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The new management assumes control of the Student at a moment rather inauspicious for its financial success. Aside from the fact that during the coming year the ordinarily long list of dead-heads will doubtless become still longer, the merchant, the real mainstay of the magazine, at the present time has little money to put into advertisements, unless he can see that, instead of making a donation to a doubtful charity, he is making a profitable investment, and one which he cannot afford to miss.

The chance of gaining even a small share of the patronage of a hundred and fifty students is certainly worth the outlay of a few dollars, and this outlay, if by it any real advantage were gained, would be eagerly and not
grudgingly made. Does the student who bestows his trade promiscuously upon the nearest place that opportunity offers realize that he is in truth injuring his own interests? Whether or not reciprocity be best for the country as a whole, for individuals it is the only business principle. Let the college magazine be made a business directory. Let each student adopt the motto: "Patronize those who patronize us," and when the management of any of the various college concerns devolves upon him he will find his efforts both pleasant and fruitful in pecuniary results.

Many means of recreation are afforded the college student by which is lightened the otherwise tiresome routine of regular work. Reading, a pleasurable diversion to many, is to some a mere task. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that too heavy reading is selected.

There are people who refrain from reading anything humorous, because they connect with the word humorous, the bad spelling of the Josh Billings style, or pointless jokes. But true humor is an entirely different sort of literature, and is exemplified in the stories by Mark Twain, Stockton, and Bunner.

Humorous reading has many of the advantages of a recreation. One does not become absorbed in a bright, witty story, to the exclusion of every other interest, as in a story with a plot and full of exciting situations. As a result, the mind instead of being taxed is brightened and refreshed. Nor is one obliged to endure hardships or suffer heartaches with the hero and heroine, but he knows from the moment he opens the book that he is to be amused. A hard lesson and a rainy day (each in itself provocative of sadness) may both be made endurable, and possibly enjoyable, by a half hour spent with "The Runaway Browns" or the "Rudder Grangers."

The study of the modern languages is synonymous of profit and pleasure. Of profit, both because it enables us to read in the original some of the grandest literature ever written, and also because it qualifies us for pleasurable travel in all civilized countries. Of pleasure, because the intricacies of the ancient languages are wanting, and consequently enthusiasm in the study is aroused.

But does the work at Bates accomplish these ends? Nearly every student who has finished the required work in French and German wishes that the study of these languages could be extended. And yet how can it be done? Certainly no other study can be sacrificed. We need all we have.

As the work is to-day pursued, the student can attain excellence in neither language. And this is the fault neither of the professor nor the student.

To-day the student begins his study of French and German in college. He studies each language three terms, and then invariably remarks that in no other three terms of his course did he learn so much in any other study. So far as our work goes we are satisfied. We need, however, more time for
pronunciation, conversation, and critical examination of the grammar. And the only way this can be secured is by requiring for admission to college a knowledge of the elements of at least one of these languages. If this step is taken the work will become much more agreeable to the professor, satisfactory to the student, and creditable to our beloved institution.

**TEACHING** is demanding, more and more, the attention of the college student, and will, soon or late, demand a special training, as now do most other professions of no more importance.

Colleges profess, at least, to fit one for primary and academic teaching. Yet, in most institutions, little or no attention is given to such a preparation.

However, it is true that many ideas may be obtained from the different instructors, each having a method suited to his own fancy, wrought through several years of experience. From these different methods the student is to decide which is the best; or he is to sift from them all one agreeable to his taste, and then, often to his expense, after a year or more of practice, he finds his method a failure; and so selects another and still another until, finally, his work is done and he has arrived at no better results than his predecessors. Yet, occasionally, either by chance or natural ability, one hits upon a good method, and hence a successful teacher.

Progress is but repeated betterments on the best, and every student contemplating teaching for a profession, should have the best principles and methods upon which he may improve. By so doing this profession would progress equal with or even surpass all others. Therefore, colleges, especially those sending out a majority of their members as teachers, should make it of utmost importance to introduce pedagogy in the form of lectures or otherwise, so that their students may enter upon their work fully prepared to teach rather than for the purpose of testing assumed methods.

**THERE** was one event during the closing weeks of last term which we would be pleased to have occur again, namely, the union sociable of the two societies, since it would help to fill up a big gap in our social life, and because it would tend to lessen the strong society feeling.

It is important for us to cultivate ourselves socially as well as mentally. We do not want Bates to send out graduates who can talk of nothing but themselves and the weather. Ease, self-possession, and the art of carrying on a pleasant conversation with a companion, whether he be an intimate friend or an entire stranger, is an accomplishment which cannot be learned from books. It must be learned by associating with our fellow-beings and by a study of human nature. For this purpose we believe the society of students is superior to any other, because in no other society will you find such varied talents and dispositions as in a body of students, each of whom represents a different locality.
The lack of informal social gatherings is sadly felt by our students. One of two things must follow, either the student must give up all ideas of social culture and enjoyment or he must seek it outside of college circles. If he be compelled to follow the latter course, it will generally result in a lowering of his moral character, and a loss, rather than a gain, in true social culture. It seems but a just conclusion, then, that we ought to have social gatherings.

But who shall have charge of such gatherings? Judging from the social gathering held last fall by the two societies, we think they should jointly hold at least three or four such gatherings each term. In this way there will be a common interest; one society will not be set against the other. The members of the two societies will be brought together; they will become acquainted. We once heard a broker remark that it was hard work to get two men together on the price of an article even when the difference was small and each wished to trade, if they were a thousand miles apart. Bring them together and they will trade. Bring the societies together and they will find common interests. In various ways these gatherings would tend to do away with the intense feeling which is manifest in our athletics, where it has no business to enter.

One of the most familiar, as well as the most despicable figures met in Bates life, is the "society man." He not merely is zealous that his society shall surpass her rival in members, or in literary or athletic contests—an entirely healthy and commendable spirit—but he is continually wasting precious moments, which ought to have been devoted to far worthier objects, in devising some means whereby it may get a few more men upon the base-ball or foot-ball teams, or meddling in other affairs which require for their success the united enthusiasm and support of the entire college. Merit upon its own recommendation receives no vote from him. Although such a person may flatter himself that he is the mainstay of his society, in reality he is neither essential nor beneficial to it. He is not even loyal to his society which was formed to subserve the college interests, for he has disregarded the very object of its existence, and cast upon it the reproach of narrow partisanship. If the object of a liberal education be to prepare candidates for advanced standing in Tammany circles, or in other similar organizations, he is the recipient of its full benefits; but if the object is to impart that broadness of mind which overlooks the meaner motives of life in the contemplation of the greatest and best, then is he a lamentable example of wasted opportunities.

What has this partisan spirit done for Bates the past year? We find her at the beginning of the training season about to be confronted upon the diamond in the spring, by some of the strongest college teams seen in the state for years, with material for a winning nine, but weakened by internal dispute, and with the only men possessing the requisite qualifica-
tions for leading the team to victory, incapacitated for the position because of class and society feeling. When a person is defeated upon his merits for a position, there is for him no appeal; but when beaten by faction or trickery, it is difficult for him to yield with grace. When Bates learns to despise the "society man" as he deserves, then there need be no fear of a recurrence of the present troubles. Let no one of the existing factions consider this editorial a personal attack. The writer believes it applicable to both.

FEW have such excellent opportunity for doing good as the Bates men who teach during the winter. Each teacher comes in contact with bright, active pupils waiting anxiously to be led into the highway of knowledge.

In nearly every school employing college men for winter teachers the same text-books are in use that their fathers used. The pupils have fallen into a monotonous routine of arithmetic, grammar, and algebra, and see nothing beyond the dingy covers of their finger-worn books. Coming fresh from the fields of literature and the royal ways of science, it is the teacher's duty to arouse the dormant powers of his pupils; to tell them of the wonderful treasures in the archives of centuries; to prove to them the truth of Ingersoll's statement, "In the literary air there is room for every wing"; to show them how to study, in order that they may love our English; in short, to rouse within them a yearning for knowledge and to kindle the fires of ambition where the combustibles are already prepared for ignition.

There can be no sudden transformation. There must be labor, earnest, faithful, continuous. Cheering results will surely attend patience and perseverance. The writer, after three winters' work, has had the joy of seeing his pupils interested, aroused, enthused. Bates men teach because they need money. We fear that many think only of Friday night and the treasurer's check.

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**THE LEADERS BUILD THEIR MONUMENTS.**

*BY J. G. Morrell, '95.*

WHILE journeying through the land, our attention is attracted here and there by monuments that mark the resting-places of illustrious leaders. We read the inscriptions, and, contemplating, we question whether these are all that kindle and keep aglow the memory of departed heroes.

No, we feel their influences exerting themselves to-day, growing and never-perishing monuments. We see these immortal heroes, living men with the eyes of the world turned towards them; and we see our leaders taking up the unfinished work, investigating, experi-
menting, and arriving at conclusions of which, hitherto, the world never even dreamed.

The influence of these dreamless heroes is their monument, and their sowing is our harvest. We rejoice that they have lived; and with pride we point out the leaders of to-day.

And so it is as we glance over the necrology of nations, and gaze upon the monuments that mark their resting-places.

Yet, are the ancient ruins of Karnak and the seventy pyramids of the Nile the only monuments of Egypt? Are the charred ruins of Nineveh the only monument of Assyria? Are the plains of Marathon and the site of old Thermopylae the only monuments of a nation that gave the world a Socrates? Are the ruins on the banks of Father Tiber the only monument left to that nation of three civilizations?

No; as from the heroes that have died, so, from each of these nations, a beam lightened our birth, and now flashes its rays across civilization. We see them springing into being; rocked in the cradle of nations; become living powers; spend their force, and lie down in slumber with those that have passed away. And we see the nations of to-day taking up the work of those sleeping powers and laying foundations deeper and grander than their predecessors could have known. The influences of these powers is their monument, and it will stand as long as nations live. Their death was our birth; their mistakes are our successes; and their slumber is our life.

There always was a leader among nations that built for itself a living monument and gave its ruins to the mother earth. And so there is a leader of nations to-day that is building, indeed, has built, a monument that stands a pyramid.

Yet, though the others fade in the distance or are lost in their own gloominess, they have their force as truly as the stars of heaven give forth their light in the midday glare.

Where is this leader of nations? Not in France, where martyrs of freedom have met death on the funeral pile, and where the market places have flowed red with innocent blood, spilt by the merciless command of an unfeeling despot. Not in Germany, with a supreme ruler upon whose lips ever quivers the word of war. Not in England, where freedom has been a mockery and tyranny a charm. No, the leader of nations is not found among those that have arrayed themselves against liberty; nor is it found in the nations that are grounding principles for a higher standard of morality and a more universal civilization, because they have been forced by the Mother of Liberty who flung her doors wide open and is now a refuge for investigators and a home of the free.

No, the leader is not among these nations. It is Columbia's realm, the youngest of the four great powers of the world; a nation reared on virgin soil and rocked, not in that old bloodstained cradle that rocked them all, but in the cradle of liberty, built from the forest primeval down in old Plymouth.

Over this cradle our gallant Prescott, standing on Bunker Hill amid the
plunging shot and shell, with his hand planted the pine tree banner, and under the benign influence of this ensign have grown all the qualities necessary to make our country the leader of nations.

For her national spirit and patriotic achievements let the revolutionary conflict and the opening scenes of Boston reply; let Bennington, Saratoga, and Yorktown support their claims. To her enterprise let the sails that whiten every sea and the commercial spirit that visits every busy mart testify. For her deeds of zeal and valor for the church see our missionaries in the depths of our forests, in the far regions of the east, and on the islands of the great Pacific. For our position in science, letters, and art let the impressions that the character and institutions of our country have made upon the world determine.

It was our example that threw off the despotic shackles from South America, and, by a single impulse, gave freedom to half a hemisphere. It was our Washington that created a Bolivar. It was our flag of independence, waving from the summits of the Alleghanies, that summoned a corresponding signal from the heights of the Andes. And it is that same spirit which crossed the Atlantic wave and made Plymouth Rock the corner-stone of freedom that is now traveling back to the east, influencing the cabinets of princes, giving a new song to the Grecian bards, exciting the emulation of the Grecian heroes, and warming the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland.

For things of the past go to the east; there visit some landmark living only in song, immortalized by a tribute paid by some sleeping bard; there, too, gazing upon the excavation of some fallen city, ponder upon its petrified remains.

But for things that are and are to be, look to the nation that is. Come to the Atlantic shore, cross the Father of Waters, and go down the western slope to the Golden City of the West, and there recall the landmarks yet to be immortalized, and question who shall be the excavators of those numberless cities springing up throughout the land. This is the leader of nations and, young though it be, it has its landmarks that shall live only in song—Bunker Hill, Yorktown, Antietam, and Gettysburg. But these are the pillars of a living monument; a pilot light, throwing reflections of freedom and equality of man across all Christendom, and sounding the notes of another song:

"All hail and welcome, nations of the earth! Columbia’s greeting comes from every state. Proclaim to all mankind the world’s new birth Of freedom, age on age shall consecrate. Let war and enmity forever cease, Let glorious art and commerce banish wrong, The universal brotherhood of peace Shall be Columbia’s high, inspiring song."

A WINTER SKETCH.

BY W. S. C. RUSSELL, ’86.

AN island, large in size, with its eastern front rising abruptly from the water and heavily timbered with spruce and pine. A camp of fir logs, with crevices nicely chinked with moss, a spruce bark roof, and one end opening against the face of a ledge. A fire leaping and roaring up between the camp and ledge, whose flames were
fed with beech and birch, generously intermixed with resinous wood. Above the rock, forked flames, sending illuminations everywhere, bringing the trunks of great trees out in bold relief against the blackness of the night, brightening the nearer foliage so that the seared leaf and withered cone stood forth to view. A current of cold air, the breath of the ice-king in his splendor, between which and the fire there was mutual hate, for with every breath drawn unusually deep the flames, in hot resentment, shot higher up and roared in anger among the branches of the neighboring spruces. The shadows, like phantoms mute, chasing each other across the snow and disappearing in the outer darkness. The monotony of the water-fall, occasionally broken by the hooting of the snowy owl across the stream. Above the trees a great dark dome, whose vault was traversed by a broad band of white and studded with millions of night's luminaries. Within and at the back of the camp a couch of poles plentifully covered with twigs of the odorous balsam. Upon the walls two stout pins, supporting as many rifles and pairs of snow-shoes. Before the fire, a "deacon's seat," o'erspread with dishes of tin and bark. Underneath the blazing logs a bed of glowing coals from which a man was drawing a pot of savory beans, while his companion was roasting a generous slice of venison upon a forked stick. A pail of hot coffee filling the camp with its delicious odor. Two hounds, one crouching, the other sitting, their interest in the preparations for supper evinced by the wagging of their tails and the dilating of their nostrils as the savory juice of the venison dripped sputtering onto the coals. This was the scene.

The two men were cousins; Harry, a stalwart, broad-shouldered youth, with clear blue eyes and auburn hair that curled luxuriantly above a massive forehead; Wilfred, short in stature, symmetrical in form, with dark, piercing eyes and raven locks. The two youths were adepts in woodcraft. In company with their two faithful hounds they were spending the months of January and February, 18—, in their snug camp on the upper part of the East Branch of the Pemigewassett, a tributary to the Merrimac, rising south-west of Mount Washington. They were employed in picking spruce gum. Game was plenty that winter, especially partridges, rabbits, and deer. Occasionally a moose was seen, probably some straggler from the Maine wilderness.

The day following the evening on which we have had a glimpse of their camp the youths were to spend in hunting deer, for the snow-shoeing was excellent.

Morning in the wilderness. The east was rosy-red, save where a thin stratum of clouds, laying athwart the dawning light, rent it from north to south. The mountain summits towards the east were crested with livid fire, while the snow which crowned them, and lay in spotless sheets in the tracks of avalanches and dried-up water courses, blushed at Aurora's ardent kiss. The topmost boughs of spruce,
and pine swayed dreamily to and fro. Bunches of snow, seemingly without cause, let go their hold upon lofty branches, burst into a myriad feathery flakes, and floated downward in zigzag, lazy motion. The sharp chattering of the squirrel and the noisy scolding of the chickadee now and then disturbed the quiet. But see! the sun has let loose his mettlesome steeds. The red beams marshal themselves upon the eastern peaks and charge downward in fiery squadrons upon the shadows assembled in the valleys. On! on they come! Into and through the shadowy battalions they dash, trampling them under foot, opening broad thoroughfares in thicket and forest, pursuing and vanquishing the dusky legions of the night. The mellow, genial rays are too powerful for the inert deadness, and the King of day, in splendor robed, steps above the eastern mountains. Thus Day, with all it brings of light and warmth, of renewed life and activity, brought forth from the camp our friends equipped for the chase.

A brief topographical description is necessary to the understanding of the hunt, and while the young men are taking their respective positions let us glance at the surrounding country.

On every hand steep mountains rise from four to five thousand feet. North of the camp is an elevation of nearly four thousand feet entirely surrounded by mountains. It is commonly called "The Mountain Between the Branches." Its eastern slope is precipitous, bordered by a river broad and deep. A few days previous to the time of which we write a freshet, caused by anchor-ice, had cleared this level stretch of all obstructions. A deep ravine, heavily timbered, extends from the top of the mountains to the river, terminating upon an inclined ledge whose face rises abruptly above the water from fifteen to forty feet. A small stream flows from the northern slope around the western side, entering the river at the south. The valley through which this brook flows is narrow, uneven, and covered with a dense growth of tall, slender spruces. Such places are termed "hop-yards," from their resemblance to a hop-field. They are the favorite midwinter haunts of the deer, and in the one mentioned above, deer are taken every winter.

It was decided that Harry should enter this yard from the south-west and loose the hounds upon the first track which gave evidence of having been made by a full-grown buck. Wilfred was to cross the river and station himself opposite the above-mentioned ravine. One of two things would surely happen. The deer, bounding from its covert at the first bay of the hounds, would start up the narrow valley, or take to the mountain. In either event one of the hunters would be sure to get a shot, for, being on opposite sides of the mountain, the dogs would inform them of the position of the deer.

The morning brought no wind. The river, recently cleared of ice, stretched in level expanse into the forest with scarcely a ripple. No sound broke the silence of the primeval wilderness save the occasional note of some bird.
On the eastern shore, at his appointed post, stood Wilfred watching the shadows shortening on the opposite slopes and intently listening for the chase. It came. One moment, and the hills and valleys were the personification of silence. Not even a quiver among the topmost branches. One moment more, and the empty air rang as with the blast of a score of bugles clear and strong. No chording of the instruments or hesitating prelude prepared the ear for the grand flourish, but loud and clear, deep, full and prolonged as the voice of hound could make it when the buck dashes from covert in close and tantalizing view, ascended the ringing peal. It rose above the spruces; it filled the upper air; it slid down the ravines an avalanche of mellowing sound; it swelled into billows in the valleys and rolled above the mountain crests, rippled along the ridges in softening streams of music, and floated across the valley, dissolving amid the reverberating crags of Lafayette.

Wilfred's eye brightened. The blood mounted to his cheeks. Cocking his rifle he waited with bated breath the approaching chase. Again and again the cry of the hounds rent the air. The sounds rose upward in swelling volumes and pursued each other in billow after billow down the mountain side. Peel on peel did the dogs pour into the resounding air, shivering the silence into fragments. Onward in hot pursuit they tore, now diving into thickets which half smothered their clarion cries, now bounding up a rugged ascent, now flying along a ridge, now flashing down a slope, leaving the air above them shivered with the reports of their hot, smoking throats.

Thus went the chase, with Harry running straight for the terminus of the ravine upon the ledges, for he knew by the various turns and the proximity of the hounds to the deer that there the chase would end.

With feelings which no one knows and no one can describe, unless he has had a similar experience, did Wilfred wait, holding his breath to listen when the sounds made aerial angles, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the frightened quarry as the hurricane swept along the mountain ridge. At last, hard pressed by the hounds, the buck, turning a right angle at the summit, dashed down the dark ravine straight on for the river's yawning brink, spurning the crusted snow with flying hoof. Onward, downward came the chase, yelp, hound and buck together. The mountain caverns reverberated with the uproar. The narrow gulch resounded with vocal streams. To north and east the echoes flew; to west and south they died away. The owls flew up into the scintillating light, frightened by the rush and whirl of tumult beneath their shadowy perches. The crows with flapping wings circled above the tree-tops with unmelodious caw.

Thus with bay of hound, with flight and croak of bird, with volleying echoes melting into softest music, came down the ravine, with eagles' flight, the impetuous race. Soon the crash of brush and crunch of snow was audible to Wilfred. Nearer, yet nearer, the
tumult came, until it reached the very limit of moose-wood bushes bordering the forest. The buck, with ankles bleeding, cut by the yielding crust, head thrown up and ears laid back, with nostrils dilating, tongue hanging out, froth flying, eyes flashing fire, and with yelping hound at either flank, burst out upon the ledge and with flash too quick for hunter’s deadly aim, threw himself with all the momentum of his flight far out over the cliff above the chilling waters. The buck did not take to water unaccompanied. Harry reached the copeswood simultaneously with the chase. In his eagerness to shoot the buck before the leap which he knew would come, he dashed through the fringing brush onto the ledge, glare with encrusted ice. Ignorant of the presence of ice his momentum, as he broke through the bushes, took him upon the descending sheet. As the polished bows of his snow-shoes struck the slippery surface his feet shot upward with a flash. No bush or crevice was near to grasp, nothing save the smooth surface of the ice, and over he slid into the cool depths twenty feet below. One hound followed a similar fate, while the other, with tail depressed, ran whimpering up and down the bank.

While the deer was in mid-air Wilfred’s rifle exploded, but the leaden cone only pierced the brisket of the animal and flattened against the ledge. The deer, dog, and Harry rose to the surface together and only a few feet apart. The dog quickly swam to the opposite bank and crawled shivering out upon the snow. Excitement and rage had converted the ordinary timid deer into a furious beast. Soon as he caught sight of Harry, the buck, smarting with the flesh wound, his back curved and bristling, and with a loud snort of mingled rage and pain, plunged towards his adversary.

Startling as had been the catastrophe, great as was the danger, encumbered as he was with his snow-shoes, Harry’s presence of mind did not abandon him, and he rose to the surface with hunting-knife in hand. Adroitly throwing himself to one side, as the buck charged upon him with pointed hoof, he aimed a blow at the base of the animal’s neck. He was not quick enough and missed his aim, plunging the knife into the shoulder-blade, snapping it short off at the handle. Doubly enraged, the buck wheeled like a flash and plunged at his adversary. The antlers at this season of the year are wanting entirely, but the sharp-pointed hoofs handled by an animal at home in the water—the deer always seeks water when turned to bay—are truly formidable. For a few moments the unequal contest raged. Nearly all of Harry’s garments were stripped from him and his flesh was bruised and lacerated in many places. Gradually he worked nearer the low bank of the stream, but Wilfred could render no assistance. To shoot was extremely dangerous to his cousin. It was plain that exhaustion, coupled with the snow-shoes, would soon drag him helpless under the water.

The fury and energy of the deer in no way lessened. Mustering all his strength, Harry made a quick move-
ment and threw his right arm over the angry creature's neck and clinched his nostrils with the left. The buck's fore feet became entangled in the snow-shoe filling. His fury increased and he redoubled his efforts to shake himself free from his doughty antagonist. Harry's strength was nearly gone. He could cling to the buck but a short time at most. To let go in his exhausted condition was sure death.

"Shoot, shoot!" he cried in despair. A cold shudder ran through Wilfred's frame. He had thought of shooting, but he must hit the brain or heart to have the shot effective. Both vital spots were in close proximity to his cousin's body. Twice he raised his rifle, but his heart failed him as man and beast whirled round and round half buried in the water.

"Quick—shoot—I must—let—go," came faintly over the water.

He hesitated no longer. Instantly dropping upon his right knee with his left foot advanced, Wilfred, pale, but with steady nerves, dropped the barrel into his extended palm. The stock jumped to his cheek with hammer up and finger on the trigger. An instant, as his eye settled into the sights, man and rifle were motionless. The finger pressed steadily upon the trigger, fire spurted from the muzzle, a sharp report rang out upon the air so lately hushed. Ere the smoke lifted, Wilfred threw aside hat, coat, and rifle, leaped into the stream and swam swiftly to the rescue of his exhausted cousin. To his intense joy the deer ceased his frantic struggles. The bullet passed so near as to pierce a remnant of Harry's coat and buried itself in the heart of the buck. Wilfred bore his cousin stoutly to the shore and then succeeded in saving the deer.

Weak, bleeding, chilled, and nearly helpless he carried rather than supported Harry to the camp. After a few days careful nursing in their comfortable quarters, with plenty of venison steaks upon which to regain their strength, they were but little the worse, save the loss of Harry's rifle, for the unexpected result of their hunt.

The student who takes a living interest in college spirit and takes part in societies, college papers, athletic associations and other organizations, will be the one that will take interest, and will work with zeal in every walk of life, social, religious, or political, after leaving the college halls.—Miami Student.

The French scholar, Huet, who read constantly until the age of ninety-one, and knew, it is said, more of books than any other man of his time, said that if nothing had been said twice, everything that had ever been written since the creation of the world, the details of history excepted, might be put into nine or ten folio volumes.

The college yell is purely an American invention and is unknown in other countries. In England the students simply cheer or scream the name of their college or university, no attempt being made at a rhythmical, measured yell, as in this country.
REPENTANCE.
(An Allegory.)

In the lonely, beauteous garden
Of Gethsemane, there grows
A rare lily, pure and perfect,
Deeper red than any rose;
But its head is always drooping,
Humbled even to the ground;
And within its heart, there always
May be blood-red tear drops found.

Years and years ago, the flowers
Thought to choose themselves a queen;
One of sweet and stately bearing,
One of quiet, modest mien.
All the flowers called together,
To the Saviour's garden came,
Where by His own gentle bidding,
Every bloom received a name.

Who should be the queen? The flowers
Found it hard this to declare.
Some were beautiful, but haughty;
Some were sweet, but were not fair;
Some, too gentle; some, too fragile;
Some too gaily colored were.
But at last one cried, "the lily."
All the flowers turned to her.

Then the lily rose before them,
Tall and stately, sweet and good;
Modest, fair, the purest flower
In the garden, lily stood.
For her manner, sweet and royal;
For her beauty, grand and rare;
She was chosen for the flower queen,
Called "the fairest of the fair."

Then the lily raised her petals;
Gone her modest, quiet mien,
And with pride her heart was swollen.
Had she not been chosen queen?
So, in accents low and earnest,
To herself the lily said:
"To no one in earth or heaven
Will I ever bow my head."

Softly came He by the flowers,
Speaking gently to each one.
At His touch with joy they trembled;
Gleamed His beauty like the sun.
It is said, one little flower,
In her bliss, forgot her name.
Every flower-head was bended
As the Saviour near it came.

All but one, the queen, the lily;
She, the pride of all the flowers,
Haughtily, with head uplifted,
By the Saviour's side she towers.
Gazing boldly at His beauty,
Proudly, then, queen lily said:
"To no one in earth or heaven
Will I ever bow my head."

Jesus knew her thought ere uttered,
For He saw her heart of pride.
Softly came He through the garden,
Sadly stood He by her side;
Gazed upon her, loving, pleading,
While her flower-comrades said:
"Lily, queen, it is the Saviour!
Lily, lily, bend your head!"

When she knew it was the Saviour,
Lily's cheeks with shame were burned.
Still the Saviour gazed upon her,
Till her face to crimson turned,
While her heart, filled with repentance,
Overflowed with tears of blood,
As with head now humbly lowered
At the Saviour's feet she stood.

CONTRAST.

The soft blue sky of June, and the cool air,
Laden with fragrance of the apple bloom,
The song of birds, the setting sun, which paints
The eastern hills in richest loveliness,
The pensive quietude of eventide,
All make it, then, a luxury to live.

When from the frigid zone a freezing blast
Hath swept thro' vales and o'er the towering
hills,
Then haste the birds to southern climes. 'Tis then
The flowers droop and fall around the stem;
When snows lie deep and streams are bound
in ice,
To live is then a struggle for mankind.

—X. Y. ZOSIMOS, '95.
To the Editors of the Student:

Has Bowdoin won the base-ball pennant for 1893? Have the Maine colleges decided that students of the Maine Medical School are members of Bowdoin College and entitled to play on Bowdoin athletic teams? If we were to believe certain articles that have lately appeared, we should be obliged to answer both these questions in the affirmative. It was stated in the Bowdoin Orient of December 20th that the championship for 1893 had been awarded to Bowdoin by the meeting of the base-ball managers at Waterville, and about the same time several of the daily papers printed an article stating that the same meeting had made Maine Medical School students eligible to the Bowdoin team. Both of these statements give an erroneous impression and have caused some misapprehension among Bates men.

As to the first statement, the board of managers who met at Waterville did not have the power to award the championship to anyone. The pennant ought to have been won on the ballfield last June, but it cannot be awarded by any one now.

The constitution under which the league was played provided that a tie for the championship should be decided by a game to be played within twelve days after the scheduled games were finished. This game was not played and was not even arranged within the twelve days. At the end of that time, as the constitution provided for nothing farther, the league for 1893 was ended with Bates and Bowdoin tied for first place. This was the situation at the close of the league and so it must remain in spite of any decision to the contrary. It was thoroughly understood at the Waterville meeting, and the motion that was passed did not award the pennant and was only an expression of opinion by the majority of the meeting.

The idea that the Medical School students were to be eligible to the Bowdoin team seems to have arisen with the Brunswick correspondent of the Portland Argus, who stated as much in an article on December 20th. The question about the medics was the most important one coming before the meeting, and a great deal of time was spent upon it without reaching a decision. A matter of so much importance should be brought before the Athletic Association of each college. Bates was closed for the winter vacation at this time, so the matter was left undecided. The decision rests with the Bates Athletic Association.

The matter has been brought up before, but the medics have never been allowed to play. That the Maine Medical School is located at Brunswick does not seem a sufficient reason why its members should be considered as Bowdoin students and be allowed to pass for such in athletics. The Medical School is connected with Bowdoin College about as Cobb Divinity School
is connected with Bates College, but no Bates man would claim that Divinity School students were eligible to the Bates team. Either the theologians or we ourselves must be deficient in nerve, according to the Bowdoin standard.

The meeting which was held December 16th regularly comes in February. Bowdoin was determined to have it early this year, although it would put Bates to some inconvenience on account of the vacation, which would prevent the Athletic Association from being called together. The meeting was held, but nothing of importance was decided. As a result, it may be necessary to call another meeting.

A. H. Miller,
Mgr. Bates B. B. A.

LOCALS.

Noone, '94, is clerking in the Hub.
Smith, '95, spent vacation in town.
Have you written your criticism yet?
College opened Tuesday, Jan. 9th.
“Hello; been teaching?” “No; loafing.”

“Have you returned or only arrived?”
Springer, '95, pulls the bell rope until Cutts returns.
Now is the time when we ought to have a social.
All the Student editors but one are teaching.
Wakefield, '95, spent several days in Boston soliciting ads. for the Student.
Wingate, '95, has become deeply interested in the study of Shakespeare.

Miss Neal, ex-'95, is teaching in Auburn.
Parker Hall was entirely vacated at Thanksgiving time.
This is the time of year when people are light on the foot.

Knapp, '95, has been working on fancy leather this vacation.

'Ninety-seven had the largest delegation at the opening ceremony.
For a good sound Keeley Cure, go to Deering (Portland), Maine.
Political Economy promises to be a very interesting study for the Juniors.

Miss Bryant, '96, clerked for Douglass & Cook during the holidays.

We are sorry to learn that Billington, '97, has decided not to return to college.

Miss Stewart, '95, has finished her school at North Anson and returned to college.

Miss King, '95, has rejoined her class. She was out teaching during the fall term.

Douglass, '96, has been compelled to leave his school and return home on account of sickness.

Brown, '95, commenced his school in Eastport, January 2d, for a term of twelve weeks.

L. W. Robbins, Colby, '94, formerly of Bates, paid a short visit to his Lewiston friends during vacation.

Prof. to Mr. S.—“Does the study of Political Economy tend to create a love for wealth?” Mr. S.—No, sir; no more than the study of General Geometry creates a love for that study.”
Work in the gym commenced the first week.

Emerson, '97, will not rejoin his class this year.

Miss Bryant supplied for a week in one of the Auburn schools.

Give us a new stove and a cover for the table in the reading-room.

Phillips, '97, spent part of his vacation visiting friends in Pennsylvania.

The many friends of Miss Green, '94, are glad to welcome her back after an absence of two terms.

Motions for New Year’s resolutions were in order, but those for breaking them now take precedence.

Field, '94, spent a week with us at the opening of the term, and then left to teach an eight-weeks term of school in Phillips.

Dutton, '95, has had an attack of pneumonia and was obliged to give up his school at North New Portland for several weeks.

Several of the Sophomores who were suspended last term have returned. Others will be back as soon as they finish their winter schools.

Some of the boys are getting back and thawing out the mice frozen to death in their beds in the back rooms of Parker Hall.

Professor Rand was unable to meet his classes the first few days of the term. We are glad to see him out again so soon.

Parsons, '96, was obliged to give up his school at Minot Corner on account of trouble with his head. He is unable to read or study for any length of time.

Professor Howe repeated his lecture, delivered before the World’s Parliament of Religions, at the Main Street Church, January 14th.

Professor to Mr. B. on the review lesson—"You may define sound."
Mr. B.—"I did not study the last part of the advance."

Professor Anthony, of the Theological School, had an article in the Independent for January 4th, on "Denominational Co-operation in Maine."

Bolster, '95, was admitted as an active member of the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education at its last annual meeting.

Hatch’s electrical studies seem to have developed quite capillaceous features. Did he take a shock to start them? He must have, for they shock everybody.

Professor Anthony delivered an interesting lecture at the annual meeting of the State Pedagogical Society, in Waterville, on "Substitutes for Greek in a Fitting School."

The Soph’s soliloquy:
Full boldly we turned off the gas,
For mock programmes our money blew in,
And cut every girl in the class,
In vain the Seniors’ applause to win.

Speaking of the Mikado burlesque, the Portland Argus says: "It reflected great credit on Lewiston Foresters, but especially on Frank L. Callahan, leader of Callahan’s Orchestra, of Lewiston, who was the organizer and general manager of the undertaking."

The Freshman class has been divided into divisions, and the questions for next fall’s debates have been selected. The five divisions, with the questions,
are as follows: First Division—"Was there More True Christianity Among the Puritans than Exists Among their Descendants in New England?" Aff.: Miss Wiggin, Miss Snell, Rogers, Miss Chase, Miss Hanson, Phillips. Neg.: Palmer, H. Parker, Miss Sleeper, Miss Meserve, Wright, Gray. Second Division—"Ought the United States to Give a Guarantee to the Nicaragua Canal Company to Pay the Interest on the Money Necessary to Build the Canal?" Aff.: Miss Rowell, Tobien, Miss Purington, E. Parker, Miss Buzzell. Neg.: Miss Winn, Miss Butterfield, Miss Twort, Gilman, Sturges, Sampson. Third Division: "Is it Probable that Russia will Become the Greatest European Power?" Aff.: Billington, Miss Merrill, Miss Houghton, Miss Andrews, Cunningham, Miss Noyes, Hubbard. Neg.: Miss Hewins, Stanley, Miss Lunt, Bailey, Marr, Miss Brown. Fourth Division—"Does the Last Quarter of the Nineteenth Century Offer as Great Opportunities for Statesmanship in the United States as Did the Last Quarter of the Eighteenth Century?" Aff.: Miss Berry, Hanscom, Burrill, Miss Lowell, Miss Roby, Slattery. Neg.: Miss Cobb, Miss Vickery, Miss Knowles, Brackett, Miss Dunn, Vining. Fifth Division—"Did Italy Show a Greater Mental Vigor and Activity During the Renaissance than in Any Other Period of Her History?" Aff.: Barrell, Miss Jenkinson, Miss James, Skillings, Briggs, Miss Porter. Neg.: Carr, Milliken, Miss Farnum, Miss Smith, Miss Bride, Miss Summerbell.

At the base-ball meeting at Waterville, December 16, 1893, the following schedule was arranged:

May 2—Bowdoin vs. Bates, Brunswick.  
May 2—Colby vs. M. S. C., Waterville.  
May 5—Bates vs. Colby, Lewiston.  
May 8—Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., Brunswick.  
May 9—Colby vs. Bowdoin, Waterville.  
May 9—Bates vs. M. S. C., Lewiston.  
May 12—Bates vs. Bowdoin, Lewiston.  
May 12—M. S. C. vs. Colby, Bangor.  
May 19—Colby vs. Bates, Bangor.  
May 22—M. S. C. vs. Bowdoin, Bangor.  
May 26—Bowdoin vs. Colby, Brunswick.  
June 2—Bates vs. Bowdoin, Waterville.  
June 6—Bowdoin vs. Colby, Lewiston.  

Alumni Department.

ALUMNI MEETING.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

The tenth annual dinner of the alumni of the college, in Boston and vicinity, occurred at Young's Hotel, December 22, 1893, at 6.30 P.M. Prior to the dinner a business meeting was held, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. F. E. Emrich, '76; Vice-President, Rev. W. H. Bolster, '69; Secretary and Treasurer, C. C. Smith, '88. At dinner there were present thirty-four graduates, and twenty wives and lady friends. The speakers of the evening were Prof. G. C. Chase, '68; A. E. Tuttle, '79; Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75; O. B. Clason, Esq.,
THE BATES STUDENT.

'77; W. F. Garcelon, '90; Miss Mabel Wood, '90; Miss Dora Jordan, '90; A. M. Spear, Esq., '75; George E. Smith, Esq., '75. Nothing, except a return to the campus at Commencement season, can recall the old college days so pleasantly as these annual meetings at Young's. College mates who have been separated for years meet for a few hours, and compare notes and report progress.

But present successes and failures are soon passed by, and with one accord the old and happy days of college life are called up. The curtain rises on the college grounds and buildings. The classes again re-form. Parker Mall is tenanted with its former occupants. The victories of former days are won again, and the heroes come trooping in from the field. Such is the happy frame of mind that only the victories are recalled. No word or thought of those early struggles and trials, when rigid economy at college, and sacrifice in the home was a stern reality, finds place at the happy board. The small hours of the night come rapidly on, and all too soon the last act, consisting of college songs, is finished, and the curtain falls.

Any graduate who has never attended one of these dinners should not allow another year to pass without availing himself of the privilege. The Secretary desires to have sent him the addresses of all who did not receive notice this year of the time and place of meeting, so he may extend the invitation as widely as possible for the next dinner.

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Secretary.

RESPECTING AN EQUIVALENT FOR GREEK.

[A paper read before the Maine Pedagogical Society, at Waterville, December 20, 1895.]

To the Editors of the Student:

If the college demands Greek, the fitting-school must teach Greek. At present, however, the college is very much in doubt concerning its requirements, and any light shed upon its perplexity by the fitting-school, or from any other source, will be welcome. My fifteen minutes allow for little more than bare statements.

Two substitutes have been proposed for Greek,—the modern languages and natural sciences. Our query is, which will educationally yield the most to the average student of to-day,—Greek, one of the modern languages, as French or German, or one of the natural sciences?

1. A liberal education should yield the student an increase of mental furniture. An educated man requires a certain amount of facts. We must all be Gradgrinds to an extent. Education does consist in part, at least, of pouring in information. This is not the chief part, but this is a part. Rules in arithmetic, tables of measures, principles of language, events in history, laws of nature, morals and government, must be learned and retained in memory. Facts thus stored have a twofold use: (1), of direct application at their own face value, and (2), according to the laws of association, as points of attachment for the acquisition of new facts, either from without by observation, or from within by logical reasoning. He who knows much observes more, relates what he sees to what he already knows, and remembers...
without difficulty. The well-furnished mind extracts from the world what another never dreams exists, not of fact merely, but of truth underlying fact.

Which mental furniture is the more valuable, a knowledge of Greek or a knowledge of one of the modern languages? If the student wishes to speak one of the modern languages, the answer is obvious. Classic Greek will never be a spoken language. But to speak a language is a commercial and not an educational motive. Which will enrich the mind the more? Which will the better stimulate the rational processes? In either case there are rules to be learned, new vocabularies to be acquired, their differences and similarities to be noted, and curious idioms, with the strange modes of thought which they imply, to be grasped and analyzed.

In the case of a young student doubtless the immediate advantage lies with the modern language. His imagination is more easily stirred, his powers of comparison and reasoning more easily exercised upon that which is merely geographically distant than upon that which is both geographically and chronologically distant. But in after life the advantage lies with the classic. The bare bones of language, whether ancient or modern, stand an equal chance of vanishing from memory; but the adult who has once studied Greek has come into contact with another kind of thinking, another type of mind; he has seen government and society, art and literature in the workshop, and has looked more nearly into the heart of man. Of the French and German his newspaper tells him daily. Indeed, through his elbow he may acquire any modern civilization. In fact all modern civilization is one. Forsooth, since geographical distance has well-nigh vanished, the only way to broaden a man's mental horizon is to educate him, not longitudinally, but latitudinally; that is, toward both the origin and the destiny of the human family. We cannot yet lift the veil of the future; the backward study, therefore, is linguistic "science," and has promise of the future.

A comparison of Greek with the natural sciences gives the same result: an immediate advantage for the young on the side of science, but the lasting benefit on the side of the Greek. Science, rightly taught, indeed, however taught, increases the power to see. But the power to see, unenforced by the power to retain and philosophically to comprehend, is like the angler's hook, good to catch, but worthless as a basket to hold, or a stomach to digest. A study of Greek does not enlarge the observational faculty, save in a kind of literary and psychological way, but, since language is a representation of mind, it does teach the student of man as a creature above the brute. The best translation never gives the shape, size, and suggestive-ness of original thought.

2. A liberal education should impart to its possessor pure and lofty mental aims. Chautauquan circles and University Extension lectures have a noble motive and do, doubtless, a large amount of good, but they incur the
grave peril, it must be confessed, of making glitter pass for gold. Haste sometimes makes waste, for

"We may outrun,
   By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
   And lose by overrunning."

True politeness comes not from books on etiquette, and is not learned through twelve lessons at the dancing school; goodness cannot be acquired under the influence of a good sermon, nor from a course of ethics; there is a salvation of the soul which must be "worked out" by "fear and trembling," the accretions of which are likened unto growth. True culture is the result of years.

Is there a Homer in German? Has the French language a Demosthenes or a Plato? What modern speech can give us an Æschylus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Socrates, and Aristotle? Perhaps the English, but no other.

The natural sciences analyze. They see the elements. They give us minute thoughts. Darwin—and his was no narrow mind—complained in old age that the pursuit of science had caused an atrophy of the finer qualities of his mind; his aesthetic sense and his religious sense had waned and well-nigh vanished. He says: "The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature." ("The Life and Letters of Charles R. Darwin, including an Autobiographical Chapter." London: 1888. Vol. 1., p. 102.) But Darwin also confessed: "During my whole life I have been singularly incapable of mastering any language" (p. 32). Is this confession an explanation of the complaint?

A precise language, like the Greek, has a refining influence upon a man. Mathematics is exact; but mathematics tends—I speak of a tendency only, which many a mathematician successfully resists—tends to make a man angular, a man of few words, and dogmatic; for mathematical conclusions are demonstrable, and "Q. E. D." does not refine by broadening.

A knowledge of the Greek makes a student appreciate his own and all languages. Etymological meanings are not dictionary definitions, yet they aid in understanding definitions, and, still better, reveal, usually, the history of some phase of human thought. To catch a glimpse of such history, if but occasional, enlarges the mental vision.

To breathe the atmosphere of the Greek language and literature, of Greek history, poetry, oratory, art, statesmanship, and philosophy, is to purify and elevate the mental aims as French cannot, though with Racine and Molière and Corneille and Victor Hugo; as German cannot, even by its Goethe and Schiller and Lessing and Kant; as Italian cannot, were its Dante multiplied by a score; as indeed the natural sciences cannot, though astronomy lift its devotees the highest.

3. A liberal education requires thorough mental discipline. To think and to continue to think, at will, is evidence of mental self-control. Attention can be secured from a baby by a snap of the fingers. But the baby turns involuntarily. Curiosity is not
volitional attention, neither is the love of novelty; they are emotional. It is
the cheap conception of genius which thinks of the poet as awakening in the
night, and seized with a sudden inspiration, his “eye in a fine frenzy roll-
ing,” dashing off at a sitting the world’s masterpieces. Laborious, incessant
application is the usual price of genius. Men of one idea evince a wonderful
tenacity of purpose, and have accomplished stupendous results for human
welfare. But theirs have not usually been well-balanced, well-disciplined
minds. Human society in its development has at length reached a plane
where breadth rather than length is essential for humanity’s benefactor.
This is not denying the present need of specialization, but is declaring that
the specialist must specialize broadly and intelligently; to simply run his
course, because by the chance of birth or circumstance that course is open
before him, is in this age frequently to run in vain. The educated man,
before narrowing himself, must, in order to serve his day, not only so
broaden himself that, knowing the needs of his day, and the attainments
of his day, he may wisely adapt himself in his chosen profession to the het-
erogeneity of to-day, but must no less acquaint himself with the thought and
life of past ages in order that he may now do more than simply repeat the
past. So disciplined must he be, if well disciplined, that he can apply him-
self to the task which the times most require and can succeed therein. This
is the discipline of opportunity and application. The highest ideal of per-
fect individualism is not idiosyncrasy but adaptation.

The substitution of modern languages or of natural sciences for Greek
is often advocated as a concession to the modern utilitarian spirit. “The stu-
dent must spend so many years in his special preparation,” pleads the utili-
tarian, why should he waste his time on Greek?” And the same spirit ofen-
times crowds out the college altogether and substitutes the technical, or pro-
fessional, school. But why “waste” time on an education, any way?

Life does not consist of three-score years and ten merely. Life is spheri-
cal, not a line. To be rich and large and full, it must be inclusive, compre-
hensive, even though its increased radius impinge upon an ever-increasing
outer sphere of nescience. Non tamquam multa, sed tamquam multum?
Mehercule! non solum multum, sed etiam multa.

After all that can be said, however, more depends upon him who teaches
than upon that which is taught. The intellectual life, like the moral and
spiritual, is less communicable by precept than by example. There is
no spontaneous mental generation,—
though mental degeneration is sponta-
neous enough,—and there are no
patent incubators of intellectual eggs
or germs in text-book or topic. Men-
tal life is first by contagion, then
by assimilation through subjective
personal toil, and then by growth,
necessary and inevitable. But my
modest contention is that, while modern
languages need not be ommitted and
natural sciences should not be left out,
the study of Greek must not be dropped from the curriculum of the college and secondary school; it is one of the most fruitful subjects for the right kind of a teacher to teach; it is its own best substitute; it has no equivalent for the highest ends of a liberal education; the time devoted to it is time well spent, for it leads to facts, cultivates aims, and secures discipline indispensable to the best mental training.

Alfred Williams Anthony.

PERSONALS.

'68.—Professor O. C. Wendall is in sole charge of the large telescope in the Harvard observatory.

'73.—E. P. Sampson, principal of Thornton Academy, Saco, read, at the meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society, held recently at Waterville, an able paper upon "The Second Year in Latin."

'75.—Professor J. R. Brackett, of Colorado University, has recently favored some of his old teachers at Bates with admirable photographs, taken by himself, of scenes in Boulder, Colorado.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, principal of Cushing Academy, at Ashburnham, Mass., dedicated, on January 2d, the beautiful $100,000 set of buildings that replace those burned last year.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich has declined a $4,000 call to the pastorate of a Boston church.

'76.—B. H. Young, M.D., is having an excellent practice in Amesbury, Mass.

'77.—G. A. Stuart, superintendent of Lewiston schools, presided at the meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society, held at Waterville, December 28-30.

'77.—C. E. Brockway is principal of the high school, Bourne, Mass.

'79.—E. V. Scribner, M.D., is superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane at Worcester, Mass.

'79.—E. W. Given, Ph.D., is in charge of the Ancient Classics at Newark Academy, a leading preparatory school for Princeton.

'80.—Professor Frisbee, of the Latin School, Lewiston, Me., was at the Boston Library the most of his winter vacation. He attended several teachers' conventions and made a very pleasant visit at Wellesley College. Once more he has opened his winter term with the usual increase of several new students.

'81.—C. W. Williams is pastor of the Baptist church in Hanson, Mass.

'82.—D. E. Pease is doing a flourishing business in printing, Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

'83.—F. E. Foss is a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

'85.—Miss Stiles is improving in health, and has left the hospital in Boston for her home in Norway, Me.

'85.—E. B. Stiles makes his headquarters at 82 Varney Street, Lowell, Mass., but has engagements all over New England almost every day, giving addresses on missionary subjects. He has offered fifteen dollars in prizes to students of the Divinity School for essays upon "The Attractiveness of the Ministry."
'85.—R. E. Attwood is cashier of the Waterville Trust and Safe Deposit Company.

'86.—Professor W. H. Hartshorn is a member of the special committee on Science in the Public Schools for the Maine Pedagogical Society.

'86.—Harry M. Cheney and Mary E. Vose were united in marriage on December 19th. Mr. Cheney is a nephew of Rev. O. B. Cheney, President of Bates College. Early in life he came to Lebanon with his parents, and graduated from Colby Academy, at New London, class of '82, and four years later, from Bates College. Since that time he has been editor and manager of the Granite State Free Press, besides carrying on an extensive insurance business.

'87.—J. R. Dunton, superintendent of Rockland schools, read a memorial of J. W. Mitchell at the last meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society.

'88.—W. L. Powers, principal of Gardiner High School, presented a paper on "Aims in Teaching of Cicero" at the same meeting.

'89.—F. J. Daggett has opened a law office at 42 Court Street, Boston.

'90.—F. I. Day, M.D., is at Bridgeport Hospital, Bridgeport, Conn.

'90.—E. W. Morrill, of the Methodist Seminary, Vt., has been making a critical reading of Darwin's theory of evolution, upon which he has made interesting comments.

'92.—W. B. Skeleton, Esq., has formed a law partnership with ex-Mayor Newell, of Lewiston.

'92.—At Academy Hall, Henniker, N. H., on Friday evening, December 29th, an able and scholarly address was delivered to a most appreciative audience by Scott Wilson, of Haverford College Grammar School, instructor in athletics and mathematics. The subject of the address was "New England's part in our National Drama." The speaker's view of his subject was comprehensive, his treatment of it systematic and entertaining, and his delivery earnest, deliberate, and eloquent.

Instead of publishing a catalogue, Cobb Divinity School has this year occupied two pages of Our Dayspring, the young people's paper of Boston, in its issue of December 2, 1893. Copies may be secured from any member of the Faculty.

Bates College was well represented at the recent meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society, held in Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville. Three of its professors were in attendance, and about twenty-five of its graduates. A Bates man presided, four presented papers, and several others participated in the discussions.

The first regular foot-ball team in this country was organized at Yale in 1872.

The oldest college graduate is said to be Dr. James Kitchen, of Philadelphia, Penn., who was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1819.

The receipts of the Yale-Princeton Thanksgiving game amounted to $39,000, the expenses $11,000, and the net balance $28,000.
Criticise is a difficult art. To criticise justly and kindly requires much time, deep thought, and impartiality. No man objects to adverse criticism so much as the average collegian. No body of journalists have any better opinion of their own ability than the average editorial staff of a college magazine. Because of this it is hard for the exchange editor to do his duty. Many magazines have omitted the department altogether, while others fill up the page with clippings from various papers and make no comments. This is wrong. The exchange department is absolutely essential to every college journal because it brings us to see ourselves as others see us. They show us our mistakes and we can profit by them.

Very few exchanges have come to our table since the appearance of the December Student. Since that time the Student has passed into new and somewhat inexperienced hands. We are unacquainted with many of the magazines before us, but hope to form an acquaintance that will be of mutual benefit for the coming year. Whatever criticism may appear from time to time in these pages will be in kindness and we will accept just criticism in the same manner.

The Dartmouth Lit is one of the finest college publications we have seen. It is printed on excellent paper and its press-work is faultless, which cannot be said of many papers before us. We wish to say that "Christmas Memories," a sonnet, is an excellent production.

The Brown Magazine for November contains a long poem entitled "On Opposite Shores." Themetrical construction is nearly perfect, while the thought is beautiful. We quote one verse:

"For better I deem an aspect bright,
And a smile that warms and cheers,
Than the grief that dims another's light
With the shadow of our tears."

"The Waste Basket" of the Colby Echo contains a very good parody on "After the Ball," but a whole column of its short, would-be funny poems have little literary merit, and should have been literally cast into the "waste basket" instead of being sent to the printer.

"One of Our Criminals," the subject of an article in the Harvard Monthly, has the virtue of being original. It is written in a humorous, satirical vein, and shows the injustice of our criminal courts.

At the present time there is much talk about college verse. The exchange editor of The Tuftonian, after comparing poetry and prose for a year, claims that poetry is on an equality with prose. We think so. Examine the "Song of the River," in the December number of the Nassau Literary Magazine, and you will find perfect poetry; but above all, a display of true genius. The author has the poet's own love of nature, his imagination is wonderful and his
expression beautiful. We wish that space permitted a reprint in our columns. Many college poems are not credited with their just due, simply because their authors are only college students. Let many of them come to light over the names of noted poets, and critics would spread pens full of ink in their praise.

The article upon the "Niagara River" in the *Niagara Index* is a masterly production. Its geological knowledge displayed is valuable, while the historical references are soul-stirring to every true American. We think the "Index Review" of this magazine is weak, in the fact that it contains too much slang and has many unsuccessful attempts to be humorous.

*The Occident* comes to us weekly and is as bright and sparkling as the sands of its native shore.

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**Magazine Notices.**

The January *Century* is full of interest to the lovers of art, literature, or music. The magazine opens with the second paper on the "Old Dutch Masters," by Mr. Cole, the subject this month being Franz Hals, of whose work Mr. Cole has engraved three examples, the celebrated "Jester" being printed as the frontispiece.

One of the great composers of to-day, Edvard Grieg, contributes an entertaining article on Robert Schumann.

An article of a wholly different character is Miss Alice Fletcher's study of Indian music, based on her personal residence among the Omaha Indians, concerning whose lore she is an accepted expert.

An unpublished essay of James Russell Lowell, "The Function of the Poet," is said by Professor Norton to be "not unworthy to stand with Sidney's and with Shelley's 'Defense of Poesy,'" and "fitted to warm and inspire the poetic heart of the youth of this generation."

Two other literary papers are quite as worthy of attention as Lowell's essay. They are an account of the personal appearance, home life, and opinions of George Sand, by her friend Madam Blanc, and an article on the critic Andrew Lang, by Brander Matthews.

One must not omit reading "Life in a Light-House." In this sketch is told how the Minot's Ledge Light-House was built, and the perils of the keepers of the light.

Ex-President Harrison in an open letter advocates "Military Instruction in Schools and Colleges."

Of special interest to archaeologists is the illustrated paper setting forth the relations of "The Bible and the Assyrian Monuments," in which is included an account of the creation and the flood as described on these monuments.
A complete novel, "The Colonel," by Harry Willard French, appears in the January issue of *Lippincott's*. Also a very entertaining short story by Molly Elliot Seawell, entitled "Frenchy."

M. E. W. Sherwood in a most pleasing style, tells her recollections of Charlotte Cushman, Rachel, and Fanny Kemble. She delights in the memory of Charlotte Cushman, and speaks of her thus: "And as Meg Merrilies, Charlotte Cushman rose to the Sidonian height of the dramatic art. She was the thing she personated. Her good and noble and self-sacrificing life, her admirable temper, her patience, and her pluck, place this woman among the heroines of the stage, an ornament to the American name."


In "Talks with the Trade," very good advice is given to young writers about how to become authors.

The December number of the *Cosmopolitan* offers for its chief attraction a series of articles by well-known authors under the head of "After the World's Fair."

One only needs in addition, the famous September *Cosmopolitan*, to feel that he has visited the World's Fair.

"Après," by Guy DeMaupassant, is another interesting feature of this month's issue.

The opening chapters of Margaret Deland's story, "Philip and his Wife," appear in the January *Atlantic*.

An article on Miss Jewett calls her "one of our most happily-endowed writers," and thus speaks of "The Passing of Sister Barsett": "It is the inimitable humor and pathos of the conversation between the two women which make the story a patch of New England life." The same might be said of "The Only Rose," a pleasing story which Miss Jewett contributes to this number.

Charming, indeed, is the sketch by Edith M. Thomas, entitled, "From Winter Solstice to Vernal Equinox." There is a fascination in the very beginning which is kept up throughout.

Other interesting articles are "Admiral Earl Howe," by A. T. Mahan; "Talk at a Country House," by Sir Edward Strachey; "Ten Letters from Coleridge to Southey"; "The Transmission of Learning through the University," by N. S. Shaler; and "Lowell, Brooks and Gray in their Letters."

*Education* contains two articles of especial interest to those who contemplate or already are teaching: "The Unconscious Element in Discipline," by Henry S. Baker, and "Drawing in General Education," by D. R. Augsburg. In a paper by R. Heber Holbrook, it is conclusively proved that education is a science. It is well to feel an acquaintance with, and an interest in, other colleges besides those around us in New England, and after having read the account of "Western Reserve University" and its president, Charles F. Thwing, one possesses quite a knowledge of this, one of the oldest colleges west of the state of New York.
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