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EDITORIAL.

PLUGGING, in the student's vocabulary, once meant to study hard—in fact, too hard. The verb and deed came rapidly into disrepute and, without doubt, effected a reform among ambitious book-worms. What does the word mean now? It is coming to mean any thorough individual work. And most unhappily the stigma connected to the former meaning has attached to the latter. With what result? The student that formerly learned his lesson himself, now goes into partnership with several more boys. The discipline that should have been his is divided among all. He dares not stay in his room and rest when any party or sociable is going on, for fear of that dreaded epithet, a "plugger." If too much time is spent in sports, he may open his book and study in the classroom, even after books are ordered to be closed. But he is determined not to plug. That would be dishonest. Even "horses" are, in his or his companions' eyes, preferable to the dreaded bugbear of plugging. In fact, this once powerful antidote is producing a disease of its own. And the sooner students realize the danger, the better it will be for their future success. The habit of studying at the expense of
necessary exercise or social enjoyment is wholly bad. But the notion that earnest individual work, in proper amounts, is to be despised, that the bright-hued scum collecting on the shallow pool will compensate for lack of depth, is a greater mistake.

As the time for the original parts, Junior and Senior, draws near, model orations are studied, and their faults and excellences carefully noted for our own improvement. This is an excellent and indispensable drill. But where did the first orator get his model? He studied not books, but men. His eloquence was natural because he lived nearest to nature. How often the student, after carefully preparing his oration, feels the unexpressed criticism: This can never move my hearers; it is frozen and lifeless. The finely rounded sentences and well-chosen language lack the power found in the works of an unlettered Moody. One is artificial, the other natural. Phelps says: "A man chasing his hat in a gale acts in pantomime a principle that Demosthenes could not safely ignore in striving for the crown." That principle is sincerity. Of an oration, words are but the body; sincerity, the soul. As the body without the soul is a mere clod, so an oration without sincerity is fit only for a Lethetic grave. The eloquence learned from books alone is only a statue, but a living eloquence must be learned from living men. Just as a Harvey Eastman would leave his well-kept grounds to seek rest and refreshment in some primitive forest, so often must the orator turn from studying the flower beds of rhetoric to seek refreshment in the simpler eloquence of life.

We as students at Bates have a peculiar advantage in our facilities for studying men. The different preachers of the two cities, the numerous lecturers that come here from time to time, the business and professional men, all should be carefully studied, not merely for entertainment but for our own improvement. Too often it happens that a lecture means only an entertainment for which we are excused from lessons in the morning. But to college students it should mean more. By a careful study of the man together with his production we should derive more benefit than from several recitations. Earnest efforts have been made to teach us how to study books: would that we might also be taught how to study men.

This college life would be dull indeed if we at all times wore a sombre look and held to the dignity of an ecclesiastic, yet there are extremes, and life and energy often carry us over the bounds of propriety. We may thoughtlessly infringe upon the rights of others while seeking our own enjoyment. The playing of musical instruments or the wild display of lung power, accompanied by a terrific dance, may gratify some, while others are writhing in mortal agony. At every hour of the day some students are trying to accomplish their work, and quiet is a blessing to them. Time and progress may bring about the desired state, yet the present demands our attention. No one has a right to disturb another
in his study, and thoughtlessness is just as bad as maliciousness. If we do not want to use the time, it is no reason why we should keep others from doing so. That old idea that college life must be wild and boisterous was buried years ago, and those who try to revive it find their efforts in vain. A little more regard for the rights of our fellow-students would add greatly to the charm of student-life.

"To crib or not to crib, that is the question" that is once more agitating some of our Hamlets, as the end of the term draws near. The lazy man wants to escape the legitimate consequences of his idleness; the unfortunate victim of la grippe and the district school shrinks from the prospect of back work to make up in vacation; the rank-worshiper is seized with a species of stage fright lest some obscure point be forgotten. To one and all we say simply—don't. It won't pay. You gain nothing worth having. You lose the respect of your class, and what is worse, your own. Cribbing at examinations is a very small thing, to be sure; and that is just the point. It is too small. If you must be dishonest, break a bank, or steal a railroad. Don't throw away your honor for a few paltry figures that can neither increase your knowledge, nor materially alter your standing in the college; for you will pass for about what you are worth after all. If you have not worked, stand up and face the consequences of your laziness like a man. If you have been unfortunate, and are deficient for no fault of your own, every one will know it, and make due allowance. Rank is not the chief end of man, though some few seem so to consider it. The knowledge for which the rank stands, or should stand, is what we are here for, and solid work is what tells in the end. Your honest worker will make all the "home runs," and your cribber "strike out" every time.

NOW that the matter of intercollegiate field-day is settled once for all it is somewhat out of time to enter into such conceited balderdash in regard to it as we find in a recent number of the Orient. If the writer of the article had read our editorial in the February issue of the Student, and had been in his right mind he could not have failed to understand the attitude of our association, and that it is by no means one of "fear and trembling." The fact is, as we stated, that the sober sense of both students and Faculty agree that the time and money which would be sure to be spent in preparing for and carrying out such an enterprise are not consistent with economy either financially or intellectually, yet the association showed its spirit in the matter by its vote, twenty to seven, in favor of the project. The date, February 22d, was fixed in order that the matter might be decided without unnecessary delay. It gave two weeks to the other colleges to decide, and when our vote was taken the subject had been already under discussion for about two weeks among all the colleges of the State,—if not, then it was the fault of Bowdoin and not Bates, for
we presume Bowdoin made the proposition to Colby and Maine State College at the same time she did to us—thus giving in all about a month of time for deliberation; and if four small colleges cannot decide in a month's time whether they will have intercollegiate field-day or not, then there must indeed be some "cabalistical charm" somewhere, and we will leave it to Bowdoin boobyism to explain.

The following quotation from the Orient's editorial, to which we refer, gives a good idea of the Bowdoin swelled head, a disease with which that venerable institution is exceedingly troubled of late years: "The fact is right here: Colby and Bates both know that they cannot compete with Bowdoin in all-round athletics—in football, boating, and field-day contests." Indeed! What egotistic vaunt and blatant braggardism is this! And how many pennants will Colby, Maine State College, and Bates have to win from Bowdoin before she learns that what few men these poor institutions have are not made of the sort of stuff to decline to enter field-day for such a consideration? We sincerely hope that our esteemed contemporary will not disgrace itself by publishing any more such small boy's talk.

No man is liberally educated who is ignorant of the law of his country. "Law," says Blackstone, "is the rules of human action or conduct. It employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practices the cardinal virtues of the heart." The study of the great principles of law that underlie our institutions not only furnishes that necessary legal knowledge but also brings us in contact with a great store of the grandest literature. In the works of Blackstone, Coke, or any of the great writers upon law we find a depth of thought and a purity of style that is unparalleled. Since it is founded upon truth and justice, law must always elevate the mind and soul.

In this country the study of law is not general in our colleges and universities, so that only those graduates who choose law as a profession learn much about it. Thus men of strong minds and quite extensive reading are often very weak at this vital point. A thorough student of Latin and Greek is frequently unacquainted with the simplest forms of law. There is a great need of remedy in this direction. Our college curriculums have failed to recognize the importance of this branch of knowledge, and it is now in order for Bates to establish a precedent. The introduction of some elementary works on law into the Sophomore year with the addition of a few law books to our library would remove much of the dislike for the Economics of the Junior year, would arouse a healthy enthusiasm for literature and oratory, and would be hailed with delight by many.

One cannot spend a thoughtful half hour in any reading-room without a feeling of disgust at the kind of matter prevalent in our daily and weekly papers. It is undeniable that the standard of purity and morality in newspapers is being lowered instead of raised. Those who contribute to their
columns are becoming transformed into news-vultures stirring up the foul carcasses of gossip, slander, and infamy, that ought to have been buried from sight lest they should breed moral disorder.

The old lady who tells over her knitting-work the secrets of the neighborhood, is stigmatized as "gossip" and is shunned by respectable people. But let the gossip be a newspaper reporter, and he sits upon the throne of our admiration. Upon our tables lie papers filled with matter that, if published in book form, would be immediately consigned to the flames. If these things, instead of being circulated as they are, should be mentioned in conversation, the speaker would be forever thrust out from good society.

The excuse for this wholesale poisoning is, "The people demand it." But that is the excuse for nearly all public evil. He who writes trashy stories has the same excuse. But the writer of such stories dares not place his name upon their title-pages, and lives in constant dread "lest his deeds should be made manifest." The author of such works is, by good society, held in disrepute. How can he redeem himself? Condense the article; make the evil personal and fourfold worse than it now appears; publish it in the daily paper, and no one will despise him for his writing. Much is spoken and written about the evil effects of pernicious literature; but since the newspaper is not classed as literature, the silence on this topic is almost one that can be felt.

One claim for the newspaper is, that it is "the great educator of the people." Granted. But there is a difference between educating and elevating. And what does this educator teach? The last prize fight takes up two columns, and to the minds of boys the champion appears as a hero who has a right to be proud of wearing the diamond belt. By the side of this puff for the prize fighter appears a long article detrimental to the character of some honorable citizen. And this is education!

How can this state of things be remedied? It can never be remedied until a strong public opinion makes it as black a crime to publish impurity as to speak impurity; or until those who publish such articles have the courage to stand boldly against this rushing current.

The spirit of making improvements about the college buildings and grounds is continually evident. Since we were Freshmen there have been some important changes made. First was the grading in front of Parker Hall, and the laying out of the street which passes across the campus in front of all the buildings. Then a much needed and very highly appreciated improvement quickly followed, namely, the lighting of Parker and Hathorn Halls by gas. Next came the heating of Hathorn Hall by steam, and at about the same time the new apparatus was put into the gymnasium, and an instructor provided.

During last summer and fall the extensive grading in the rear of the halls and about the gymnasium, the preparation of the new tennis courts,
the lighting of the gymnasium by gas, the opening of the street between it and the halls, the leveling of the site for the library building, the sanitary improvements, the painting of all woodwork on the outside of the halls, and finally the building of the new laboratory. All these things were accomplished, and constitute a list of improvements such as few colleges in New England can boast of. Surely at this rate Bates will soon be an institution of learning unsurpassed by any in Maine, or by few in this section of the country in its equipments. This is due in great part to the wonderful diligence and sagacity of our worthy President in soliciting funds for the institution. We noticed not long ago, in one of our exchanges, a remark which was undoubtedly intended to provoke us somewhat. It accused President Cheney of visiting death-beds with a bundle of blank wills under his arm, etc. Well, of course it is the privilege of any one to use language of this sort if he chooses, but so long as there is nothing but jealousy and spite to prompt it, and Bates gets the dollars, we see nothing about which we should be seriously disturbed. The fact is, Bates is just beginning to "boom," and the man who gives liberally to her now, will, if he lives a few years longer, have reason to be proud of her standing among the colleges of the country. The rare opportunities which she offers to young men and women who are seeking an education with limited means, are yearly increasing; and she is nobly performing a work the need of which has been felt for many, many years. Let jealousy mock if it will, and spite say its worst, but as for us we will pursue the even tenor of our way.

ANY times a student feels that the more work he puts on an essay, the dryer and more commonplace it becomes. And such is often the case. But the conclusion that care bestowed on writing is lost, is not so correct. The chief difference between the interest of a labored and a quickly written sketch is this. In the first, a subject is taken that rouses no new thought, touches no personal experience. All that the student can do is to dress it in a few generalities. How often have writers enlarged on the " beauties of Nature," discussed purling brooks, verdant meadows, and waving forests. After all is superficially described, the authors find their forests are mostly chestnut thickets, and their whole production as verdant as their meadows. What is the trouble? Simply that the writers do not feel what they write. On the other hand, examine the subject of an article hastily written. In the majority of cases it is on a narrowed subject; one of current interest.

The writer sees an animal abused, a friend snubbed, or hears an opinion of his own sneered at. Then he can write a telling article on humanity or politeness. In every line the reader can feel that the author has something to say and is saying it.

This is the whole secret. Never dig away at a subject in which you can
arouse no interest. If subjects for essays are given out, and you find none suited to your ease, ask for one of your own choosing or take a biography where you will at least get knowledge, if you give none.

♦ ♦♦

LITERARY.

THE SCARLET THREAD.

By N. G. B., '91.

Thro' all the cordage made by English hands
There runs, they say, a single scarlet thread.
Throughout the wide world go the coils of rope
To serve alike the peasant and the prince,
On land and sea, until their strength is spent,
And they are cast aside. Yet wheresoe'er
Is found the tiniest fragment of this rope,
However frayed and worthless, he who cares
To look for it may see the scarlet thread,
The Queen's own royal seal of ownership.

Thro' every life there runs the scarlet thread
Of love divine. God sends his children forth
To spend the years in service while He gives
Them life and strength. In palace or in hut,
On land or sea, where'er is found a child
Of His, however useless he may seem,
Or weak, there, too, is found the scarlet thread,
The Lord's own gracious seal of ownership.

Thro' all the twisted strands of doubt and
faith,
Of joy and grief, which make our life, there
runs
The unseen thread of God's unfailing love,
By which He claims us, always, as His own.

♦ ♦♦

WINTER.

By M. S. M., '91.

THE expression 'love of Nature' is with most people a conventional phrase used to express mere admiration for certain of Nature's works. We often use it with amusing complacency, careless that we are, figuratively speaking, using a vessel of gold to carry a commonplace thing that would be much more in place in a vessel of tin. Our love for Nature is of a kind that does not last through the winter. It begins to wane at the first rude advances of that tricky sprite, Jack Frost, and dies entirely when the first heavy snows cover the earth. We shut ourselves indoors and look upon the outer world as an uninviting wilder-

But the true lover of Nature sees beauty in Nature's every aspect, whether lovely, wild, or commonplace. Where the careless would see chaos, he sees symmetry; where the ear dulled by indifference would hear discord, he hears the clear, fine harmony of Nature that flows on unbroken through storm and calm, through the howling of the northern tempest or the breathing of the south wind from some land of flowers.

It is natural for us to love Nature in the summer. She flatters and caresses us with her warm sunshine and balmy breezes, but in winter, as if she knew it was not good for us to be so constantly smiled upon, frowns darkly and hurls her sleet and snow vindictively in our faces; upon which we, always too ready to judge by appearances, and not perceiving Mother Nature's unchanging kindness to us all through all her bluff manner, withdraw indoors in dismay. But the winter has a subtle charm that the summer, at its loveliest, does not possess.

Stand, in winter, in the midst of some leafless forest where Nature has undisputed sway. Stand still and listen intently. It is a still day. Before you entered the forest you thought
not a breath of wind was stirring. But listen! The solemn pines are sighing over your head—a weird, mysterious music that carries your thought and fancy away with it. It seems as if the pines had a soul and were whispering in some strange language the secrets of some realm of thought and feeling, of truth and power—anther world lying close to your own yet one to which you have hitherto been a stranger. And it is not alone the pines you hear. Soft, mysterious whispers, the faintest ripples of sound that a breath might obliterate flow past. You cannot tell what they are. Perhaps their causes are miles away. The very silence seems full of sound—Nature's silent music, felt, not heard. A solitary bird-note comes from some hidden place in the forest. It seems to measure the silence as a pebble dropped into a deep well makes you aware of its depth by the sound as it strikes the water. You feel a strange indefinable charm that holds you like a spell. It is a formless, elusive charm. You cannot put it into words but you feel it for the time intensely.

Perhaps you are walking, some December day, through some rough pasture land such as you may find anywhere in the valley of the Androscoggin. You call it a dull day. The sky is shrouded with gray, and the brown landscape, with patches of snow here and there, looks frost-bitten and dreary to your careless eye. But pause upon the side of this craggy hill and look around you. Behind rise the brown-clad hills; below lies the low stretch of intervale; beyond, the frozen river with a steel-like gleam upon it though there is no sunshine. Away to the right below you lies a stretch of woodland shadowy, voiceless. Following the river with your eye, you see, far away, the distant hills. The swelling uplands upon the farther side of the river, rise to meet the leaden sky. A winter scene and bleak, but the eye does not shun it. A picture painted in sombre colors may be beautiful. The painter often chooses for his picture a background of wild sky or dark tossing billows. Yes, you acknowledge that there is a certain grandeur in the far outlook with the steel-gray river and dim hills. But “distance lends enchantment to the view” you say. Right where you are standing it is commonplace and sombre enough without a particle of beauty. Is that true? Look again. This decaying stump your hand is resting on is covered with wonderful feathery frost-work, each tiny crystal a marvel of beauty and delicacy. The dried grass is covered with the same work of beauty-loving Nature, who ornaments all her possessions in a thousand beautiful ways, careless whether you see her wonders or not. You crush numberless lovely things at every step.

Even the storms of winter are full of charm. We seem to come nearer to Nature in a storm. When she is at rest we feel as if she were careless of us but when she is awake she seems to notice us, to speak directly to us. We cannot translate into words what she says to us in times like these. No language is spoken upon earth that will bear the weight of it or pre-
serve the ethereal beauty and purity. Winter has uncounted charms but they are quiet, unobtrusive charms sometimes hidden altogether or strangely disguised, but a true love of Nature makes our eyes keen to discover them.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

By L. M. S., '92.

It is now more than a century and a half since the birth of Washington, and more than a century since the culminating point in his inimitable career, his inauguration to the presidency. To-day, it may be safely said, that to a greater degree than ever before we are able to discover accurately the facts in regard to his life, and thus to appreciate his true merits. As with silent admiration we view his character, so well developed, so symmetrical, we now at least may look through a pure medium. Both the mists of prejudice and the illusory splendors of his triumphal hour have long since vanished, and in the clear sunlight of truth we may see the man as he really was. At a time nearer that in which he lived, and to go back farther in his own time, his more ardent admirers might have been criticised for their enthusiastic praise. It might have been said that, unduly affected by the spirit of the times, they were incompetent judges of his merits; but of us who to-day would do him honor, this cannot be said.

The truly great warrior or statesman is he who, having the welfare of his people at heart, is endowed with such wisdom as enables him to discern the signs of the times, to judge accurately at each crisis what method of procedure will result most beneficially to his people and their posterity. But if he lack the one needful ability, that perfectly executing his plans, and of having his plans such as when executed the circumstances of the nation demand for its maximum good, he is not in the true sense of the word great. Thus the demonstrations of joy and the tributes of praise which filled the air after the surrender at Yorktown cannot be considered as homage paid to a great man, for as yet it had not been clearly and absolutely demonstrated that the plans of Washington and his Congress were practicable; it was not certain that an independent government could exist. Perhaps no form of government could be agreed upon which would legislate as occasion required. Perhaps the army, clamorous for its pay, would revolt, and Civil would supersede Revolutionary War; and indeed a little later such dangers seemed imminent. At that time, therefore, praise could be awarded him only as he was believed to be great.

However, I will not contend that any undeserved honor was paid him or was likely to be. The applause was all merited, though that same day at set of sun the whole scheme had collapsed; the thirteen colonies had dissolved, never again to assume definite shape.

My point is this: To-day we are sure he was great; it has been clearly proved that as a warrior his plans for the future were wise; that he won no
victories at fatal cost to the people; that he contracted no debt the people could not redeem; that as a statesman he was possessed of a calm wisdom and a prophetic foresight which provided for exigencies not apparent for years afterward. If the joyful applause and glad acclaims with which the land resounded on the thirtieth of April, 1789, were merited, what form of tribute to his name is due from us who, to a greater degree than any who have preceded us, enjoy the fruits of his labors? In point of enthusiasm we are not likely to exceed them, in outward demonstration we cannot approach them.

So be it. The day for clamor and shouting is past. But if we desire fitly to honor the name of Washington, there are opportunities still remaining.

The tribute due him may be better rendered in the form of words and deeds tending to a higher plane of enlightenment to truth, to morality, to happiness. Monuments of stone and marble are eminently fitting, but if we would prove clearly our devotion to him and his memory, if we would do him greatest honor, we may, to use the words of the ancient bard, erect monuments to his memory more enduring than brass, loftier than the royal structure of the pyramids.

Oh loyal citizens! so devoted to your country, forsake your wonted paths. Oh demagogues! away with your harangues. Oh politicians! become as true to the best interests of your country as you have been to those of your party, and to the acquisition of worldly pelf. Go! if you would become popular, if you would find favor with man, and better, with God, go study the life and character of the father of his country; learn his aims; become familiar with the hopes, the desires, the ambitions, which lay nearest his heart; then if you feel better impulses stirring within your bosoms, grasp the timely hope that the power is not lost to you to do honor to the name of Washington. Engage your talent in the diffusion of knowledge, seek out the truth and tell it to others, and you will do him greatest honor; you will thus pay greater tribute to his name than he who designed and built the Washington Monument.

THE MORNING TWILIGHT.

BY F. B. N., '90.

Silently through the dreamy sky
I see the morning twilight fly.
Her garments gleam with gems of light
That blind the eyes of dusky night.

The watching stars, in dazed surprise,
Look down and wink and close their eyes.
And night, with sullen step and slow,
Retreats before his queenly foe.

Fair twilight lifts her diamond veil,
And takes a peep at hill and dale.
The wind with stealthy, wavy grace,
Impresses kisses on her face.

Then skipping round each bush and tree,
He whistles loudly in his glee.
The busy snow in vain has tried
The ugly form of night to hide.

But soon the rosy twilight spies,
And to her side, he quickly flies.
Now waltzing wind so blithe and gay
Steps up and takes dame snow away.

And arm in arm the merry twain
Go dancing over hill and plain.
The Chieftree’s most welcome song,
That in his breast has slumbered long,
BURSTS forth the twilight's cheer to greet.
She stops to hear the notes so sweet,
And pats the little warbler's head,
Her soul with joyous song is fed.
But see, the sunbeams come! And lo!
The lovely twilight starts to go.
Good-bye, fair messenger of day.
To-morrow, come again this way.

SPENSTER'S CHIEF EXCELLENCES AND DEFECTS AS DISCLOSED IN THE "FAERIE QUEEN."

BY M. F. A., '90.

EDMUND Spenser, the poets' poet, was born in London, in the year 1552. We all know of his early life and education, his friendship with Sir Walter Raleigh, and his favor with Queen Elizabeth. In 1590 appeared the first three books of his greatest poem, the "Faerie Queen," and in 1596 the second three books followed. The "Faerie Queen" is an allegory representing the six virtues, Holiness, Temperance, Charity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy, each attended by a knight who is the patron and defender of the same.

Spenser is an idealist, for he treats of the marvelous and extraordinary rather than of the natural and common in human experience. To deal with imaginary fair ladies and chivalrous knights, and with the contests of the latter with dragons, and creatures great and terrible, is surely not the part of the realist, but of the idealist. Still the beauty that we find in the "Faerie Queen" is sensuous rather than spiritual. Spenser delights to put before his reader scenes rich in color, and those suggestive of melodious sounds, or of deep repose. Examples of the first are his descriptions of the dress of Duessa and of the armor of Prince Arthur; while an example of the second is the description of the abode of Morpheus; and of the third, his picture of the hermitage in which Archimago dwelt.

Milton demands that poetry be "simple, sensuous, impassioned." We will admit that the "Faerie Queen" is both simple and sensuous, but it does not appeal strongly enough to the human feelings to be called passionate; and this lack of human feeling is due to Spenser's method of imagination, which, although in a degree creative, was in the main contemplative. We do not think of Spenser as a poet suddenly possessed of some great idea, which he hastens to commit to writing, no matter whether he be at home or abroad, but as one who deliberately seats himself at his desk, takes time to arrange his pen and papers, and then, calmly contemplating the panorama that his imagination causes to pass before him, writes composedly and with due attention to manner as well as matter.

He has an intimate acquaintance with human nature, and yet he fails to arouse human interest in his characters. The reason of this is that while he recognizes the different traits of character that every individual possesses in real life, he exhibits but one of these traits in each of his personages in the "Faerie Queen," and for this reason they fail to interest us as real human beings. In other words, each of his personages is a type of
some one trait of character, rather than an individual possessing various traits. Thus his sympathies seem to be broad rather than deep.

Our interest in the poem is objective. We delight in the descriptions of scenery, in the external appearance of the characters, in the various trials that they undergo, and in numerous trifling incidents; but where do we find that portrayal of human nature, and of the motives that influence men's lives so wonderfully exemplified by Shakespeare, Scott, or by George Eliot?

So far as Spenser appears to us, it is to the passive or, perhaps, the negative side of our nature, i. e., he leads us to avoid the evils, rather than incites us to perform any great and noble deed in defense of right,—and there is a vast difference in result between a life whose purpose is simply to avoid evil and one whose purpose is to do some positive good. Spenser surpasses other poets in the copiousness of his diction, in the swell and continuous sweetness of his rhyme, and in the profusion of his fancies. His style is at once clear and simple; melody and harmony predominate, and there is rare grace in many of his expressions. Yet his very command of musical language, together with the profusion of his fancies, led him to a minuteness of detail that is at times revolting, and nearly always tiresome.

As a narrative the "Faerie Queen" is not wholly successful. There are so many minor characters and side issues introduced that our attention is diverted from the main purpose, and we are often led to question whether the author himself kept his avowed purpose distinctly in mind. In hastily reading the poem one can easily lose sight of the allegory, yet with a little attention he readily sees that the characters are symbolic.

Spenser possessed a vivid imagination, wonderful power of language, great love of the beautiful, and a mind well stored with knowledge, especially classical and mythological.

One cannot but enjoy the beauty of his style and the rare power of picture-making that brings all his scenes and characters so vividly before the mind.

MRS. LAURA WOODBURY (HARRIS) ROBINSON*


MRS. Laura Woodbury (Harris) Robinson, the subject of this sketch, was born in Minot, Androscoggin County, Maine, June 3, 1855. She was fifth in order of birth in a family of seven children, consisting of four sons and three daughters. Her parents were of Scotch descent; their vocation, farming; and upon the home acres their children were nurtured and reared. Her father, Hiram Harris, was a man of few words, quiet, meditative, but affectionate towards his children, and ready to make every sacrifice that would enable them to obtain an education or make a successful start in life. Her mother was distinguished by the same nobility of character and rectitude of conduct; and together they

*The September number of last year would have been the one naturally thought of for the publication of this article, but matters connected with the death of Professor Stanley has deferred its publication.
illustrated in their quiet unobtrusive, and earnest lives those genuine qualities of mind and heart which make a Scotchman or Scotch woman honest and God-fearing, the world over.

Mrs. Robinson attended, first, the district school near her home, but at the age of eleven years she began, now and then a term, to accompany her older brothers and sisters to Hebron Academy. She was then the youngest pupil in the school. About 1872 she began there a more systematic course of study. Yet her work was much broken and interrupted. During the last year only of her preparatory course was she able to attend the three consecutive terms. She was graduated from this institution in the summer of 1876, and entered Bates College in the fall of that year. With her, also from Hebron Academy, came Mrs. Eliza Hackett (Sawyer) Leland, her room-mate, classmate, and intimate friend, during her college course.

From Bates College Mrs. Robinson was graduated, with honor, in the class of '80. After graduation she taught a year in Wilton Academy. Thence she was called to Auburn High School, where, after a brief but successful period of labor, declining health compelled her to abandon teaching and seek rest and recuperation. A severe illness followed from which she probably never fully recovered. In 1885 she was received into the membership of the Episcopal Church of Lewiston. She was married, June 30, 1886, to Lucien Moore Robinson, a native of East Sumner, a graduate of Harvard University in the class of '82, and a clergyman in the Episcopal Church by profession. Immediately after marriage, Mrs. Robinson accompanied her husband to Germany, where a year was spent by them in study and travel. Upon their return from Europe in June, 1887, after a two months' rest in Minot, they took up their residence in Philadelphia, where Mr. Robinson became engaged in preaching and teaching. To them was born a son, Harris Moore Robinson, March 26, 1888. This date marks the beginning of a permanent decline in Mrs. Robinson's health. Consumption set in, and the fatal termination became only a question of time.

She peacefully passed away at her mother's home in Minot, July 31, 1889, surrounded by her friends, who gave her every ministration of sympathy and affection. The life of Mrs. Robinson, though comparatively short and uneventful, is full of interest, not only to those who shared her friendship and affection, but to that larger circle of sympathetic souls, in whose sight the life and death of a noble woman is always a thing altogether beautiful. She was not one of those who gained the world's applause. She walked the narrow pathway of her life with firm and gentle step, and did the "duty that lay next her hand." Its joys were sweet, and yet she bore its burdens uncomplainingly. And when the summons came that called her home, she went with soul sustained and spirit all at peace.

It is of Mrs. Robinson during her college course that the writer is most competent to speak. In college Mrs.
Robinson maintained a high standing in every department of work. While possibly excelling in the departments of English Literature and Modern Languages, she neither neglected nor slighted any other for which she seemed to have less aptitude or inclination. She was thoroughly conscientious in all that she did. Her education was purchased at many personal sacrifices, and she rose to the full appreciation of its value and importance.

In her relations with her teachers she was always courteous and pleasant. In her intercourse with them, neither the ills nor the illnesses of life disturbed the gentle serenity of her manners, or ruffled the affability of her disposition. She never lost her dignity or made it offensive. In the class-room, she never displayed indifference of temper, but performed her duties unaffectedly and conscientiously.

In her class, she was always popular. Her presence was never a suggestion to her classmates that co-education was a failure. She thoroughly loved her class; and her class thoroughly loved her. And with every reason. She took great pride in all class achievements, and no feeling of jealousy or personal disappointment ever marred her genuine loyalty to all her classmates, or joy in their successes. She had much of what is known as class pride. It was of the right kind, too,—not a sickly sentimentality, but a hearty, loyal sentiment. During the last few weeks of her life, when exhausted by cares, and wasted by disease, she gave many delicate and touching evidences, in both word and act, that her love for her classmates was sincere and unabated.

In her work after graduation, as a teacher, and in her home, as wife and mother, she was the same true, diligent, conscientious woman. She found in the companionship of her husband that domestic felicity which results from a happy union of kindred souls. The tastes of both were scholarly. Both had received the advantages of a liberal education. Both had enjoyed the delights of foreign travel. A life work had been chosen and begun. To them a son had been born. In the thought of the sundering of such a home, there is a peculiar and unusual sorrow, to which the fact gives added pathos, that, within six months from the death of the mother, the child was laid in the grave beside her.

Intellectually, Mrs. Robinson was a superior woman. Her scholarship was broad and accurate; her thought, clear and chaste; her language, expressive and refined. She was a thorough student. She loved her books; but loved as well the world around her. She loved the sounds of Nature, and heard with keen delight its myriad voices. The rock beneath her feet, the towering forest, the blossom by the wayside, had each for her its lesson. She heard with awe the solemn voices of the deep, and gazed with rapture upon the shining pathway of the stars. To her was not denied, in rich, abundant measure, the joy of loving all things good, and seeing all things beautiful.

Not less pleasant is it to speak of her moral and religious nature. Here, as elsewhere, she manifested that
gentle womanliness—approaching diffi-
dence—which is the charm of true re-
finement. Her moral character was 
always above the breath of suspicion. 
Her religious life was quiet, but earnest, 
and devoid of all hypocrisy. With her, 
prayer was not a recitation; nor religion 
a habit. Her conscience was keen and 
exacting, and measured all her acts by 
the rigid rule of duty. Whatever she 
determined to be right, she did, without 
thought of applause or hope of reward. 
She contemplated the past with grati-
tude, and the future with faith. She 
bore with Christian fortitude and pa-
tience the long and painful struggle for 
existence, and met her end without 
murmuring and without fear.

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EVENING.

By M. S. M., '91.

I watch from my door the trembling stars, 
That like gems in the azure shine; 
How sweetly over my soul once more 
Falls the peace of the eventime.

I feel around me an unseen power; 
A slight touch, shadowy, fleet, 
Sweeps all the strings of my trembling soul 
With a melody strange and sweet.

In this silent hour does the unseen world 
To our sleeping earth lean near, 
And the hushed soul hears, through the closed 
gate, 
Faint strains of its music clear.

Whatever may be conceded to the 
influence of refined education on minds 
of peculiar structure, reason and ex-
perience both forbid us to expect that 
national morality can prevail in exclu-
sion of religious principles. It is sub-
stantially true that virtue or morality 
is a necessary spring of popular gov-
ernment.—George Washington.

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LOCALS.

Hi!

Exams.

Miss K. Merrill, '91, has returned 
from her school.

Miss S. D. Chipman, '91, has re-
turned to the class.

Professor Angell's classes are rush-
ing to make up for lost time.

The geological collection has been 
removed to its new place in Hedge Lab-
oratory.

F. J. Chase, '91, has so far recov-
ered as to be able to be removed to his 
home at Unity.

Mason, '91, has taken the place of 
Knox, '89, at New Portland, for the 
remainder of the term.

Nichols, '90, met with a slight acci-
dent in the gymnasium. Our wrestlers 
must be more careful.

The platform in the chapel has been 
enlarged to make room for an orch-
stra. This has been a long-felt need.

Prof. S.—'Mr. S., you will do well 
to read the autobiography of Benjamin 
Franklin.' Mr. S.—'Who is the 
author, please.'

The College Band, under the direc-
tion of Irving, '93, is progressing 
finely. It will furnish the music for 
most, if not all, of the Sophomore 
declamations.

So far, only seven Sophomores have 
decided to bravely face the dreaded 
trials of Calculus: Miss Stevens, Miss 
Wells, Small, Howard, Wilson, Blan-
chard, and Ferguson. As the diffi-
culties of this study disappear when
bravely confronted, it is hoped that the number of the class will be reinforced.

F. A. Metcalf, O. B., who has been drilling the Seniors and Sophomores, has also been giving private lessons to several. His work is highly appreciated.

The Freshmen celebrated March 10th with a class sleigh ride. They woke the echoes of Bates from Lewiston to Lisbon. After passing a few hours at the latter place, they returned, reporting a general good time.

The students to take part in the Senior exhibition are as follows: Misses Angell, Brackett, Wood, Pratt, Howe, Snow, and Jordan; Messrs. Day, Garcelon, Singer, Piper, and Pierce. A great deal of care has been taken in the preparation, and some excellent parts are expected.

The offer of a fifty dollar prize to the Sophomore debaters, has aroused their lagging zeal. They may be seen at all times of the day carrying encyclopedias, histories, books of travel, etc., from Parker Hall to the library or from the library to Parker Hall.

Money makes the—student work.

The lecture delivered at the chapel March 7th, by Mr. Gay, was an instructive one. Nearly two hundred attended; among them were many of the Lewiston teachers. Mr. Gay treated his subject, "The Spirit of Teaching," very justly, exposing fallacies both on the side of "no punishment" and "all punishment." The manner in which his words were received showed general appreciation.

Sturgis, '93, lost his horse and sleigh a few days ago. The animal, recognizing in two Sophs the lovers of his species, lured them into the sleigh and gave them a ride. Of course they got him back as soon as possible, but did not succeed in getting back certain apples Sturgis declared were in the sleigh. These, no doubt, fell out on the journey.

The public exercises, on February 22d, were followed by a sociable in the evening. This was the only sociable there had been for some time, and the zeal with which the entertainment was carried out expressed universal enjoyment. One such informal meeting during a term would contribute to more sociability, and if care were taken need cause but little interruption to regular work.

February 27th was observed as a day of prayer. Three services were held during the day. The sermon in the afternoon, preached by Rev. T. H. Stacy (Bates, '76), was listened to with much interest and profit by all. His text was Romans 12:2, "And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

The most deadly serpents are most beautiful.

The most powerful revelation will be that message which speaks deepest home to all that we have known; and if Christianity has obtained that pre-eminence, it is because pre-eminently it possesses this quality.—Matheson.
PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'70.—Professor L. G. Jordan has been elected a member of the Lewiston School Board.

'72.—On Friday evening, March 7th, G. E. Gay, principal of the Malden (Mass.) High School, delivered an interesting and helpful lecture before the college, on the "Spiritual Attributes of the Teacher."

'74.—Hon. A. M. Spear has been re-elected mayor of Gardiner without opposition.

'76.—On the Day of Prayer for Colleges, the annual sermon was preached by Rev. T. H. Stacy, of Auburn.

'80.—In a late number of the Morning Star, I. F. Frisbee replies to Bishop McQuaid’s recent article in the Forum, upon "Religion in Our Schools." The chief argument of Bishop McQuaid, is that it is unjust for parents who send their children to the parochial schools to be taxed for the support of the state schools. We quote briefly from Professor Frisbee’s refutation of this fallacious reasoning: "By this theory the highest individual tax-payer of this city, Lewiston, who sends no children to the schools, might demand that the part of his tax devoted to the school fund should be refunded to him. The Jew, whose religious belief is certainly as venerable as that of Bishop McQuaid, might do the same. And the Methodist, who for conscience’s sake sends his children to his denominational school, might make a similar demand. Moreover, the richest wards in the city might demand that their proportional part of the school fund be kept in their own districts, and the corporations, which pay three-fifths of all taxes of the city, refuse to be taxed for the support of the schools. In fact, according to a similar theory, since the corporations are non-resident, they might refuse to pay for sidewalks and street lights, and nearly every improvement, except that of the fire department."

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout and wife have a daughter; born February 8th.

'81.—W. P. Curtis is completing his course of study in Cobb Divinity School, and also has charge of the church in Sabatis.

'81.—The Republican caucus in Johnston, R. I., has nominated Dr. F. A. Twitchell for State Senator.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin has been admitted to the Androscoggin Bar. Of his examination the Lewiston Journal says: "It was very exhaustive and searching, and was personally conducted by Judge Libby himself, who expressed himself as entirely satisfied with it, and complimented Mr. Goodwin by saying the examination was a much more satisfactory one than usual."

'85.—The St. Johnsbury Republican, of which C. T. Walter is business manager, has moved into its new quarters. The "Republican Building," for so Mr. Walter has named his fine structure, is four stories high, with a frontage on two streets of seventy-five by fifty-four feet, and is the largest single business building in St. Johnsbury.
'85.—On account of illness, J. M. Nichols has been unable to attend to his duties in the High School at Middletown, Conn., for the past few weeks. He expects, however, to resume his work next term.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard, Esq., of Kansas City, Mo., has offered a first prize of $50 to the contestents in the Champion Debate, which is to take place next Commencement.

'86.—W. A. Morton, M.D., has entered upon the practice of his profession in Brooklyn, N. Y. His office is at 75 Lawrence Street.

'87.—W. C. Buck has accepted an appointment in the census bureau at Washington, D. C.

'87.—P. R. Howe has just graduated from the Philadelphia Dental College.

'88.—A. E. Thomas, principal of Austin Academy, has been urged to remain another year with an increase of salary.

'89.—H. L. Knox has succeeded Mr. Buck as principal of the High School at Broad Brook, Conn.

DIVINITY SCHOOL.

'84.—Rev. J. L. Smith has resigned his pastorate at Lowell, Mass., and accepted a call to a church in Nova Scotia.

'86.—Rev. Samuel Blaisdell was recently installed as pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church in Lewiston. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. T. H. Stacy, of the class of '79. Ten members have been received into this church since Mr. Blaisdell entered upon his work here.

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The North American Review, for March, is of exceeding interest. The "Continuation of the Gladstone-Blaine Controversy," by Senator Morrill, is an able paper and adds some new phases to the discussion. Perhaps the other most interesting articles are "Why I Am An Agnostic," by Ingersoll; "Family Life Among the Mormons," by a daughter of Brigham Young; "Looking Backward" Again, by Edward Bellamy, and "The Limitations of the Speakership," by Speaker Reed, and ex-Speaker J. G. Carlisle. Ingersoll attacks the miraculous, supernatural, and dogmatic in religion, with his usual good sense and vigor, but he hardly explains why he is an agnostic. Because much that passes among men for religion has been, and is to-day, merely superstition, and because man has not been able to absolutely know all about God, it is the height of folly to sit down sullenly and content oneself with the declaration, "There may be a God and there may be something of truth in religion but I do not know." There would be as much sense in treating the whole catalogue of sciences in the same way, but no, Ingersoll will not say that he is an agnostic in regard to science, why then in regard to religion, for in science he does not absolutely know, he simply believes upon reasonable evidence, and it is the utmost imbecility to declare that there is no reasonable evidence of God and truth in religion. But of course there will always seem to be none to him who diligently prevents himself from seeking it.

The Atlantic Monthly discusses again the "Woman Suffrage" question, both pro and con. There is a short review of Tennyson's new poems, and a great amount of other very readable matter.

Outing for March is a number of unusual value and beauty. Among the handsomely illustrated articles are "The Art of Boxing," by A. Austen; "The National Guard at Creedmoore," by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, a well-known writer on military questions; "The Waterloo Cup," by Hugh Dalziel, richly illustrated by the well-known artist, E. H. Moore; and "By-Ways Near Natchez," a clever sketch of a lady's trip on horseback through a bit of picturesque Southern country. Other articles are: "Hunting and Fishing in the North-west," "The Yaching Outlook," "Our Home Made Trip to Europe," "Silhouettes from Snowland," and "Quail Shooting in California." "Flycatcher," the interesting serial, is concluded in the March number.

The contents of the February number of Education is well worthy of attention. We regard this magazine as one of the very best and hope we may be regular recipients of it. We notice especially in this issue, "The Philosophy of Leibnitz," by Charles E. Lowrey; "Doctor Winchell and Geology," by the same, "Among District School Libraries," by Charles Howard Shinn, and "Bibleography of Current Periodical Literature upon Education," being a long list of articles upon Education and other subjects of interest to teachers.

**EXCHANGES.**

The February number of the Southern Collegian publishes a eulogy on Jefferson Davis. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do!" If Jefferson Davis was a hero without spot or blemish, in heaven's name what was Abraham Lincoln? It may be that Jefferson Davis was true to what he believed at the time to be his duty, but for any man to pronounce upon him, to-day, a eulogy in which there is nothing but unmitigated praise without one word as to the principles for which he stood, is, to say the least, an exhibition of imbecility that ought not to disgrace the pages of a college journal. We give the following extract and add the closing paragraph of this most remarkable address:

"It is true the Confederacy went down below the horizon of history forever, and its name as a nation is effaced from the page of human annals for all time to come; yet the cheeks of our children will not blush for its fate, but will flush with pride and admiration, as they hear the tale of the patience, constancy, and fortitude, the adventurous daring and heroism, the genius of leadership, and the victories of their noble fathers. Our Confederacy sank in sorrow, but not in shame. Dark and gloomy clouds gathered in heavy folds around its setting, but they did not—they could not—blacken
it! It lit them into effulgence with its own transcendent glory!

"Whether on cross uplifted high,
    Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
    Is where he dies for man!"

Virginia! Rockbridge! Lexington! ever keeping guard over the holy dust of Lee and Jackson, turn aside to-day with millions of your countrymen, with mournful reverence and tender hearts, to twine a wreath of martial glory and weave a chaplet of civic fame to rest upon the tomb of Jefferson Davis! In a peculiar sense the fate of our Confederacy is recalled to-day. On its grave—finally closed this hour—will be inscribed in imperishable characters the immortal name of the martial civilian who was its first its only President. We plant flowers about it and water them with our tears, not hoping for, or as emblems of, its anticipated resurrection, but to embalm it in our fragrant memories and in our most precious affections. And then, turning from the ashes of our dead past to the active duty dictated by the example and counsels of our departed leaders—Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis—we will labor with a fidelity wrought by the stern but noble discipline of our past experience for the maintenance of the constitutional liberty they imperiled their lives to save, and for the promotion of the true prosperity, progress, and glory of our common country.

J. Randolph Tucker.

We are much pleased with the Brunswickian. Beside its good taste in prose it has a large amount of very good original poetry.

The Morning Star desires the following to be noticed:

There is no intelligent and devoted Free Baptist that can fail to feel a pardonable pride in the work done by Bates and Hillsdale Colleges. The alumni associations of these two excellent institutions of learning are becoming large and through their individual membership, influential bodies in the land. We have arranged for the publication of a series of alumni articles during 1890, written by representative members of these associations. Our aim, in part, is to keep the Star and the graduates of our institutions in touch and sympathy. What the latter will have to say in the articles they are to prepare and we are to publish, cannot fail to be of interest and profit to all the readers of the Star.

The last number of the Dartmouth contains a little love story, "Only a Girl's Love." We doubt not it presents to us what has many times taken place except the closing incident, and the great pity is that every young college upstart who trifles with innocent girlhood in such a manner, does not meet a like fate.

We find The Owl an interesting exchange and welcome it among the college papers of our own country. It is finely edited and published in a neat and elegant form. The reading matter is instructive.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Saturday, February 15th, the University of Toronto was burned. The loss is estimated at $300,000, about half of which was covered by insurance. The students were to give on that evening a grand entertainment at which two thousand people were expected. The gas failed for some unknown cause and lamps were being brought from the basement by the janitors upon a hand-dray. One man slipped and fell and the lamps went crashing down a flight of stairs. The oil ignited and before anything effectual could be done the fire was beyond control. It is a great loss.

Great 'Rush' at Cornell. The Sophomores were going to Auburn for a banquet, whereupon 250 Freshmen
rallied "in war paint," and armed themselves with lamp-black, asafoetida, and other things equally congenial and awaited the Sophomores at the Ithaca railway station. Upon the appearance of the enemy the Freshmen opened fire, and such a gang of smutty and odoriferous men never before went to dinner, but they went and reported a grand time.

The following colleges were founded before the Revolution: Harvard, 1638; College of William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1701; College of New Jersey, 1748; University of Pennsylvania, 1749; Columbia (formerly Kings), 1754; Brown University, 1765; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770; Hampden-Sidney, 1775.—University Herald.

215,000 copies of "Looking Backward" have not yet satisfied the demand. The largest single day's sale thus far, says a writer in the Critic, was 4,300 copies.—Ex.

Cornell is to have the finest library building in America. It will have an auditorium with seating capacity for 1,000 people; the reading-room is 120 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 38 feet high. There will be room for 409,000 volumes.—Ex.

Among the honored sons of Union College stands Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward."

Williams is to have a new recitation building to be known as the Hopkins Memorial. Its cost is estimated at $109,000.—Ex.

The French Government will send a representative to this country to study the workings of the various athletic college associations.—Dartmouth.

Michigan University has seventeen graduates in Congress—the largest number of any institution of learning in the country. Harvard has sixteen and Yale eleven.—Ex.

English sporting journals suggest that a series of foot-ball games be arranged between picked English and American teams.

The men who are training for the Yale Freshman crew run four miles daily, besides undergoing other disciplinary work.—Ex.

The Cornell Foot-Ball Association is in debt upward of $700. It cost about $3,000 to run the eleven last season.—Ex.

It is said that Johns Hopkins, the founder of the University which bears his name in Baltimore, entered the same city at the age of nineteen, with sixty-two cents in his pockets, and died worth $7,000,000. He worked harder to make the first $1,000 than he did to make all the rest.—Ex.

Harvard athletics in all its branches costs each student about twenty-five dollars a year.—Campus.

The University of Vermont has been admitted to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which now includes Dartmouth, Amherst, Brown, Trinity, Wesleyan, Williams, Worcester, Polytechnic Institute, and the University of Vermont. The spring meeting will be held at Worcester, Mass., on May 28th.—Mail and Express.

The Western man who runs an oration factory is said to have done a $1,000 business with Cornell alone last year.—Wesleyan Argus.
The average age of those who enter college is seventeen years. A century ago, it was fourteen.

A number of Sophomores have been expelled from the University of Wisconsin on account of hazing. College duties were suspended while the officers of the law were working up the case.

Seven thousand dollars is annually distributed by Vassar, in aid to poor students.—Dartmouth.

The proof-sheets of the Amherst Olio are subject to the approval of the College Senate. This body has power to suppress any undesirable matter.—Vanderbilt Observer.

There are now eighty-seven professors in different colleges who were students under Dr. James McCosh, the venerable ex-President of Princeton College.—Vanderbilt Observer.

POETS' CORNER.

THE VESPER BIRD.

The evening shades are falling fast
And darker grows the night,
The stars in heaven's expanse so vast
Give forth their twinkling light.
The last faint gleams of sunset glow
Athwart the western sky,
And evening breezes soft and low
Whispering pass us by.
The forest trees loom tall and dark
And woodland aisles are still.
Nature has gone to rest; but, hark!
I hear a low sweet trill.
Down where the tangled brakes grow rank,
Deep in the forest glades,
Where the night air is fowl and dank,
Where linger deepest shades,
There in the silence of the night
The hermit sings his song,
Tribute of love, so clear and bright,
Mellow and sweet and strong.

Sing to thy Maker, vesper-bird,
Thine evening hymn so clear.
Thy notes are by thy Master heard,
While angels stoop to hear. —Brownian.

VICISSITUDE.

Oh the heart is light when winds are fair,
When fortune's favoring breeze
Our bark drives on o'er the foaming main,
And our ventures go to please.
'Tis easy then to bend low in prayer,
To sing and to laugh in glee;
Then the weak grow strong, the strong grow young;
All joy in prosperity.

Oh, sad grows the heart when ill winds blow,
When storms, fierce with lightning's glare,
Dash our bark on shoals and craggy cliffs,
And ruin our treasures rare.

'Tis hard then for us to keep our faith,
To sing and to share in glee;
For hope now dies, and our hearts grow faint
At bitter adversity. —University Beacon.

CANADA IN AUTUMN.

How fair her meadows stretch from sea to sea,
With fruitful promise; changing robes of green
Varying ever till the golden sheen
Of autumn marks a glad maturity.
How gay 'mid orchard bows the russets be;
The uplands crowned with crimson maples lean
Long, cooling arms of shadow, while between,
In sun or shade, the flocks roam far and free.
From east to west the harvest is her own;
On either hand the ocean; at her feet
Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and beat
Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.
Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,
"No room for malice, none for bigotry!"
—Queen's College Journal.

CLOUD PICTURES.

Slowly they drift adown the upper deep—
These castles in the air;
Along the sky how gracefully they sweep;
How fanciful fair!
Turrets and minarets appear, then fade;
Low windows open wide,
Then close again; and curtains filmy shade
But scarcely hide
A glimmering light within a casement, where
In fitful bursts it plays,
Or lingersHu CENT 'mong the hangings there
Of fleecy haze.
Again I look. Where are my palaces
With minarets and tower?
Gone like the ripple of a summer breeze—
Gone like a flower?
Not gone, but changed, as ever must all things—
A transformation fair!—
My castle is a form with outstretched wings
And flowing hair.
And in her hand she holds a torch aloft—
It is the "Evening Star,"
Whose light illumines with a radiance soft
My castle-car. —Ex.

THE PAST.
'Tis not the future, with its weight of wearying years,
Which fills the soul with sadd'ning thoughts and troubling fears;
'Tis not the present, which but for a moment stays,
Then goes swift as a swallow wings his circling ways.
The past it is in which we ever live; the past
Which makes us what we are e'en while our lives shall last.
—Brunnerian.

TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR."
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no mourning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.
—Clarksburg Collegian.

POT-POURRI.
The first cane rush—The killing of Abel.—The Campus.
The editor's choice, "cut" or "flunk."
There's nothing new under the sun, they say,
In fish or in fowl or flesh,
But he who'll run up to college to-day
Will find there is much that is fresh.—Life.
The young man who makes a favorable impression upon a fair maiden is in an anomalous position. That is to say, he has made a hit with a miss.—Queen's College Journal.
Perhaps your subscription to the magazine is like the weather—"unsettled."—Ex.

Said a spider to a housefly,
That was sitting in the sun,
"Will you walk into my parlor,
For a little quiet fun?"
And there wasn't any housefly
When that social call was done.

A blackbird saw that spider
Just coming from its play,
And said, "My friend, how are you?
I've come to spend the day."
And there wasn't any spider
When the blackbird flew away.

Said a rambler to a verdant youth,
"Let's have a game, just one,
For as to harm in pasteboard,
There certainly is none."
And there wasn't such a verdant youth,
When that harmless game was done.

Then Satan saw that gambler,
And watched his cunning play,
And said, "This earth is too cold for you,
You've such a winning way."
And there wasn't any gambler
When Satan left that day
—Pacific Faros.

At a gathering of lawyers, were toasted "The Bench and the Bar."
If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench.—Ex.
Student (taking his turn at explaining the electric machine)—"This is the plate-glass machine which consists of a circular disk of glass turned as you see by a crank."

Professor in Chemistry—"If you put in one hundred volumes of alcohol and one hundred volumes of water, what do you get?" Junior—"You get in the gutter."—Delaware Col. Review.

It is related that a member of the Freshman class recently justified his use of a translation on the ground that his Bible was prefaced with the words, "with former translations diligently compared and revised."—Amherst Student.

PROGRESS.
In olden times ye courtly squire,
By etiquette's command,
All humbly knelt with heart alire,
And kissed his lady's hand.

Times change. We kneel and kiss no more
The blushing finger tips.
The modern lover bends him o'er
To kiss his sweetheart's lips.

Amazing paradox! some witch
Is working, North and South;
For though our country's grown so rich,
We've lived from hand to mouth.
—Brumonian.

A Freshman being asked the name of Xenophon's wife, replied, after some hesitation, that he believed it was Anna Basis.—Ex.

WHY?
A maiden's crown of glory
Is her silken, rippling hair;
We love it—aye, we'd kiss it—
On the bonny head so fair.

Yet should that lovely maiden,
In the making of a pie,
One silken strand bake in it,
We'd scorn and loath it. Why?
—St. Louis Life.

A WARNING TO THOSE WHO WOULD CULTIVATE THE MEMORY.
Once I was a happy college man
No cares oppressed my mind,
I ran up bills as I went along,
And left them far behind.

My livery bills I quite forgot,
My tailor's bills as well,
When asked how much I owed my chum,
I never quite could tell.

Alas! Alas! now all is changed,
Altho' I fame and fret.
Those wretched bills I once ran up,
I never can forget.

They're with me while the daylight lasts,
They haunt me in my sleep,
Their horrid presence fills my mind,
Tho' rapt in slumber deep.

I'm now a wretched college-man,
Thus with my cares beset,
No longer trifles slip my mind,
I've taken of Loisette.
—Williams Weekly.

Tailor—"You promised me faithfully yesterday morning that you would call in and settle for that suit last night, if it rained pitchforks." Customer—"Yes, I know; but it didn't rain pitchforks."—Ex.

There is a sweet maid at dear Vassar,
The fellows all stare as they pass 'er.
She knows each Greek root,
All slang phrase to boot,
And at chewing gum none can surpass 'er.
—Godall's Sun.

Lives of poor men often remind us,
Honest toil don't stand a chance;
More we work, we have behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.
—Dartmouth.

I think a man should have a little vinegar in his composition—just enuff to keep the flies off.—Josh Billings.

Cramming for examinations: The latest thing out.—The college student's night-lamp.—Voice.
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