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EDITORIAL.

With the present number the STUDENT enters upon its fifteenth year. From the first it has been a success. The successive Business Managers and Editorial Boards have labored diligently and faithfully to bring the STUDENT toward the limit of its possibilities. We fear that too often they have labored alone. In order to make the STUDENT what it should be, the co-operation of alumni and friends everywhere, and especially of the students, is needed. Let every alumnus and alumna feel that the STUDENT is their paper and support it as such. Let every member of the college unite in making it what it should be, a college, not a class production.

In a recent number of the STUDENT appeared a brief editorial on the advantages to be derived from knowledge of short-hand. This was but a slight symptom of the short-hand fever, which is now about as certain as the measles, and usually as harmless. At any rate it seldom leaves a sufferer with any lasting disfigurement. The trouble is not that ability is wanting to master the elements of the science, for they are very simple. The turning-point is at a later stage of the
fever. Not until the critical period of practice is passed, can the result be predicted with any degree of certainty. The despair so graphically portrayed in “David Copperfield,” being, it is said, an account of Dickens’ own struggle with stenography, marks the point where ninety-five per cent. of those who have persevered thus far with the study, give up in despair, laying the blame of their failure to the defects of the system (not the human system).

Unless one has already acquired some proficiency in the study, before entering college, it is hardly possible for him to devote the requisite time to practice; but with some previous knowledge of the science, there is no better field for practice than the college lecture-room.

If our old, methodical earth keeps on revolving in its orbit for two hundred and twenty-five years more, Bates can then celebrate her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, with all the “pomp and circumstance” of Harvard’s recent celebration. Upon us, the undergraduates and the alumni of Bates, rests the responsibility of making the first twenty-five years of her life worthy of commemoration. However, we must not depend on any one light to shine through so many years, but as the Milky Way lightens up the whole of its section in the heavens, by its distinct yet starless light, so we, as self-made, Christian men and women, may cause the first quarter of a century in the history of our college to ever remain bright, even to those who view it after a lapse of two and a half centuries. And when, in the ages to come, the eager youths are still making their annual pilgrimage to the fountains of learning around “Old Mount David,” may it be possible for the professors in those days to proudly point to the earliest graduates of Bates as fit examples for emulation, and, like Napoleon at the foot of the Pyramids, warn the ardentes juventes that those venerable alumni “are looking down upon them.”

It is often said that the hope of our country’s future prosperity lies in the education of the masses. While the common schools are the means by which this is to be brought about, back of these there must be among all the people a higher appreciation of the value of a liberal education. This, it seems to us, is sure to follow as one of the results of the Chautauqua movement. No one can complete a four years’ course of reading in history, science, and philosophy, without desiring to add still further to his store of knowledge. If a liberal education is beyond his own reach, he will make every effort to secure it for his children. A large proportion of the membership of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is made up of those whose school-days have long since passed. With many, their early opportunities for obtaining an education were limited. To such people, the value of a few moments each day spent in quiet thought and study, is inestimable. If it is a fault of Americans to give too eager and close attention to business, without sufficient
relaxation, the Chautauqua Reading Circle is a step in the right direction. A membership of over sixty thousand, shows that this movement meets with popular favor. While no one claims that it is in any sense the equivalent of a college education, it is doing much to increase the general sum of knowledge, and should receive the support of all who are interested in the progress of education.

We are glad that card-playing is not prevalent at Bates. Such an occupation may do for gamblers and black-legs, but for honest, intelligent young men it is not the thing. It may do for the starved in soul and intellect, but college students should find some amusement better fitted to their station than shuffling a pack of greasy cards. "Progressive Euchre," "Whist," and "High Low Jack," are all members of the same family. Nothing connected with them is either tender, elevating, or beautiful. Their tendency is, and always has been, to draw the mind away from weightier matters, and for young men who expect to be, and to do something in life, it is a needless waste of time and energy.

We have known persons to sit for three hours so absorbed in a game of cards that, when the game was over, and their nerves relaxed, they would be completely exhausted. Students need some form of amusement that will rest rather than weary the brain; that will relax rather than strain up the tension of the nerves. Cards produce an effect the very opposite of this, and hence cannot be a suitable amusement for students.

It may be argued that people of intelligence and refinement play cards. We answer in the words of Holland: "The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it." They have a bad record and cannot shake it off. They savor of the saloon even when shuffled by a lady's hand.

Young men, students especially, should leave card-playing to those who earn a living by questionable methods, or to those whose only occupation is killing time.

One of the first moans wrung from the heart of the real student after entering college is on account of the lack of time. A young man coming from a fitting school, where he has been taught that every lesson should, and must, be thoroughly mastered, bends his whole strength in vain to the performance of the tasks set him. A conscientious Freshman "hasn't time" for literary societies, Y. M. C. A. prayer-meetings, reading-room work, or anything but what is commonly called "plugging."

An estimate of the time required for the preparation of each day's lessons, made in conformance with the advice of the professors, gives us an average of eleven hours—four for Greek, three for Latin, and four more for Mathematics. If we add to this the four hours consumed in recitations and walking to and from them, we shall have a total of fifteen hours per day. So we shall have left nine hours
for recreation, food, sleep, and Rhetoricals. Alas for Rhets? Is it any wonder that they receive such slight attention? It is a fact commonly accepted by students that the same boy, however talented, cannot be highest in rank, and at the same time the best writer in the class (doing all the work which falls to his lot as such). Who has not heard the remark, "He did not rank very high last year; he had too many public parts!"

We have spoken of the Freshmen especially, because they most frequently voice the feeling of lack of time, which is nevertheless felt by all classes. The wisest students are those who, realizing the impossibility of doing everything, fix a definite time for each task, as long as they can reasonably devote, and never for any increase of lessons, waver in their adherence to the rules thus made. We have often admired the courage of him who, acting up to his belief that only such knowledge is of use to him as can be assimilated by a healthy mind joined to a healthy body, has boldly told the professor, "That was all I had time to get."

It is to be hoped that the amount of work demanded of students will shortly be lessened. We shall thus avoid the injury, both mental and moral, caused by the partial performance of our duties.

The completion, during the present decade, of the Brooklyn bridge, Washington monument, and Bartholdi statue of Liberty, is destined to make the present century a famous one in the annals of architectural achievements. The height and size of the Brooklyn bridge dwarfs all other suspension bridges. Since the beginning of history there has been but one tower that could look down upon the Washington monument. And the statue of Liberty, recently erected in New York harbor, is by far the grandest monument of the kind ever constructed.

What inferences will future ages draw from these three memorials of our times? First, these structures will indicate the immense wealth of the country which erected them. Next in order, the social philosopher will be struck by the high degree of architectural skill required for their successful completion. And lastly, a knowledge of the events which the Washington monument commemorates, and a study of the conception of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty, must reveal the unswerving devotion with which the people of the United States have clung to and defended the name of liberty.

But while the American people have too good taste to boast of their wealth and skill, they can justly pride themselves upon the manner in which the work of these great enterprises have been performed. Army after army was levied to rear the Pyramids, and thousands of these miserable toilers died of hunger at their bases. The magnificent roadways and aqueducts of Rome were built by levying enormous taxes upon conquered provinces, and the work was performed by soldiers, at such a niggardly price, that the word stipend—a Roman sol-
dier's pay—has remained odious to the present time.

How different will be the history of the erection of these three structures of our times. Every cent of their cost has been defrayed by the voluntary contributions or light taxation of a willing people. Every stone has been laid by well-paid laborers, and not one hammer has been swung or chisel directed by an unwilling hand. In the maxim of every true American citizen, "liberty, equality, and fraternity," it is certain that the first sentiment will be forever perpetuated by the Washington monument; that the means employed in the erection of all three of these structures will be typical of the second sentiment; and that in no other way can the feeling of fraternity be better illustrated than by this gift of our sister republic—the Bartholdi statue of Liberty.

Perhaps never since the tiny blade first appeared has the prospect for the full corn seemed more hopeful than at the present time.

The position of the college financially has been greatly improved during the year. The generous proposition of Mr. Cobb in the early summer and the hearty response it is meeting from other friends of the college, promise soon to remove the embarrassing circumstances under which Bates has labored in the loss of one-half its original endowment. At the same time, the noble bequests of Mrs. Belcher and Mrs. Wood offer a means of still more widely extending the work, and insure many long-needed innovations.

The changes that the past year has effected in the various departments of student-work are also a source of great encouragement. The heating of the Gymnasium last winter did much to promote physical training among the young men, as was demonstrated by the success achieved on the base-ball ground, and by the greater amount of exercise others were stimulated to take by the example of the nine. Lawn-tennis supplies a long-felt need among the ladies, and the interest awakened in the game during the fall term, promises to be permanent and productive of the best results. All things considered, more attention has been given to physical exercise than for many years previous, and there is reason to be hopeful in the achievements of the upper classes, and in the excellent training evinced by the Freshmen.

From a literary standpoint, moreover, the college has made an advance.
The faithfulness that characterizes student-work in this department at Bates is as noticeable now as ever, while the increased facilities for botanical research, and the new system of study will doubtless render a portion of the literary work much more satisfactory. The librarian's register shows that the books and magazines have not been neglected, and the superior excellence of the public meetings proves that good work has been done in the societies. The change in the method of teaching Modern Languages, inaugurated at the opening of the fall term, is undoubtedly a change for the better. A deeper interest is felt in any study when theories and principles receive a practical application, and greater benefit is thus derived. The new method of conducting examinations, making the test in part oral, as well as written, has not been tried long enough, perhaps, to enable one to judge correctly of its advantages or disadvantages but we believe the majority of the students look upon it now as a great improvement.

Christian work has also received a new impulse, and the meetings of classes and those of the Christian Association have, in general, been marked by large attendance and deep interest. A blessing came to the little prayer-room from the Bible School, at Mount Hermon, and something of Mr. Moody's zeal returned with those who had the privilege of listening to his teaching during the summer. The earnest talks of the college secretary of the Y. M. C. A. were also a great help to Christian students. A Christian spirit is a missionary spirit. It is not strange, then, that the student missionaries found many hearts here ready for their message, and that quite a large number of our students signified their intention to enter the foreign field, if God, in the future, should open the way.

All in all, it has been a good year for the college. Much has been done to promote that symmetrical culture which can come only through the active use of all the faculties. Increasing opportunities for usefulness, and successful work, seem promised to the students here in the future. "But another year will tell another year's story. There is always more to tell on and on. And that means more to do."

Harvard has two living graduates of the class of 1811.—Two thousand eight hundred and forty graduates registered at Cambridge during the anniversary.—The new Harvard song-book contains, in addition to the regular student songs, several original compositions by men now in the University, and also the original music composed for the recent anniversary.

"Cornell University has taken another step and declared that attendance upon recitations and lectures will no longer be required." This is a step in the right direction. If a student does not know enough to attend recitations without being compelled to do so, he does not know enough to go to college. Treat students like men, and they will act like men; treat them like children, and they will act like children.
LITERARY.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

By A. C. T., '88.

Oft in desiring blessings we have not
Are present joys ungratefully forgot.
And things that seem disasters to our eyes
Oft prove to be rich blessings in disguise.

A Jewish Rabbi, weary of his lot,
Thinking that earth might have some fairer spot
In which to sin he might be less inclined,
Began a journey once that place to find,
Where far secluded from all worldly din
Alone with Nature he might know no sin.

As forth upon his holy quest he went,
In meditation on his sins intent,
A fellow-traveler joined him on the road
Like him a pilgrim with a pilgrim's load.
And such a sympathy of mind and heart
Do kindred cares and kindred aims impart,
That they who met as strangers on the way
Together walked and talked till close of day.
Such wondrous words the Rabbi ne'er had heard,
Like one entranced he listened to each word.

"This soul," thought he, "that so enraptures mine
Proclaims itself angelic or divine,
Some angel, doubtless, by divine decree
Sent as a guide and counselor for me."

As evening shades drew on they shelter sought
And found a lodging in a peasant's cot,
A welcome refuge for their weary feet
And frugal bounties spread for them to eat;
But e'er the morning sun dispelled the gloom
The stranger rose and passing to the room
In which a child lay sleeping in its bed,
With strangling grasp he left the infant dead.
The Rabbi shocked to learn of such a deed
Now sought to change his plans with utmost speed,
Firmly convinced that by some fiendish spell
He'd been deceived by demon dogs from Hell.
Full well he knew that Heaven would not abide
That he should journey by a demon's side.
From such a strange companion he must part,
Better to starve the mind than stain the heart.
Yet by some magic power if such there be—
Or did the weaker mind the stronger see,
And to itself unknown, its master know—
He with the stranger one more day must go.
E'en as the lark while mounting to the sky
Is spell-bound by a serpent's glittering eye,
Then round and round in narrowing circles flies,
Her eyes transfixed upon those glittering eyes:
Thus powerless seemed the holy man of prayer
Charmed by the stranger's words and wisdom rare.
Another evening came, and with the night
Another crime to shame the morning light.
For in that night the stranger basely stole
His benefactor's store of plate and gold,
A deed ungrateful, such as fiends might do,
But neither men nor angels, thought the Jew,
Yet still the travelers journeyed as before.
The Rabbi 'gainst temptation strove no more.

A third night came and went, and in that, too,
Another strange affair was brought to view,
For to this host the stranger gave the store
That he had stolen on the night before:
As if in that one deed he penance paid
For all the desolation he had made.
"It is an angel!" once more cried the Jew,
"My first impression of the man was true,
Such generous deeds as this are only done
By heavenly beings, surely this is one!"

Yet one more test his confidence must try,
For on a bridge above a river high,
The travelers met that day an aged man
Bent with the burden of life's full span;
On him the stranger dealt a sudden blow
That hurled him to the rushing tide below.
One feeble cry was heard above the roar,
Then only the river rolling as before.
"What means this crime? What are you?" cried the Jew.
"Your words and deeds suit not one mind but two.
I pray you tell me who and what you are
That couple crimes so black with words so fair."

The angel—for it was an angel—smiled
And calmly answered him as to a child,
"The deeds of Heaven, too oft to human minds
When just seem unjust and when cruel, kind.
Read then the meaning of the things thou'rt seen,
And learn how false have all your judgments been.
The child I slew was young and free from guile,
But Heaven foresaw a future for that child,
From which in mercy a release was given,
And it was taken young and pure to heaven.
Its mother, too, in darkness of despair,
On bended knee now seeks the way in prayer.
He whom I robbed had once a noble aim
But turned aside for gold and worldly fame;
He now awakened by this temporal loss
Has turned to find the gold that knows no dross.
This last poor pilgrim whom ye saw me slay
Was sorely tempted and was on his way
To do a deed that from the gate of heaven,
His guilty soul forever would have driven,
This was the escape kind Heaven did provide
For him who thus was too severely tried.
One deed I've done that you thought worthy heaven
But that class was not in mercy given,
That man to whom I gave the store of gold
For present gain his future joy had sold,
He worshiped gold, and I to him have given
What he has chosen in the place of heaven.
Learn then the lesson Heaven would have thee know,
God's ways are best and thou art called to go
To serve him not in desert solitudes,
But in a nobler way by doing good."
The humbled man a moment knelt in prayer,
And when he rose the angel was not there.
Then thoughtfully he sought his home again
To learn his duty to his fellow-men,
Convinced that what he could not understand
Was wrought by Heaven and not by demons' hands.
PRACTICAL SCIENTIFIC TRAINING IN COLLEGE.

By F. F. P., '77.

The inference is common that a person favored with a college education will make choice of a vocation from the professions of divinity, law, or physic. The student, however, not infrequently finds himself in receipt of his bachelor degree, with no settled purpose as to what shall be his life-work; and statistics show that a large per cent. of graduates, whether their choice has been made prior or subsequent to their leave of classic halls, have not adopted the regular professions. From statistics at hand, through the kindness of the secretary of Harvard University, it is noted that, of 1,226 students graduated from that institution between the years 1867 and 1877, thirty-six per cent. chose law, ten per cent. medicine, nine per cent. teaching, five per cent. theology, the balance of forty per cent. choosing scientific, business, and other pursuits. The number of institutions might be multiplied, to show ratios in substantiation of this point. The student notes that the professions are crowded, finds himself unannointed for the high calling of God, doubts if in law the "plenty of room above" is accessible to him, has no taste for medicine, and sees in a literary career success to be dim for distance. Commercial pursuits may not fully meet the adaptations of his trained mind. It may not be accounted a grave mistake, if not every student shall have made choice of his life-work during his college days; but it is clearly the duty of the college to grant, to the extent possible, the conditions under which his bent may take shape and direction. The book-worm is never at loss for mold in which to find his habitat and make his home. The student who loves nature and the study of her laws, forces, and products should be granted at least equal facilities.

From the time that Francis Bacon strode across the beaten path of ages,—and, with the strength of an intellectual Samson, lifted from their rusty hinges and bore away the ponderous gates of the Gaza of scholasticism, having set above the exposure the electric light of the new philosophy,—science has followed the departure apace. Verily, in our day it guides the plow, superintends the work-shop, and sits at the loom. It prostrates continental barriers, and robs the sea of many terrors. It heralds the joy of the sunshine, and forecasts the might of the storm. It shapes the trends of colonization, facilitating commerce and travel. It enables the ends of the earth to hold daily converse. It cleaves the darkness of midnight with a sword of dazzling light. For warning, reproof, and correction, it drops the gospel of daily events over the length and breadth of civilized communities. Well may learned young men and women take pride in following the liberal pursuits that have resulted in such achievements, in fields that ever stretch beyond the horizon of the known.

Under the light of science a new industrial world has come to view. Industries are most successfully conducted through the aggregation of capital under the guidance of technical
skill. No young man with scientific aptitude and a reasonable amount of scientific attainment need mistake his opportunity. We would not have a noble literary institution sacrifice its prestige as such by undertaking to give instruction in civil and mechanical engineering, mining, and other technical branches, with the exception of chemistry, if by such exception literary prestige should be, to any extent, involved. Chemistry, from its intimate relation to medical and sanitary science, to mining and metallurgy, agriculture, horticulture and other branches of industrial science, the number and scope of which are constantly increasing, offers to the student a field of labor at once ennobling in its requiremets and bountiful in its fruits. Let there be in every institution where young people go to obtain a liberal education, not only a course in general chemistry, but also extending through two years of the entire course of study, thorough instruction in qualitative and quantitative analysis, with abundant facilities for the performance of analytical and synthetical work; and, in such work, it is not enough that the student be led over paths already trodden; he should be encouraged in the line of original investigation. In developing the useful and beautiful coal-tar products, we know of instances, particularly in Germany, of students out-doing grave professors. The zeal of the student need not abate because of his lack of experience in such investigation, nor on account of any supposed obstacle, so wonderful is the field of exploration.

The subjects of physics and natural history certainly have practical ends in view. In them thorough work should be encouraged, liberal laboratory and cabinet facilities being provided therefore.

To accommodate mature students, who desire to pursue the study of science with greater thoroughness, or in a different order, or with greater leisure for reading or laboratory work than the regular four-years' course will permit, liberty might wisely be granted them to take the studies required for their degree in any order preferred, subject to the approval of the Faculty. It is believed that such liberty would result in giving to the world many more liberally educated men, engaged in the pursuit of practical science, than there would otherwise be, and in raising the dignity of such pursuit to that of any professional vocation. Prompted by an ardent love of nature, and a generous desire to see her forces and products, made subservient to the health and happiness of the world, the student, having had such advantages, could with just pride enter the limitless field of industrial science, assured of honoring therein his Alma Mater, finding a constant stimulus to intellectual activity, and an unstinted compensation for his toil, not only in pecuniary measures of value, but also in richness of heart, that might find him, as it found Sir Humphrey Davy at the end of a long, useful, and honorable career, attended by no regret, save that he had not been able to accomplish more for his fellow-men.

December 24, 1886.
THE RICHEST DAY.

What did it send thee—that richest day Of the dear old year that goes its way?

Gave it to thee such high estate, That all men honor and call thee great?

Or brought it marvelous store of gold That a miser's dream would scarcely hold?

Or while rich fragrance and song it spent, Was an inspiration to thee sent?

Nay, more than these did that rich day send, In cloud and rain and a new-found friend.

GOLDSMITH'S "GOOD-NATURED MAN."

By S. H. W., '88.

THE "Good-Natured Man" is among the best comedies ever written. The finest humor runs throughout. The author, on the one hand, avoided the keen wit that never strikes without causing pain, and on the other, he never mistakes the low and vulgar for the humorous. The work was written by Goldsmith to counteract the stilted, sentimental style of drama that was fast gaining possession of the English stage, and that threatened to drive all natural characters into the background.

To a man like Goldsmith, who loved nature and naturalness, most of the plays acted upon the stage of his time must have caused keen pain. He could not endure the unreal and artificial. We hold the key to his character and works in the lines:

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart, One native charm than all the gloss of art."

He was a true child of Nature. She is unaffected and truthful; so was he. All truthful natures are credulous. They have no deceit in themselves, and cannot imagine it in others.

Goldsmith's credulity made him the prey of every designing person with whom he came in contact. In fact, after reading his life, we feel almost like joining in the harsh criticism so often passed upon him, "he is a fool." Yet the very qualities that make us laugh at the man cause us to love his works. In this comedy, Goldsmith was not:

"The flattering painter, who made it his care To paint folks as they ought to be, not as they are."

And he has given us two or three pictures that we may hang in memory's gallery, and that will afford us pleasure as we recognize how true to nature they are.

As a humorous production, we think, it has few equals, and no superiors. The same pleasant humor runs throughout. Each character adds something to please or interest the reader. Jarvis, who is continually scolding his master, but who is ready to say—"I won't hear to hear any one speak ill of him but myself"—makes us smile with his quaint humor, as he informs Oliva, who is all impatience to start for Scotland, "that we who are older and know what we are about must elope methodically."

Again, he consoles himself, for having forgotten razors and shaving powder, with the thought that they are "likely to be pretty well shaved by the way." We cannot help feeling that the author had in mind the sentimental drama when he has Garnet end a letter, asking for money, with "Cupid, the little
god of love; I conclude it with Cupid; I love to see a love letter end like poetry."

Mr. Croaker is an old friend well-named. One of the numerous class that have a shop somewhere to manufacture imaginary evils. They keep a constant supply of robbers, fires, epidemics, cyclones, and earthquakes, ready for weak nerves. They seem to enjoy keeping track of all the deaths, suicides, and murders, and, should you heed them, you would think that there would soon be a dearth of undertakers. This is the class who love to tell of the "good old times," but forget to do anything to make the present times better.

Mr. Lofty may be met in every village. He is the man who knows everything that is worth knowing. He has great influence with those in authority, if you take his word for it, and always boasts of his rich relations. We cannot help despising him, and yet amid all his faults there is some good. When at last he is cornered, he does not blame others, but with admirable coolness says: "So then my confounded genius has all this time been leading me up to the garret, in order to throw me out of the window."

When told that his head should be stuck in the pillory, he answers, "Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the Lord, it cuts a poor figure where it now sticks." Then follows a confession, and the manly declaration that for the future he designs to speak the truth.

Honeywood seems to us to resemble Goldsmith. His desire to please, his fear of offending, his inability to refuse a request, were all characteristic of the poet. Kind and blundering, generous and wavering, Honeywood learns at last that he who seeks to please all usually ends by pleasing none.

A peculiar charm is given to the work by the manner in which striking truths are interwoven with the finest humor. After reading nearly all his works we conclude that none of them are equal to the "Good-Natured Man" in this respect. Like gems these truths glitter on nearly every page. We cite a few of the many examples:

"There are some faults so closely allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue."

"The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves."

"O! Vanity! thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt serve but to sink us!"

"He who seeks only applause from without has all his happiness in another's keeping."

To our minds the style of Goldsmith is nearly perfect. If the object of language is to convey thought, then that style must be best where the medium is so transparent that we forget the medium in the thought it conveys. Using this as a criterion, few writers, if any, will surpass Goldsmith in style.

To read most authors is like traveling by steamboat. You watch the walking beam and ponderous engine, as they force the vessel through the waters; you notice stem and stern, cabin and state-room, and you exclaim, What a wonderful conveyance! and in your admiration of the mechanism, you forget whither you are traveling.

Reading Goldsmith is like floating
with the tide on a June day. The balmy breeze, the ripple of the waves, the hum of insects, and the song of birds,—all are conducive to your happiness, yet they are forgotten as you abandon yourself to the sheer pleasure of floating with the current. So the reader of the "Good-Natured Man" finds himself borne along, pleased, and gratified, though he can hardly tell why.

One can hardly fail of being benefited by reading this comedy. As we think of Croaker we will try to see some of the pleasant things in life, instead of brooding over evils that may come. Lofty teaches us that falsehood is a poor foundation, and that truth, like cork, will at length come to the surface, though it may for a time be held down. Honeywood's example shows us "the folly of seeking to please all by fearing to offend any," and the weakness of "approving folly lest fools should disapprove."

COMMUNICATIONS.

A former graduate of the college has very kindly furnished for this number of the Student a description of the Bates Alumni Dinner at Boston. On that occasion Prof. Chase, speaking of the alumni, said: "Your success is the strength of the college." We repeat the remark for the thought it suggests. Every alumnus has the opportunity to confer great good upon his Alma Mater, but his influence is at a maximum only when exerted in harmony with that of his fellows. Individual strength may avail much, but far greater power lies in concerted action. In view of this we think every effort should be made to band the Bates alumni together, and as a means to that end we wish to call special attention to this department of the Student.

Circumstances often prevent a large attendance at college reunions, yet circumstances need not be an excuse for drifting away from old associations. The Student offers to each and every one a means of greeting former teachers and classmates and of gaining an introduction to new friends. Said one of the Bates graduates who is now a member of its Faculty, if the students that have gone forth from the college could see with what eagerness their old instructors and associates read the communications received from them, and how pleased they are to learn something of their surroundings, thoughts, and work, and to recall in their writings former events of college life, they would be very glad to give so much pleasure by the slight effort of writing a letter.

It is interesting to learn from Prof. Moulton "How the Student came to be," and something of its early struggle for existence, and we trust some thoughts of his letter may have a yet wider application than he gives to them. We would wish, not that every student might feel an individual responsibility in the welfare of the magazine, but that every graduate might consider that in the organ of the college no inconsiderable portion of the space belongs to the alumni, and is theirs to fill.

WALTHAM, MASS., Jan. 1, 1887.

To the Editors of the Student:

When one of your number invited
me, as one of the first editors, to write you something in regard to the founding of the Student. I felt like congratulating you on entering upon your duties as editors of a paper well established in reputation and patronage. But it may be questioned whether after all, it is easier and more satisfying to accept and improve what is good than to establish the good. However this may be, there were many perplexities and difficulties in establishing the Bates Student. F. B. Stanford was unquestionably the prime mover in the undertaking. He enthusiastically and persistently urged upon the class the importance of a college paper. H. W. Chandler, the best politician of the class, was influential in bringing into working harmony those whom Stanford had interested and those who cared little or nothing for the enterprise. Professor Stanton was our Alumnus Pater, whose fostering spirit lent sympathy and encouragement to all.

The name of the magazine was considerably debated. But we were relieved from embarrassment on this question, for Professor Stanton very naturally assumed a grand-parental interest in the new-born child. We all considered him as a sort of god-father to the undertaking, and looked to him for a name, which he cheerfully gave, with a little pride we thought, in the first literary offspring of the college.

Many were the discussions which we had in regard to the size and form of the proposed magazine. It was difficult to decide how much and what kind of matter the Student should contain; whom to depend upon for essays, stories, poems, etc., and above all how to meet the expenses, for there were not half as many alumni then as now, and the few who advertised in its columns, did so rather with the hope of encouraging us than with the expectation of helping their own interests.

Finding that we should not be able to pay the expenses of the magazine with its receipts, a course of literary entertainments was arranged. But the loss on this adventure was about double our original debt. Then in desperation, we decided to run another risk, and hired John B. Gough to lecture. Fortunately we realized enough from this lecture to pay the original debt of the Student and the loss on the course of entertainments. With a good list of subscribers and a large number of advertisements secured, the business managers now must be subject to much less anxiety than the manager of the Student for the first year.

But the most important and difficult problem of college journalism was then, as it is now, to devise the proper method of obtaining contributions. The college paper should not only be the exponent of college life and college news, but it should afford the opportunity for all students who are ambitious to excel in writing, to see themselves in print. All such students who really have an aptitude for writing, should contribute to the literary department of the college paper. From the beginning it has been difficult to make any students, except the editors themselves, feel any responsibility for the literary value of the Student. This is to be regretted, and yet it is natural, and in
some degree unavoidable. Every one instinctively shrinks from putting himself forward in any enterprise over which special individuals have been appointed. If the editors of a college paper had no other duties, or if, like editors in after life, they made the editorship a business matter for money and profit, their entire responsibility for the magazine would be proper and just. But this, in the very nature of the case, cannot be. The paper belongs to the class rather than to the editors. So all the individuals of a class should feel a personal obligation as well as a privilege to contribute toward the literary support of their paper. If, however, the editors can not make other members of their class realize their privilege, they must do much of the literary work themselves, then congratulate themselves on the value of their own experience, and enjoy the confidence in themselves which the work inspires. I remember one of the professors saying to us that we never ought, through modesty, to shrink from accepting any position in society or business to which our fellows might elect us. To you, then, who as editors have been called to an honorable position in literary work by your classmates, I would say congratulate yourselves, and confidently perform the duties assigned. And to any students who are asked by their editors to contribute to the columns of the Student, I would say, gladly accept the opportunity of doing that which affords the best means for your own improvement, and perhaps advancement. Men generally hold about the same position in society which they held among their mates in college. The sluggard or the cheat as a student never becomes a man of learning. He who rather smoke the pipe of comfort than prepare an article for his college paper, will never be a literary man. The studious, the brave, the confident, the manly, make men of power, influence, and moral worth. Men may develop vastly in power, but little in quality.

F. P. Moulton.

Bates Alumni Dinner in Boston.

To the Editors of the Student:

The Bates Alumni, of Boston and vicinity, held their third annual dinner at Young's, Wednesday evening, December 29th. We give the names of those present: '67, Given and Heath; '68, Chase, Emery, and Wendell; '69, Bolster; '71, Ham; '72, Baldwin, Bickford, Hunt, and Nason; '73, Harris, Hutchinson, and G. E. Smith; '74, Frost and F. P. Moulton; '75, Evans and Palmer; '76, E. C. Adams; '77, Burr and Phillips; '78, Hutchins; '80, Hayes and Hoyt; '81, W. B. Perkins, W. T. Perkins, and Sanborn; '82, Blanchard and Lowell; '83, Watters; '85, Morrill, with Mr. W. E. Pulsifer, a former student at Bates. The whole number was thirty-two.

The business meeting was held at 4.30 P.M., and resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Rev. F. W. Baldwin of Chelsea; Vice-President, Rev. F. L. Hayes of Boston; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. E. Smith, Esq., of Boston. After a half-hour spent in hand-shaking and social chat, the company proceeded to the commodious room where the
dinner was to be served, President Baldwin leading the way. After Rev.
W. H. Bolster had said grace, a leisurely hour and a half was devoted to
the excellent dinner, conversation, meanwhile, growing animated, and occasionally giving place to merry peals of laughter, as some college joke or mirth-provoking experience was re-called.

It had been decided at the business meeting that the exercises should be,
so far as possible, spontaneous and informal, and President Baldwin, whose election was wholly a surprise to him, entered with zest on the performance of his duties, his remarks, as he called out, without warning, the several speakers, being wonderfully felicitous and well-timed. Chase, of '08, spoke for the college. He assured those present of the deep interest of the college teachers in every alumnus, and of the satisfaction felt and expressed by the Faculty in the good record made by the Bates graduates. He reported the number of undergraduates larger than ever before, and said their character, scholarship, and loyalty to the college were a constant inspiration to their instructors. "You," he said, "have shown what the Bates men can do, and your success is the strength of the college." Given, of '67, entertained the company with pleasing reminiscences of the beginnings of college life at Bates. He closed by quoting a joke that is worth repeating. "And why do they call it Bates College?" said Mike to Pat, as they were busy one day on the then uninviting college campus. "Razon enough," replied Pat, "it is because it bates all the colleges."

Emery, of '67, the retiring president, expressed his obligations to Bates for its religious influences. He entered college with atheistic tendencies, he left it a new man. He found in the institution the noblest men he had ever met—men as loyal to their faith as Arthur Stanley at Rugby, and Christian without being sectarian. Bickford, of '72, gave an eloquent address interspersed with fun. He divided the Bates alumni into grandfathers, fathers, and infants, and said each division was represented at the dinner. Hayes, of '80, electrified the company by his impromptu scanning of the Iliad, in response to a summons from the President, who had been his instructor in the Nichols Latin School. Blanchard, of '82, gave citations from his editorial experience and observation, to show the value of college papers in preparing men for journalism. Six former editors of the Bates STU-DENT were, he said, now occupying important positions as journalists. "The majority of the men employed on the great dailies are college graduates."

Palmer, of '75, was charmingly facetious and most tender in his expressions of regard for his college, its teachers, and graduates. Harris, '72, Smith, '73, and Frost, '74, were the other speakers, the last-named recalling a bit of personal experience in the recitation room, which set the company in a roar of laughter.

All of the speeches were full of kind feeling for the college, and of satisfaction over its cheering prospects.
On motion of Secretary Smith, it was unanimously voted to invite Prof. J. Y. Stanton, the professor longest in the service of the college, to be present at the next annual dinner, and to assure him that he should not be called on for a speech. Messrs. Blanchard and W. B. Perkins brought back some enjoyable phases of college life by their spirited singing.

Nason, of '72, closed the exercises of the evening by reading the following beautiful poem, written expressly for the occasion:

"Deep in the silence where th' Acadian hives Of late with hum of bees disturbed the air, The wild thyme droops, its honeyed sweets are vain, The gods have spoken, what can mortals dare? Upon the hills the white flocks idly lie, The oaten pipes have ceased, the shepherd's lay No more delights the nymphs. What means their fear? Why sadly grieves the world? What "dims the day"?

Hera in wrath has banned the careless tongue Whose idle chatter once her fancy gilded, While Oreads sported on the fragrant leas In wanton mirth and song, and great Zeus smiled.

The stricken nymph has vanished, fast and far She flees, unseen she calls, she has no choice: O wrath divine! was there no other way Than this, to live the echo of a voice?

O fatal day! and must she ever dwell Aloof from all her life has held most dear? Love's clinging arms of strength for aye resign, His swift, sweet kisses, tender words of cheer?

In grace and beauty ne'ermore to tread The mazy dance upon the verdant hills? Bend low sweet flowers, sing gently warbling birds, And murmur softly, softly mountain rills.

Great Pan goes singing 'mid the trees, Dusk shadows fall athwart the way,

The night draws on; the god has roamed The glens and hills for many a day.

While Echo answers to his call, Still sings responsive to his song; Yet ne'er were sun-lit paths so dear, Nor summer days so sad and long.

"Where art thou, love?" the great god cries; The woods are mute, the air is still; "Love, love," comes back the answering call, From every verdure-crested hill.

"O mock not me;" the god entreats, Who thinks her hid among the trees. "Not me, not me;" O wildering voice! He still pursues, and still she flees.

And did she love the god, the mocking nymph Who seemed to jeer his hopes? What need to say? The search was old: 'tis new, and still goes on In this our land, in this our later day.

Still roam the restless seekers up and down The weary world, like Pan of old; they long For fleeting lures; they hear the mocking call, When hearts are young, and youthful hearts are strong.

Still as of yore the battling flight goes on, Till feet grow weary, fainting hearts grow old, And sparkling eyes grow dim and lusterless, And locks are white that once were ruddy gold.

The long days die into the darksome nights, The long nights stretch away to fleeting years, Till time is o'er, and passion-weary souls Have little guerdon won save prayers and tears.

God's pity for them and his tender love Who rashly seek a goal they worthy deem, To sacrifice their manhood's power and worth, Lured to their ruin by a fleeting dream.

And grant the fragments of those shattered lives Beneath his moulding, recreative touch May yield some beauty still; for goals are fair To those who love, who suffer overmuch.

A sprouting oak placed in too slender vase May mark its upward growth by broken shards,
Which might have held a rose or lilted bloom;
Such frail securities are beauty's guards.

God's love and joy for those to whom is given
After the doubt, the eagerness of quest,
After the weary ways, the toil, the strife,
The welcome recompense of home and rest.

And over all the heaven of his peace,
The wafted fragrance of celestial palms.
Balm for hurt souls, completes life for aye
Undaunted, free, amid the heavenly calms.

Yes, rest is sweet when toil and strife are o'er,
And sweet the calm that follows after storm.
Great Pan is dead. 'Tis we who madly seek
A fleeing spirit void of mortal form.

The company broke up at about ten o'clock, but quite a number lingered for an hour or more to renew the past, and compare post-graduate experiences.
The exclamation on every lip was, "The best yet!" It is needless to say that the graduates of a typical Maine college know how to be merry, even in Boston, without conforming to some customs all too common in our Modern Athens. The gathering was thoroughly representative, being made up as follows: Ministers, 6; lawyers, 5; doctors, 2; editors and journalists, 3; astronomers, 1; business men, 5; and teachers, 10. Bates' undergraduates would be inspired by seeing such earnest, intellectual, clean-looking, and successful men as this reunion brought together.

Agricola.

LOCALS.

"Are we all here?" a lady asked
In a party of a score,
"Is now our number made complete,
Or must we wait for more?"

"Oh, we're all here," said Senior B.,
Who smiling lingered nigh,

"We need not wait for any more,
We're all here, you and I."

How's your cold?
How did you like Barrett?
Look out for St. Valentine!
Did you go to the Carnival?
Pay your subscription early.

Are we going to have any public lectures this term?

Glad to see that "Dame" Student is able to be out again.

The new "quill drivers" begin operation with this number.

One of the eds. says that the duties of the Student are onerous if not hounorous.

Wanted: The housekeepers of the Professors to have dinner precisely at twelve o'clock.

The Junior girls believe in class distinction; they all have "appeared out" in white hoods.

Prof.—"Has Mr. P. got here yet? If he has it is certainly time to begin the recitation."

One of the Seniors spent part of his vacation in Boston, where he saw things mirabile dictu.

During the vacation a few of the tuneful Seniors have been making the air,—well we don't know what.

The ladies have begun to hold tennis meetings. Perhaps they are arranging for a tournament on the crust.

Pedagogues of the rural districts are advised to keep the edge of their scholars' intellects keen by frequent honing.

It is related that one of the Professors has been taking exercise during
the vacation in one of the logging camps.

"Halloo! when did you get back? Had a good time?" have been familiar sounds on the campus for the past week.

"A very excellent series of entertainments," is the testimony of all in regard to the Lewiston Y. M. C. A. course.

Prof. (in Chaucer)—"Mr. T., you may paraphrase that passage." Mr. T.—"Er—er—do you mean divide it into feet?"

According to the report of one of our winter teachers a new industry has been added to Maine's category, that of quarreling.

Raise your hat twice when you meet the lady editors; once because they are ladies, and once because they are literary characters.

A very pleasant evening was spent by several of the students at Miss Litchfield's on New-Year's night. It was a New-Year's surprise.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, is to deliver the annual sermon before the college, on the day of prayer, Feb. 24.

Many of the Sophomores in the different colleges are taking a somewhat extended vacation; but those at Bates concluded that six weeks were enough for them.

One of the new comers was walking down Main Street, one day last fall, just as a horse-car was coming up. Turning to his companion, he said: "How in the world do they turn those things round? I should think it would be pretty hard lifting 'em."

Not a Senior or Junior was present at prayers the first morning. That needs an explanation. The prayers were an hour early and it is assumed that they were not used to rising so early.

Nearly all the boys that were in town attended the Merry Christmas tree at Main Street, and all were remembered. One says that a new broom would have swept cleaner.

It is reported that the Sophs, and a few invited Seniors have been trying to imitate the ancient feasts of Sardanapulus and Heliogabalus. It is against the rules to have class suppers.

As our scribe was passing down Wood Street recently, he glanced up at a window, and there beheld one of the college girls rolling out bread, and softly singing, "I need thee every hour."

Those studying German this term are trying to learn to use the German script. In many cases, one might easily mistake the characters made for the Egyptian hieroglyphics on the cuneiform letters of the Assyrian.

Soliloquy of Junior II., while walking down College Street after one of the recent examinations: "They told me that Prof. —— was near-sighted and couldn't see across the room, but I've found out he can."

Nothing is more striking than contrast! For example: the contrast in the sound of French chimes of Jan., 1886, and Jan., 1887; the contrast in
The tones of the Student of Feb. and Nov., 1886, in regard to the new law.

The following, from the pen of a poetic young miss, is a bit of poetry appended to the close of a dissertation upon herring fishing:

"Herring are fish with a scaly back,
But catching of them we very much lack."

A certain pedagogue was asked for help in an example in partial payments. He inquired of the scholar, "Which rule are you working it by, United States or Mercantile Rule?" "Chicago," came the prompt reply.

The following is supposed to have been raked out of the Teufelsdrochisch bags of "Ching a Ling":

"The Local Ed. is now at large
Beware of what you do;
You'll surely be in print next month
In everybody's view."

It was somewhat amusing, one afternoon at the beginning of the term, to see a Prof. crossing the campus, preceded by the ladies of the Freshman class, who were breaking the crust for him. Boys, a practical illustration of the inestimable advantages of co-education.

Classes for Bible study have been recently started at Bates. That they were much needed is shown by some of the answers given, of which the following is a sample: Teacher—"Who was born at Ur of the Chaldees?" Student (after careful reflection) — "Adam."

At a recent social gathering, they played a game with a book—our informant didn’t remember the name—but he said that a certain Senior received it as being the most knowing man; a certain Junior, as having the most prolific moustache, and a certain Freshman as the most bashful man.

Esthetic Soph. (promenading with chum at the late G. A. R. Fair)—"Oh! Chum, see those beautiful daisies," pointing to a hand-painted tidy." Chum (who is not so aesthetic, but who has been brought up in the country and knows a flower or two)—"Go long! that's nothing but white-weed. We have slathers of it down home."

Nichols Latin School has acquired, in the town of York, a unique, but none the less honorable reputation. A little girl in one of the schools of that town was asked why her brother did not stay in the Latin School, when he went there last winter. She replied: "Because they don't do anything only make ministers down there, and pa said 'Cal. shouldn't be one.'"

During a recent visit at his home one of the Juniors was taken down a little. In reading his mother came to the word nomadic. A little discussion arose as to its derivation, whereupon the Junior, anxious to air his knowledge, said: "Oh, that, you know, comes from a Latin word nomen, meaning name." He was a little surprised when his mother, who was something of a linguist, told him that the word meant wandering, and came from the Greek word, nomos, pasture. The moral is obvious.

One morning at the beginning of the term, the Freshman class were startled by the exclamation of the Professor: "We'er all a fire! We're all a fire!"

Observing the smoke arising from
around the stove, they really thought they were, and one of the boys rushed out after a pail of water. Subduing the smoke, they ascertained the cause of the trouble. The Saturday before the Janitor had blacked the stove very nicely, but he had taken all the ashes out. Shortly after, he was seen making the tour of the rooms with a pail of ashes and shovel, thinking doubtless, as the ancient Hindoo, that "existence in this world is a time of trouble and tribulation, to be abridged by penance."

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'70.—D. W. C. Durgin is principal of the high school at Ashland, N. H.

'71.—J. N. Ham is principal of the high school at Lexington, Mass.

'72.—G. E. Gay, principal of the Malden High School, has a Sunday School class numbering one hundred and fifty members.

'72.—Rev. F. W. Baldwin, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures, without notes, that are attracting considerable attention.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham, recently of Great Falls, N. H., has accepted a call to the Free-will Baptist Church in Boothbay.

'74.—Rev. J. H. Hoffman of Shelbourne Falls, Mass., read a paper before a Congregational association of ministers, which has been published in full.

'74.—Rev. Thomas Spooner, of Farmington, N. H., preached in the Main Street Free Baptist Church in this city, Dec. 26th.

'75.—Prof. J. R. Brackett of Colby University has recently given a lecture upon the Lusiad, the national epic of Portugal, which is said to be of great interest.

'75.—L. M. Palmer, M.D., has recently built a fine house, and is reported to be the leading physician in South Framingham, Mass.

'75.—G. W. Wood spent the holidays in Lewiston.

'76.—W. H. Adams, M. D., is at Litchfield, Maine, attending to his father's practice, while the latter is absent at the Legislature.

'77.—Miss J. R. North, of the Rockland High School, spent her vacation in Lewiston.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins has been elected principal of the high school in Middleborough, Mass.

'79.—L. M. Perkins was married last Thanksgiving.

'80.—Mrs. Laura Harris Robinson is traveling with her husband in Europe.

'82.—L. M. Tarr has been recently married to Miss Mary Davis, of Auburn. Mr. Tarr occupies an honorable position in the United States Signal Service, and is now stationed in Atlantic City, N. J.

'83.—J. L. Reade is Washington correspondent for several metropolitan newspapers.

'85.—A. B. Morrell is principal of the high school at Lancaster, Mass.

'86.—J. W. Flanders has been compelled to resign his position in New London Academy, N. H., on account of ill health.
'86.—C. E. Stevens has been elected sub-master in the Lewiston High School.

'86.—F. W. Sanford has been preaching with great success in Topsham.

STUDENTS.

'80.—F. W. Sauford has been preaching with great success in Topsham.

'81.—Miss I. M. Wood is teaching at Lisbon Falls.

'90.—H. B. Davis is teaching at York.

'90.—G. H. Hamlen is teaching in Greene.

'90.—L. H. Dorr is teaching at Pittston.

'90.—A. F. Gilmore is teaching at Turner.

EXCHANGES.

We have awaited the arrival of our exchanges with feelings of hope and curiosity. Hope that we might be on friendly terms with them all; curiosity to see what kind of publications came from the different colleges. Our curiosity has been in a measure gratified. It remains to be seen whether our hope will be realized. In taking charge of this department we realize, to some degree at least, the difficulty of the task before us. To appreciate merit and kindly criticize faults is no easy matter. We shall endeavor however by a judicious use of praise, where praise is due, and of kindly criticism, where we think it will be beneficial, to merit the good will of all the exchanges that visit our sanctum.

First on our list we welcome our neighbors from Brunswick and Waterville. The Orient always contains something good in the line of original poems, the Echo has much interesting matter. The editorials are for the most part short and to the point.

The Cadet has not yet put in an appearance.

The Signal, from the New Jersey State Schools is before us. The "Chit-Chat" column is especially noticeable, containing many good things in prose and rhyme.

The Brunonian is a typical college paper. It contains many things of interest to students. The editorials, to which it gives considerable space, are characterized by their strong common sense.

The Tuftonian comes to us in a beautiful Christmas dress. Stories seem to be its specialty, and considerable talent is displayed in that direction. Evidently the author of "I Will Repay," has been courting the tragic Muse or sensational novel; else how could he manage to crowd a murder, a betrayal and desertion, an attempted suicide, where the rescuer has to "battle bravely with the hungry waves," and a sudden death in the "crowded court-room," into a six-page story? It is too much for our weak nerves.

The University Herald, in an editorial upon "College Government," says: "The average student likes the idea of representation, and he will willingly place himself under restraint, and yield obedience to those whom he selects to govern him, when the same restraint from another source would cause open rebellion. It is true, too, that a student placed in a position of trust, will perform the duties of that office with strict fidelity. Now we would not have
a senate govern absolutely, but only in part. Let it be advisory in its character. For instance, let the Faculty give careful consideration to its requests, and grant it minor duties; let it be to the students a sort of balance-wheel, checking more than governing. In this way many a prank that would cause much annoyance would be 'nipped in the bud.' We feel like adding: "Them 'ere is my sentiments tew."

BOOK REVIEWS.


The story owes its interest, in a great degree, to the mystery that surrounds the life of John Wallace. He, a man of wealth, education, and refinement, suddenly appears in the prosy little village of West-Hampton. Here he lives, a solitary man, for thirty years, and dies without disclosing any of his previous history. Who is he? What has he been? and, Why live thus? are questions the reader is anxious to hear answered. It is well worth reading.

[**The Bad Habits of Good Society.** By George A. Baker, Jr. White, Stokes & Allen, New York. Small 16mo., bevelled boards, gilt top, $1.00.] Under such headings as "Rusticating," "Late Hours," "Champagne Corks," "Hot House Children," "Artificial Orange Blossoms," "Latch Keys," etc., the author holds up to ridicule the habits of fashionable New York. It is a protest against sham and hypocrisy. Amusing, interesting, and instructive.


A thoroughly interesting story. Unlike many works of fiction, it requires no effort for the reader to become interested. The first sentence arouses your interest, and, without any of those tedious digressions so common to many writers, you are borne along to the end. A story both picturesque and dramatic.

[**The Flower Song Series.** By Susie Barstow Echols. White, Stokes & Allen, New York.]

We have seen No. VI., "Pansies and Orchids," of the above series and it is certainly worthy of praise. It consists of colored plates of pansies, snowdrops, heather, and wild roses; orchids; nasturtiums, and geraniums; with poems by prominent writers, including one by T. B. Aldrich, and one by H. H., in fac-simile. Cover in gold and crimson bronzes, blended; with design of butterflies, morning glories, and daisies. Something unique in the line of gift-books. Sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.50.

COLLEGE WORLD.

**UNION:**
Union has an "Arbitration Committee."

**YALE:**
L. K. Hull, '83, for several years captain of the Yale foot-ball team and crew, has just been elected Mayor of Mandan, Dakota, the roughest frontier town in the Territory.

**WELLESLEY:**
Wellesley turned away 150 applicants to the Freshman class.
JOHN C. HATCH, 
(Successor to Johnston & Hatch.)

MANUFACTURER OF

CIGARS

No. 64 Lisbon Street,
LEWISTON, MAINE.

Sign Big Indian.

NOTICE.

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to do First-Class Work in our business, and at Prices that Will Suit the Times.

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College and School Work a Specialty.

We invite the public to call and examine our work, and see for themselves that we have and do what we claim. Respectfully,

CURTIS & ROSS,
Over Bicknell & Neal's, Lisbon St.,
LEWISTON, ME.

BROWN:
Brown University has received a bequest of $20,000 to build an astronomical observatory, and $50,000 for general purposes.

WILLIAMS:
The Williams Fortnight encourages a dramatic club.

ILLINOIS STATE COLLEGE:
The Juniors of Illinois State College have decided to wear silver "plush plug hats" as their class hats.

AMHERST:
The tuition at Amherst has been raised from $100 to $110 per annum, to go into effect at the beginning of the next college year.

AMONG THE POETS.

IN THE FOREST.

Alone in the sombre forest
Where the shadows come and go,
And the moan of autumn breezes
Is sounding sad and low,
We catch, as by inspiration,
The spirit that hovers o'er
The sylvan depths of woodland.
The mountain and the moor.

Alone in the sombre forest,
We sit in a shady nook,
On a softly cushioned moss-bed
By the side of a babbling brook,
And watching the lights and shadows
When the mighty pine trees nod,
We hear in the voice of Nature
The voice of Nature's God.

—Bowdoin Orient.

TO BESSIE.

Ah, fairest Bessie, lady mine,
About whose forehead ringlets twine,
As round the column doth the vine,
With nature's grace!
I would that I had words to tell
The more than magic of the spell
The Bates Student.

Crayon Artist and Photographer,
As he is now situated in his
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Which for my soul doth ever dwell
In thy sweet face.

When in a picture gallery
The beauties of all time I see,
As if the earth were held in fee
To grace the hall;
E'en then, my dear, I must confess
That to my mind my own fair Bess
Doth in transcendent loveliness
Surpass them all.

And when upon a summer night,
In ecstasy of pure delight,
I hear the village choir unite
In song divine,
I think how holier than this,
And multiplied would be my bliss,
If thou wouldst tell me with a kiss,
"Forever thine."

—Ex.

CLIPPINGS.

Where there’s a will there’s generally a way—to contest it.—Ex.

If marriage is a lottery, love-letters ought not to be allowed in the mails.—Ex.

What’s the difference between a mouse and a girl? One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he’s.
—Hanover Monthly.

How does the little downy Fresh
Improve each shining hour?
He plugs his dry old Lexicon
With gloomy visage sour.

Meantime the more experienced Soph
Employs his cards and pipe,
He learns his Greek from Harper’s text,
His intellect is ripe.
—Cynic.

A contradiction of terms: Gasses obey Boyle’s law when farthest removed from the Boyleing point.
—Haverfordian.

From a Senorial physiology we quote:
"Who can despise
The pleading eyes,
With lashes long and glossy?
Yet, man beware!
And have a care,
For just such eyes are ‘bossy.’"
—Signal.

Literary Man (laughing)—“Yes, I took to literature naturally. I was vaccinated from a quill, you know.”
Friend (grimly)—“Ha! the world would have been the gainer if you had been vaccinated from a pick or shovel.”
—Ex.
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