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EDITORIAL.

In the present number we publish a story, the first of any length that has appeared in the Student for a number of years. We have no doubt that there are many embryo story writers in college, and we hope they will take advantage of this "new departure" and seek to develop their latent talent by practice. Now is the time to invoke the Muse and write your story.

We also wish to remind the students that our columns are open to all, and we hope that all will feel at liberty to send in contributions at any time.

The usual observance of Washington's birthday, by making it a holiday, is a thing altogether commendable in itself. Ill would it become Americans to pass by the 22d of February without any outward sign of gratitude or veneration toward the memory of him who, on that same day in the year seventeen hundred and thirty-two, was born into the world, as the man above all others to whom we should owe our national existence. But should the people be content with a nominal suspension of business? Can we say that the day is truly observed by simply
abstaining from our accustomed occupation? Certainly not.

Our observance of the Sabbath is not completed by merely refraining from daily work. We must assemble in public places and, either as speaker or listener, engage in various exercises appropriate to the occasion. Thus to our mind it would seem much more appropriate for the schools, instead of dismissing for the day, to spend a part of the time in some interesting and instructive exercises upon the life and character of Washington. And in every city and town it would be highly appropriate that an oration upon his life should be listened to by all the people. Probably no American ever lived whose life was freer from mistakes, and yet his was by far the most trying position which any American has ever occupied.

No American ever united so perfectly in one man the soldier and the statesman, and yet none of his countrymen ever exhibited in either rôle greater courage and sagacity. If any one doubts this statement we would refer him to the testimony of Frederick the Great of Prussia who declared "that the achievements of Washington and his little band during the winter of 1776–7, were the most brilliant recorded on the pages of military history, and a careful comparison of the condition of the country at the beginning and at the close of his presidential administrations cannot fail to establish his claim to the first rank as statesman. Then let the people make the day one actively devoted to the memory of him whose mortal remains now rest in the sacred soil of Mt. Vernon."

There are currents of thought, scarce yet developed, among the Faculty and students of Bates, that may make themselves felt during the coming summer. There are, to the question at issue, as to every other, two sides. On the one hand base-ball engenders an honest pride and spirit of independence, when a college is represented in the intercollegiate games. It also serves, as perhaps nothing else could, to bring the college before the minds of young men who are about to enter college. Though the presence of a successful base-ball nine should not be the motive with a young man in choosing his college, yet it does have its influence: even as the advertisements in the papers, though not the things sought by the reader, yet persist in bringing into notice the things they represent.

But some see another and different side to this question. Perhaps the least important objection is the expense of maintaining a position in the league. This is increasing every year. Again, if the purpose of base-ball was to engender athletic development, it has sadly failed of its mission. It does not seemingly improve the physique of the average student to stand or sit on the ball ground and watch nine men who are practicing to an excess that is dangerous and sometimes fatal. The summer term so far as study is concerned is lost for nine men, and demoralized for the rest of the college.

Furthermore there is in the excitement of the games a dangerous temptation to gambling by the students that is demanding attention. Not only
is there gambling among individuals, but even colleges have been known to barter their honor in exchange for material for the base-ball nine.

In view of these latter considerations the Faculty of Bates have made to the students some proposals—not prohibitions—which are to be considered.

FREQUENT complaints are made that the magazines are carried by the students from the reading-room. This, at first, seemed entirely wrong, but there have since appeared some alleviating circumstances. For several evenings during the past few weeks we have gone into the reading-room for the purpose of leading some of the weightier magazines, as Harper’s and North American Review, but have been unable to do so with any satisfaction on account of the constant talking of those in the room. Now, if one can not read those magazines, to which he has a right, in their proper place, certainly there is a strong temptation offered him to take them to his room. The reading-room is not a talking room, and one goes there not to discuss but simply to read the current literature. We would suggest that a stringent law be passed and enforced prohibiting, under a penalty, all unnecessary talking in this room, thus removing a twofold evil.

THE Bible Classes have not been as well attended this term as they were in the fall. There are reasons for this, perhaps, aside from any real waning of interest. It is oftentimes quite difficult for those who live at a distance from the college to be present; a larger number of the students are out of town during the winter than at any other season of the year; then, doubtless, there are some who gave in their names simply for the novelty of it, and who thus could hardly be expected to become permanent members.

There is another reason also that may have some force. We all agree that Sunday should be a day of rest, and that many persons cannot attend all the meetings they would wish without becoming greatly exhausted. We should reject the European method of spending the Sabbath, and to a certain extent that scientific modification of it which maintains that to obtain perfect rest, everybody should spend the day in a manner directly opposite from that in which he spends his week-days. We do not think a day of rest is necessarily a day of idleness. Yet the good old Puritan Sabbath of two long sermons and a prayer-meeting, or what is nearly its equivalent is too exacting of persons actively engaged in brain work all the week.

Doubtless many of the students have found, after a time, that they must give up the Bible Class or neglect some other duty. To choose that which is most helpful is an individual matter. We think the work of the Bible Classes very excellent, and that it might be the means of securing great results. Surely an hour spent in church with both ears closed to the words of the preacher would have been productive of more good to the individual himself.
if employed in discussing some Bible topic.

Possibly the classes might meet during the week. It is hardly too much to ask that one of the lessons be shortened and the recitation continue but half an hour, provided each member of the class devotes the time thus gained to Bible study.

The suggestions presented to the Christian Association a short time ago offer a means of improvement in the management of classes. We think the students generally are just as anxious now that the work should go on as they were in the fall, and we trust that some of the difficulties may be removed so that every student may be able to spend an hour each week in Bible study, without feeling that it is burdensome.

THE agitation in regard to a College Press Association culminated in a meeting at Young's hotel, Boston, Tuesday, February 22d. The following colleges, in alphabetical order, sent delegates to represent their papers: Amherst, Bates, Bowdoin, Colby, Boston University, Dartmouth, Harvard, Maine State, Technology, Tufts, Worcester Tech., Wesleyan, Williams, Yale, Middlebury. Mr. D. L. Maulsby, of Tufts, was made temporary chairman, and Mr. Breed, of Wesleyan, secretary.

After some preliminary discussion, as to the nature of the proposed association, a committee of five were chosen to draw up a constitution and to decide upon a name, and time of meeting. After the report of the committee the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. B. Keteham of the Yale News; Vice-Presidents, F. J. Urquhart of the Dartmouth, C. C. Choate of the Bowdoin Orient, M. D. Mitchell of the Harvard Advocate; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. Edgerly of Tufts; Recording Secretary, Sydney Warren of the Tech.

It is to be known as the New England Collegiate Press Association, and annual meetings are to be held on the first Friday in October. After the business meeting, all assembled at the banquet, which was held in one of the private dining-rooms of the hotel. Mr. Bulkley, of the Amherst Student, officiated as toast-master in a very acceptable manner. The advantages to be derived from such an organization are obvious. Heretofore college editors have known each other as paper and ink, now, a few at least, will know each other as flesh and blood. These meetings will tend to remove existing prejudices and thus prevent the petty bickerings that so often fill the pages of college journals. If the enthusiasm manifested at the first meeting of the college editors can be taken as an index for the future the success of the organization is assured.

Canon Farrar gives the following advice to students: "To do as much as you can healthily and happily each day, in a well determined direction, with a view to far off results, and with present enjoyment of your work, is the only essentially profitable way."
LITERARY.

THE MESSAGE ON THE WIRES.

By C. W. M., '77.

My path, one early winter's day,
Over a country road-side lay,
Just where the winds came sweeping down,
Between the hills, beyond the town.

First on the left, then on the right,
Tall, towering poles rose in their might,
Their arms outstretched to uphold
The wires that stretched for miles untold.

Just then the wind came sweeping down,
Between the hills, beyond the town,
And music rose, now soft, now sharp,
Like notes from an Eolian harp.

So soft and low, so sweet and clear,
The notes that fell upon my ear,
Methought the wires broke into song,
Because of thoughts they bore alone.

Perchance the word from some dear friend
That days of waiting soon would end,
And those between whom seas had rolled
Should greet each other, as of old.

Just then the wires, swept by the gale,
Gave forth a long and piercing wail,
As if the message borne along
Caused sighs of pains in place of song.

And now, methought, to some poor heart
Flies news that bitter tears will start—
Perchance some face they've loved to greet.
They never more on earth will meet.

O, magic wires, that o'er the land
Your meshes weave on every hand!
Wondrous your power, for in a breath,
You sing of life, or sigh o'er death.

The swift-winged words you bear along
Cause hearts to break forth into song;
Or to some life, with sudden blow,
You bring the words of death and woe.

WALLENSTEIN.

By C. C. S., '88.

If one ascends to the summit of a
hill and there surveys an extensive
tract of woodland, he will notice, here
and there, a stately pine rising above
all other trees. Thus, among the many
German warriors, Wallenstein towers as
a mighty tree in the forest. Silent, un-
approachable, superstitious, his was the
strange destiny to be so far removed
from his fellows by the mysterious trend
of his mind that he could not sympa-
thize with the masses, and yet to be so
wise that he could accurately discern
the things most needed for their lasting
welfare.

The subject of this sketch was born
on the fifteenth day of September, fif-
teen hundred and eighty-three, in the
province of Bohemia. At the age of
twelve, Wallenstein was left an orphan,
and, passing into the care of an uncle,
he received through his kindness a good
education. He showed the keenest in-
terest in passing events, and an es-
pecial aptitude for languages. But
astrology was his favorite study, and
in the ability of men to read their des-
tiny in the stars he placed entire faith.
Guided by these mysterious tokens he
became convinced of the certainty of
his future greatness. To acquire wealth
was the first step in the problem of his
destiny, and by a fortunate marriage
and the early death of his wife, he
found himself at the age of twenty-four
possessed of extensive estates.

Already with his prophetic vision he
foresaw the storm of war, which was
soon to burst upon Germany. For ten
years he calmly awaited the struggle,
and then it came. Ferdinand was de-
clared the king of Bohemia, and soon
after he was elected Emperor of Ger-
many. With the usual bigotry of Cath-
olics he resolved to crush Protestantism
out of Bohemia, in direct violation of
the royal charter of 1609, which granted
religious freedom to the inhabitants of this province. At this infringement of their most sacred rights the people broke out into open rebellion.

Now it is that Wallenstein sees his opportunity. He equipped, at his own expense, a picked body of troops and offered his services to the king. The rebellion was soon put down, and the fame of Wallenstein, because of his splendid liberality to his soldiers, rapidly spread.

If Ferdinand, warned by the fierce opposition which any interference with the religion of his subjects caused, had given up his scheme of suppressing Protestantism, the Thirty Years' War would have been averted. But he gave his subjects no such assurance. On the contrary he kept an army under Tilley, in the field in Lower Saxony, ready to strike another blow at Protestantism when the opportunity offered. Then indeed the old fires of the Reformation broke forth again through all Germany. Richelieu, "the Spirit of the Storm," fanned the flames of war by supplying the Protestant princes with money for equipping armies.

But the emperor, with the blind obstinacy of a despot, never weakened from his purpose. Yet his resources were most limited, since he had only one army at his command. Suddenly Wallenstein came forward with the offer of twenty thousand men. The offer was eagerly accepted, and he marched into Lower Saxony to meet Christian, the king of Denmark. But this commander retreated before him, and thus the winter wore away.

In the spring Wallenstein had at his command fifty thousand splendidly equipped men, and with this army he began the passage of the Elbe. Here the brave Count Mansfield attempted to prevent his march upon the Danish king. But his troops were driven back like chaff before the wind, and the fate of Christian and his army seemed to be sealed, when suddenly Wallenstein received orders from Ferdinand to come and protect his hereditary domain. Reluctantly he turned and marched away into Hungary. The presence of his troops there was enough to dispel all danger, and so, placing them in winter quarters on the Danube, he repaired to Vienna, to unfold to the emperor a masterly plan for the settlement of the war.

He proposed to fuse into one compact empire the various principalities of Germany, on the basis of absolute religious freedom, but absolute allegiance to one emperor. The people, he foresaw, would be unwilling to enter into such a union, for the various provinces were separated by the bitterest feuds, "like cliffs which had been rent asunder." But Ferdinand seemed to consent to this scheme, and at the opening of the spring, Wallenstein began the work of subjugation.

Everywhere the enemy fled at his approach, and cities and towns threw open their gates to him. In one season he made himself master in Germany, with the exception of a few cities on the Baltic, and Ferdinand could then have consummated the plan which they had agreed upon in the previous winter. But with contemptible treachery he issued the fatal Edict of Restitution, by
which all church property was restored to the Catholic clergy, and soon after deprived Wallenstein of his command.

The cold chieftain scarcely deigned to resent this betrayal, but silently withdrew to his estates, where he is pictured in romance and drama as living in the most regal splendor. One writer records that all of his horses had racks and mangers of polished steel; that the stalls were separated by columns of marble, and that each horse had its picture painted by an Italian master.

Suddenly the great Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, landed on the coast of Germany, to fight for the Protestant cause. Ferdinand was utterly incapable to cope with the "Great Captain of the North," and expulsion from his empire seemed imminent, unless he sought the help of Wallenstein. But would he again come to his aid, after having been once cast off as a garment out of use? Yes. But he came upon such conditions as never before had a subject imposed upon his sovereign.

As if by magic, Wallenstein gathered a new army around him. In the words of Schiller:

"Like a god of war his name Went through the world. The drum was beat, and lo, The plough, the workshop, is forsaken; all Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners."

In his camp no questions were asked about religion or nationality; the only requirements were perfect physical soundness, and implicit obedience to the commander's will.

From now on a tragic interest attaches itself to these two great generals, since one was soon to die upon the field of battle; the other to perish by the hand of an assassin. Warily they approached one another, each seeking to gain an advantage over the other.

Wallenstein pursued a Fabian policy, and sought by intrenching himself in impregnable positions to induce Gustavus to dash himself to pieces against his fortifications. Thus the summer wore away. But in October Wallenstein suddenly penetrated into Saxony, and captured Leipzig, thinking thus to terrify the people from their Swedish alliance. Gustavus at once hastened to meet his antagonist, and came upon him at Lutzen. At noon, on the 6th of November, 1632, Gustavus advanced to the attack, and then ensued the fiercest battle ever fought on German soil. In the midst of the conflict the great Swedish king fell, mortally wounded, and as his riderless horse galloped over the field, conveying the melancholy news, his soldiers rushed into the fight with the frenzy of despair, and when darkness closed over the blood-soaked field, the Swedes were in possession of the enemy's entrenchments.

From this defeat Wallenstein never recovered. The spirit of the great Gustavus seemed to have overpowered him, and the stars even no longer clearly assured him of success. The innate consciousness of a higher source of guidance seemed to grow upon him, and the inevitable conflict in his mind of these two elements—truth and superstition—caused a strange vacillation to seize upon him.

But the last act was drawing nigh, and the troubled warrior's spirit was
soon to come into the visible presence of Him whose omnipotent hand he already had begun to recognize. His enemies now accused him of having attempted to throw off his allegiance to Ferdinand, and to join Gustavus, and it was true that he at one time entered into negotiations with Gustavus, on this subject, in order to accomplish his cherished plan of German unity. Yet as this intercourse occurred before he took the field against Gustavus, it was no treasonable act, for Ferdinand had cast him off, and hence he was at liberty to join the Swedes if he wished. But the emperor soon ordered him to repair to Vienna, to answer to the charge of high treason, and on the journey thither he was assassinated. The majestic calmness of his life did not desert him in the hour of death, for when his assassins burst in upon him, he turned, and exclaiming, “scoundrels and traitors,” received their thrusts with open arms, and sank to the floor without a groan.

Whether Wallenstein is really a great historical character or not will ever be a fertile source of discussion. But to me it seems that, as a military organizer and disciplinarian, he has had few equals, and the fact that at the battle of Lutzen, he held in check through the whole day the veteran army of Swedes, with an army inferior in numbers and composed of adventurers from all parts of Europe, is proof sufficient to warrant this conclusion.

Perhaps no greater encomium can be pronounced upon his sagacity in statecraft, than to emphasize the fact that through his career he advocated a measure two centuries in advance of the people—the unity of the German empire.

FRENCH BLIND-MAN’S BUFF.
By B. A. W., ’89.

Silent he stands with listening ear
To catch the sound of footsteps near;
And hark! what means that rustling there?
He makes a dive and grasps—but air.

He looks abashed, but meekly hides
Until the merriment subsides,
And then again for luck he tries,
“Fifteen and ten. Why don’t you rise?”

At length success his efforts crown,
And quite relieved he settles down
To watch the next one bob about,
And proclaims victory with a shout.

So merrily fly the hours away,
Until ’tis time to stop their play;
And each regrets that joyous mirth
Comes in small doses here on earth.

Cheer up, sad heart, have you never thought
There is always something to be caught?
I’m sure, to me it’s plain enough
That all one’s life is Blind-man’s buff.

What’er our station is in life,
To reach a higher is our strife;
And victory is our goal of hope,
Though oft in darkness we may grope.

And there is round us, all through life,
As witnesses of this great strife,
An angel throng, to whom ’tis given
To waft our victories home to Heaven.

JOHN BREWSTER’S LOVE.
By Phenix, ’88.

John Brewster was an “odd stick.” So his neighbors said, and of course they knew. He certainly looked odd as he hobbled into the grocery store in the village of M—, on a cold day in the latter part of December. He limped along to the counter, and in a husky voice ordered some
crackers, cheese, and a jug of molasses. As he waited for the order to be filled, I had an opportunity to scan him quite closely. He wore a pair of pants that were much too large for the man, or else the man was much too small for the pants; a rusty black coat, tied round the middle with a red scarf, and a brown fur cap minus most of the fur. He would have been tall, were it not for the fact that he was very much stooped. His firmly set jaws indicated strength and firmness, and his large gray eyes, and broad, though wrinkled brow, were indicative of more than common mental ability. Certain it is, that he looked neither sentimental nor romantic as we watched him leave the store, with his crackers and cheese under one arm, and the molasses jug in the other hand. "Queer chap, that," said the grocer, as the door closed behind him with a bang: "for more than twenty years he has lived all soul alone on a farm about a mile from here. He cares for nobody, and nobody seems to care for him. He works diligently, and folks say he is salting down lots of money; but there! you can't believe all you hear;" and he started off to wait upon a customer. I stood for a moment lost in thought, and then, buttoning my overcoat around me, passed out into the night.

All the way to my lodgings I kept thinking of the lonely man, trudging through the snow to the desolate house a mile away, and the words, "he cares for nobody, and nobody cares for him," kept ringing in my ears. By the time I reached my lodgings the snow was falling fast, and an occasional gust of wind sent it whirling and eddying down the street. Once within doors I seated myself before the fireplace and watched the flames and sparks as they leaped chimney-ward. In the glowing embers I could see the bent form of the "odd stick," and tried to picture to myself his appearance in his own home—I should perhaps say house, for the place where a solitary being dwells can hardly be called home. I sat musing thus for some time, and then retired for the night; but not to sleep. The wind sighed and moaned with a weird, dismal sound, like the wail of lost souls. At length I fell asleep and must have slept for some time, for when I awoke the storm had increased in violence; the wind sent the snow rattling against the windows, and shook the house upon its foundations. I could hear the trees creaking and swaying before the blast, and the occasional banging of a distant shutter. A strange presentiment seized upon me. I felt that some one was in trouble. Were these feelings caused by the storm and darkness, or is there some strange clairvoyant power that reveals events before they really happen? Be that as it may I was restless and uneasy, and lay awake for the remainder of the night. The storm abated its fury, and when the first streaks of dawn came through the frosted window, I rose and dressed.

It was Sunday morning, and as there were no church services I tried to amuse myself as best I could. The roads were blocked so that travel was well-nigh impossible, but about noon a messenger found his way through to the village.
with the intelligence that John Brewster
was dead. A neighbor had noticed that
no smoke issued from his chimney, and
went up, supposing him to be sick, but
found him lying face downward upon
the floor, dead. He had reached the
house in an exhausted condition and
sank down and died. The doctor, who
was called, testified that he had died
"from cold and exposure." He had
died alone in the house on the hill.
There had been no friendly voice to
cheer him as he crossed the dark river,
and no loving hand to wipe the death
damp from his brow. Amid the storm
and tempest his spirit had gone forth.
He died, as he had lived, alone, because
"he cared for nobody and nobody cared
for him."

He had left word that if at any time
he should be found dead, they were to
leave him as he was; lock up the house
and send for a brother who lived in a
distant city. His wishes were not
strictly carried out, as he was prepared
for burial, and then left to await the
coming of his brother.

During the few days preceding the
funeral the history of his early life was
recalled, and we learned the story of
his love.

His father was a well to do farmer
and John was considered one of the
most promising boys in town. He was
about eighteen, when Dr. Kellog moved
from a neighboring city, bringing with
him his daughter Fannie, a miss of
sixteen. A friendship sprang up at
once between the young folks, that
grew stronger and stronger as the
weeks and months went by. At first
there was no thought of love. They
quietly enjoyed each other's company.

There were rides and picnics, and
moonlight rows upon the lake. In fact
they were always together and the gos-
ips said, "That will be a match, and a
good one too." He was tall and broad
shouldered, good-natured, and fond of
mirth. Add to this, that he was the
embodiment of honesty and possessed
of more than an average share of com-
mon sense, and you have a general
idea of the man. She,—well, she was
not pretty. An artist would never have
chosen her for a model. If you at-
ttempted to analyze the different features
you would find that they did not con-
form exactly to the laws of beauty, but
the combination was pleasing. Of me-
dium height; a form lithe and grace-
ful; dark eyes and hair, and a sraith-
liness and vivacity of speech and
manner that lent a charm to every word
and action. Just such a girl as one
cannot help loving. What wonder then
that honest John Brewster loved her?
And love her he certainly did.

It had been his cherished ambition to
get a college education, and now the
time had come. He had the necessary
preparation and was to start in about
a month for a college in a neighboring
State. It was the thought of separa-
tion that first revealed to him the
strength of his love, and he deter-
minded to ask her to be his wife;
ask her to wait till he had finished his
college course, and could win for him-
self a name and position among men.
An opportunity was not wanting, and
one evening as they were returning
from a stroll, talking of the many good
times they had enjoyed together, and
of the coming separation, he placed his arm around her and gently drawing her to his side, told of his love for her, and asked if it were returned. Looking up at him with an arch smile, her cheeks suffused with blushes, she answered that she had always loved him and always would. The few remaining days sped by only too quickly for the happy pair, and then, with many protestations of love and devotion, they parted. The first weeks at college passed rapidly. There were new surroundings, new studies, and new acquaintances.

A thorough preparation before entering enabled him to perform the prescribed tasks with ease, and he had considerable time which he devoted to athletics. He early became a favorite with all, because he understood the art of minding his own business. The examinations of the first term had been creditably passed, and he had entered enthusiastically upon the second term, when he received a letter summoning him home to the bedside of his dying father. A few days and the father passed away, entrusting to his care a mother and invalid sister. This upset all his plans. He would have to give up college, and settle down upon the farm. For a time he rebelled at the thought, and then he accepted his lot and went to work with a will. If he was going to farm he would not farm as others did; he would farm in earnest.

Although Fannie grieved for his disappointment, she rejoiced that he could be with her once more, for without him life was monotonous indeed.

Two years with their planning and work, with their hopes and fears, went by, and in the autumn Frank Raymond came to teach the village academy. He had graduated at Harvard the previous June; a rich uncle paying his expenses. At college he had the reputation of being "a masher," and gloated in it. Of a slight build, with blue eyes, brown curly hair, and a tawny moustache, together with the airs of a Boston drawing-room, made him quite a prodigy in the quiet village of M—. He had come to teach the Academy, because it was the only chance that opened, and his uncle had refused to support him longer. He thought that it would be a dreadful bore, teaching in that prosy village, and feared he might die of ennui. In the course of a few days he met Miss Kellog, at the home of a pupil, and was rather struck by her appearance. This bright, unsophisticated maiden, so different from the young ladies he had known, seemed to please his fancy. He concluded that a leisure hour might be pleasantly spent in her company, and resolved to find out something more definite in regard to her. In answer to his queries he learned that she was engaged to a prosperous young farmer. "Whew!" he exclaimed, when alone in his room, "That's a go. Engaged; and to a farmer, too. Well, I don't imagine that need interfere with my plans. How the boys would laugh if they should hear that I had denied myself an hour's pleasure, because the fair one happened to be engaged to a farmer. Ha! ha!" And he leaned back in his easy chair; blew a whiff of cigar smoke toward
the ceiling, and stroked his moustache complacently, while he watched the blue wreaths. "I fancy the charms that have moved the hearts of city belles, would not be lost on a village maiden." And, with a parting stroke to his moustache, he rose; tossed his cigar stub out of the window; picked up his hat, and went out. He had noticed that at a certain time of the evening, several of the young ladies were in the habit of going boating. He hoped to meet them, and was not disappointed, for he soon met a bevy of them, with oars and rudders. He raised his hat with a pleasant "Good evening, ladies," and then asked permission to relieve them of their burdens; said he was dying for exercise, and if they would only let him go he would be their galley-slave. They consented, and all the way he amused them by relating college yarns and incidents. This was the first of many such parties, and when it grew too cold for boating, he arranged for sings, and other kinds of amusement.

He managed to call on Miss Kellog quite frequently; told her of the gay times to which he had been accustomed, and how lonely he felt. Would she play or sing for him, or should they sing together? She thought of how stupid the quiet little village must seem to him, and tried to amuse him. When John remonstrated with her, she exclaimed, "Why, John! you are not jealous, I hope! You know I love you, don't you, pet? And she put her arms round his neck and gave him a kiss that banished all his fears.

That winter John was engaged in a lumbering operation that kept him away from home, so that he saw very little of Fannie. Raymond improved his opportunity. He was careful to flatter and please her; not with the bold, open flattery of the novice, which is always repulsive to a woman of refined tastes; but with all the skill of an adept, he bestowed those graceful compliments in word and look, that are always pleasing to womanly vanity. He took pains to tell her of the affinity that existed between kindred souls, and of the happiness that was in store for those of similar tastes; always hinting that those engaged in the common occupations of life could not have these refined feelings.

Perhaps the shortest road to a woman's love is by an appeal to her sympathies; the next is by arousing her vanity. Raymond had brought both these into play and not without effect. Fannie began to question her own heart. "Did she really love John Brewster, or had she pledged her love to him because he was the only agreeable young man she had ever known? He would never be anything but a farmer," and how could she reconcile the idea of being a farmer's wife, with the refined tastes of which she now believed herself possessed.

Meantime, gossip was rife. Some said that "they never had been engaged"; others that "the fine city chap had turned her head." These rumors reached John in the distant logging camp. At first he ridiculed them as idle stories. He "could trust her," he said. Then, as one after another brought the same news, he became un-
easy. He read her letters carefully. There were still the same terms of endearment, the same avowals of love, but the spirit seemed wanting. He determined to learn the truth for himself and started for home. He would see her and get a denial of all these stories.

He reached home about dark and waited till after supper before going to the village. His mother, surprised at his unexpected arrival, asked if anything was the matter. "No, nothing," he answered. When he arrived at Fannie's home, he entered without ringing; as had been his custom for years, and passed into the family sitting room. It was vacant; but the door leading to the parlor was open, and through this open door he could see Fannie sitting at the piano idly drumming with one hand. Raymond stood by her side, one arm thrown lightly over her shoulder. They had been singing some love song and had just finished. The first impulse that seized John was to rush in and knock him down, the next was to leave the house forever. No, he would face them, and suppressing his rage as best he could, he stepped to the door and said, "Good evening, Mr. Raymond and Miss Kellog." If the proverbial flash of lightning out of a clear sky had struck them they could not have been more surprised. The first impulse that seized John was to rush in and knock him down, the next was to leave the house forever. No, he would face them, and suppressing his rage as best he could, he stepped to the door and said, "Good evening, Mr. Raymond and Miss Kellog." If the proverbial flash of lightning out of a clear sky had struck them they could not have been more surprised. Frank's arm dropped, and Fannie sprang to her feet, her face flushing crimson. For a moment they stood looking at each other, and then she exclaimed, "Why didn't you write and tell me you were coming?" "Oh! no doubt it would have been better. It was too bad to interrupt your tête-à-tête, but your last letter told how you longed to see me, so I thought I would give you a pleasant surprise," he answered, his anger rising with every word. Raymond, not wishing to see a lovers' quarrel that he had been instrumental in bringing about, and fearing the coming storm, muttered something about being excused, and slipped from the room.

What followed is not known, but after a stormy interview, John Brewster left that house never to return to it. He went directly home and paced the floor of his room till morning.

There is a moment that comes in the lives of most men, when, for good or evil, they make a choice that governs the whole course of their after life. Such a moment had come to John Brewster. Oh! that some good angel had stood by his side in that trying moment and whispered words that might have removed some of the hardness and bitterness from his heart.

When morning came, he told his mother to pack up what things she wanted and start for the city, where her other son lived. When asked the reason for this sudden change, he said that he had decided to enlist in a company of volunteers that was being formed in the town.

In a few days he settled his affairs, enlisted, and left his native village. He went to the front, and in every engagement in which he participated, received honorable mention. He was offered promotion, but steadily declined. His companions said his bravery amounted to recklessness. Some
even said that he sought death. No hope so forlorn; no scouting expedition so hazardous, that John Brewster would refuse to lead it. At the storming of Fort Fisher, in January, 1865, and near the close of the war, he received a bullet wound in the leg that unfitted him for further service.

As soon as he was able to travel, he returned to his native town, and took up his residence in the house on the hill. There he lived till the time of his death, as related in the opening of our story. People wondered that he should return to a place where he had suffered so much. Perhaps he wished to be near her; perhaps, after all, the pleasant memories connected with the place outnumbered the sad. He was never known to rail about the fickleness of women. He never mentioned them. Life for him had lost its interest, and he simply tramped on in the tread-mill of existence until the end should come.

But what of the others? For a time, Fannie blamed herself for her fickleness. She told herself again and again that John was good and true, and then she blamed him for going off in such a passion. After a time Raymond resumed his visits. He believed that he really loved the girl, and asked her to be his wife. She told him he must wait a year for her answer. At the end of that time her answer was "yes," and as Raymond’s uncle had died, leaving him some money, they were married shortly after. Raymond studied law; but while the money lasted, did not exert himself to get practice. When his money was gone, he was obliged to teach school and keep an insurance office, in addition to his profession, in order to obtain a livelihood for himself and family.

Such was the story of John Brewster’s love. In the face of it we can hardly say, that "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved." Such a statement needs to be qualified. It depends entirely upon the person.

There are people of a certain sentimental tendency who can love and lose and yet look back upon their loss as a pleasing romance. Such persons will afterwards marry, and when surrounded by a wife and family, they will smile at their early loves. There are others, men and women too, who love but once in a lifetime; happy are they if their love is returned; thrice unhappy if it is not reciprocated. Some of these will seek happiness in working for the good of those around them; others will withdraw as much as possible from society. To these are appended the titles, "odd" and "queer," but if we could only solve the mystery of their lives, we might learn that they had cared for somebody, though that somebody might not have cared for them.

IMPORTANCE OF READING IN CONNECTION WITH A COLLEGE COURSE.

AN editorial in last month’s Student on reading in college called my attention to the subject. Written in reply to an article in the preceding number it, however, discussed only one of several things for which lack of time was regretted; but so well did the writer.
present his views on the subject, that it seems advisable to reconsider some of his points.

It certainly is unnecessary "to undergo the expense of a college course in order to gain access to good books and magazines." We do not come to college for that. We do not come to college to take bodily exercise, to eat, or sleep; yet, being here, all these are necessary. We do not wish to become Rip Van Winkles, standing still while the rest of the world moves on. College is not a cave in which to ponder the learning of the past.

We believe in progress. We believe the thoughts of the greatest men of our time are grander than those of past ages. While we were behind the Greeks and Romans in civilization, their literature contained valuable lessons for us. Now, the best of their teachings has been appropriated by our later civilization, and we have passed beyond their influence.

Having faithfully studied the "Siege of Troy" in Virgil, translating it bit by bit, making it almost a part of ourselves; having read what the Greeks thought of it, and listened reverently to innumerable allusions to it in poetry and fiction, we at length begin to rebel when called on to translate it once more from the German. We are not studying German in order to read the "Siege of Troy," but to read the masterpieces of the language in the form they were written—a form incapable of translation; or to obtain the latest thoughts of German thinkers without waiting for a translation.

We study that we may gain in a few years the knowledge slowly won in centuries. Starting at the point of present knowledge, we may hope to add something thereto. If we stop a quarter of a century behind the times, we shall waste our strength settling in our minds points already decided. All finished writings are history compared with thoughts of living men. Our text-books are necessarily behind the times. We shall be able to throw much light on subjects obscurely presented in our lessons, by reading recent articles on the same subject. A lesson may thus be mastered in one hour which without such reading would be but imperfectly learned in three. There is another reason also why we should read in connection with our studies. A considerable number of related facts are necessary to fix in our minds the main points of any subject. Therefore, the more we read on the day's lesson outside of the text-book, the more thoroughly do we comprehend the topic.

There are other things concerning which we need to read also. We want to know what our fellow-men are doing. And how will "keeping the ears open" avail us, if none of the students read the papers? When we take our places in the active work of life, let it be as fellow-citizens, not as returned exiles.

In regard to reading on essay subjects, we must have read upon them some time or we cannot write. The subjects assigned are seldom connected with our studies or our every-day life.

As to the remark in regard to a "trained mind and not a loaded mind," people are beginning to wonder why learning useful things is not as good mental discipline as learning facts past use.
COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

I am glad to greet the readers of the Student once again, and to shake hands, as it were, with my old college friends across the continent.

The prosperity of Bates is a source of much pleasure to me, for I have lived to realize by personal experience that the college is doing a good work for young men and women, and I trust its influence may broaden as the years go by.

Having recently received an invitation from one of your number to contribute a letter for your columns, I will tell you about a short visit that I made last summer to Yosemite Valley.

Our party numbered six, three California friends, two from New England, and myself. Setting out from San Francisco, after a ride of over twelve hours, we reached Berenda, the old terminus of the railway, and the last station on the Southern Pacific. From this place a branch road has recently been constructed to Raymond, thus shortening the stage route about twenty-five miles.

Owing to the illness of one of our party we spent a night at Berenda, and took the early morning train for Raymond. Stages were ready there to take us on through the foot-hills. Clambering up into the clumsy vehicles, we started off, and soon realized that it is during this part of the journey that Yosemite takes toll of her tourists. Six horses were able to carry us only four miles an hour, while the burning heat of the sun, and the thick clouds of dust and sand enveloping us constantly, rendered a tedious journey about as disagreeable as it could well be. We were glad indeed when we drew up in the evening at the "Wawona" hotel, thirty-five miles from the little station at Raymond, and I know that some of us formed the opinion that day that miles in California are about twice as long as in New England.

We were warm and tired; yet, after freeing our clothes and persons from the dust of travel, and partaking of a hearty supper, we found ourselves sufficiently refreshed to enjoy a pleasant evening. Each one contributed a few facts in regard to the great Indian fastness, and our meagre knowledge was supplemented by many amusing and pathetic incidents told by the inmates of the house, and by the drivers.

It was a question with us, whether on the morrow we should visit the grove of big trees, nine miles distant, or proceed on toward the valley, twenty-five miles away. We finally decided that for the sake of our invalid, we would do the grove first. The ride was delightful, through beautiful forests, whose trees grew larger and larger as we went on. Indeed they were so large and tall at the start, and their size increased so gradually all the way that on our arrival we could not for the moment realize that we were in the presence of the giants of the forest. But when, in our minds, we had transplanted a New England tree into this rich soil, we began to comprehend a little how vast these trees really were. Some of them, judging by their rings, have stood here for nearly four thou-
sand years. We strolled about, measured and estimated, admired and wondered. At length we came upon a hermit’s lodge in the centre of the grove. We succeeded in drawing forth the occupant from his picturesque shell, and found him very intelligent and communicative. He told us that the trees had formerly suffered much from fires, and the depredations of tourists; but since the grove had been entrusted to a State commission it had been carefully guarded. The trees are a species of evergreen, the *sequoia gigantea*. They exude a resin that may yet become a valuable commercial product. The wood is easily worked, and very beautiful. The hermit had a large number of specimens, some of which we secured for ourselves. We returned to “Wawona”, or Clark’s, as it is familiarly called, and the next day found us on our way to the valley.

It has been but a short time that people could make this part of the trip by stage. The present road, like all mountain roads, somewhat difficult to travel, was a few years ago but a trail through the forest. Slowly we followed its windings, higher and still higher up the mountain side. The tall California evergreens towered over us much of the way; deep gorges occasionally came into view, while here and there the rude hut of a miner was seen perched on the cliffs. Western enterprise has not penetrated this solitary region. There was nothing here to remind us of the steaming locomotive, the whirling spindles, or the talking wires of the busy world below us. In silence we reached the topmost point.

Though the whole being seemed filled to its utmost capacity, and every power awakened, yet the grandeur above, below, and all about us, called for no outward manifestation of our feelings, and we kept silence while the sun went down, tipping the peaks with gold, and flooding the valley with light.

Reluctantly we left the Point of Inspiration and commenced our descent into the vale below. The chasm, lying between walls four thousand feet high on an average, is about ten miles long and from two to three miles broad. The river Merced flows through it, having made the descent by three gigantic leaps. The water, fluttering over the face of the rock like a ribbon, is dissolved into spray at the base, and a myriad prisms catch the sunlight.

The valley is a natural park. Every turn discloses new beauties. The Domes, the Cathedral Rocks, whose needle-like points are reared by nature as true as if by plummet and square, the lakes and falls each have a picturesque-ness of their own. We thought to spend but a day, but lingered two, and still were not satisfied. We felt the mania for traveling creeping upon us, and longed to stand upon the “Cloud’s Rest.” Our good landlord said to us, “You ought to come up after the rains, when the parched lands are green with verdure and the waters of the river swollen,” but we were content with Yosemite as we saw it.

I fear, dear Student, that I am wearying your patience, and so will bid you good-bye in the heart of the mountains.

N.
LOCALS.

Colds!
Cuts!
Concerts!
Lectures!
Church sociables!
Sophomore dec's!
Many other things too numerous to mention.

Why was Sam so anxious to go to Boston?

Washington's birthday brought us respite from toil.

The thermometer, during the past month, has laid abed late.

"Mr. S., what is your assignment?" "Nothing." "You may give it then."

The Junior girls were terribly shocked in one of the Saturday morning lectures.

Loud and mournful are the lamentations among the Freshmen over the late Mr. Pierce.

The Eurosophian Quartette sings every Sunday at the Court Street Free Baptist Church.

"Electricity is something different from something else which it resembles in many respects."

Those that didn't pay but three dollars for base-ball last year, had better pay the remainder now.

What is the difference between a cosmetic and a tannery? One hides the tan, the other tans a hide.

Prof. — "A man in F — is known by the horses he keeps." Witty Soph. — "Is that true of students?"

In the class-room we were recently told that we first perceived with our hands and then with our Faculties.

Prof. — "How is the coating of that zinc under the stove?" Student — "It couldn't be said to be chemically clean."

One of the sights of a recent cold morning was the figure of Babb seated in the laboratory window, fanning himself.

First Junior — "What do you know about optics?" Second J. — "Optics, optics, I have heard of sheep-ticks; is there any similarity?"

The winds that blow in March, tra, la, la! Make your hair stand up and your coat-tails flare.

The following was I. J.'s remark in the Geology class, when he sat down behind J. B., "Now I can pull wool over the Prof.'s eyes."

Latest election grind from Auburn: Ward Politician to Blue Nose — "Have a vote?" B. N. — "No, I haint got no crystallization papers yet."

A very pleasant evening was spent by some of the students at the musical entertainment recently given by the ladies of the Main Street Free Baptist Church.

The Juniors were recently somewhat surprised to hear one of the primest temperance Professors say to them, "You know a half-pint bottle is sometimes pretty strong."

A six-year old, who had a holiday on the 22d of February, said, "I don't see why they couldn't have postponed Washington's birthday and have it on some pleasant day."

An able article on the taxation of
college property, by Prof. Stanley, recently appeared in the Lewiston Journal. We believe that every Maine legislator should have a copy of it.

How doth our busy college girls
Improve each surplus hour?
They doth with muscular intent
Work in the gym. with power.

Some very ludicrous mistakes are made in translating German at sight. The text read, "He took off his hat and greeted her." One translated it, "He took off his hat and greased it."

At a recent meeting of the Eurosophian Society the members present voted on the question, "The grand old party, which?" Democratic, seven; Republican, twenty-one. 'Hah! for Blaine!

A bright student thus interrogated his chum on the first day of March—"Say, did ye go to the show last night?" Chum—"No; what show?" Bright Student—"Why, to see February March."

Prof.—"The gentlemen will please close their books now." Most of the students comply with the invitation, but a few books remain open. Prof.—"Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books."

The Juniors and Sophomores agree that getting cuts without having the Profs. come up to recitation, is about as bad as getting no cuts at all. They feel like the boy that pinched the dog's tail without his knowing it.

N—, in one of his society speeches, remarked that women could tell a good man as well as he could. But we suspect that some young men have had reason to doubt this, as for instance when one gets—err—well, you know.

We fear that the ladies of our institution are neglecting to mold aright the sentiment of the students in regard to woman's rights; for at a recent meeting of the Eurosophian Society the suffrage question was defeated by a vote of thirteen to eleven.

The question recently arose as to the difference between a right and a left-hand screw, whereupon one of the bright Junior girls defined them thus: "A right-hand screw is one made for right-handed people; a left-handed one for left-handed persons."

Entertainments for the benefit of the Athletic Association seem to be the proper thing just now. Why not have a play; Julius Caesar, or something? There certainly wouldn't be any difficulty in finding some one lean enough to take the part of Cassius.

The sermon by Dr. Gordon, on the annual day of prayers for colleges, was listened to with great interest by the students. One of the most noticeable features in the speaker's discourse was his perfect command of the different passages of Scripture bearing upon any one point.

L— was trying to spin the gyroscope, but couldn't make it go. As he looked around amid vocal grins, his eyes rested upon a Freshman. A bright thought struck him in the head, and he exclaimed, "Here, you Freshman, you have been fooling with this instrument and got it all out of order!"

The committee on legal affairs in the Maine Legislature gave a hearing on
Monday evening, Feb. 14th, to the representatives of the college in reference to the taxation of the real estate of colleges used for business purposes. Col. F. M. Drew and Prof. Stanton represented the college. The committee decided to report unfavorably upon the resolution; and thus ended the attempt of certain economists (?) to increase the revenue of the State.

Hathorn Hall was the scene of unwonted hilarity on Monday, the 21st of February. As the shades of evening descended upon the landscape and one by one the giddy stars began to wink at the coy young earth, stalwart and graceful figures stole out from various retreats and wended their way towards the mathematical recitation room. A pleasant and social evening was spent by the company, tempered, doubtlessly, by the spirits of departed triangles hovering over the scenes of their earthly habitation.

A fair audience turned out to the first base-ball entertainment in Chapel Hall. The thanks of the association are due to Miss Wood, '89, for her assistance as accompanist. The programme for the evening was as follows:

The Bird and Maiden. Buck.
Mendelssohn Quartette.
Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man. Twain.
M. Dennett.
Lament for a Lost Voice. Gollmick.
M. Dennett.
Mendelssohn Quartette.
O. D. Stinchfield.
The Yankee in the Catacombs. Anon.
M. Dennett.
I Think of Thee. Hartel.
Mendelssohn Quartette.
The Inventor's Wife. Aldrich.
M. Dennett.
Selection. O. D. Stinchfield.
Good-Night. Buck.
Mendelssohn Quartette.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Senator Sleeper has just introduced into the Maine Legislature an important medical registration bill.

'67.—Rev. G. S. Ricker is pastor of a Congregational church in Pierce City, Missouri.


'72.—G. H. Stockbridge has changed his residence from Washington to New York. He is an attorney and is one of the editors of the Electric World.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost has accepted a call to a second pastorate of the Pawtucket (R. I.) Free Baptist Church.

'74.—J. F. Keene is an attorney in Minneapolis.

'74.—Rev. T. Spooner has resigned his pastorate at Farmington, N. H.

'75.—G. W. Wood has been elected principal of Phillips Classical Institute.

'75.—J. H. Hutchins is principal of the Academy at Northwood Ridge, New Hampshire.

'76.—D. J. Callahan has recently returned from a short trip through the South.
'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich, of Chicago, has been offered the Professorship of Modern Languages at Beloit College, Wisconsin. We learn that his son intends to enter Bates next fall.

'77.—F. F. Phillips has recently patented an important invention.

'77.—J. K. Tomlinson is teacher of the Classics in Harrisburg (Pa.) High School.

'79.—E. W. Given is teacher of the Classics in Newark Academy. He resides in Orange, N. J., and was elected President of the recently organized Alumni Association of New York City.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnett is preaching in Leicester, Mass.

'79.—W. E. Ranger took a prominent part in the proceedings of the last meeting of the Vermont Teachers' Association.

'80.—C. H. Deshon is principal of a large Grammar School in Buffalo, N. Y.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes, of Boston, has just returned from a visit to Washington.

'80.—W. P. Martin is an attorney in Boston.

'81.—C. A. Strout is very popular as principal of the Farmington (N. H.) High School. His pupils recently gave prize declamations in the Opera House.

'81.—Among the "Open Letters" in the March Century is one on the Poetic Outlook in America, in which the writer says that the sonnets of W. P. Foster "for grandeur of thought and language compare not disastrously with the best written in this century."

'81.—F. H. Wilbur is principal of the Grammar School in Camden, Me.

'81.—C. L. McCleery has recently been in New York as chief witness for defense in the libel suit against the Tribune.

'82.—I. L. Harlow is studying medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'82.—W. T. Skelton is in very poor health.

'82.—B. G. Eaton is teacher of the Classics in Rittenhouse Academy, Philadelphia.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard is editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

'85.—D. C. Washburn is visiting friends in Vermont and Massachusetts. "For Easter," containing two poems by Mr. Washburn, entitled "Easter Morning" and "Easter Day," has recently been published by a firm in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth is studying civil engineering with F. E. Foss, of Mr. Foss is resident engineer of the M. & N. W. R. R. at Galena, Ill.

'86.—Miss. A. S. Tracy is spending her vacation at home. She has been teaching with excellent success in East Hiram.

THEOLOGICAL.

Mr. York and Mr. Burgin have entered the Theological School.

'72.—Rev. Lewis Dexter assumes the pastorate of the North Berwick Free Baptist Church, April 1st.

'85.—Rev. A. E. Cox, pastor of the Free Will Baptist churches at Little Falls and Windham Center, Me., has recently published in pamphlet form an able discussion, entitled "Open Communion."
'89.—L. S. Williams has been out for the term on account of the illness of his wife.

'89.—C. O. Williams is preaching regularly at South Lewiston. A good interest is being manifested in his work.

STUDENTS.
The Eurosophian Quartette is engaged to sing at the Court Street Free Baptist Church for the remainder of the year.

E. C. Hayes, '87, and E. H. Thayer, '89, represented the college at the recent Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Yale.

'87.—Miss C. R. Blaisdell has just closed a private High School at Abbot Village.

'87.—Roscoe Nelson has been elected principal of the High School at Putnam, Conn., at a salary of $1,200.

'87.—I. A. Jenkins will teach the High School at Vinal Haven, beginning in April.

'88.—C. W. Cutts has returned after a successful term at York.

'88.—H. J. Cross and A. E. Thomas have just returned.

'88.—F. S. Hamlet, who has been teaching during the fall and winter, has returned.

'89.—O. B. C. Kinney has been quite ill, but is again with his class.

'89.—A. E. Hatch has recently delivered two successful lectures in the city.

'89.—Eli Edgecomb and H. W. Smith will not return this term.

'90.—A. F. Gilmore is ill and has gone home.

'90.—H. B. Davis has just closed a sixteen weeks' term of school at York.

EXCHANGES.

Some of our exchanges are debating the question as to whether the exchange column is worth retaining. A few have already dropped this column and others print a few exchanges evidently to fill up space. They might as well be dropped. The reason urged for this is that the exchange department is read only by exchange editors. We do not know how much truth there may be in this statement as regards other colleges, but for our own we can say that it is not true. The exchange column is read. We learn this by inquiry among our students, who tell us that they always read the "exchanges" to find out about other college papers. Another objection urged is that exchanges are conducted on the "you-tickle-me, I'll-tickle-you" plan. We think that the men who make this objection must belong to the class that think it impossible to speak well of another and tell the truth. Pitch into an exchange, say that its Literary Department is mere trash and the editor an idiot, and these men will think you are perfectly sincere, but say that an exchange possesses real merit and they will at once accuse you of insincerity, or of currying favor. We cannot imagine a man editing even a college paper who does not have backbone enough to say what he thinks. In our estimation the exchange department is a valuable one. To be sure it is of no value if neglected. Let our friends, who complain that their "exchanges" are not read, devote as much time to that department as they do to others and we venture to predict that they will soon cease to complain.
More than one hundred exchanges have flocked to our sanctum during the past month. They have come to us from all parts of the United States and Canada and have settled upon nearly everything in the room. Tables, chairs, and book-case are covered while a large number cover the floor. Staid old Lits., conscious of intrinsic worth, look at us as much as to say, "You may take us or not, just as you please." Aspiring little leaflets from some village High School flutter around and seem to say, "Take me, please, and I'll be awfully good."

Queen's College Journal, Kingston, Can., is a pleasant exchange. Our attention was attracted by the article, "Are we on the Right Track." In this article the writer shows that "men of thought" as a rule have not been "men of action," and "That those who have shown great ability in their sayings and writings have proved incapable of acting upon their own conclusions."

Acta Victoriana, another of our friends from Canada, always contains a number of interesting articles. Evidently Acta believes that all subjects may be discussed in a college paper, since articles on politics and religion are found in its pages. One article deals with the possibilities of the Methodist church and another defends Canada's position on the "Fisheries Question."

The Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S., usually contains some good poetry, otherwise than this there seems to be a dearth of literary matter. We are glad that the Gazette is agitating a new cover. Such a cover will make your paper more attractive in appearance, and will perhaps induce more to contribute to your columns.

After mentioning three exchanges from Canada it would be manifestly unfair to pass the fourth, the Sunbeam, from Ontario Ladies' College. We do not dare to say much about it, lest we should hurt the feelings of the fair maids who edit it. How do you like the following for an opening sentence? "While Rome, on her seven hills, sat with her robes of state draped about her in exclusive pride, at the height of civilization, on the pinnacle of her power, beyond the snow-clad wall of the Alps stretched a country rich but wild, abounding in thick forests and wooded slopes, and peopled by be-nighted hordes who roved hither and thither, knowing no law save the sword, no happiness save in bloodshed." We publish the above as a model for all who wish to obtain a terse and concise style of writing.

The Pacific Pharos, as its name indicates, comes to us from California. The Literary is rather short but is perhaps in proportion with the rest of the paper. It is not one of the papers that restricts its exchanges to a few inches.

Nellie—"Were you ever tobogganing in Canada?" Minnie—"Yes; but it isn't half so nice as it is at Omaha." "Too cold?" "No, that doesn't matter; but the slides are so awfully steep." "Steeper than ours?" "O, ever so much. Why, they are so dangerous that the gentlemen can't do a thing but just watch the course and steer." "O!"
LITERARY NOTES.

The Art Amateur for March adds to the brilliant reputation of the magazine for artistic colored studies, by giving a beautiful plate of "Blue Titinice" flitting gayly through the air or perched on blossoming cherry boughs. Other notable features are an admirable double page design of Chinese primroses; a charming female head with ivy wreath, by Ellen Welbly; china painting design for a panel (female figure), a lamp vase (pitcher plant), and a fruit plate (pears); a design of daisies for a glove box in repoussé brass; several designs for altar frontals and secular needlework, including a striking portière; attractive motives for fan and lamp shade decoration; a page of outline figure sketches by Edith Scanned, and a page of monograms in N. Among the practical topics treated are flower painting, portraiture in oil, china painting, and needle work, including a striking portière; attractive motives for fan and lamp shade decoration; a page of outline figure sketches by Edith Scanned, and a page of monograms in N. Among the practical topics treated are flower painting, portraiture in oil, china painting, and needle work, and there is a particularly valuable article on the construction and arrangement of "The Provincial Art Gallery." Excellent illustrated notices are given of the A. T. Stewart collection, to be sold in March, and the Robert Graves collection, sold in February. The water color and etching exhibitions are reviewed, and there is a great variety of interesting and instructive miscellaneous art reading. Price, 35 cents. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

THOMAS STEVENS AND "OUTING."

Mr. Thomas Stevens, after successfully completing his famous journey around the world on a bicycle, has quietly settled to his editorial duties as manager of the bicycling department of Outing. He has also become a shareholder and one of the directors of the company. In this connection, it may be of interest to our readers to know that the whole of the capital stock of the Outing Company is owned by the editorial and business staff of the magazine—not a single share being held by an outsider or manufacturer of sporting goods. Outing is the only magazine, so far as we know, that is controlled in this manner; it is no wonder, therefore, that with none but working bees in its hive, the magazine should be making such advances in the popular favor.

The Library Magazine is well deserving of its name. It is a library in itself. The March number is no exception to the rule. If one had no other reading than this magazine, they could keep well posted on current thought. "Goethe and Philosophy," "Nova Scotia's Cry for Home Rule," "The Lower Education of Woman," and "University Education in the United States," are a few of the many interesting subjects treated in this number. Price, $1.00 per year. John B. Alden, publisher.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Of the 365 colleges in this country only 175 publish papers.

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immediately in Montreal. It is a result of a bequest of nearly $400,000 by the late Mr. Donald Ross of that city.

The males of the University of Mississippi are petitioning for the removal of its twenty lady students.

The property on the campus of the University of Michigan is appraised at $1,300,000.

Of six Yale Seniors who last year received the highest literary honors—the Townsend prizes for oratory—one is captain of the base-ball team, and another is captain of the foot-ball team, two rowed in their class crew, one played in the class nine, and the sixth is a good athlete.

AMONG THE POETS.

In a boat drifting idly, idly,
Sat a youth and maiden fair;
The sunbeams played at hide-and-seek
In the tangles of her hair;
Before her he sat enchanted,
Charmed by her magic spell,
His dark eyes mutely pleading
The love he longed to tell.

"Beatrice, dear," he whispered,
"Would it not be a beautiful dream
To drift on thus forever
Along Life's placid stream?"

Beatrice played with the tiller-ropes;
"I shouldn't mind it, Ned,
Drifting with you down the stream of life,
If I might steer!" she said.

—Harvard Advocate.

EVENING.

Lying here and gazing upward,
One can watch the shadows fall,
As the deep'ning, darkening twilight
Softly gathers over all.

With the shadows comes a silence
That relieves the soul from care,
Sending peaceful, restful quiet;
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As the daylight into twilight
Slowly sinks, and fades away,
So the twilight fades to darkness,
And accomplishes the day.

In the firmament of Heaven
One by one the stars appear,
Twinkling orbs and shining jewels,
Answering God with—"I am here."

Thus from turmoil, strifes and troubles,
Of the hours that make the day,
Turn we to the hours of evening,
Which our better feelings sway.

—Yale Lit.

CLIPPINGS.

Upon a modest gravestone in the Vincennes (Ind.) cemetery appears this plaintive legend: "His neighbor played the cornet."—Ex.

Mary—"Stop your flattery, or I shall hold my hands to my ears.
John (wishing to be complimentary)—"Ah, your lovely hands are too small."—Beacon.

Motto for young lovers—So-fa and no father.—Rochester Campus.

This is the way one Fresh. argues: "Great men never knew anything while going to school; I don't know anything; consequently I'll be a great man."—Ex.

WHISKERS.
The hair and the whiskers which our boys try to grow
Is like a field in the country after the first fall of snow.
To people at large, old men they would seem,
Oh! there's nothing like whiskers to cover the green.

—The Chironian.

In a description of a rhinoceros it is stated that he is a powerful beast, with a mouth ranging from an open valise to a candidate's smile.—Burlington Free Press.

CLASS PICTURES.
"Look pleasant, please," the artist said;
I whistled for a grin;
"Yet serious and bland" I sucked
My cheeks a trifle in.
"Draw in your feet," I, blushing, strove
To hide them in my hat.
"Your nose is large"—but I replied
I could not draw in that.
"Now smile again." I nearly smiled
The buttons off my vest;
The camera couldn't stand the strain
And entered into rest.

—Yale Record.
A CARD TO CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous Cigarette manufacturers to copy in part the BRAND NAME of the "RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT," now in the eleventh year of their popularity, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original STRAIGHT CUT BRAND is the RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1, introduced by us in 1875, and to caution the students to observe, that our signature appears on every package of the genuine Straight Cut Cigarettes.

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MATHEMATICS: In Loomis’ or Linnoeuf’s Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis’ Algebra, and in two books of Geometry.

ENGLISH: In Mitchell’s Ancient Geography, and in Worcester’s Ancient History.

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