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to college journalism. It is our wish and determination that the Student shall continue an honor to Bates and a pride to her students. And so this appeal to friends to co-operate not only in making retrogression impossible, but also in making advance certain. Let it continue the progressive exponent of Bates College interests, and the beacon light of Maine college journalism. Such must be her rank to keep pace with Bates scholarship, Bates athletics, Bates graduates, and Bates students.

This appeal can manifestly have no origin in any dearth of loyalty on the part of students as alumni. Their assistance in making the columns newsy, helpful, and interesting is equally ready and indispensable. But there is another side to journalism. A side which is not journalism, but is as essential to journalism as the latent power is to the electric flame,—the financial side. The sources of revenue are sufficient to afford ample and attractive mechanical service and a small bank account besides, provided these sources yield their appropriate annual incomes. But it is a fact that of our several hundred readers among the alumni not over two hundred and eighty are paying subscribers. It is also a fact that a less proportion of our regular readers in college are equally constant debtors. With a majority of these delinquents it is a matter of oversight. With others it is not. Out in the world the members of this latter class are called dead-heads, but we have no dead-heads in Bates, so we must term them "honorary members."

Help the Student lead in the race and she will help Bates beat in the race.

There seems to be a sentiment among many students that to be termed a "plugger" is the summit of disgrace. To squeeze through every examination, to cultivate a large biceps, and to acquire a reputation for "speed" are the only purposes of a college education. How this idea originated it is difficult to understand, for nothing could be more absurd. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the primary end of a college training is to develop the student mentally. Cultivation of the body is essential indeed, but it is not the main object. Nor can this object be attained to any satisfactory degree without earnest, persistent application. The man who is the worker in college will be the worker out of college, and sooner or later his work will tell. He may not acquire great wealth, it is true, but wealth is not his standard of success. In his own way he will be successful, and surely if any one can judge truly of success, it is he, with his keen, educated mind. "If," as Mr. Depew says, "a college education adds three hundred per cent. to a man's productive powers, it is not that education acquired 'by four years of idleness or languid study.' It is the education gained by work, by good, honest "plugging." By this means alone can the best results of a college course be attained. So do not be ashamed to be called a "plugger." "Plug" in the class-room, and out of the class-room, and whenever you get an opportunity. And if Nature has endowed you with the most ordinary ability, you will end your college course a well rounded man.
A MEMBER of the editorial board of the *Dartmouth Lit.* makes a spicy attack, in the December issue, upon the lecture system of conducting recitations. He turns back regretfully to the old days of text-books and "plugging," and then looks fearfully ahead to the time when "the student" will be graduated from college with a package of illegible note-books in his hand and nothing in his head."

After bewailing the time lost in the "mere mechanical labor of copying" he closes by indulging in the rather irreverent wish that "college professors were obliged to take a course in normal training and methods of teaching before beginning their work." The students at Bates do not, as a rule, complain of too many lectures, on the contrary we believe that a more general adoption of the system here would meet with their hearty approbation. Nor do we believe that the system is so productive of evil as our contemporary would wish to prove. The college lecture, if it fills the place intended, should stimulate to greater research on the part of the individual student than the mere committing of so many text-book pages each day could possibly do, and in this respect, at least, its field of usefulness is great. The personal magnetism of the professor, too, if he be the man his position calls for, should do much to enthrall his classes in the particular branch of study of which he has charge, and it seems reasonable that this result can be reached more readily through a lecture arranged to meet the particular needs of the class before him, than by relying upon text-books, the best of which are never entirely satisfactory. Even the mechanical work of copying has the advantage of requiring the undivided attention of the student while in the class-room, and we believe that a collection of well preserved note-books may become a valuable addition to a student's library. That the lecture system is a step ahead in the march of educational progress, seems, at any rate, not to be doubtful in the minds of our greater educators.

*WHATEVER* calling the college graduate may select, it is important that he be a good public speaker. The true orator has open to him many avenues of usefulness by which he can attain success. Whether medicine, teaching, or whatever his profession may be, he can greatly increase his influence and usefulness by the ability to express his thoughts in a pleasing and forcible manner.

While our literary societies are of inestimable value, they cannot fully meet the demands of him who would become a finished speaker. Nearly every young man has habits peculiar to himself, that need the attention of a practical teacher of elocution. The society critic may be fully aware of these habits, but it is a very delicate matter to give a public criticism of personal peculiarities, and so the critic ignores them. The college recognizes this difficulty and, after the Freshman year, furnishes a professional instructor whose business it is to attend to these very matters, but many students place but little value upon his suggestions. The special exercises that he gives are
rarely practiced. It is true that the rehearsals are, in most cases, promptly attended, but these are of little value unless supplemented with honest work.

What we need at Bates is more enthusiasm in our public declamations. Our students work for months on their "Sophomore Debates" and consider two or three weeks amply sufficient for the preparation of a difficult declamation. While we would not detract one iota from the interest in the debates, we would like to see an increased interest in the declamations.

This requires great self-denial, for the library is never so full of interesting sketches, brilliant oratory, beautiful verse, keen wit, and dry sarcasm, as when one is engaged in the study of some abstract subject, but he who will accustom himself to read only what applies to his subject, here a paragraph, there a sentence, and to resolutely pass over the remainder, will find himself abundantly repaid in his rapid progress, saving of time, and quickened mental perception.

There can be no more distinctive title for the present century than the age of printing. Our country alone supports twenty thousand periodicals and publishes annually five thousand books, two-thirds of them newly written. This wonderful change from the conditions of former times requires a like change in the methods of readers. Sad to say, the world's knowledge has not grown in proportion to its books. This enormous volume of literature is but the tail of a comet about a small nucleus of truth. Few books contain so many new ideas and pertinent facts as to be worthy of a careful perusal of every page. New ideas and new truths come rarely to even the keenest intellects; the bulk of reading matter is repetition.

There is no better mental exercise for the student than to rapidly run over a book, page after page, and skillfully sift out just those things which are of value to himself from the mass of material which although of interest to others yet has no importance for him.

The comparatively small attendance at the opening of the winter term and the increased burdens of those who return late usually render the work in the literary societies less satisfactory than during any other portion of the year. The crowded time of the student and the multitude of demands upon his attention in other directions make the slighting of literary work and attendance at meetings seem advisable to many. But we must bear in mind that increased burdens and responsibilities bring increased opportunities, and these are just as valuable during the present term as any other. These opportunities are priceless and they last only during the four years of our college course. The members cannot afford to let their meetings drag, even for a night. To those who have not been in the habit of participating, begin to take part now. Allow us to remind the busy student, and especially those who have not returned, that the winter vacation is an admirable time to prepare some part for society. The surroundings of many during the winter
are quite conducive to work of this nature, and the person is unjust to himself, not to say to his society, who does not return with a mind enriched by experience and study, prepared to take an enthusiastic part in society meetings.

THE recent alumni meeting in Boston was of unusual importance. Questions of vital interest to Bates were discussed. A decision relative to restricting the number of young women to be admitted each year threatens to press itself upon the authorities. Such an apparent change of policy at this stage of success as a co-educational institution could but be lamented. But the stern reality of inability to accommodate the increasing numbers must be dealt with. Such a misfortune—a misfortune of broadening prosperity—can be averted only by increased philanthropy of donors. But should increased funds be forthcoming it would be a question of grave and stubborn uncertainty with the trustees, whether to provide facilities for an increased number, or to improve the facilities for the present number. For instance, could the provision of better library privileges be wisely subordinated to increased general accommodations?

Another question must surely suggest itself to the more conservative of our alumni. Is it desirable to increase the proportion of young women to young men above the present ratio? Only the over-zealous in the interests of co-education would answer in the affirmative. The fact that Bates is classed with Bowdoin, Colby, and similar colleges, rather than with equally serviceable female institutions ought to be considered. Again, as one of the strongest attractions to energetic young men choosing a college, the matter of athletic supremacy—in itself of minor importance—should not be overlooked. In the different institutions large classes have shown an indisputable tendency to follow successful athletic seasons. An increase in the proportion of women would be a decrease in the amount of material for these contests in which colleges vie. The debated increasing number of young women to young men and the actual decreasing number of young men consequent upon waning athletic interests, could lead to but one result. With the men constantly approaching their limit, zero, and the women constantly approaching their limit, entirety, what that result would be, is evident. We suggest this, not as a threatening calamity, but rather as a presumably unintended result. None would be more pleased to see the accommodations for young women enlarged; but in unison let us see the general facilities so improved as to attract a corresponding number of young men, that the present golden proportion may be maintained.

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men in a thousand years have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words.—Emerson.
ETHICS IN POLITICS.

By P. L. Hoffman, '93.

ANY force which tends toward the moral elevation of a man indirectly affects the moral elevation of a community. What the primary causes are for the awakening of this force is now and always will be an unrevealed mystery. Yet nothing is more manifest than that its benign influence is incessantly present not only in the government of that man and community, but also in the government of the whole people.

In the life of the latter, politics constitutes a most essential scene; and a most important character in that scene is moral character, which is simply the fruit of these different seed forces. What are these ethical seeds? They are that innate knowledge which teaches the human race the need of government as a maintenance of the distinction between man and beast; that essence of civilization which preserves and fosters this government; that love of justice which distinguishes right from wrong, good from evil, and desires every person to receive according to his worth; that conscientious duty which impels man to the ascertainment of what is for the best interests of his country and for every inhabitant of it; that fidelity to citizenship which makes every other consideration subordinate to the public welfare and subservient to the glory and honor of the nation; that instinct of manhood which abhors all artifices to deceive and delude and admires with pure esteem that spirit of frankness and candor which has the courage to publicly plant “love of country” next to “love of God” as the dearest tree in all its cherished garden of joy and hope.

With these moral forces as watchwords march onward the triumphant columns of the successful party of to-day, at the sight of whose banner all thoughts of self or family are lost in that one absorbing theme, “Our Country,” and in whose ranks are found advancing side by side the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the religious and the irreligious, the father and the son, and sometimes even the mother and the daughter. All are actuated by their conception of right, which incites them to support this or that party.

The most of our citizens are life-long party men, who, because of some moral question, as the right of certain men to make their fellow-creatures slaves, have chosen their party for better or worse and will stand by it through thick and thin, now and forever. Others may have formerly belonged to a party of the principles opposite to those which they now support—men who, as is said of William E. Gladstone, “change their politics with the tide.” But if such men’s ideas alter with the experience of advancing years and they leave their party of friends for a party of strangers, sometimes their bitterest enemies, does it not proclaim the force of morals is at work? No one can knowingly say,
"My party is the one which will do the country the most good."

The moral question arises here, Shall we go to the front when honor calls us or shall we lag in the rear as examples of cowardice and hypocrisy?

There will always be various opinions of what is right and various ideas of which policy to pursue, but these variances are mainly formed with the utmost adherence to truth and rectitude. Yet others may believe in the principles upon which a party was founded but not in the new acquisitions to those principles, and so form a new party; the men who, as has been declared of Edmund Burke, "sometimes change their mode of action but never their ground"; the men who, in following the dictation of their conscience for good government, have the manliness to come forward as champions of their cause, battling against the furious abuse showered upon them by the partisans; weak in numbers but strong in their trust in the right, in what they believe to be for their country's good. Still others may compose that class who declare themselves as belonging to no party; those whom that unscrupulous politician terms "those enlightened unselfish and patriotic citizens," that is, if they work against the other party. But if they injure the prospects of his party, he calls them "a set of brainless fops and pharisees." Nevertheless these men of moral courage and individuality become our most valued citizens and our most exemplary purifiers of politics.

Often we see large numbers of citizens organized simply for the pursu-
otism which they owe as men to their country. An honest sentiment of the people, however much flattered or disguised by the partisan, will sooner or later be expressed in their untainted ballots.

In this dawn of the second century of our republic we see swift-winged time leave far behind the scene of fierce barbarism for the realm of gentler civilization, the sea of cruel war for the land of sweeter peace, the party of dead issues for the party of progress and reform, which, clothed in spotless morals, it is the hope of the American people, may conduct the government with imperishable honor and everlasting purity.

FATE OF THE VILLE DU HAVRE.

BY W. W. HARRIS, '94.

IT IS the 22d day of November. We are on shipboard. It is the beautiful steamship Ville du Havre, owned at Havre by the General Transatlantic Company. She is 435 feet long, 46 feet beam, 5,000 tons burthen; square-rigged, double propeller; fitted and furnished in elegant style. Her saloons and cabins are gilded and equipped with the finest of upholstery,—everything seems to say, “This is the place to be contented and happy.”

The afternoon has been somewhat crisp,—a cold wind blowing from the northwest. It is now evening. The day has been spent in reading, social conversation, and forming new acquaintances, which it is mutually hoped may continue much longer than simply during the short voyage we are now making together. We have outlined our intended tour through Europe to our new-made friends and fellow-passengers. All on board are buoyant with good cheer and hopefulness for a safe and pleasant passage. Indeed, every indication is now favorable to a speedy arrival.

At sunset a few light clouds are seen scattered upon the eastern horizon, which rather give luster to the smiling farewells of the setting sun than cause fear in any heart.

There is no sign of a storm. The captain is tried and faithful, and a braver crew never sailed a ship; hence there is no need of alarm. So we all with the utmost composure ejaculate one to another our admiration of the gorgeous sheen which now has spread out and covered the vaulted sky. A thin, misty veil scattered everywhere, is refulgent with beauty, and casts magnificent shadows upon the bronzed canvas of the sea. The western horizon is aflame with streaks of scarlet and gold. The dark waters seem to moan in their loneliness. East, west, north, and south they stretch out their liquid arms as if to seize the vanishing pictures; but these soon silently disappear and leave the “boundless waters to beat and moan” as they toss on the swelling flood our one, lone bark. Our ship seems to catch the spirit of the hour, and as if to bring cheer to old Neptune, she lifts her majestic prow more grandly than before; and as the black smoke curls away in the distance and is scattered by the freshening breeze, she gracefully leans upon the crested waves. On she ploughs through
the dark waters, dashing the spray far out from her bow. The foam boiling and surging along her sides, eddys away at the stern, and finally bidding adieu to the proud queen of the sea, sinks to rest in the folds of mother ocean. There is no moon, no stars. All is now dark. The blackness of night brings a solemn hush to all voices, and a gloomy stillness seems to pervade every one on board. We can now hear only the constant boil of the sea, the dismal wail of the wind, the creaking cordage, the clanking of the rudder chains, the perpetual beat of the engines, and the footsteps of the sailors on deck.

After singing a few hymns and committing ourselves to the care of Him who is our keeper on sea as well as on land, we all retire to our respective state-rooms and leave the ship to the care of the faithful crew.

The minutes seem like hours, and yet we are not conscious of any fear. Twelve o’clock and all is well; and yet an indescribable and an unaccountable solemnity possesses every soul on board. Another hour has passed, with but little sleep, yet no one moves. A half hour longer, and a faint glimmer of light steals into our room, which brings the hope that the clouds are disappearing or that the stars are breaking through the heavy black mist. If we could only catch a glimpse of a single star in this dark night on the troubled sea, while the waves are roaring their hoarse notes and the winds join in the sullen chorus, it would seem like a light shining from the windows of home. Home! Did we ever prize thee before? Friends and loved ones soundly sleeping there! Shall we ever meet and greet them again? Their last smile still lingers in our memories; their last pressure of the hand still throbs in our hearts! Oh, to be home on this dark night! But, be still! We must go to sleep and forget our loneliness.

In a moment all is forgotten, save the last thoughts of home, which to us now are real; and our hearts are thrilled and swell with emotion and gratitude as we relate to our loved ones the experiences of that dark night.

A fearful Crash, as of falling timbers, wrenches our ship from stem to stern. The air reverberates with the awful blow. “All hands on deck!” goes up the shrill cry. We awake from our pleasant dreams to witness the wildest confusion. Shouts, shrieks, yells, rend the air; and the moaning waves and sullen winds bear the wild cries far off over the broad expanse; but no ear can be reached by that cry for help, save that of Him who “heareth the ravens when they cry, and careth for the bleating of the young lambs.”

In a moment all are on deck,—men, women, and children; some in their night robes; some in their agonizing frenzy have actually torn off their night coverings and are literally naked. Other cries than those from our ship ring out through the darkness and are lost on the wide sea. Oh, ye winds, do ye mock us in this dark hour? Does the black, yawning sea send back our cries for help, to die upon our own lips? Is this a dream, a hideous nightmare, or have we collided with the Furies in mid-ocean? The blood stagnates in our veins; the brain whirls and surges
as if the skull would break! Oh, ye gods of Tartarus, spare us from this horrible death! But what is that black monster across our bow? Ah, it is a huge coffin for our burial! But it is peopled with living beings, whose frenzied cries are even fiercer than our own. The darkness is rendered still darker by this weird spectre. In a moment and a fierce tongue of fire bursts from the side of this frightful monster right at our bow and lights up the strange horrors, adding new terror to the seething mass of misery. Has hell itself belched forth with fire and smoke, vomiting up demons incanitate? The sea boils more fiercely than before; the winds howl like ravening wolves.

Our eyes behold a fearful spectacle of broken timbers, planks, yards, and spars, with men and women clutching their little children and clinging to the floating wreckage. All are trembling in wild confusion amid the raging, foaming sea. The top of the strange monster is filled with nearly a half thousand souls who, writhed with agony, stand paralyzed in the face of certain death. There is no time for delay! As the heavens resound with the shrieks and prayers that go up amid lurid sheets of flame the life-boats are launched and the work of rescue begins. But in fifteen minutes the huge monster, with its freight of human souls, has disappeared beneath the liquid flood, never to rise again; and the cold waves roll on, without once stopping to mark the spot where two hundred and twenty-six souls in one brief moment were ushered into eternity, and their bodies swallowed up by the pitiless sea.

This is not a dream. It is not a vision nor a mere fancy sketch. It is a tale of sad reality.

The historic facts are as follows: At two o'clock in the morning of November 22, 1872, the steamship Ville du Havre, when in mid-ocean, en route from New York to Havre, was struck about midships, or opposite the machinery, by the British iron sailing ship Loch Earn, breaking a hole in her side about thirty feet long by twelve feet deep. She sunk in fifteen minutes, carrying nearly all on board, eighty-seven persons only being rescued by the life-boats of the Loch Earn.

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN LITERATURE.

By W. S. C. Russell, '95.

As New Hampshire, containing fewer inhabitants than the metropolis of New England, furnished more than her full share of brawn for the Civil War, so she has furnished her full share of brain for the advancement of American literature. Should I say more than her share Bostonians might object. They must, however, agree with me in saying that a better spot for the birthplace and training of statesman, novelist, or poet can not be found than in the shadows of the granite hills.

The pioneers of our literature have long since passed away. Among those who have erected imperishable monuments to their own memory are: Hosea Ballou, founder of Universalism in America, and author of several religious works; Jeremy Belknap, for twenty-two years a pastor in Dover,
but better known by his excellent history of New Hampshire; and Carlos Wilcox, author of much meditative verse and many stories. Eminent theologians are numerous. Among those remembered as bright, active men of letters are James Freeman Clarke, Henry W. Bellows, William Dexter Wilson, Thomas C. Upham, Dexter Waterman, and Rev. Atwood B. Meservey, who is also well known as an able educator and the author of a series of books on bookkeeping and political economy. Besides these the State has furnished scores of able divines for the largest pulpits throughout New England, also many college professors. Well known among the latter is Rev. O. B. Cheney, one of the founders and, for many years past, the president of Bates College.

Many New Hampshire writers are well known to the magazine readers, either by their true or assumed names. Among such contributors are Fannie Huntington Runnels, Henry A. Blood, and George Bancroft Griffith.

Henry Wilson, author of “Rise and Fall of Slave Power in America,” Geo. Quackenboss, Nathaniel Holmes, Alexander Everett, and James Fields, the author-publisher, are all well-known writers. Charles A. Dana, the able editor of the New York Sun, and the two successful critics and book reviewers, Frank B. Sanborn and Charles F. Richardson, are New Hampshire men. So is Charles Carleton Coffin, the popular war correspondent of the Boston Journal. He is well known to the youth of our land by his “Days and Nights on the Battlefield,” “Winning His Spurs,” and “The Boys of ’76.”

New Hampshire has three sons of whom she is justly proud: Horace Greeley, founder of the New York Tribune and star journalist of America; Joseph Worcester, America’s greatest lexicographer; and Daniel Webster, America’s, if not the world’s greatest orator and statesman.

Though we claim no great poet for New Hampshire, we assert that the varied richness of our mountain and lake scenery has attracted and inspired all of New England’s bards. Often, when wearied with the incessant toil of the college class-room, they have flung aside the text-book for a brief vacation, and sought the invigorating air and wonderful scenery of the White Hills. Taking up the “harp that mouldering long had hung on the witch elm,” the strings, responsive to the old accustomed touch, transmitted to our ears such strains as Longfellow’s “Mad River,” Emerson’s “Monadnock,” and Whittier’s “Merrimac” and “Bridal of Penacook.”

Many wonder that a state so richly endowed by nature has produced no poets. The idea is erroneous. The lake region and mountain fastness for nearly a century have been the haunts of the Muse. Through various mediums she has given to literature odes and ballads, besides volumes of legends that would have done credit to Scott or Macaulay. Portsmouth boasts of having reared the popular poet and editor of that well-known magazine, the Atlantic Monthly. From the pen of Celia Thaxter, on the Isles of Shoals comes
the most beautiful ocean poetry in our language. Edna Dean Proctor, of Hen-
niker, is known to the reading world as the author of many sweet lyrics. Among White Mountain poets are “Marion Douglass,” Rev. J. E. Rankin, Rev. Amos B. Russell, B. P. Shillaber, and Harriet M. Kimball, so well known by her “Swallow Flight of Song.” Mrs. Nancy Priest Wakefield has given us a “gem of purest ray serene,” and immortalized herself by “Over the River.”

C. C. Lord, of Hopkinton, has been before the public some time as a thoughtful, active writer, but his legendary poems, chief among which are “Mary Wordwell” and “Abram Kimball,” have secured him a permanent place among New Hampshire poets.

Our friends at the Hub might call it presumption for us to claim the Quaker poet. But he loved to be in New Hampshire.

Where the great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed and awful Face of Stone.

He saw
Through their granite seaming
The smiles of reason beaming.

And

Where the Great Lakes sunny smiles
Dimples round its hundred isles,
he spent his summers, found his inspiration, and wrote his poems.

What a pity it is that our great hills, piled to the clouds, our rivers, overhung by forests, should be shorn of their Indian names and their legends pass into oblivion! Why does not some one rise to sing the glory of Echo Lake, the rarest jewel of the White Mountain cabinet of curiosities?

That “Wizard of the North,” Sir Walter Scott has immortalized Loch Katrine, a little tarn in the Trosachs, which but for him would be unknown. But Echo Lake is truly a wonder and is yearly visited by thousands. Surrounding as it is by rugged and awe-inspiring mountains, clothed with primeval vegetation, rich in legends and traditions of Nature’s child, watched over by the grand and awful Face of Stone, it seems strange and sad that no master genius has arisen to immortalize it and himself by weaving one of these legends into a grand epic for the millions who love and adore the Switzerland of America. These stories are fading from the minds of the settlers and looking up to the great hills we must say with Hiawatha:

Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabanos,
All the marvelous dreams and visions,
Of the Jossakeeds, the prophets!

New Hampshire has a few novelists, but she has yet to produce a star. Many and thrilling are the tales, the scenes of which are laid in Maine and Vermont; but few, very few, in the Granite State. What James Fenimore Cooper has done for New York in preserving the exploits of the Seven Nations and the last two great sachems of the Delawares, Chingachgook and his son Uncas; what Egbert Craddock has
done for the Tennessee mountains, what scores have done and are doing for the South and West; what Scott and Dickens have done for the British Isles, does it not remain for some kind and loving pen to do for dear old New Hampshire? Surely here is a field ungleaned, a spot far more romantic and beautifully sublime than bonny Scotland or the Switzer's mountain home. No village or mountain hamlet but what is teeming with records of Indian battles, daring and heroic exploits of her pioneers, and the persevering efforts of honest sturdy husbandmen, toiling for the promulgation of truth and the perpetuation of liberty.

Among these people are the materials for many interesting and instructive novels, in their conflicts, their victories, their lives, and their loves. The material is simply moss-encrusted and needs only the eye of genius to see it, the soul and hand of genius to uncover and to pen it. And like Dickens:

--- from these create he can
Forms more real than living man!

Who is to do this? He may come from across the sea, from the far West, or he may be born at the foot of the everlasting hills of old New Hampshire. He may be to-day struggling with Greek and Latin in some New England college, but come he will. And we trust his advent is not far off.

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**Poets' Corner.**

**RIVERSIDE CEMETERY IN DECEMBER.**

Sad is the place; from thickset cedarn rows
And scattered pines the birds long since are flown;
Through leafless maple twigs a cold wind blows;
And down below, the withered grass alone,
With wrecks of autumn bloom and dead leaves strown,
Carpets the mounds which still the snow delays
To hide from the dull cheerless winter days.

Sad, but still beauteous; softly the green pines
Sway their long branches tremulous in the breeze;
Slanting from where the westering sun declines,
Its light falls tenderly on grass and trees,
Bathing the quiet slopes in golden peace,
Brown fields and copses to the river's brim,
And hills beyond in purple distance dim.

Sad,—nay, not sad; exultant in the light
The fragrant pine-trees tower against the blue;
Boughs in last season's leaf no longer dight
A thousand buds await to clothe with new;
Green, here and there, fresh spires of grass show through,
Heralds of Spring, soon coming to adorn
The graves whose dwellers wait a new life's morn.

—G. M. C., '93.

**OUR PARTING.**

I mind it well; how we two stood together,
In the green, gracious time so long ago,
When Night and Day were sadly met together
And the full harvest moon hung pale and low.

When Hope and Love were sadly bending o'er us,
Weeping soft tears of melancholy dew,
And the dim waste of years spread out before us.
Barren and trackless, loomed upon our view.
Oh, when the years are into moments crowded,
Fate weaves an aspect of mysterious dread,
For Hope, to tear-dimmed vision ever shrouded,
Walls low among the tombstones of the dead.
I feel them yet, thy lips so sweet and tender,
In all their ripened beauty pressing mine,
And with a dreamy joy my soul surrender
To the ecstatic fellowship of thine.
Yet I shall meet thee in the halls of slumber,
And kiss thy cheek and press thee to my heart,
And by the throbings of its pulses number
The intervening moments ere we part.

Still I shall stretch my hands to thee with yearning,
Across the slowly widening gulf of years,
Back to the pages of life's second turning,
To bathe thy memory in forgetful tears.
When slumber folds me in its soft embraces,
Then dreams—dear dreams will bring thee to my side,
All radiant with a thousand spirit graces,
A fleshless spectre, yet in dreams, my bride.
—O. A. X., '94.

Locals.

Down the hill the Prof. is running,
Coat-tails streaming out behind.
In the door are Seniors waiting,
On their faces smiles malignant.

"One more minute," all expectant,
But alas! the Prof. has come.
Seats are taken in a twinkling,
Greek yell silent, Seniors glum.

Shake!
We are at work once more.
Parker Hall is again becoming inhabited.

When are those rank-bills going to appear?

Miss Webber, ex-'94, was in town a few days during the vacation.
The new concrete floor in the zoological room is an excellent improvement.
The sanctum is to be provided with gas. Verily, this is an age of enlightenment.

J. B. Coy, formerly of '92, has returned to college and resumed his course with '96.

Professor Hartshorn will continue his weekly lectures in Physics to the Junior class this term.
Professor Chase is quite seriously ill. For several days he has been unable to attend his classes.
Four of the Student editors are developing the minds of young America in the wilds of Maine.

Some one has had the meanness to suggest that we call the editorial sanctum the bomb- (bum) shell.
Are all of our singers out of town? A little music would be a pleasing addition to the chapel exercises.

Pierce, '94, will lead the gymnasium work of the Juniors during the absence of French, the regular instructor.
Miss Roberts, formerly of '94, who has been absent the past year because of sickness, has resumed her work with '95.
We would advise the Faculty to keep an eye on the new managers of the
STUDENT. So much "cutting" is, to say the least, suspicious.

Professor Stanton, who has been confined to his house by a severe cold, is again able to attend his recitations.

Quite a number of alumni and alumnae were in town during the past vacation, to attend the annual meeting of the Maine State Pedagogical Society.

Thirty-six attended chapel the first morning, while many more, who had not as yet recovered from the dissipations of the holidays, dropped around during the day.

Is your sweetheart the man in the moon?
Then I hope you will marry him soon,
And he'll take you afar
In aerial car
With your soft, silly, sickening tune.

It would be a great favor to the Faculty if a few of those students who "have arrived" but "are not yet back," would make themselves manifest at recitation.

During the first four weeks of the term gymnasium work will not be compulsory. To those who wish, however, the gymnasium will be open from 2.30 to 3.30 every afternoon.

W——, '94, had an adventure with a burglar the other night. Since then he has been sleeping with a gun, two indian-clubs, and a pair of dumb-bells under his pillow.

It will be seen by our alumni personals that contestants for the College Club prize should hereafter send their stories to A. N. Peaslee, '90, at Pensacola, Fla., instead of Garden City, as previously.

The catalogue of the alumni, which will be published hereafter every five years, will be out about Commencement. It will contain a brief sketch of the life and work of each graduate since leaving college, together with his present location, business, etc.

It may be observed that the Locals are quite poetical (?) this month. Any efforts in this neglected line will be gladly welcomed by the sanctum, and all productions will be treated as leniently as possible. Now don't be bashful—write some verses.

We are glad to be informed by one of our Sophomore young ladies, who has undergone unscathed the allurements of a vacation in Boston, that her "name is just the same as it was last term." Such conservatism in this age of innovations is truly refreshing.

RECIROCITY.

I gave her ices, candies, fruits,
Perfumes and flowers fair.
I gave her handkerchiefs and gloves,
Laces and knickknacks rare.
I gave her heart, and hand, and soul,
And she, the winsome kitten,
In giving not to be outdone,
Gave me in turn the mitten.

Several of the Juniors employed the spare hours of vacation in exploring the town. Their expeditions, under the leadership of Professor Stanton, to the Androscoggin Mill and to Gay-Woodman Company's shoe shop, were especially enjoyable and instructive. The only thing that marred the happiness of the too modest Juniors was the acute consciousness of being the object of an admiring stare.
Scene: Room in Parker Hall. Time: Close of last term. Two Freshmen busily packing; one overhears the other muttering aloud, "I will have to do it; it's no use; she may refuse, but there's no help for it. It's got to be done."

"Take my advice as a friend and don't." "Don't what?" (confusedly). "Why, don't propose, of course." "Oh, hang it all. What do you take me for? I was only going to ask the washerwoman to wait till next term for her pay." Curtain.

The joint committee of the Europosophian and Polymnian societies, to arrange for the observance of Washington's Birthday this year, consists of Pennell, '93, Chase, '93, Noone, '94, Marsh, '94, Miss Willard, '95, Miss Neal, '95, Thomas, '96, and Lord, '96. The following have been assigned parts: Miss Summerbell, '95, Miss Staples, '95, Miss Cummings, '94, Miss Pennell, '94, Swan, '93, Noone, '94, Brown, '95, and Cutts, '96. This observance has become a custom at Bates, and a very good one, too, we think. The programme this year will probably be fully up to those of the past.

The new physical laboratory is perhaps the pleasantest and most attractive class-room in Hathorn Hall. Most conspicuous among the improvements are several heavy ash tables, each provided with four Bunsen burners. A fine case of drawers for various storage purposes has been built in the alcove, and a door has been cut through to Professor Hartshorn's lecture-room. Much new apparatus has been procured, of which an Atwood's machine, a Swiss spherometer, several Wheatstone bridges, a Coulomb's torsion balance, and a D'arsonval galvanometer are most noticeable. About four hundred dollars has been expended upon the room and its appliances the past vacation. It is the intention ultimately by extending the partition across the hall to unite the laboratory with the apparatus room.

COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL.

Rev. G. A. Downey, Bates, '85, of the Junior class, reports a pleasant vacation. For the past two months he has had charge of the church at North Danville, N. H. During his stay the repairs on the church were completed, the building was re-dedicated, and a new religious interest manifested.

The December number of the Treasury Magazine contains an article by Professor Rich, of the Old Testament Department, entitled "Exegesis of the Twenty-Third Psalm." Also a discussion of the word "Sheol," by Professor Rich, finds place in a recent volume entitled "Timely Topics," published by E. B. Treat, New York.

The work of the spring term began Tuesday morning, January 10th. At that time Professor Anthony, of the New Testament Department, delivered a public lecture in the chapel on "The Newly-Discovered Epistle of St. Peter." By request, Professor Anthony will repeat this lecture in Auburn, January 23d, at the meeting of the Pastor's Union.

G. H. Hamlen, Bates, '90, of the Senior class, spent part of the vaca-
tion with the East Dixfield church. In another part of the same town Mandeville Holman, of the Junior class, held a series of meetings. "Quite an extensive revival interest has been awakened and several have started in the Christian life," says the *Rumford Falls Times* in a pleasant notice of Mr. Holman's work.

F. B. Nelson, Bates, '90, of the Senior class, finished his work at West Gardiner, Me., January 8th. His two years' ministrations in the church there have been helpful to the town in many ways. Eleven additions to the church membership are evidence of his good work. Not less valuable is the desire to secure a college education which he has awakened in some of the young people.

By the courtesy of the Editors of the *Student* the Divinity Department of Bates College is represented in these columns. This privilege is appreciated by the students and friends of the Divinity School, and, undoubtedly, this appreciation will manifest itself in the appearance of new names on the subscription list of the *Student*. In connection with this department will appear locals and personals of interest to the alumni and undergraduates, and occasionally an article on some special topic will be printed.

Recent improvements in the library are worthy of note. A new catalogue has been made and is now ready for use in the new librarian's desk. A record of books out is kept in such a way that one can see at a glance who has a certain book and how long he has had it. Three assistant librarians have been appointed, one for each class, to perfect the new arrangements and to keep the library in running order. The librarian desires the *Student* to announce that any students of the college who may desire that privilege are welcome to the use of the library of the Divinity School.

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**Alumni Department.**

**BATES MEN IN BOSTON.**

*To the Editors of the Bates Student:*

The ninth annual meeting and dinner of the alumni of Boston and vicinity was the largest in the history of the Association. There were present forty-six alumni and President Cheney as invited guest. The largest number of alumni present at any previous meeting was thirty-two.

The following is a list of those present at the meeting on December 23, 1892: Class of '67, Arthur Given; Class of '68, Geo. C. Chase; Class of '69, W. H. Bolster; Class of '71, J. T. Abbott, C. H. Hersey; Class of '72, Geo. E. Gay, E. J. Goodwin, T. E. Wilder; Class of '73, Geo. E. Smith; Class of '75, L. M. Palmer, F. L. Washburn, H. S. Cowell, A. M. Spear, J. H. Hutchins; Class of '76, E. C. Adams, W. O. Collins, F. E. Emrich, N. Douglass; Class of '77, O. B. Clayson; Class of '78, C. E. Hussey, J. W.
Hutchins; Class of '79, A. E. Tuttle, W. E. Ranger; Class of '81, C. P. Sanborn; Class of '82, I. M. Norcross, C. H. Libbey, L. T. McKenney; Class of '83, F. E. Foss, H. H. Tucker, John L. Reade; Class of '85, C. A. Scott, D. C. Washburn, E. H. Brackett; Class of '86, L. H. Wentworth, F. H. Nickerson; Class of '88, C. C. Smith, H. W. Hopkins; Class of '90, W. F. Garcelon, A. N. Peaslee, Thomas Singer; Class of '91, W. B. Cutts, F. E. Emrich, Jr., Miles Greenwood; Class of '92, Scott Wilson, D. G. Donnecer, N. W. Howard, E. W. Emery.

The officers for the ensuing year and the speakers of the evening have already been chronicled in the December Student, and a verbatim report of President Cheney's address was published in the Boston Morning Journal of Dec. 21th, so that little remains to be said. It was generally remarked among those present that the speakers of this meeting were especially entertaining. The gentleman whom the Republican Senators of Maine have recently nominated as President of the Senate, during the course of his speech, plead guilty to the crime of larceny of one straw hat, committed during his Freshman year.

The reminiscences of another alumnus, now representing the "striped breeches" of "Uncle Sam" in a South American Republic, became so incriminating to several alumni present that the pastor of one of the churches in Dorchester arose in great agitation, and besought the speaker not to look at him so fixedly while making such remarks. Even the venerable President so far forgot the college rules as to suggest that under certain favorable circumstances tar barrels might be burned on Mt. David with perfect propriety.

Altogether it was a most enthusiastic meeting, and it is hoped that at the next annual meeting there may be present not less than seventy-five.

Clarence C. Smith, '88,
Secretary.

BATES LUNCH CLUB.

THE members of the college club in and about Boston have instituted a "Bates Lunch," to be held every Saturday at one o'clock at the American House, on Hanover Street.

Alumni residing about Boston are invited to be present, and any Bates man who happens to be at the Hub on a Saturday will be welcomed. There will be no formality about the affairs. Lunch will be served on the European plan.

The first meeting will occur on Saturday, January 21st. Those attending this and subsequent lunches will meet in the reading-room of the hotel at a quarter before one o'clock.

THOUGHTS.

NEW thought is the beginning of wisdom. Nothing is stable but the past; that must ever remain the same, and its experience is all that it is worth to us. We cannot dote upon the past and act in the present. No man is more than what he can do to-
day. If he was great yesterday he
must maintain his ground by a new
conquest, else the ghost of yesterday
will mock him.

Every opportunity is a new, fresh
gift, from the hand of God. He who
best uses it is he whose thought is new-
est and best. If the sun shine brightly
to-day it gives joy to him who is awake,
but the slumberer will wake to-morrow
and, finding the weather cloudy, will
lie down to sleep again. If a man
study only the thoughts of others he
will be the waste-basket of his time,
but if he consume their thoughts as oil
is consumed to give a new light he will
illuminate one more niche in the infin-
ite gallery of mysteries.

All men love wisdom, but few under-
stand in what it consists. How often
has that man thought himself wise who
is simply superior to his immediate en-
vironment. If men are accustomed to
come to him he is presently the oracle
by common consent, and this is so be-
cause his conceit is greater than theirs.
But there is an oracle of oracles and
there is wisdom above the sayings of
wise men. If a measure is full it can
hold no more, but it may be emptied
and filled again, and it will hold as
many grains of pure gold as of sand.
And if a man is puffed up with knowl-
dge that he regards as very precious,
let him empty himself of it and be
filled again. He will then know the
difference between conceit and wisdom.
The knowledge of the ancients is in-
deed worthy of consideration, but he
who is not able to put it to a new use
is sitting in the shadow of centuries.
To think over only what has been
already thought is like winding a music
box that it may play the same series of
tunes again. Many men display only
what they have learned from others, as
a merchant fills his show windows with
his wares, and, in like manner as the
merchant, advertise to supply the wants
of their fellow-men. This is unfortu-
nate, and such men not only deceive
themselves but stand in the way of
others.

When the sky is clear at night the
number of stars is greater than we can
count, but through a clouded atmos-
phere a man of little skill can number
them. Accustom the mind of a child
to error and he will regard it as truth.
This has been the stumbling-block of
all generations, and the beginning of
real wisdom has always been wrought
out with great sacrifice. Men are ac-
customed to reverence whatever is old,
and often prefer to sit down amid the
ruins of what was once glorious to
muse the hours away, rather than to pur-
sue the new knowledge with which
every new day is laden. Put a burden
on the back of a camel and he will
patiently carry it across a desert in
safety, but the animal is not wiser when
the journey is done than he was before,
although the burden may have con-
tained precious gems. So also men are
constantly bearing about the burdens
of life, ignorant of the blessings they
contain.

What then is wisdom? It is the per-
ception of the fitness of things. And
in the fitness of things is the true phi-
losophy of life. Men busy themselves
with their material needs, their aspira-
tions or ambitions, and such is the pres-
sure of these upon them that almost as if the soul had no higher interests they toil, and fret, and sacrifice, till little remains of them but a bundle of unsatisfied wants. Here and there a thoughtful mind sees the beauty of truth and reflects it in a measure to the masses. This is not a gloomy picture; it is a ray of hope. It is the effect of a new and purer thought; it is, indeed, the beginning of wisdom, but it is like a candle held by one man, by the light of which many may see how to toil.

To understand the fitness of things is the great task of humanity. It is a task to which body and mind may well be applied, but which soul alone can accomplish. Men have fought all sorts of battles with nature and with themselves, not altogether in vain, it could not be otherwise; but happily out of struggle it has been ordained that there shall come purer and higher things. The needs of the body must be supplied, but the mind and soul should not die that the body may live. Rightly understood mind and body are the tools of the soul, and only when this great fact is acknowledged and a life is shaped thereby is the highest attainment of true manhood realized.

There is a purpose behind every voluntary act. The origin of this purpose is in the soul. Mind and body are brought into requisition that each purpose may be carried into effect. There is perfect fitness in this, but above all it is necessary to understand the fitness of purposes. The carpenter may use the same set of tools whether he tears down a house or builds one. He will be wise or simple according as his purpose is suited to the fitness of things, and his labor will be saved or lost according to the same principle. It is necessary that every purpose be judged before it is executed for the throne of heaven is above us, nor does its security rest upon the caprice of mortals. Divine wisdom was from the beginning nor can the purposes or deeds of men change in the least the order of the universe. Man is a product of the universe and not the universe of man. Let all purposes be judged with this in mind. The final test of the fitness of every purpose is whether or not it is in accord with the Divine purpose, and concerning this every man must be his own judge. There is absolutely no escape from this weighty responsibility, it is a matter wholly between the soul and God. In the light of such sublime truth what man can place conceit above wisdom, or be satisfied without a new thought?

F. L. Pugsley, '91.

Henniker, N. H., Jan. 13, 1893.

PERSONALS.

'71.—Hon. J. M. Libby, of Mechanic Falls, is again a member of the Maine Senate, and chairman of the Legal Affairs Committee.

'72.—Hon. A. M. Garcelon, M.D., of Lewiston, is a member of the Maine House of Representatives this winter.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear of Gardiner was unanimously elected President of the Maine Senate. He was a member of the lower branch of the Maine Legislature in 1883 and 1885, serving on the committees on Legal Affairs and Revis-
ion of the Statutes; he was also a member of the last Senate, and has been mayor of Gardiner from 1879 to the present time.

'76.—Marion Douglass, Esq., of Duluth, Minn., has recently been in Maine on business. While here, he received notice that the decision of the Supreme Court in a case of great importance to his clients, involving directly or indirectly more than $100,000, was in his favor.

'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase and wife, of Northboro, Mass., have a son (Maurice Lovejoy), born November 27, 1892. Mr. Chase is pastor of the Unitarian Church at Northboro.

'77.—In presenting the portrait of Henry W. Oakes, Esq., the newly elected County Attorney of Androscoggin County, the Lewiston Journal of January 3d, says: "County Attorney Oakes comes to the office with wide experience and the disposition to faithful work. Mr. Oakes is a fine student, a skillful attorney, and one of the most reliable, trusted, and respected men in Androscoggin County. He has held several important positions in business, social, and fraternal organizations; has a wide circle of friends, is accounted one of the best informed attorneys, and will make an able and conscientious county attorney."

'79.—A recent issue of the Democratic Banner, of Sonora, Cal., contains the following: "F. P. Otis has served as District Attorney four years. He made a good officer, ever watchful of the people's interests. During his term of office he carried through the courts, and to a successful termination, various cases of considerable importance to the county. He never shirked any duty. Clear-headed and fearless, he on more than one occasion had the nerve to refuse to throw the county into expensive suits on trumped-up causes. He is honest, intelligent, and a good lawyer, and retires from office respected by all."

'80.—Rev. J. H. Heald, pastor of Congregational church, Trinidad, Colorado, has accepted a call to Nogales, Arizona.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee, of Lewiston, has been admitted to the society of Sons of the American Revolution.

'80.—H. L. Merrill is having excellent success as principal of the Hutchinson High School in Hutchinson, Minn., and recently built a handsome residence in this western village.

'81.—Wm. T. Perkins has recently been elected Vice-President of the First National Bank of Bismarck, N. D.

'83.—Friends of O. L. Frisbee will be glad to learn of a marked improvement in his health within the past few weeks.

'84.—Sumner Hackett, Esq., has gone back to California on account of his health.

'86.—S. G. Bonney, M.D., has recovered his health, and has a very large practice in Denver, Colorado.

'86.—E. A. Merrill, Esq., junior member of the law firm of Randall & Merrill, of Minneapolis, Minn., came East on business during the holidays.

'87.—William C. Buck, of the National Medical College, Washington, D. C., has resigned his clerkship in the War Department, where he was receiving a salary of $1,200 a year, to accept the position of Resident Student
in the Children's Hospital, Washington, D.C., a place secured by competitive examination.

'87.—Rev. Jesse Bailey, pastor of Emanuel Congregational Church, Watertown, N.Y., has been unable to preach for many weeks, and by a vote of the parish has been granted a vacation. At the last accounts, Mr. Bailey was gaining slowly.

'87.—The Misses Jordan, '87 and '90, are now studying at Berlin. They will probably sail for home in June.

'87.—H. E. Cushman is studying at Berlin.

'88.—E. E. Sawyer is principal of the High School in Pepperell, Mass.

'89.—G. H. Libby, Sub-master in the High School at Denver, Colorado, was married, December 30th, to Miss Harriet A., daughter of J. D. Pulsifer, Esq., of Auburn, by Rev. Mr. Hayden. They have started for the West.

'89.—E. L. Stevens, M.D., is House Surgeon at the state institution, seven miles from Providence, R.I.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee has resigned his position in the Cathedral School of St. Paul, Garden City, L.I., and will spend the winter in Pensacola, Fla. The competitors for the College Club prize will send their articles to him there instead of at Garden City.

'90.—F. L. Day will graduate from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in March.

'91.—Miss M. E. Merrill, assistant in the Fort Fairfield High School, received from her scholars a valuable Christmas present in token of their appreciation of her excellent services.

'92.—H. E. Walter is pursuing the study of Biology at Brown University. In connection with Mr. Tower (Brown, '92), he has a university extension class of Providence teachers in Anatomy on Saturdays. Professor Bumpus, who has charge of the Rhode Island Fauna exhibit for the Columbian Exposition, has intrusted the ornithological division to Mr. Walter.

'92.—We are pleased to learn that C. N. Blanchard has been granted an increase in salary as principal of the Dexter High School, for the remainder of the year.

'92.—Miss J. F. King is one of twenty-three young ladies that have availed themselves of the first opportunity offered to ladies at Yale University, for post-graduate instruction. Miss King is taking a course in Literature.

'92.—W. B. Skelton is President, and W. H. Putnam is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Young Men's Debating Club, of Lewiston.

THE MAINE PEDAGOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society, held in Lewiston, December 29th, 30th, and 31st, thirty of the Bates alumni were in attendance. G. B. Files, '69, read a paper, “Importance of Placing Good Books in the Hands of Pupils.” J. R. Dunton, '87, discussed Grammar School work. At the last session, G. A. Stuart, '77, was chosen Vice-President of the Society, I. C. Phillips, '76, and W. L. Powers, '88, were made members of the Advisory Board; and E. P. Sampson, '73, G. B. Files, '69, and D. J. Callahan, '76, were elected members of the Council.
Cotangent, cosecant, cosine—
All co's that can be said,
Are not to be compared with thee,
Thou host of co's—co-ed.
—University Herald.

Yale's foot-ball team cleared $20,000 this fall.

Bowdoin students have adopted a college pin.

Dartmouth received a magnificent Christmas gift of $200,000.

Harry Taylor will probably captain Cornell's base-ball team next season.

"I'm on to you," the Drop of Ink
Unto the Blotter said:
"O dry up," quoth the Blotter, and
The Paper Weight fell dead. —Ex.

Columbia won in the championship chess tournament with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

Mr. Rockefeller has added another million to the endowment fund of Chicago University.

Several DePauw students were expelled recently for playing billiards. Too much "kissing," perhaps.

President Harrison is to deliver law lectures before the students of Leland Stanford University next year.

Connecticut has more college students in proportion to her population than any other State in the Union.

Paris University, the largest in the world, has 9,215 students; Vienna is second, having 6,220 students.—Ex.

The leading Southern colleges met at Richmond, Va., December 28th, to form an intercollegiate base-ball league.

"We've had a tiff," said Soph to Fresh,
"And now she will not speak to me;
What letter had I better write?"
And Freshie answered, "Let her be!"

The Cornell and Columbia Glee and Banjo Clubs will give a joint concert in New York next month.

Yale and Princeton are to have a joint debate, March 15th. The place and subject are not yet settled.

The alumni of Wesleyan are agitating the idea of a reunion and banquet of alumni and students at Chicago during the fair.

E. B. Camp, the University of Pennsylvania's half-back, won the Red and Blue ball prize of a round trip ticket to the World's Fair.

The Johns Hopkins Base-Ball Association has already arranged games with Yale, the University of Virginia, and the University of South Carolina.

B. G. Waters has been elected captain of the 'varsity football team at Harvard for the season of 1893-4. There were three other candidates, Upton, Emmons, and Lake.

Leading Congregational clergymen have asked the faculty of Yale to take measures for the suppression of betting and other forms of gambling among the students.

According to Mr. Depew a college education increases a man's productive powers three hundred per cent. This is encouraging, certainly, especially for those who haven't much to begin with.
"The Captives," a play by Plautus, is soon to be presented by the Latin classes of Cornell.

Herbert Tufts Allen, the famous Harvard backstop in 1885 and 1886, died of peritonitis, December 22d, in New York City.

Harvard has the most valuable library in the United States. It has 388,000 bound volumes, and additions are being made at the rate of 15,000 a year.

Every American college that sends a certain number of students to the World's Fair will be furnished with headquarters for its representatives in a special building now being erected for the purpose.

An exchange puts it thusly: Freshman year—"Comedy of errors." Sophomore year—"Much ado about nothing." Junior year—"As you like it." Senior year—"All's well that ends well."

Thomas DeWitt Cuyler, Yale, '74, has offered three cups as prizes for inter-class contests in foot-ball, rowing, and track athletics at Yale College. The gift is in memory of Theodore DeWitt Cuyler, '82.

The new president of the State Agricultural College, Washington, was assaulted with rotten eggs at his first appearance on the campus. The boys were indignant at the removal of the former president.

Prof. Psychology—"What is love?" Chemical Student—"Love is a volatile precipitate, and marriage is a solvent in which it quickly dissolves." The above is a lye.—Echo.

The faculty of Boston University have voted that editorial work on the college paper shall be considered as regular work in the course. The new editors of the Student have already taken the greater part of the first three weeks of this term in anticipation of such an arrangement at Bates.

If the winner in the Yale-Harvard boat race next summer refuses to row Cornell, Cornell will claim the championship of America and endeavor to arrange an international match with the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race.—Cornell Daily Sun.

NO USE,—THE DEUCE!

We stood beneath the mistletoe,
But I didn't even try
To kiss her ruby lips, e'en though
We stood beneath the mistletoe,
For I'm so deuced short, you know,
I couldn't reach so high.
We stood beneath the mistletoe,
But I didn't even try.

—University Cynic.

An important innovation has been inaugurated by the University of Pennsylvania Athletic Association. Hereafter, instead of electing managers for the various teams from the undergraduates, a salaried official will be selected as manager of all the teams with one or more assistants, as he may require.

It is stated that President Eliot, of Harvard, favors giving women an equal footing in Harvard courses, and that if the Annex will put up an endowment of a quarter of a million as a guarantee, that this may be brought about. Many of Harvard's prominent men think it is only a question of time when women will be allowed to take a Harvard degree.
College Exchanges.

"WHERE am I at?" Exchange editors will appreciate the aptitude of the above expression when they think of us for the first time endeavoring to perform the arduous duties imposed upon us. Confusion reigns supreme. We are surrounded, aye, almost buried, with periodicals representing the vast majority of our sister colleges, and from them we are to select a few which we, in our superior wisdom (?) think it fitting to favor with our condescending notice. Shades of departed critics! Which shall they be? We entertain suspicions of unfitness for the task. We are inclined to be humble, and would like to shake hands with all our new acquaintances and sit down for a friendly chat on topics of common interest. We feel, however, that we must submit to the inevitable, and trusting that our efforts will meet with forbearance, at least, on the part of our brother editors. We extend to you first of all a hearty greeting of fellowship and sympathy. Ours is a common work, and for the common good. Let us then labor together faithfully throughout the year striving to utter only helpful thoughts and receiving help from one another.

Many have come to us during the past month exulting in foot-ball victories recently won. To them we extend our hand for a congratulatory shake. Others are looking hopefully forward to laurels as yet deferred. With them we hope in sympathy. And, likewise, in all our hopes and disappointments let us be bound together with bonds of sympathy and fraternal love.

The Campus, published at Rochester University, contains an editorial which is worthy to be framed and hung in the room of every student in the younger colleges of the land. Its subject is College Spirit, and it brands with contempt all those, both undergraduates and alumni who belittle their college and its associations to the outside world. We quote the closing paragraph:

We have a university here which, if it is not a Cornell or a Yale, stands at least the rival of any college in the country. It has its weak points of course, and what college has not? But its interest and prosperity should be dear to the heart of every man who enters its portals. Students and alumni, let us always be true to our Alma Mater in our hearts and in our words, and never by any means place a stumbling block in the way of her progress. Unity plus loyalty plus activity to the nth power equal college spirit.

The Colby Echo devotes much of its editorial column to the subject of college reform. It begins with a spirited attack upon those who misuse the reading-room, and ends with an arraignment of oil can thieves. We are suspicious that much of the bluntly spoken truth it contains would apply to other colleges as well. Let the good work go on.

The Mail and Express for December 31st, in speaking of the almost magical growth of the Chicago and Leland
Stanford Universities, says in regard to the smaller colleges:

The smaller institutions need not fear destruction. There is always and possibly a growing sentiment in favor of a small college, if its equipments and its teachers are of the best. Larger educational centers will naturally attract numbers, for, just as cities, they have a centripetal force.

But if the smaller colleges and universities are progressive they may be sure of plenty of students. If they are wideawake, they will send out the best men every time, simply because the teachers, never of the tutor grade, can give attention to the needs of each individual student.

Silver and Gold, published at the University of Colorado, comes to us bright and breezy, full of college news and spirit. It takes the place of the Portfolio.

Two new comers in the field of school journalism have been received. The High School Echo, published by the students of Rockland High School, and the Messenger, published at Westbrook Seminary. Both are creditable publications and we wish them all possible success.

Such magazines as the Southern Collegian and the Naussa Lit. are living witnesses of the fact that high literary excellence may be attained in a college periodical. Their contents are always enjoyable.

The holiday number of the Academy Student, St. Johnsbury, Vt., is especially excellent. It contains several stories of high merit.

Magazine Notices.

It is a rich and varied feast that this month's Atlantic presents to its readers. The first chapter of "Old Kaskaskia," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is an introduction to the quaint French and English people and customs of a western town in the beginning of the century. Sherman S. Rogers, in his article, "George William Curtis and Civil Service Reform," gives a comprehensive statement of the work done by Mr. Curtis to reform the civil service. The many glowing tributes to his zeal, patriotism, and integrity, will receive a hearty response from the many who survive to complete a work so well begun.

"The Feudal Chiefs of Acadia," by Francis Parkman, is a historical sketch of the rough and rugged times of the settlement of Nova Scotia and the neighboring Maine coast. "A Heart Leaf from Stony Creek Bottom," by M. E. M. Davis, is one of those touching little stories that seems not like a story, but like an actual experience, so life-like has each character been drawn. "In a Wintry Wilderness," by Frank Bolles, is a sketch of an unfrequented spot in the White Mountain district. In this article the author fully sustains his reputation as a most minute observer of nature and natural phenomena. At his bidding, each mountain peak rises in its allotted place, the primeval forest spreads gnarled limbs and
mossy trunks over ragged rocks, and the songs of birds float over the tracks of bear and hedge-hog and are lost in the snowy solitude.

The Century, for January, contains the third chapter of "Sweet Bells out of Tune," Mrs. Burton Harrison's illustrated novel of New York society that has made such a hit. This is considered the greatest society story that has appeared for many years. Those who have not read the opening chapters should send to the publishers, 33 East 17th Street, New York, and receive them free. In her tribute to Whittier, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has done well to find space for so many personal anecdotes and selections from his letters and writings. Indeed, it would be impossible for even this gifted author to pay a nobler tribute to his memory than that paid by the recital of his every-day life and works. "The £1,000,000 Bank-Note," by the inimitable author of "Innocents Abroad," is a story characteristic of the writer. It relates the experiences of a man who spent a month in London with a £1,000,000 bank-note, and no change, in his pocket. Among the other notable articles in this number should be mentioned "The Great Wall of China," by Romyn Hitchcock, and "A Winter Ride to the Great Wall of China," by N. B. Den- nys. Also "Crusty Cristopher" (John Wilson), by Henry A. Beers; "To Gip syland," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, "Personal Studies of Indian Life," by Alice C. Fletcher, and "Notable Women (II Dorothea Dix)," by Mary S. Robinson.

The Cosmopolitan has an instructive article, "The Making of an Illustrated Magazine." The Cosmopolitan is used as an example, and the reader is shown the various steps from the founding of the magazine till it is ready for mailing. The obstacles and advantages peculiar to such a periodical are discussed, and the methods of securing suitable matter for publication. Lovers of the beautiful find much of interest in Gerald Campbell's "Four Famous Artists." "Japan Revisited," by Sir Edwin Arnold, is a most interesting description of the homes and domestic life of the Japanese. "The Confessions of an Autograph Hunter," by Charles Robinson, is an amusing account of the methods employed to secure a scrap of writing by distinguished persons. "The English Laureates," by R. H. Stoddard, is a timely article, containing the salient facts in regard to all those who are known to have filled this position. "Grant Under Fire," by the celebrated war-artist, Theodore R. Davis, contains several new anecdotes of the late General. "Co-operative Industry," by E. E. Hale, is an exhaustive discussion of one phase of the labor question. Mr. Hale explains past failures and points the way to future success. He rightly claims that a company of workmen, without a competent leader, cannot compete with the great corporations. "And it is the failure to recognize the force of this statement, which has practically brought the contempt of intelligent men of affairs, on this system of industrial coöperation, which, as I said, enlists so readily the admiration of theorists."
The leading article in the Review of Reviews, is upon "President Diaz, and the Mexico of To-day." Perhaps the most interesting article is "Vaccination against Cholera," by a young American lady who submitted to the experiment of being inoculated by the new method, at the Pasteur Institute for Asiatic Cholera. As it is almost certain that the battle against cholera must be fought over again next year, her experience is of special interest. A principal feature of the Review is the "Progress of the World," in which domestic and foreign topics of interest are discussed.

The New England Magazine contains an account of the childhood and early life of Amelia B. Edwards, by M. Betham-Edwards; also "The Home in the Tenement House," by Lucia True Ames, an enthusiastic discussion of the tenement-house question. We wish to call special attention to "At Whittier's Funeral," by Caroline H. Dall, as well worth reading. We can almost imagine ourselves present at the simple yet impressive Quaker ceremony. No brilliant orator pronounces an eulogy over the dead poet, but friend after friend testifies to the worth of him who wrote to benefit mankind.

We are glad to welcome the first number of The New Education, a monthly magazine, devoted to the interests of "the home, the kindergarten, and the school." It is to be edited by W. N. and E. L. Hailman. Simpson & Co., 481 Broadway, New York, are the publishers.


The object to be aimed at in education is the development of the person to the mastery of himself and of his resources, and to the realization of the highest possibilities of his being.—Samuel Harris.

"Never to put my hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, I find, now, to have been my golden rules."—Dickens, in "David Copperfield."
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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Halden's Greek Grammar.

MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents.

ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, 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 dismission 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, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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

EXPENSES.

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.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

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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