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THE BATES STUDENT
A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
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LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

As we approach the close of the base-ball season we feel more than satisfied with the results attained. Though we have not secured the pennant, yet it has been demonstrated that our boys can play a good game of ball. To form an association and put a good nine in the field is not an easy task, but now that the foundation is securely laid we may hope that another year such an enthusiastic support and impetus may be given to our participation in the intercollegiate contest as will bring the pennant to Bates.

Every class in college has a few who are devoted to athletic sports, strong, hardy fellows, who can disintegrate a page of Greek and get a lesson in Calculus in good shape, but who find a swinging pace for ten or fifteen miles, or a hard tussle with the gloves much more congenial. Then there are a few who are yoked to a grave, meditative existence, who confine their rambles and tussles to the realm of psychology, and with bent brow and quizzical eye seem to be searching in the grass and on the rocks and leaves for the trail of some vast, invisible fact that has passed that way; and, finally, we would mention a char-
acter, in thought of whom we have written what we have. One of those strong-spirited, generous fellows with noble impulses; a kind of character over whom the deeply religious hold up their hands in horror, whom the prudent condemn, whom the quiet withdraw from, whom every one likes and but few understand. Misjudge such a young man as that two or three times, make him feel that you think he is wild and tough, and you will lose a friend whom, if there is anything mean in your character, you needed, and who, if there is any good in your character, needed you.

Among men of broad sympathies and full understanding of human nature, Henry Ward Beecher was a conspicuous example. He was a scholar and an appreciative friend of scholars. His deep interest in the welfare of others found a glad response in many a heart cheered and strengthened by his words and influence. With more than ordinary pleasure we print here a short extract from his "Advice to Students": "Remember that much of knowledge is growth, not accumulation. The life that one is living in is the book that men more need to know than any other. Never outrun health. A broken scholar is like a razor without a handle. The finest edge on the best steel is beholden to the services of homely horn for ability to be useful. Keep an account with your brain. Sleep, food, air, and exercise are your best friends. Don't cut their company. Don't fall into the vulgar idea that the mind is a mere warehouse and education a process of stuffing it.

Do not study for ideas alone, but train for condition. Get and keep a healthy brain. Train it to sharp and accurate impressions. Don't mope. Be a boy as long as you live. Keep up high spirits. A low tone of mind is unhealthy. There's food and medicine in nerve. Quantity and quality of nerve mark the distinctions between animals and between men, from the bottom of creation to the top. Now, if you come home with your cheeks sunken and your eyes staring out of hollow pits, I'll disown you. Good-bye. God bless you."

There are as many ways of going through college as there are of going through life, and that means as many as the individuals concerned in it, but if you look carefully you will see that they group themselves into three classes. There are those who slide through as a man goes down a toboggan chute, started by some one and the projectile force more than sufficient to overcome their original inertia and so they slip along. What with "horses" and friends and cool audacity, it is marvelous to see with how little work one can complete his college course. Then there is a second class. The members of this believe that college means five terms of mathematics, or six if you can accomplish it, so many cubic feet of Greek roots, and German irregular verbs, in fact just what is laid down in the catalogue, and nothing else. "Society work?" "Oh, I can't get any time for society work." "Well, how about athletics? Do some work in the gymnasium to keep your muscle up, I suppose?"
"You must be crazy. I leave that to the boys who come to college to learn base-ball. I get all the exercise I need if I go down to my club and back three times a day." And so day by day they grub along growing more and more narrow and bigoted. Perhaps in two years' time they find they can't work as hard as they could at first, and fearful dreams of brain fever and nervous prostration haunt them. Your brain is not wearing out, this is just the trouble; you have filled it full and made no allowance for growth or outlet, one or the other you must have, and that immediately. Change your club farther down street, spend two or three hours once a week in the society room and let some of your superfluous knowledge out there; they can stand it; or even squander an hour once in a while playing with the Indian clubs and dumb-bells. In a word wake up and realize that college is a preparation for life.

Now we have, too, a third class, more numerous than both of these, let us thankfully confess. Men who know that a college education means all it does to the second class and more, too, that it means a broadening and deepening of the sympathies, an increasing of the capacity for pleasure and pain, a giving of greater ability for usefulness as well as greater opportunity, realizing that the end aimed at is not to make monks shut up in a dark, daintily fretted cloister with their books and themselves, but men out in the free air, under the clear heavens must devote themselves to the cause of the unfortunate. This is the true aim. Toward this all things must tend, and to suit this end all true action is bent.

The idea is rapidly growing in favor that every boy should thoroughly learn some business or trade. This is sound logic. The cunning of the hand should be developed as an aid to the acumen of the mind. The knowledge that he has actually mastered one of the means whereby men gain a livelihood renders a young man fearless and independent; freed from a sense of helplessness he can throw all his energy and spirit into whatever vocation he may choose. Not all who go to college care to enter a profession. Frequently business has greater attractions, and fortunate are those who have had some early training in that direction.

The most tireless brain workers at times need relaxation, and the ability to skillfully fashion some material thing gives them purest rest and enjoyment. Robert Collyer sought recreation in the working of iron. Hugh Miller got his enthusiasm for geology from the rocks that he chiselled as a craftsman, while Gladstone in his old age often plys the ax for exercise.

Senator Ingall's severe criticism, that college graduates as a rule lack ability in dealing with men and things, and that their views are subtle and abstract, voices a sentiment widely prevalent among business and working men. Hardly a newspaper thinks its funny column complete without a joke cracked at the expense of the college man.

Although we think that Mr. Ingall's speech was in the main harsh, and that
often the press is unjust, yet beneath so much smoke there may be a little fire. Possibly the student’s quick appreciation of the ideal and his close contact with the theoretical instead of the practical tend to make him visionary. His early training may be in fault, in that he has never mingled with the active business world. Nothing will so quickly and potently dispel false notions respecting the gulf supposed to exist between brain and brawn workers as an intimate acquaintance with the thoughts and doings of practical business and laboring men. If a boy is not going to college he surely ought to thoroughly understand some lucrative trade or employment; if he does go, such knowledge will certainly do him good service. Every young man should be a master of some one of the industrial arts.

All honest and faithful students are studying with some end in view. And what do they propose? They are fitting themselves to move the world of humanity. They sincerely desire to help in the noble work of clearing away the darkness of sin and ignorance which overshadows the human race. A liberal culture is deemed a necessary preparation, and rightly so. Now what are the principal elements concerned in such a culture? Broadly and generally speaking, there are three: physical, intellectual, and spiritual education.

Of the first very little need be said. With the minute knowledge of the physical system and its requirements which modern science possesses, hardly one need be burdened with ill health.

As for the second, the student is spending some of the best years of his life under the guidance of experienced instructors in carrying his intellectual development to a good degree of perfection.

Of the third we would speak more fully. By this we mean the emotional part of man, his heart, his soul. The soul has often been very appropriately spoken of as a musical instrument whose vibrations were capable of swelling with the wild, agitated notes of despair, or fear, or doubt, and at other times distilling a sweetness of exquisite harmony like the falling dews of paradise, or breaking forth into glad songs of triumph.

The men who have felt this music in its deepest intensity and have been able to explain or make it audible to others, have been the world’s great artists, whether they be poets, musicians, painters, or sculptors. To these we must go and catch from them in sympathetic vibration the heavenly melody. Such souls alone have access to the great Soul of Man. Such alone can move and benefit mankind. Poetry and music, especially and above all else, must be understood and felt by those who are destined to move the world to better things. To the former of these some attention is given in every well-organized curriculum, especially to its exterior form. Yet, to come to the bottom of the matter, very little genuine sympathy, or true soul-like grasp of poetry ever stirs the student in any measure proportioned to
what there should be. Examine the average book-shelves and what do we see? Treatises on science, works of history, frequently an encyclopedia, but seldom a book of poems, at least one which gives evidence of having been well read by its possessor. We would not be afraid to assert that not more than one or two out of every hundred students have ever read Keat's "Endymion" or Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," or Byron's "Childe Harold": yet the delicious and luxuriant fancy of the first, the sublimity and ethereal music of the second, and the pensive sweetness of the last should be woven into the very soul-fiber of every one who desires to move human hearts effectively. "I put" says Mr. Frederic Harrison in his excellent article on the "Choice of Books," "the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use."

Of music we are almost ashamed to speak. How many leave college or the university with diploma in hand, certifying that they have completed a full and elaborate course of liberal culture, who cannot tell one note of music from another, and far less have felt and appreciated the divine strains of a Beethoven, which alone are capable of stirring the more secret depths of the soul, which more than anything else can open up to mortal view the infinite breadth and depth of the unseen universe to which the human soul is ever reaching out, for which it is ever yearning, ever striving to catch its supersensible harmony.

It is especially deplorable to think how many clergymen are deficient in this part of their education. If the heart of many a preacher was more mellowed, more enriched by such a culture we would see less raking up into the light of day of old, musty, patched, threadbare, theological rubbish and hear more of the all-embracing love of God, of the infinite tenderness and sympathy of Christ; and not only hear but feel, and many a hungry, thirsty soul would be refreshed. Every man is a preacher whether he proclaims from the pulpit or by the silent eloquence of his daily life, and every man needs this magnanimity, this greatness and richness of soul.

"The meaning of song goes deep," says Carlyle. Men may, and often do, turn deaf ears to argument, expostulation, or entreaty; but one can never close himself to the soft, gliding entrance of music. It steals into his heart with healing balm ere he is aware. The heart is always open to its influence.

Students cheerfully spend hundreds of dollars on their education, but never once think of the value and necessity of music. Is this thoughtlessness or indifference? It cannot be the latter, for we all remember what Shakespeare says of "the man who hath no music in his soul," and can such be found among college students? No. It must be thoughtlessness or preconceived error in regard to its costliness. Now we believe that any one with a comparatively trifling expense may acquire a musical education sufficient to give him life-long pleasure, not to say anything
of the good it will be to others indirectly by its refining influence on himself.

Every one has in his possession a superb instrument, the human voice. It is all folly and prejudice to say that one hasn't a good voice for music. Music teachers have emphasized again and again the fact that one can learn to sing as easily and as satisfactorily and as certainly as he can learn to talk. All you need is a little careful development of the vocal chords which calls for a very slight outlay in instruction. This will be a benefit in other ways; physically, by strengthening the lungs and other respiratory organs, and socially by making your voice more pleasing and agreeable in conversation or public speaking. Then there is the violin, the “King of instruments.”

The two lectures delivered before the students, by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., of Portland, were of much more than usual interest. The doctor will always receive a warm welcome at Bates.

LITERARY.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

By A. C. T., '88.

As when a youth with hope and ardor bold, Beholds the morning, when with conscious pride, Exulting, he exclaims, “I am a man!” And then sinks back a moment, half dismay'd, To think how great the task imposed on him Who thus throws down his gauntlet to the world; So we, our Alma Mater, stand to-day Upon thy threshold looking forth on life, The life for which our youthful hearts have longed, Yet turning back with lingering looks of pain, To take thy blessing on our untried lives. The future none may know. ’Tis wisely hid, With all the devious windings we must tread; Though oft we stand on tiptoe, or forsooth Impatient strive to pull the curtain down Behind which are arranged to-morrow’s scenes. ’Tis better so, for, be there joys in store, ’Tis better they should come a glad surprise Than by long expectation lose their charm. And if for us Fate offers many woes, ’Tis mercy that conceals them from our gaze, That we may not the present joys obscure By woes to be. Enough for us if each Have courage, strength, and skill to meet the task That in each passing moment waits his hand. The present moment only is thine own; Then, in that present, act if thou wouldst live. “’Tis action, action, action gives success,” The great Athenian orator declared, When asked the secret of the power that sways Assembled men, as ocean tides are swayed, That follow round the world the beckoning moon. Here in these halls by kind instructors led, Together we've been taught and trained and tried, To prove our fitness for life's waiting tasks. Henceforth be ours the burden self-imposed, To merit true success, lest any bring Dishonor to our Alma Mater's name. And as we tarry for a moment here, Each busy with the thoughts the hour suggests, Each waiting for another first to say
The farewell words he feels he cannot speak,
Let me, kind friends, a simple tale relate
To break the spell we all too deeply feel.
In years long gone in German forests dwelt
The huntsman, Immo, lonely and alone,
His faithful dog his sole companion there.
So fond was Immo of the wild wood-craft,
That he had left the haunts of busy men,
Left business, friendship, love, and wife and home,
To find in hunting all he wished in life.
And soon, throughout the land, was spread the fame
Of this wild huntsman and eccentric man.
One day a lovely milk-white fawn he spied,
And quick an arrow sped to pierce her heart.
But, lo, unharmed, the creature walked away,
While Immo's arrow midway met the ground.
Astonished, half annoyed; yet half rejoiced
To find he had not harmed the graceful deer,
He started forward on the creature's track,
Half charmed and half-resolved again to shoot.
Through tangled woods and winding paths the doe
Led Immo where a lofty cliff appeared,
Then quick into a cavern in the rock
It disappeared, and Immo stood alone;
Then he, too, entered to secure the prize,
When lo, a lovely woman met his gaze,
Who, with one hand the frightened deer caressed,
And with the other, pointing at the man.
Said softly, "Immo, why pursue my deer?"
Then overcome and speechless with surprise
And admiration at her feet he knelt,
And could not look upon her radiant form:
But in his hands a moment hid his face;
When next he looked the dazzling scene had changed,
And in the place of faun and maiden fair
Were grinning goblins mocking his dismay.
At last would seek, but ever fails to pierce,
Is hope, which man would sacrifice at last,
When all his sister virtues he has slain.
But in the presence of white-handed faith,
Hope dares revive and bid man's soul awake
To all its glorious possibilities,
Though goblins of despair sit mocking by.
He doth not live whose poor contracted life
Is narrowed to a single changeless round,
Who born to inherit princely palaces,
Lives only in the cellar cold and dark.
The tree of life has many laden boughs
In reach of him who will but pluck and eat.

INDIVIDUALITY, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—CLASS-DAY ORATION.

By B. W. T., '88.

It seems fitting on such an occasion as this, ere the thick clouds of separation dim our mutual vision, to consider together something of interest to each of us. We are soon to take leave of these peaceful walls, and push our bark out into the stormy ocean of life. It will be a solemn moment when we cast off the hawser that binds us to this institution, which has so gallantly led us up, and undertake to stem the tide alone. We must now lay our own plans, and mark out our own course.

The question, "How can we succeed?" is asked in every vocation, in every condition of life, and, methinks, many of us have laid our plans—remodeled them, built air castles and watched them tumble. "Individuality, the Secret of Success," must be the motto of each of us, if we would obtain the best results and achieve that for which we were created.

Every man, besides the nature that constitutes him man, has another nature that constitutes him a particular individual. He is distinguished by his
own physical and mental feature. He is endowed with a quality so purely in contrast with the common nature of man that, by virtue of it, he can be singled out from all the myriads of his race. Each one of us has been created for a distinct purpose, and if we fail to discover this purpose, and after the discovery to retain and cherish it, we must fall far short of the best attainable results. "Know thyself," said the wise Greek, and the echoings of that great law of power have reverberated in all the past ages, and in the coming cycles will lend hope and inspiration to a seeking world. Even the heathen esteemed it a principal part of wisdom that every man should know himself, and such was the value set on this precept that they believed it to be heaven inspired.

There is no way to discover what place we can best fill, on what lines of activity we can be the most successful, except by some severe self-searching and the consciousness of an accurate estimate of our own talents. The means of obtaining this knowledge are daily presented to us; and every time we think we have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with ourselves. This knowledge is not hidden, nor is it afar off. We must become careful students of our inner nature, of our faculties, of our aspirations, of our qualification for particular callings, of our ability to surmount the barriers before us, and of our fitness for them and their fitness for us; for on our calling we stake all our success, and after we have chosen it, it may be too late to repair the failures of an unwise selection.

God has intended every one for some useful position; and in those moments which we spend in thoughtful communion with ourselves, the veil of uncertainty enshrouding us is thrust aside, and we see ourselves in the pure light that radiates from our clear breast. If one has a strong propensity for some special employment, let him follow that employment. It is almost impossible for any one to have a strong taste for any vocation and have no power to do good work. We naturally take our tastes as a guarantee of our talents, but this is not sufficient. What we believe to be our own individuality may be only the reflection in our soul's mirrors of the individuality of others. Because one can write blank verse to his "mistress eyebrow," or win the plaudits of society, it does not always follow that his genius will be the marvel of the next century. Many a would-be doctor or lawyer is measuring ribbon over a counter. But, for the most part, our desires are infallible tests of our powers, and success in life is conditioned on careful, attentive study of ourselves. Conscious of a clear insight, and of a sound judgment of our merits, we need not doubt what niche we are to fill in the plan of the great Architect, but should direct all our energies toward gaining that position. We must be thoroughly alive to our purposed field of operation. When we contemplate the vast store of treasure to be discovered in our path, every nerve of our being must thrill with anticipated delight, our sluggish blood must pulsate more rapidly, and we must concentrate our thought with an exclusive
attachment upon the one object. This convergence of ideas and efforts is more favorable to great results than that breadth of comprehension which, so far as the routine of business is concerned, operates only as a hindrance to our taking the main chance. Even those who have done the greatest things have not always been the greatest men; but they have been men who have had a singleness of purpose, men whose train of thought was all in one direction. Such men have the grit that removes every obstacle, that wins our most signal victories, makes our most startling discoveries, and lifts humanity above the clouds of speculation into the clear light of absolute truth.

Such a man was Agassiz. Early schooled in his own thoughts and inclinations he followed them perseveringly and unwaveringly. As a result, he built up the noble, manly character that all the world admires. I once heard a learned divine say, "What we want is iron, more iron in our blood, and, with all due respect to homeopathy, we want it in allopathic doses." We must have the iron of that dauntless man, who said, "We'll fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

It may seem but a small matter to turn but a little out of one's path. The Volga and Dwina are two great Russian rivers, their sources in two lakes, once touching. It would have been easy for them to have flowed together in one direction, but a little rise determines the direction of each. The one flows south in warm climes and through rich verdure, by the rich cities, and brings health and plenty to the laboring swain; the other flows through barren, icy wastes, and empties its frozen flood into the Arctic. From such a small beginning was this vast difference wrought. So a young man, by misjudging and deviating from his individuality, may never be able to recover himself, and, despite of his efforts, may go on in his errors till the end of life, and even be ushered into eternity conscious that he has not done his proper work.

After you have found your individuality, follow it, for your success depends on your stability of purpose. Disaster always follows in the wake of the vacillating character, but when the compass of the soul points true the billows of life are safely surmounted. Many turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of their soul, and say to themselves, "Money we must have." For this purpose they will make some minor preference a stepping-stone to their desire. But alas! many remain always at the threshold of desire. One thing after another leads them away, and soon the path of good conduct becomes so intricate and perplexed with these constant by-paths that they never get into the right road. Some few happy men may reflect on the good fortune that has provided an appropriate sphere for their talents; but others are forever doomed to be making bricks without straw. There is no one who does not feel that he has wasted much, too much precious time, learning that which proves to be utterly worthless, and through a lack of knowledge of his talents, in making false starts, in shifting from one profession to another.
for the sake of a few dollars. To be a Jack-of-all-trades is no honor.

Bacon, "that wisest and meanest of men," no doubt ranks high among the highest in culture, yet he occupies a position far lower than he would have gained had he concentrated his efforts on one great purpose. Years of his life were wasted in petty court intrigues when his mind ought to have been at work on that for which he knew he was best fitted. Let not the requirement of money be your purpose in life. Lay not aside your cherished desire to shrivel and decay with neglect. Turn not to any profession but that of your true choice.

You might as well try to hear with the tips of your fingers as to endeavor to succeed in any vocation unattractive to you. Take the choice God points out to you, that your nature welcomes, and, as surely as the sun will rise on the morrow, success will crown your efforts. As you stand confronting the solemn responsibilities of life, I would have you each earnestly say to humanity waiting for your offering of service, "Such as I have, give I unto you."

All of you possess an element of success if only you are true to yourselves. Many a man, affecting the manner of others, has found too late that his prosperity is as meager as his pretensions. The greatest men have been original men.

"Drink water from the fount that in thy bosom springs,
And envy not the mingled draught of snares, or of kings;
So shalt thou find at last, far from the giddy train,
Self-knowledge and self-culture leads to uncomputed gain."

CLASS ODE.


Time, with ever-restless pinions,
Wafts to us the closing hour,
Drops the spell of precious mem'ries,
Laden with its magic power.
Tender memories, precious memories,
That shall cheer us on life's way;
Angels guard and keep them sacred
Till we meet in endless day.

Hand in hand we here have labored,
Friendship's chain we've welded fast,
And our hearts, by love united,
Cherish treasures that will last.
When our work of life is ended,
And we reach the golden gate,
There may angel's songs await us,
Echoing back to ’88.

CLASS HYMN.


Air—"Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."
Father give our spirits peace,
From life's turmoil grant release;
Pilot-Lord of Galilee,
Thou who rules earth and sea,
Tempest's rage obeys thy will,
Speak to us thy "Peace, Be still."

Thou who erst didst walk the deep,
Our frail bark from danger keep;
While the waves of life dash high,
Guide us with thy sleepless eye;
With thy rest our spirits fill,
Grant to us thy "Peace, Be still."

When the voyage is almost o'er,
And we hear the breakers roar;
As our boat draws near the strand—
Haven of the promised land,
Trusting all unto thy will,
May we hear thy "Peace, Be still."

A fond mother called the other day
upon the President of Princeton, and
asked anxiously if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said
the President: "Madam, we guarantee satisfaction, or return the boy."
TRUTH, THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE—VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

By M. G. P., '88.

RAPHAEL paints the Madonna, and, instinctively, every knee acknowledges the divine. Mozart touches the keys, and the heart of the universe swells with responsive echoes. Shakespeare writes a play in which human emotions, the most delicate, and the deepest, forever find a voice. Harriet Beecher Stowe tells the story of the slave, and a nation takes up arms to strike off his fetters. Whence came the power? Not from new colors, new tones, or new words. It was genius? But what does genius put into its work that so stirs the heart, and over which time and place have no control? Genius is but the capacity to apprehend the true, and the power to express it.

Individual efforts are successful, and productive of permanent results in proportion as they embody some essential truth. Luther at Worms, stood for truth, not for courage or fame. The "Waverly Novels" are classics because Walter Scott knew the heather-covered hills, the grassy downs, the lochs and streams of his island home, because his ready sympathy, with the motives and impulses working in humanity about him, discovered the hidden springs of action, always coming into play.

The great musician finds something more in music than a harmonious grooping of notes. His ear detects the primal chord underlying melody. His mind grasps the thought that gives each tone its value. Great pictures are something more than surface paintings. The artist understood the character and history of the mountain, understood the philosophy of the mirrored image in the lake, ere he began to sketch, and thus every stroke of his brush made some truth clearer to less discerning eyes.

Political, social, and moral questions are decided by truth. If men generally do as good work upon the public highway as upon their own gardens, Henry George's theories are practical. If division of labor implies division of soul-power, the danger lurking in unemployed energies awaits the people who carry it too far. Truth is all alive. Dead errors cannot long confine it, though, for a time, they owe to it the semblance of life. Back of Peter-the-Hermit's enthusiasm lay the general realization of the truth that Christ had committed the keys of his kingdom to his church, a living truth that finds happier, more correct expression in the missionary spirit of to-day. Unless Communism be right, no transfusion of human blood can give it lease of life, though whatever truth now animates it, may reappear in other forms.

Truth is the test of national strength and perpetuity. Wrote an eastern prince to Queen Victoria, "Tell me the secret of your power, O Queen." The returning vessel brought him her answer,—"The Bible." Curious, that the moving, controlling streams of influence flowing over this country have so generally taken their rise in that remote corner, the bleak, storm-beaten New England? Strange that the strong men of America so generally claim New England anceps-
try? No, it is not curious or strange to those who consider the steadfast purpose of the Pilgrim Fathers to live the truth.

Whether work supplement physical science, art, or political economy, the inspiring motive will eventually determine its value. Truth, the controlling purpose, is the essential condition of abiding excellence. To aim at anything less is not only to miss all real achievement, but to risk the loss of the object sought. The folly of men, who, like Robert Ingersoll, build unique fanciful structures on the sand, instead of light-houses upon the rock, is soon demonstrated—life's work a drifting wreck, bearing destruction, is washed out to sea, and no beacon lights the shore. Darwin's success lay in his intent to be a right thinker rather than an original thinker. Wolsey's pursuit of great place, at the expense of righteousness, ended in the bitter cry,

"O Cromwell, Cromwell! Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not, in mine age, Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Though enhanced by beauty, truth is never subordinate to it. Swinburne, fascinated by poetic beauty, misses poetic excellence; while Burns, content with simple, homely truths, unconsciously thought in the language of the beautiful. Was Charles Dickens seeking beauty at Dotheboy's Hall, at the almshouse, in the slums of London? He delved beneath accumulated filth in quest of truth. His books will be read as long as hypocrisy furnishes a covering for evil.

Slavish copying of the old masters is futile. The dry wells of the past cannot yield again their waters. The fathers, loyal to their own age, aimed simply to convert its life and sentiment into truth, which, old in itself, must be new in form to each generation. This new world, with its new resources, new politics, and new scenery creates new demands for truth. Weighty questions are to be solved in America. Few poets have sung her mornings; few painters have pictured her evenings. Maine woods may be as inspiring as Palestine or the Parthenon; to-day's experience afford all the sweetness, all the grandeur, all the pain of life that burst into song upon David's lips.

Eventually, the national character now being fashioned in the yielding clay, will be cut in marble. This generation must not work out a century of dishonor. It is best the school-house should remain where the founders of the nation placed it, beside the church. Pursuit of truth develops a facility in acquiring it. Education is but training toward the light. What a fatal perversion of its object, whenever a plant shows an unnatural tendency to grow toward the darkness of doubt and infidelity. All truth is God's truth.

And in accordance with this standard, the final verdict will be pronounced over all national and individual work, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting," or "Well done good and faithful servant." To be true to thine own self, to be true to all men everywhere, be true to Him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

"Physics: Q.—What is the first law of gravity?" A—"Never laugh at your own jokes."
IVY POEM.

BY A. L. S., '89.

Oft have I seen a merry youthful band,
That clambered up some mountain’s untried way
On whose exalted height for them to stand
And look abroad, was rare delight, to stay
Their steps awhile in some attractive glade,
Review heights gained, survey remaining steeps,
And, for memorial monuments rough made,
Bring neighboring stones and pile them into heaps.

Thus gather we, a passing band of youth,
And plant, by Hathorn Hall, the ivy vine,
Affections offering which shall be, forsooth,
A living monument to that benign,
Maternal guidance of our faltering feet
Through learning’s boundless labyrinthal course.

We too, turn back, and, whether sad or sweet
The memories be, rejoice, finding a source
Of inspiration even in defeat.
Well do I recollect, when first we met.
Each glanced into the other’s face that, bright
With fancy, hope, and confidence, was set
One common way. Less eager now to fight
Each wayside foe and grasp what fascinates,
Our steps more measured are. More steadfastly
We seek that high reward that emanates
From truth unmasked by zeal and constancy.
We toward the future turn, what see we there?
A little journeying further and we stand
On the free hill-top, conquerors, where
Accomplished college tasks have no demand.
Beyond, half hid from our enraptured gaze,
Another mount majestical appears.
We call it life and, peering through the haze,
Its outlines soften and we have no fears,
And if in harsh reality we know
Steep cliffs to scale, deep chasms there to span,
The hour, I fancy, will suffice to show
The strength, the courage, and the stalwart man.

Further than this, our dim discernment fails.
Encreling mists refuse our eager quest.
A fairyland, it’s pictured in old tales,
A land of listlessness and peace and rest.
But what in us celestial is, says, no.
It must be active being. Volant mind,
Unchained, toward higher things must ever go.
Be it for weal or woe its level find.
Whatever lot for those who disobey,
urges us to action in the line of accomplishment.

Raphael had seen even in his dreams the face of her whom Jesus might call mother. Mighty was the conception, grand the execution, yet necessary as the embryonic state in generation was the ideal imaged in his soul. When speaking of his Messiah, Handel remarked, "I seemed to see the great Jehovah himself before me when I composed that piece."

Imagination then, that faculty by which we conjure ideals, in the very nature of things, must find a place in the front ranks of the soul's high faculties. It is utterly impossible to take a step forward except in an aimless accidental manner, unless the eye first rests on some goal. The blind man may grope about in the darkness and may by accident move in the desired direction, while he is liable to move in the opposite direction. But he who possesses the inestimable gift of sight immediately fixes his eyes on the desired destination and with certainty and rapidity moves toward it. Or if he cannot at once see the desired destination, he successively fixes his eye on the objects that lie in front of him, between him and that desired destination and then he is soon able to behold it.

Now the ideal is to the mental world what a given object is to the physical world, and the imagination is simply the mind's eye that sees afar off the mental object of the spirit's aspiration.

Ideality is an inborn faculty and measures the worth of our being. We value ourselves and are valued not so much by what we are as by what we desire to be. The laurels won by the so-called arbiter, reason, must be shared with its maid-servant, imagination. Shakespeare's representation of characters in all stations of life, actuated by every impulse known to the human heart, are so wonderful as to seem akin to certain great mysteries in nature which baffle our understanding and this power is the offspring of his inimitable imagination.

But why seek examples from such exalted sources? Is the imagination ministerant only to transcendent minds? The works of these very minds can be understood and appreciated only by the aid of imagination. To rightly appreciate the tragic power of Eschylus in his masterpiece one must take wings and soar to that barren deserted Caucassian crag; for the moment become a Greek of the heroic type; a Greek versed in the mythological lore and philosophy of his fathers. To be stirred by the eloquence of Cicero, you must walk the paved streets of Rome and hear the Tiber's roar, must linger in the market-place and standing on senate floor, gaze upon the Patres Conscripti of the togaed race.

Even within the sacred sanctuary, imagination may be no unhallowed intruder, but may fire the heart that prays and like the gentle dove that bears love's message on its snowy wings, may bear to heaven the messages of the burdened soul. It will lead us to the shores of Galilee, where we may embark with the disciples and amid the gathering gloom of storm and night hear the Master's "Peace be
still." To the unimaginative man the Omnipotent is but a category of attributes; to the imaginative man, the living God.

Without imagination there could be no philanthropy, for you and I have pity and sympathy for our brother only as we imagine his condition, put ourselves in his place, and, as it were, feel as he feels.

Not only does it prompt us to help others, but is the mighty factor in self help. Were it not for imagination, the weak might become disheartened among the strong; the ignorant lose courage at the discourse of sages, poverty in the midst of wealth sink to the depths of physical and moral degradation. But however weak, ignorant, or poor, each soul has within itself a saving portion. Each in imagination has tasted of strength, knowledge, and plenty, and having once tasted, there comes to the soul a yearning, an insatiable desire to rise.

But every function of the soul is capable of a twofold action, a right or normal action, a wrong or perverted action. The more exalted the power, the greater the liability to perversion. Every deed, every thought of our past life is imaged in the soul and we are made more pure or more vile by these pictures that hang upon the walls of imagination. The soul of him whose imagination is pure, is like a walled city which the besieging hosts of temptation storm in vain. While the soul of him whose imagination harbors and plays upon sinful thoughts that have crept into his mind like reptiles into a bed of flowers, is like a city whose walls are thrown down and whose sentinels, at midnight, in drunken revelry and treacherous league, admit the enemy.

Then beware of the loss of the first purity of imagination, for as one has said, "If a harp be broken art may repair it, if a light be quenched the flame may enkindle it, but if a flower be crushed what art can repair it, if an odor be wafted away who can collect or bring it back."

And then when the fire of youth and the strength of manhood shall have departed there will come a pleasure hitherto unknown; as a recompense for the increasing bondage in the narrowing, darkening prison-house of clay, it is permitted the soul to gaze upon the picture of the past. For you who approach those later years memory gathers the materials and imagination paints the picture. As if some turbid stream had paused before entering the eternity of waters, and, coursing back, had sought the purity of its fountain source, so the soul, before entering its eternity, courses back, and among the dreams "of the days that were" finds the purity of its youth.

Then let us keep pure and undefiled this holy well-spring of aspiration within us, and allow no foul, and noisome thing to creep athwart that flowery path which stretches before us, marked by the mile-stones of heavenly ideals, up to the great white throne.

Classmates, the time is near at hand, when we as the class of '89, shall leave these halls forever. Yet indissoluble are the bonds that bind us to our Alma Mater and to one another. Often in
imagination, shall we tread these halls and walks, often extend the hand of a student’s hearty greeting and welcome. These familiar faces will vanish never. Each will hold a cherished place in the mind’s album, and as we turn its pages, visions of these, our college days, will arise.

As a symbol of the love we hold for Bates College, and of the deep, lasting friendship that binds our numbers, we to-day plant the ivy. As its tendrils shall cleave to these walls, so shall our love and hope. As its fibres are bound to one another and draw their sustenance from a common soil, so may we ever be united and draw the inspiration to lofty purpose and noble endeavor from the deep principles of wisdom and righteousness that have been here implanted in our minds by this our tender mother.

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IVY ODES.

By A. E. H., ’89.

No. 1.

We greet thee with joy, Alma Mater,
With joy, as we think of the day
When we passed through thy wide open portals
And entered on wisdom’s bright way.
Three years we have labored together,
And brightly our pathway has shone,
For thou art our guide, Alma Mater,
And thou art our dear college home.

CHORUS:
We greet thee with joy, Alma Mater,
With joy as we think of the day
When we passed through thy wide open portals
And entered on wisdom’s bright way.

And we’ll follow our light till we anchor
Our glorious bark, ’89.

CHORUS.

To-day we are planting an ivy
To stand as the years swiftly pass,
That others who enter these portals
May think of our glorious class.
And though far away from each other,
To northward and westward we roam,
May our thoughts still return to this ivy
As it clings to our dear college home.

CHORUS.

One year, then the hour of parting,
When June’s leaves and flowers return,
Yet distance our hearts cannot sever,
And brightly love’s fires shall burn.
Be thou a defense for this ivy,
‘Round thee may its tendrils entwine,
A type of the strength and the union
Which belongs to our class, ’89.

CHORUS.

No. 2.

Thrice has the June-time come
With its sunshine, its birds, and its flowers,
Thrice have the roses faded
In Autumn’s golden hours,
Since first we assembled,
Our ways to incline,
Towards wisdom’s bright portals,
Dear class of ’89.

CHORUS:

Thrice has the June-time come
With its sunshine, its birds, and its flowers,
Thrice have the roses faded
In Autumn’s golden hours.

Many, who with us stood
In the days that are past and gone,
Have found other fields of labor,
And left us one by one.
Though deeply we miss them
In chapel and hall,
We’ll close up our ranks, boys,
Nor waver at all.

CHORUS.

Forward we’ll press our way
To the goal that lies just before,
Forward without delay,
For June-time must come once more.
And now, e’er our parting
From college so dear,
We’ll leave her one token,
This ivy we’ll rear.

CHORUS.
COMMUNICATION.

AN INTERESTING COMET.

To the Editors of the Student:

I thought the following brief note might be of interest to your readers, and so transmit it.

Perhaps some of them will remember that a new comet was discovered at the Cape of Good Hope in Africa the latter part of February. The discoverer's name was Sawanthal. At first it was so far south that it could not be seen in the northern hemisphere, but it has gradually come north until now it is over forty degrees north of the equator, and so quite high up in our northern latitude. Another novel feature was that for quite a while after it appeared above the southern horizon it kept about even pace with the sun as regards its difference of time of rising, being all the while a morning comet and rising a short time before it. It is, however, getting so high up among the northern parallels that it has gained greatly upon the sun, rising now at about 11 o'clock in the evening. Also when first seen by us it was visible to the naked eye, the nucleus appearing as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude, but it has gradually gone down in brightness until it is only visible in the telescope. For telescopic beauty it has been quite unsurpassed, the nucleus being sharp and well defined, with a magnificent tail, straight and spear-like.

The tails of comets are generally hollow conoids, but in the present instance the conoid seems to have become interpenetrated with the gaseous matter from the head, so that the central axis is a line of light instead of darkness, as usual, thus resembling Coggia's beautiful comet of 1874.

On April 5th we received a telegram from California, saying that the nucleus had divided into two parts, which were then separated by a distinct interval, but on the next morning I made a very careful examination of the head with the great telescope, using different powers, but failed to find any trace of separation. In a subsequent letter from the same party, he firmly maintained that he saw the separation many times on the morning of the fifth, although he failed to find anything of the sort on the sixth, as in my own case. It is quite possible, however, that he may have seen a temporary separation, and the gap have been bridged again inside of twenty-four hours. I myself having seen a decided tendency to separation in the second comet of 1881, while the head of the great comet of 1882 split into five distinct nuclei and remained so until the last limit of visibility, this latter fact being probably due to the terrific violence it was subjected to, as it went so close to the sun that it passed through the upper regions of the solar atmosphere in its perihelion passage with a velocity of over three hundred miles a second.

From an orbit of this last comet that I have just calculated, I find that it will return again. My own conclusions in this respect are also confirmed by the calculations of Dr. Becker of Germany.

The comet is now rapidly receding from both the earth and sun, as will be evident from the following figures:

Distance from earth April 1, 106,000,000 miles.
Distance from sun April 1, 70,000,000 miles.
Distance from earth May 1, . 143,000,000 miles.
Distance from sun May 1, . 101,000,000 miles.
Distance from earth June 1, . 176,000,000 miles.
Distance from sun June 1, . 143,000,000 miles.
Distance from earth June 15, 185,000,000 miles.
Distance from sun June 15, . 164,000,000 miles.

This comet will not return for some
2,000 years, while from some recent
calculations, I find that the first comet
of 1883 will not return for 24,000 years.

O. C. W., '68.


IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editors of the Student:

At your request I give you some
facts concerning the condition of the
freedmen of the South.

In the South, the opportunities given
one for work are unlimited. Men and
women have to be made here, and
often out of very rough material.
However, the negroes' eagerness to
obtain an education and make some-
thing of himself, is indeed surprising.

Talladega College was founded by
the American Missionary Association
in 1867. In 1869 it was chartered
as a college. The course comprises the
Primary, Grammar, and College Pre-
paratory studies, and a full Theolog-
ical course. In the fall a full College
course will be added.

Talladega, among the Appalachian
hills, has rare advantages in climate
and scenery. The college has grown
rapidly, even beyond its accommoda-
tions. Buildings have been enlarged
to accommodate fifty more students,
since last year, but still students are
turned away for lack of room.

Training young men for the ministry
has been the leading purpose of the
college from its beginning. Already it
has sent sixty young men into the field
and twelve more are preparing. There
is a mission band in the Theological
department, which holds monthly meet-
ings, and several of its members intend
to go to Africa. We keep constantly
in mind the missionary idea that we
are training these young people rather
for the good they will do others than
for their own self-support.

The students are a different class
from those one meets so often on street
corners and in other places of idleness.
Go into the dining-hall where all the
students are together. Every one is
neatly, but plainly, dressed. Every-
thing is in perfect order. At the tap
of the bell, all are quietly seated. The
meal finished, at the same signal all
rise and pass out at the third bell. At
a monthly sociable you will meet a jolly
company at the college singing favorite
college songs, or in company with their
teachers, playing games. In a short
time you would forget you were with
colored people.

So far I have spoken of the best side
of Southern life, but there is another
side. A few days ago I took a ride in
the saddle—not on a mule or an ox,
though both are furnishable here—out
into the country. I had the opportu-
nity of looking into the country homes,
if they can be called such, of the col-
ored people. I will give you an ex-
ample. Beside the rail fence surrounding
a dirty hut of one room are sev-
eral ragged, dirty-faced children. The
mother stood in the door with a rag
tied over her head, though the day was
very warm. Within all was black and
filthy, no chairs, no furniture, no dishes, nor anything that represents home. Should you hear the mother’s tale, you would begin to realize what slavery has done for the negro. I returned, glad God had given me birth in New England.

But the colored church with its management is odd in the extreme to a Northern man. Around the door of the church and along the fence, closely packed, one sees carts of the colored man’s manufacture. They were drawn hither by whatever animal the master owned, horses, mules, oxen, or cows. Sometimes a whole family will be drawn by a single steer, somewhere in its teens, high-boned and every hair perpendicular to the animal’s body.

The meeting-houses are small, rude structures. Go in and take a seat. It may be a Methodist revival service. The hymn likely is “Gimm me the old time ligion.” Everybody sings. What a melody! Yes, loud enough to raise the roof, were it not varied with a slide at every quarter note. The preacher arises and announces his text. He has a voice like a lion. The fire kindles to a glow. The sisters begin to scream, the brothers to shout, wring and clap their hands. They leap to their feet, dance, wail, and howl. A young girl begins to kick and yell. She seems to be in a fit, but soon several are in the same condition. Their friends hold them up and let them thrash, rejoicing all the while that they are so moved by the spirit. Everybody sings at the top of his voice, until there is a real pow-wow. The next day report goes out of a great number of conversions at that church. Such is the worship of the ignorant. But the services of our American mission churches are conducted not a whit different from those of the North.

I cannot tell you what education is doing for the colored people. Most of the work thus far has been done by the American Mission Association. They have sent out fifteen hundred colored teachers, but the work of educating and reconstructing the South goes on slowly for lack of means. It will take many years at the present rate to undo the work of two centuries of slavery. Negroes who can neither read nor write are chosen inspectors of election. No wonder at the stuffing of the ballot-boxes and voting of those who have been dead a score of years. Christian education alone can solve the problem.

Many of our students walk five miles each way through fair weather and foul, seldom losing a day for the term. Nearly all the pupils are Christians. Over forty have accepted Christ the past year. Each Sunday we go out into the suburbs, where mission stations have been established, to hold meetings and Sabbath schools. In almost every meeting at these stations from six to a dozen have been converted. So the work goes on. The more one does the more he wants to do for these people. Cable has well said: “Here is the mightiest, the most fruitful, the most abundant, the most prolific missionary field that has ever opened to any Christian people.”

J. B., '87.

Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.
THE BATES STUDENT.

LOCALS.

A song of June. A pretty little lay
That, in faint measure, will describe the day.
Down at my desk I sit, and try to find
Notes to express the music of my mind.
The open window lets the June air through;
The sky is grandly, beautifully blue;
The tall old elms, to mortal souls akin,
Seem peering down and gazing kindly in.
But, though I feel that June is in the air,
The trees, the sky, the sunshine—everywhere,
And though I know that life is at its best,
The song must be forever unexpressed.
Still, every soul that is not out of tune
Can see and feel and know the joy of June.
—Brunonian.

Band.
Bouquets.
Butterflies.

Our best wishes for '88.

The new mail boxes are just the thing.

Mr. J. I. Hutchinson has been added to the Student staff of editors.

We are glad to see so many improvements about the college grounds.

Miss Mary Brackett received the prize for the best Sophomore essay.

Mr. E. J. Small, Literary Editor of the Student, is still stopping at Colorado Springs. His health is improving.

Professor Angell's reception, on the evening of June 13th, to the Junior class was a very successful affair. The class generally pronounced it one of the pleasantest events of the course.

"Abraham Lincoln" is the title of a book recently added by Chandler & Estes to their "Boys and Girls' Library of American Biography." The book is written by Noah Brooks and contains a clear and graphical presentation of the chief events in the life of "Uncle Abe." To young readers of history the book is especially attractive.

The reception given by the Polymnian Society, Tuesday evening, May 9th, was an unusually pleasant affair.
The society and mathematical rooms, which had been appropriated for the occasion, were well filled by members and invited guests. The musical and literary parts of the entertainment were well sustained. Refreshments were served and a cordial good time enjoyed by all present.

The following butterflies are now to be seen about the campus: papilio asterias, papilio turnus, colias philodice, pieris rapae, danais archippus, argynnus bellona, melitaea phaetan, grapta faunus, grapta progne venessa antiopa, venessa milberti, venessa atalanta, venessa huntera, limenitis arthemis, limenitis disippas, chrysophanus americana, endamus pylades, lycaena Batensini, pieris oleracea, argynnus myrina phyciodes tharos, venessa cardui lycaena lucia, lycaena violacea, pamphila zabulon.

We have the following new birds to report since the last issue: black-throated blue warbler, magnolia warbler, blackburnian warbler, redstart, kingbird, wild goose, spotted sandpiper, rose-breasted grosbeak, catbird, swamp sparrow, Wilson's warbler, Maryland yellow throat, goshawk, bobolink, brown thrasher, American goldfinch, yellow-throated vireo, white-crowned sparrow, night-hawk, olive-sided vireo, Trail's flycatcher, Canada warbler, red-eyed vireo, indigo bird, humming bird, cedar wax wing.
The base-ball nine recently presented Manager Cross with a gold-headed umbrella. Harvey has been very popular as manager. The entire college this year has supported the team with great enthusiasm and loyalty, meeting the players at the train late at night, after defeat, with hearty welcome and praise. Notwithstanding the fact we have won only two games no one has kicked or grumbled. Under severe disadvantages the boys have played with pluck and nerve, and laid the foundation for a winning team next year.

Ivy-Day exercises were held in Hathorn Hall, June 15, 1888, by the Junior class of '89. Following is the order of exercises:

**MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.**

Oration—Functions of the Imagination.  
G. H. Libby.
Solo.  
Mrs. Young.
Poem.  
A. L. Safford.
Solo.  
Mrs. Young.
Presentations by F. S. Daggett.
Female Suffragist—Ballot Box.  
J. E. Hutchinson.
Deliberate Man—Galvanic Battery.  
W. E. Kinny.
Philologist—Volume of Volapük.  
E. I. Chipman.
Coquette—Fan.  
C. D. Blaisdell.
"Wamba, the Witless"—Jester’s Cap and Bells.  
J. H. Blanchard.
Consumptive Man—Bottle of Liniment.  
A. E. Hatch.
Class Police—'89 Badge.  
I. N. Cox.
Dude—Eye-glass and Cane.  
C. J. Emerson.
Class Favorite—Vase and Flowers.  
M. S. Little.
Guileless Man—White Dove.  
W. T. Guptill.
Class Bore—Two-Foot Auger.  
F. W. Newell.

**CLASS ODE.**

**PLANTING THE IVY.**

**COMMENCEMENT NOTES.**

**SOPHOMORE PRIZE DEBATE.**

Monday afternoon, at 2.30 o’clock, the Sophomore Prize Debate took place at Main Street Free Baptist Church. The following is the programme:

**MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.**

*Question*—Ought the United States to build and own a ship-canal across Central America?

*Aff.*  
H. B. Davis,  
N. Peaslee,  
H. J. Piper,  
Miss Dora Jordan.

*MUSIC.*

Miss Blanche Howe,  
W. J. Pennell,  
Miss Nellie F. Snow,  
W. H. Woodman.

*MUSIC.*

Prize given for best argument without regard to delivery.
Committee of Award—Roscoe Nelson, I. C. Dennett, F. J. Daggett.

**JUNIOR EXHIBITION.**

Monday evening occurred the Junior Exhibition, at Main Street Church. Music was furnished by Mendelssohn Quartette. The programme was arranged as follows:

**MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.**

The Function of Curiosity.  
F. W. Newell.
Changes in Ideals.  
F. J. Daggett.
The American Mind, Its Character and Place.  
A. L. Safford.
Reality or Illusion?  
W. T. Guptill.

*MUSIC.*

Sensitiveness of Keats.  
Miss M. S. Little.
Obligations of the Liberally Educated Man.  
C. J. Emerson.
The Great Hindrance to American Patriotism.  
J. H. Blanchard.
The Successful Life.  
Miss L. E. Plumstead.

*MUSIC.*

The World’s Obligation to Chivalry.  
E. L. Stevens.
English Schools as Portrayed by Dickens.  
Miss D. M. Wood.
Dramatic Element in the Bible.  
Miss E. I. Chipman.
The Mission of Poetry.  
J. I. Hutchinson.
Committee of Award—Rev. A. Given, A.M.,
Prof. I. C. Dennett, A.M., W. H. Judkins,
A.M. Committee of Arrangements—Miss D. 

CLASS DAY.
The programme of Class Day was
allotted to the afternoon of Tuesday,
at 2.30 o'clock, in Hathorn Hall, and
was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.
Oration—Individuality the Secret
of Success. B. W. Tinker.
History. M. G. Pinkham.
\textit{\textquoteleft\textquoteleft} Canti, Bibi e Dormi.\textquoteright\textquoteright} \textit{Gongol.}
\textit{\textquoteleft\textquoteleft} Peacefully Slumber.\textquoteright\textquoteright} \textit{Rondeggar.}
Mrs. Helen N. Sleeper.
Poem. A. C. Townsend.
Prophecy. C. C. Smith.
Solo—\textit{\textquoteleft\textquoteleft} O Dinna Ye Forget.\textquoteright\textquoteright} \textit{Root.}
Mrs. Helen N. Sleeper.
Parting Address. G. W. Snow.

CLASS ODE.
PIECE OF PEACE.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.
Tuesday evening, at Music Hall, was
given the Commencement Concert, by
Mlle. Avigliana, assisted by Miss Ger-
trude Edmands, contralto soloist; Mr.
Geo. J. Parker, tenor; Master Harry
Peck, the boy violinist; Miss Gertrude
M. Lufkin, cornet soloist, and Mr. H. 
S. Murray, accompanist.

COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL.
On Wednesday afternoon, at 2.30
o'clock, the graduating exercises of the
Cobb Divinity School were held at
the Main Street Free Baptist Church,
which were as follows:

MUSIC.
The Lord is My Shepherd.\textit{Hanscom.}
PRAYER.—MUSIC.
Response—Keep us, Holy Lord.\textit{Buck.}
Mohammedanism and Christianity
as Missionary Religions.
Allen Woodin Bradcen, Mexico.

The New Theology.
Willis Morrell Davis, Augusta.
The Homiletical Methods of the
Early Free Baptist Preachers.
Willis Ayer Tucker, Willimantic.

MUSIC.
Rock of Ages (arranged).—Bliss. Solo by Mr. Jones.
The Idea of God in the Ancient
World.
Herbert Sumner Mansur, Rochester, N. H.
The Duty of the Protestant Church
to our Foreign Population.
Phillips Manning Tobey, Kittery Point.
Was Emerson a Christian Theist?
Edward Ralph Chadwick, Weeks' Mills.

MUSIC.
Jerusalem the Golden (arranged).—Weidt.

MUSIC BY MENDELSSOHN QUARTETTE.

ALUMNI MEETING.
Wednesday evening, at Main Street
Free Baptist Church, the alumni meet-
ning occurred. The following were the
exercises:

Prayer—Rev. O. H. Tracy.

MUSIC.
Address—The Bible a Text-Book in
Literary Institutions.
Rev. Thomas Spooner.
Poem—Gabriel.
Rev. T. H. Stacy.
Business Meeting of Alumni.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.
Commencement, Thursday, at Main
Street Free Baptist Church. The fol-
lowing is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Salutatory.
William Frank Tibbetts, Lewiston.
Our Immigration Policy.
William Shepherd Dun, Poland.
(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)
\textit{\textquoteleft\textquoteleft} Leave us Leisure to be Good.\textquoteright\textquoteright} 
James Howard Johnson, Sutton, N. H.
(Genral Scholarship.)

Moral Influence of Mathematics.
Ina Francilla Cobb, Poland.
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.
Our Greatest Peril.
(Psychology—Second Honor.)

Saxon Character as Exhibited in Ivanhoe.
William Lincoln Powers, Brownville.
(Natural Sciences—Second Honor.)

The Vitality of the Dead Languages.
Florence May Novell, Lewiston.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

Alliance of Poetry and Religion.
George Whittemore Snow, Medford.
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.
The Christian Conception in Education.
Nellie Belle Jordan, Lewiston.
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)

The Educated Man a Thinker.
Frank Stanley Hamlet, Brownville.
(Psychology—First Honor.)

Absence of Romance from Modern Life.
Lucy Ames Frost, Lewiston.
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)

Relation of the Beautiful and the Good.
Clarence Townsend, Mars Hill.
(Mathematics—First Honor.)

MUSIC.
Limits of Government Interference.
Clarence Cheney Smith, Ashland, N. H.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

A Plea for the Ideal.
Samuel Hetherington Woodrow, Auburn.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

Valedictory—Truth the Standard of Excellence.
Mattie Grace Pinkham, Lewiston.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING DEGREES.
Announcement of award of prizes for Sophomore debates and Junior orations.

BENEDICTION.

PRIZE AWARDS.
The prizes were awarded to H. J. Piper, '90, for best debate, twenty dollars. To C. J. Emerson, '89, first; and E. I. Chipman, '89, second, best orations, seventy-five dollars, and twenty dollars.

Commencement dinner was served in the gymnasium at 2 o'clock p.m., Thursday.

Thursday evening Judge Symonds delivered a very interesting lecture before the literary societies.

President Cheney's reception to the class of '88, Friday evening, closed the exercises of the week.

PERSONALS.

[The Student proposes to publish, during the present year, a complete list of the alumni with the residence and occupation of each in so far as we are able to ascertain these facts. We earnestly solicit the assistance of all to enable us to make the list as complete and satisfactory as could be wished. If any mistake is found in the following list, please notify the editors.]

1873.
L. C. Jewell, M.D.
A. C. Libby, Civil Engineer and Real Estate Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.
J. P. Marston, Principal High School, Rockland, Me.
C. B. Reade, Clerk of Senate Committee of Commerce, Washington, D. C.
William Rynne, M.D., Portland, Me.
E. P. Sampson, Principal of High School, Saco, Me.
E. A. Smith, connected with Lewiston Journal, Lewiston, Me.
G. E. Smith, Esq., practicing law in Boston, Mass.
L. R. White, M.D.

1874.
H. H. Acterian, teacher of flute, Boston, Mass.
H. W. Chandler, Esq., practicing law in Florida.
F. T. Crommett, practicing law in Boston, Mass.
Rev. A. J. Eastman, pastor of F. B. Church, Ashland, N. H.
C. S. Frost, pastor of F. B. Church, Pawtucket, R. I.
Robert Given, practicing law in Denver, Col.
W. H. Ham.
Rev. J. H. Hoffman, pastor of Congregational Church, Henniker, N. H.
J. F. Keene, practicing law in Minneapolis, Minn.
A. O. Moulton, Professor of Latin and Greek, Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.
F. L. Noble, Esq., practicing law in Lewiston, Me.
R. W. Rogers, practicing law.
Augustine Simmons, practicing law, North Anson, Me.
T. P. Smith, M.D., practicing medicine, Saccarappa, Me.
Rev. Thomas Spooner, pastor F. B. Church, Lawrence, Mass.
F. B. Stanford, writer and author, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1875.
J. R. Brackett, Ph.D., Prof. of English Literature and Language in University of Colorado, Boulder, Col.
H. S. Covell, Principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.
F. L. Evans, practicing law, Salem, Mass.
F. B. Fuller, M.D., practicing medicine, Pawtucket, R. I.
H. F. Giles, farming.
F. H. Hall, clerk, Washington, D. C.
J. H. Hutchins, teacher in Northwood Seminary, Northwood, N. H.
Geo. Oak, practicing law, Boston, Mass.
L. M. Palmer, M.D., Framingham, N. H.
W. S. Palmeter.

A. S. Salley, Prof. of Hebrew and Greek, Theological Seminary, Hillsdale, Mich.
F. H. Smith, practicing law in Colorado.
A. M. Speare, Esq., practicing law, Gardiner, Me.
C. G. Warner.
G. W. Wood, Ph.D., principal of Phillips Academy, Phillips, Me.

1876.
E. C. Adams, principal of High School, Newburyport, Mass.
G. F. Adams, M.D., practicing medicine, Livermore, Me.
W. H. Adams, M.D.
D. J. Callahan, practicing law, Lewiston, Me.
W. O. Collins, Superintendent of Schools, Bridgewater, Mass.
J. W. Daniels, Sioux City, Idaho, Superintendent of Schools and Principal of High School.
Marion Douglass, Esq., practicing law, Duluth, Minn.
Rev. J. O. Emerson, pastor of Congregational Church.
Rev. F. E. Emrich, pastor of Congregational Church, Chicago.
R. J. Everett, teacher, South Paris.
E. R. Goodwin, Principal of High School, Manchester, N. H.
J. H. Huntington.
W. C. Leavitt, practicing law, Minneapolis, Minn.
C. S. Libby, District Attorney, Buena Vista, Cal.
Rev. W. H. Thuerill.
I. C. Phillips, Principal of Wilton Academy, Wilton, Me.
John Rankin, M.D., practicing medicine at Reform School, Randall's Island, N. Y.

A. W. Ring.

Rev. T. H. Stacy, pastor of F. B. Church, Auburn, Me.

Rev. G. L. White, pastor of F. B. Church, Farmington, N. H.

Edward Whitney.

Horatio Woodbury, M. D., South Paris, Me.

B. H. Young, M. D.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'70.—C. E. Raymond is connected with several papers at Bristol, Conn.

'70.—J. H. Huntington is City Editor of the Daily Herald, Northampton, Mass.

'80.—Kansas City, Mo., May 16th, Mr. Ernest H. Farrar of Omaha, Neb., and Miss Florence G. Hare, Kansas City.

'81.—W. J. Brown and C. S. Haskell have had the class ivy re-planted.

'81.—Norway, Me., June 3d, Rev. Bates S. Rideout and Miss Rosa E. Chadbourne.

THEOLOGICAL.

'88.—E. R. Chadwick has accepted a call to the F. B. Church, Milton, N. H.

'88.—A. W. Bradeen will preach at the F. B. Church, Dexter, Me.

'88.—W. A. Tucker is to preach at Hampton, N. H.

'89.

J. H. Roberts will supply at Freeport, Me., this summer.

E. W. Cummings will spend his summer in Vermont.

A. O. Burgess will spend his vacation at Houlton, Me.

J. W. Burgin has accepted the pastorate at Enosburg Falls, Vt.

J. E. Gosline spends his vacation in New Brunswick.

G. T. Griffin's address this summer will be West Falmouth.

I. B. Stuart's address is South Limington.

E. J. Whitman's address is Sabatis.

'90.

J. Mantur, Portland, Me.

G. E. Paine, North Anson, Me.

C. W. Rogers, Hallowell, Me.

G. Southwick, Caseo, Me.

G. M. Wilson, Boston, Mass.

The following will be the addresses of some of the students during the summer:

'89.

F. M. Buker, Gardner, Mass.

I. N. Cox, Chase House, Squirrel Island.

H. E. Fernald, Nantucket, Mass.

'90.

W. F. Garcelon, Poland Spring House.

'91.

Miss A. A. Beal, Lewiston, Me.

P. P. Beal, Lewiston, Me.

F. J. Chase, Unity, Me.

W. B. Cutts, North Pole.

L. E. Graves, Fiske House, Old Orchard.
N. G. Howard, Kearsage Hotel, N. H.
Miss F. L. Larrabee, Auburn, Me.
F. W. Larrabee, Auburn, Me.
W. S. Mason, Lewiston, Me.
A. K. Newman, Kearsage Hotel, N. H.
I. W. Parker, Jr., Otisfield, Me.
C. H. Richardson, Brunswick, Me.
L. A. Ross, Old Orchard, Me.
Miss L. B. Williams, Brunswick, Me.

POET'S CORNER.

A FRIEND.
We met as strangers even to the sight,
But from the rising to the setting sun
Our varied paths were molded into one,
Through lowlands leading, and through uplands bright,
Whose recollection yields to me delight,
Sweet as the thoughts that through the mind will run
(Yet sadly sweet) when life is but begun,
When all seems blooming, and we see no blight.
Our way divided in the sunset calm;
Nor word nor token ever comes to tell
What other ways that friend of mine doth trace,
Who o'er my journey cast a pleasing charm,
Who chatted, laughed, and lightly said farewell,
Bequeathing memory a name and face.

HOPE.
At the rising of the moon,
Just embarking on the sea
In a fragile craft, a youth,
Strong and sanguine, leaves the lea,
At the rising of the moon.
At the setting of the moon,
On life's troubled, storm-swept beach
Lies a body on the sand,
Just beyond the billow's reach,
At the setting of the moon.

TO A ROBIN.
Chief songster in the chorus of the morn,
Oft hast thou roused me with thy roundelay,
Ere yet a shape of night had sunk away,
Or yet a blush within the east was born;
So eager thou, glad herald of the dawn,
To wake thy feathered minstrels and essay
To trill the rapturous welcome to the day
With bubbling throats, and vanish night forlorn.

EVENING SONG.
In the calm and silent night,
While o'erhead the stars are bright,
Moonbeams, drest in silver light,
On the waves are beaming.
Oft, to breathe a sad lament,
Comes a sorrowful intent,
While the winds and waters blend,
Past the shores are streaming.

DREAM LOVE.
Lead me, dear Lady, into those deep recesses
Where the world's tumult softens and is still.
Grant me the benison of light hands in caresses
To calm the sorrows that my bosom fill.
With your white arms around my neck enfold me,
Cover my eyes upon your tender breast,
In this close haven, oh, forever fold me,
In the oblivion of a perfect rest.
Look down into my eyes with your dark eyes, aglowing,
Smile on me sweetly and soothe my soul asleep,
Your smiles are the sunlight into my bosom flowing,
Your eyes are the heavens star-illumed and deep.
When I am with you life is but a slumber,
The folding of the hands, the lids dropped idly down,
The slow procession of sweet dreams without number,
The dreams of the waking—these are life's crown.
Must there come between us aught that shall dissemble?
I hear the hoarse world calling, "Now be done your play."
Oh, so much sweeter here to lie forever
And in your soft arms to dream my soul away!
—Dartmouth.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE IN THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, N. Y.
I care not what the critics say;
This bright face charms me more
Than all the "Visions," quaint and old,
Of masters by the score.
The tattered hat, the peeping toes,
The trousers torn and old,
The petted puppy's knowing face,
His bright, black eyes so bold.
The little boot-black's pouting lips,
The sweet child-face I see,
And almost hear his clear young voice
Urging his pet,—"Kiss me."
Brave little lad! In spite of want,
You richer are to-day,
In all your wealth of youth and health,
Than yonder worlding gray.

POTPOURRI.

SENIOR'S LAMENT.
Potz, dreimal einer Woche!
Rief der Senior neben mir.
War ich nur in einem Loche
Zwanzig Meilen weit von hier.
—Oberlin Review.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF VOLAPUK.
Beyond the cheerless Arctic circle,
In that realm of ice and snow,
Seated in her cozy snow house,
I can court an Esquimaux;
On far-famed Mt. Desert island,
Buckboard riding in the mud,
I can talk of Robert Browning
With a cultured Boston bud.
In a yacht upon the ocean,
When becalmed I feel unwell,
I can share a bit of lemon
With a New York Damozelle.
'Neath the palm trees in the tropics,
Watching monkeys frisk about,
I can talk of Evolution
With a fair Brazilian sprout.
On the far off Fiji islands,
When my fate is fairly booked,
I can court the chieftain's daughter,
While I'm waiting to be cooked. —Ex.

Dudely (who is not as big a fool as he looks)—"Did you, ah, give me card to Mith Bondclipper?" Servant—"Yes sir." Dudely—"What did she say?" Servant—"She told me to tell you, sir, that she was sorry that she was not in." Dudely—"Ah, indeed! Please tell your mithress that I said I wath glad I didn't call."

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"
She asked with loving air,
He gazed into her upturned face,
"Yes, by yon elm I swear."
A year passed by, his love grew cold,
Of his heart she'd lost the helm.
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—
The tree was a slippery elm. —Ex.

Woman (to tramp)—"And if I give you a nice plate of hash, you promise to saw some wood?" Tramp—"Yes'm." Woman (doubtingly) —"I don't know whether I can put confidence in you or not." Tramp (reproachfully)—"You ought to ma'am. I have confidence enough in you to eat your hash."
Bobby—"What are the wages of sin, pa?" Father—"Depends on the locality. In Washington they'll average about five thousand a year."

—in Texas Sights.

AT BAR HARBOR.

He—"Why it is growing quite dark! You can hardly distinguish the people at the hotel." She—"And rather cool, too. I ought to have something around me." He (with a familiar movement of the arms)—"That's so!"

When I smoke, my chum in anger gets, And the more I fume the more lie frets.—Ex. Customer (to art dealer)—"If that is a genuine carat, Isaacstein, I don't understand how you can sell it so cheap." Art Dealer (in a confidential whisper)—"My frent, I was new in dot bizness, and I bought an overstock of dot make."—Sun.

Prof.—"What kind of a proposition is the following: 'It is not good for man to be alone'?" Student (unhesitatingly)—"Universal affirmative."

—in Ex.

Funny Man's Little Boy—"Papa, what does the Senate do with the treaties?" Funny—"My son, it codifies fishery treaties and ratifies Chinese treaties. There, now run away and laugh, and let the gray matter in papa's brain have a chance to recuperate."—Critic.

The yells of the different colleges are given thus:

HARVARD.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Harvard!!

YALE.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Yale!!

COLUMBIA.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!!

PRINCETON.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!

Siz-boom-ah! Princeton!!

AMHERST.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Amherst!!

WILLIAMS.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!

Willyams! yams! yams!!

JOHNS HOPKINS.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! J-o-h-n-s-H-o-p-k-i-n-s!!

RUTGERS.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!!

Bow-wow-wow! Rutgers!!

UNION.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! U-n-i-o-n!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! U-n-i-o-n!! Hika! Hika! Hika!!


ILLINOIS COLLEGE.—'Rah-Hoo-Rah-Zip! Boom-ah! Hip-Zoo-Rah-Zoo-Jimmy Blow Your Bazoo, Ipsidi Iki-U of I-Champaign!

BATES.—B-a-t-e-s, 'Rah! 'Rah!

'Rah!! Boom-a-la-ka! Boom-a-la-ka! Boom! Bates! Boom!

Fond Father—"John, I read in the paper that your base-ball nine lit on the opposing pitcher, and pounded him all over the field. I hope you had no part in the disgraceful affair." John, '91, (sadly)—"No, father, I did not hit him once."—Harvard Lampoon.

Brown—"You don't look well lately, Robinson." Robinson—"No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble." Brown—"Nonsense; your lungs are all right." Robinson—"Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's."—Life.
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JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
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RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

REV. THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. THOMAS HILL, D.D.,
Lecturer on Ethics.

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Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

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Professor of Hebrew.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

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Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

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Professor of Mathematics.

EDWARD R. CHADWICK,
Instructor of English Literature and Elocution.

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 Harkness' Latin Grammar.

GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Harkness' 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.

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.

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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.
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