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GEORGE B. BEARCE C. C. WILSON
C. L. TURGON.
EDITORIAL.

AFTER a vacation of seven weeks the college is again showing its accustomed activity and vigor. Bright faces and cheerful voices tell of pleasant, restful days spent around the home firesides and among loving friends. They tell also of renewed strength, and of earnest purpose to make the most of this year so auspiciously begun.

Not only are our students noticeably free from the sickness now prevailing in New England, but from all sources come reports of prosperity in the various departments of the college and among the alumni.

We extend the Student's best wishes that the year may be, to all our readers, and to our college, all that it now promises.

AT THIS writing, no definite arrangements have been made for continuing the custom so pleasantly observed for the past two years at Bates—we refer to the celebration of Washington's Birthday. The custom of arranging for this day an original literary exercise, at which the public are invited to attend, is, as a local in the last Student stated, too good to discontinue. For several reasons it seems eminently fitting to us that some recognition be made of this event.
Americans can never repay the debt of gratitude which they owe to Washington. His noble qualities cannot too often be proclaimed to the youth of our land. But aside from the honor and reverence due to his name, there is another consideration which should prompt us to a special observance of this day.

The preparation which this exercise involves is excellent discipline for those who participate in it. Quite as much are we benefited by every public exercise in which we have the good fortune to be participants, as by attendance upon daily recitations. And if not actual participants, by close attention and careful criticism we certainly shall derive much good. Then, by all means, let some preparation be made for this day. A programme similar to that of the past two years would be greatly enjoyed, or there may be some variation from this. At any rate let us have something. We hope that the societies will attend to the matter at once.

WORD has just come to us that the directors in the gymnasium are planning for an athletic exhibition toward the close of the term. Such a step we commend most earnestly. The winter term, free from the excitement of base-ball and tennis, is indeed particularly favorable for good, earnest work in the college studies. But there must be also regular, systematic work in the gymnasium. Such work is necessary, not only for the general health of the students, but it keeps those who are to win our ball games and tennis contests in such condition that they are not compelled to do, in a few short weeks, what should require months of careful training. Attention to this matter will do much to prevent the overwork so common in the spring games, and so productive of lame arms and neglected studies.

Now the question is. How can earnest work in the gymnasium be secured? Experience has shown that if the students have no other incentive than interest in their health, little real work will be done. Too many are inclined to make themselves believe that they are working hard enough, if they escape the more severe pains of indigestion. There must be something in winter, as well as in summer, to arouse and sustain interest in the gymnasium work. This interest will, we believe, be secured by the proposed exhibition. Let work be assigned to all, and then, even if only a few are selected to take a part finally, each student will feel amply repaid for his extra endeavors by the knowledge that he has done his best for the success of this essential department of college work, and by his own increased strength and improved health.

EVERY person who has a right estimate of time will learn, sooner or later, the value of concentration of thought upon whatever may be the work of the hour. Especially valuable is the lesson to young people who are forming habits of work, and to no class of young people is it worth more than to students. Whether we accomplish much or little during the four years of college study, and work depends almost
wholly upon this habit. A majority of students spend twice as much time over a lesson as is required to be directed at it. "Don’t mull over your lessons," was the advice given once by a teacher to his pupils, and it was advice worth heeding. The cry for more time would be done away with, partially at least, if we could learn to do one thing at a time and one only. "This one thing I do," is the secret of leisure time and of results in work that are valuable, for concentration of thought, attention to the work in hand, not only economizes time, but a lack of it betokens loose and careless habits of work, productive of no lasting results. The formation of right habits of work is one of the lessons to learn while in college if it has not been learned before, and no lesson can be more valuable. Systematic work and concentration of mind upon the work in hand will do more for a student quantitatively and qualitatively than he can think, and are habits well worth all effort made to attain them.

A neat and handy catalogue of Cobb Divinity School has just been published. This accounts for the omission of all matters pertaining to that institution in our last college catalogue. The Historical Statement is timely and highly interesting. Founded in 1840, and a department of Bates College since 1870, the Divinity School is the oldest higher institution of learning in the Free Baptist denomination. In the face of great difficulties it has done a noble work. Since the preceding catalogue was issued, the number of professors has increased from six to seven, of whom one has been in connection with the school for forty-one years, and three for twenty years. The school now offers two courses of three and four years respectively. A series of lectures on subjects of interest to theological students is given yearly. Besides a well-appointed reading-room and a carefully-selected library belonging to the Divinity School, there is granted to the students free access to the gymnasium and library privileges of the college.

All interested in this institution and its work will be pleased to see in this catalogue so many signs of increased prosperity. May it continue.

To do good work and to have that work receive its proper recognition are commendable motives, and motives that should inspire every student in his four years of college study. How may the latter result be accomplished is a question that suggests itself, especially in connection with literary effort. There are three methods that present themselves—first, through the medium of the two societies; second, through the columns of the Student; and third, through the regular college course. That the college societies and the college publication have a place and a purpose will be conceded by students and faculty alike. Furthermore, that their purpose is not simply to amuse and entertain should be equally obvious. It is frequently urged as an excuse by students, when asked to prepare an original part for society
THE BATES STUDENT.

meeting, that they have not the time to do so, with justice to their subject and to themselves, and attend to the other literary work which is required of them by the college curriculum. Such being the case, could not a plan be adopted that would allow productions, first presented before the society, to be considered as partial if not entire equivalents for the college work, and thus be more satisfactory to all concerned? If the student be required to write two essays a term, and he prepares an essay or delivers an oration for his society, would it not be well to let such essay or oration be submitted in place of one of those required, and at the same time let him receive his rank therefor? Knowing that he was to be ranked on the part, he would give it more careful preparation, and consequently the society would profit thereby. If the same principle were applied to the literary departments of the Student, we believe that it would materially assist its editors in their endeavors to procure original contributions, stimulate a greater interest in its columns, and be productive of better results, both to the writers and to the college.

The new year is a good time to make beginnings. For the benefit of students who have not already adopted something of the kind, we suggest the very desirable plan of making for themselves individual encyclopedias of important facts. This is easily done by preserving in some simple, convenient manner, interesting items that we find in our general reading. The value of this plan, which is not essentially a new one, was urged some time ago by Bishop Vincent upon the Yale students, and it is worthy of notice. An important fact, a bit of biography, or a few words on some subject for which we have special interest, will often come to our notice; but from lack of some system we let it slip beyond our reach when again we may desire it.

It takes but a moment to secure the clipping on a sheet of foolscap; and by lettering the sheets in alphabetical order, a new leaf with its new clippings can at any time be slipped into its proper place. The packages under the general heads of Biography, History, etc., can easily be kept apart. In a little time we have a source of information such as can be procured in no other way. At a moment's notice we thus have at hand all of importance that we could preserve relating to a certain man or subject.

In connection with this, it is a good plan to have also an extract-book, in which to keep gems of thought that present themselves where it is not possible to make the clipping. We can often recall in part a sentence that has pleased us and which, if we could but secure again, would illuminate and make much more clear and foreible a thought which we have already expressed as fully as we are able. No two persons are likely to be impressed by exactly the same things. Both the extract-book and the encyclopedia of clippings will be characteristic of the individual and in touch with the subjects in which he is interested.
IT IS a well-preserved though ancient fact that a large number of those students who pride themselves upon their literary taste and ability consider, or pretend to consider, verse writing wholly out of their line. No doubt there are certain qualities of taste and imagination that give to their possessor a special facility in this kind of composition. But these qualities are by no means rare, and you have no right to assume that you are deficient in any particular, until that deficiency has been demonstrated by experience. There is no reason why the art of metrical composition should not be as universally cultivated as the art of music.

And now, to make the question practical, we beg leave to present a few strong reasons why certain students owe it to themselves and to us to contribute to our Poets' Corner. In the first place, nothing will do so much to bring out and develop a taste for certain of the classic authors. Just as the amateur musician comes to appreciate the difficulty and then the beauty of a performance that is infinitely beyond his powers of execution, so the amateur poet learns to appreciate real genius in verse. Secondly, it will develop in your literary style the qualities of melody, and versatility of expression. Thirdly, it will enable you to give expression to some of your best conceptions, which would otherwise remain buried in your mind forever. There are thoughts that we never express, because we feel the impotence of language to convey our meaning; and, although verse is by no means a perfect medium for thought, a judicious use of rhythm adds much to the expressiveness of language. Fourthly, no place affords such security from the dangers attendant upon verse writing as the college. We refer to the danger of overestimating your genius and deceiving yourself with the charming delusion that you are a "born poet" because you manage to make your lines run smoothly. At college there is a tendency to estimate things at their real value. There, no enthusiastic friends will feed your vanity with flattering compliments. If your works are published in our Poets' Corner, you will not consider it an evidence of extraordinary genius; and if they are not published, you will not be plunged to the lowest depths of despair. With untroubled conscience, therefore, we invite you to send in your contributions, and we promise to apply to them our unbiased though imperfect judgment, and not to insert them unless their merit is such as to warrant us in doing so.

LITERARY.

THE THREE CROWNS.

By Annie V. Stevens, '92.

Great Diocletian, Emperor of Rome,
Sat gravely musing on his golden throne.
Scarce heeded near him emissaries stood,
Humbly presenting gifts, both rich and rare,
From distant subjects loyal to his sway.
But none of these was able to dispel
The cloud on Diocletian's brow. Absorbed
In anxious thought he seemed. At last he turned
And, with a gesture, bade them all retire
Except his tried and faithful counselors.
“My trusty friends,” and as the monarch spoke
He sighed — “a grievous thought weighs on
my mind.
Although surrounded by all wealth can give,
And subjects, by the millions, call me King,
There seems, in Rome, some power, beyond
control,
For Christians, though we slay them, yet
increase.
For three successive nights, last night the third,
A vision strange has passed before my eyes;
And to my ears there came a voice, so clear
I could not choose but listen, and it said:
‘The Christians, whom thou persecutest now,
Shall thrive and triumph over Pagan Rome.’
The vision passed. Though cowardly it seems,
I fear fulfillment of this prophecy.
What can we do to keep the people from
The infection of this fearful malady?
Speak out! wise Marcius, and name to me
Some remedy.”

Perplexed the Courtier stood,
At last he raised his head and, bowing, spoke:
“Let not my Lord, the Emperor of Rome,
Give place to fears unworthy of his fame.
This Christianity is nothing more
Than a strange form of madness; it will pass.
And yet ‘prevention is much easier than
A cure,’ and so a plan I will disclose
To you, whereby the people may be won
Back to the worship of their pagan gods.
For by that worship they are not misled
Into excesses such as Christians seek.

“A gorgeous temple dedicated to
Olympian Jove, cause to be built upon
The Palatine. The world’s eighth wonder let
This temple be. Collect from every part
Of your vast empire, silver, gold, and all
That can adorn the work. This plan, I think,
Will change the current of the people’s
thoughts;
And they will take a pride in it, and give
Their treasures to advance the work, and leave
This low religion, for professing which
They must conceal themselves on pain of
death.”
Most eagerly the monarch heard his words.
“Well, hast thou spoken Marcius,” he cried;
“Bring hither Rome’s most famous architects,
And I, myself, will orders to them give.”

Before the proud and haughty king were
brought
Three architects of humble birth, but famed
For skill. To them the monarch soon dis-
closed
His plan, and ordered them to undertake
The work. “Succeed you must,” he added
then,
“Spare no expense, for I shall be repaid
By winning back from Christianity
My people. And I will bestow on each,
Houses and land and riches as reward.”

To his surprise the men were silent all.
Their faces showed an inward conflict, though
At last they seemed as if transfigured with
The light of Heaven. The eldest then replied,
In fearless accents, “Emperor of Rome,
Your pagan temple let your pagans build;
Let them adorn it with idols and gold.
Their work shall be in vain. You seek to
check
That which is led by rivers of His blood
Who died on Calvary our souls to save.
Not e’en your royal crown could recompense
Us for the loss of that which Christ will give.
For Christians are we, and we love the cross.”

Forth flashed the fire from Diocletian’s eye,
With rage he shook; their fearless looks in-
increased
His ire. “Bold architects,” he cried, “you
soon
Shall reach your boasted crowns!” and ordered
them
To be sunk in the Tiber the next morn.

Blue were the skies and bright the sun shone on
The banks of Tiber, where a multitude
Had gathered, at the Emperor’s command.
No chance would he neglect to show to all
The punishment the Christians might expect.
The captives, bound, were led down to the
shore;
The Emperor in royal robes stood near,
Surrounded by his courtly retinue.
The populace, to show their loyalty,
Applauded loudly, as the Christians brave
Were thrown into the Tiber.

Suddenly
The day seemed changed to night; black clouds
rolled o’er
The city; thunder shook the very earth;
Forth from the heavens flashed the fiery bolts.
The drowning men rose to the surface: Lo!
A wonder wrought by heaven’s grace divine—
Above their heads three radiant crowns appear!
The crowd was panic-stricken; hundreds turned
And fled. But God had wrought a blessing
out
Of seeming ill. And many from that day
Became true Christians. Diocletian saw
His last hope vanish as the martyrs died.
He dimly felt that they were strengthened by
Some power, unseen, but mightier than his
own.
Though he lived not to see,—his dream proved
true;
Proud pagan Rome was forced to bow before
The cross; and his successors came to know
The heavenly crown, won by the cross, shall be
Preferred before all crowns of earthly kings.

THE LESSON THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY TEACHES.

BY G. M. CHASE, '93.

Turning back a moment from
contemplating the few years still
remaining to the nineteenth century,
let us seek out from its past a lesson
to carry with us into the twentieth.

The opening of our century was in a
time of wonderful changes and brilliant
hopes. The use of steam and the
invention of various machines were
already working great changes in com-
merce and industry. The recent
French Revolution, and the just-begun
career of Napoleon, as well as the
prosperity of the American republic,
were shattering former political theo-
ries, and inspiring dreams of freedom.
The natural sciences, lately buried in
dusty museums, had sprung to life.
Wolf's "Prolegomena" on Homer had
opened a new era in scholarship. And
on a higher plane, Kant's new philoso-
phy was revolutionizing thought, and
Goethe and Schiller were producing
their grandest works, while that long-
neglected plant, English poetry, was
bursting into luxuriance of bloom un-
rivaled since Milton. In religion and
morality, also, a new impetus had been
received. The revival of missionary
enthusiasm had begun, the efforts of
those laboring to abolish slavery were
meeting their first successes, and vari-
ous movements for bettering morals
were awakening general interest. Amid
these triumphs, must not eager souls
have hoped that at last humanity's
toils were ended, and that henceforth
progress should be no longer slow and
uncertain, but a steady, serene advance
toward the ideal?

How far have these hopes been real-
ized? Progress in material welfare
has outrun that day's wildest dreams.
The myriad factories that have sprung
up beneath the inventor's wand supply
for the world what was once the privi-
lege of a few; commerce, riding on the
steamboat and the railway train, inter-
changes the products of world-sundered
regions, forcing her way into countries
walled by centuries of isolation. Trem-
dendous, too, have been the political
changes. First the countries of Amer-
ica, then successive European nations,
have driven out former oppressors, and
substituted for despotisms, republics
or constitutional monarchies.

Yet increased wealth has not de-
stroyed, has rather accentuated, the
bitter distinction between rich and
poor. Changes in government, too,
have often brought no true liberty, but
national bankruptcy, heavier taxes,
and dangerous unrest and instability.
Besides, along with the spread of repub-
lican institutions the power of that
monster despotism, Russia, has also
increased; and to-day the nations of Europe stand in arms, prepared to close the century as it began, amid bloodshed.

Progress in science offers a more hopeful view. Astronomy, chemistry, and biology have almost been created anew in this century. Darwin's theory has revolutionized ideas of natural history. Archaeology and philology have taken gigantic strides. The critical study of ancient literature, which has attained such results in Germany, is a child of this nineteenth century. Yet, the greater the advances in science, the more clearly is it seen that mere knowledge cannot effect the truest happiness or progress for either men or nations.

So we turn to nobler fields. The present votaries of philosophy can hardly compare with the greatest thinkers of the last century. And in the thought of to-day there is an unhealthful prevalence of theories, materialistic and gloomy, and of skepticism that rejects all theories. In literature the century long fulfilled its promise. Beginning with Wordsworth, there has been a succession of English poets, one of the greatest of whom lingers on to our own time. America, too, and Germany, have had poets of merit. In prose, also, this century has seen writers of genius. But now almost all the great authors are dead, and among the crowd of younger writers, there are none to rank with Wordsworth and Tennyson, Carlyle, Emerson, or Hawthorne. So it seems that this was only a short-lived period of literary activity, and is reaching its close.

In matters of religion and morals there seemed for a time a remarkable advance. The first half of the century saw the suppression of the slave-trade among civilized nations, and a few years later the American civil war blotted out slavery from its last great stronghold in the civilized world. But of late the slave-trade has become, in Africa, a greater curse than ever; and in America, though slavery has perished, it has left a legacy of evils which it must take years to remove. Missionary enterprise, re-awakened about the beginning of the century, has achieved great triumphs, and has made conquests even in once inaccessible China and Japan. But recently there has been a reaction; and not only Christianity, but all foreign influence, is receiving severe checks, especially in Japan and China, most civilized of heathen lands. And even in Christian regions, in many parts of our country, for example, the century has seen an actual decline in both religion and morality.

Altogether, while the advances made in this century have been marvelous, the outlook seems less hopeful now, at its close, than it seemed at its beginning. From the optimism which then generally prevailed, and is mirrored in the literature of that time, there has been a reaction to pessimism, despondency, and cynicism. And sad though this is, it is perhaps inevitable. For what is the nineteenth century's lesson but the old lesson, old as the world, that no advance in one or many directions will attain the final goal of progress, but that mankind's upward march
must still, as in the past, be painful and faltering, and measured, not by centuries, but by millenniums?

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WINTER.

**By Mary Josephine Hodgdon, '93.**

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen and it cheers me long.
—Longfellow's "Woods in Winter."

**N**ature is a country lass, free and vivacious, and does not appear to advantage in town. There, there is too much of her, but in her own home, the country, she is sweet in all her moods. The very rain, and sleet, and hail seem only nature's useful servants, when found doing their simple duties in the country; and the East Wind himself is nothing worse than a boisterous friend, when we meet him in the lanes and bridle paths.

Quietly do the seasons, with their peculiar charms and various changes, follow silently in each other's footsteps until the circle of the year has been completed, and we are at a loss to tell which of the four has been the most enjoyable.

Smiling Spring—Nature at sweet sixteen— with her delicate blossoms of pink and white, with her joyous melody of happy birds, with her frequent tears after April pouts; glad Summer, with its drowsy hum of busy insects, with its monotonous hotness, relieved now and then by a wet day, when we dreamingly build our frail "castles in the air," while the rain-drops are whispering solemn secrets to the listening leaves; glorious Autumn, decked in scarlet and gold—Nature on Parade Day—when the woods are richly tinted and the gorgeous sunsets show us that the Great Artist delights in rare harmony of brilliant colors; all these are delightful. But jolly Winter—Nature in her rollicking youth—is sprightly and charming in her soft garment of white. How we cherish the jolly, boisterous, rough, cold Winter!

We are all delighted with the first snow-fall, from white-haired grandpa down to baby Beth who sits perched upon his knee, watching with her big wondering eyes the tiny white flakes fall from the blue heaven above. What is more beautiful than the snow, falling mysteriously in silent softness, decking the fields and trees with white as if for a fairy wedding!

A snow-storm is a most charming invitation from Nature to make her acquaintance. Now the snow falls thick and fast, the flakes nearest us seem to be driving straight to the ground, while those more distant seem to float in the air in a quivering mass, like feathers, or birds at play. Again the flakes come fluttering lazily down like cotton, and then, when the air is frosty, in beautiful star crystals, surpassing the finest cut gems in their wonderful delicateness. Nature is full of genius, and not even a snow-flake escapes her fashioning hand.

Thoreau, who loved Nature, says: "There is nothing handsomer than a snow-flake and a dew-drop; they are the product of enthusiasm, the children of an ecstasy, finished with the artist's
utmost skill.” We love to take our stand at a window and watch how

“Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken.
Silent, and soft, and slow,
Descends the snow.
This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded.”

As the bluebird announces to us the coming of spring, so the first snow-storm opens our eyes to the fact that winter is really here.

Perfect as is the snow-clad landscape in its calmness and beauty, it is only surpassed in brilliancy by the scenes presented to our view on a sunny morning, after a storm of rain and sleet. Gems seem everywhere about us, and as the sun rises higher and fully triumphs over the storm clouds, the ice glistens with all the hues of the rainbow. The heads of the pines are bowed and their plumes and needles are stiff as if preserved under glass for the inspection of coming ages. The orchards are a wonderful sight. The branches and twigs are all encased in ice, and it seems as if the Titan glass-blowers had been busy all the night.

The snow and ice storms furnish us not only with beautiful landscapes, but bring many other pleasures. It is now that we dash gaily over the snow to the silvery music of the bells. How the cold, frosty air sets the blood coursing through our veins and brings the color to our cheeks! Oh, a sleigh ride is delightful! Coasting and tobogganing are true winter sports. We like tobogganing particularly. It is pleasant to watch the merry people in their gay costumes shooting down the hills, and hear their merry peals of laughter in the rare, keen air. It is a much greater pleasure to be one of them. And then skating! How joyfully with wings of steel do we scud across the swaying ice, making whirring music as we fly!

On the rivers and lakes we find men fishing through the ice, and they seem to find much enjoyment in it, although often spending a whole day there without catching a fish.

The hunter, too, enjoys the winter. With his snow-shoes he finds his way through the forest, and returns with fox skins over his shoulder.

As there are evergreen mosses and ferns that supply in winter the places of the absent flowers, so there are chattering birds that linger in the wintry woods, and nature has multiplied the echoes at this season, that their few notes may be repeated among the hills. We love these winter birds, and are always delighted to meet a chickadee or a jay in our winter walks.

Although snow covers the ground, and the lakes and streams are like solid glass, yet there is no winter necessarily in the sky. The tints of the sunset are never purer and more ethereal than in the coldest days of winter. The stars are brighter and more numerous, and the moon is more lovely when she looks down upon us from her starry throne. Morning, noon, and night exhibit glories unknown to any other season. All nature is but braced by the cold. It quickens the life of both body and mind.

Then let those who grumble at the
cold weather sit shivering by the fireside, but we who know how good it is to have our blood tingle in the winter air, will laughingly shake our heads at them, and right gladly accept Nature's cordial invitation to spend the winter with her.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
BY W. B. SKELTON, '92.

By summing up the worth of a man two questions must be answered,—What opportunities were offered him, and with what success did he meet and grasp those opportunities? In Lowell's time his country was faced with three great problems,—the slavery issue, the international complications growing out of it, and the making for herself of a place in literature,—two of immediate and pressing importance; the other equally as important, though perhaps not nearly as urgent. To require of a man excellence in all these widely different fields would be unreasonable. Yet, a correct estimate of his worth can be made only by a consideration of his prominence in all, and if investigation reveals excellence in all, so much the greater his credit.

Lowell's contribution to the anti-slavery struggle consisted in the main of the productions of his pen. Here he had made himself felt ere the sun had set for the last time on the first half of the century. We find reviewers calling attention to the futility of his efforts to secure abolition in the latter part of the forties. Little they realized how clearly he saw the ultimate triumph of his cause. But every prophet must be something of a Cassandra. However truly he prophesies, he must be a pioneer in the conviction of the truth of his position. He must ever cope with the opposition of those he out-sees. But Lowell had the courage of his convictions, and what he believed he hesitated not to say, though the saying be his death knell. He launched upon the world his second series of the inimitable Biglow Papers. These, written in the most perfect Yankee dialect, teemed with witty attacks and powerful arguments against slavery. For every fault he had a word of condemnation, be it a bit of advice to the meanest slave-holder or his pungent apostrophe to the Confederate president:

"I'd sooner take my chance to stan' at J'gment, where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!"

But when the war had closed much had yet to be done, and Lowell was not the hero to rest on the laurels of a single victory. President Johnson and his odious reconstruction system became the object of more of his Yankee invective in another series of the Biglow Papers. But his great political work now was his mission to Europe. Fresh from his study, he went to Madrid, and, successful there, was soon sent to the Court of St. James. Clear headed and far seeing, genial and lovable, he soon won the respect due him, and conducted the interests entrusted to him in a manner that few diplomats have surpassed. When we look for the secret of that success, we find it in two facts. Lowell never allowed himself
to abuse his mother-tongue. Without affectation, he achieved and maintained a nicety of expression that was well-nigh perfect, that could scarcely fail to win respect. But more important than this was his Americanism in its truest and noblest sense. Neither he nor his auditors were ever allowed to mistake his national identity. In every sense a typical American, time nor circumstance could blur or obliterate his nationality. His country was his goddess; the principles and impulses, the teachings and precepts allied with her institutions, his religion. In his every act and every word his associates beheld the living embodiment of the land he represented; felt that they were in fact dealing with a reality, and that, too, without causing the slightest offense.

But safely as his reputation might rest on this foundation, Lowell has still a greater claim to immortality. His work was even more diversified than this.

"Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years in turn."

Besides contributing largely to the temporary preservation of his country, he did even more to give her a place among nations, a place in history.

It is seldom that the literary fame of one, who has devoted so much of his attention to writing for a temporary purpose, outlives the evil he strove to cure. Not so with Lowell. With all the time he gave to other pursuits he still found much—much measured by the results—to devote to the highest types of literature. Everywhere gifted with a purity of thought, a loftiness of purpose, and a clearness of expression, that were above reproach, almost every line he wrote was written to live. Coupled with this was a range of subjects that left him no superior. In prose and verse, oratory and philosophy, the sober sublimity of the Commemoration Ode, and the grotesque pungency of the Biglow Papers,—in all he was equally at home, in all he possessed an ability that at once gave him rank with the coterie of lights who have illumined our literary horizon with a brilliancy than which no country can boast a grander in the same period. With a half dozen associates he towers loftily above the rest of our literary world, and has grasped the third problem of his time in a way that leaves his greatness dependent only on the importance of the problem itself.

Proud as Americans may justly be of the principles embodied in their government and the noble triumphs of this, practically the first century of its existence, they should not forget that if those principles and the record of those triumphs go down to posterity, it must be through contemporaneous literature. Phidias nor Praxiteles, Pericles nor Lycurgus, could rear the monument that should perpetuate Hellas' classic fame. Great as were their benefactions, much as men of other professions owed them for encouragement, incentive and opportunity, still it is through her orators, her poets, and her historians that Greece secured her immortality. The "Eternal City" has been made permanent through her Virgil, her Cicero, her Ovid, and her Livy. England's Elizabethan Age
stands out illustrious through her Shakespeare and her Bacon, her Marlowe and her Ben Jonson. Without such men little would be known of past eras. One would be little better, little more famous than another. They might have had their chroniclers and their so-called historians. But it is not he who writes of the time, that makes it enduring. It is he who writes the time, through whose pen the age speaks for itself. While the former will fall with that of which he writes, while that of which he writes will scarce outlive the passing moment, the latter will live as the time speaking for itself.

Thus, while there can be no doubt that progress in politics, religion, society, and literature must go hand in hand, still it is clear that the permanency of the whole, the influence of one day over the next, and consequently all progress, depends on the condition of literature. Shut it up in a convent and darkness will again enshroud the land. Let it have its way and it will ever shed a brighter light over the world. And just so far are the men who are to make, who have made, the present century of our country illustrious, worthy of the admiration and appreciation of every lover of that country.

The friends of Lowell, then, need have no anxiety about the place he will hold in the future. Linked, as his name is, with all that has made his country greatest and most renowned, with all that is to assure the perpetuity of that renown, it is written on the annals of time in letters which, like those carved in the bark of the flourishing young tree, will ever grow larger and brighter and more conspicuous. Though far from rewarded as he deserved during life-time, he has but suffered, to a less degree perhaps, the fate of all men who are destined to immortalize themselves. They are victims, not to any weakness of their own, but to a peculiarity of human nature.

Gorged with the palatable theory of universal equality, there is a tendency to underestimate men truly great. A human fiend capable of training with the "Tammany tiger," or with equal ignominy "bossing" Pennsylvanian politics, may be lauded to the skies, but he who moulds the minds and lives of men by legitimate means is apt to be taunted with a distortion of this sweet morsel. The tricky demagogue may be popular enough as long as he rides the crested wave of success, but when the oil of sober thought has calmed the troubled waters of social and political upheaval, we hear no longer of him. The name and deed of him who moulded character as character should be moulded, him who made, not newspaper fiction, but history, that name and that deed is then foremost. It is this that causes a great man to be entombed in the anthems of the very people whose anathemas drove him to that tomb. And so the name of James Russell Lowell will be spoken with ever greater reverence while friend and foe alike shall say

"Peace to thy slumber in the forest glade! Poet and patriot, every gift was thine; Thy name shall live while summers bloom and fade, And grateful Memory guard thy leafy shrine."
LOCALS.

'93—on deck!
Ask Lothrop, '93, when college opened.

One of the Student editors is away teaching.

Snow, '93, has rejoined his class, after an absence of one term.

Putnam, '92, is clerk of the Lewiston registration board.

Tuttle, '92, who has been quite ill, is now convalescent.

Many of the students attended the Nordica concert, January 21st.

Blanchard, '92, was employed as clerk at S. P. Robie's during the holidays.

Two of the gymnasium instructors, Wilson, '92, and French, '94, are away teaching.

The rehearsals of the band will not be resumed until Brown, '93, who is absent teaching, returns.

Cutts, '91, paid us a flying visit while returning from his home to his school in Philadelphia.

All will regret to learn that G. G. Osgood, '94, has decided not to complete his course.

Under the present organization of the Lewiston Brigade Band, Irving, '93, is acting as manager.

Many of the students who have been away teaching, have now returned to their college work.

Marden, '93, has succeeded Pennell, '93, as instructor in Mathematics at the Latin School.

Mrs. Professor Hartshorn has been called away by the serious illness of her mother.

Pettigrew, '95, who has been a victim of the prevailing epidemic, is now recovered.

Both societies held enthusiastic, although not largely attended, meetings Friday evening, January 15th.

Leap year, with all its dreadful possibilities in a co-educational institution, is here. Be careful, girls!

Smith, '94, has been confined to his home in Lewiston for the past two months with a throat trouble.

The "Big Four" of '90—Day, Garcelon, Neal, and Peaslee—were in town for a few days during the holidays.

Ross and Sturges, '93, are teaching in the Lewiston evening schools, for the second and third year, respectively.

The appearance of the grove back of the gymnasium has been greatly improved by the clearing away of the underbrush.

The spring term opened Tuesday morning, January 12th. About thirty were present at chapel exercises, which were conducted by President Cheney.

All who have ever been enrolled as pupils under Professor Chase will greatly enjoy the article so kindly contributed by him for this issue.

Owing to our open winter Maine has been visited by many birds which do not usually come so far north at this season. Consequently, the prize lists of the Sophomores are very large, and include many rare specimens.
First Senior (poring over his Astronomy)—"I tell you what, this stuff is hard!" Second Senior (hopefully)—"Yes; but it'll be easier when we get down to the earth."

Test in Astronomy: Professor—"Now you may give the distance of the several planets from the sun."

Stick. (from the back seat)—"Do you want the earth, Professor?"

Professor Jordan attended the annual State Pedagogical Convention held at Portland, December 31st to January 2d. Howard, '92, and Fanning, Ross, and Sturges, '93, were also present.

The college council held its first meeting on the first Wednesday of the term. Ferguson, '92, was elected secretary pro tem., in the absence of Spratt, '93, who is away teaching.

Bruce, '93, spent the latter part of his vacation at his home in Danville, Va. On his return he passed several days in Washington, D. C., and New York City. He relates many interesting incidents of his trip.

The baths in the gymnasium having been completed, we now have a convenient suite of rooms, fully equipped with suitable bathing apparatus. Lockers for individual use have been placed in the dressing-rooms on both floors.

One hundred dollars' worth of new apparatus has been received for use in the work in Physics. It will be used by Professor Hartshorn in connection with his lectures this term. A similar amount is to be purchased soon.

Work in the gymnasium will not be compulsory during the first four weeks of the term. The gymnasium will, however, be open for the use of the young men for an hour, at 9 A.M. and 1 P.M., and for the young ladies at 4.30 P.M.

In the competitive examination for appointment to the West Point cadetship from the second congressional district of Maine, held at Lewiston, January 9th, C. L. Small, '95, of Auburn, was the successful candidate. Those competing numbered thirteen.

The recitation-room of Professor Jordan in Hathorn Hall has been fitted with brass gas fixtures of a neat pattern. The room will be used for the evening rehearsals of the band, for a committee-room, and also as a dressing-room at the public exercises.

The Sunday morning meetings of the Y. M. C. A. promise to be of unusual interest this term. The subjects are to be taken from the "Sermon on the Mount." At the first meeting, January 17th, the topic, "The Poor in Spirit," was considered.

A room has been finished off in the basement of the laboratory for the use of the Juniors, next term, in the dissection of animals and in other zoological investigations. It is presumed that when the boys once get to work that they will have a good supply of material for fiddle-strings.

It was recently reported that Hebbard, '95, who has been away teaching, was dangerously ill with typhoid fever. As sufficient time has elapsed, however, for the disease to pass its crisis, without further particulars being received, it is probable that he is recovering.
Callahan, '94, is director of the newly-organized Music Hall orchestra. The Lewiston Journal speaks of his first appearance in this capacity as follows: "The début was a marked success, and many of the audience stopped to congratulate the new director, whom we congratulate."

A neat and well-arranged catalogue has been issued by the Cobb Divinity School for the year 1891-92. As the catalogue of the Divinity School has heretofore been issued as a part of that of the college, this new departure will be regarded with interest as an indication of the growth and popularity of the former institution.

Putnam and Skelton, '92, who have been reading law during vacation with Newell & Judkins, were counsel for the defendant in a $40,000 slander suit at a mock trial recently held by the law students of the two cities. After listening to the eloquent and profound arguments of these disciples of Blackstone and Coke, the jury were unanimous in a verdict for their client. Several members of the jury were from the college. No reflections, gentlemen!

Bates has, undoubtedly, more graduates who are engaged in teaching in Maine than has any other college in the State. Sitting in the office of the Preble House in Portland during the recent Teachers' Convention there, a Bates alumnus, well-known in educational circles, remarked as much to a gentleman who is a teacher and graduate of another college. The latter did not agree with him, and suggested that they ascertain the Alma Mater of those teachers who happened to be in the office at the time. Of the fourteen whom they noticed, eleven were Bates alumni.

One of the saddest sights of the vacation was that of a Lewiston youth who, being at home from school at the Hub, thought to take a Freshman girl of his acquaintance out driving. Riding up to the college, he waited anxiously for her appearance, but in vain. She came not forth. After lingering for about an hour in the shadows of Hathorn Hall, it suddenly dawned upon his mind that "school was out." In other words, it was vacation.

**ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.**

**COMMUNICATION.**

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

One of the most interesting experiences of an American traveling in Europe is in meeting his own countrymen. It matters not whether his fellow-citizens be from Maine or Minnesota, from California or Kentucky, he is conscious of a feeling entirely different from that awakened by the kindest and most companionable Frenchman or German, or even by a cultivated and congenial Englishman. His feeling differs only in degree from that with which he would greet a member of his own family. The true American abroad feels the solidarity and unity of the great people to which he belongs as he cannot at home. But just as every good man is most alive to the faults as well as the virtues of his
own household, so the patriotic man is most keenly sensitive to the fitness or unfitness of his fellow-travelers worthily to represent their country.

For nothing can be clearer than that the character and bearing of her citizens abroad deeply concern the honor of America. Even the poorest and most ignorant Italian in the United States is regarded as in some sense a representative of his country; and every American that makes a journey through Europe, whether for pleasure, profit, or study, is naturally looked upon as an exponent of the culture and the morals of our people. In fact, it is chiefly through American travel abroad that the mass of intelligent Europeans gain a knowledge of our nation. The best newspapers on the continent seldom devote more than a few lines to news from the United States, and even the great London dailies dismiss our affairs with a short paragraph. One absolutely hungers for some account of what is occurring in our social, political, and religious life. A stray copy of the condensed Paris edition of the New York Herald is accorded a welcome never given to a newspaper at home, unless at election time.

Little wonder is it that most foreigners know nothing of the United States. The telegraphic dispatches, from America, that appear in their papers relate almost wholly to the sensational or the tragic; and the few editorials devoted to us usually treat of the abnormal and unhealthy features of our public and private life. Corruption in politics, divorce laws, strikes, and labor troubles are among the few topics that the American has brought to his attention by English newspapers. Of the thirty-four lines given to the United States in to-day's issue of the London Morning Post, twenty-nine are employed in describing the lynching of three prisoners taken by a mob from a jail in Arkansas. Many intelligent people in England really believe that our social life is wild and almost chaotic. A thoughtful shopkeeper, who reads the best English newspapers, said to me yesterday, "Is it not probable that Americans will establish a monarchy within a few years?"

In Berlin a very bright young Russian, a graduate of a gymnasium, remarked to me that a ride over one of our Pacific railways must be attended with great danger. A German lady, just returned from a residence of six years in California, told me that her friends had repeatedly asked her if American railways were not built upon poles. A local preacher in London told us last summer about one of his friends, who was engaged in missionary work among poor negroes, somewhere in the wild mountain districts of Massachusetts as he remembered it. The most elementary facts, concerning the most ordinary affairs in America, are eagerly sought from the lips of any apparently trustworthy traveler. Only last evening my very sensible, and not uneducated landlady, asked whether most of the houses in America were not built of logs. Of course, I am not referring to liberally educated English people—to the comparatively small number who read such works as Pro-
Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth." While few of the middle class in England know that there is such a state as Maine, or have but a dim remembrance of seeing the name in their school-geography; there are men and women intimately acquainted with the history of our Commonwealth, and well-versed in the chief facts connected with temperance legislation and the "Maine Law." For the Scotch, too, in distinction from the English, it must be said that even their tradesmen and farmers have a respectable knowledge of our country.

It remains true, however, that American travelers are the source whence most Europeans derive their knowledge and their impressions of America. How important this source is, only those can realize who have seen for themselves the great numbers of our countrymen visiting not only England but all parts of the continent. Not merely in Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Pompeii have we met Americans at every turn, but in places obscure and comparatively little frequented. Pausing for a night at a small town on our journey from Naples to Florence, we were almost startled on entering the parlor of an old-fashioned hotel (formerly a palace) to find copies of *The Century* and of *Saint Nicholas*. It was the same in Switzerland. In a quaint inn, at a little village where we spent Sunday, we met two students from the University of Jena, each a graduate of a New England college. In pensions in Munich, Dresden, and Berlin, selected chiefly from Baedeker's long list, and with no anticipation of meeting Americans, we found the patrons nearly all from our own country. Every part of it is represented by young men and young women pursuing the study of Music or of Art. We were particularly impressed by the number of young women from our Western States. Not a few of them had been abroad several years. Frequently a mother, with several daughters, makes her home in an Italian or German city, with no thought of returning to America till her children have completed an extensive course of study. Not a few American girls are in regular attendance at first-class schools for young ladies, and the instances are by no means rare of both parents making their residence abroad, together with their sons and daughters, until each member of their family has had several years of school life. In Berlin, in particular, the number of Americans who have thus exiled themselves is quite remarkable, while in the University alone are almost two hundred of our young men. We met daily at our dinner table three graduates of Yale, all preparing themselves for professorships in the new University of Chicago. But the Americans in Europe for purposes of study bear but a small ratio to the tourists and pleasure seekers; and from these, even more than from our students abroad, foreigners derive their impressions of our country.

It is unpleasant to admit that we are not always worthily represented by this class. Among many true gentlemen and real ladies, who honor their native land wherever they go, there
are those whose rude manners and proud assertions of American superiority, have seemed to justify the somewhat prevalent belief that we are a course and vulgar people. We have met some such, whose conduct toward Europeans was habitually overbearing and insolent, and who loudly denounced every variation from American customs and standards as proof positive of inferiority. These people disgrace the country to which they aver that they are wholly devoted.

Another class disgrace it quite as much by their mean subservience to everything un-American. The one thing that they seem to regret is their birthplace; and to make amends for this misfortune, they out-Herod Herod in their eager imitation of every fashion new to them, whether good or bad. Even our American students, who on the whole do great credit to their country, sometimes are guilty of this folly. Thus in Berlin there are some that have thought they could maintain their social standing only by besotting themselves with beer, and by giving and taking sword-slashes. "And the Germans heard of it," ruefully remarked a fine California girl after telling me of certain shameful excesses into which a body of American students had been betrayed while celebrating one of our national festivals.

Then there are the money-spending, pleasure-loving Americans, who drift from country to country, changing with the fashion or the season, and apparently having no regard for their own land save as a place whence to draw supplies. It is shameful that uneducated young men and young women make up a large part of this class. They are "lotus-eaters," some of them having been abroad for years, and having become the victims of ennui that Rome, or "the Riviera," or that even "the Nile with its cataracts" cannot dispel. Aimless, they drift about with no sound knowledge of history or art and with no interest in the great social and political problems that are thrust in the face of every intelligent traveler. This class injure their country perhaps more than any other. They are regarded by foreigners with a contempt that is disguised only for the sake of their money. Yet there is one consoling reflection concerning even this class. Much as they misrepresent their country abroad, they would injure it even more at home, and it may well be hoped that they will prolong their travels indefinitely. Indeed, we have much more both to hope and to fear from the return of the great throng of American travelers than from any influence that they may have in Europe. From those who wisely use their opportunities our land may reasonably expect much; for in the presence of the art, the learning, and the refinement that are so signally manifested in the Old World they will have acquired a modesty, courtesy, and even a humility, not too prevalent in our United States. Europe has yet many lessons to teach us; nor shall we be less truly Americans for having learned them. Still we should not hide from ourselves the fact that it is an open question whether, on the whole, the increasing number of Americans...
who are becoming acquainted with European life will bring to their country good or evil. One thing is certain; no excellence in art, literature, or scholarship can compensate for the loss of that sobriety, morality, and faith essential to happiness and prosperity in whatever land, and in a republic, to its existence. Some of our artists and scholars abroad are adopting an easy-going morality and becoming, both in theory and practice, skeptics. Others are devotedly true to the best American ideals, and hold all their acquirements as a sacred trust to be used for the good of their country and of the world. Many of both these classes are sure, as teachers, professors, and leaders of society, to exert a great influence in America.

In conclusion, I would urge upon every reader of the Student who may contemplate visiting Europe, the importance of the amplest preparation possible. Mere travel and observation are no substitute for a thorough education. The most careful study of history and of art, and the readiest command of the French or the German language attainable, will still leave one abashed in the presence of what must be learned in order to be even a respectable scholar. Nor can one be too firmly entrenched in his own good character and his loyalty to his country.

GEO. C. CHASE.

LONDON, December 24, 1891.

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The University of Michigan will erect a Grecian Temple as her contribution to the World's Fair at Chicago.

"BATES COLLEGE, LADIES' DAY,
Eighth Annual Dinner of the Alumni in Boston and Vicinity."

THIS was the greeting which "Mrs. Young" extended to the sons and daughters (by marriage) of Bates, on December 30th, 1891. About sixty responded to the call, of which number twenty-nine were alumni of the college, and the rest were their wives and sweethearts. But alas, not one alumnae, not a single, live girl-graduate of the college came to rescue the Boston Herald from the dangers of writing up articles in advance of the news.

No hat rush or chicken lifting expedition was ever freer from the presence of the gentler sex in college than was this gathering, especially arranged for their reception, free from the lady graduates.

We do not know why this was allowed to occur, and we regret it very much on account of the alumnae, for it may be many years before such another opportunity is offered them.

The following is a true (?) account of the so-called "Ladies' Day," as published in the Boston Herald:

BATES COLLEGE ALUMNI DINNER.

There were no cigars at the dinner of the alumni of Bates College, at Young's Hotel, last evening. It was "Ladies' Day," and the girl graduates sat about the board with the college men. The business and social meeting came in the afternoon. A. E. Tuttle, '79, was chosen President; George E. Gay, '72, Vice-President; C. C. Smith, '88, Secretary and Treasurer.

The alumnae of the college were specially invited to be present and
bring their gentlemen, and they turned out in force. The great dining-room in Young's rang with the popular songs of the Maine college in which men and women joined.

Mrs. N. P. Foster, '81, sang a solo and everybody joined in the chorus. College reminiscences were talked over and before the festivities were finished many graduates spoke, among them T. O. Knowlton, '68; J. N. Ham, '71; W. H. Bolster, '69; G. E. Smith, '73, and A. N. Peaslee, '90.

The following are the names of the alumni who were present:


It seems to be the universal testimony of all the college men who come to these dinners, that the pleasure derived from renewing old college associations for a few hours, is many times a recompense for all their efforts made to be present.

Many of those present came from considerable distances from Boston, and are as constant in attendance and as heartily interested in these occasions as any of the alumni who live in the city or its immediate vicinity. It is to be hoped that larger numbers may be present each year, and that the size of the Boston Alumni Association may increase with the yearly increase in numbers of the alumni of the whole college.

There are many alumni scattered throughout the New England States, and within easy range of Boston, whose addresses are unknown to the officers of the Association. If such would send their addresses to the Secretary, he would gladly send them notice of the time and place of the next dinner, so that they might be present and share the pleasures of renewing college associations.

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Sec'y.
20 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

PERSONALS.

'69.—At the recent annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society, we noticed that Geo. B. Files was chairman of the committee appointed to recommend a list of books suitable for the reading of pupils in high and grammar schools.

'72.—James H. Baker, principal of the Denver (Col.) High School, has just been elected President of Colorado University, at a salary of $5,000. We understand that Mr. Baker was elected to this position upon the recommendation of President Eliot of Harvard, W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, and President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University. In 1886 Mr. Baker was elected a member of the National Council of Education,
and, in 1891, to the presidency of the council. Mr. B. is the author of "Elements of Psychology," a text-book in use in many of the best high schools of the country.

'73.—From the report in the Portland Press, of the recent Pedagogical Convention, we clip the following: "President E. P. Sampson made an excellent presiding officer."

'74.—Manilla, only daughter of Dr. T. P. Smith, of Westbrook, died December 6th, aged 5 years.

'75.—A. M. Spear, '75, and O. B. Clason, '77, have been elected officers for the present year of Union Commandery K. T., of Gardiner.

'76.—The wedding of Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, pastor of the Court Street F. B. Church, Auburn, and Mrs. Leonora M. Harlow, occurred at Rev. Mr. Stacy's residence, 37 Highland Avenue, at 7 o'clock, on the evening of December 26th. Rev. Dr. Fullerton, a warm friend of Mr. Stacy, performed the ceremony. A reception, from 8 to 10 followed, at which many parishioners and friends tendered their congratulations. Mr. Stacy will remain in Auburn, having declined the call recently received from the church at Saco.

'79.—A fine crayon portrait of Rev. R. F. Johonnot has been recently presented to the Bates Street Universalist Sunday School.

'81.—Rev. W. P. Curtis has resigned the pastorate of the F. B. Church at Canton, and has accepted a call from the church at Harrison.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy has been elected State Secretary of the F. B. Association of Minnesota, with headquarters at Minneapolis.

'82.—Born, November 21, to Mary F. Mason, wife of Rev. C. E. Mason, '82, a son, Everett Basil Mason.

'83.—Miss Emma S. Bickford, assistant in the Biddeford High School, has resigned, and hereafter will engage in missionary work.

'84.—Miss Annie M. Brackett has been appointed to a position in the Lewiston High School. Miss Brackett has taught very successfully for the past six years, having held positions at the Hallowell Classical Institute, Wilton Academy, and at Milford, N. H.

'84.—The marriage of D. L. Whitmarsh, principal of the Farmington High School, and Miss Mattie Farrar, occurred at the bride's home in Lisbon, December 9th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. Hooper, in the presence of the family and a few invited guests.

'86.—C. E. B. Libby, principal of Monson Academy, has moved his family from Lisbon, and has become a resident of Monson.

'86.—Charles E. Stevens, formerly a teacher in the Lewiston High School, has recently been visiting his parents in Lewiston. Mr. Stevens is now Superintendent of Schools of the two towns of Lester and Holden, Mass., and is meeting with much success.

'87.—The acquaintances and friends of Rev. Jesse Bailey, of the Senior class of Yale Divinity School, will be pleased to learn of his pastoral work at the Congregational church at South
Britain, Conn., where he is supplying. A general awakening in church work is manifest, and new converts are reported each week. A unanimous call from the church has been extended to Mr. Bailey to become its pastor after graduating. Mr. B. has not yet decided to accept the call.—Lewiston Journal.

'87.—P. R. Howe, D.D.S., was married, December 21st, to Miss Rose A. Hilton, by Rev. Dr. Summerbell, assisted by Professor Howe, father of the groom. A wedding repast followed the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Howe will reside at 331 College Street.

'87.—At the residence of the bride's parents on Skinner Street, Lewiston, December 24th, U. G. Wheeler, submaster of the Lewiston High School, was married to Miss Mary L. Smith, Dr. Summerbell, of the Main Street F. B. Church, officiating. Among the numerous presents received, were five pieces of statuary from the pupils of the third and fourth classes of the High School, with whom Mr. Wheeler is very popular.

'88.—William L. Powers, principal of the Fort Fairfield High School, has been elected principal of the Gardiner High School.

'88.—Rev. A. C. Townsend, pastor of the Congregational church at West Hampton, Mass., was married, December 15th, to Miss Ina F. Cobb, '88.

'88.—S. H. Woodrow, of the Senior class of Yale Divinity School, has received a unanimous call to become pastor of the Congregational church at Westerly, R. I., at a salary of $1,600 per year. He has accepted, and will begin work after graduation in May.

'89.—On New-Year's Day, at one o'clock, Mr. I. N. Cox, of the business department of the Lewiston Journal, and Miss Kate Prescott, '91, were united in marriage by Rev. Thomas Spooner, brother-in-law of the bride. A reception, from two to four, followed, when refreshments were served by the "Cooking Club." Kind remembrances were received from their numerous friends.

'89.—Fred W. Newell is principal of Thetford Academy and Boarding School, at Thetford, N. H.

'90.—G. F. Garland has a position as teacher at Wolfboro Junction, N. H.

'90.—F. S. Pierce is teaching music at New Britain, Conn.

'90.—Miss J. L. Pratt is teaching at Yarmouth Academy.

'90.—C. S. F. Whitcomb teaches at Milton Mills, N. H.

'91.—G. F. Babb is principal of Northwood Seminary, at Northwood Ridge, N. H.

'91.—H. J. Chase, who has recently been visiting Auburn friends, is Professor of Science at Carlton College, Minnesota, a Congregational institution having about two hundred and fifty students.

'91.—Miss Edith Fairbanks has a class in elocution at Lisbon.

'91.—Miss Edna Merrill, who has been teaching in the high school at Greenfield, Mass., has accepted a position at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., at a larger salary.
EXCHANGES.

The pile of exchanges which the last month has brought to our table is most warmly welcomed by the new Exchange Editor, and as their faces are looked into, many of them for the first time, and their dress and literary character are noticed, the conviction is strong that they should be put within reach of the whole body of students, and not be the exclusive property of the editors.

In no way can a better idea of the college life and standing of different institutions be gained than by reading their weekly or monthly reviews. As we look at the pages before us we think of how much they represent. Here are university and college monthlies containing articles from the pens of renowned alumni, as well as the best thought on manifold topics, of those now connected with the institutions which themselves stand as the measure of the intellectual effort of past generations and are the standard of the highest literary and scientific thought of the present age.

Many of the exchanges are holiday numbers and are animated by the spirit of the season and "begin again" with fresh ambition.

Foot-ball still holds the ascendency in college athletics. The universal topic of educational interest is university extension. The Harvard Monthly contains a "Plea for University Extension," on the ground that it is valuable for the reaction it gives upon the student himself. It goes on to say:

"The life of a college man is unnatural, because one-sided. Only the receptive side of him is taxed; he has no mental output. His time is spent in exploring facts and theories, in ransacking the store-house of other men's knowledge. He is engaged in critical rather than constructive effort. So it happens that, just at the period of its most rapid growth, the mind receives a turn which in later years may become a deformity. To counteract this bent, the man needs to put forth some positive practical effort. The opportunity for this effort is offered in university extension.

"In this work the student is put to the test by which in later life he is to be judged. He must do something. He must make men understand him. Here he learns quickly enough whether his knowledge can be as easily imparted as it was received. The struggle to present his subject with clearness is the best way to clear up the matter in his own brain.

"Again, when a man has tried to communicate his own thought to another, when he has watched eagerly for the first answering gleam in his pupil's face, when he has once seen with what pain and labor a thought is born, he becomes suddenly modest in his comment upon the actions of others. He is readier to respect the attempt than to blame the result, and is more sparing in his use of the easy weapon of criticism.

"In this manner university extension is valuable to the student for the sake of the reaction upon himself. An evening a week spent in teaching sends a man back to his work with a mind
clarified and exhilarated, while his heart has a lift which can be given by nothing short of the consciousness that he has done one stroke of his work in the world."

Apropos of the same subject Edward Everett Hale says in a summary paragraph in his article in the Monthly on "The Prospect Union":

"The business of university men is to carry the training which the university has given them in the infinite realities and in intellectual methods, to any persons who ask for their help or are willing to receive it. And at the same time it is the business of a university man to get from quick-minded and intelligent persons around him all the suggestions which they can give as to method and life."

The study of Political Science is fast coming into the curriculum of many colleges, and nothing of more practical value can be introduced. In Pennsylvania college this study of the Science of Government is to be popularized by a society, newly founded, called the Patriotic League. Its aim is "to offer a more specific and thorough course of training in those studies having to do with the affairs of government and citizenship." An article in the College Monthly says:

"By utilizing the Chautauqua idea of organization and work, the society is to study and discuss questions relating to suffrage, taxation, inheritance, immigration, political history, and political economy and ethics. Prominent educators have given the movement hearty endorsement, and propose to co-operate in widening the influence of the society in its efforts.

"It is a practical notion, one whose results should be only good. As a supplement to the prescribed course in allied studies in our colleges, it ought to receive general acceptance and trial. The present day brings to every one questions of deepest moment in government and social science. These ought to be met and solved by the educated men and women, as far as may be. But further, every man and woman ought to be aware at least of these things, and be able to reason intelligently upon them. With such means for the increase of information on these important topics, as are proposed by the society named, in addition to the aids available, the young and the old should certainly find no excuse for ignorance of affairs in state and nation, or for any failure to apply principles of common sense to the relief of themselves and others in the face of perplexities and dangers of one sort and another."

We thank the Spectator for its appreciation of the article in the November Student on the "Value of a Good Literary Style," and also for the insertion of a part of it in its columns.

The question whether examinations shall be discarded is still agitated in colleges and discussed in college exchanges. In one of the Western universities examinations are not required if a certain per cent. is reached during the term. The Dartmouth Lit. has the following to say on the negative:

"Like most other institutions of
human origin, the examination is a compound of evil and good; but, to any candid observer, it must be apparent that the good far outweighs the evil. Though true that the highest kind of teaching defies all test, and that the function of the examiner should not be higher than that of the teacher, it must be borne in mind that more than one college professor is not capable of imparting the highest teaching, and that most college students are very common men enjoying uncommon advantages. So, what is beautiful in theory needs modification in practice.

"As the result of simple recitation on any subject, one’s knowledge is fragmentary. The subject is not remembered as a harmonious whole, but as composed of facts, often seemingly incongruous. The examination teaches the student to grasp details, and combine carefully and logically. The examination develops coolness. How frequently the receiver of the "flunk" notice excuses himself, on the score of "getting rattled." To combine logically, requires a clear head and a good control of the intellectual faculties. The examination cultivates clearness and conciseness of expression. Who will say that the ability to group and combine details, and coolness and conciseness of expression, are not essential to the highest success, whether in or out of college? It is better that the student learn his weakness while in college, than that a knowledge of that weakness be thrust upon him in the competitive examinations of life."

POET'S CORNER.

JANUARY.

Mournful she standeth, compassed round about
With brooding mists, with winter's ice and snow,
A shape of sorrow, drooping 'neath the weight
Of the cold earth's accumulated woe.

But as she slowly passeth from our ken,
Lo! as an angel bright she doth appear,
Holding the mystic keys of that sweet realm
Where lie the hidden treasures of the year.

—M. S. M., '91.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

In laces white and richly bedecked
With sparkling jewels all,
The fairy flake comes fluttering down
From the storm king's palace hall.

From the dance of the winds in the upper air
Fleeing home to rest,
To sleep, as the weary sleep at last,
On the ancient mother's breast.

O peerless beauty, child of earth,
So faultless but so small,
Does that mighty heart responsive thrill,
With a sense of thy feathery fall.

—W., '93.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

I keep a shop that fronts the street,
With gems and jewels—a varied show;
All day the crowd before me go
With weary eyes and hastening feet.

And some will stand and scan my store,
Will turn it o'er, and oftentimes buy,
And speak of fair and cloudy sky,
With all the city gossip's lore.

But often in an inner place,
I sit alone, with all my mind
Bent on a work of costlier kind
Than any that my shop displays.
With finest care I shape the gold,
Trace each bright leaf or wavy stem,
And make it shine with many a gem
Fit for a king to wear of old.

And now and then comes with the rest
Who seems a lover of rare art;
I bring him in with fluttering heart,
To show the jewel I treasure best.

I wait his speech, with keen hope stirred;
But ever is my hope in vain;
He praises in half-hearted strain,
To other subjects turns the word.

—C., '93.

LINES IN MY JOURNAL.
This book before me lies,
With pages purely white.
No spot offends the eyes;
No sentence meets the sight.

But swift the days will fly;
And soon will every page
O'erun with records dry,
And bear the marks of age.

But, though no longer fair,
In spite of blot and stain,
A worth beyond compare,
For him who writes, 'twill gain.

Just so, methinks, is life
Before the untried soul,
Ere sin and toil and strife
Have stained its mystic scroll.

But swift the flying years
Their checkered story trace;
Be it of faith or fears,
Of frowns or smiling face.

And, when the story's done,
Pure innocence has fled;
Yet virtue, dearly won,
Is priceless in its stead.

And so, whate'er may be
The record written here,
God grant that life, for me,
May aye from sin be clear.

—G. H., '90.

BOOK REVIEW.


It is probably known to the teachers among our alumni that the best textbook in Elementary Psychology for secondary schools is by one of their own number, Mr. James H. Baker, late principal of the high school in Denver, Col., now president of the State University in the same commonwealth. His work has received a most flattering welcome from educators and school journals. Almost unanimously they award it the first place among text-books in its department. The single exception known, if it is an exception, is that of a critic in a western school journal, who apparently tries and condemns all English text-books in Psychology by a German standard, not likely to be naturalized in this country. He, however, still ranks this work "with the best elementary manuals now in use."

In the space of less than two hundred and fifty pages it contains an outline of the science of Psychology, with the suggestion of many lines for individual investigation, and a clear and well-arranged introduction to Logic, or the laws of thinking.

An introductory chapter describes briefly the nervous system as the instrument by which the mind touches the outer world. This chapter is illustrated by several drawings taken from authoritative sources. The diagrams, employed in other places to present the
results of analysis and description, will aid both the understanding and the memory.

Appended to each chapter is an "Application," showing how the principles explained bear on mental growth and methods of instruction. This is a feature of the book as valuable as it is novel.

The student who masters this little book will gain a correct knowledge of first principles, by means of which he will make his progress through larger works with less difficulty and with much larger addition to his knowledge.

A book like this was greatly needed for high and normal schools. Any teacher of intelligence and ingenuity who has the good fortune to take a class through this book, and will follow the excellent suggestions to teachers with which it begins, may increase his own knowledge and make the study of Psychology lively, practical, and inspiring.

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

Readers of the Atlantic will find in its January number an exceptionally fine issue. It contains a great rarity, a hitherto unpublished essay on "Boston" by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, it is to be remembered, was one of the originators of the Atlantic. One clearly recognizes the Emersonian style and originality of thought. We quote the following:

"Who lives one year in Boston ranges through all the climates of the globe. And if the character of the people has a larger range and greater versatility, causing them to exhibit equal dexterity in what are elsewhere reckoned incompatible works, perhaps they may thank their climate of extremes, which at one season gives them the splendor of the equator and a touch of Syria, and then runs down to a cold which approaches the temperature of the celestial spaces. It is not a country of luxury or of pictures; of snows rather, of east winds and changing skies; visited by icebergs, which, floating by, nip with their cool breath our blossoms. Not a luxurious climate, but wisdom is not found with those who dwell at their ease. Give me a climate where people think well and construct well. I will spend six months there, and you may have all the rest of my years.

"America is growing like a cloud,—towns on towns, states on states; and wealth (always interesting, since from wealth power cannot be divorced) is piled in every form invented for comfort or pride.

"If John Bull interests you at home, come and see him under new conditions,—come and see the Jonathenization of John."

Another tribute is paid to the memory of America's departed "man of letters" by an article from Henry James, on "Lowell." Little that is new or important is added, yet the personal reminiscences of hours spent with the great poet and critic at various times during the stay in Europe, the references to the happy position which he was privileged to hold in the English social and literary life, the fond appreciation which the novelist himself feels
for Lowell, all conspire to make this article quite delightful. James briefly says of Lowell: "He was strong without narrowness; he was wise without bitterness, and bright without folly."

"The Creed of the Old South," by Basil L. Gildersleeve, deserves careful reading. The article, written from a Southern standpoint, is able and shows the motives and sentiments of the people of the South at the time of the war in a clear, straightforward manner. He writes:

"The only point that I have tried to make is the simple fact that, right or wrong, we were fully persuaded in our own minds, and that there was no lurking suspicion of any moral weakness in our cause. Nothing could be holier than the cause, nothing more imperative than the duty of upholding it."

The spirit in which he accepts the changes brought about by the war—a spirit which we believe is shared by many of the best-informed of the South to-day—is clearly shown when he says:

"We have learned to work resolutely for the furtherance of all that is good in the wider life that has been opened to us by the issue of the war, without complaining, without repining. That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple."

Admirers of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps will read with interest "The Missing Interpreter," by her youthful literary and matrimonial partner, Herbert D. Ward.

"Birds and Birds" is the title of an article by Edith M. Thomas, which in itself amounts to but little except that it is, as the author herself terms it, a "fond and unscientific observation with regard to our winged friends."

Annie Payson Call, in a somewhat overdrawn article, brings out as the "Greatest Need of College Girls" a training to rest: "not rest in the sense of doing nothing, not repose in the sense of inanity or inactivity, but a restful activity of mind and body which means a vigorous, wholesome nervous system that will enable a woman to abandon herself to her study, her work, and her play with a freedom and ease which are too fast becoming, not a lost art, but lost nature."

In the Century for January appears as frontispiece a portrait of the French composer, Charles Francois Gounod, and, in connection with it, a delightful article from his pen, full of reminiscences of early life and of his acquaintance with Mendelssohn.

The first of the series on "The Jews in New York" comes from Rev. Dr. Wheatley, and a brief article on "The Jewish Question" from an unknown writer, who signs himself "Josephus." Other papers of interest in the Century are: An essay on "The Discontent of the Farmer," by J. R. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department; a second in-
stallment of Dr. Weir Mitchell’s “Characteristics”; a continuation of “The Naulahka” by Kipling and the late Wolcott Balestier, and an essay on “Witchcraft,” by Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, in which he makes the surprising statement that witchcraft is at the present time believed in by a majority of the citizens of the United States.

An article to which we would call special attention is “Custer’s Last Battle,” by Captain Godfrey,” one of General Custer’s troop commanders. He gives a remarkably graphic description of the whole expedition against the Indians, and his theory of the causes which led to the terrible massacre is logical and conclusive. He writes: “The question has often been asked, ‘What were the causes of Custer’s defeat?’ I should say, first, the overpowering numbers of the enemy and their unexpected cohesion; second, Reno’s panic rout from the valley; third, the defective extraction of the empty cartridge-shells from the carbines. He gives in full General Terry’s written orders to General Custer which, in connection with the account of his movements, show Custer blameless of the charge of disobedience of orders. Following this article are comments by General Fry on the “Custer Battle” that fully corroborate General Godfrey’s statement as to Custer’s innocence.

Education for January has some noteworthy articles. From a paper by Rev. A. D. Mayo we quote the following words, which will be of interest to those who have followed the discussion of the question of State support of education: “If the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts takes counsel of some of her eminent advisers, to-day; closes down on the public support of even the secondary and repudiates all connection with the higher education, and slams the doors of her colleges, largely established by the bounty of the State, in the face of her young women, it is easy enough to see where she will be, half a century hence, in the Congress of the United States, and in commanding influence in national affairs, before these mighty States of the West which are building for every child an open highway to the loftiest manhood and womanhood the new republic demands.”

The American Protective Tariff League offers to the undergraduate students of Senior classes of colleges and universities in the United States a series of prizes for approved essays on “Has the New Tariff Law Proved Beneficial?” Competing essays not to exceed eight thousand words, signed by some other than the writer’s name, to be sent to the office of the The League, No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before May 1, 1892. Awards will be made July 1, 1892, as follows: for the best essay, $150; for the second best, $100; for the third best, $50. For further particulars address Henry M. Hoyt, general secretary, 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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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 admission will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

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

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

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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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