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LEWISTON, MAINE.
THE CONVENTION OF THE Young Men's Christian Associations of Maine is to be held in Lewiston from October 2d to 5th inclusive. The college associations are entitled to representation, and all will send large delegations. Our association should take unusual interest in this convention, because, being held in our city, the other associations, especially the college associations, will in a measure expect us to take the lead and be very active throughout the session, and it is their right to expect it.

This, however, we cannot do properly, unless we are present at every session, so far as possible, thoroughly interested in the work, ready to do all that is required of us, and eager to determine those requirements. We shall have duties not only in the convention, but outside. Our visiting college friends must be made to feel perfectly at home, and to know us not as strangers but as friends and brothers.

It is our duty to see that they carry with them to their respective colleges pleasant recollections, not only of the convention but of our association and ourselves as individuals.

We understand that plans are already being made to this end, plans
that the Y. W. C. A. may assist in; and we have no doubt that our associations will do themselves proud. Let all do their part.

For several years past there has not been very great class feeling here, and the members of the different classes have associated together a great deal. This has been of great value to the Freshmen in every way, and the most of them have recognized the fact, but there are always some who do not know their place and are constantly causing trouble for others as well as for themselves. Every Freshman should learn upon entering college that there are rights and privileges that belong to upperclassmen that it is well to respect. Since much depends upon the way that a student begins his course, a few words of advice or caution often save much difficulty. If a Freshman wishes to enjoy the society of his college fellows he must keep his place. It is well to remember that too much talk is liable to do serious injury. The happiness of a man varies inversely as the opinion that he has of his own ability. If he seems to himself possessed of mighty power of mind and limb it is well for him to conceal the idea, for it can bring him nothing but disappointment and regret. Nothing will create a dislike for a new student so soon as “freshness.” Our advice to all who have recently come among us is to be manly and to wait for development.

By the side of the familiar Golden Rule of conduct, might well be placed this Golden Rule of speech:

Speak of others as ye would that they should speak of you. We may succeed tolerably in treating others unselfishly, and talking with them kindly, but when the restraint of their presence is removed, how is it? Would we want even those whom we call friends to know just what we say of them when they are absent? The thoughtless jest, the unkind word, the careless criticism,—are we never guilty of these?

It is unfortunate that our common conversation consists so largely of personalities. Surely there are topics enough which are, or should be, of far more interest to educated men and women. But if this habit is too strong to be fully overcome, if we must regale ourselves with personalities, we can at least refrain from ill-natured remarks. If some failing of an acquaintance comes to our knowledge, why should we care to mention it to one whom the knowledge cannot benefit? Why are we so prone to assign to every act an unworthy motive? Why are we so ready to put into words some half-formed suspicion or dislike, thus hardening a passing feeling into well-defined prejudice or distrust? Even if our feelings are reasonable and well-grounded, what good does it do to arouse by our careless words the same sentiments in others, less quick than ourselves to see defects?

To say unkind things seems second nature to most of us. Even when we speak well of a person we are not satisfied to stop there, but must needs end our commendation with a “but.” And yet we mean no harm. We
would be the last to injure the very
ones of whose feelings or reputation
we are so careless. Such a habit of
speech grows on one unconsciously,
and cannot be broken in a moment.
We may put a guard upon our lips—
constant watchfulness will do much,—
but the only effectual remedy must go
deeper. Back of the unkind word
lies the unkind thought. Cherish the
thought, and the word is inevitable.
Strangle the thought, and the word
will die unspoken.

IN REGARD to public exercises we
believe that all students will agree
that if there is at all a place where such
exercises ought to be in every respect
first-class, that place is surely at col-
lege. We believe all will agree that
if there is at all a time and place
at which arrangements should be per-
fect sobriety, earnestness, and dignity
maintained and decorum beyond possi-
ibility of breach, such time and such
place is at the public exercises of a
college.

Within the past three years it has
been our glad experience to see much
done here at Bates in the way of out-
growing some of the false notions that
formerly prevailed as to what ought to
be the conduct of a public exercise.
We hope we have passed beyond the
point of any possible recurrence of
them. We yet think it wise to call to
mind this matter and to lay before the
college, and especially the two lower
classes, the plain common sense of it.
If we are agreed as to what ought to
be, then one thing only remains and
that is to have a fair and manly under-
standing among all the classes that
whatever may be the entertainment,
whether Sophomore debates or Fresh-
man declamations, the entertainment is
to be utterly free from any element of
rowdyism, such as sneak tricks, cane
or hat rushes, or the disturbance from
the cities' "young America," and that
in bringing this about all class matters
are to be lost sight of and the whole
college is to stand together as a unit.
If students wish to play tricks upon one
another there are plenty of opportu-

N OW that Colby has decided to have
separate departments for the ladies
and gentlemen, it is time to hear all
sorts of reasons for and inferences
from the decision. "Young ladies can-
not keep up" and "co-education has
proved a failure" are among the first
remarks of that class which is anxious to prove the incompetency of women in scholarship. Those looking into the subject, however, must lay aside this inference, as President Small gives as a reason for the new arrangement the statement that the young women of the college take more prizes than the men enjoy losing, and therefore their work must be kept separate. In view of this fact another class, equally narrow-minded, is eager to maintain that the young men cannot equal the women in scholarship. The fact that they sometimes fail to do so is no proof, however, of their general inability, and, laying aside the ungenerous whispers that the Colby men are jealous of their sisters' acquirements, the only fair conclusion seems to be that the men do not care to exert themselves enough to win their full share of honors. Ability, like knowledge, is without vigorous use, no power. And the fairer way is to learn more thoroughness and perseverance, even to the neglect of some of the superfluous out-of-door sports. For to have it said that the men are not satisfied to have the ladies of the college share equal privileges and free competition is, to say the least, not complimentary.

A MAN'S usefulness depends upon his power to control his own mind. Originality is at a premium, and there should be but little sympathy for dependent thought. Men of great capacity and earnest purpose are constantly failing because they follow in the footsteps of others. Energy and genius are often cramped by a sort of reverence for the precepts of those whom we honor. It is no easy task to break loose from the notions and customs of those around us, and it requires a persistent will to make any marked advancement beyond the limits set by those whom we have been wont to admire, yet we must think for ourselves or be mere reflectors. As a class, college students take too much for granted and are afraid to deviate from the paths marked out by the text-books. At most a text-book can give but an outline of a subject, and it remains for the student to follow out the principles briefly treated there. If a student, upon entering college, determines to master any part of the curriculum, he must then determine, and immediately materialize his determination, to look for more than is contained between the covers of his text-books. The lectures in the different departments are of the greatest value in teaching the mind to think independently, for they present vividly not only the subject under discussion but also a large amount of information gathered from many sources by patient study. The enthusiasm of a scholar is due to his independent researches. Agassiz devoted himself to his work and sought every available means for increasing his knowledge of Natural History. He did not confine himself to the researches of others, but made researches for himself, so comprehensive that they are the wonder of the age. All cannot be like Agassiz, yet all can endeavor to imitate his noble example. When we study Latin or Greek, we are apt to note only the construction and translation, and pass over the beauties of the literature and
the importance of the history. So it is in the Sciences and Mathematics. We look only at the surface and thus lose the great advantages of our course. The study necessary to the preparation of each recitation should call out some thought of our own. He or she who, after the fashion of a parrot, recites the exact words of a chapter, shows plainly that the particular text-book used is the limit of his or her knowledge on the subject. It is originality and personal work that develops the student.

One department of the religious work at Bates, though perhaps second to no other, has been overlooked because of the quiet way in which the work was done. We refer to the "class prayer-meetings." The interest shown in sustaining these meetings, the number of the attendance, the class of students reached by their influence, and the spirit of the meetings themselves, prove that they are not an unimportant factor.

Though in no way connected with the college Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work, they have filled a place that could not have been filled by the general meetings. Being strictly a thing of the class, some of that warm feeling of friendship, and perhaps we might say class pride, has entered into them, giving them a charm that the general meetings did not possess. The time at which they are held is such as to accommodate those students who live at such a distance or whose circumstances absolutely prevent their attendance at the evening meetings. And while they have done what they alone could do, they have not in any sense taken the place of, but have been supplementary to the general Wednesday evening meetings. Let the several class prayer-meetings be heartily sustained in the future, for therein lies that deep undercurrent of religious feeling which is so plainly stamped upon the lives of the Bates students.

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LITERARY.

THE STORM.

By M. S. M., '01.

From my open window I lean, and look
Far into the depths of the midnight sky,
Where the trembling stars shine soft and bright
Through rents in the storm-cloud sailing by.

Listen! the wind through the shuddering trees
Sweeps fitfully, wild with a savage ire,
And the rising tempest answers its call
From the thunder-cloud with its veins of fire.

Is it the sound of my heart I hear,
As it trembles and throbs with those trembling stars?
Nay; 'tis the wings of my eager soul,
That flutters against her prison bars.

For the soul of the wild night speaks to mine,
And bids it break from its clinging chains
Abroad through the darkness' wild domains.
And it feels the thrill of a wild desire
To burst from its prison house, and fly
Unfettered, to answer that strong sweet call
That rings through the tumult of air and sky.

Yes, to visit the lightning's lurking place,
To walk with the storm-king hand in hand.
This grand and terrible mystery
Of night and the tempest, to understand.

Ah! some time, soul of the summer night,
My soul, unfettered, with you shall meet,
Shall learn your secrets, shall feel your power,
And taste of your freedom new and sweet.
CERTAIN CRITICS ON MILTON.
By E. F. N., '72.

With many there is a period in life when Macaulay's "Essay on Milton" represents the acme of criticism. Some never pass it. Others are early emancipated from it. In either case it is interesting to compare some of the opinions of Milton expressed since Addison gave to the world what has been called his conventional estimate. For one, I have never read "Paradise Lost," save in extracts, so my own opinion of that work is doubtless higher than if I had read it entire. Milton's prose is but slightly known to me, but "L'Allegro," "II Penseroso," "Lycidas," "Comus," and the "Sonnets," I have read and re-read, ever with a renewed sense of their beauty and charm. I have read, perhaps, enough to awaken my interest in the critical estimates of others, without caring to formulate one myself, content to only admire.

To Mr. Arnold's essay, "A French Critic on Milton,"—an essay well worth reading by any who may desire criticism quite the reverse of Macaulay's—I am chiefly indebted for a knowledge of the various degrees of admiration and censure which Milton's works have received. Mr. Arnold, for the most part, agrees with the French critic, M. Edmond Scherer, though he is inclined to sound more loudly the note of admiration for Milton's "unfailing level of style," as Mr. Arnold elsewhere says, "He is our great artist in style, our one first-rate master in the grand style." Accustomed as we are to speak of "Paradise Lost" as our greatest epic, we are apt to read it with a feeling of compulsory admiration. To approach it without bias is difficult, if not impossible. So when we are told by some learned critic that we are at liberty to find its incidents tedious and to feel our sympathies unawakened by the sentiments of some of the characters, or even by their situation, it is with a certain sense of relief that we hear it. Under such circumstances, whatever admiration we yield the poem is likely to be more spontaneous and genuine than if we approached it after an introductory course of Macaulay. Indeed, after reading the latter, it may be questioned whether a free reading of the poet be desirable for one who wishes to retain his admiration for the critic.

It rarely is given to any one critic to point out with accuracy and completeness the beauties or blemishes of a great poet. The temper of the critic is an important factor in determining the quality of his judgments. The enthusiasm of Macaulay contrasts strongly with the candor of Johnson, the blunt sense of Johnson with the delicate sensibility of Arnold, the positiveness of Arnold with the conventionalism of Addison, the biased estimates of Addison with the impartial judgments of Scherer. While much is said of considering the man and his environment, in estimating his work we are prone to ask in the last result, whether it gives us pleasure if he be a poet, whether it directs us aright, if he be a critic. "Surely no man could have fancied he read
'Lycidas' with pleasure, had he not known the author!' says Johnson.

"Terrible sentence for revealing the deficiencies of the critic who utters it," says Arnold, and no reader of "Lycidas" will fail to approve the latter. But it is about the merits of "Paradise Lost" that there seems to be the widest difference of opinion. Addison proposed to set forth the poem "in its full beauty," and viewed it "under these four heads: the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language," exhibiting, to the delight of his readers, the parts most worthy of admiration and showing why they are so. Of the theological speeches in the third book he says: "The passions which they are designed to raise are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity. . . . He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will, and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer." It is said that readers in general find these speeches poetically tiresome.

M. Scherer says of the contents of the poem: "‘Paradise Lost’ is studded with incomparable lines. Milton’s poetry is, as it were, the very essence of poetry. The author seems to think always in images, and these images are grand and proud like his soul, a wonderful mixture of the sublime and the picturesque. For rendering things he has the unique word, the word which is a discovery. Every one knows his ‘darkness visible.’” Just here a citation from Lowell is of interest: "In reading ‘Paradise Lost’ one has a feeling of vastness. You float under an illimitable sky, brimmed with sunshine or hung with constellations; the abysses of space are about you; you hear the cadenced surges of an unseen ocean; thunders mutter round the horizon; and if the scene change, it
crees. Milton, for that matter, avows openly that he has a thesis to maintain; his object is, he tells us at the outset, to ‘assert Eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to man.’ ‘Paradise Lost,’ then, is two distinct things in one—an epic and a theodicy. Unfortunately, these two elements, which correspond to the two men of whom Milton was composed and to the two tendencies which ruled his century, these two elements have not managed to get amalgamated. Far from doing so, they clash with each other, and from their juxtaposition there results a suppressed contradiction which extends to the whole work, impairs its solidity, and compromises its value.

Lest it be thought that M. Scherer finds nothing in the poem to praise, I cite another brief passage: "‘Paradise Lost’ is studded with incomparable lines. Milton’s poetry is, as it were, the very essence of poetry. The author seems to think always in images, and these images are grand and proud like his soul, a wonderful mixture of the sublime and the picturesque. For rendering things he has the unique word, the word which is a discovery. Every one knows his ‘darkness visible.’” Just here a citation from Lowell is of interest: "In reading ‘Paradise Lost’ one has a feeling of vastness. You float under an illimitable sky, brimmed with sunshine or hung with constellations; the abysses of space are about you; you hear the cadenced surges of an unseen ocean; thunders mutter round the horizon; and if the scene change, it
is with an elemental movement like
the shifting of mighty winds. His
imagination seldom condenses, like
Shakespeare’s, in the kindling flash
of a single epithet, but loves better to
diffuse itself. Witness his descrip-
tions, wherein he seems to circle like
an eagle bathing in the blue streams
of air, controlling with his eye broad
sweeps of champaign or of sea, and
rarely fulminating in the sudden swoop
of intenser expression. He was fonder
of the vague, perhaps I should rather
say the indefinite, where more is meant
than meets the ear, than any other of
our poets. He loved epithets (like
old and far) that suggest great
reaches, whether of space or time.
This bias shows itself already in his
earlier poems, . . . but it reaches its
climax in the ‘Paradise Lost.’"

Mrs. Browning calls his epic “the
second to Homer’s, and the first in
sublime effects—a sense as of divine
benediction flowing through it from
ead to end”; but she thinks that his
spiritual personages are not sufficiently
rarefied, and explains what she means
by saying that Shakespeare in “Mid-
summer Night’s Dream” “displays
more of the fairy-hood of fairies, than
the ‘Paradise Lost’ does of the angel-
hood of angels.”

In the comments of some of the
critics it is noticeable that the mingling
of the theologian with the poet is cited
as unfavorable to the best results.
This is true not only of “Paradise
Lost” but of Milton’s prose. Beau-
tiful imagery, grand conceptions, are
weighted with theological belief and
controversial strife. As a result the
total impression is marred. Possibly
this is why the general reader experi-
ences more pleasure from the perusal
of Milton’s earlier work than his later,
even though it be the later upon which
the highest claim for his genius rests.
In a brief article it is difficult, if not
impossible, to cite adequately, but
we have tried to show that it is inter-
esting to note the diversities and
agreements of criticism, and to read
those who have studied the poet as
well as to read the poet himself.

SUMMER-TIME.

By N. G. B., ’91.

O’er forest, lake, and mountain, broods
The stillness of July;
The distant hills no longer stand
Clear cut against the sky,
But dimly seen thro’ shimmering haze
They slumber thro’ the summer days.

The varied blue of hill and sky
Merge indistinctly into one;
The lazy cloudlets slowly drift
Across the pathway of the sun,
Too indolent to veil from sight
The fierceness of his undimmed light.

Unruffled by a quick-drawn breath
The calm lake seems to rest,
With blue of heaven and forest green
Smooth painted on its breast;
No hint of unknown depths below
Where slumber storm-waves, capped with
snow.

With perfume sweet the air is filled,
Wood-fern and scent of pine;
Bird-notes fall softly on the ear,
And distant low of kine;
A broken leaf falls silently
Athwart the quiet of July.

The “strength of the hills,” we feel some-
times
With a thrill of power divine,
But another message greets the ear
In life’s rare resting-time;
When God has bidden the turmoil cease,
We know that "the mountains shall speak peace."

Only the consciousness of power
Can give unbroken rest;
He well may sleep in peace, who feels
God's strength within his breast;
Who thus is strong may fearless keep,
In calm or storm, his slumber sweet.

God sends into our hurrying lives
His summer-time of rest
And quietness. O take the gift
Of peace, and on his breast
Sleep for a little; so divine
Strength, when thou wakest, shall be thine.

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LINES
ON THE DEATH OF MARY R. EMERY, DAUGHTER
OF G. C. EMERY, CLASS OF '68.

All about us, above, below,
Whither we walk, where'er we go,
The angels of God are hovering near,
Some to comfort and some to cheer.

Angels of sickness and angels of health,
Angels of life and angels of death,
Angels of mercy, but not of wrath,
Though sorrows at times becloud our path.

'Twas the angel of death that passed this way,
And the day was a lovely day in May.

'Twas a home where death had been before.
He knew the house and the open door,
And listening to the music of life within,
He said: "Here's a soul all free from sin;
I'll bear it above all toil and strife,
I'll give it a crown and eternal life."

Then, clasping his arms about the child,
He whispered, in tones so soft and mild:
"Fear not, though I bear thee far away
Mid countless suns and the starry way,
Thou shalt come again e'er another day."

Then up through the ether clear and blue,
Mid glittering stars and planets, too,
The angel and child now take their flight
In the early hours of morning light,
Till the inner court of heaven is won,
And the angel's work was fully done.

Then, clothed in a robe of spotless white,
With a flashing crown and pinions bright,
The spirit came back that very night,
And whispered in accents soft and mild:
"Weep not, I am still thy loving child."

And the spirit returns again at times,
At evening bells or Sabbath chimes,
And whispers again so soft and low:
"I am living a life which no mortals know.
A life of progress but not of strife,
A life supernatural, eternal life.

But a higher life I yet shall know
When all things are ended here below.
So we'll wait till that day of days shall come,
When the reveille and morning drum
Shall usher in, for endless time,
The morning hours of a life divine.

O. C. WENDELL, '68.

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THE JUSTICE OF TIME.
BY A. A. B., '91.

TRUTH and freedom are eternal.
The sway of tyranny may conceal but can never destroy their power.
For not without a guardian are those divine principles. The voice of ages proclaims time as the great vindicator. Many nations has that giant power bowed beneath its sovereignty, but not merely to foretell universal decay has it crumbled Egypt, Assyria,—unknown kingdoms into dust. In the ruin of each has it given a warning against oppression. Turn to Rome. Her massive aqueducts and once proud arches of triumph lie shattered in ruin, yet her legions once ruled the world, aye, and robbed it. For that did time corrupt the city and make her ill-won gold a lure to the destroying barbarians. But not in the past alone do nations fulfill time's decree. Germany, fearing the contagious nearness of republican institutions, dared suppress the Polish government. The principles she strove to destroy have leavened the united kingdom, and the proud house of Hohenzellorn shields itself by advocating popular liberties.
America, too, is paying fine for injustice. The negro question now baffles her statesmen. The ruins of the gigantic structure of slavery are yet falling about our heads. And on our bloody battlefields, on the monuments of Lovejoy and Lincoln, will posterity read how time forced our republic to verify its falsely boasted motto: "All men are equal in the sight of God." But time is not merely the Nemesis of nations. Sceptered kings and persecuted reformers have received at that hand their final verdict. Do Ferdinand and Charles V. still shine above Luther and Columbus, their subjects? Tyndale, burned as a heretic, becomes the model Christian. Miller and Darwin, once scoffed and threatened by learned prelates, now teach in the world's universities. The traitors and heretics of one generation are the honored guides of the next. For time alone can wear the veneer from crafty Voltaires and clear the soot of ignorant calumny from Wickliffs or Cromwells.

But how have fared the privates in the armies of humanity; they who in obscurity toiled for reform? Nameless and unknown they may be, but not without reward. For every one, though sunk in the sea of oblivion, has helped raise the slow reef on which the fleets of superstition and tyranny have inevitably been dashed. They, as all noble men, held a great truth dearer than life, and that truth has time brought to acceptance. In the victory of their purpose they have made themselves immortal.

But time is too tardy? True, Ger-

many's distress is not a balm for Poland's wound, nor can our admiration for the martyrs cool those persecuting fires. For one Power rules time and eternity; one purpose must both fulfill for their Maker: the perfecting of mankind. And time, in mercy as well as justice, has permitted a few noble sacrifices in order to awake the reason and break the fetters of all humanity. Nor has it been in vain. If for one picture time give a George III., the next will be a republic; if for one she gives an assize of Jeffries, her next will be a new reformation. For Persecution, like Actaeon, falls prey to its own pack, and tyranny is ever the nurse of freedom.

Not with palace or gold does time reward its knighted heroes. For gold is the currency of Mammon, not of an agent of heaven. "Life is more than an abundance of good things"—it is progress. And time, leader of progress, never sounds a retreat. Thunder a falsehood from the Vatican, place a Wallenstein at its back, and time will work its ruin. Only true principles are perpetuated. Tyranny gives way to republic, superstition to science, idolatry to Christianity.

Crime and corruption may yet exist, but lack of perfection is not a sign of degradation; it is a summons for more noble workers. The heroes of to-day are to-day's reformers. Do hatred and derision assail them? So they did Socrates; so they did Christ. Not by beaten paths, but the rocky, untried way, lie the jewels of true honor. Yet He whose "years are through the generations" awaits not the verdict of
man but of His own chosen minister. And posterity will bless the memory of our reformers when their record shall pass from the control of man to the court of the ages, the infallible jury of God.

IS PROGRESS UNFAVORABLE TO POETRY?
BY N. G. B., '91.

IMAGINATION stands on the borders of the unknown, and out of the shadowy realm of fancy creates for itself an ideal world. Science eagerly tears the veil from every mystery, and says: "Behold the naked truth!" As the realm of scientific knowledge widens, narrower grows the recognized domain of poetry, the province of the imagination, the Unknown.

The fascination of scientific research is strong upon us. The discovery of a new line in the solar spectrum, or the invention of some curious machine, seems well worth a life-time of toil. Wood-nymphs and flower-fairies have fled before botanist and builder. The huge wheels of countless mills have crushed the water-naiads that sported with the river waves. Homer’s "rosy-fingered daughter of morning" has vanished before theories of refraction and divisibility of light. Where everything must stand the test of the most critical analysis, under the searching light of the most accurate scientific knowledge, surely there is little room for the imagination. What wonder that Macaulay thought the most splendid proof of genius to be a great poem produced in a civilized age?

Poetry, then, forms the one exception to the universal law of progress! While every other art grows with man’s growth, develops with his development, this alone must decline, looking ever back with longing eyes to the dark days of ignorance and superstition! Let the devotee of science and her unchanging laws explain an anomaly like this! If poetry is indeed the child of superstition, nurtured by ignorance and degradation, why cannot every barbarous nation boast its Homer? Why were not the Middle Ages overrun with Dantes? Why must England wait for the Renaissance before she can bring forth her Shakespeare?

The history of the past often shows us poetry slowly struggling upward, growing with the mind and soul of man. We never see it declining, save with a cessation of human progress in some direction. For progress is many-sided. Not intellect alone, but heart and soul must grow. A time of national corruption and spiritual stagnation is not a time of national progress, however swiftly wealth and fame and even knowledge may increase. Thus the golden age of Pericles held no Homer, and but one Virgil sung in Rome. If, then, English poetry rose to its highest point with Shakespeare, and the ebbing tide is destined never to reach its full again, it is because our boasted modern progress is one-sided,—the intellectual developed at the expense of the moral and spiritual.

But is it not possible that the tide has already turned? This nineteenth century, in which the thirst for accurate knowledge has become a passion, is all
alive with poetic feeling, which cannot be repressed. In Tennyson, the master of expression, we see the poet's love of beauty, manifested in perfection of form. In Browning we see, struggling for utterance, that love of truth which is the very soul of poetry; in Carlyle, too, who tells us that the age of poetry is past, and straightway writes the greatest epic of modern times, and calls it prose. The unheeded notes of countless wayside singers teach us that the spirit of poetry is not dead. Nay! in the very scientists that scoff, we see the imaginative power, without which no discovery was ever made.

And not one great poet among them all? Perhaps. But the poet of to-day stands on untried ground, between outgrown traditions and unfamiliar facts. The old poetic imagery and diction are out of the place; the half-suspected poetry of science is still shadowy and ill-defined. In his pathetic endeavors to adjust himself to the new order of things, we see not the last struggles of an expiring art, but indications of a new and greater poetic era yet to dawn.

But once, perhaps, in a nation's life-time comes a master poet, charged with a message for all time. The poet of modern thought is yet to come; the poet who shall clothe science with imagination; disclose to us in Nature's perfect laws a beauty and a grandeur greater than heathen myth could even dimly shadow forth; show us in stream and forest no fancied faun or naiad, half-human, half-divine, but God himself. The poet of the future will teach us a simpler faith, a steadfast hope, an infinite love. Through the wonders of the known he will lead us to mysteries not yet revealed, and bring us to the feet of God.

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IS IT PROBABLE THAT RUSSIA WILL DRIVE ENGLAND OUT OF INDIA WITHIN FIFTY YEARS?

By V. E. M., '92.

For twenty years Russia's purpose to invade India has become more and more manifest. Checked in her advance upon Constantinople by the Crimean War, in which Great Britain took a prominent part, she began, after a time, to push her way toward southern Asia. Here was an opportunity to reach the southern seas through India, and also to strike Great Britain a blow that should quiet further interference on the Bosphorous.

To this end Russia has attacked, without provocation, one after another of the warlike Turcoman tribes until she has subdued and Russianized them all, thus bringing her frontier nine hundred miles nearer India's most vulnerable boundary, and adding to her military strength some of the best irregular cavalry in the world. But more than this, Russia has recently secured a most threatening position at the entrance of Afghanistan, the last intervening country on the way to India. Disputing the well recognized northern boundary of this state, she crossed, in 1885, to Peshawar, and after a slight skirmish with the natives, subdued them. Thus she gained a firm footing on the vast and fertile plain.
stretching south-eastward across Afghanistan for over a hundred miles. This plain, terminating in the lofty Hindoo Koosh Mountains, yet extends through one broad pass where only slight elevations rise in the way. In this break of the mountain range lies the city and fortress of Herat, on which for centuries the conquest or defense of India has turned. Indeed, the probability of Russia's supremacy in India fifty years hence may be said to be determined: First, if the Russians get possession of Herat before that time. Second, if the British are unable to defend India with the Russians established there.

It is probable that Russia will get possession of Herat, both because of her popularity with the Afghans and of the natural advantages of her position.

Though nominally Great Britain's ally, Afghanistan has nevertheless been won by the strong influence of Russian diplomacy. And it must be granted that Russia has shown far greater skill in dealing with the people of central Asia than has Great Britain. Thus while the former has conquered the whole of warlike Turkestan, twice as large as Afghanistan, and established herself as a popular sovereign there, two attempts made from India, practically to subdue the Afghans, have resulted each time only in placing a new and unpopular ruler over them, and in making larger subsidies which should bribe them from forming any alliance with Russia.

The Russians at Penjdeh met with no resistance, simply because the Afghan Ameer refused to allow a single British regiment to cross his territory. He told Lord Dufferin, who went to confer with him upon preparations for war, that he was willing to cede Penjdeh to Russia "without further ado," but if British troops entered his country the Afghans would "consider them invaders no matter under what pretext they might come, and would rise against them to a man."

To defend Herat the British must cross the larger part of the state, across the least fertile tracts of land; they must encounter the most warlike of all the Afghan people. In short, they must endure another Indo-Afghan war with Russia now on the scene to play her part.

For the first move toward Herat by the British could be easily anticipated by the Russians, who are now on the very borders of the Heratee territory, less than one-third as far from the city as are the English. Their approach is among the least warlike of the native tribes should they meet with any opposition at all. For them the Oxus and its branches would afford a complete system of water communication, and a low range of hills a mile to the north would furnish an admirable stand for an attack. The citadel, guarded by only twelve thousand men under command of a native Afghan, would fall an easy prey to a Russian force.

Both the St. Petersburg press and Russian military officials have repeatedly asserted that Russia would not allow Great Britain to even fortify Herat, while British officers grant that
this important position is lost to them forever.

Will Russia get possession of Herat in less than fifty years? Russia's past policy has not been altogether one of war, and while it is probable that her advance to Herat will be the signal for the final struggle for India, there are yet many things to be done by peaceable measures before she will be ready for that contest. Thus, just as she paused after each Tureoman conquest to inspire her new subjects with feelings of awe and admiration for the great white Czar, just as she established bazaars and trading-posts where the alien and unconquered should come to partake of this feeling, so among the natives of India and the more remote parts of Afghanistan, some of whom are allied by race and religion to her own subjects, she is yearly exerting an influence that cannot fail to aid her in her designs upon India.

And to the masses of Indian subjects little would be needed to make Russia's policy seem a liberal one. They are taxed for the support of a nobility and for the maintenance of Great Britain's unwise course in Afghanistan. They are warped in commercial intercourse by British domination and looked upon with contempt alike by English residents and English officials. Then would we not expect a foreign element already widely distributed among them to take root and grow with little to foster it?

Again, England may become involved in other wars before fifty years pass. This is not improbable, especially in Africa, where British and German claims, so troublesome hitherto, are yearly being brought into closer contact by the spread of colonies and the increase of commercial interests.

Any indication of internal troubles in India or of a complication of British interests elsewhere will hasten Russia's advance to Herat.

But however tardy may be the circumstances to induce this move, it is hardly probable that Russia's plan for the conquest of India, conceived little more than a quarter of a century ago and executed to the very last step, will be found unfinished or without an attempt at completion fifty years hence.

But is Herat really necessary to the defense of India? Centuries ago Persian rulers effected the conquest of India again and again by getting possession of Herat, and once a young Indian officer in charge of a few men maintained a most remarkable defense by meeting the Persians in this fortress. Why was this? It was because the Hindoo Koosh Mountains are the last natural barrier on the way to India, and a foe in Central Asia having once reached this gateway finds no further obstruction. Only the low ranges of the Sulieman Mountains on the Indo-Afghan boundary remain as an inner defense. But this defense proving useless then, would be little calculated now to stay the Russian hordes.

Again, in the region surrounding Herat the Russians would command the whole of the fertile belt of which they now hold the edge—a vast camping ground embracing thousands of square miles, where troops could be rested and equipped for the final
advance. Here Russia could unite her
two Asiatic armies and, extending her
Trans-Caspian Railway, complete every
arrangement for transporting troops
from European Russia without hardly
exciting British notice or suspicion.

On the other hand a sea voyage of
weeks separates India from Great
Britain, even if she had troops to spare
and in readiness to be transported.

But if Great Britain had the same
opportunities for concentrating forces
she is still at a great disadvantage in
numbers. While her land forces are
comparatively small, while she is in
reality only a great naval power, Rus-
sia is the greatest military power on
the globe, her entire military strength
(according to Appleton's Annual for
1890) being nearly four million men.
The war effective of her regular army
is one million, six hundred and eighty-
ine thousand men, a large portion of
which could be placed in Afghanistan
in case of war. The war effective of
Great Britain's regular army is only
six hundred and eighty-three thousand
men, while in India she has only
seventy thousand British troops and
one hundred and forty thousand mer-
cenary natives.

Again in the defense of India, Great
Britain is at a disadvantage by reason
of the inferior character of her native
forces. Russia's army is not only the
largest but the most patriotic in the
world. Her soldiers are well armed
and well trained, and having been early
taught to look forward to an invasion
of India, they could be depended upon
to fight to the last and under any dis-
advantages. But the mercenary army
of India, unused to hard service, and
in many cases not trusted sufficiently
to be given the best of arms, suddenly
brought face to face with four times
their number of picked Russian troops,
of whose valor and patriotism they stand
in awe, would hardly maintain their
ground until re-enforcements were
brought to their aid. Then a few dis-
astrous encounters at the start would
be the signal for confusion and revolt,
from which even fresh British troops
could hardly rally them.

Sir Charles Dilke says: "The best
mercenary army of a conquered race
cannot be counted upon to fight under
disadvantages, as the Russians would
fight, or as our own troops would fight.

. . . . The best native soldier fights
because he is a fighting man. He likes
his pay and his honors, but he could
not be expected to remain faithful
under severe and general defeat."

Would other European nations aid
Great Britain in case of war between
her and Russia in India? We think
not. Great Britain has no friend on
the continent. Her supremacy, if
more merited by reason of culture and
civilization, has been no less ungen-
erous and hardly less odious than that
of Russia. Her power is increasing
as well as Russia's, and her growth
threatens other nations as much in
many respects. No nation, unless it
is Russia, will probably ever stay her
progress. Should Russia become vastly
more powerful than she is and thereby
threaten all Europe, all Europe would
unite against her, but it is not prob-
able that other nations will interfere in
Great Britain's behalf in India.
During the time in which war was threatened over the Penjdeh affair in 1885 the Baltic powers and the Austro-German alliance showed a decided neutrality by forbidding either belligerent the use of the Baltic or the Dardanelles for hostile purposes.

Now to recall some of the main thoughts in connection with this question, we see:

First. That Russia purposes to overthrow British power in India.

Second. She has already conquered Turkestan, and won great influence with the Afghans whose state lies next in her course.

Third. She has gained a position of great agricultural and strategic importance from which Englishmen acknowledge that England cannot thrust her.

Fourth. It is probable that Russia will undertake the final contest for India in less than fifty years.

Fifth. She has a vast and powerful army with which to strike the final blow.

Sixth. The Indian army, limited in numbers and unreliable in service, could not withstand the first attacks of the Russians, and if fresh troops could be spared from any other part of the British Empire, they could not be transported before affairs would be beyond their control. Finally, no other nation could be expected to aid Great Britain.

Then is it not probable that with these advantages Russia will drive England out of India within fifty years?

In all change there is a tendency to the better.

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LOCALS.

Who said salt?

Castor and Pollux!

There are several good ball players in the Freshman class.

Miss L. M. Fassett, '91, will not complete the course with her class.

Miss L. M. Bodge, '91, has left her class and gone to Minneapolis.

G. F. Babb has returned and entered '91. "Welcome back, old friend."

W. S. Mason, '91, is teaching a second term in the New Portland High School.

The Seniors recite Astronomy and Chemistry in the lecture-room of the laboratory.

The gymnasium instructors for the coming year are Pinkham, '91, Miss Beal, '91, Wilson, '92, Hoffman, '93.

Plummer, '91, Skelton and Ferguson, '92, Pennell and Yeaton, '93, are teaching in the Latin School this year.

Prof. (in Astronomy)—"Can the whole class see the lines on this globe?" Mr. C. (immediately)—"Yes, sir!"

Nearly all the class of '91 will continue to study German under Professor Angell this year. Deutschland is taken this term.

Prof. (in Astronomy)—"How is time regulated?" Mr. B. (of fistic aspirations)—"By the referee, and the backers, and—" Prof.—"You may sit."

Fred Plummer received a call from Lieut. Geo. G. Gatley, U. S. A., on
September 11th. Gatley and Plummer were classmates for a year at West Point.

The work on the ball ground is finished and the diamond is now in good condition.

Miss G., ’94, amused the occupants of the grand stand, September 6th, by remarking, as "Ted" put on the mask,—"Who is that fellow with the muzzle on?"

N. W. Howard, ’92, won the second prize at the tennis tournament at Portland. He is playing well and will stand a good chance for the championship another season.

Professor Jordan has entered upon his duties in the college. His work is thorough and systematic. He has won the respect of his classes, and all feel that we are very fortunate in securing such a man.

The Cyniscans held a meeting, September 16th, and appointed committees to arrange for tennis, etc. The resignation of Miss L. M. Bodge, as president, was accepted, and Miss Maud Ingalls was elected to that office.

Many improvements have been made in the library during the last few months. The alcoves are numbered, the books re-arranged, and a system of reference cards are used to aid in the selection of books on required subjects.

A Freshman recently undertook to moisten a Sophomore, but received a copious shower from an upper story that caused him to drop his pitcher and subject himself to a drying process. Moral: Roost higher or oil your feathers.

The debates that were postponed last Commencement will be given some time this term. We suppose they have gained in vehemence during the summer, at least, the sounds proceeding from some of the Junior's rooms point that way.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society are: President, W. B. Cutts; Vice-President, Scott Wilson; Secretary, Miss A. L. Bean; Treasurer, C. C. Spratt; Librarian, R. A. Small; Executive Committee, F. L. Pugsley, Scott Wilson, Miss G. P. Conant.

The Sophomores played the Freshmen on September 6th, and won by a score of eleven to three. The bouquets of the victors were many, and Pennell was much pleased by one presented to him by Mrs. Professor Chase. At the close of the game an over-ambitious Freshman donned the forbidden hat, and a rush resulted, in which the Sophs were again victorious.

The first reception to the Freshman class was given in the gymnasium by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., September 3d. Professor Jordan gave a very interesting address, and the two associations were well represented by Wilson, ’92, and Miss Bray, ’91. There were recitations and music, and refreshments, and the Freshmen seemed to enjoy themselves. Receptions always have their charms.

The Athletic Association has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, W. B. Cutts; Vice-President, S. Wilson; Secretary, C. C. Spratt; Treasurer, C. N. Blanchard; Manager of Base-Ball Team, F. W.

The officers of the Polymnian Society are as follows: President, F. W. Plummer; Vice-President, C. N. Blanchard; Secretary, Miss I. E. Gould; Treasurer, W. F. Sims; Orator, N. G. Howard; Poet, Miss Mabel Merrill; Librarian, E. E. Wheeler; Assistant Librarian, L. J. Brackett; Executive Committee, F. W. Larrabee, W. B. Skelton, Miss A. G. Bailey; Editors, A. D. Pinkham, Miss V. E. Meserve, H. B. Adams, W. A. French.

The following are the names of the Freshmen and the schools where they prepared:

L. J. Brackett, Nichols Latin School.
C. C. Brackett, Nichols Latin School.
W. W. Bolster, Nichols Latin School.
J. W. Leathers, Nichols Latin School.
F. N. Saunders, Nichols Latin School.
A. W. Small, Nichols Latin School.
P. E. Sawyer, Nichols Latin School.
W. R. Fletcher, Nichols Latin School.
S. I. Graves, Nichols Latin School.
W. W. Harris, Nichols Latin School.
J. C. Woodman, Nichols Latin School.
G. G. Osgood, Nichols Latin School.
E. J. Hatch, Nichols Latin School.
W. E. Page, Nichols Latin School.
W. P. Hamilton, Nichols Latin School.
W. A. French, Nichols Latin School.
Miss C. B. Pennell, Nichols Latin School.
E. F. Smith, Lewiston High School.
F. L. Callahan, Lewiston High School.
E. F. Pierce, Lewiston High School.
F. C. Thompson, Lewiston High School.
A. H. Miller, Lewiston High School.
Miss D. E. Roberts, Lewiston High School.
Miss B. W. Gerrish, Lewiston High School.
Miss K. A. Leslie, Pennell Institute.
Miss E. I. Cummings, Pennell Institute.
L. W. Robbins, Gardiner High School.
J. B. Hohag,
New Hampton Literary Institution, N. H.
Miss B. A. Scribner,
New Hampton Literary Institution, N. H.
Miss A. M. Haskell,
New Hampton Literary Institution, N. H.
R. E. Files, Bangor High School.
E. M. Jordan, Cape Elizabeth High School.
H. S. Jordan, Augusta High School.
H. H. Field, Boston Latin School.
E. W. Noone, Somerville High School.
H. M. Cook, Hebron Academy.
Miss E. J. Elliot, Cushing Academy, Mass.
Miss M. Wiley, Lynden Institute, Vt.
Miss M. A. Hill, Rochester High School, N. H.
Miss M. W. Green, Auburn High School.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'70.—Prof. L. G. Jordan has been chosen President of the Lewiston School Board.

'71.—Albion N. Marston, M.D., has a lucrative practice in Belle Vernon, Penn.

'81.—Rev. W. P. Curtis, a graduate from Cobb Divinity School in the last class, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Free Baptist church at Canton.

'84.—Miss Ella L. Knowles, a successful lawyer in Montana, has been visiting in Lewiston. Miss Knowles is the only lady lawyer in the State and the junior member of the firm of Kingsley & Knowles. She was obliged to have a legislative bill passed before she could be admitted to the bar. The firm try cases all over the State and Miss Knowles has had a phenomenal success for an eight months’ lawyer.—

Lewiston Journal.
'85.—W. W. Jenness, Esq., has formed a law partnership with Judge Bumpus of Boston. Their office is on Milk Street.

'85.—Rev. M. F. Tobey, of Water Village, N. H., was married July 8th to Miss Jennie, daughter of Captain Abner Collins of Kittery Point, by Rev. C. M. Anderson.


'85—W. A. Morton, M.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was married August 14th, to Verina M. Harris, M.D., of Columbia, S. C., by Bishop C. R. Harris.

'87.—I. A. Jenkins, principal of the high school at Orange, Mass., was married July 9th to Miss Mabel E. Clark of Cambridge, Me., by Rev. S. E. Whitcomb of Pittsfield.

'88.—N. E. Adams returns to Groveland, Mass., as principal of the high school, with an increase of salary.

'88.—Miss M. G. Pinkham has been elected first assistant in the high school at Gardiner.

'88.—A. C. Townsend, of Yale Divinity School, has been preaching at East Madison during the summer vacation.

'88.—C. E. Smith, Esq., who was admitted to the Suffolk County Bar in July, has tried and won his first case. His address is 23 Court Street, Boston.

'89.—J. I. Hutchinson enters Clark University in October.

'89.—H. L. Knox returns to the high school at Broadbrook, Conn., with an increase of salary.

'89.—W. E. Kinney is to enter upon the study of medicine in Washington, D. C.

'89.—A. B. Call returns to Henniker, N. H., as principal of the high school, with an increase of salary.

'89.—Miss E. I. Chipman is assistant in the Pennell Institute at Gray.

'90.—E. W. Morrell is teacher of Mathematics and Sciences at Methodist Seminary, Montpelier, Vt.

'90.—F. S. Pierce has been appointed Superintendent of Music in the public schools in East Hampton, Mass. Mr. Pierce is also director of the choir of the First Parish Church in that city.

'90.—C. J. Nichols is principal of the Lisbon Falls High School.
'90.—W. H. Woodman is Instructor in Mathematics and Physical Culture in the Northwestern Military Academy at Highland Park, Ill.

'90.—C. S. F. Whitcomb is principal of the high school at Milton Mills, N. H.

'90.—G. F. Garland was elected principal of the Parsonsfield High School, but has been prevented by illness from filling his engagement. Nickerson, '91, supplies his place for the present.

'90.—Miss Dora Jordan is preceptress of Brigham Academy, Bakersfield, Vt.

'90.—Miss Mary Brackett has a position as teacher in the academy at Ilion, N. Y.

'90.—F. L. Day is about to enter upon the study of medicine in Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.

'90.—W. F. Garcelon is Instructor in Physical Culture in the Forsythe School, Philadelphia. He took second prize for physical development at Cambridge this summer.

'90.—Miss M. F. Angell is pursuing her studies in Music, French, and German at her home in this city.

'90.—H. V. Neal is principal of the high school in Mattapoisett, Mass.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee is teacher of Latin and Greek in the Cathedral School of St. Paul, Garden City, L. I.

'90.—Miss J. L. Pratt is teaching in the Farmington High School.

'90.—Miss E. F. Snow has a position as teacher in Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Centre, Vt.

'90.—Miss M. V. Wood remains at home for the present.

'90.—G. H. Hamlen and F. B. Nelson are attending the Cobb Divinity School.

'90.—T. M. Singer continues in charge of the Y. M. C. A. in this city.

'90.—Miss Blanche Howe is assistant teacher in the Gardiner High School.

'90.—H. B. Davis is sub-master of Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

'90.—Eli Edgecomb is principal of Litchfield Academy.

'90.—H. J. Piper is principal of the normal school in Springfield, Me.

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EXCHANGES.

THE OVER-REFINEMENT OF PHILANTHROPY.

Under the above title we find in a Boston paper the first criticism we have seen in the thousand or more notices of "Black Beauty" given by the American press. The writer, admitting that it is "a very charming book," argues that horses enjoy being compelled by whip and spur to make ten-mile runs, at their utmost speed, and jump ditches, fences, hedges, etc., at the risk of breaking their legs as "Black Beauty's" brother did, and then being shot; and that depriving men of such sports makes them weak and effeminate.

In "The Recollections of General Grant," recently sent us by its author, George W. Childs of Philadelphia, and which now lies on our table, we find that General Grant venerated his mother, loved his family, and seemed happiest when surrounded by his de-
voted and loving wife, children, and grandchildren; but he could never be induced to attend a horse race.

It occurs to us also that we have read many times of the remarkably extreme tenderness for dumb animals shown by that hero of modern Italy, Garibaldi.

We doubt whether the young man who, in pursuit of a harmless and frightened hare, rode "Black Beauty's" brother to its and his own death, would have fought more bravely for his country than either of the men above named.—Our Dumb Animals.

There is a vast difference between brutality and courage. What the world needs to-day is not the courage of the prize-fighter—we have too much of that already—but the courage of General Grant and Garibaldi,—the courage which has led thousands, when there was need, to die, not only on battlefields, but in yellow fever hospitals, at the martyr's stake, and on the cross. Such courage has never been promoted by brutal sports which endanger either human or harmless animal life.—Geo. T. Angell.

The Electric Light Against Insects.

Prof. Linter, State Entomologist, has made a microscopic examination of the insect collections of a single electric light, and estimates that the debris which he inspected represented 33,000 insects. As many of the smaller forms of insect life probably constituted the larger portion of those attracted to destruction by the light, he believes that the average number of insects destroyed in a night by a single electric light is nearly 100,000.

The larger portion of Prof. Linter's specimen collection from one light consisted of minute gnats, midges, crane flies, and similar small two-winged insects. No mosquitoes were discovered among the victims as they are not attracted to the light. There were, however, large numbers of plant bugs, which are injurious to vegetation, particularly of one small species of a handsome green gossid, which feeds upon our grasses. A number of the moths, and one of the leaf rollers which have made such havoc in our fruit trees this season, were found, as well as other species of the same family.

Prof. Linter in speaking of his examination, said: "I was sorry to see quite a number of the beautiful gauze wings among the heaps of the slain, as their larvae are the aphid lions which aid in keeping down phyllox or plant lice." "The electric light," says Prof. Linter, "will undoubtedly prove an active agent in the reduction of insect pests, and also furnish entomologists with many rare specimens and with many species never before seen."—Scientific American.

In the Atlantic Monthly for September is an interesting article on "American and German Schools," by John T. Prince. The following gives his contrast between the two in regard to courses of study:

"The German system of schools recognizes first of all the importance of a plan of studies by providing for the best plan that experience and science can give, and by causing one to be placed in the hands of every teacher. The Minister of Instruction—the highest educational authority of the state, and a member of the government—issues for all kinds and
grades of schools a general plan of studies, which is elaborated and adapted to special needs by inspectors and masters of schools. So carefully prepared are these plans that they may be said to be the result of the best educational thought of the state,—on the one hand so well defined as to make the teacher's duty clear and on the other hand so unrestricted as to leave much freedom and independence of action.

"In many parts of the United States the arrangement of the plan of studies is left to the local board,—a board which is made up of men who are able, it may be, to run a farm or factory but who have no special fitness to direct teachers in respect to subjects of study. As a consequence there are many towns which have no plan of studies for their schools, absolutely no guide of what is expected to be done beyond the wishes of parents who are ambitious for their children to go over or through many books. This may not be less harmful than a faithful adherence to the requirements of some plans which are made by persons wholly unfit to make them. And all these hindrances to good and systematic work are but little worse than the constantly changing courses of studies which ambitious school committees, superintendents, and principals are fond of putting out as essential improvements over what has preceded, or as proofs of their ability as reformers."

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The Atlantic Monthly for September is interesting as usual. Dr. Holmes, in his installment of "Over the Tea Cups," discourses on the fondness of Americans for titles. The article by John Fisk on the "Disasters of 1780" is very enjoyable reading. In speaking of continental money Mr. Fisk tells us that in 1780 a barrel of flour cost $1,575 and that Samuel Adams paid $2,000 for a hat and a suit of clothes. Mr. J. P. Quincy has a bright paper on "Cranks as Social Motors."

California topics occupy considerable space in the September Century. The paper by John Muir on "The Treasures of the Yosemite Valley," in the August number, is followed by another on "Features of the Proposed Yosemite National Park." The writer describes the wonderful scenery in the neighborhood of Yosemite—the Lyell Glacier, the Cathedral Peak region, the Tuolumne Meadows and Cañon, and the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, all of which are included in the limits of the proposed park as defined by General Vandeveer's bill in the present Congress. The number also contains, apropos of the celebration on September 8th of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of the state, a paper by George Hamlin Fitch, entitled, "How California Came into the Union," illustrated by a large portrait of General Frémont from a daguerreotype of 1850. A paper of timely interest, practically illustrated, is Commander C. F. Goodrich's description of "Our New Naval Guns," detailing the process of manufacture and recounting their remarkable efficiency. Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography deals with incidents of his life in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and includes material relating to Charles Mathews, John B. Rice, and William Warren, together with Mr. Jefferson's apology for the liberty taken with "The Rivals." The autobiography, which will be concluded in the October number, continues to be notable for its humor and humanity. An important paper by Professor Charles W. Shields of Princeton, on "The Social Problem of Church Unity," is another of the "Present-
Day Papers," contributed to the Century by the "Sociological Group" of writers, which now includes fifteen prominent students of social problems.

We have received the August number of The Old Homestead, a southern magazine published at Savannah, Ga., and devoted to literary, musical, fashion, and domestic matters. It is the only publication of its character in the South, and is filled with the choicest original stories, poems, essays, etc. Its object is to encourage the literary tastes of the people of the South, and already many of the most brilliant writers of that section are enrolled among its contributors. The Old Homestead has no political or sectarian affiliations, but has one object solely in view, and that is to elevate and refine. It is a publication of forty pages 11 x 15, with subscription price $1 a year.

Many copies of this book have been sold, and by the kindness of friends the society has been able to give away as many more. It is a book that every owner of a horse, every driver of a horse, and every observer of a horse should read. It is written in a simple manner, and the more effective because of its simplicity. Its influence is a lasting one and will be a great factor in securing universal kindness to the horse. The book contains two hundred and forty-five pages, and can be had for twelve cents, or when sent by mail eight cents extra, by addressing Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Read this book and use your influence to have others read it.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Here are some Senior classes for 1890, recently graduated: Boston University, 168; California University, 108; Columbia College, 318; Cornell University, 245; Harvard University, 375; Missouri University, 157; Northwestern University, 307; Princeton College, 137; Tulane University, La., 141; University of Michigan, 150; University of the City of New York, 256; Vanderbilt University, 188; Wellesley College, 111; Wisconsin University, 159. The largest attendance at any of these institutions during the past year was at the University of Michigan, which had 2,258 students.—Ex.

The students' gathering at Northfield, during July, was a grand success. Some four hundred of the flower of the
young men of this and other lands were present, and among them many soon to go to foreign lands, while others were recruited for the service. Those who had been there during the past four years and are now in "the field," were had in especial remembrance. As one stood before this crowd of immense possibilities, it seemed as if this movement was, to a large extent, the culminating one of Mr. Moody's many and great efforts. To influence—and all must have been influenced, more or less, for good—such a body of fine, representative, leading young men of many countries and climes was one of, if not the greatest privileges of man on earth. There were representatives from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Australia, China, Japan, Sweden, Germany, Canada, Brazil, Africa, and Armenia, and even the red Indian, the latter being represented by a Sioux chief, just graduated as M.D., in Boston, who has taken the name of Eastman, and is now returning to his people with healing for body and soul.—Morning Star.

Out of 11,507 pupils enrolled in the Christian College at Lucknow, India, 2,027 are Christians.

POETS' CORNER.

SOLITUDE.

I love thee, Solitude! within the vales,
Or on the hill-tops, where no noisy feet
Of men intrude, and where the very gales
Play soberly amid the leaves they greet!

No sounds abroad but those
Which Nature gives the ear—
The rivulet that flows
Noiseless almost, and clear—

The hum of bees the woodland flowers among,
And mated birds that chirp their loving song,
Away from all the busy haunts of life,
The unrelenting selfishness of trade—
Away from proud Ambition's reckless strife,
And sensual pleasures which the soul degrade;
And there bid Mem'ry bring
The treasures of the past;
Or, poised on Hope's bold wing,
Prophetic glances cast;

Or musing o'er the scenes around me thrown,
Enjoy that luxury—to be alone!

Yet not alone! an unseen Spirit moves
Through all thine atmosphere, sweet Solitude!
Building His temples in thy quiet groves,
Where human architecture never stood.

And there upon those verdant floors,
Beneath those canopies of shade,
My soul more fervently adores,
More humbly pleads His promises aid.

More deeply feels His presence, too, than where
Are human ears that listen to my prayer.

—Central Pennsylvania Collegian.

Oh! what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye! and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his last resting-place without a tear.

—Longfellow.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned Unto my fitting place.
Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.
There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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Again beside the waters still,
Great Shepherd of the sheep, we pray
That Thou would'st lead Thy flock at will,
And spread for us the feast to-day.

In pastures green lead youthful feet,
Restore the soul to wisdom's ways,
Make ev'ry flower of knowledge sweet,
To lead each wandering soul that strays.
This earthly house, great God, behold,
By self-denial sanctified;
O'er waters dark let sunlight play.

On stone and lintel, door and beam,
Let all thy goodness, mercy rest,
And Wisdom's torch forever gleam,
Till earth with light divine is blest.

LINES
OF BYRON TO HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, FROM
"CHILDE HAROLD."
The castle crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Where breast of waters broadly swells,
Between the banks that bear the vine.
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields that promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine.
Have strewed a scene that I could see
With double joy wert thou with me.
The peasant girls with deep blue eyes
And hands that offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise,—
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers.
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.
I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such.
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet might meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,
And knowest them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine.
The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground;
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

POT-POURRI.
HER NAME.
"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped and lifted her with ease,

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said;
"Yes, but your last?" she shook her head;
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."
"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—it's just the same
When mamma has to scold you!"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then she says" (the culprit owns),
"Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

Wealth never gave me an ounce of pleasure, said a millionaire, till I began to do good with it. The witness is true.

About five thousand dead bodies are sent to the morgue in New York City each year. The keeper of the morgue says that at least four thousand of these deaths are caused by drunkenness.

A home missionary was preaching to a frontier audience on the prodigal son. After he had described the condition of the son in rags among the swine, and had started him on his return, as he began to speak of the father coming to meet him, and ordering the fatted calf to be killed in honor of the prodigal's return, he noticed a cow-boy looking interested, and he determined to make a personal appeal. Looking directly at his hearer, the preacher said, "My friend, what would you have done if you had had a son returning home in such a plight?" "I'd have shot the boy and raised the calf," was the prompt reply.—Christian Register.

Piety is religion with its face toward God; morality is religion with its face toward the world.—Tryon Edwards.

He that diggeth out through the bulwarks of ignorance behind which he may have been born and reared is greater than he that taketh a city.

Every man is the center of a sphere whose radius is infinity.

She (in Boston)—"Is it true, cousin Jack, that you are going west?"
He—"Yes, I want to see the Cherokee strip." She (with a hint of a tint of a blush)—"Oh, Jack, do say disrobe." He (after three hours)—"I am so fond of traveling." She—"Indeed? I never would have suspected it."—Ex.

Physiologists say that the older a man gets the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why young men know everything and old men nothing.

—Boston Courier.

Cats show how little decision of character they have by the amount of time they spend on the fence.—Burlington Free Press.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

Tommy—"What is reciprocity, papa?" His Father—"When you gave the canvas man your luncheon the other day, and he looked the other way as you crawled under the tent—that was reciprocity."—Mail and Express.
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4:30 P.M., for Portland and Boston.

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