanges, and we are sure an hour spent over their contents will not be wasted.

The "Class-Day Oration" by O. H. Smith in the Tuftonian is a masterly written part, the best we have read.

The Colby Echo is entirely given up to abstracts of commencement and Junior parts, and contains some of exceptional merit. "The Pathos of the Humorist" is especially pleasing.

The Red and Blue, from the University of Pennsylvania, is, on the whole, our most readable exchange for June. In "Epitaphs and Epigrams" there is to be found a rare combination of wit and satire; its opening exhortation, "'In the name of a bored world let the ordinary man adjust his spectacles of exaggeration and contemplate the universe therewith,'" explains the nature of the article, and in it many curious old epitaphs, epigrams, and bonmots are brought to light.

From an excellent editorial in the Harvard Monthly, commending an increasing interest in the work of university teams, we clip the following, as the thought it contains is universally true:

Hero worship is a wise and ennobling thing for any university; inevitably it makes heroes
and raises ideals; and it is, too, a dominating characteristic in all healthy, vigorous youth. When a man acting in any field, athletic or literary, feels that he has about him a great company of eagerly sympathetic men, he will do better than his best, and he can never, in the nature of things, act ignobly.

We select the following as being, in our judgment, the best specimens of college verse appearing in June outside of the class poems, which we have not space to reprint:

LIGHTS.
Ah, softly bright is the tender light
From the stars of the milky way;
The rippling river of liquid serves
The realm of fairy and fay.
And clear and bright is the mellow light
From the floating moon o'erhead;
The ship that sails o'er the river vast
With the souls of the latest dead.
And strong and bright is the pulsing light
From the molten sun on high,
The beacon that guides, to its journey's end,
This ship across the sky.
And yet more bright than all the light
Of stars and moon and sun
Is the light that beams from a soul that fought
Against Satan's wiles, and won.
—The Mountaineer.

DAS SCHÖNE.
What know we from our earth,
Gray at the turning of night?
From the songs of the forest,
Awake at the coming of light?
From the far sweep of the tides
On the wide shore of the world,
And the roar of the winter tempests
Around its mountains whirled?

What know we from the summer,
The silence of autumn days,
The glow of the evening sunlight
Along the forest ways?
Across the snows of the winter,
Past the clouds on the blue,
What do we know forever,
Firm forever and true?

That music is never silent
And beauty is ever young;
And the sweetest songs of our grave old earth
Are waiting to be sung;
And upon her breast in her endless sweep,
On the sea of eternity,
The spirit of beauty ever lives,
Wild and joyous and free.
—Nassau Lit.

Our Book-Shelf.

To every lover of nature, *Hours in My Garden,* by Alexander H. Japp, must prove an attractive book. It is filled with a love for the birds, the flowers, and the fields, and is written in a simple, delightful style. In the first chapter the author takes us into one corner of his garden, a spot devoted to the common flowers and the birds, where he talks to us about them, telling many of their pretty habits and what poetry has said of them. In other chapters we accompany him on interesting excursions, visiting woods, ponds, brooks, and fields, meanwhile noticing the plants and animals and learning about them. The book reveals to us a close observer of nature and a lover of poetry. Many of the thoughts are finely expressed. We notice this especially in the chapter, "Through the Wheat," where the author describes the beauty of the waving wheat-fields and tells us of the sweet cadence of the wind blowing through the grain. He calls the wheat "the eternal Æolian-harp of nature." Some of the descriptions of Scotch scenery are very
good. We are glad of the little glimpse we get of Scott's home on the Ashesi-ael, of which Mr. Japp says: "Close under the windows, on the one side is a deep ravine, well wooded, and down this tumbles a little brawling rivulet to join the Tweed. All around are the green hills, silent, reposeful, looking from the level like a billowy sea." The author has imparted to his book much of the freshness and beauty of the scenes he describes.

A delightful book, one which is brim full of the freshness of summer, has been written by Alice Brown, under the title, By Oak and Thorn.\(^3\) We would gladly be among her "companions who shared the footpath way," and join her in her "gypsyings." Her book takes us across the sea, where with her we drink in the summer delights of old England, reveling in the "corpulent" strawberry, the "weal pie," and the Cornish bun, "soul-satisfying and plummy," and listening to the delightful strains of the nightingale. She then takes us into many of the spots made famous as the haunts of heroes, where traces of them are still to be found. In Devonshire she feels the presence of Charles Kingsley, and finds his a household name among the simple, sea-faring inhabitants, who say of him: "He was in and out of every house, as welcome as a bit of sunshine on a wet day, and asking how was this one and how was that, and had the lads got home from sea? Ah, we loved Mr. Kingsley!" Here, too, the author finds traces of Sir Francis Drake and recalls his history. Cornwall she pictures as the scene of the legendary King Arthur and of the valiant knights of the Round Table. Again, Yorkshire is interesting as the home of the Brontë sisters. Amid its desolate moorland scenery she imagines the three sisters living their lonely life, and quotes the beautiful tribute Charlotte paid Emily: "My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden." In Warwickshire she finds traces of George Eliot, and in the quaint little village of Kuntsford, Cheshire, she seeks out the scenes of Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford. The author has an attractive off-hand style, and she relates many bright little incidents which give to her book a joyous, light-hearted tone.

A rather bright, interesting book has been written by Roy Devereux on The Ascent of Woman.\(^3\) The author finds, in the woman of to-day, freedom and intelligence at the expense of grace and beauty, but she attributes this fact to a lack of assimilation of woman's new-gained powers, and looks for a more promising type in the future. She is evidently an ardent worshiper of beauty. The book is largely devoted to woman in her connection with the aesthetic. The author thinks it woman's mission to charm, and she encourages every art and form of dress which may aid her in this mission. Especially does she deplore the lack of taste shown in dress at the present day. She particularly emphasizes the thought that one's apparel should reveal her personality. In her words, "a perfect
toilet reaches the same level of art as a great symphony or a glorious poem, though it may not share the same intrinsic immortality." And again, in speaking of the art of dress, she says: "It is, I maintain, a great art, only inferior to music, painting, and poetry, because the materials it works in are more perishable. On the other hand, its ethical influence is far greater. A dress might be a robe of righteousness or a priestess of any sin, and whether intentional or no, it is a revelation of the heart and taste of the wearer."

The book shows a fine aesthetic sense, but it is disappointing from a moral standpoint. We cannot uphold the author in making external beauty the chief end of life.

Professor Alfred W. Anthony has recently written an *Introduction to the Life of Jesus*. This book contains in a brief form the historical evidence of the existence of Christ. The work is an excellent one of its kind and seems to take a place which has been filled by no other book.

1 Hours in My Garden. By Alexander H. Japp. (Macmillan & Co., New York; $1.75.)


3 The Ascent of Woman. By Roy Devereux. (Roberts Bros., Boston.)

4 *Introduction to the Life of Jesus*. By Alfred W. Anthony. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.)

### Clippings

A class stood on the Lyceum stair,
The Prof. had not appeared,
The chapel bell pealed out its air,
But not a student cheered;
The hour passed, they did not go,
For they were fresh and did not know.

She—"Did you know that Maud has a dark room on purpose for proposals?" He—"Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself, last night."

Said the whiskered "med"
To the fair "co-ed."
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams are near,
And much I fear
I will unlucky be.
Then murmured she,
"A shore I'll be.
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.

In the city of Berlin, an American girl,
Out of breath, to a "cabby" thus spoke:

*Es ist spat und ich bin von dem Haus weit entfernt,*
*Mein Herr, sind Sie denn schon verbolt?*
"Mein Gott," said the "cabby," with look of dismay,
"I am not and I never shall be."
"Dann ist's gut," said the maid: she smiled a sweet smile,
*Ich hab Eile—nun—nehme ich Sie."

—Ex.

11.30 P.M.
A sprinter he was, but the maiden thought
As time sped on and he heeded naught,
"He may run like the wind and speed like a dart,
But how on earth does he ever start?"

Lips bewitching, red and smiling,
Sadness from my heart beguiling.
How thy pearly teeth so bright
Look like tombstones in the night!
Tell me honest, tell me true,
How much did them teeth cost you?

—Ex.
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