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The
Bates
Student
Vol. XXII.
No. 10.
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As the writer takes up his pen to address the public through these columns for the last time, his mind is naturally keenly alive to his past failures, and he would be glad if this were his introduction instead of his farewell to his duties. He feels that now only has he the experience and wisdom requisite for the proper performance of the duties among which he has groped the past year; but as this knowledge will be of no further use to him, he desires to give expression to a few thoughts, born of his experience, in the hope that if they should seem to possess the quality of hard sense, they may not be utterly wasted.

The editors of the Student are announced during the closing week of the fall term. They have had no hint that
they were to fill these responsible positions. The editor-in-chief is, in all probability, a consummate ignoramus as regards college journalism and has no ideas whatever concerning it. But he is given three days—and those, too, in the midst of examinations—in which to become familiar with college literature, make deep researches in this field, and outline the policy of his magazine for the coming year. The three days are nearly up, and he has been floundering about, knee deep in publications, only to emerge more confused and more undecided than when he began. The editors are ready to depart and are clamoring for the assignment of work. What remains to the unfortunate chief but to take up the work of his predecessors without alteration? And thus the *Student* is handed down in a sort of petrified, unchangeable form from one board to another.

The writer believes the present system to be unscientific and unjust. It is stagnation; and stagnation, in this rapidly moving world, is degeneration. It is unscientific, because, under it, each board must begin, not where its predecessor left off, but where its predecessor began, learn the same lessons by the same devious processes, and finally, when its members have gained enough knowledge upon the subject to enable them to properly perform their work, they must give way to their successors who, in turn, must traverse the same circle. It is unjust to those whom it places in control, for it puts them before the public in a position which they are incompetent to fill; and the injustice is sometimes thought to be even farther reaching.

But if the present system must continue, at least certain improvements can be made which, it would seem, could meet with no possible objection.

Let the announcement of the editors take place earlier in the term, and give them at least time enough in which to intelligently inform themselves upon college journalism before entering upon their duties.

Moreover, the Faculty chose the editors, and it is their duty to see that there is among them a definite understanding of their relation, one to another, and to their chief, and in regard to their work.

The present custom throws the responsibility of the magazine almost entirely upon the first editor, and it is altogether possible that some of the editors may feel themselves so far removed from responsibility as to become negligent in their work. If the responsibility is to be his, the power to remove or discipline negligent editors who continually come up with late and half-written departments, should rest either with him or with the board as a whole. The *Student* is now conducted, in both business and editorial departments, without rule or regulation, and, since the Faculty have seen fit to take the magazine in charge, they should surely look to it that their arrangements are completed.

The writer has endeavored to present a few conclusions in the hope that somehow, somewhere, they might be of benefit. If there be in them
anything of truth, without doubt they will find their mark. If they be falsely arrived at, the course of reasoning is surely not so subtle but that their falsity will be readily apparent, and they will be harmless.

Every fall and spring Bates exhibits her elocutionary ability and skill in composition to the public. Once a year, too, the literary societies invite the friends to see for themselves the results they aim at and accomplish. This year witnessed a new departure, and we can say, with great pleasure, a successful one.

The production of “As You Like It,” by the students of the two societies, was a demonstration of their elocutionary and artistic talent, and brought to a fitting close the literary exercises of the term. As this was the first time that admission had been asked for any entertainment, in which the students participated, much anxiety was felt. But with a financial success, and an appreciative and enthusiastic audience, anxiety turned to elation after the play. Success, however, is not the only benefit secured by the presentation of this most pleasant of Shakespeare’s dramas. A new interest has been awakened among the townspeople in regard to the students, and it is their interest, secured in some way, which the college needs. But there are those who do not sanction any departure from the regular order of things. By such persons it may be brought forward as an objection to students giving a play that too much time is spent in preparation. This might be the case, if it were not that the time spent committing Shakespeare is not wasted. It is time put to a good use. And now we think of a benefit which has been derived from the play, but which has not yet been verified. Some student, who had no interest in Shakespeare, may have been well enough pleased with this play to begin to read other plays, and thus a new lover of the great dramatist be added to the many. Let us hope, then, that the students of the college, having for encouragement the gratifying results of their venture, will, another year, give themselves an opportunity of winning even more praise.

We are pleased to note the progress of Bates. In spite of many obstacles, it is broadening its field of labor and usefulness. With a new President, all interested in the college anxiously watch for changes that may hasten growth. If there is to be an increased growth in the character and in the influence of the college, that growth must begin now. We are glad to announce that germination has begun. Already do we feel the influence of the new administration. The influence is strong and tends to elevate Bates to the high ideal of its noble founders. Thus far the changes are few in number, but in the right direction. In past years there has been a lack of system among the students. Too many liberties have been taken. Students have absented themselves from chapel, from recitation, and from town at their own pleasure. This has been stopped. It was hard to break
the old habits and come under discipline. Nearly all, seeing the wisdom of the change, have entered willingly into the reform. A few found fault as a few always do in such cases. These, as might be expected, were the ones who had taken the most liberty and whose unsystematic and careless habits the new movement aimed to correct. If reform is to be carried on, much of it must be done by the students. A spirit of lawlessness pervades every college in America. Men seem to take it for granted that because they are students they can do things which private citizens would have to answer for at police headquarters. This spirit has been gradually dying out. Hazing has become unpopular. Students see how inconsistent it is with true manliness and intellectual development, and in mass-meeting denounce it as a relic of barbarism. The students have had more to do in abolishing hazing than is generally supposed.

In this college at least there is another evil which they can and should uproot. It is the nefarious custom of cheating, not only in examination but in the recitation and outside work. Many students think not of the discipline and knowledge to be obtained, but how best to skim over the surface and pass away as quickly as possible four years of their lives. Professors cannot stop cheating. It is done systematically and successfully in the presence of their self-supposed shrewdness. They may sometimes wonder how a man who evinces so little knowledge of a subject in the recitation, can know so much and be so accurate in the examination, but beyond a casual suspicion they cannot go. Cheating is a gross injustice to the honest student, and causes instructors to do the honest man an injury under the present system of ranking. The Faculty can avoid this evil only by abolishing examinations, and with strict regard for order test each student sharply in recitation. If the present ranking system is adhered to the student can make " cribbing " by the wholesale so unpopular that it will die out, and every student's sense of honor will become so acute that each man will stand in the estimation of his instructor for just what he is worth and no more.

As our minds turn back over the term that has just passed, it seems to us that there are many things which ought to make the heart of every Bates man happy. But especially those who are interested in football ought to feel proud of the work of the football team, when they remember that this is only the second season of the game at Bates. Of the six games played—one with South Berwick, one with Kent's Hill, one with New Hampshire State College, two with Colby, and one with Bowdoin—we have won all except from Bowdoin. The great advance that our team has made over its work of last year is evident from the score in the game with Bowdoin being less than half of what it was a year ago this fall. Again, the fact that Bowdoin was unable to score during the second half, and the way in which the final game with Colby was played and won in the second half, show something of the endurance of the team.
But, turning from the successes of this year to the prospects of next year, we still have every reason to be perfectly satisfied. It is true that the graduating class will take out three strong men from the team, and yet there are plenty of men to fill their places. Thus, while our team will remain practically the same, Bowdoin will lose eight or nine men from her eleven. It, therefore, looks as if the three Maine colleges would be more evenly matched another year, and as if, with proper coaching and training, Bates would be a formidable candidate for the supremacy of the State upon the gridiron next fall.

A LIBERAL education ought, in some measure, to teach a man to see things in their true light, and in their proper relation to each other. Does it do so, and if not, why not? The uncultured man sees things entirely from his own standpoint, and his ideas depend largely upon his surroundings. Many of his notions and habits are inherited, and so he is not much in advance of the preceding generation.

An idea or a principle which differs radically from his own previous ideas seems strange and unreasonable to him, and he hesitates to accept it. He is governed by his prejudices.

The first aim of a liberal education is to undermine prejudice, to teach the student that certain ideas of his are not necessarily infallible, simply because his father and grandfather believed in them, and because he, himself, has entertained such ideas for a few years. He must learn that many things in this world are subject to change without notice, and that very little is unchangeable. Let him investigate facts and principles for himself, or, if impracticable to do that, let him study the opinions of great men, men who have been seekers after truth.

No fundamental change should be accepted without careful consideration, but too much conservatism defeats the end of a liberal education.

If you would get the full benefit of your training, and learn to see the world in its true light, be constantly on the watch for new ideas, and be willing to accept reasonable corrections and changes.

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NEW ENGLAND IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY B. L. PETTIGREW, '95.

As we attempt to portray the part of New England in the great drama of the twentieth century, our patriotism might inspire us to depict her as still at the head of the magnificent nation which she has done so much to create, her will yet its policy, her fidelity its preservation, her brow yet crowned with the laurel of learning, her hand yet bearing aloft the torch of national wisdom. But that were to depreciate her work. Hers was the task to sit by the cradle of an infant nation, to guide...
and inspire its early youth, to correct the errors of later years. Under her guidance, it has hewed its way through the forest primeval, crossed the Father of Waters, traversed the wide prairies, climbed the rugged peaks of the Rockies, and descended to the Pacific Sea. She has reared a symmetrical nation, whose activities can no more be circumscribed within the narrow confines of New England than its influence can be bounded by the oceans that beat upon its shores. He who would predict her position a half century hence, must consider, not if she shall then occupy the place of preëminence which has been hers in the past, but rather if this little corner, with its hills and rocks, where nature ever seems to grudge man his meagre sustenance, shall continue to exert an active influence upon a nation now stretching its green fields from ocean to ocean, dotted with prosperous cities, and teeming with gigantic enterprises.

Time has indeed transformed the New England which we have been taught to revere; and, much as we would console ourselves with tangible gains, as we survey the changes wrought, there creeps into our hearts a feeling of loss not to be banished. The deserted hill-sides and smoky villages tell of the advance of modern civilization. The throng of sturdy sons of pilgrims departing to the South and West and the horde of foreign inferiors crowding in upon the eastern borders, bespeak an ominous transformation. The courts, crowded with applicants for divorce, declare the drying up of the very fountain-head of New England's past greatness, the home.

But as there are fears, so, also, are there hopes. Enemies are indeed in her very midst, but, thanks to her founders and a kind Providence, the bulwarks are strong. Her institutions are founded upon principles which shall stand unmoved, though the hills and rocks themselves melt away. They have gleaned the wisdom of three centuries' growth, and have for their support the sturdiest blood of modern history. There is between man and nature the same warfare which has ever rendered the New England arm the strongest, and the New England heart the stoutest. Her shores are worn by the same ocean and indented by the same harbors which once rendered her the fostering mother of the Western World, and they await merely the revival of commerce, to regain a position of universal prominence; while the rivers, rushing along their rocky beds, will still proclaim the land of industry.

But, though the shadows of decay settle down about her, though her surface be strewn with the ruins of institutions, though the wheels of industry rust, and the useless harbors be filled with shifting sand, New England's influence upon the nation could never die. The scholar would still delight to trace his way through the many ramifications of the national structure, back to the corner-stone down upon the shores of old Plymouth, and there study the virtues which rendered it capable of supporting so mighty an edifice. From the bones of her sons mingled with every soil from the tablelands of Mexico to the heights of Quebec, would still arise fragrant memories, to quicken sluggish patriotism and
resist encroachment upon liberty. The American heart would still wander amid her ruins, listen to the songs of her sleeping bards, drink in the words of her departed sages, and receive inspiration from the living monuments of her slumbering orators and statesmen.

But distant be the day of such calamity! While New England's influence in the national council must necessarily decline with the growth of the republic in other directions, and the absolute pre-eminence of the past disappear, her natural and acquired advantages prophesy for her a part something more than that of a mere land of pilgrimage to which a weary nation shall resort for fresh inspiration and renewed faith in humanity; they prophesy for her an active part in the industrial future of America, and when shadows settle down about its path, when dangers gather thickly about and chasms yawn before, whither shall the Republic more likely turn for guidance than to that rugged corner whose influence brought it into being, and led it safely through encompassing perils up to its present eminence?

AN INDEPENDENT VIEW.
BY W. S. BROWN, ’95.

THE last ten years have witnessed in the United States some remarkable political changes. So sudden and sweeping have been these reversals that, to one fairly conversant with the political situation, it might seem easy to assign an adequate cause.

The victorious party—be it Democratic or Republican—insist that each defeat is a popular disapproval of the policy of their opponents. In the election of 1892, when every branch of the government was turned over to the Democrats, they declared the generator of that political cyclone to be the McKinley Bill; while an eminent statesman, on the other side, asserted that the people were "temporarily bereft of their senses."

After the recent election, when Democratic organs can scarcely find a victory in the whole United States worthy of reporting, it is that unfortunate and much-abused Wilson Bill that, in the opinion of Republicans, has proven to them such a blessing.

Pliability is not an inconsistency in the nature of most things, but to bend tariff to make it responsible for a crushing defeat yesterday and for a great triumph to-day, it seems to me, does not savor of good logic.

Since the late war the only distinctive difference between the two parties has been their attitude upon the tariff question. Nor has that difference been marked by direct opposition. One has not declared for tariff as against the other for free trade, but rather, both favor practical protection, differing only as to whether this or that article should or should not be free. They agree as to the theory, but disagree as to the fact.

Before the advent of the Democratic party to power, two years ago, the McKinley Act had been in force since 1890 only. Its effects upon business interests were imperceptible to the voter, if, indeed, they were discernible to the most critical observer. The influence of an enactment like this, whether ben-
official or the reverse, is manifest slowly and by insensible degrees. It neither repeals an old law nor establishes a new one. It is simply the old revised and reformed, and, like all reformatory measures, its operations are slow. The tariff may be the indirect, but it is not the direct cause of such political upheavals as we have experienced since 1884. Immediately after the Democratic success of 1892 we began to hear the mutterings of a wide-spread industrial depression, which, in a few months, became a reality. Republican statesmen alleged that it grew out of a popular distrust of the Democratic tariff policy; that the country was fearful the tariff would be disturbed—a thing the voters knew would take place when they cast their ballots. I have heard of men failing, not because of what might be done, but because of what had been done. So with our country; the industrial crash was the result not of its fears, but of its experiences.

As far as tariff is concerned, I believe this country would prosper under a bill revised by either party, provided it were honestly, intelligently, and impartially done; and each party has men equally competent to produce such a measure.

If, as party leaders would have us believe, the tariff is the all-important issue of the present, and vital to the interests of the American people, they should act the part of statesmen and patriots by aiding each other in securing, upon the subject, the wisest legislation possible. Instead, we witness, in Congress, the minority casting every hindrance in the way of the majority as soon as this subject comes up for consideration. Each party seems to think itself especially delegated to deal with the tariff, and that it is in duty bound to oppose any form of legislation advanced by its rival. Congressmen and senators appear to feel that they have discharged their duty toward their country if only they have been good Democrats or good Republicans.

I have sometimes conjectured, if the McKinley Bill had, by chance, been the Wilson Bill, and the Wilson Bill the McKinley Bill, whether they would not have been swallowed by the bulk of their respective parties with equal avidity.

But it may be said that this is an indictment against the intelligence of the American people. Such is not intended. I have only in mind what has too often marked our history, blind allegiance to party. It is not far from the truth to say that not one voter in a thousand is familiar with the text of either bill. I believe we are justified in carrying it further and saying that not one in that number has even an approximate knowledge of their contents. An able and responsible senator stood up and charged his colleagues with not knowing what the Wilson Bill was, more than an act to which it was thought necessary to tack four hundred Senate amendments. Yet there is probably not one of these but could go before his constituents, and dilate profoundly upon the benefits to accrue to the nation from their prodigy, that it required a whole session to produce.

This country pays millions of dollars
every two years for a tariff bill which, when made, is worth only what it will bring under the hammer as a curio. For it is no sooner passed than another takes its place, and still the country thrives no better than before.

I incline to the opinion that business was no more active or healthy under the McKinley Act than under its predecessor, and there is no convincing, or even plausible argument, to show that it will improve under the operation of the present law.

Despite this, politicians and political organs make tariff the cause of, as well as panacea for, all industrial ills. If the discontent of the laboring man manifests itself by strikes, lockouts, and boycotts in the Harrison administration, it is due solely to the Republican tariff policy. If the same occur together with wide-spread business failures in the Cleveland administration, it is occasioned by the Democratic tariff policy.

It is a good rule that works both ways, but it is poor logic that proves both sides of the question.

**SCENES IN FRANCONIA NOTCH AND VICINITY.**

BY W. S. C. RUSSELL, '95.

If one loves simple beauty and is enraptured with Nature's music he will find the Franconia Notch a charming place. Leaving the Pemigewasset at North Woodstock, the tourist turns into the picturesque vale of the Moosilauke. The road leads him for a mile through fertile meadows and past stately farm-houses. Coming suddenly to the Moosilauke he follows its windings for a mile. The road is overarched with birch and maple, and the abundance of the primeval vegetation forbids the eye to penetrate far into the recesses of the forest. On the other side the water slides over ledges, and boils and seethes in its mad contentions with the giant boulders. Farther up the scene is grander, the stream becomes more boisterous, till there breaks upon the ear "a mighty rushing and a roaring." A foot-path of five rods leads him to the brink of a yawning chasm. Gazing for a moment at the scene spread out before him, he approaches timidly to the edge and peeps over. He beholds a granite bowl, sixty feet deep. The contents are black, and boil like a gigantic cauldron. The water rushes madly over the edge to fill this huge receptacle. This it can never do, for the lower side has been broken away by the terrific bombardment of driftwood and boulders that, for centuries, the foaming torrent has poured from above. Eight rods up the stream there are three other basins of no less beauty and as worthy of admiration. Far up the granite banks of this rushing stream may be seen huge troughs hollowed out of the solid ledges by the action of the water. Pot-holes are to be seen on every side. One of these is worthy of note. It is seven feet deep, round and smooth as a gun-barrel. It would escape the notice of a careless observer, for a large clump of alders is thriving in this novel flower pot. This freak of nature, alone, is worth a visit to the place. At the upper basin the ledge juts out
on both sides, spanning the chasm within four feet. One may stand upon this projecting ledge, with the boiling stream forty feet below, and obtain an unobstructed view of the entire canyon. If his nerves are steady he may leap the chasm, and, catching upon the narrow shelf, climb the precipice, aided by the mountain birches festooned upon it.

Returning to the Pemigewasset, the tourist continues his journey northward with ever-changing views of the storm-beaten crags. In the northern part of Lincoln, he turns from the well-kept turnpike into a forest road, descending steep hills for half a mile. Soon after crossing the Pemigewasset, he enters a clearing of two or three acres, the terminus of one of the greatest land-slides the White Hills ever witnessed. Rocks, boulders, and the trunks of giant trees are strewn around in wildest confusion. Wide swaths through the forest extend to the river, cut by the avalanche of boulders and stones thundering from above. Windrows of stones and stumps, five, fifteen, and twenty-five feet deep, extend in all directions. Passing over the debris he reaches the clean and gently sloping granite floors, over which the water slips in thin, broad, even sheets of crystal limpidness. Beyond are those gentle ripples over rougher ledges, embossed with the green velvet moss of mountain streams. Higher up, the ledges are more uneven, and the plank pathway winds in and out between rocks of varying sizes, polished by the erosion of the water. The explorer is entranced by the exuberant beauty of pebbles of countless hues and shapes at the bottom of translucent pools. Still above, he enters that wondrous fissure in the mountain, one hundred and fifty feet high, and several hundred feet in length, which narrows toward the upper end to fifteen feet. Stepping from rock to rock, he climbs to the plank walk suspended above the stream, crossing and re-crossing the chasm, clinging to the slippery wall, and rising gradually towards the top as the end of the canyon is reached. Here, in the narrowest part, he stands upon a platform bolted to the dripping wall midway between the summit and the rocky bed. The spray breaks upon him as the water tumbles, rushing and roaring over the perpendicular wall. Wild is the spot; deafening the roar of the waterfall! Upon which will his eye linger the longest, the joyful torrent beneath his feet, the regularity and smoothness of the moss-encrusted walls through which it hastens, or the trees that overhang their edges nodding to him from above?

Returning to the turnpike the tourist continues his journey. He is thrilled by the solitude and grandeur of the aged forest, which has never echoed, as the woodman's axe has laid her giants low, save to open this five-mile road for the vehicle of the tourist. Beside this graveled forest road the Pemigewasset rushes over mossy rocks, or slides over glassy ledges, till it tumbles foaming and boiling into the basin below. These basins, thus formed beneath overhanging birches, whose shadows are cast through the
limpid waters upon the glittering gravel, afford a retreat for the speckled beauties that haunt the White Mountain streams.

About three miles south of the Notch proper, the Pemigewasset, in haste to leave its mountain home, rushing with headlong speed from one basin to another, makes a final plunge into the basin of which the poet says:

"There is a silent pool, whose glass
Reflects the lines of earth and sky;
The hues of heaven along it pass,
And all the verdant forestry.

"And in that shining, downward view,
Each cloud and leaf and little flower
Grows 'mid the watery sphere anew,
And doubly lives the summer hour."

This granite bowl, sixty feet in circumference, is filled with water twenty feet deep, yet pellucid as the air. Twenty feet above, the granite wall, over which it plunges, has been grooved to the depth of four feet by the erosion of the perpetual cascade falling into the cool shadows of the basin. Golden flakes of light sink down like fallen leaves, and the overarching branches of birch and sugar maple, swayed in the summer zephyrs, cast strange, fantastic shadows on the golden graveled bottom. Truly it is one of the richest gems in the Franconia cabinet of curiosities. Its more sacred use is not narrowed in this granite chamber, which was hollowed out

A lovely cave,
Bright and sacred for the nymphs whom men
Call Naiads.

But it is one of the thousand pulses that throbs in the great artery, contributing power to the wheels of Manchester, Nashua, and Lowell, supplying thousands of operatives with their daily bread. Thousands, whose thirst has been quenched by its cooling waters, have gazed in admiration upon it, in whose bright memory its beautiful surface, burnished by the sunlight, is a sweet and perennial symbol of love, purity, and peace.

No sketch of the Notch, however brief, would be complete without mentioning Echo Lake. It is a rare jewel with a magnificent setting. Its tranquility is remarkable, rivaling that of Loch Katrine. The echo of this place is perfect, mimicking the sweetest note of the violin and the cannon’s deepest tone with equal correctness. Seven times it repeats the cannon’s roar, as wall behind wall of the mountain amphitheatre catches the sound and rolls it upward to the gray top of Lafayette. What, then, must be the effect of a thunder storm, as peal after peal of heaven’s artillery is caught by the “cave where the echo lives,” and returned with seven-fold reduplication? The little tarn is entirely surrounded by mountains, rising abruptly from its margin, whose bald and ragged peaks seem to pierce the vaulted dome.

Was man ever in a grander spot? He can simply gaze and gaze again till his soul is filled with the wildness and grandeur, and he is thrilled through and through by the awfulness and sublimity of Nature, manifested in the mountain fastness. The rocks, robed and crowned with moss and vines, speak in tones too distinct to be inaudible, too simple to be misunderstood, and the zephyrs, whispering in the tree-tops, will live forever in his memory.
Oh man, how insignificant are thy works compared with those of Nature! How frail thou art thyself, standing in the very presence of Nature's God, speechless in wonder and admiration, gazing upon His mighty works! With your pencil you can trace the outlines of these glorious scenes upon the canvas; but it is in vain that you attempt to fasten there with paint the golden sheen of the sunset, as it steals softly up those granite walls, the twinkling of the evening star, emerging from that fleecy cloud o'er yon bold, rocky peak, or the gorgeous tints of purple and crimson upon the surface of the lake, as they deepen and darken, till the evening shades, creeping stealthily over the water, announce the near approach of night.

FAGOTS.

My fagot fire in the old fire-place
Crackles and snaps with glee,
And shadows queer, with dancing pace,
Quaint fancies bring to me.

I would glean some memory fagots,
While the woodland fagots burn,
And the twigs of anther and maple
From wood tints to golden turn.

Divers fagots I would gather
Here before the glowing fire;
Memories of things restful, helpful,
Which may lift the soul up higher.

Here, a picture, soul-inspiring,
Sends away a low-born thought;
There, the evening star, in beauty,
An enchanted spell has wrought.

Now, a sound of early bird song
Mingles faint with river's rush,
And the two, by nature blended,
Sing of peace in morning hush.

Then the song which the wind sings,
In the chimney, old and wide;
A varied song for every one
Who sits by the chimney side.

Dull glows the woodland gleaning,
But bright grows memories' store;
The glow and the shadow are fading,
Yet I gather more and more.

—N. G. W., '95.

SPIRANTHES ET ADIANTUM.

Within a deep defile in mountain glen,
With birch and beech o'er-shading,
With silence all-pervading,
Unbroken save by note of winter wren,

I found spiranthes growing,
In rich profusion blowing
Its beauty, beaming far from human ken.
Beside a boulder capped with velvet moss,
Enchantress of the forest,
Watched o'er by fairy florist,
The maiden-hair the wooing zephyrs toss;
No dew-drop ever wetting
Its capillary fretting
Its polished stipes the granite gray emboss.

When August on me casts her burning glance,
To this ravine I hie me
And with these beauties by me
I wonder if they gained their name by chance,
Or if in kind remembrance,
Deep fraught with true resemblance,
To waving locks which maiden charms enhance.

—W. S. C. R. '95.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

Once, at Autumn's doorstep, cold
Winter stood, a pilgrim aged.
He had journeied from afar—
From the land where icebergs are;
And his hair with snow was white,
As he stood there in the night,
Stood at Autumn's bolted door,
Where he oft had come before.

Twice he knocked, but heard no sound
Save the dead leaves rustling round,
Or a melancholy moan
When the winds in mournful tone
Poured into the darkness' ears
All their troubles, all their fears.

So old Winter once again
Raised his hand to knock, and then
Let it fall, for from within
He could hear a harp begin
Sending forth a plaintive strain,
Sending forth a sad refrain;
And it told of love's first sorrow—
Grief that sees no bright to-morrow—
Broken hearts that quivering feel
Wounds which time can never heal.

Then the sad notes died away,
Sobbed and moaned and died away.
Then a score of cymbals clashed,
And the bright lights brighter flashed
Through the windows, large and high,
On the night-enshrouded sky.

All within was rapturous glee,
Sorrow had been forced to flee;
Autumn held her revels there,
Light of heart, and free from care,
She knew not that Winter's bands,
Bringing frosts from other lands,
Bested on her very door,
While bright robes of joy she wore.

Louder rolls the music sweet,
And the sound of dancing feet
Falls upon old Winter's ears,
While this joyous song he hears:

"We will dance merrily all night long,
All night long till the break of day,
Scattering flowers of mirth and song,
While old Winter is far away."

Ere the song had reached its close
Winter in its wrath arose,
And, with evil-boding frown,
Seized the door and tore it down—
Broke the bolts and iron bars,
Saying to the twinkling stars,
"Stars, begone from mortal sight;
All shall darkness be to-night."
His command they all obeyed,
Not one star unwisely stayed;
But they wrapped a gloomy cloud
Round about them like a shroud.

Through fair Autumn's lighted halls
Sorrow's gloomy presence falls.
All within is wild dismay,
Merry mirth has flown away.
Huddling close, the dancers stand,
Watching Winter's ruthless hand
Tear each timber from its place,
Anger darkening all his face.

Autumn saw her dwelling shake—
Heard the mighty timbers quake,
And with one despairing cry
Fled as birds in terror fly,
When the savage thunder's stroke
Headlong hurls the kingly oak.
Thus she fled, and looking back,
Nothing saw, save ruins black;
But she heard, like thunder loud,
Winter, speaking to the cloud:
"Mighty Storm-cloud, ocean born,
Let no sunlight brighten morn;
Let thy mantle cover all,
While all day thy snow-flakes fall."

Lightly came the snow-flakes down,
Covering fields and meadows brown,
Till where once stood Autumn's home
Only ghostly memories roam,
And old Boreas wildly blows,
Drifting deep the sifting snows.


College News and Interests.

LOCALS.

Miss James, '97, is canvassing.

Bruce, '98, is canvassing in Lewiston.

Pettigrew, '95, is reading law with W. H. Judkins, Esq.

F. H. Purinton, '96, is studying law in Mayor Noble's law office.

H. L. Douglass has been re-elected captain of the foot-ball team.

Phillips, '97, a few weeks ago gave a short lecture before the Pine Street
Free Baptist Sunday-school, upon "Sunday-school work in India."

We are in receipt of a neat calendar pad for 1895, issued by Overman Wheel Co.

The Latin School opened again Tuesday, December 11th, with several new students.

The Theological School closed on Saturday, December 22d, for a vacation of ten days.

Farnum, '95, is studying law in Col. Drew's office. Go to him if you have any bad bills to collect.

The Rev. Henry R. Rose, of the Elm Street Church, Auburn, will give a series of ten lectures on "The Spiritual Teaching of the Great Poets."

The roof of the new Theological building has been slated, and the doors and windows boarded up, as work is to be suspended till early in the spring.

Rev. C. E. Mason, Class of '82, and wife have accepted a call to go as home missionaries over Custer County, Idaho. Their home is at Challis, the county seat.

The Roger Williams Church of Providence, R. I., has volunteered to furnish the office, halls, and all rooms on the first floor of the new Divinity School Building.

Professor Anthony lectured before the English History Club and its friends at the Pine Street Congregational Church, December 6th, on "Westminster Abbey."

Rev. Dr. Summerbell has just completed a series of five Sunday evening lectures at the Main Street Church on the Reformation Period.

The last of the Fall Term, at the close of chapel exercises one morning, W. W. Bolster, Jr., in behalf of the Senior Class, presented to President Chase a fine crayon portrait of himself as a token of their appreciation of his many kindnesses to them, both individually and as a class.

The five divisions of the Sophomore Class debated on the evenings of November 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, respectively. The prizes were awarded as follows: Miss Sleeper, Miss Buzzell, Stanley, Miss Cobb, Milliken. These, together with Durkee, Marr, and Miss Andrews, were put over for the Champion Debate next June.

On Friday evening, December 14th, a very pleasant reception was held at Professor Hayes' home by the members of the College and Divinity School Faculties and friends. Professor Robertson rendered several selections from the great poets, and Professor Anthony, by special request, repeated his lecture on "Westminster Abbey." This was a happily and quietly spent evening of recreation for our instructors.

Dutton, '95, Thompson and Douglass, '96, and Sampson, '97, spent Thanksgiving in the Maine wilderness. They report the capture of a deer. The deer is supposed to have been shot simultaneously and in the same place by all four persons. Their friends have been waiting anxiously for a piece of the spoil, but the deer has been unaccountably detained and has not yet arrived.

Professor Howe preached the centennial sermon to the Farmington Quarterly Meeting, held on Thursday, December
18th. This quarterly meeting, besides being closely connected with the rise and growth of the educational interests of the Free Baptist denomination, has the proud record of establishing the first Sunday-school and the first temperance society in the State, and of passing the first resolution for the abolition of slavery in the country.

The Catalogue of Cobb Divinity School for 1894–96 is just out. It clearly shows the great increase in the advantages of the school, lays out a higher course of study, gives a historical sketch of the school and a list of its alumni. It also announces the formation of a new department called the Biblical Training School. It is allied to the Divinity School and will be opened on September 10, 1895. It offers a course of two years in Psychology, Rhetoric and Literature, Evidences of Christianity, Ethics, and Sociology, together with the exposition and analysis of the Old and New Testaments, Church and Mission History, and Methods of Pastoral and Evangelical work, with general exercises in reading and rhetoricals and in exposition of the Sunday-school lesson. It offers a valuable course to persons wishing to engage in active Christian work, but who cannot take the course in the Divinity School.

The following students are teaching during the winter:

95.

96.

97.
A. W. Bailey, Wales; F. W. Burrill, West Sullivan; P. W. Brackett, Plymouth; E. F. Cunningham, Detroit; A. W. Foss, Wells; A. C. Hanscom, Machiasport; Miss Merrill, Williamsburg; Miss A. L. Noyes, Jay; H. L. Palmer, Milo; H. P. Parker, Turner; A. L. Sampson, Solon; A. P. D. Tobien, Templeton, Mass.; Miss D. M. Twort, Yarmouth; Miss M. W. Winn, Falmouth.

98.
J. L. Bennett, Five Islands; Miss J. S. Farnum, Stowe; F. U. Landman, Orr's Island; O. H. Toothaker, West Harpswell; E. M. Tucker, Pittsfield; C. L. Young, North Rumford.

Shakespeare’s "As You Like It," which has been in preparation for several weeks, was presented at Music Hall, November 20th. The play was a grand success in every way, and reflected much credit on the participants, and also on the college in general. A large audience was present, and the management cleared over $100 beyond all expenses which were very heavy. This amount goes into the treasury of the Athletic Association. Both the local papers spoke in the highest terms of the performance. Perhaps it would be inappropriate for us to go into detailed criticism, so let it suffice to say that the work of every participant merited the highest commendation. The leading characters filled their rôle to perfection, and the minor parts were well sustained. Delightful music was furnished by Callahan's Orchestra. Between the first and second acts, the College Glee Club, numbering eighteen voices, sang a se-
lection and received a hearty encore.

Cast of characters:

The Duke, living in exile.  Mr. Jas. A. Marr.
Frederick.  Mr. W. S. Brown.
His brother and usurper of his dominion.

Amiens  Attending on Mr. R. D. Fairfield.
A Lord  the  Mr. J. E. Roberts.
A Lord  banished Duke  Mr. C. E. Milliken.
Le Beau.  Mr. H. R. Eaton.

Charles, Frederick’s wrestler.

Mr. J. P. Sprague.
Oliver  Sons of  Mr. W. M. Dutton.
Jacques  Sir Rowland  Mr. E. W. Carr.
Orlando  de Bois.  Mr. R. L. Thompson.
Adam, servant to Oliver.  Mr. A. B. Howard.

Touchstone, a clown.  Mr. E. G. Campbell.

Corin  Shepherds.  Mr. J. B. Coy.
Silvins  Mr. G. A. Wakefield.
William.  Mr. W. P. Hamilton.

A country fellow in love with Audrey.

Rosalind.  Miss Emily B. Cornish.
Celia, daughter to Frederick.

Miss Alice E. Bonney.
Pheobe, a shepherdess.  Miss Flora A. Mason.

Audrey, a country wench.

Miss Maud A. Vickery.

FOOT-BALL.

The final game of the season, which was played with Colby on the home grounds, November 17th, was a hard and exciting contest from the very beginning. In the first half, the way in which Colby crunched through the Bates line, carrying the ball by short, fierce rushes the entire length of the field for a touchdown, looked as if the tired Bates veterans had overrated their strength in engaging in the game after so hard a battle with Bowdoin only three days before. It was only by the very hardest work that Bates prevented Colby from getting a second touchdown in the first half.

Colby, however, could not maintain her pace, and, at the beginning of the second half, Bates rushed the ball steadily down the field for a touch-
A part of coacher C.'s football eleven is still in secret practice. It is said that the muscles of the arm and shoulder are receiving special attention. The coacher's long experience has given him great skill in team work, and thus perfect harmony has been secured in its workings. Coacher C says that hard and constant practice is the secret of success in this line. The Observer understands that some hard feeling has arisen among the candidates for the position of fullback, but hopes this rivalry will not endanger the success of the team. It is reported that a tri-cornered league has been formed, and the public will watch the developments with interest.

At the approach of the long vacation the Observer, fearing that with the issue of the December Student his editorship would expire, advertised in seven Boston agencies for a winter school. After answering fifty-nine letters and sending as many photographs, he secured a district school in the wilds of Aroostook, with a salary of four dollars a week and the privilege of boarding around. After leaving the cars and traveling twenty-eight miles by oxcart he was deposited in the jaws of a fierce-looking dog, from which he was rescued by a short, thick-set, grimy, be-whiskered individual, who, after driving off his villainous-looking cur, greeted him with "Wall, I do declare! Ye must be the new school teacher. I didn't like yer pieter, nohow, but gracious grass, we couldn't git nobody else. So come in an' we'll see whether ye're knowldgible or not."

The Observer would take delight in introducing the reader to the interior of the mansion and the numerous denizens thereof, but his object is to present, for the benefit of the world, the following rigorous examination to which he was subjected:

1. Give the rule of 3;
2. Add 257 pumpkins, 68 squashes and 1 hand hold;
3. Locate & Bound Beans Corner;
4. Correct this sentence—A White Cat!
5. How long will it take a healthy heart to digest a good dinner??
6. If the Sun is 930 miles off, how far is the Moon?

The Observer, before taking up his present bleak station, had heard many wild and horrible traditions concerning college life. He had heard of fiendish orgies; of mysterious groans and curses; of under-ground cells filled with grinning, grimacing skeletons walking about, clanking their bony limbs most
horribly—cells across whose portals the unhappy victim, having once passed, never returns; of brawny, heartless Sophomores whose hands were red with human blood, and whose eyes emit livid gleams of murderous hatred; of shrinking, cowering, shivering Freshmen, who start and turn pale at every footstep and flee at their own shadows.

For some time after his arrival, the Observer scarcely dared to turn his eyes toward the college lest he behold some revolting spectacle; but his fears soon faded away, and he realized the base slander to which colleges in general had been subjected. The Observer, being benevolently disposed, thought that he would go to some poor homesick Freshman: and console him in his dejection. He was directed to a fat, well-fed, pompous-looking youth who, upon being asked as to his college life, shifted his quid and broke out into violent abuse of the college in all its departments. It was poorly equipped and most insignificant. The Faculty were narrow-minded and "warn't nowhere with the teachers of Punkinville." The Observer felt himself totally unable to utter any consolation for the young man in his deep dejection, and turned away.

After several attempts to play the good Samaritan, all of which resulted similarly, he was about to give up in despair his Christian task, when he chanced upon a small, lean, lonesome looking individual whose countenance bespoke many trials. Ah, here is the model Freshman! Here is need of those duties which the Observer started out to perform! But, upon learning that the object of his compassion was a Sophomore, the Observer's conscience smote him that he had ever believed the slanderous traditions, and pursued his investigations no further.

The Observer has had little to occupy his attention since college closed and so, the other day, he began to make good resolutions for the coming year. When he had formed a satisfactory code for himself, he was so benevolently inclined that he earnestly desired to turn over a few new leaves for some of his protégés in college.

The first leaf: He would suggest to the Auburn delegation that there is strength in numbers, and if, hereafter, they go back and forth in a body, they will be less liable to be arrested for disturbing the peace in the dim shades of early morning.

The second leaf: The Observer thinks an old rhyme may fit his case, but is not sure that he quotes correctly. To the fickle youth:

"'Tis well to be daring and brave,
'Tis well to be loving and true,
"'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

The Observer suggests that a brick be put on this leaf, as he fears it will not easily stay turned over.

The third leaf: That girl of the Freshman Class must stop breaking hearts by the score, or when she is a Sophomore there will be none left to break. She, however, is likely to be left.
There are a great many leaves turned over in the Observer's mind which he will forbear mentioning, but will trust to the good sense of his friends to guide them in choosing their course for the coming year.

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Alumni Department.

BATES' LIVE ALUMNI.

The Bates College Alumni Association, at its last annual meeting, voted to expend of its funds a sum not exceeding $250 for the purchase of books for the college library. The committee are W. H. Judkins, Esq., G. A. Stuart, F. W. Chase, H. W. Oakes, Esq., and G. C. Chase.

Heretofore the books presented by the Alumni Association have been in the general line of History, Biography, and general literature. The committee desired to adhere to this class of books, but, owing to pressing needs in the Chemical, Physical, and Psychological departments, voted to appropriate $25 to each of those departments out of their appropriation. The books are now being selected and ordered and will constitute a fresh and important addition to our library.

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IN MEMORY OF THOMAS M. SINGER

This brief tribute to the memory of Mr. Singer has, of necessity, been prepared hastily and in the midst of other pressing duties. Such facts as could, upon a few days' notice, be gathered from the sources at command are presented in the belief that, few as they are, they will be gladly received by any whose good fortune it was to be acquainted personally with Mr. Singer.

Of his early life it is possible to state but little accurately. Enough has been learned from him to warrant us in saying that he was of Scotch-Irish descent. His parents, at the time of his birth, resided in the county of Down, northeastern Ireland, but the name of the town we have not been able to learn. They were of the intelligent middle class, and his father, who died a few years ago, left to the family a small fortune.

Mr. Singer was born on the 8th of August, 1861. He had several brothers and sisters, some of whom still live in the north of Ireland. He left home at an early age and came to America when he was nineteen. Arriving at Boston with but little means, he sought employment at various kinds of labor, but being unable to speak English, and without friends, he soon found himself reduced to extreme poverty. His natural hopeful disposition and his determination to succeed, however, never failed him. He quickly acquired sufficient knowledge of the new language to aid him in making friends who could be of service to him. To these he soon proved his purity of character, his courage, his brilliant mental qualities,
and made known his first great purpose in life, namely, to obtain a liberal education:

After spending some time in and about Boston, he went to Brookline, where he found more permanent employment and made the acquaintance of many good people. While there he united with the church of which Rev. Rueu Thomas was pastor. Thence he went to New Hampton, N. H., and began his studies at the opening of the winter term of 1881. He was a member of that institution for fourteen terms and graduated from the college preparatory course in the class of 1885. Soon after entering the school he became a member of the Literary Adelphi, one of the celebrated literary societies of that institution, and also a member of the Students' Christian Association. He was a zealous worker in both and was among their most prominent members. He was very popular among his fellow-students; even among members of the Social Fraternity, the other literary society of the institution. As a student he was faithful, and of him Prof. A. B. Meservey, the principal of the school, has well said: "He was a good scholar, a good man, a good Christian."

Mr. Singer entered Bates College in the class of 1889. Not long after entering he interested himself in the raising of funds for the college. He commanded the respect and confidence of people generally wherever he went, and was so successful that he raised several thousand dollars. The time taken for this work and for other business matters made it necessary for him to leave his class and join the class of 1890. During his college course he was held in high esteem by Faculty and students. He was a great worker, for, besides attending to his college duties and studies he accepted in April, 1889, the responsible position of General Secretary of the Lewiston Young Men's Christian Association. He continued in this office for two and a half years. In regard to the success of his work we are glad to quote from a letter received from Mr. C. N. Chase, the present General Secretary.

Mr. Chase says: "At the time Mr. Singer was called to the secretarship of this association it was at its lowest ebb. It was embarrassed financially, the Board of Managers were discouraged, and a general feeling prevailed that the rooms must be closed. The only plan was to reduce expenses and infuse new life into the work. In this extremity the Board of Managers thought it might be possible to secure some student at the college, if any could be found adapted to the work, who would act as secretary at about the same price that a student ordinarily realized in a year's teaching. The professors at the college were interrogated in regard to the matter and every one of them answered that Mr. Singer was the man. The result showed that the choice was wise. Mr. Singer entered upon the work with great enthusiasm, tact, and good judgment, and the association was soon in a state of prosperity which fully justified his selection.

"Mr. Singer was earnest, hopeful, and cheerful in his temper and intensely..."
spiritual in his methods. He thought that God had opened this door for him providentially, and that the Y. M. C. A. work would be the work of his life.

"During the last year of his connection with the association, the Board of Managers granted him leave of absence and advanced his salary to enable him to attend the International Y. M. C. A. Convention at Amsterdam, Holland. During his absence it became impressed upon him that his true mission was to be a preacher of the Gospel, so, shortly after his return, he resigned his position as secretary to enter upon his studies to that end."

While upon his foreign tour Mr. Singer visited his old home for the first time since leaving it so many years before. In September, 1892, he left Lewiston and entered Yale Divinity School. At or near the close of his first year, in May, 1893, he accepted a position of responsibility in the Art Palace at Chicago, where he remained during the season of the World's Fair. His work was connected with the several congresses so frequently in session there.

In September following he made a second visit to his old home in Ireland, being called to aid in settling the estate left by his father who had died suddenly a few months before. He returned in October and at once resumed his studies at Yale. One of his classmates at the Divinity School, writing of him, has said: "He was a man of marked ability, zealous in his work, taking high rank in his class, respected and beloved by all who knew him. We had hoped great things of Mr. Singer in God's service here on earth, but we can rejoice that he was so fully prepared for fellowship with God and service in his Heavenly Kingdom."

A further testimonial of the esteem in which he was held and of the confidence reposed in him by the Faculty and students of Yale, is to be found in the fact that he was unanimously elected as General Secretary of all the mission work connected with that university. At the close of his second year in Yale, in June last, he came to Lewiston, where he spent the summer, preaching, on Sundays, in the various churches in and about Lewiston and Auburn. He made his home at the residence of Miss Josephine M. Dunn, 243 College Street.

Within the last ten years Mr. Singer has suffered several very severe attacks of illness. These he sustained with remarkable fortitude. His courage and cheerfulness seemed never to fail him and for the kindness of his friends he was always deeply grateful. During last summer his health seemed much better than usual; he was physically strong and gave excellent promise of many years of active service in his chosen profession, but in September the fatal illness was developed and, after a few weeks of most intense suffering, early on the morning of November 8th his noble spirit passed the mysterious vale between this and the life beyond. All that medical skill, devoted friends, and loving hearts could do in his behalf seems to have been done; and now we, his friends, whose hearts have been so suddenly and so strangely touched with the keenest sorrow, while we mourn his loss, are yet able to thank God for the
example of a life so pure and so truly
great, and to be comforted with the
assurance that with him "it is better
farther on."
Peace to his ashes; may they rest in peace,
And calmly on his Father's bosom rest
His spirit. May its happiness increase
As shall seem good to Him who knoweth

PERSONALS.
'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood, of Bath, has resigned his pastorate and contemplates starting, in February, on a trip to Palestine.
'68.—O. C. Wendell, Cambridge Observatory, Harvard University, paid an appreciative tribute to the memory of Oliver Wendell Holmes in a recent number of the Boston Transcript.
'71.—J. N. Ham is principal of the High School, Providence, R. I.
'72.—Rev. F. W. Baldwin, D.D., East Orange, N. J., is to give a course of Sunday evening lectures in his church (Trinity) upon "Great Men and Great Epochs in Christian History."
'73.—James H. Baker, LL.D., President of Colorado University, Boulder, Col., receives a salary of $4,500.
'73.—E. P. Sampson, Principal of Thornton Academy, Saco, Me., is mentioned as a good man for State Superintendent of Schools.
'75.—Prof. J. R. Brackett is Dean of Colorado University.
'75.—Prof. A. F. Salley, D.D., of Hillsdale College, contributed an able article to the recent symposium in the Morning Star on "What Free Baptists Stand For."
'76.—I. C. Phillips, Superintendent of Schools, Bath, Me., recently conducted a case in court in defence of one of his teachers.
'76.—G. A. Stuart, Superintendent of Schools, Lewiston, is urged by many friends to be a candidate for the State superintendency.
'80.—W. H. Judkins, Esq., will enter upon his duties as county attorney for Androscoggin County in January.
'80.—M. T. Newton, M.D., Sabattis, Me., is active in a movement to have his village made a part of Webster.
'81.—Judge Reuel Robinson, Camden, is the head of the Masonic Fraternity in Maine.
'83.—Miss S. E. Bickford, Baptist missionary in India, was married last October to Rev. William Franklin. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin will continue in the missionary work in India.
'86.—Judge J. H. Williamson, of Madison, So. Dak., was recently in Lewiston.
'87.—Miss L. S. Stevens has resigned her position as superintendent of the Young Woman's Home, much to the regret of the directors.
'87.—Dr. E. K. Sprague, of the U. S. Marine Hospital Service, has recently been transferred from Cairo, Ill., to Mobile, Ala., for duty at the latter port.
'87.—Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Woodman, of Portland, have a daughter, born December 6th.
'87.—P. R. Howe, D.D.S., is having a large practice in Lewiston.
'88.—Rev. F. W. Oakes, Denver, Col., is meeting with great success in obtaining endowment funds for an Epis-
H. W. Small has resigned the principalship of Keyes Seminary, Canterbury, N. H.

Miss Grace Bray, Preceptress of Bridgton Academy, has resigned.

The Granite Monthly of November contains an illustrated sketch of Henniker, N. H., including an excellent likeness of F. L. Pugsley, the Principal of the High School.

Miss L. M. Bodge is teaching at Greeley Institute, Cumberland, Me.

Nelson W. Howard of Harvard Law School, has had a flattering position as an instructor in Harvard College offered him.

J. F. Fanning, Principal of High School, Kingston, Mass., is finding time to read law.

A. B. Libby is Principal of the High School, Woodsville, N. H.

John A. Snow, formerly of '98, is studying law in Biddeford.

C. H. Swan, Jr., of Harvard Law School, has been detained for some time from his studies by serious illness, but has resumed his work.

J. W. Leathers, Bangor, Me., is the Eastern Maine correspondent of the Lewiston Journal.

Nor private grief nor malice guides my pen;
I hold but kindness to my fellow-men.

—Whittier.

The college poet is often thought of as a careless rhymer or a composer of love ditties and senseless doggerels. This is not so, and American colleges have within their doors many men whom the Muse has richly endowed. The literary value of college verse is increasing. One by one the leading magazines have introduced a special department for poetry until the literary value of nearly all of the college publications is gauged by its poetry. We give a few specimens taken from this month’s publications. We trust that this feature of college journalism, which has had such a struggle to gain space, may increase in value.

The Poet.

In the heavy web of the loom of life
He weaveth his fancies to and fro,
And the golden threads of his verse will show
The pictured tale of his earthly strife.

But the artist dieth; the web is hung,
With never a thought for its imagery;
And in passing years, to the tapestry
The dust and grime of neglect has clung.

All tarnished now is the thread of gold,
The picture is blurred by the lapse of time;
But there’s one has seen ‘mid the dust and grime
That tale which the long dead poet told,—
That strange new song with a sweet refrain,
A song that whispers of life and love,
With the singer’s heartbeats interwove.
So, long forgotten, he lives again.

—Cornell Era.

Before Dawn.

In dreams, the other night, I sought the cave
Where the dear daughters of the Nymphae dwell.
A fountain twinkled near the sacred cell,  
Round which they gathered merrily to lave  
Their lithe limbs in the cooling, foamy wave,  
Which stole thence through fair fields of asphodel  
To seek the sea. As I drew nigh, there fell  
A silence o'er their mirth. I did but crave  
Of that sweet stream a dozen priceless sips  
To cool the fever of my soul. One brought  
A beaker, bade me drink and then begone.  
E'er I could raise it to my eager lips  
A fairer maid than all, approaching, caught  
And dashed it from me. Lo, it was the Dawn.  
—Frank McDonald, in Nassau Lit.

I stood within the royal court of Art,  
And saw her children grouped around the throne;  
Sculpture, that takes a moment for her own,  
And gives it grace that never can depart,  
Painting, whose touch a history may impart,  
Music, the echo of life's semitone,  
And poetry that rules o'er smile and groan,  
And leads the chorus of the human heart.  
Let science turn from passion with a frown,  
And banish beauty from his chill domain,  
Oblivion's hand is reaching for his crown;  
Art's laurels fade, but 'tis to bloom again,  
For long as smiles are smiles, and tears are tears,  
Art reigns triumphant through the countless years.  
—A. H. Quinn, in Red and Blue.

The following is from a poem entitled "October," in the Yale Lit:  
She will breathe on the dim old forest;  
And stainings of crimson light,  
Like the blushes that speak on her own bright cheek,  
Will fall on the leaves to-night;  
And the mellow sight of the dawning,  
When the first faint sunbeams play,  
And the flushes that rest on the sunset's breast  
She will leave on the trees to-day.  
The following is the introduction to a beautiful poem in the Dartmouth Lit,  
entitled "Appeal to Greece":  
Fair Greece, asleep in thy ruins,  
O hear our petition, we pray,  
Awake from thy dreams of the ages,  
Renew thy dominion to-day.  

Thy temples lie broken around thee  
Like tombstones that crumble with years,  
And yet, thou art fair in thy slumber—  
To mourn thee were too sad for tears.

The Boy and the World.  
On boyhood's summit radiant he stands,  
With heart on fire, and oh! the world he sees;  
Queen-cities throned upon vast, pleasant leas,  
The charm of quiet hamlets, and the sands  
Of golden rivers, while far-off expands  
The sea—its silences and mysteries;  
And love's light roseate falling soft on these,  
And irised hope arched high o'er all the lands.  
O visions beauteous! O hopes sublime!  
Well, well for us, that journey wearily  
Through torrid wastes, towards you to turn sometime—  
As toward some fairy isle in memories' sea—  
Forgetting these in dreams of that bright clime  
Where once we roved, heart high and fancy free.  
—The Oriel.

Exergi Monumentum, etc.  
Horat., lib. III, 30.  
A monument, outlasting brazen shafts—  
Within whose shade the pyramids might stand,  
I now have reared; nor shall the joined crafts  
Of rodent shower and northern blast command  
That it should crumble—nay, it shall defy  
The course of countless years and flight of time  
While ages roll. Not all of me shall die!  
My noler part shall ne'er endure Death's clime.  
Endowed with youth, 'tis mine to feel fame's thrill  
From lips as yet unborn, while priest of Jove  
Shall with the silent Vestal scale Jove's hill.  
Where'er the impetuous Aufidus may rove;  
Where Daunus ruled Apulia parched with thirst,  
And all its rustic tribes;—in grand refrain,  
I, Fortune's child, shall be proclaimed the first  
Who sang the songs of Greece in Latin strain.  
Melpomene assume thy pride well born,  
And with the Delphic bays my brow adorn.  
—I. C. Connolly, in the Mountaineer.
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MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and one of the following English Classics: Shakespeare's King John and Twelfth Night; Wordsworth's Excursion (first book); Irving's Bracebridge Hall; Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales (second volume).

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.

Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

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The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $180. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

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

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

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

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