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EDITORIAL.

NOW is the time to leave Parker Hall to bid good-bye to the boys and gir—grounds, to take a last look at the pennant and a last run for the train. To '89 we would say, Do not desert us utterly, but call often at the sanctum and send us personals. To '93 we bid a cordial welcome. To '92 we would give the advice, Be cautious. Although you may feel the Sophomoric pin-feathers pricking through and realize that you will soon be a full-fledged Soph., yet beware, "pride goeth before destruction." '90 and '91 are now upper-classmen and should act accordingly. With these few words, we bid you all adieu till next September.

WITH this number we bid the class of '89 Godspeed. For three years we have had their companionship, and we have found warm friends among them. All the little jealousies and differences of our first year together have long since been buried, and it will be with sadness that we shall look for the last time into their faces as a class. We are stronger and better for having known them, and the memory of our pleasant associations with them will always be fragrant. We know the world will be
better for their going forth into it after their four years' sojourn here. They will carry with them a host of good wishes from all, and especially from the class of '90.

Speaking of base-ball, the principal of one of our best fitting schools once said that when a student is deciding what college to attend, he does not ask which has the best president or best faculty, but which has the best ball team. Doubtless this does have much influence with some, and justly, too. No one can be blamed for preferring to go where his companions will be interested in manly sport, as well as hard work; and, other things being equal, the scale might well turn in favor of the college having the best and cleanest ball team.

We say cleanest, because the nine represent the undergraduates of the college, and people will judge of the whole from the behavior of the men supported in the ball field. If they are gentlemanly and work well together, they will win good opinions, not only for themselves, but also for their college. But such exhibitions of temper and profanity as have disgraced some of the members of visiting nines on our grounds this spring are enough to prejudice many people against their college. We know it is possible to play ball well, and yet be gentlemanly in every way; and we cannot help thinking that the record of our nine in both respects has helped to raise Bates much higher in the estimation of many people.

The Empire State may well be proud of its action in regard to that system by which every word and motion of a student is entered on the debit or credit side of a strict account. The marking system has been abolished in New York City public schools. The student of Cornell knows nothing of his rank save that he has or has not passed. The object of this is to make love of learning the only incentive to high scholarship. Its value is being recognized in some other institutions, and they are therefore discouraging the founding of any more prizes.

But why does this system meet with growing disfavor? The reasons are chiefly two. It is impossible to do justice to every student in ranking. There is therefore dissatisfaction which is greatly aggravated if any favoritism seems to have been shown. Then it tends to develop relative rather than absolute excellence in study and writing, and a superficial method of work that will tell in the class-room. The question becomes not, How much can I learn? but, What can I seem to have learned? not How well can I do? but, How much better than my fellows? This is not the condition of the best work, for "nothing is done beautifully that is done in rivalry."

What a wonderful power there is in example! If you don't believe it, the next time you see a man make people laugh before people, just watch his audience. Ten to one they will all laugh, too, or at least smile, although they know he is only making believe. "People are so wofully like sheep."
some one has said. But every flock of sheep has its leader, and therein lies a hint to the man that wants to impress himself on the world. Be a leader. Don't go with the crowd; imitators amount to little; but be independent and faithful to truth, and you will neither lack followers nor fail to be useful. Heroism inspires heroism, and the man that stands by his colors, come what may, has in him the elements of a true hero, while his unswerving fidelity rings out a bugle call to all that is noble in human nature.

To set bravely the good example instead of weakly following the bad one, ay, there's the rub. It is so hard to stand alone, and so easy to fall in with others. But a leader or a follower, which will you be. On your choice depend the issues of life for you, perhaps for many more.

This year our nine started into the field with the determination to give the other college nines an opportunity of no easy struggle for the first position. In this they have succeeded, and great were the disadvantages under which they carried on the contest.

With Wilson, our pitcher, disabled, with captain Day, our short stop, on crutches, and with the loss of the first two games without any exertion on the part of our opponents, a deep darkness clouded our prospect; but necessity found another pitcher in Daggett, that darkness cleared away, and “there is sunshine again.” The next six games are ours and the championship comes to Bates. At the present writing there is one more game still to be played; but, however that may go, the pennant is still ours.

Great credit is due the boys, and hardly can we express our gratitude to them for the earnest, faithful work they have done. Our battery is as good, if not the best of any in the league. Call has done excellent work behind the bat, and surely Daggett's pitching cannot be too highly appreciated. His effective curves have baffled the skill of the best batters in the league. Somehow they couldn't “get used to him.” Wilson has played second base as no other man of the nine could have done. Like Day, the short stop, he is always in the right place. Gilmore and Graves are masters of their positions. Putnam's excellent work in left field and Emery's base stealing have attracted much attention.

While Day was unable to play, and during the sickness of Wilson, Garcelon has exhibited the ability of a natural ball player. Without much practice, he has played very good short stop.

But while we highly congratulate the members of the nine, we cannot refrain from special thanks to our manager, E. N. Cox, who has so skillfully conducted the affairs of the baseball department. Though the assessments have been much less than in former seasons, yet the financial condition of the association at the end of the league season has never been better.

Now the strife is over, boys, and the battle is won! You have the hearty appreciation of every student in the college. You have earnestly and faith-
fully done your part, and now the banner that crowns your victories floats on the breezes at the foot of David Mountain.

If you would lose that tired listless feeling, don't take patent spring medicines, but go out door and take some of God's oxygen. Of course we do not mean for you to waste your time out doors, but there are more ways than one for dissipation. We are often exhorted to take care of the precious moments, and so we should, but it is certainly a waste of time to pore over a book so long that you can not tell whether you are reading Mental Philosophy or "Robinson Crusoe." The mind can not act vigorously in a diseased body. A well-developed man should have a fine physique as well as a high forehead. If our efforts are to be successful, we must develop the muscle as well as the brain.

The crusade against the ranking system is making headway, and we hope to see evidences of the fact at Bates. A recent number of the Nineteenth Century contains a strong protest against this "sacrifice of education to examination" which wastes the energies of the average student in spasmodic efforts to pass, rather than in steady work for the sake of learning. It is needless to dwell on the evils of cramming. Every professor and student knows what they are. The only question is the remedy.

Two schemes are offered. The University of California has tightened its grip, and the professors may exclude from examinations any students whom they think have not done satisfactory work. Amherst, the pioneer of self-government, has abolished examinations substituting a series of written recitations held at irregular intervals during the term. The fact that the world moves forward and not backward is sufficient reason for believing that the latter system will prevail.

What are you going to read this summer? It is time to pack the trunks now, and books should go at the bottom. To begin with, don't take too much heavy reading. Some who have never tried it may think the summer vacation a fine time for reading up Greek and Roman History, for perusing that work on English Literature, or for devouring those learned articles on "character" or a kindred subject to be reproduced in some startling essay. All this may sound very well. It is a good theory and may succeed in the case of one student in ten. But it is hot in the summer and studying is an effort. You want something for spare moments, and English Literature and History are not invigorating in five-minute doses. Therefore, unless you make up your mind that you will read those books, you are liable to do no reading at all.

Here is another plan: Are there not many standard works which you know are interesting which you intend to read some time, but never have had quite time for yet?—such books as "Arabian Nights," "David Copperfield," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Romola," "Les Miserables," etc.,
etc. If you begin one of these books you will finish it because you enjoy it, and there is so much accomplished. Is not reading "David Copperfield" under a shady tree better than making one's self sick with a water-melon to while away the time? You enlarge your stock of general information, become acquainted with the best authors, and amuse yourself all in one.

It is a good plan to make a note of the titles of desirable books and select the best. If you want some history, learn about the beach or town in which you are summering. Make up your mind beforehand what you will read, then get the books and go at it.

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LITERARY.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

By A. L. S., '89.

I.
Back and forth with measured footsteps,
In his study paced the poet,
All the busy world about him
With its hum of many voices,
With its blessings and its curses,
With its ceaseless strife for riches,
Reached him not in his seclusion.
Unto him those spacious alcoves,
Filled with various-vestured volumes,
Were a world of life and action.
And he fancied that each hero,
Painter, poet, sage, and prophet,
Came and blessed him, spake unto him,
Raised their eyes and pointed upward.

II.
There is beauty, strength, and grandeur
In this life, if we but see it.
It is sad and dreary only
When we know some duty slighted.
We may take our place among those
Whose lives are as benedictions,
If we do what’s set before us.

III.
In the spring-time, lo, the peasant
Sows the seed and trusts the harvest
To heap high his empty garner.
College days have been our seed-time,
Careless often, often sober.
Always hopeful have we labored,
Jesting, singing as we planted.

IV.
Into ocean, ancient sailors
Poured out wine as a libation,
That their voyage might be successful.
We have poured a worthier offering—
All the sweet wine of youth’s ardor,
Lost forever on time’s ocean,
That our voyage may be triumphant.

V.
Each great painter’s master effort
Was to paint the Holy Mother,
And the child upon her bosom.
Would that one might paint the picture
Of our tender foster mother
With her children gathered round her,
Bringing love and honor to her.

VI.
Standing by the unhewn marble,
First the sculptor in his fancy
Carves the statue, makes it perfect,
Thrills with hope and expectation;
Thus we feel that college duties
Have been shaping our ideals,
Have been edging up the chisel
Ready to shape life’s grand structure.
And associations, daily,
With our classmates and our teachers
Give a breadth to our ideals,
Inspiration to our purpose.
Grateful are our hearts to each one
For the service he has rendered
In the blending of the outlines.

VII.
It is for the sinister raven
To croak notes of sad foreboding;
For the Muse to blithely crown you
With the laurels and the myrtles.
Yet what crown can be more precious
Than of years of patient labor,
All unselfish, uncomplaining?
What of beauty can the poet
Find in all his devious wanderings
In the shadow land of fancy—
What that can exceed or equal
Tender ties of love and friendship
Such as hold our class united,
Make them one in hope and purpose?
So I bid you, classmates, cherish
Toward all men the kindly interest
That you cherish toward each other,
That has made our days at college
Like as flowers with sweet perfume,
That has made our future prospect
As a leafy, flower-paved vista.

VIII.
Scarce eight moons have come and vanished,
Since death's angel was among us,
Since we heaped the sacred emblems,
Evergreens and flowers united,
On the casket of a classmate.
Short his battles, yet his triumphs
Well might teach us all a lesson.
Few the hours till comes the parting.
Who can hope that all may ever
Meet again in life's strange lab'rinth
In the grief that comes of parting.
Let us pledge that we will honor
All the human obligations,
All the duties (God has for us.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP ADDRESS—BY G. H. L., '89.

FRIENDSHIP is a natural scheme
for the development of man. The normal or natural sphere of man is development, and nature uniformly places within the life principle a yearning and a law of selection for that which alone can develop and exalt. Hunger and thirst are as true of the soul as the body. As the germinating seed seeks for the light, so are we by this correlation between the natural yearning and the natural supply tempted to reach for the light of our life that which will nourish justice, charity, and holiness.

This element is truth, and truth is God. On all things there is left the stamp of infinite knowledge. There is enough practical wisdom in the twig of a tree to unfold the mysteries of heaven and hell, had we but the capacity to receive it. Though we to-day speak of those yearnings of the human heart that can be satisfied only by the human heart, of that higher friendship that must be reciprocated between sympathetic beings, though we hold to you that power in debility, that strength in weakness, that hope for the hopeless that comes only from the sympathy of the human soul, yet all things are possible friends. Everything is an actual friend from which we draw this truth, this light. Everything is a friend that can help us to help ourselves, that can lead to a higher knowledge of self.

And this tender feeling of affection is but another name for the unconscious gratitude which a generous soul feels toward its benefactor, best symbolized by the color and beauty put on by nature in return for the sunlight. Could you analyze the love of your friends you would find that in secret understanding there had been satisfied that for which your soul hungered; that a new light had been shed in upon your life. All else we see about us is but as the goods upon your counters, things of barter, a mockery, for friendship is not friendship that does not purify the life.

I can see in this plan of friendship the eternal fitness of things. Friendship, life, is a gymnasium for the practice of manliness. It is not enough that man should know the very essence of justice, but to become Godlike he must do, must in friendship practice these virtues toward his fellow-men as
the author of nature does toward him. It is indeed most true that man is not in himself an entity, that "there is no separate good," that in the highest sense before a man can be selfish he must be unselfish. It is laid deep in your very nature that the truer you are to your friends the truer will you be to yourself and your God.

Could I emphasize the value of friendship I would draw from life and your experience. There is no power under heaven that gives so much courage, hope, and increased power as to know that there are those who understand and appreciate you, that there are those who have expectation and confidence in you.

For with our friends our little worth stands but as a type or suggestion of what we may become. We most of all remember what has been called that divine something that shines in our friends and makes us see the archetypal man and what might be the amplitude of nature's first design. My friend, I worship not only what you are, but you are to me all that is in your power to become all that you yearn to be. And what is this but the clothing your ideal, that shaper of human destiny, in a human form, with a human heart that beats for you.

This mingling of aspirations I have sometimes thought to be like that of oxygen and hydrogen—it burns without flit or flutter and almost unseen, but its flame contains the highest known power. Thoughts never before dreamed of come in all the freshness of inspiration. To share our joy is to redouble it; "to share our grief," says Bacon, "is to cut it in halves." It gives hope to youth, strength to manhood, bathes the whole world in sunlight, and "permits us never to grow old." Hawthorne likened Christian faith unto a cathedral with divinely painted windows, so might I the relation of friendship. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly conceive any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable beauty.

The crudities of this crude nature, the juts of this rugged character, can be brought into proportion; the power dormant in all men can be brought to life only by the subtle influence of friendship. I have seen in wild places, midst thorns and impenetrable shade, rough boulders hurled together by the forces of nature, forming, where they met, a basin, the receptacle of what was worn and rent from their masses. From that common soil sprang a fairest flower that breathed tenderness and grace, converting the wilderness into a place of enchantment. Thus in this life souls most stern and impenetrable are brought together by an affinity akin in strength to the gravitating force of the rock. From that enchanted spot, where souls meet and converse, springs something both fair and kingly, rendering the toughest environment, softening the hardest heart, feeding the life of the noblest thought and feeling of the human soul.

If, then, friendship thus receives its sanction from God; if we are brought together by that which is beyond our control; if you and I are friends, and it cannot be changed without changing what is eternal in nature, seek for
friends only those who seek you. Or rather, seek not at all. The only way to obtain friendship is to be more deserving of it. Here at least are blessed those that are worthy. Best friends come unsought; deepest understanding is not expressed by words; the richest fruits of friendship are not in loud profession, but spring from inner sources and are in secret consciousness.

Friendship demands that you be what you seem. The hypocrite can hope neither for the favor of God nor even the love of man. Show yourself, mistakes and all, for in higher friendship there can be no deception or equivocation. From this it follows that the path of true friendship will be rough and cragged. But better it be the mountain current hurled momentarily from its bed to be purified by the air and sunlight, throwing into life sparkle and beauty and a song, than the sluggish stream that conceals within its bosom the unclean till the fountain of crystal water has transformed itself into a stagnant pool, holding only the bitterness of life.

The friendship of him who has not charity, who is not a friend in fortune and misfortune, is not worth having. Such friendship is a spider web, where we should have the affinity of heaven—a thing calculated to ensnare, not to exalt. Such a one may be a friend of your reputation or fortune, but when alone and within its secret chambers the heart speaks without dissimulation, does it beat with tender solicitude for you?

Yet do not encourage the custom of suspecting every one of dissimulation and inconstancy. Not only are people likely to find what they look for, but they are prone to look for what they find in themselves. If you have not true friends the fault is yours. Do not go mourning through life that the world has no love for you, when there is nothing in you lovable. See that your own heart is unselfish; here is your only work. For the roughest element in society has instinctive reverence for unassumed worth and purity. There lives not the person who does not love the sincerity, simplicity, and unselfishness of the child. Add to this the wisdom of a well-spent life; every heart must own its grandeur and acknowledge its sovereignty.

The friendship, thus springing from within, has a self-sustaining independence, is not left in spasmodic doubt, for the giver knows, with Longfellow, that affection never was wasted. If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment. The friendship thus springing from within will transcend the environment of a human friend, love virtue for virtue's sake, and climbing by love to men will reach its own home in the bosom of God, and not one of you will ever be alone who entertains a pure thought.

What I have said comes as a testimonial of what is welling in each one of you, my classmates. We must part not so much as students in Bates College as friends before the altars of sincerity. For four happy years have we struggled and stood each for all. All unseen and unnoticed have been
woven ties so strong, yet so tender, that I must not with utterance profane your secret. From this richly freighted sadness of the heart comes the cry, farewell ye halls and groves of maple and elm; farewell ye landscape and all so dear; farewell ye familiar faces; farewell ye merry sportive echoes; farewell ye my classmates. For never may we here again gather as the class of '89. Threads of silver, the wrinkles of care may come, ay, may come and go, ere some we again behold. But neither space in its immensity, nor time in its eternity, nor fortune with its ceaseless vicissitudes can ever sever my life from Bates College, from the life of these college friends. If there are hopes and dreams that never perish, there is a spirit, there are memories that never die. These years shall be as a living fountain with which to cleanse the turbid succession. And throughout their course remember that no greater friend will ever be given you than the opportunity to befriend these whose strength and weakness you understand so well. Be true to your friends, be true everywhere, evermore, and all shall be yours that friendship, life, heaven itself can give.

BACCALAUREATE ODE.

BY A. E. H., '89.

We are sailing down the harbor,
Down the harbor to the sea.
Out between the rocky headlands,
Far beyond the isles are we;
And before us rolls the ocean,
Where life's hidden breakers lie,
While the Syrens of temptation
Sing their sweetest melody.

Thou who didst, with thine apostles,
Sail the Galilean lake,
Be our pilot through this journey,
Bid our hearts new courage take;
May we learn to read the signals
Nature gives on every hand,
May thy chart of inspiration
Bring us to fair Canaan's land.

When the voyage of life is ended,
When we cease to draw this breath,
When frail Nature bids us anchor
By the quarantine of death,
May we seek for life eternal,
As a gift from God on high,
May we grasp by faith the promise,
Christ is coming by and by.

CLASS ODE.

BY A. E. H., '89.

Air—"Gypsy's Warning."

We are leaving Alma Mater,
Now we say our last farewell;
We shall meet no more together
Answering to the college bell.
From the farm and crowded city
Met we one bright summer's day;
Hand-in-hand we've journeyed onward
Till four years have passed away.

Classmate, tell us of the journey—
Has the struggle been in vain?
Does the recompense seem meager?
Is there more of loss than gain?
In the lessons we have studied,
In the friendships we have made,
In the memories, hallowed memories,
We are many times repaid.

When we visit Alma Mater
In the days that are to come,
When we see our ivy clinging
Fondly to our college home,
May it be to us a lesson,
May it teach us all to be
Toward our college, true examples
Of abiding loyalty.

As we pass through hall and class-room
Which fond memories e'er recall,
As we stand before the picture
Hanging on the chapel wall,
May the mingled joy and sorrow
Never cause us to repine,
May we ever heed the motto
Of the class of '89.
THE SPIRIT OF APPRECIATION.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS—BY C. J. E., '89.

No life of the present century stands more replete in the richness of its energy and enthusiasm than that of Louis Agassiz. Regarding neither wealth nor fame, he studied natural science with a devotion intense and insatiable. The most prominent element in his character, controlling his being and shaping his destiny, was the spirit of appreciation, that subtle element that arouses the human faculties to their utmost vigor, exalts the imagination, inspires zeal, unselfishly recognizes excellence and emulates ideality.

Even as Agassiz could see more beauty in a cluster of mollusks chiseled from the Silurian rock, than in the most splendid jewels that ever sparkled in the diadem of a king, so the student, the patriot, the Christian, the idealist is enraptured by his occupation only as it appeals to his spirit of appreciation.

It is not strange that an element so vital should be of priceless value in all true education. It is an active, working force, liberating all the nerve power of acquisition. The work of the appreciative student throbs with the living energy of the fervid brain; while that of the intellectual, but unappreciative scholar is marked by the mechanical excellence of a literary machine. The appreciative student works not for name nor emolument, but intoxicated with his love of study pushes his research to the very boundaries of human knowledge, finding ample compensation in the delight and satisfaction of an enriched and cultured mind. On the other hand, the unappreciative scholar works for a selfish, practical end. The whole product of his education is a commodity. He is ready to sell his Latin by the yard and his mathematics by the pound. He will write poetry for pay and prose for a price. Often successful, tried by his own sordid tests, he has nevertheless fatally misjudged the grand purpose of education, whose aim is to give power of mind and generosity of spirit, and compared with the appreciative student, he is as mediocrity to ideality.

That education in which an appreciative spirit is the molding force, always develops patriotism, warm appreciation of one's country. The true patriot plunges not into the heat of wars or the contention of nations for the glory he may reap, or spoils he may win. The spirit that resists tyranny as long as one human right is trodden under foot, and suffers martyrdom rather than swear fealty to an unjust cause, is not born of selfish greed nor of personal ambition. It is the offspring of generous appreciation. Achilles, with his glittering spear, and Ulysses, with his death-dealing bow, are poor examples of heroic manhood. The crusaders, with their martial pomp and knightly deeds, contributed little to the permanent good of mankind. True patriotism appreciates too highly the blessings of peace, and feels too deeply the sacred ties of a human brotherhood, to find attraction in bloodshed and devastation; yet, when the cry of distress rises from a crushed and bleeding people, the same love of humanity spurs the patriot to deeds of desperate valor. 'Tis then that the springs of
justice and humanity, sunk deep in the hearts of men, are stirred to their depths and the spirit that can show its appreciation of right, whatever the cost, triumphs grandly over the assaults of evil.

The realm of religion and philanthropy is but the realm of patriotism extended till it includes all mankind. In this realm appreciation manifests itself as a spiritual, grace-giving power. It marks the difference between the Christian who is saved through love of God and of good works, and him who accepts religious teaching and avoids wrong-doing through fear of being lost. The spirit of appreciation is aglow with the fires of sympathy, and through sympathy is man most helpful to man. He only is ordained to teach living truth, or minister to distressed humanity, who, looking into the human heart, understands its passions and appreciates the energies that govern human conduct. Cold reason rarely comforts affliction or drives wickedness to repentance. Generous, sympathetic appreciation such as inspired a Howard, a Luther, or a Wilberforce, is the mind of God, working through chosen servants, to establish his kingdom in the hearts of men. The soul which gathers its strength and hope from infinite power and wisdom, and then consecrates its treasures to the good of mankind, is the highest expression of Christian worship that the religions of the ages have produced.

But it is not in the patriotism that attracts the eyes of a grateful people, not in the philanthropy that wins the admiration of mankind, that this spirit finds its purest and noblest expression. It is a fountain of strength and joy flowing into each daily life to gladden and refresh the weary toiler.

"He lives most who feels most."

He feels most who appreciates most. Appreciation constantly searches out new objects for emulation, and invests common things with a halo of beauty. The unappreciative man, though he owns a palace, deals in gold, and receives homage from half a kingdom, yet lives in a leaden world, deaf and blind to the glories God meant for his happiness and inspiration. But the appreciative man, the man who can feel, finds a charm in every work of his hand and is inspired to Godlike endeavor. He gathers treasures from all ages. The world of literature and art is a world of delight. He is thrilled with the pathos of Meredith and walks in majesty at the side of Milton. His observation is quickened. To him the flowers have a brighter hue, the birds a sweeter song, and the stars a more radiant luster. As he stands with head bared to the pure breath of heaven, he thanks God for the boon of life. His friendships are numerous, generous, and deep. The grasp of his hand gives encouragement and hope. His heart is so large, his zeal so contagious, that his presence is at once an inspiration and a benediction.

Carried to its highest degree, appreciation constitutes genius. In oratory and in music they only may aspire to "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," who, possessed of some great truth, are impelled by the passion of their appreciation to give it utterance. Grat-
tan wrought himself and his hearers to a frenzy when his thought turned to the woes of his country. Handel touched thousands of hearts and himself wept at the pathos of his own symphonies. The masterpieces of sculpture and painting were executed by men whose divine conceptions found expression upon canvas and marble. Appreciation not only makes greatness, but unselfishly recognizes it. Murillo stood a whole day before a painting in the Santa Cruz chapel, "Waiting," as he said, "for Christ to be taken down from that cross." Works of intellect appeal to the mind, works of appreciation touch the heart. Thus the sculptures of Alcamenes were models of execution; but those of Phidias seemed to glow and throb with the warmth and passion of life.

A great author has said: "Those works in which the mind is mostly engaged, are the fine arts." But the grandest of all arts is the art of human life, and he who can interpret its lights and shades, mold its possibilities, and transform its ideal pictures to substantial realities, is the greatest of all artists. Truly has the poet said:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He best lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Appreciation while ministering to learning, to patriotism, to virtue, and to art, is itself crowned with happiness and honor, and its votaries are "Diademed with a glory that shall not fade."

Great virtues magnify little vices.

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**IVY-DAY POEM.**

**By H. J. P., '90.**

Three years ago, on wisdom's quiet stream
That flows for ay into the restless sea
Of life, appeared a bark that bore a band
Of buoyant youth. The promise was, that at
The harbor's mouth, for each be found a ship
Well rigged and staunch to stem life's raging storms.

Ah! many golden day-dawns have we seen
Since first we met. And happy days have passed
With scarce a cloud to dim the glist'ning rays
That danced around our onward moving bark.
Enchanted lands of beauty have we found;
And distant scenes with twilight dullness veiled,
On nearer view, a hidden grandeur showed.
How oft, while dashing past some gloomy rough
O'erhanging cliff, to our astonished gaze
Appeared broad fields of knowledge, dotted here
And there with thoughts eternal. Grander grows
The prospect, yet we know our happy band
Must soon disperse for ay. Our listen'ing ear
Can e'en now catch the busy harbor's whir,
And dimly gleam the promised snow-white sails.
Beyond is dark, a mist obscures our view;
But hope has spanned the space with rainbow hue.
Our prize near won, 'tis well we rest to-day,
And listen to this tale from legends old.

Rabbi Ben Arden was a man of God,
A pure and noble man, but stern and cold,
Who, true to trust, feared yet the chast'ning rod,
And, strict with self, did strictly guard his fold;
The heart, he taught, was richer far than gold;
That one may live, he must obey the law;
For sin leads unto death, no pardon here he saw.

How oft the heart in lone ambition lives,
And strives on rainbow ladders for the sky,
Rejects the simple beauty nature gives,
And flings life's golden cup of pleasures by.
'Twas thus the Rabbi's aim had been too high;
And, finding sin, had faith in man no more;
Forgot that every heart some precious jewel bore.
He read God's word that men his image wear
And sought what hope the human forms foretell;
"Tis false," he cried, "no spark divine they bear;
For sin and death too plain their message tell
They're clay, stamped with eternal marks of hell.
I'll strive no more these wretched forms to save,
But spend my time in prayer, in yonder hermit cave."

Once while he slept, a heavenly radiance shone,
And angels spoke: "Thou would'st thy God desery,
Resume thy work, live thou no more alone,
But search earth's busy, active passers-by,
Be lost in them, thyself alone must die.
Go thou, and when again we summon thee,
In Zobah's pool, shalt thou thy Lord reflected see."

The Rabbi woke, and slowly gathered up
The tangled threads of duty he had dropped;
But worked like one who drank some bitter cup,
And thought therein to find the prize he sought;
No joy found he in present duties wrought,
But like the kite that breezes bear on high
Thus aimless toiled he on, nor asked the reason why.

One night, long after cherubs starry crowned,
Had swung the tired world to realms of rest,
The Rabbi's homesick soul no peace had found;
But longed in Zobah's quiet depths to test
The angels' pledge. At length, disdaining rest
He rose, and through the shadows sought the place.
But long in vain he peered, he saw no heavenly face.

With stronger zeal his work again he sought;
Each passing moment marked some kindly deed;
He helped the poor; the lepers lonely lot
Was happier made; to all who felt his need,
Assistance gave, nor asked returning meed.
In golden showers the years their gifts let fall,
Till, weak with age, one morn he heard the angel's call.

And such a morn as did the Rabbi greet!
All nature bathed in floods of living light,
A thousand flowers exhaled their odors sweet,
And birds enchanted poured forth their delight
In melting songs that charmed the breezes' flight.
All beauty seemed to center round the fold
Where Zobah's wavelets gleamed like burnished bars of gold.

With tottering steps the Rabbi neared the place.
He knew his goal of earthly joy was won;
Yet paused, once more to look on Nature's face,
Then trembling, kneaded the tangled reeds among;
And 'er the spring his anxious glances flung,
And startled saw himself, yet looked again,
Then fell back satisfied; he'd seen the God within.

How blest indeed is he, who, mid life's joys,
Life's sorrows, life's defeats, life's victories,
And life's ambition, never loses sight
Of that within the man—of the divine.
Loved classmates, when your ship, both tempest-tossed
And sailless, has neared the distant port
Towards which it glides, if you have noble deeds
Performed, then, looking in the quiet depths of water, you shall see, reflected in your countenance, the mirrored face of God.

THE SINCERE LIFE.

IVY-DAY ORATION—BY A. N. P., '90.

In every sincere life there is perfect harmony between all outward expressions and inward conviction of right and duty. Whether one's conviction of right is in accordance with the absolute right or not is wholly foreign to the question. It is his duty to follow that conviction and no other, not even the universal one. This is, moreover, the prime condition of progress. The price of higher knowledge is the use of that already gained.
On the low plain of policy it is best. I need not use the hackneyed illustration of the petty theft creating a defaulter. That is too gross. It is the things of apparently slight importance to the superficial eye that undermine the possibility of sincerity. A glance, a word, a motion, expressing what one does not truly feel, is its death-blow. The glass of truth is dimmed, roughened, warped, distorted, thickened here and there, until the mind within knows not whence comes the one faint struggling beam. “For that which is voluntarily untrue will soon be unwittingly so.”

John Burroughs says that before beauty there must be power. It is true but power is dependent on sincerity. The necessity lies in this that beauty cannot exist of itself as form, color, odor, outline. It must have expression and therefore purpose. There may be a languid enjoyment of some of these details, fascination even, but not the repose and satisfaction that underlying truth imparts.

"Tis said: "Intelligence is the leading feature of beauty; almost anything will do for a background." But there are two intelligences whose dividing line is sincerity. The face of the Jew in literature from Shylock to Fagin is alive with intelligence of selfish power, but it is not therefore beautiful. An idiot is a delight by comparison. It is a perverted intelligence, removed from its proper functions. Sincerity of expression has been driven from the features by the slow torture of neglecting sincere action. But the other intelligence is wholly open for the reception of new truth and wholly ready to act upon its promptings, and so views things as a seer or a god. It is a type of the highest, because guided by absolute intelligence. In short, this deeper, subtler influence which underlies expression and power, and on which beauty depends, is only pure sincerity. This is the beauty which glows in every child’s face, which permeates each noble manhood, which lives in every furrow of serene old age.

The sincere life is the well-proportioned life, the life architecturally perfect when completed. The architect has a plan for every structure he rears; but only when the last capstone is in position and the stagings torn away, can others conceive it, and then only in such degree as they sympathize with the builder. Imagine the stones endowed with life. As oriel or buttress begin to swell out in majestic curves and expressive angles, the stones become alarmed because they are not in line and appear to destroy the symmetry of the structure. So they draw back and complacently think that they have aided the master-builder. But will the dead wall please him as the turret or battlement he planned? There is a plan of God in every human structure. As each stone, be it thought, or word, or act is placed, He says, “Stand thus.” The position may align with nothing below it, still let it be taken. The architect knows His plan, and all His lines will harmonize when the structure is complete.

The sincere life is consistent in the best sense of that word. Emerson says: “A foolish consistency is the
hobgoblin of little minds. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. It may as well concern itself with its shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips. Sew them up with pack-thread; do. Else if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day, in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.” These words are indeed hard as cannon-balls, but no to-morrow of his ever contradicted them. They stand as the pattern of his life, as they are that of every heroic, sincere man. Consistency of life and thought is the friend of sincerity, attempted consistency of yesterday’s and to-day’s action is its foe; for it leads away from conduct based on the simplest motives into those complexities that always involve us in a sea of doubt.

The most nobly, sincerely inconsistent life ever lived was that of Saul of Tarsus. Horrible as the scene is, I like to think of him standing just outside the walls of Jerusalem, at his feet a heap of garments, close at hand their owner lying naked and bruised by the hurling stones, while the air is rent with yells of fanatic rage. He was young and cultured, skilled in all the lore of Jerusalem and Rome, sensitive and sympathetic as a child; yet he gave his sanctioning presence and encouragement to this terrible act, because it seemed his duty. Stephen was not more sincere in enduring his martyrdom, than was his executioner in inflicting it. This is the sincerity that I have called the prime condition of progress. This is the sincerity that creates strength. Later, see him at Lystra. Boldly proclaiming Christ, he becomes a target for the mob, and so well is their work done that he is cast out of the city for dead. But recovering, on the following day, he declares the same truth, to the same multitude, amid the same dangers. The whole world applauds the courage of the act. Yet if we seek for the germ of his strength, we find it in that other scene — when he was allied with the opposition. Sincere action then made sincere action always possible. Had he flinched in that first instance, had he excused himself from action then, he never could have been what he was, the invincible bulwark of the Christian church. Though his life was the reflection of his conscience, and his whole career sincere, I know of no life affording more strikingly opposing action, more inconsistent in its superficial sense. Yet its inmost significance is both consistent and sincere. Those lives that follow the simplest motives, as a mountain brook takes any course that leads it downward to its goal, the open sea, always reveal at last their real strength and consistency.

The seal of sincerity is set upon the eyes. Look into them, and if you find no barring doors shutting your gaze from the deeps of the soul behind them, trust their owner. As the placid surface of a mountain lake reflects the heaven so that its depths seem infinite, so immeasurably profound are those eyes that reflect a life of sincerity, of obedience to inward conviction of right which is the voice of God.
Not in the crashing storm, not in the carved and sparkling fountain, not in the glances of studied effect, not in the life of painstaking search for duty, but in the unclouded sky, in the pool of crystal water, in the innocent depths of a child's eye, in the clearness of a sincere life are hidden the secrets of beauty, symmetry, consistency, and strength, the golden fruitage of sincerity.

IVY-DAY ODES.

No. 1.
By J. L. P., '90.

Air—"The Lorelei."

What memories link our hearts
To Chapel and to Hall?
What scenes will linger ever
In the glad thoughts of all?
They are of pleasant seasons
That we've together spent;
For class-room, field, and woodland
To us their charms have lent.
The college woods, whose wild depths
Are sweet with birds and flowers;
Mt. David, whose calm majesty
On high above us towers;
The blossom-covered campus,
The young trees' pale green leaves,—
Such scenes, and more, inspire us,
Their fragrance through us breaths.

Not in the present only
We'll dream these visions o'er,
But, joyful we will bear them
Unto that far-off shore,
Where sits age, never mindful
Of the sorrows of its youth,
But thinking of the pleasures
Of its early days of truth.

No. 2.
By J. L. P.

Air—"Far Away."

When fair Nature is a-blooming,
Birds are singing in the air,
Flowers up from earth are springing,
Giving forth their fragrance rare,

Then out in the joyous sunlight,
'Neath the sky's most gracious dome,
Come we forth to train the ivy
To thy walls, dear College Home.

Not a noble tree we plant here,
But a tender ivy-vine;
Weak and lowly and defenseless,
Clings it to these walls of thine;
Guard it well, fond Alma Mater!
Heavens, send from your clouds above
Dews that nightly shall refresh it!
Sun, pour on it rays of love!

Ivy-vine, that we have planted,
With thy leaves so cool and green,
Ever upward push thy tendrils,
That thy beauty may be seen!
Silently, in the great future,
To all those who look on thee,
Of our love to old Bates College
Thou shalt then our witness be.

LOCALS.

Victory they bring!
B-a-t-e-s, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
The pennant they've won!
Boom-a-la-ka! Boom-a-la-ka!
Champions of the league!
Boom! Bates! Boom!

Miss B. W. Williams received the prize for the best Sophomore essay.
The reading-room has been newly papered, painted, and carpeted this term.

Prof. (in chemistry)—"What is the principle use of English gum?" Miss P.—"To chew."

Mr. Leathers, ex-janitor, after one of the hard-won victories, gave the baseball nine a treat at his house.

Prof. (speaking of the analysis of air)—"After we have added the hydrogen, what do we do next?" Miss H.—"We explode."

It is an excellent plan to cultivate the powers of description early in life.
The subject of the Freshman's last essay was: "The Base-ball Ground."

All the "jumps" of Bowdoin's Field Day, including the standing high jump, standing broad jump, running broad jump, and hop, skip, and jump, were won by A. S. Ridley, formerly of Bates, '90.

The Senior prize declamations of the Latin School were delivered at the Main Street F. B. Church, Friday evening, June 14th. The first prize was awarded to Ina E. Gould, the second to S. O. Baldwin.

Two errors appeared in the local column of the last number. In the tabulated score of the Bates-Colby game, Parsons' name and record were omitted. His record may be seen from the totals. In the Bates-Bowdoin game, the score by innings should be reversed.

We extend thanks to the alumni who have contributed for the support of the base-ball team this term. F. W. Sanford, H. C. Lowden, G. E. Paine, and J. W. Goff, '86, and R. E. Atwood, '85, have all been much interested in the base-ball work this season, and have freely contributed for its support.

The Y. W. C. A. have chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Miss Howe, '90; Vice-President, Miss Bray, '91; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Williams, '91; Recording Secretary, Miss Wells, '92. It was voted to hold meetings every week instead of every two weeks, as formerly.

The work done by the Junior class in analyzing plants was examined Tuesday, June 25th. About two hundred different plants were analyzed. Mr. Woodman's division was victor, scoring 7,464 points, while Mr. Piper's division scored 5,061 points. Mr. Woodman presented the best plant record and herbarium; Mr. Nichols the second best.

Since 1873, Bates has won the championship eight times, Colby five times, Bowdoin three times, and Maine State, once. Maine State has competed but three times. During the past seventeen years, the whole number of times the other colleges have won the pennant exceeds, by but one, the number of times Bates has won. The years in which Bates won the pennant are '73, '75, '76, '77, '78, '79, '80, and '89.

The first of a series of lectures in the college course was given Monday evening, May 27th, by Rev. Reuen Thomas, D.D., of Brookline, Mass. Subject, "The Worth of Man in Society." On Wednesday evening we listened to Rev. Elijah Horr, D.D., pastor of the Haverick Congregational Church in Boston. A few years ago, Dr. Horr attended Commencement at Bates, and became so interested in the college that he has ever since been its earnest friend.

Those who were at the prayer-meeting, June 5th, had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. G. S. Hunt of Portland, National W. C. T. U. Superintendent of the Department of Instruction in the Higher Schools of Learning. Mrs. Hunt is an interesting, lady-like speaker, and her subject, "Temperance, Purity,
Chivalry, and Truth," engaged the closest attention of all, both in the evening and the next morning as well, when she addressed the whole college in the chapel after prayers.

At the annual reunion of the class of '88, of Nichols Latin School, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Whereas,* We believe that much benefit will accrue from a permanent organization of the graduates of Nichols Latin School:

*Resolved,* That the class of '88 hold a meeting at 10 A.M., on Monday of Commencement week, 1890, for the purpose of forming a general alumni association;

*Resolved,* That the presence and co-operation of all graduates of the institution be requested;

*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the *Nichols Echo* and the *Bates Student.*

The Ivy-day exercises of the Junior class of '90, were held at the College Chapel, Monday, June 17th. The following is the order of exercises:

**MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.**

Oration.
Solo—Jerusalem. F. S. Pierce.
Selection ... Orchestra.
Presentations by W. F. Garcelon.
Fast Man—Bit. F. B. Nelson.
Class Attorney—Can of Lye. Miss B. Howe.
Faculty Pet—College By-laws and Detective Guide. F. L. Day.
Chestnut Vender—Tin Measure, Bags, and Lozenges. F. S. Pierce.
Paul Pry—Key-hole. Miss M. Brackett.
Rash Man—Tall Hat. G. H. Hamlen.
Oracle—Tripod. Miss M. F. Angell.
Ambitious Man—Ladder. W. H. Woodman.

Class Humorist—Bag of Laughing Gas. Miss E. F. Snow.

Class Ode.

*Planting the Ivy.*

For the past month every one has been happy. Every week there has been something going on, either lectures or recitations, to relieve and to refresh the wearied brain. The evening of May 22d was passed pleasantly by the Seniors at the house of J. T. Small; on Decoration Day the Sophomores had a very pleasant time at Miss Pulsifer's; Tuesday evening, June 11th, the Polymniaans rejoiced in athletics in the Gym and in toasts and other dainties in the lower chapel; Monday evening, the 17th, the Eurosohians did the same; Wednesday evening, June 12th, Professor Stanley received the Seniors, and Thursday evening the Juniors were made extremely happy at the house of Professor Angell. Although on Friday evening following, every one was sleepy, yet no one was too sleepy to join in the grand procession to escort our victorious ball nine home and to make themselves replete with bananas and "the best ice-cream of the season," in the Gym. It was feared for a while the roof of the building would be raised by the oft-ascending Boom-a-la-ka's, but it stood the test until, out of respect for our weary nine, we adjourned to dream till Monday of transparencies, of "roosters with their feet up," of victorious Bates and the garnet pennant.

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To be kind is to be wise.
BASE-BALL NOTES.

In this number we are delighted to print the scores of the six successive league games that won the pennant for Bates. Beside this we make mention of other games, and give a brief account of the trip of the nine to the Provinces.

The first victory of the season for Bates was won from the Colbys, May 15th, at Waterville. The following is the score:

**BATES.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>B.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
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**Score by Innings.**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

**COlBY.**

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**Score by Innings.**

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After this victory the nine played two practice games, one with the Carabassets, at North Anson, May 16th, the second with the Maine Central Institutes, at Pittsfield, on the following day. Pennell, of the Latin School, pitched this game and Daggett kept his strength in reserve for the next victory. At North Anson, Bates was defeated with a score of 12 to 7, at Pittsfield they won by a score of 14 to 8.

May 18th our nine met the M. S. C.'s at Bangor. The game was won by hard playing. Daggett and Wilson occupied the box for Bates, and both pitched finely. The score:

**BATES.**

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<td>14</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Score by Innings.**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

**M. S. C.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>B.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Keith, 3b., .</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Score by Innings.**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Bates, . . 1 1 1 4 0 1 1 2 1 4—16
M. S. C., . . 1 3 0 1 3 4 0 0 0 2—14

May 22d, Bates met Colby at Brunswick, and won the rubber game of the Bates Colby series. The game was hard fought by both nines. The score speaks for itself:

**BATES.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Graves, 3b,</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>3</td>
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</tr>
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<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
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<td>5</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
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<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>2</td>
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**COLBY.**

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<th>S.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Megquire, s.s.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dow, r.f.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<td><strong>6</strong></td>
<td><strong>6</strong></td>
<td><strong>7</strong></td>
<td><strong>4</strong></td>
<td><strong>27</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9
---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---
Bates, | 3 | 5 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2—18
Colbys, | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6


May 25th, Bates faced M. S. C. on the home grounds and easily won by a large score. The following is the score:

**BATES.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Graves, 3b.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daggett, p.,</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call, c.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gilmore, 1b.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day, 2b.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Putnam, l.f.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knox, c.f.,</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little, c.f.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emery, r.f.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals,</strong></td>
<td><strong>44</strong></td>
<td><strong>16</strong></td>
<td><strong>12</strong></td>
<td><strong>18</strong></td>
<td><strong>27</strong></td>
<td><strong>15</strong></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**M. S. C.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Keith, 3b.,</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackgut, r.f.,</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rich, c.f.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird, 2b.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haggett, l.f.,</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>Babb, 1b.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill, p., r.f.,</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, s.s.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals,</strong></td>
<td><strong>34</strong></td>
<td><strong>8</strong></td>
<td><strong>6</strong></td>
<td><strong>10</strong></td>
<td><strong>27</strong></td>
<td><strong>20</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9
---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---
Bates, | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9
Colbys, | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 6


May 30th the Bates played the Bowdoinson the home grounds and easily won by a large score. The following is the score:

**BATES.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Graves, 3b.,</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
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<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call, c.,</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilmore, 1b.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day, 2b.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Putnam, l.f.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knox, c.f.,</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little, c.f.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garcelon, s.s.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emery, r.f.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals,</strong></td>
<td><strong>44</strong></td>
<td><strong>16</strong></td>
<td><strong>12</strong></td>
<td><strong>18</strong></td>
<td><strong>27</strong></td>
<td><strong>15</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
June 3d, Bates met M. S. C. at Orono. This game won, would give the pennant to Bates. Our boys were determined to beat and beat they did. It was a hard struggle and the score shows it. This was the third game won from the M. S. C.'s this season.

The score:

**BATES.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.R.</th>
<th>B.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.E.</th>
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<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3 0 8 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call, c.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2 9 2 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gilmore, 1b.,</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0 10 1 1</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 5 3 0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1 1 1 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Little, c.f.,</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0 1 0 0 1</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>2 2 0 2</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12 27 20 7</td>
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**M. S. C.**

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<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
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<th>B.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.E.</th>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0 0 1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird, 2b.,</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0 3 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holden, 3b.,</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0 3 0 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Vickery, c.,** | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 1 1 0 |

**Score by innings.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bates</th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>9</th>
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<tr>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


The Champions returned to Bangor at night, and on the following day started for St. John, arriving there at 2:30 P.M. They were cordially received by the St. John team, with whom they played on the three following days. On the first two days the weather was very unfavorable for ball-playing. Rain fell at times; the diamond was in terrible condition, and the fog was so thick that the out-fielders were completely lost to the view of the base-men. The Champions were beaten twice. On the third day the sun came out, and the grounds were in fine condition. The home team presented their strongest battery, Small and Rogers of last year's M. S. C.'s, but the Champions batted freely and won easily, by a score of 13 to 7, to the surprise of a thousand people.

On the following day, Saturday, they left by the Canadian Pacific road for Moncton, ninety miles distant. In the afternoon they were defeated by the Monctons, with the aid of the umpire, by a score of 5 to 4. Sunday morning they started on the 4 o'clock train for Halifax, arriving there at 3 P.M. The team speak very highly of.
their reception there by the Socials. Each morning they were driven around the city in a four-horse barge, and many were the sights they saw. They speak in high praise of the public garden, the park, the forts, the citadel, and the surrounding scenery. Monday, at 4 P.M., they met the Socials on the diamond; the home team presented Flynn for a pitcher. The game was very close, the Socials winning by a score of 7 to 4. In the game on the following day there were many brilliant plays by the Champions who won 5 to 3. The Socials made only two base-hits. The general report of the boys is that the Socials are a very gentlemanly team, and they also speak highly of Mr. Sheraton, the genial proprietor of the Queen Hotel, whose guests they were. On Wednesday, the nine started on their return, riding 870 miles, as far as McAdam Junction. Thursday they went to Houlton, where they defeated the home team, 10 to 2.

Friday morning they started for Lewiston, where at 7 P.M. they were received by an enthusiastic crowd of admiring friends.

After the return of the College Champions from the Provinces, the Lewistons arranged to meet them on the Lewiston grounds, the 22d and 24th. The Lewistons are a strong team, and the Champions were obliged to fight for the victory. The Champions won both games, the first, 11 to 7, the second, 12 to 8. On account of the lack of space we are not able to give the detailed scores.

Mortal wounds give the least pain.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

Sunday, June 23d, was baccalaureate day at Bates. The weather was pleasant, and many people were present to hear the sermon. This day was the fiftieth anniversary of the President's graduation from Dartmouth. After the sermon the class ode, composed by the blind student, A. E. Hatch, was sung by the class.

In the evening the church was again crowded to hear the annual sermon, by Rev. W. H. Bowen, D.D., of Providence, R. I., before the students of the Cobb Divinity School. The text was from Isaiah xxii: 13: "Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die"; II. Timothy i: 12: "For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." The discourse was extended, very strong and able.

CHAMPION DEBATE.

The annual Sophomore debate occurred Monday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Question—Ought the State to Support the Higher Institutions of Learning?

Afg. Neg.
F. L. Pugsley, Miss Maude Ingalls, W. L. Nickerson,
C. E. Woodside, W. S. Mason.

Committee of Award—Hon. A. R. Savage,
W. H. Newell, Esq., J. R. Dunton, A.B.
Committee of Arrangements—C. R. Smith,
W. L. Nickerson, W. S. Mason.
* Excused.
JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The original prize declamations of the Juniors were delivered Monday evening in the Main Street Free Baptist Church to a large and attentive audience. Music was furnished by Given’s Orchestra. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.
What has the Pulpit to do with Politics? F. S. Pierce.
Old Men at the Front. Nellie F. Snow.
MUSIC.
Development. W. F. Garcelon.
Faith as a Factor in Civilization. Mary Brackett.
Essentials and Non-Essentials. Dora Jordan.
The Higher Education of Women; is it going to pay? Mabel V. Wood.
MUSIC.
Committee of Award—Hon. A. M. Spear, A.M., Prof. J. U. Brackett, Ph.D., Rev. Thomas Spooner, A.M.

CLASS DAY.

The Class-Day exercises were held in the College Chapel, Tuesday, June 25th, at 2.30 P.M. The order of exercises were as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.
Oration—Scholarship a Trust. E. L. Stevens.
History. Susan A. Norton.
Poem. A. L. Safford.
Prophecy. F. W. Newell.
Parting Address. G. H. Libby.
Class Ode. Sung by Class.

PIPE OF PEACE.

CONCERT.

The Commencement Concert occurred Tuesday evening in Music Hall.

In this number we are unable to give any detailed report. The concert was all it promised to be.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Wednesday, at 2 P.M., occurred the exercises of the anniversary of the Theological School. The programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.
Henry Ward Beecher.
James Everitt Gosline, Farmingdale, N. B.
Some of the Evidence for the Gospel. George Thomas Griffin, Pittsfield, N. H.
MUSIC.
The Use of the Imagination in the Interpretation of the Scriptures. Henry Chapman Lowden, Cornwallis, N. S.
MUSIC.
The Problem of the Colored Population of the South. Irving Windsor, Greenville, R. I.
MUSIC.—BENEDICTION.

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement, Thursday at 10 A.M.
The following is the order of exercises:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.
Salutatory—The Emancipating Influence of Literature. Adelbert Leon Safford, Dead River.
Cedric, the Saxon. Idella May Wood, Lewiston.
The Human Mind; Its Gradual Development. John Irwin Hutchinson, Auburn.
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)
(Mathematics—First Honor.)
MUSIC.
Knowledge of Our Own Times.
Eugene Leslie Stevens, Troy.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)
The Eclogues of Virgil.
Mary Simmons Little, Auburn.
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)
Living by Proxy.
George Hobart Libby, Pownal.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

MUSIC.
The Pathos of the Past.
Blanche Alpen Wright, Lewiston.
(Psychology—First Honor.)
Cheap Land.
Fred Webster Newell, Durham.
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)
Problems of the World's Thinkers.
Ethel Ingeborde Chipman, Auburn.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

MUSIC.
The Ministry of Poverty.
Fred Johnson Daggett, Seytheville, N. H.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)
Valedictory—The Spirit of Appreciation.
Charles Jay Emerson, Newport, N. H.

Commencement dinner at 2 P.M., in Gymnasium Hall.
Address before the literary societies by Rev. Henry Blanchard of Portland, at 7.45 P.M.
Friday, 8 P.M., President's reception to the graduating class.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. G. S. Ricker has accepted a call from the Olivet Congregational Church, Kansas City, Mo.

'72.—Mr. C. L. Hunt, a former resident of Auburn, and graduate of Bates, class of '72, for the past four years superintendent of public schools of Braintree, Mass., has been unanimously elected as superintendent of public schools of Clinton, Mass., at an increase of salary.

'73.—L. C. Jewell is a physician in Chatham, Mass.

'73.—E. P. Sampson, principal of the Saco High School, has been chosen principal of Thornton Academy, Saco.

'74.—H. H. Acterian is taking a special course in music at the State University in Minneapolis.

'74.—J. H. Hoffman, late of Shellite Falls, Mass., has accepted a call to the Congregational Church at Peterboro, N. H.

'75.—Professor J. R. Brackett of Colorado University has been elected President of the State Teachers' Association of Colorado.

'76.—G. H. Merriman is preaching in New York.

'76.—H. W. Ring is Superintendent of Schools in Ogden, Utah.

'76.—B. H. Young is a physician in Amesbury, Mass.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is chemist for a Philadelphia firm, and lives in West Somerville, Mass.

'78.—J. Q. Adams has returned from Florida, where he has spent part of the past winter in recovering his health.

'78.—C. F. Peaslee is in the grain business in Chicago.

'78.—C. E. Hussey is principal of the high school in Wellesley, Mass., and a teacher in the evening school in Boston.

'78.—F. O. Mower is a teacher in Napa City, Cal.

'80.—C. H. Deshon is principal of grammar school in Buffalo, N. Y.

'82.—W. T. Skelton is with a Publishing Company in Cincinnati.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee, Proprietor of the
Oceanic, at Star Island, Isles of Shoals, has been appointed Notary Public for New Hampshire.

'83.—F. E. Foss, of St. Paul, Minn., was married June 6th, to Miss Mittie Hanscome of Oak Park, Ill. Mr. Foss is a graduate of the Boston Institute of Technology. He is civil engineer of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad Co.


'85.—To C. T. Walter and wife of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a daughter, Dorothy Charlotte, was born April 27th.

'85.—A quiet home wedding occurred in Lewiston, Monday at 9 A.M., at the residence of O. G. Douglass, Esq. It was the marriage of his daughter, Miss Maud M. Douglass, to F. A. Morey, Esq., of Keeseville, N. Y., a member of a prominent firm of attorneys in that place.

'85.—Rev. F. S Forbes, who graduated from Oberlin Theological School last summer, has accepted a call from the Congregational Church, Nebraska City, Neb.

'86.—J. H. Williamson has opened a law office in Madison, South Dakota.

'86.—Charles Hadley of the Newton Theological Seminary, formerly of Lewiston, has been engaged to preach at the Baptist Church at Saccarappa, for the next two months, in the absence of the pastor.

'86.—Mr. J. W. Goff, of North Anson, a graduate of Bates, who has been studying law with Baker & Cornish, has accepted the position of Vice-President of the State Normal School, Madison, South Dakota, and leaves to assume his new duties in September. Since his graduation from Bates College he has made a reputation as a successful teacher in the North Anson High School.

'87.—H. E. Cushman, of this city, a student of Tufts Divinity School, has been engaged to preach in the Universalist churches at Paris Hill and West Summer through the summer months. His engagement began June 16th.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield graduated from Columbia College Law School June 12th.

'87.—Jesse Bailey has resigned his position in Talladega College, Alabama. He intends to go to Europe this summer and after his return will study for the ministry.

'88.—B. M. Avery has been elected Principal of Monmouth Academy.

'88.—Miss Cobb has just finished a successful year at Northfield, Mass., and has been elected for another year.

'88.—C. W. Cutts was married, April 10th, to Miss Grace Garvin. The ceremony was performed at New Castle, N. H.

**EXCHANGES.**

A high pile of Exchanges, all deserving notice, and only a short space devoted to it. What shall be done? They are welcome friends to the editor, and all receive private recognition, but only a few can be introduced to the readers of the Student. These are some good representatives:
The University Quarterly fondly commemorates the death of Professor Carroll. While the paper is not filled with funereal details, as is too often the case under similar circumstances, enough is said to show that in him the students feel they lose a valued friend and instructor.

Dr. Virgin contributes a powerful article on the well-worn subject, "The Scholar in Politics. He claims that every student should devote some time to special preparation for political work. These two statements are especially worthy our consideration:

One-sided men have no substantial claim to be called educated men, and in your relation to every possible public question that can arise, you should by long followed habits of thorough preparations, be amply furnished with abundant information. Never make your private libraries in their growth like the leaning tower of Pisa. Beauty is attractive, but the winsomeness of speech is like to the power of God. Do not be persuaded that the reign of oratory is ended on the earth, but prepare yourself diligently for other usefulness by a cultivation of the art of graceful speech, not for the entertainment of others simply, but for the help of your fellow-men in understanding their political duties. He who can expose a fallacy by a few penetrating words, he who can head a monster of error by one sweep of his cimeter, he who can explain a difficult subject in a few plain sentences, may ask no nobler way of doing good, may seek no higher sphere among men. This for the educated man is of unspeakable importance in considering the range of his political duties, and I urge it upon you, young men, with a special emphasis.

A recent number of Lasell Leaves took the Student to task most sarcastically for its provincialism, and claimed great refinement for itself solely on account of its nearness to Boston. We submit the following from their exchange column as an instance of their careful literary criticism:

The article on "Conversation," though short, is well written. It speaks of some of the advantages of conversation and the qualifications of a good conversationalist. How unusual for an essay on such a subject to treat of such things!

The Undergraduate contains an article, by Professor Wright of Middlebury College, on "College Verse and its Makers." Although recognizing that sentimentality often takes the place of sentiment, he finds the prose writing of college men equally faulty. He therefore thinks that it also should be judged on its own merits. In regard to it, he says:

The opinion seems to prevail among college men that poetry is essentially effeminate. Heartfelt enjoyment of it is a betrayal of weakness; to produce it is to write one's self in a certain degree non compos. I venture a belief that the college poet is held in a majority of his fellows in more or less conscious contempt. However great his attainments, he is credited with possessing in his mental make-up at least one long-haired streak. Else why should he make verses? The evidence is of the prima fide sort. How the suggestion would be received that perhaps his poetic efforts may evince a finer mental organism or a riper mental development then X.'s glibness on politics and the tariff or Z.'s second-hand theories as to the relation of wages and capital, I do not know. It is a suggestion I have never ventured to offer, partly from utter hopelessness of its serious reception and partly from fear that my habitual estimate of X. and Z. may do injustice to a brace of worthy young men.

The number also contains two poems of more than ordinary merit. Aside from these, there is but little literary matter, and an increase of this department, at the expense of some other now unduly long, would be an improvement.

There is a better proportion main-
POETS’ CORNER.

WOOD NYMPHS.

By Eric, ’90.

Upon an afternoon in early spring,
When couches ’neath the pines stretch warm and dry,
When through their waving boughs the whispering winds
Are breathing soft and low a subtle melody;
When odors such as Arab never knew
Assail the listless sense with fairy power,
And flowers trembling at the lightest touch
Lie close against the old tree’s massive tower;
O, then it seems the legend must be true
Woven by the happy Greek in days of Eld,
That nymphs are hidden in each cooling spring,
And dryads in the gray trunks are held.
That every bird afloat among the leaves
Is some fair being in enchantment’s guise
That, doing penance for some strange offense,
Would fain unmask himself to mortal eyes.

And it is true; for with the half-closed eye
The dreamy mind can see them at their play,
Whene’er their jealous guardians set them free
To sport for one brief hour in twilight gray.

STILL WAITING.

Down upon the long coast stretches,
Where the sand dunes meet the sea,
Half buried, lie the gray old timbers
Of the fair ship, Fleur de Lis.

Still dame Margaret of Cherbourg,
Scans the billows, day by day.
Twenty years have rolled their cycles,
Since her good man sailed away.

Every evening finds her saying,
"Sure, he’ll come before the light."
Every morning finds her praying,
"Send him, Lord, before the night."

Still upon the long coast stretches,
Where the sand dunes meet the sea,
Half buried, lie the gray old timbers
Of the fair ship, Fleur de Lis.

—Dartmouth.

MAY.

Woven is sunlit green,
In sweet designs, frost-saddened hues among,
Though many a glade is seen
The garland-grace that tender hands have hung.

The forest king’s review,
A joyous retinue.

CLOVER.

By Eric, ’90.

Clover red and white,
Grasses bending low
With the weight of heaven’s dew
In the morning glow.

Through them stepping light,
Dashing dew aside,
Trips a maiden young and fair
Fit to be their bride.

Clover red and white
In her cheeks at play,
Drops of dew ’neath lashes dark
Dart the morning’s ray.

REVERIE.

Methought I saw, as in a dream,
Upon a sluggish forest stream,
A boat glide softly down.

The helmsman slept in cushioned stern,
O’ershadowed by the grateful fern
That overhung the bank.
The vessel veered from side to side,
Swayed by the whims of th’ eddying tide,
And the wind that softly blew.

Waking, I pondered long in awe,
Until, by brighter light, I saw,
The soul in reverie.

—Dartmouth.
Happy is your lot,  
Clove white and red,  
Springing light and shining bright  
At thy young bride's tread.

POT-POURRI.

Professor—"What's the Diet of Worms?" Student (fresh from Biology)—"Dirt and dead leaves."—Harvardian.

A PARODY.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers"  
That this life is but a dream!  
When the boys of Colby College  
Meet the men on Bowdoin's team,  
To play ball.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"  
And we know that all is well,  
For old Colby beat the Bowdoins,  
And she hushed their loudest yell,  
About the sixth inning.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow"  
Stop us on our march to fame;  
But we work, that each day's practice  
Help us win another game,  
If—

"In the world's broad field of battle,"
In this life of chance and fate,
Be not cast down and dejected,
For we once have beaten Bates,
Easy, too.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!"  
Let the lost games be forgot!  
Take no crowds, nor mascot specials!  
We can win as well as not,  
"'Cause why."

All the league games do remind us  
That we've got a dandy nine;  
Playing ball is just their business,  
Winning games is in their line,  
Base line.

Games are gained, and nines defeated,  
But our boys are on the turf;  
For they won on May eleventh,  
Now they think they own the earth.  
Too bad.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,"  
Lest our work shall be too late,  
Still remembering, not forgetting,  
We were third in 'eighty-eight.  
"'Slide."
—Colby Echo, May 17.

A PARODY ON A PARODY.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers"  
That base-ball is all a dream,  
Or that Bates is so "forsaken,"  
She can't beat the Colby team.  
Two to one.

"Life is real! life is earnest!"  
Echo answers, "all is well,"  
Though the ringing "Boom-a-la-ka"  
Sounds poor Colby's funeral knell.  
"'Oh, mister."

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow"  
Stopped Bates in her march to fame,  
They laugh best who laugh the latest,  
For we got there just the same,  
Sick or lame.

"In the world's broad field of battle"  
There are chicks that crow too soon,  
Birds that sing in early May-time  
May be moulting e'er 'tis June.  
Even Colby.

"Trust no future howe'er pleasant,"  
Oft recall your past defeat.  
Crowds and mascots will not follow,  
For they know you cannot beat.  
"'Cause why."

How the league games must remind you,  
That you've got a school-boy nine;  
Playing marbles is their business,  
Base-ball is not in their line.  
In 'eighty-nine.

Games are won, and you're defeated,  
Now the pennant waves at Bates,  
Bowdoin, M. S. C, and Colby,  
All have met the same sad fate.  
"Too bad."

"Too late now to begin doing;"  
You have gotten up too late;  
They are fourth, and can't forget it,  
Who were third in 'eighty-eight?"  
Boom-a-la-ka.
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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Hankey's *Latin Grammar*. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in Wentworth's *Elements of Algebra*, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $180. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

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

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday ......................................................... June 27, 1889.
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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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