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EDITORIAL.

In beginning this new year edition of the Student we stop to ask ourselves the following questions: What is the object of college journalism, and what is the benefit to be derived from it? Its object is to afford an additional advantage for written composition, and to offer a medium through which those topics may be discussed that are of interest to students, alumni, and friends of the college. Its benefit is estimated by the amount it raises the literary standard of the college. If these definitions are true, college journalism pre-eminently concerns the whole college. It is of interest to all, and all should take an interest in it. Only through the hearty co-operation of all can college journalism attain its highest possibilities.

We often err in making our reading desultory instead of consecutive. We read books that have no special connection, and frequently hurry through them with no special purpose, unless it be to pass away time. We should make some plan and read for some definite object. If we should take up a line of thought and read upon that, the same as we do on our essays and debates, we should lay up a store of knowledge.
that we should not soon forget. We should become specialists. No person can read long on any subject without becoming a specialist.

Consecutive reading refers not only to the difficult subjects, but also to the lighter ones; to novels as well as to English history. Indeed there are many novels that should be read in connection with English history.

After the reading has been carried as far as is convenient, a brief summary should be written. By this method the thoughts will be indelibly impressed upon the memory, and the different books we have read will present one continuous story. It is better to know a few things well than many indifferently.

There is no reason why we cannot have a successful year at Bates. Everything about the college indicates success. That dear old man, called Athletics, so much mourned here a year ago, has returned to us with his physical system very much strengthened and improved. Now we have within our reach the means of physical training, as well as moral and intellectual. We come to college to be developed. A good education consists, not in stuffing the intellectual faculties, but in wisely training all the natures—the physical as well as the moral and intellectual. Each must be developed; each must yield something to satisfy the demands of the other. The exclusive development of any one will not make a complete man or woman, any more than a highly ornamental piazza makes a house. The neglect, especially of the physical, may produce serious results. It is safe to say that the frequent tendency among students towards discontent, unhappiness, and inaction, is usually the outgrowth of neglect in physical training.

It is the harmonious development of these three natures that makes the fully developed man. So let us train the body as well as the mind. The two were made to go together; one would not be used without the other. Let us take hold of each department of training with energy, and with an iron will to make each yield its best results. Then, when another new year comes, we can look back with satisfaction over the work of the past, and feel that that year was a year of happiness and success.

Among the improvements which we hope to welcome in the near future is one which will make some, if not all of us, rejoice. We refer to the proposed introduction of bathing facilities into the gymnasium. A young man who went West from Kennebec County said that, after being accustomed to the Kennebec river for a bathtub, he did not like to bathe in a thimble; and many a Bates boy can sympathize with him. If it be true that “Cleanliness is akin to Godliness,” then surely the facilities for cleanliness should be first class. Some of us who have seen the neat, convenient bathrooms at Bowdoin have felt a twinge of envy. But have courage; we are promised some here soon. The introduction of steam into Hathorn Hall makes them possible. And then no
longer will the hapless student, who
longs to have at least one good bath
before he graduates, be obliged to walk
a mile down town and pay a quarter
for the privilege. Nor will he need to
splash around in a wash-bowl in a cold
room. But with modern conveniences
close at hand, what has been a bugbear
to many, and sometimes neglected, we
fear, will become a pleasant pastime.

RAMENTABLE indeed is it, in the
end of this century of progress,
to see a young man in college, with all
the grand opportunities of life before
him, frittering away his time playing
cards. Yet many do it, with perhaps
little thought whether the practice is
good or bad. We invite such to con-
sider carefully, seriously, and can-
didly, the following arraignment of
card-playing.

It wastes your time. It wastes your
energy. It unfits you for serious
thought or study. It belittles you by
narrowing your range of thought. As
a recreation it is unhealthy, for it
usually confines you to a close room.
It makes you no better. It makes no
one else better. If it does not injure
you, it may injure some other who fol-
lows your example. It presents great
temptation to be dishonest, and thereby
weakens your moral fibre, and paves
the way to gambling, drinking, and
disgrace. You would condemn a Chris-
tian who played cards, and thus you con-
demn yourself, for you have no license
to do worse than he. Really great and
good men are not given to the habit.
It is not what a man would wish to do
during the last day or hour of his life,
and therefore he should not do it at all,
for he knows not when his summons
may come. It does help to kill time,
but be sure that murdered time will
take vengeance on its murderer.

Now, sir, any of these charges is
enough to condemn the practice. Does
it have a hold on you? Then for your
own sake, for the sake of all who love
you and for the sake of all you hold
dear, shake it off as you would shake
off a viper.

IT must be so because you say so.”
Often has the writer heard these
words, in jest or earnest. Yet they
contain an untruth that not every one
notices. Nothing is true because any
man says it is. Only God can say,
“My word is truth,” and as young
men seeking truth we shall do well to
remember this. A great name is not
enough to prove the truth of any man’s
opinion. Neither does it follow, be-
cause his reasoning is keen and fore-
cible, that his conclusions are true. Es-
pecially do we need to use caution in
accepting theories. No matter how
plausible, or how well supported they
may be, the supreme question to be
asked of each one is, Is this true?
All depends on the answer to that.

For instance: Darwin has advanced
a very skillful, well-argued theory of
the descent of man; but all his logie
cannot make his theory the truth.
Whether he was right or wrong, the
truth remains the same, and all he has
said about it has not changed it one
iota. Furthermore, we should also re-
member that belief in anything does
not prove its truth. Though every man,
woman, and child, in the world, should believe Darwin's theory, it might still be false. If belief of anything proved its truth, then we should have the absurdity of a system of truth for every man, differing somewhat from that of every other man. But nothing is easier than to be mistaken, and it is often easier to believe a lie than the truth, especially when the lie seems to favor us while the truth is apparently against us. But "Truth is mighty, and shall prevail," and wise is he who gives nothing the support of his hearty belief, till he is fully assured of its truth.

We are glad to see a lively interest taken in the exercises of the gymnasium. Such exercises are almost indispensable to every healthy and vigorous student. The many benefits to be derived from physical training can not be overvalued, and, we are glad to say, the students of Bates are not slow to take advantage of them. Yet, young man, while you are reaping the fruits of this opportunity, be sure to guard against an error into which some have already fallen,—an error of devoting too much time to gymnastic exercises. Remember that the object of the gymnasium is not to send forth trained athletes, but to supply the physical needs of the students. If you can become a good athlete from the exercise your physical nature demands, that is all right; but if you indulge in superfluous exercises, merely to acquire the act of making graceful handsprings or of turning back-somersaults, that is all wrong. You have

SOME one, commenting on "Robert Elsmere," has said that people will be compelled to read the Bible by and by because it is fashionable. Much as we may desire such an event, we can hardly expect it in this country just at present. But we do notice, with pleasure, a growing inclination to introduce some of the Greek of the New Testament as an elective in our colleges. Several, we believe, have already done so.

Like every other question there are two sides to this. There is the disadvantage of having a translation in common use. But any student so minded can procure a translation of any Greek read in college. It may also be urged that the Greek of the New Testament differs from that of classical authors. So does Homer. Yet no one says we must therefore not read Homer.

On the other hand, some of the Greek in the New Testament is very fine;
and some passages, in Paul's Epistles for instance, are difficult enough to satisfy the most exacting. We can easily conceive that, in the hands of the right professor, its study could be made very interesting and profitable. Doubtless one reason why it has been neglected so long has been the prejudice or fear of prejudice against it. But in these days, that seems a very trivial excuse. We certainly hope before long to see it among the electives of at least one term at Bates.

HOW often are we discouraged when thinking of the work that remains for us to do. There are so many duties to perform that we lose confidence in our ability to perform them. We have all read the fable of the pendulum that, thinking of the number of times it would be required to tick in the next twenty-four hours, decided to stop. But, on being convinced that it would be required to tick only once at a time, and would always be allowed one second to vibrate, decided to move on again. No matter how many duties we have to perform, we should remember that we shall be required to perform only one at a time.

We should never let our doubts interfere with our obligations. When we begin to doubt we lessen our ability to perform. Shakespeare says:

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."

Cornell etiquette requires that no lady recognize a gentleman acquaintance on the university grounds.
teenth century; for, during the reign of Edward III., the terrible pestilence known as the "black death" swept four successive times over the country, lessening the population by one-half. Moreover, Edward himself, although successful for a time in his foreign invasions, was by no means a popular sovereign, and the feeling against him grew more and more intense as his good fortune gradually deserted him; so that England, which, during the early part of his reign, was in the full glory of a war for conquest, was later, only by a desperate struggle, able to hold its own ground.

The church, too, although full of wealth, was also full of corruption. As a result, the people resisted little by little its unlimited power, and, as time went on, lost their faith in the many friars. Then, too, the assimilation of the Normans and English, although steadily going on, was not yet fully completed. Nor had literature of any note yet shown itself in England. Langland had, it is true, written some few works worthy of attention, but aside from him, the writers of the country were obscure.

At this time there appeared a man who was to make the English world for all subsequent time resound with his name and praise. But when or where he made his first appearance is unknown. Strange as it may seem, the early life of England's first great poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, is enveloped in impenetrable obscurity. By many the year 1328 is set as the date of his birth, and by as many contradicted. Oxford is claimed by one as the poet's Alma Mater; Cambridge, by another. Nothing definite of his life is known until the year 1357, when we find him mentioned as a member of the court. For part, if not all of the time from 1357 to 1367 he was in the service of the monarch's third son, Lionel; and it was probably in the retinue of this prince that he made the expedition into France, where he was taken and held prisoner until released by the payment, on the part of the king, of sixteen pounds. After this year we find him the valet de chambre to the king, receiving for his services an annual payment of twenty marks. From the period of his captivity to his entering the king's service nothing is known of his life, but it is during this time that his marriage is thought to have occurred. Over this important event hangs as thick a veil as over his youth. But it is supposed that he then married Philippa Rouet, then maid of Elizabeth, wife of John of Gaunt, and afterwards of Queen Philippa herself. That his marriage was entirely satisfactory to himself we have reasons to doubt, if the many hints in his various poems can be applied to himself. But if nothing else, his wife brought him annually ten extra marks from the queen, which, with his own twenty, enabled him to live in a manner suited to his comfort. That he was held in good esteem at court is evident from the fact that he soon became the royal esquire of the household, was sent on various missions to foreign countries, was made a member of Parliament, and finally became clerk of the king's works at Westminster.
All the more strange does it seem that he who was so esteemed by the court, and who was to become the greatest poet of his time, should have left so little of his life known to the world. The appreciation of a writer's works and influence increases as civilization advances, and to how great a degree can be nowhere better seen than in the life of Chaucer. The saying "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," might read with almost equal truth, A prophet is not without honor save in his own time. Not that Chaucer failed of respect and appreciation during his life, but a tenth part of the admiration now excited by his works would have brought to light his whole life from beginning to end.

The first of Chaucer's works of any note is a translation of a poem of Guillaume Lorris, "La Roman de la Rose." This poem, famous in itself as a French production, was rendered even more so by the admirable translation given by Chaucer. Although looked upon with contempt by Petrarch and others of his time, yet in general it was eagerly read and much admired. In this was shown that wonderful skill in the choice of words to which Chaucer owes much of his fame. One peculiarity of the great poet was his failure to admit his indebtedness to the works so often translated and copied by him, and so largely instrumental in insuring him popularity.

Following this translation, besides minor poems, were written, "Troilus and Cressida," the idea of which was taken from one of Boccaccio's works, "The Flower and the Leaf," "The Legend of Good Women," and his greatest work, "The Canterbury Tales." In this latter he is thought to be again indebted to Boecaccio, whose Decameron first suggested a poem of this nature to his mind. A subject like this affords a chance for great variety of characters and requires for successful treatment a faithful study of human nature. For all sorts of persons are found among the pilgrims, from the poor parson to the avaricious money seeker. Humor and pathos are introduced into this poem with wonderful skill, while all pains are taken that it may prove interesting to the different readers. How long Chaucer was in writing this poem is unknown, but it is commonly attributed to the last twelve years of his life. Why it was left unfinished—whether because it was the writer's purpose to change the plan laid out in the prologue, or from other reasons—can never be answered; but like so many other things connected with his life, can only lie open to conjecture.

That Chaucer's was a mind influenced by the works of others, there can be no doubt. Not only was he given to translating from authors of other nations, but he also possessed the power of working over an idea suggested by his reading until he made it suit his own purpose. The influence of the French upon his mind was by no means slight, but that of the Italian poets, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio was even greater. Of these, while he greatly admired Dante, yet he was, unconsciously perhaps, influenced by the latter two, and by Boecaccio most of
all. The lofty passion and nobleness of Dante are wanting in Chaucer. A coarser fiber was in his nature more akin to that of Boccaccio. Yet brightness, imagination, humor, versatility, and pathos were all there blended together, forming the mind that has conceived so many productions of unmistakable beauty. The good that he did the literature of his native land cannot be estimated. His style was constantly imitated by succeeding writers, and the name applied to him, "Father of English Poetry," is one of which he was not undeserving.

Chaucer was a student and great reader, devouring with eagerness whatever books came in his way. Love of nature was strong in him, as it must be in every true poet, and as can be seen from the pretty touches found in so many of his poems. Lively and gay in disposition, he was continually bubbling over with mirth, a mirth equalled only by keen satire.

Of his appearance, the best description left us is that given by the Host in the "Canterbury Tales," in which he is spoken of as "an elderly, rather than an aged gentleman, clad in a dark gown and hood, with features mild but expressive, with just a suspicion, certainly no more, of saturnine or sarcastic humor."

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**AT TWILIGHT.**

By M. S. M., '91.

A sky of gloom, a landscape dim; bare trees
With wind-swept boughs that wildly sway and reel;
A river glistening in the fading light
With cold dead lustre, like a blade of steel.

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**MOUNT DAVID.**

By A. N. P., '90.

Every student, who has heard much of Bates College, knows that Mount David is one of the attractions of her campus, and comes expecting much from it. Therefore his first sight is a disappointment. In contemptuous surprise, he exclaims, Is that the hill of which so much is told? That bald rock fringed with bushes and a few tall pines? It is not worth a second thought. Thus he turns away and never really looks at it to catch its varied expression. Many students live four years under its shadow without gaining any better idea of it than this: For Ruskin's saying, "Few men read what the sky has to say to them," may
be broadened to include the eloquent world of nature near at hand.

The hill rises about one hundred feet above the surrounding plain. The north slope is gradual, but the other sides are steep, hard climbing, except by the winding paths. The slope is nearly bare, and the west side has only a few small maples and solitary pines. But the east and south sides are clothed with groves of oak, maple and hard pine, and the occasional gleam of a silvery birch is seen among the darker trunks. Through the trees rises the rock-summit, naked as if it would suffer nothing to obstruct its view of the inspiring sky.

This is a meagre outline; yet it presents more than many who daily pass the mountain know of its moods and beauties. It is like a face one often sees upon the street and gives no further thought; but like that face, again, it is capable of a warm friendship. First give it cordial greeting; then study it at every season and hour, under sun and moon and cloud and storm. In spring its buds are bursting with the universal life; among its rocks the scarlet columbine and starry saxifrage spring up, and around it as a shrine the birds pour forth their gladsome matin song. In summer its groves offer grateful shades by noon, and the evening breezes play coolest around its heated ledges. Titian-like Autumn here lays on his brightest colors, softened by umber oak and golden birch, and the climber finds an undercolor of rare old wine upon its blackberry vines. Even cold-hearted Winter warms towards it, and I have seen its glittering sides as rosy as a poet’s Alpine fancy beneath the finger of the setting sun.

The friend of the mountain must not forget to study it at all hours of the day, by sunrise and sunset, at high noon and under the reigning stars. He must be as faithful in beating storms as when the skies are fair, the friend of its adversity as well as its prosperity. Then he will learn with Emerson that

"Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours."

The best acquaintance, however, must be sought in a closer relationship. To learn the whole, one should climb to the summit and see, besides the beauties of the mountain side, the broader view around. It is a regular basin, bounded east by low hills three miles away. The distance increases, turning left or right, to Mount Gile and Lake Auburn in the northwest, and the hills of Poland in the southwest, till the eye catches a glimpse of the White Mountains, a hundred miles toward the setting sun. Every part of the basin is filled with suggestive details. The near view east is the tree-tops and buildings of the college campus; south, the steeples and chimneys of Lewiston, and west, the tree-hidden houses of Auburn, beyond the Androscoggin. The river, bending into sight by the Switzerland Road, above the rushing rapids, comes winding down through the open country to the north.

But all these real and fancied beauties of the mountain are of slight value in the eyes of most loyal sons of Bates,
compared with the old associations that cluster around it. It is the memories of pleasant hours, spent on or near it, that make us sing in the old Bates song,

"The mountain by the campus
We shall not soon forget."

THE HILLS OF GOD.
By G. H., '90.
"Beyond the sunset lie the hills of God."
—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

I have stood, when the daylight was fading,
And gazed at the glorious west,
With its wonderful touches of shading,
And hues like the isles of the blest.

When the clouds that have hindered his shining,
Catch fire from the sun sinking low,
And display to our eyes the rich lining
That mellows the sweet afterglow.

I have seen, in the midst of the splendor,
A shaft of such pure, golden light
That a ladder, it seemed, light and slender,
Reaching down to the realms of night.

At the foot it was narrow and glowing;
But as it ascended the blue,
Like a stream that is lost in its flowing,
It faded and vanished from view.

Just as if, from the infinite distance,
Its light could no longer come back;
Or as if we need not its assistance
To follow its unerring track.

But in fancy, sometimes, I am thinking
It reaches the hills of our God;
Just beyond where the sun, in his sinking,
Lights up the bright paths he has trod.

And then over my spirit comes stealing
This method of comfort and peace,
That the land over yonder has healing
For the woes that on earth never cease.

And beyond where, in darkness and sadness,
Our sun must go down in the west,
Lie those hills in their beauty and gladness,
That land with its blessings of rest.

WORLDLY SUCCESS AN EVIDENCE OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL WORTH.
By M. B., '90.

WORLDLY success may be considered under three heads, the question of wealth, of fame, and of high social position. Many other things, as honor, influence, and power, suggest themselves to the mind, as being elements of success, but these will be found to be regular accompaniments of those already mentioned.

I propose to consider each of these divisions in turn, and to ask of each separately, first—Is this an evidence of moral worth? secondly—Is this an evidence of intellectual worth?

Following this plan the first question, Is success in the acquisition of wealth an evidence of moral worth? needs no discussion. Stories of persons that have amassed wealth by swindling and by every form of dishonesty are familiar to all. Few, indeed, are so fortunate as not to have some such characters among their personal acquaintances. The name of Jay Gould, familiar to all, although it suggests the idea of great wealth, certainly does not suggest the idea of great moral worth. The second question, Is the acquisition of wealth an evidence of intellectual worth? is less easily disposed of. Stories of persons that have amassed wealth by swindling and by every form of dishonesty are familiar to all. Few, indeed, are so fortunate as not to have some such characters among their personal acquaintances. The name of Jay Gould, familiar to all, although it suggests the idea of great wealth, certainly does not suggest the idea of great moral worth. The second question, Is the acquisition of wealth an evidence of intellectual worth? is less easily disposed of. Many are so entirely destitute of the ability to get rich, that those who have it, seem, at first thought, to possess some great intellectual power, far above that of ordinary beings. There is, indeed, a certain shrewdness that seems to be necessary for money making, and this
shrewdness is often mistaken for intellect. But a careful study of the rich men that come under our observation will reveal the error of this supposition. Few will be found who could be called intellectual men, and some, even, of whom it is commonly said, "That man knows how to make money, but that is all he does know."

Fame will have to be discussed with reference to the means by which it is acquired, prominent among which are success in military affairs, in literature, in oratory, and in politics. Napoleon Bonaparte, Lord Byron, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Grover Cleveland, and many others who might be mentioned, show that success can be obtained in each of these departments without moral worth. The question, Is political honor an evidence of moral worth? would call up the smile of sarcasm on the faces of many who have enjoyed it. In fact, politics have become so corrupt that the best men have given up all interference with them, to such an extent that the word politician has almost come to be a synonym of scoundrel. As to intellectual worth some special genius is generally necessary to gain fame, but this genius is not a proof of great intellect. A person can scarcely be called intellectual who possesses a talent for one thing only, even though he have it in such a degree as to gain fame by it.

The successful generals have, undoubtedly, been extraordinary men, but they have not always been all that one would expect an intellectual man to be. Grant is said to have been a very ordinary youth, graduating at West Point twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, and displaying no especial ability in any direction until after the outbreak of the war. Many persons who were below the average in most of the so-called intellectual qualities, have had wonderful success in writing. Anthony Trollope, one of the most popular novelists of our day, was such a very dull scholar, that, although he enjoyed fair opportunities, he hardly acquired a grammar school education.

Success in oratory depends as much on the manner of speaking as on the thought, and perhaps even more. If a person is eloquent, he can present very ordinary thoughts in such a way as to make people consider him very smart. Robert G. Ingersoll, by arguments that seem to most intellectual persons perfectly absurd, leads men, under the spell of his eloquence, to reject the Bible and their God.

The characteristics of the successful politician are, a certain kind of eloquence, ability to get on the popular side of all questions of the day, and energy in pushing the interests of his constituency. These are not qualities requiring great intellect, certainly, although their possessor seems to the people that load him with honors one of the greatest heroes on earth.

High social position in our country can generally be gained by wealth or by fame. There is, however, a certain class of society that demands something more than this. It has been said that the chief requisite for admission to the circles of the Boston aristocracy is a diploma from one of our old colleges. Whether or not this is an evi-
dence of intellect. I leave the reader to judge.

It would be absurd to try to prove that no one of intellectual or moral worth ever becomes rich, or famous, or holds a high social position. Nor is it essential to the argument. The point is not that worldly success is an evidence that moral and intellectual worth do not exist, but simply that it is not an evidence that they do exist. Many men and women of notable morality and intellect have enjoyed wealth, fame, social position, and all that worldly success means. Yet, if any large number of people have gained this success without these qualities, it cannot be said to be an evidence of them. In short, if it is true that wealth, or fame, or high social position, is often gained without moral and intellectual worth, it is true that worldly success is not an evidence of moral and intellectual worth.

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**GABRIEL.**

By T. H. S., '76.

With step irregular and slow,
Scarcely moving oftentimes, we go,
Goal-ward. The dream of earth, of heaven—
Perfected human life—is given
To slumbering youth; yet hardly more
Than dream it is, which hastes away
With Phoebus' steeds that bring the day
The purpose testing. Memory
Of dreams! Like evening clouds they lay
Close knitted about life's sunset way,
The largest meed in all its store.

Why so? I hear the sound of feet
That hurry haste on every street.
The clarion call to work, the air
Is filling. Onward, everywhere
The people surge, their purpose set
As ocean waves, that smite the crags
And kiss the stars; he falls who lags,
He laughs whose censor shows no debt.

The pages writ with human deeds
We see; the racer runs and reads.
Kind hands to noble conquests bend,
And signals mark the place of wreck.
What heart can faint? 'Tis seen fall well
No migrant bird, no flowers that blow
The thorny hedge beside, can know
As we the Father's love; yet so
Implicit are their lives, they dwell
In trust complete, and praises tell.
But why our purpose fails so low
Has been revealed through Gabriel.

Then come, and wait, and listen well,
To learn a truth from Gabriel.
The eastern sky with modest blush
Announced the coming sun. The hush
Of night was gone. The city dear
To prophet, priest, and king, and all
The tribe of I-srael, the call
To prayer heard; and fall
Of reeds, storm-pressed on marshy mere,
Is like the people's kneeling, near
The place they entered not for fear.

They knelt in silence, not a word
They said; but where their wish was heard
It cried: "O when from Zion here
Shall the redeeming Lord appear?
Deliver us. Deliver us."
Within the holy place close by
The incense altar, solemnly
The priest his spices lit with fire;
And as the smoke curled high and higher
He raised his face of strong desire
And cried: "O when from Zion here
Shall the redeeming Lord appear?
Deliver us. Deliver us."

His eyelids fell, when lo! In light
Divine, an Angel met his sight.
God's messenger, with radiant face
Stood there, to speak with tender grace,
And say: "Thy prayer is heard; the day
Is near at hand, in which he whom
Thy soul is pleading for shall come.
With joy and gladness from thy home
Shall go the herald of his way."

And so the prayer was answered; high
Might praise ascend, the day-spring nigh;
But fear and trembling him possessed
Who by the altar stood. "What guest
Is this? Who dares this sacred place
To enter now? Who can this be
That speaks with such authority?"
Thy mission quickly tell to me;
Demands the priest. So oft pray we
And pray with incredulity;
Nor know, nor take our answers free
By heaven sent, rare gifts of grace.

This Angel touched his lyre when time
Was waking. Thoughts of God sublime
He knew; and oft on salient wing
Had sped on errands for his King.
On Ula's banks long years ago
The seer's sight he led afar;
And when this morning set ajar
Her gates; to him was said, "His star
Will soon arise, the doubts that mar
Men's hopes, no longer need debar
Their peace. Go thou and tell them so."

He looked around, 'twas heaven indeed.
He looked to earth, and there was need.
No beauty was so beautiful
To him, as being dutiful.
"Bearing some part a race to save,
Wherever such a work is given,
Is living still the life of heaven,"
He said: and spread his wings of driven
Snow, work to do, that all might crave.

He left star after star behind:
And worlds, which worlds can never find.
Companion spirits everywhere,
At love's behest, moved through the air.
Their call he answered not; nor could
He wait, nor let bis pinions rest,
Until the place his feet had pressed,
By which the incense altar stood.

And now was doubted what he spoke.
'Twas never so before. It woke
His Godlike fire, and with his hands
Uplifted, "I am who stands
Within the presence of thy God;"
He answered back. Ashamed and meek
The priest bowed low, essayed to speak
In vain, and ne'er his voice was heard
Again, until the Angel's word
Accomplished was. At length he stirred
The embers, but the fire was gone,
And he was standing there, alone.
Impatiently the people said;
And knew, when he, so long delayed,
Came forth, and uttered not a word,
That he had been alone with God.

We call to-day for noble men,
And noble women, too, for when,
Say we, the noble come to rule,
Compose the law, conduct the school,
Make homes and all society.
Our goal-ward move will swifter be.
You have such here, you have them there:
They've always been, and everywhere.
And still what unbelief is rife!
What jealousy, and hate, and strife!
What high pretending chivalry!
Perfected life is far away.

There's waiting for the work and word
Of him who stands alone with God.

Alone with God! Then there will be
A silenced infidelity.

Alone with God! Not one can see
A cavil to such ministry.

You note the noble men I ween,
And women, who with timid mien
The hungry lions stand before,
In the arena's ruddy gore.
You hear them, "We about to die,
O Cæsar, Salutamus," cry.
But fear possesses them no more.

And who are these by love allied,
That stand the rugged cross beside?
Who hangs there, till the work is done
With nail and spear, which love begun?
Are these sweet spirits sent from heaven,
To whom no mortal griefs are given?
Nay, these are only humble men,
And maids with shy and modest grace,
With matrons mild; and every face
Shines like the sun: each dress is white
With heaven's celestial, shiney light;
For they alone with God have been.

None but the truest souls may be
Examples for humanity.
And only forms of men are we
Who strive not for such mastery.
Sweet life! 'Tis worth the living well.
Behind, fond hope its promise brought;
Beyond, faith sees its purpose wrought;
And o'er to-day, broods love that's fraught
With power unanswerable, if he
Who gives, receives from deity:
As we have learned from Gabriel.

No student is admitted to the Chambersburg (Penn.) Academy who uses tobacco in any form.
COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

I enclose herewith the printed notice forwarded our alumni, so far as names and address were known, who live in this vicinity. I also enclose a list of alumni present, and a clipping from the Boston Journal giving an account of the proceedings. The number present was two more than ever before.

Our next dinner will be between Christmas, 1889, and New Year's. Please call special attention to the fact that all alumni, wherever they live, are cordially invited. It is considered a matter of right or privilege, and not of invitation. We send notices to those only who live in or near Boston, or those we think may possibly come. We wish to meet as many as can come.

Yours truly,

GEO. E. SMITH, Secretary.

The following is from the Boston Journal of December 28, 1888:

BATES COLLEGE MEN.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE BOSTON ALUMNI AT YOUNG'S.

There were lawyers, doctors, journalists, clergymen, teachers, and representatives of other professions among the thirty-three gentlemen who attended the fifth annual dinner of the Bates College Alumni at Young's Hotel last evening. The special guest of the occasion was Prof. B. F. Hayes of the college Faculty, who is the oldest professor at the present time connected with the institution, excepting, of course, Prof. Stanton, who is a few years his senior as a Bates College professor. Last year Prof. Stanton was entertained as a guest by the Boston alumni.

As usual at these yearly gatherings the affair was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the alumni who attended. Before sitting down to dinner at 5.30 o'clock a short business meeting was held and the following officers were elected: President, L. A. Burr, '79; Vice-President, F. A. Twitchell, '80; Secretary and Treasurer, George E. Smith, '73.

The retiring President, Mr. C. A. Bickford, '72, editor of the Morning Star, presided, and about 7 o'clock, after cigars were lighted, he called the company to order. After a few informal remarks himself he called upon Prof. Hayes as the first speaker of the evening. Upon rising to respond, the genial Professor was greeted with a storm of applause.

He spoke of the college at Lewiston as it is at present, and also of what it ought to be, referring to the needs of the institution. "Your Alma Mater could not give you a great name," he continued, "until you earned it," but she has helped you. The graduation from the college is but the commencement of life's struggles. It was not so much the amount of information to be got in college as it was the habits of application acquired. [Applause.] Professor Hayes also spoke of the great number of graduates of the college who had become school teachers. They were in the best position to influence the coming generation and ought to realize that fact.

The other speakers were Mr. E. C. Adams, '76; Mr. R. F. Johonnett, '79; Mr. C. A. Strout, '81; Mr. Roscoe Nelson, '87; Dr. C. A. Moores of Lawrence, '69; Rev. W. H. Bolster, '89, and Prof. G. C. Chase, '68. The latter is at present connected with the college. He believed Bates College had succeeded and her sons had. The reason why so many of the graduates of the college had adopted teaching was because they had the true instinct of a teacher. There were more graduates of Bates College at present Principals of New England city high schools than from any other college.

The rest of the evening was occupied in singing old college songs and general informality.

The alumni present were as follows: '68, G. C. Chase; '69, W. H. Bolster, Dr. C. A. Moores; '70, W. E. C. Rich; '72, Geo. E. Gay, F. W. Baldwin, C. A. Bickford; '73, F. Hutchinson, Geo. E. Smith; '74, Thomas Spooner; '75, H. S. Cowell, Dr. L. M. Palmer; '76, Dr. Geo. C. Smith, John Rankin, E. C. Adams, E. R. Goodwin, W. O. Collins; '77, L. A. Burr; '78, B. S. Hurd, J.
LOCALS.

No snow. No toboggan.

More mud than usual for this time of year.

The students are advised to patronize our advertisers.

As yet few lights illuminate the windows of Parker Hall.

Do not play ball in the gymnasium. The gym is not for that purpose.

Miss Ingalls, '91, spent the holidays with relatives in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Let the base-ball nine now get into gear for active gymnasium practice.

Chapin, '91, has been taking care of the gymnasium during the vacation.

Prof. Angell is preaching at the Free Baptist Church in Greenville, R. I., for a few Sundays.

Said a theological student to a young lady the other night: "I'll marry you for fifty cents." "Too cheap," was the quick reply.

Regular attendance at the exercises of the gymnasium is now required as a part of the college work. To this requirement we gladly respond.

During the rain storm of January 9th, one of the stately elms (?) on the campus between the college and the theological school was blown down.

A Freshman has become so infatuated by dancing, that during the last weeks of vacation he took a private lesson in the Terpsichorean art every other day.

Two of the college classes have received new members this term. Mr. Singer, who has returned from his work on the Fullerton Professorship, has joined the class of '90, and Mr. Berry, from Rochester, N. Y., has joined the class of '92.

A large party of friends passed a very enjoyable evening at the home of Mr. F. S. Day, '90, on Wednesday evening, January 2d. A number of the students took part in the festivities. Music for the occasion was furnished by Neal's Orchestra, in which H. V. Neal, '90, is first violin and leader.

A Bates Junior, after elaborately explaining the use of the bar in music to the youth of Auburn, asked, "Now can any of you tell me what the bar is for?" After a few moments, the silence is broken by a shrill-voiced urchin exclaiming, "I know. To keep the cows in the pasture." The Junior tries again.

Base-ball and tennis in January! Wednesday, January 2d, the boys of Nichols Latin School met on the college grounds to play a game of ball. After a few moments of field practice the game was given up on account of the mud on the diamond. On Friday following the theological students engaged in a lively game of tennis on the campus in front of Nichols Hall. Both days were warm and pleasant.

The class of '89 ought to pass a
special vote of thanks to I. N. Cox, who has so ably managed the business affairs of the Student the past year. It is due to him that we have the present enlarged form. Although the expenses were greater and the work correspondingly larger than before, Mr. Cox was without the usual assistant manager throughout the year.

The annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society was held at Auburn on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of the last week of December. The attendance was the largest in the history of the society. Many of the leading educators of the State were present. Among the graduates of Bates were the following: G. B. Files, '69; L. G. Jordan, '70; N. W. Harris, '73; A. W. Potter, M.D., and L. Moulton, '77; I. F. Frisbee, '80; A. B. Nevins and J. H. Parsons, '81; Misses A. M. Brackett and K. A. McVay, '84; C. E. Stevens, '86; F. W. Chase, '87. At the opening session held in Auburn Hall, N. W. Harris delivered the address of welcome. This was followed by a very interesting and brilliant discourse on "The Church, the School, the Home," by Rev. A. E. Winship, editor of the Journal of Education. The following sessions were wide awake and full of interest. Many very interesting and instructive papers were read treating on the subject, "How to Teach." At the close of the convention a vote of thanks was given to Mr. F. S. Pierce, '90, who, with a class of his pupils from Auburn High School, furnished singing during the convention.

The will of $35,000 to Bates College by the late Mrs. Caroline Wood, of Cambridge, Mass., was contested by Rev. Mr. Moore and wife. The validity of the will was tried before a jury in Cambridge. The presiding judge was the son of Dr. O. W. Holmes. On the disagreement of the jury, the two parties agreed to submit certain legal questions to the presiding judge, with a right to appeal to the Supreme Court. Judge Holmes has decided every legal question in favor of the validity of the will, and furthermore has decided that the contestants shall pay their own costs. Whether the contestants will appeal to the Supreme Court, is not known. If they do the case will be decided next March. Judge Holmes says that they have no case and therefore nothing for which to appeal.

**PERSONALS.**

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath, pastor of the North Congregational Church at New Bedford, has resigned that pastorate to go to Plymouth Church, St. Paul.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham, formerly of Boothbay, has accepted the pastorate of the F. B. Church in Amesbury, Mass.

'75.—F. H. Hall, of Washington, D. C., was married, December 27th, to Miss Agnes Hector, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich, who was mentioned in the last Student as having a call to South Framingham, Mass., has also received an additional call to the Pilgrim Church, Minneapolis.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, who has lately
been transferred by Bishop Hurst from the Florida Conference to Pine Street church in Portland, tendered his resignation to the Pine Street officers on Tuesday evening. The change from Florida to Maine is a very trying one, and Mr. Foss feels that he ought to refrain from work until the spring conference. Mr. Foss’s resignation has been accepted, and Rev. J. A. Hall, lately of DeKalb Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be transferred to this conference and assigned to Pine Street Church.

'81.—There came to Lewiston, Saturday morning, the sad news of the death at Farmington, New Hampshire, the same morning, of Mrs. Henry S. Roberts, formerly Miss Lelia Holland of this city. She was taken suddenly ill with a heart disease, last Monday. Her husband, Henry S. Roberts, A.B., a graduate of Bates College, and now principal of the High School at Great Falls, N. H., and one young child, are left desolate. Mrs. Roberts was about twenty-seven years of age.

'82.—S. A. Lowell, Esq., of Auburn, has been appointed by Governor Marble as a trustee on the State Normal School Board. Mr. Lowell fills the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Richardson, who has been made principal of the Castine Normal School.

'85.—John M. Nichols, formerly of the Rochester (N. H.) High School, has been unanimously elected teacher of Greek and Latin, and vice-principal of the High School in Middletown, Conn.

'85.—Charles T. Walter, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has published a beautiful holiday edition of poems by Mrs. Annie Warner Morehouse, ’77; entitled, “The Legend of Psyche, and Other Verses.”

'86.—H. C. Lowden has accepted a call to the Canton F. B. Church, for the coming year.

'87.—S. S. Wright, of Monmouth Academy, has been elected principal of the Gardiner High School.

'89.—J. I. Hutchinson is agent here for the new college magazine, The Collegian.

'89.—C. J. Emerson has been appointed Secretary of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, in place of E. J. Small, deceased.

'90.—Miss Mary Brackett is teaching at her home, Harper’s Ferry, W. Va.

'90.—Miss Nellie Snow is teaching in York, Me.

'91.—W. M. Davis has recovered from his late illness and is to supply the Free Baptist church at East Livermore.

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EXCHANGES.

The few exchanges that have reached our table in the vacation days just past are glad with Christmas song and story. Their joys echo through the fancy like a sweet strain in a melody of yesterday. Those happy expectations have become pleasant memories, and the student once more finds himself at his college duties. At such a time it is hard to criticise words written in anticipation, so let us turn to the regular line of work.

The Pacific Pharos presents a new plan, or substitute for examinations, soon to be adopted in the University
of the Pacific. It is well worth considera-
tion, if it will in any way lessen the evil it is intended to abolish. It is as follows:

The daily recitations will count for the student's standing for the term, and the recita-
tions will be made as searching as possible. At the end of the term various subjects will be assigned from the study in hand and the class will prepare articles on the same; which articles will be read before the class and enter into the general standing of the student. By this means the process of "cramming" will be done away with and the recitations made much more interesting and inviting. The subjects to be written upon will comprise all the points of the book, and as they will be carefully prepared each by a separate student, who will give his whole time to the one point of discussion assigned to him, they cannot fail to be of interest and benefit to the class and others who may wish to hear them.

Among the exchanges outside of New England, none has greater literary merit than the Ursinus College Bulletin. However, when we see its articles signed by professors and members of '84, '79, '77, and '74, we can hardly take the magazine as an index of the literary work done by students of the college. The same is true of the Hobart Herald, in a less degree, while many articles have no signature or class name attached. Only when this is given, can other colleges fairly compare their work, as it is so desirable to do. Let us have more signatures, that we may know what you are doing as fellow editors and students.

Lasell Leaves contains many bright articles, but it is hard to conceive how a ladies' monthly could admit to its columns a poem of such questionable refinement as "Leap Year." What must they expect of college men, when they countenance and encourage such coarseness?

The Amherst Literary Monthly sets before us a high standard of what a college magazine should be. Its articles show that it well deserves to be called Literary. Such a publication may not be possible in our smaller colleges, but a long stride towards it might be taken by raising the character of the literary department and extending its limits. Some other departments might well be shortened.

For example, the Hesperus has a whole column through which the spirit of the punster runs amuck, wresting the King's English from its own high uses and twisting it into every imaginable deformity. In others the locals far exceed their proper limits, and seem to be drawn out to fill up the space.

Every student should regard his college paper as his especial charge, for by it his college will be measured, and every editor should guard each inch of space as a sacred trust, to be filled with nothing less than the best thought of his chosen institution. When this stand is taken, there will be little drawing out or filling in with useless matter. A strong quotation will better fill a vacant space than a cheaply manufactured pun.

Every one interested in college journalism has waited eagerly for the appearance of the Collegian. The first number comes just as ours is going to press, and there is time for only a hasty glance at its columns. This glance, however, reveals a rich store of literary work, and shows that we have not expected too much from it. We wish its editors the greatest success in their undertaking and hope to give
their publication the more careful notice it deserves in our next issue.

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**GEMS OF THOUGHT.**

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies all about us in our infancy.
— Wordsworth.

What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things?
— Bailey.

The heart, benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God.
— Burns.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide.
— Lowell.

From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights that gladden earth,
Give grace to being and arouse the brave
To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire!
— Thomson.

We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds;
And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.
— Wordsworth.

Who does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mar.
— Burns.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?
— Shakespeare.

Deliberate with caution but act with decision.
— Colton.

The game of life looks cheerful
When one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure.
— Coleridge.

Let mutual joy our mutual trust combine,
And love and love-born confidence be thine.
— Dryden.

Time past, how transient;
Time present, how evanescent;
Time to come, with many how uncertain.
— Anon.

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wain,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.
— Longfellow.

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**COLLEGE NOTES.**

At Harvard, Cornell, Ann Arbor, and Johns Hopkins attendance at recitation is optional.

Amherst has sent out two hundred college professors and presidents, and twenty judges of the supreme court.

In the United States, one man in every 200 takes a college course, in England one in every 500, and in Germany one in every 213.

Dartmouth is to build a cage in which to practice ball during the winter. It will cost $3,000, $400 of which the president of the college has already subscribed.

The students of Yale are endeavoring to establish a sort of a loan library, whereby the students who are poor may have an opportunity to procure the college text-books free of charge. It is not to be merely a library; and students who are wealthy and are in prosperity are respectfully requested
to make donations of books, clothing, furniture, and such other articles as students may need.

At Oxford, England, there are twelve American students in attendance; at the University of Berlin, six hundred; at Leipsic, over two hundred.

Over two hundred students from Episcopalian theological seminaries in the United States left the country during the past year to labor in foreign missions.

The oldest college periodical and the oldest monthly of any kind in America is the *Yale Literary Magazine.* Wm. M. Evarts was one of five students who started it fifty years ago.—Ex.

Dr. J. Leland Miller, of Sheffield, Mass., has given $50,000 to Williams College to found a professorship of American history, literature, and eloquence. It will be the first professorship of the kind in this country.

Twenty-five thousand dollars was spent by Harvard University on its various athletic organizations, last year.

The oldest institution of learning is the University of Bologna. It is soon to celebrate its eight-hundredth anniversary.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided that Cornell University cannot receive the $150,000 willed to it by Mrs. Jennie McGray Shaw, as it already possesses as much property as allowed by its charter.

There are two graduates from Bates in the Maine Legislature this year, F. E. Sleeper, '07, in the Senate, and O. B. Clason, '77, in the House. In both branches there are twenty-four college graduates; seven in the Senate and seventeen in the House. Of these eighteen are from the colleges in the State. The following table shows the kind of education of the members so far as known:

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The college graduates are from the following colleges: Amherst, 1; Bates, 2; Bowdoin, 9; Colby, 4; Maine State College, 3; Dartmouth, 1; Wesleyan University, 1; New York University, 1; Georgetown College, D. C., 1; Eastman Business College, 1.

**POET'S CORNER.**

**JANUARY.**

A fair child by a glimmering sea,
Scanning the mute cast wistfully,
To catch a glimpse of sails blown free
From wonder ports,—such sails, maybe,
As flit in dreams from ports of air,—
A child of elish mien and shy,
Athwart the sheen of whose clear eye,
Oft light-winged visions softly fly,
Leaving a glory there.

The sea is dumb, the woods are still;
No fragrance steals from plain nor hill;
From far-off isles, so white and chill,
Of happy change no voices trill;
To him the universe is given,
An ivory casket locked and sealed,
Which to no key of sense may yield,
But wherein pearls, like hopes concealed,
Garner the tints of heaven.

—James Phinney Baxter.

**RIO DE LAS ANIMAS PERDIDAS.**

Rapid the current rolls
In the river of lost souls!
Rapid and white when the night
Lies swathed in the warm moonlight.
Rapid and white in the day
As it swirls along its way,
Born of the silvery rills
In the pine and cedared hills.
Flashing, dashing,
Swirling, crashing.
Moaning in the gulch of shadow,
Laughing through the shining meadow,
Gliding amid boulder drifts;
Loving, smiling,
Care beguiling,
Cool and limpid in the shade;
Warm and sunny in the glade;
Rapid the current rolls
In the river of lost souls.

—The Hesperus.

BUILDERS.
We are all builders in this earthly sphere,
And from our labors heavenly mansions rise,
As every noble deed adds shining stone
To future home, eternal in the skies.
Lay corner-stone of purity and truth;
On this foundation sure uplift the home;
Yet bear in mind the structure will not stand
If love build not from base to rounded dome.

—Tuftonian.

FROST PICTURES.
Jack Frost is a wonderful painter, I trow
He comes from the region of glaciers and snow;
He works like an elf with his might and his main
To cover with idyls each clear window pane.
See this etching so dainty—a city of dreams,
Where graceful and stately each frosted spire gleams.
And there are brave soldiers, with visor and shield
And glittering battle-axe crossing a field;
No sound of the bugle, no reveille call
Can rouse all the cohorts from Jack's icy thrall.
Oh, varied and rare are the scenes from his brush,
How gayly he paints while all nature is hushed;
Full well does he know that one glance from
King Sun,
Will spoil all his pictures and stop all his fun;
His touch is so swift and his paintings so white
I scarcely can see all their beauty to-night.

—Selected.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.
The old church bell is tolling
In accents low and high;
Her solemn cadence rolling
On reverent passers-by.

—Tuftonian.

LIFE.
The poets have known it for ages,
Have sung it all over the earth;
This "secret" unguessed by the sages;
This "mystery" of life and of birth.
The breezes the story is telling;
The birds sing it out all the day;
The brook from the mountain springs welling.
The song of life singeth alway.
Brook, bird, breeze, and blossoms that spatter
The fields, air, water, and sod,
All tell, plain as day: Life is matter
Just touched by the finger of God.

—Tuftonian.

SKATERS’ SONG.
With sleigh-bells a-chiming across the white snow,
Our skates keep a-timing as onward we go.
With hearts that are light as the soul of a dream,
With hopes that are bright as the moon's silvery beam;
On, skaters, on! Our time fleets fast;
 Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.
Now gliding and singing with spirits as gay
As sleigh-bells' sweet ringing o'er Thee, snow-bound May!
THE BATES STUDENT.

Now swaying and straying far down to the Mill,
Then up again, up again, skirting the Hill;
"On, Skaters, on! Our youth heeds fast;
Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.

Dear faces are missing 'mongst the glad throng,
Dear voices are wanting to swell the old song.
With the river they've drifted away to the sea
They are slumbering peacefully down by the lea.

On, skaters, on! Our time fleets fast;
Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.
—Ursinus College Bulletin.

POTPOURRI.

"And now, little girls," said a Sunday-school teacher, "you may tell me about the Epistles." A little girl held up her hand. "Well?" said the teacher. "The Epistles," said the little girl, "the Epistles are the wives of the Apostles."—Ex.

MATRIMONIAL.

[Married people will please read as written; single ones can read the first line, then the third, the second, and finally the fourth in each verse.]

That man must lead a happy life
Who's freed from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by his wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate;
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride,
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehood that in woman dwells;
The worth in woman we behold,
Is almost imperceptible.

Cursed be the foolish man, I say,
Who changes from his singleness;
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Is sure of perfect blessedness. —Ex.

At a young men's debating club in Red Bluff, Cal., the following question was discussed: "Does a chimera rumminating in vacuum devour second intentions?" It broke up the club.—Ex.

Teacher—"What is a dependent sentence?" Boy—"One that hangs by its own clause."—Selected.

The editors' drawer calls an interesting bit of biographical information from the examination paper of a small boy, who wrote: "Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1892 at the age of seven years."—Selected.

Medical Professor—"Where is the glottis?" Raw Student—"I don't know, sir; I think you put it on the shelf in the dissecting-room with the rest of your surgical implements."—Ex.

[From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.]

It was only an hour that I saw her,
Only an hour in the train,
And I'm pining in sack-cloth and ashes,
Longing to see her again.
She'd a face which a fellow would die for,
A la Watteau in style and petite,
How dainty she was! How bewitching!
And her smile was—Oh, Heavens—how sweet!

I remember we went through a tunnel,
How my arm did around her waist steal
She liked it, I think; how it thrilled me
When her curls on my cheek I could feel!
But, oh for my watch, new and golden,
Which she swiped on that day in the train!
And I'm pining in sack-cloth and ashes,
Confound her, to catch her again.
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