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An intense love for humanity was a prominent trait in Beecher's character. It manifested itself in his zeal in behalf of the slave. When to oppose the extension of slavery was to invite bitter opposition, Mr. Beecher announced that he should fight on the side of anti-slavery. His stirring appeals in England in behalf of the Union did much to turn English sympathy from the South to the North. Thoroughly democratic in his tendencies, Beecher was no respecter of persons. The humblest member of his congregation found in him an earnest friend. All who came into contact with him felt the influence of his genial spirit. He was emphatically a many-sided man. Politics, theology, and journalism all claimed his attention. Spurgeon says of him: "He was the largest-minded man since Shakespeare." By his death the world has lost a great orator and a true friend of humanity.

At present the eyes of many who are studying the political condition of the nation are turned to the State of Kansas, which is taking the lead toward universal suffrage. The results of a recent election in that State
seem to show that a vote in the hands of an evil-minded woman is just as dangerous as in the hands of a bad man. In several of the cities the low class women who came to the polls were so much in excess that the temperance issue, the stronghold of woman suffragists, was voted out of sight. In another the women of wealth, taking offense at a remark made in a temperance lecture, combined with the liquor element to defeat temperance. These are of course particular cases and by no means universal, but they seem to say that good and bad will be combined about as now, whether universal suffrage shall ever be adopted or not. Whoever throws the vote, the great need is that it be an intelligent vote. An increase of numbers is not strength, if the good and bad be equally reinforced.

FOR the benefit of our exchanges and all friends abroad we take a little space to explain our position in regard to base-ball. The unanimity of sentiment among the students in favor of a nine in the league, which has characterized the past two years, seemed to be absent this spring; for on the final vote to put a nine into the league the motion was defeated by quite a majority. The reasons for putting a nine into the field this year are, of course, the same as ever, and are too familiar to need rehearsing here. Some of the reasons for maintaining the other side of this question were mentioned in last month's Student. But perhaps the chief one which induced this action on the part of the students was the desire to bring about a more diversified and general recreation than base-ball tends to produce. To define this point more clearly, we mean that a nine in a small college practicing and playing through the whole summer term with the avowed purpose of gaining the championship in the league, naturally cause the attention and interest of all the students to be centered upon themselves. Everybody turns out morning, noon, and night to see the nine heroes wax strong and skillful. Students easily nurse themselves into the belief that their presence there is necessary in order to encourage the "boys," and in this way, as one of the professors remarked, "Most of the students take their exercise by proxy." Now would it not be better for each student who does not play ball to take some other regular exercise? We hope, and believe, that our number of tennis courts will be doubled this summer. It is a game which affords the best of exercise, and is also susceptible of as much skill as base-ball.

Field-Day sports will, if possible, be revived this season, and to encourage the boys in entering into this contest with a will, the Faculty have offered to give one hundred dollars in prizes on these sports, the same to be apportioned by a joint committee from among the students and themselves. We doubt not that the offer of these generous prizes will arouse a friendly rivalry among the students in the various athletic sports of Field Day, and that to this contest, tennis playing, and other out-of-door sports the usual enthusiasm for base-ball will be transferred. The Faculty are in full sym-
pathy with this movement, and offered
the Field-Day prizes on condition that
we should not send a nine into the
league.
Neither students nor Faculty wish to
kill out athletics at Bates, on the con-
trary they wish by this course to im-
prove them. For if the chief aim of
all college athletics is physical devel-
opment, then must it be acknowledged
that the more diversified these athletics
the more perfect will be the physical
development.

In an unlucky hour some one gave a
declamation in a theatrical manner
and won the prize, since that time each
year has seen the number of actors in-
creased. This year it was worse than
ever. In the prize division there were
only a few parts that could strictly be
call declamations. The remaining parts
were too strained, too dramatic, alto-
gether, and the agony gone through
was something terrible. What minister
in the pulpit, what lawyer in court,
what orator upon the rostrum, ever
went through such convulsions? To
strike attitudes; to wildly wave the
arms; to wring the hands and utter
blood-curdling yells, seems to be con-
sidered excellent declamation. Is this
the style of declamation taught by our
professor? By no means. He teaches
declamation not dramatics. How, then,
do our students acquire this style? A
few learn it at the fitting schools;
others take lessons from teachers out-
side the college; while still others drill
themselves. They do this not because
they like that style of declamation but
in order to "strike" the committee;
and, usually, the committee are struck
and the next year a still larger number
join this Agony School of Oratory,
because in so doing lies their only hope
of winning the prize. How can this
be remedied? There are always a few
in each class that have a talent for
dramatic pieces. It would be unjust
to bar them from competing for the
prize or confine them to prosy pieces.
It is equally unfair when others, who
can take an ordinary declamation and
put into it all the feeling of the author,
and bring out of it all the meaning it
was intended to convey, have to feel
that it is no use for them to declaim
because they have not the right kind of
a piece. The only remedy we can see
is to offer two prizes; one for each style
of declamation. Let six of each kind
of declaimers be put over into the final
division and the prize given to the best
in each set. This would obviate all
difficulty. Students would then select
pieces suited to them and we would
cease to hear the murmurs of disatis-
faction so common after prize declama-
tions.

COMMON sense, or the faculty of
seeing things as they are and form-
ing opinions accordingly, is a rare qual-
ity. There are few who put aside
whatever is not essential, and make up
their minds from the facts in the case;
few who by the force of honest pur-
pose penetrate to the core of a subject
to discover the existing facts; and form
their judgments according to those
facts, regardless whether the decision
be prejudicial or beneficial to them-

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instinctively trust him and go to him for counsel. In public as in private we trust to his integrity and good sense. No amount of book lore can take the place of this. A man must show his willingness and ability to grapple with facts, before people will trust him. Nothing is more difficult than to pronounce an unbiased judgment. Habits, passions, prejudices, and selfishness are the discolored mediums through which we gaze upon the world around us. What wonder then that things assume exaggerated proportions, and occupy apparently inharmonious relations? Yet we must divest ourselves of all these and form just judgments, if we would lay claim to common sense. How many false judgments are formed under the illusion of some strong excitement? We catch the tone of the most excitable or most dogmatic persons around us, and without sifting their statements or examining into the facts of the case we jump to a conclusion. Thus it happens that in nine cases out of ten men are governed by their wishes or feelings rather than by their reason. Where this is true a man cannot be said to have exercised common sense. There is no better field for the display of this faculty than in college. Questions are constantly arising that are of vital importance to students as a body. That such questions should be fairly met, candidly considered, and judiciously decided, is of the utmost importance. When students show that they are willing to treat all subjects in this common-sense manner, then we think they may reasonably claim a share in college government.

LITERARY.

THE SWAN-MAIDEN.

By A. C. T., '88.

In the mythical days, in a magical land, Dwelt a beautiful maid by the lake's green strand, With a magical cloak of the cygnet's down, And a magical necklace with rubies set round. Whenever this magical cloak she put on, In a moment became she a beautiful swan; And when weary of sporting in lake and in fen, The necklace would make her a maiden again. Thus joyful she lived, now a maid, now a swan, And of either the fairest the sun ever shone on, Till a knight once surprised her with cloak laid aside, And bore her away as his beautiful bride.

The cloak in a closet fast locked he away, And wooed the swan-maiden for many a day; Her hand had he captured, her heart he now won. Never more would she seek to be changed to a swan.

In his castle they dwelt, for one long happy year, And daily became to each other more dear; Then the knight went to hunt over mountain and lea, And left in the lock of that closet the key.

His bride wandered lonely through chamber and hall, And often the name of her dear one would call; Then seeing the key in the knight's closet door, She entered and found her swan-mantle once more.

Ah! now could she take one aerial flight, Returning again ere her husband at night; The old recollections came tempting once more, She yielded and flew as a swan from the door.

Through the soft summer sunlight how free did she fly! Over mountain and lake through the bright summer sky, On the lake's crystal bosom anon did she float, By the zephyrs borne on, like a bright fairy boat.
Then away o'er the forest, and over the moor,
Where the knight and his hunters were chasing a boar,
When the knight aimed a shaft at the bird in the sky,
That pierced to her heart and she sunk down to die.
Expiring she fell to the earth at his side,
But he knew not, alas, 'twas his swan-maiden bride,
Till he found the gold chain on the neck of the bird,
When the notes of her death song had ceased to be heard.
Sweet maiden, once queen of one heart and one home,
Oh, why in three elements sought thou to roam?
But perhaps modern maids, when aspiring for flight,
May be found as much out of their element quite.

HIS OWN CHOICE.
BY ALGUS, '88.

EDMUND BERKLEY was the son of wealthy parents living in the vicinity of Boston. He was a young man of more than ordinary ability, and his friends prophesied for him a brilliant future. More especially was this predicted because he was the only child and the heir of his father's immense wealth. No pains had been spared in his education, and, unlike many of the sons of wealth, he had taken high rank in school and university. Now school and college days were behind him, and before him lay the great problem of life.

It had long been the wish of his parents that he should make a successful marriage; one, in fact, worthy of the position he was to fill. In their desire for his welfare and fear lest he should make a mistake for life, they themselves committed the mistake, too often made by parents or friends, of attempting to control his choice.

Edith Sibley was the daughter of wealthy parents, moving in the same circle of society as the Berkleys; and to her did Edmund's parents seek to direct the affections of the young man. In the eyes of any third party no union could be more appropriate than this. Edith was beautiful and accomplished, possessed of all the graces that can adorn fashionable society.

Yet, although the young people were frequently thrown together—either from design or accident—no intimacy sprang up between them. Though each enjoyed the association and friendship of the other, yet that indefinable something by which one soul recognizes and goes out to a kindred soul found no awakening there.

In the summer after his graduation, Edmund, weary of study and tired of the tinsel of fashionable life, had taken a trip for pleasure and recreation, away among the hills of New Hampshire. One bright summer morning he started off from the little village where he had taken up his abode, for a long ramble in the mountains, with the intention of visiting a very beautiful waterfall that the villagers had described to him. He had wandered far up one of the wild mountain gorges, when, crossing a little eminence or spur of the mountain, he found himself on the summit of a steep bluff overlooking a scene in the valley, that would rival the scenery of Switzerland or Italy.

Before him lay one of those little valleys that seem set apart by Nature,
where busy man may flee and find the rest and meditation, for which sometimes he so eagerly longs. In the midst of the valley lay a little lake or pond, like a silver mirror set in a frame of rich green verdure, in whose clear depths could be seen the images of distant mountains, pointing downward to a cloudless sky that it seemed must somewhere meet and make complete the great blue sphere left incomplete above it.

Edmund had a keen sense and appreciation of the beautiful, and was now so enraptured by the scene before him that he unconsciously stepped to the very edge of the cliff in order to obtain a wider view of the landscape. In this preoccupied state of mind he was not sufficiently careful of himself, and, stepping upon a loose stone, he suddenly lost his balance and fell over the cliff.

A clump of sumacs growing half-way up the cliff broke the force of his fall, and he at first thought himself not much injured, but on attempting to rise, a sharp pain shot through his right arm, and he found it was broken. He grew faint, and sank down unconscious.

When he slowly awoke he became conscious of the presence of some person who was bathing his head with water. He slowly opened his eyes and looked into those of a young woman bending over him. He was soon able to rise, and with the help of his companion, to walk slowly down the valley. In a short time, but which seemed long to the young man, they reached the cottage by the lake that had attracted his attention from the summit of the cliff.

Medical aid was summoned from the nearest village, and the young man’s injuries attended to. It would be several weeks before he would recover, and where could he find a more agreeable retreat than in this secluded valley? The cottage, he learned, had but three occupants, an aged couple and their daughter, the young woman who had rendered Edmund such timely assistance. This young woman, whose name he learned was Agnes, established herself as Edmund’s nurse, anticipating his every want, and spending many hours in his presence. He had now abundant opportunity to notice her more particularly than he had done on the day of the accident. She could not be called a beauty. Indeed one would scarcely know whether to call her a blonde or a brunette. Yet one would hesitate to call her plain. She displayed a delicate taste and a cultured mind that seemed scarcely to harmonize with her surroundings. Edmund frequently found himself wondering how so perfect a lady could have been reared in that cottage. We have said that she was not a beauty, but there shone from her every look and act a beauty of soul that must ever surpass the fleeting beauty of a pretty face.

During the week of his convalescence, Edmund found himself often looking eagerly forward to the afternoon, when Agnes was accustomed to come and sit by his side and read, or talk with him. If he had thought of it at all, he doubtless believed that
the difference of their social positions would prevent his falling in love with her. But when the time drew near for him to leave the cottage, he suddenly awoke to the fact that his life would be incomplete without Agnes. For a time his pride and his love had a severe struggle; but love triumphed, and when he left Agnes, it was as his promised bride.

But now a question arose that he had not hitherto considered. How would his parents look upon his engagement? His father was a man with an iron will that sometimes amounted to downright stubbornness. When Edmund told him his story, his indignation burst all bounds, and he gave the young man the alternative of renouncing all thought of Agnes, or of being turned out without a penny. This was the young man’s crucial hour, but love again triumphed, and he determined to face the battle of life for himself and for Agnes. He saw now for the first time what life really was. Hitherto he had seen only a reflection of some of its fairer scenes in the gilded mirror of wealth. But youth is hopeful, and with his education and the purpose for which he was to work, he felt confident of success.

He would go first to Agnes and tell her all, and if her love was as great as his, he knew she would wait until he could turn his education into some means of support. His confidence in her had not been misplaced. She did not spurn him because he was now poor, but with a sweet smile she told him a secret,—she was not the daughter of the old couple at the cottage, but the daughter of a wealthy banker in New York, and she had been spending the summer here in the mountains with her old nurse. "But why did you not tell me this before?" asked Edmund. "Because I wished to prove you. So many have sought my hand only for my money that I had nearly lost faith in men; but you have chosen poverty out of love for me. Forgive me for deceiving you, but I now know that true hearts are not spoiled by wealth. Only those of a baser metal prove wanting in the crucial test."

In the autumn there was a brilliant wedding at the Berkley mansion, for the father’s views had suddenly changed, so potent is the smile of wealth to those who worship at its shrine.

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**HAVE LABOR ORGANIZATIONS BEEN A BENEFIT TO THE LABORING PEOPLE?**

By G. W. S., ’88.

The world is at a crisis. The questions to be determined have never before in its history been so prominent. The voice of popular rights has been making itself heard through the past few centuries, growing louder under oppressive labor systems. The discord has grown more chaotic as the laborer has discovered his power; and now it is not, as in the past, a question whether the rich and powerful shall dispense rights to the poor and weak, but a struggle between two mighty powers.

Therefore I say the world is at a crisis. How that crisis is to be passed, and the antagonistic forces brought into
harmony, is not for us to determine; but the mutual bearing of labor and capital proves that there has been a decided change in their relations. It would not be too presumptuous to assert, without appealing to history, that these changes have been produced mainly by labor organizations. But what, at the beginning of the present century, brought about those changes in the laws of Great Britain, where the laborers were obliged to work from thirteen to fifteen hours daily, in mills whose lack of sanitary appliances and unguarded machinery placed their lives in jeopardy; or in mines poorly ventilated, even for the advantages of the times; where children down to the age of five years worked in brick-yards under strange task-masters; where women worked in the mines these extremely long days; where the capitalists were free to combine to lower the price of labor, and increase the length of a day’s work; and where it was a criminal offense for the laborers to combine to gain better terms for themselves? What, I ask, brought about these changes which limited the length of a day’s work for women and children to ten hours; forbade the employment of children under the age of nine years; caused improvement to be made in the sanitary arrangement of the mills; and in various ways bettered the condition of the laborer? The uprising of laborers in defiance of law, in what we term "strikes," says the economist.

Now have these changes improved the condition of the laborer? This question is both economical and ethical. Regarding it in either point of view, we will admit that serious outrages have been perpetrated under the name of labor difficulties.

The greatest bugbears to those who see only the dark side of the labor struggle are strikes. In fact this is about all the phase they consider. They ask: How about the ditching of trains in the South-west in the beginning of last year, the outraging of "scabs," and the destroying of property in riots. In the first place it shows that laborers have been oppressed, and that some of the oppressors' force has been removed. For license has always followed freedom given to the ignorant, as Nihilism followed the emancipation of the serfs of Russia.

In the next place, people fail to observe the difference between evils which are the result of organization and those which arise in spite of it. The acts of violence are more numerous and more terrible without organization than with it. We have had nothing in the United States to compare with the outrages in England at the beginning of this century, when labor unions were there forbidden by law. Our labor riots in 1886 were not to be compared with those in Belgium in the same year; yet here is what a Belgian writer stated at that time: "There is a total want of direction and organization. There are no trades unions, and no socialist groups. This, indeed, constitutes the terror of the situation. They seem to want leadership, and if this is not forthcoming, will resort to violence simply because they have not enough initiative or intelligence to do anything
better.” The occasion for organization comes first, then the organization. No association can exist long without sufficient reason.

It is claimed that seventy-five per cent. of the strikes are failures; and that the laborers lose money through enforced idleness, through the increased price of articles which they themselves must consume, and through the loss to employers reacting upon the employed.

It is not true that seventy-five per cent. of the strikes are failures. What is the failure of a strike? Is it the fact that the specific demand of the laborers is not openly granted while the principle at stake is tacitly yielded?

But let it be granted that those claims are true. Taken in its broadest sense the conflict is about a principle, and not for selfish, personal gain. Suppose, for example, that during one month the loss because of strikes in the United States, through decrease of production and trade, to be $20,000,000, and the most of this to be borne by the laborers, but the principles at stake to be triumphant. Now there are in the United States twenty million wage workers. That would make one dollar per month for each laborer. Is it not worth twelve dollars per year to the laborers of this country to have labor and capital placed on the proper footing, and to know that no manufacturer will hereafter strive to grind his employés, and that the price of labor is to be determined by the question: What part of the products rightfully belong to the laborer?

It is said that the establishment of prices by labor unions tends to create a “dead level,” and while it may increase the wages of some it must decrease those of others. Now not a single instance can be found where labor organizations have hindered men of superior skill from the receipt of high wages. They fix a minimum rate. For example, carpenters may have a minimum rate of $2.50, but may receive $3.00 or more. If any one from any disability is not able to earn $2.50, he is given permission to work for less.

It is also said that men are ordered to strike just to satisfy, or in some way to benefit the leaders. This is not true. The leaders are the servants of the organization, and simply carry out the wishes of the majority. In a meeting at which the most conservative and intelligent are present, a member is chosen to visit an employer and state the wishes of the laborers. If these are not granted, this member informs the workmen that the time has come to put their own plans into execution.

Mr. Powderly discourages strikes. The fact is, labor agitators have set in motion a force which they themselves can not control.

Having considered some of the objections raised against labor organizations, let us turn to the benefits.

Heretofore the employers have been “few, rich, powerful, and united, or at least having a tacit understanding;” the laborers have been “many, poor, weak, and mutually distrustful.” Organization has united the laborers as the capitalists are united. The two are hereafter to be on an equal footing. Both recognize the power of the laborer. Much has been said in the past of the
freedom of contract for the laborer, and of the workman being as free to negotiate the price of his labor as the merchant the price of his goods. This is absurd. The merchant is not obliged to make sales to-day. The laborer must dispose of his commodity to-day or it is forever lost. Two years ago the Bureau of Labor Statistics made this report: "It is absurd to say that the interests of labor and capital are identical. They are, however, reciprocal, and the intelligent comprehension of this reciprocal element can only be brought into fullest play by the most complete organization, so that each party shall feel that he is the integral part of the whole working establishment." Viewing the conflict as it was two years ago, and as it is to-day, we can see how this statement was more than prophetic.

Labor organizations keep the price of labor quoted, and by means of their traveling fund enable workmen to pass to more favorable localities. Depressions in the labor market are almost always local, and not general. The quoting of the price of labor all over the union tends in two ways to keep the demand and supply equalized. First, it causes laborers to demand the current price; second, it causes, and, as I have said, aids the transfer of labor from the overstocked market to the place where the demand is good. Again, by their mutual aid, the organizations relieve the distress of laborers in enforced idleness.

They are from their very nature, temperance societies. Says Richard Ely, "These despised organizations are now doing more than any other agency to promote temperance." Although he has doubtless exaggerated it, it is plainly true that laborers will be influenced to a greater extent by any movement if it originates among their own numbers.

Such are the direct results of organization. The indirect are greater. What has caused, in the past few years, the establishment of a Bureau of Labor Statistics, the ten hour law in several states, laws in regard to child labor, the establishment of evening schools, the schemes for profit sharing, etc.? Labor organizations. It is a question whether the demand of the laborer for an eight hour law is wise. Mr. Powderly condemns it. He says the reduction of hours must come gradually. It will come gradually. Be that as it may, we hear a complaint that labor organizations do not make intellectual improvement of enough importance. But we beg to ask a question: How much chance was there for mental improvement for those who worked in mills twelve hours per day?" Some one has said, "Evening schools and power machinery do not go hand in hand." It was simply work, eat, and sleep.

We might go on almost indefinitely to show movements that in a large degree owe their origin and usefulness indirectly to labor organizations.

But most important of all is the ethical part of this question. Once a week the laborer goes to a meeting of his fellows, and discusses, in a crude manner it may be, social, industrial, and political questions. He gets new
ideas; actually begins to think. Instead of blindly feeling his hardships, he begins to reason concerning their origin. He begins to understand the true sense in which it may be said that "all men are born and created equal." It was designed that all should have equal possibilities. He begins to feel his individual responsibility. Nothing so stimulates the good and the manly in men as responsibility. He is getting free from the inclination which he used to have to vote as his employer does. He is really a free moral agent. He is a man.

THE CHAPEL.

[From the German.]

There, up yonder, stands the Chapel;
Looks down o' er the vale, you see,
Where by mead and fountain joyous,
Sings the shepherd boy in glee.

Tolls the bell now low and softly;
Chant the choir their dirge of awe;
Chimes that hold the boy in silence,
And his bright eyes upward draw.

On the hill, a funeral pageant;
In the vale, blithe, thoughtless glee.
Shepherd lad! O, youthful shepherd!
One day tolls the bell for thee.

SKETCH.

The residents of cities, when they take vacations in the woods, often meet with strange experiences and with some strange characters.

A party of students were once spending a few days in the vicinity of one of the famous lakes of Maine, and enjoying themselves as they alone can, who, after a long application to study, give themselves up to the freedom of the woods. Among the party was one whom we will call H, who was the wit and wag of the party; and many a severe practical joke did his companions suffer at his hands. But it is a long lane that has no turning.

One day in their rambles the party came upon what was to them a strange sort of dwelling. It was one of those primitive log houses, such as the early settlers were accustomed to erect, with a low roof, and a massive stone chimney at one end, giving to the structure the appearance of a huge short-stemmed black pipe. On a log in front of the cabin sat the presiding genius of the place, in the person of an old woman, who might have posed for one of the Fates of Michael Angelo. Here was a chance to see nature in the rough, and the party approached to have a chat with the old lady. Undisturbed by the presence of company, she continued to fill her pipe, while she entered into conversation with the party. True to his nature, with an eye for the ludicrous, H noticing the dimensions of one of the old lady's brogans which was displayed very conspicuously, patronizingly asked her who made her shoes, adding that he wished to have some made like them. Another member of the party then told the old lady that H was making fun of her, and advised her to thrash him. The old lady finished filling her pipe, calmly laid it down, and without a moment's warning, made a dash at the culprit, who was obliged to seek safety in flight, scaling a neighboring fence with more agility than grace.

The party then told the old lady that
H was a mean fellow who had been following them about all day, and added that they would give her a dollar if she would keep him where he was until they could reach their boat. To this she agreed, and the money was paid over. The party then withdrew to the woods, where they were entertained for the next hour by watching from a distance the attempts of the would-be joker to escape from pound; but the old lady was true to her promise, and wherever he presented himself at the fence he was met by that incorrigible Amazon. When the party had, as she thought, had sufficient time to reach their boat, she released her prisoner, who it is safe to say, perpetrated no more jokes during that vacation.

**JUVENAL AND ROME.**

**BY I. J., '87.**

The perusal of the ancient classics together with the modern masters of the pen can not fail to present a striking contrast. In the former one looks in vain for that divine spirit of purity, brotherhood, and devotion, which, pervading recent literature, furnishes its chief potency and charm. Nevertheless it would be the merest folly to deny the grandeur of Homer, the gracefulness of Sophocles, the beauty of Virgil, or the manly daring and high moral dignity of Juvenal, lord of burning satire, whose voice rang like that of an accusing conscience in the ears of corrupt Rome. Maddened by his truth-speaking, she hurried him away, gray-haired and infirm, to perish either amid the sultry wastes of Africa, or, as some think, in the wilds of Britain. And all this under the ill-dissembled guise of doing him honor.

To write satire at Rome in Juvenal's time was like writing satire to-day at St. Petersburg. That he deeply realized the risk he ran there can be no doubt. He himself tells us that tyrants' ears are ticklish things. Had not Caligula, in whose reign he was born, burned alive in the center of the amphitheater a Roman citizen for no other reason than because he was the author of some witty verse? And did not Domitian, after putting Hermogenes to death on account of some unpleasant reflections in his history, crucify the scribes engaged in copying the work? Surely Juvenal could not have been incited to write satire by ambition. He knew, as well as Horace, that flattery, not censure, was the price of imperial favor.

What then did actuate him? A noble indignation at the degeneracy he beheld on every side. Sweet, indeed, had been the blossoms of opulence and idleness put forth in the Augustan Age. In later years how unutterably bitter was their fruitage! In one of his charming letters, Pliny the younger, who was living at this time, deplores what it was useless to deny, that social position depended on wealth and wealth alone. Children were trained to a demoralizing money-worship. On every side flaunted the insolence of low-born foreigners who sought Rome in order to display their ill-gotten gains. Even cowards in the glittering armor of triumphant gold fearlessly trampled under
foot the majesty of the law, and disso-
lute tyrants proclaimed themselves
gods. Worst of all, Juvenal saw the
serpent of sensuality wreathing its
fatal coils about the city of his heart,
world-vanquishing Rome, and he could
not remain silent. His warning might
be unheeded; it should be heard.
He would give Rome the lie. He
would say to her nobility, "You are
not noble"; to her Emperor, "Thou
art not kingly"; to her gods, "You
are not Godlike." He would cry aloud
that to be virtuous is noble; to be kind,
kingly; to be just, Godlike. His clear
vision beheld Jove high enthroned,
holding in his hand the lightning, swift
avengers of his broken law. Oh! could he have had that grander, Chris-
tian conception of the soul's Sovereign,—could he have known that not the
thunderbolts of wrath, but the lightn-
ings of love, shall yet subdue evil in
the earth, and draw its perfect music
forth, we may well believe that his in-
vective would, at times, have been
softened into tones of compassionate
tenderness.
To Horace, no less than Juvenal, the
decline of patriotism and the degraded
condition of the state had been appar-
tent, but the manner in which the two
were thereby affected differed most
strikingly. Horace attempted to ban-
ish melancholy by entering gay society,
by mingling in the noisy mirth of wine
and repartee. Juvenal, we have rea-
son to suppose, maintained by practice
as well as by precept the stern simplic-
ity of Rome's early fathers. When
Horace writes satire—if to call it satire
be not a misnomer—it is to amuse.
He jests at vice, and points out the in-
convenience of discovery. Not so with
Juvenal. His noble aim is to elevate.
Fiercely he denounces evil, and seeks
to lend virtue additional loveliness by
bringing it into contrast with the soul-
harrowing and loathsome consequences
of wrong-doing. Horace, indeed, re-
veals the greater genius; Juvenal, by
his fidelity to truth shows himself the
better man. This fidelity to truth, so
great that his satire has been aptly
termed historical, no one has ever
doubted. What right, then, has envy
to question his sincerity?
All honor to Juvenal, and all honor
to those who at the present day bear
forward, amid the smoke and dust of
conflict, the banners of truth and right-
eousness.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The following letter recently received by the Y.
M. C. A. from our college missionary, though of
especial value to those who decided last fall to en-
ter the foreign field, will, we think, be of interest to all
readers of the STUDENT in general.]

MIDNAPORE, Feb. 14, 1887.
To the Members of the Bates College Christian Asso-
ciation:
You may be assured that it was with
no common feelings that I took up a
Morning Star last November, and read : "Twenty-three of Bates' students have
signed an agreement of willingness and
purpose to go as foreign missionaries."
A letter begun at that time must now
be written. To express my joyful feel-
ings at the knowledge of the above
fact, would be impossible, but I must
at least write to you what I hope may
be a few acceptable words from a
brother of Bates. I feel that as the first of Bates' sons to go as a missionary, I may well rejoice, not because I was first, but because I am not to be alone, and others besides Bro. Stiles, now in Andover Seminary, are coming to labor here or in other lands. I know that you may belong to another division of the Lord's army than Free Baptist, and that I may never meet many of you, but that does not at all limit my earnest thanksgiving to God for the anticipated success of his church through your full consecration to the master. Bates may well rejoice that the day has come when twenty and more of her sons have buckled on "The whole armor of the Lord," saying, "Here Lord am I; send me wheresoever thou willist, I will go." Followers of a common Captain, some of you may come to India to convince these unbelieving Hindus that Christianity is superior to all religious faiths and eminently worthy of their acceptance. Think not my brethren that the best education you can obtain will be useless here. The skepticism we have to fight here is an educated one, very much of it at least. Our Christian ethics are very readily received, but at the name of Christ, "that name above every other name," there is much opposition. The foe is well established here, and the contest is liable to be protracted, in face of Europe's infidelity and agnosticism, which finds too often ready acceptance with many. As in the past two years, I have been preparing for work and rather looking on as a spectator, I have more than once asked, "Why can not I work where progress is more marked and the gospel more readily accepted," but I recognize that it is not my first business to question "why?" but rather to work, and I am glad to say that as I am beginning to work, with a tongue not yet even well accustomed to a new language, I find a peculiar and satisfying joy in the work.

To convince that Christ and his teachings are superior to all, is a work that stimulates and strengthens. Such is in some sense our work here. I write of it to show you something of what is before you and hope that you may be ready to consider it a joy to be where the battle gives promise of the warmest and hardest conflict, if Providence leads any of you to India. From an intellectual and indeed a philosophical point of view, India is one of the most interesting of fields. I would be glad to write more of the work here and will some other time, when opportunity offers.

To all the members of the Christian Association, I want to express my joy that the Association is so prosperous, and above all, that Bates is doing so much more than it did ten years ago in giving her students a moral as well as an intellectual training. Her present promising temporal prosperity may indeed seem to be a just fruit of her spiritual life. My prayer is that you and all Bates students may learn first and best from the greatest Teacher of all, "who spake as never man spake." The other learning that Bates gives, thus sanctified, will surely re-
To the Editors of the Student:

Having promised you a letter, I suppose that I cannot go back on my promise, yet as I take my pen to write, it is no light task to know what to write that will interest the readers of the Student. Then, too, it is unsafe for a resident on the “Hill” to express himself in public, lest he be arraigned for being heterodox. Orthodox editors, orthodox councils, orthodox Joseph Cook, the “Jupiter tonans” of orthodoxy, stand ready to pounce upon the luckless wight who ventures to have any ideas of his own, especially if he happens to hail from Andover.

Perhaps, however, I may venture to say something about the town and the schools without wearying you or incurring any risk.

As early as 1639, or 1640, an appeal was made to Governor Winthrop for permission to form a settlement in what is now Andover; and it is pretty certain that in 1641, or 1642, a settlement was begun. The town was incorporated in 1646, and named Andover for a town of the same name in England, whence several of its principal settlers had come. A few extracts from early records may be more interesting than any attempt at a connected history. In the early days it seems that there were common pasture lands, and that cattle often strayed from the common land into that of some individual, necessitating the appointment of persons to keep watch of them. The herdsmen were assisted by boys and girls. Here is a decree:

“1642. The court doe hereupon order and decree, that in every towne the chosen men are to take care of such as are sett to keep cattle, that they be set to some other employment, withall, as spinning upon the rock, knitting, and weaving tape, etc.; that boyes and girls be not suffered to converse together.”

We have a relic of this last custom in our young ladies’ school now, none of the young ladies being allowed to walk or talk with the students of the academy or seminary. The following seems to show that the S. F. P. O. C. T. A. had not then been formed. Wolf killing is thus described:

“A great mastiff held the wolf. . . . Tying him to a stake we baited him with smaller doggs, and had excellent sport; but his hinder leg being broken, they knocked out his brains. . . . Their eyes shine by night as a Lan-thorn. . . . The fangs of a wolf hung about children’s necks keep them from frightening, and are very good to rub their gums with when they are breeding of teeth.”

The servant question also seems to have been a burning one among the early settlers. In 1656, Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, of Rowley, wrote: “Much ado I have with my own family; hard to get a servant glad of catechising or family duties. I had a rare blessing of servants in Yorkshire, and those I brought over were a blessing, but the young brood doth much afflict me.”

Further on I find an interesting ac-
count of household economy. It is said of the Rev. Dr. Moore "that he blew out the candle when he began his evening prayer, and re-lighted it at the conclusion, which, no doubt, in the course of a year would amount to considerable length of time saved in the burning."

Space forbids any details with regard to the part which Andover played in the witchcraft of 1692, or in the early Indian wars, and later in the Revolutionary War. Suffice it to say that in the former it has a shameful record, while in the latter it holds an honorable place.

The present town of Andover is one of the most beautiful in New England. As one leaves the Boston & Maine station, and begins to climb the hill toward the village, his attention is arrested by a substantial brick building in the midst of neat grounds; this is Memorial Hall, the town library, and public reading-room, erected by citizens of the town in honor of those who had fallen in the late war. From this point one naturally turns his steps up Main Street, a long, shady street straight as an arrow, running over the hill by the Phillips Academy, so named from its founders. This famous school from whose doors so many of our illustrious men have gone forth, was founded in 1778. At present it has about three hundred students from all parts of the world.

Nearly opposite the academy are the grounds and buildings of the seminary. It has a magnificent campus, surrounded by a high hedge. Its well kept graveled walks are shaded by grand old elms, while the buildings are so disposed that from any one of them the view is unsurpassed. High, quiet, sightly, no place could be better adapted for a retreat in which to study the great facts of revelation.

Since the opening of the seminary, in September, 1808, nineteen hundred and nineteen have been graduated, and are now scattered as missionaries, preachers, and teachers, throughout the whole world.

The course of instruction covers three years, with a fourth year for special study for those who wish to go further. The instruction is nearly all in the form of lectures, so that it is left with each man to decide how much studying he will do.

I must say that I have never enjoyed study more than I have under my present instructors. Their method is the scientific method. They begin with facts and deduce their principles from the facts. The favorite method among many theologians is to dogmatize first, and then twist facts to correspond with their theories. This method of dealing with truth is a fruitful cause of bitterness and controversy. It also tends to narrowness and bigotry. Truth is absolute, and needs not that men should put forth their puny hands to keep it from tottering; nor will any examination of it, however critical, disturb it. Our age needs men who think for themselves, and Andover Seminary is doing a good work in training men to supply this demand.

As regards the "New Theology," I must say that I should not know that there was such a thing, but for the kindness of the Orthodox religious press, which shows a woeful lack of the Christian spirit, and a woeful ignorance of the question at issue. The authors of "Progressive Orthodoxy"
are not condemned for what they have said, but for what they are supposed to have said. So rare is it for any one to forget his prejudice, and recognize the merit of the book, that I gladly quote from the "book table" of the Morning Star a paragraph which is fair, and in harmony with my own views:

"The work is creditable to American Christian scholarship. If one can not indorse its every sentiment, he can heartily indorse it for the thought it awakens on the fundamental truths of the gospel, and for the general correctness of its trend."

There is one other school that deserves attention, the Abbot Academy, for young ladies. Here, more than one hundred young women from various States are kept under the watchful eye of Miss Philena McKeen, who looks after their morals and manners while they are being trained in the various branches that make up the curriculum of a young ladies' school.

This school gives the Theologs a reception every fall, after which they are allowed to call on any of the acquaintances which they may make. The hour for calling is from 9.40 to 10 P.M. There have been no engagements during the last two years.

For amusements, tennis takes the lead. Several of the professors are fine players, and may often be seen testing the physical ability of the students. Then, too, good roads and fine scenery makes walking a pleasure.

This letter has already been too long drawn out, so I will "stop right here."

Yours truly,

EDWIN B. STILES, '85.

LOCALS.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Faroni.

Senior B— says that Senior R— has got up to A b.

"See if it isn't so with that thing that you have drawn."

To Bates boys, Aprilis is the opening month in more senses than one.

What made Blanchard maximus so happy the afternoon before the Senior Ex?

The Senior exhibition was no April fool, although it occurred on that inauspicious day.

"A repeater," says one, "is something to strengthen a current after walking a long distance."

Why do we put a tax on tobacco and whiskey? asked the Prof. Mr. A.—"Because they are luxuries."

Prof.—"There is a little discrepancy in that." Mr. T.—"What, do you mean there is a mistake?"

The Sophs. are beginning to oil up their spy-glasses, preparatory to their ornithological observations.

The num-sociable is a nice place for a bashful man. But the talkative man feels as uneasy as a colt with a head-check.

Any student who receives a box of maple sugar from home, and does not divide it among his fellows is a foe to society.

The Seniors, during the time of the good crust, went out sliding every morning with their gir—no! no! no! their sleds.

"As spring advances lessen the men-
tal pressure a little,' is the advice of one of the leading educational journals of the day, Attendat Doctores.

The following letter was received by our editor in charge of the Personals:


GEORGIUS SILEX, Class '71.

Prof.—‘ Mr. J., supposing you send a current into that coil, how far will it go?’ Mr. J. (slowly and thoughtfully)—‘I should think—it would go—till it stopped.’

One of the Juniors thinks he has at last found a reasonable claim to greatness. Darwin, Gladstone, Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and his grandfather, were all born in the same year.

One of the boys having heard that aconite was good for colds, thought he would go down to the drug store and get some. Evidently he had not quite understood the word, for he asked for dynamite.

The following passage of German—‘‘gross und stark über seine jahre’’—was rendered thus by one of the Juniors: ‘‘Great and strong above his ears.’’ The class applauded, and the young man tried to look modest.

At a recent Cyniscan meeting a vote of thanks was returned to the members of the Reading-Room Association for their kindness in admitting the ladies. It was, however, unanimously decided by the ladies to pay the usual dues.

Junior T. met with quite an accident while out sliding on the crust, the other day. In his first attempt he was thrown off his sled a distance of ten feet. This sudden and violent move-

ment resulted in an enlargement of the proboscis.

R. was translating a passage in De Immortalitate, on the various methods which the ancients employed in disposing of their dead. ‘‘The Egyptians, the Egyptians,’’ said he, ‘‘they (not recognizing the next word) they—pickled their dead.’’

The following are those of the Sophomore class that received prizes for studying the habits and characteristics of the winter birds: Blaisdell, Blanchard, Baker, Call, Cox, Daggett, Fernald, Guptill, Hutchinson, Knox, Libby, Stevens, Thayer, Worthley.

For primeval barbarity the new humaniphone takes the cake. We saw the thing at the Main Street church. Its composition is as follows: Eleven beautiful young ladies, and one ‘‘bass’’ young man, kneel upon the stage with cards hung on their heads, indicating the key in a piano to which each one’s cry of pain corresponds. Then the operator steps behind them with a long handled mallet in each hand, and proceeds to rap them on the head, as one would thump so many piano keys. The music is sweet, but we cannot shut our eyes to the agony it costs.

We noticed, recently, a couple of Seniors coming up street with their newly purchased plugs, and just behind them a third Senior, plugless. O, that with a painter’s genius we could have placed upon breathing canvas the contrast of expression in their features. Pride and happiness ‘‘lit out’’ from the faces of the first two like light from the reflector of an engine. But
the face of the third was suffused with a deep melancholy, and his under jaw drooped visibly. O, ye Seniors! let not the spring pass without tasting of the joy inherent in the possession of a tall hat.

The first division of Sophomore declamations came March 16th, and the following pieces were well rendered:

Scene at Niagara Falls.—Tarson.

The Black Horse and His Rider.—Sheppard.

Tribute to Dr. Howe, the Philanthropist—Hale. A. E. Hatch.

Scott and the Veteran.—Taylor.

S. A. Norton.

Selection.—Patrick Henry. C. D. Blaisdell.

The French Revolution.—Eels.

J. I. Hutchinson.

Kentucky Belle.—Woolson. M. S. Little.

The Baron’s Last Banquet.—Green.

H. W. Small.

MUSIC.

Spartacus to the Roman Envoys.

—Kellogg. F. W. Newell.

Adams and Jefferson.—Webster. E. J. Small.


Count Candespinia’s Standard.—Boker.

B. E. Sinclair.

March 23d, the second division spoke, with the following programme:

Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.—Carleton.

E. J. Daggett.

Appeal for Ireland.—Clay. E. Blanchard.


Only the Brakes. Miss B. A. Wright.

MUSIC.

Flying Jim’s Last Leap.—Banks.

H. S. Worthy.

Salathiel to Titus.—Crolyr. E. L. Stevens.

Sandalphon.—Longfellow. Miss E. A. Given.

Corrupt City Government. F. W. Buker.

MUSIC.


Extract from Longfellow. G. H. Libby.

Death of Abraham Lincoln.—Beecher.

G. W. Hayes.

March 26th, the last division spoke. The following was the programme:

Coronation of Inez De Castro.—Anon.

O. B. C. Kinney.


The Rhyme of the Dutchess May.

—Mrs. Browning.

Miss E. I. Chipman.

The Roman Sentinel.—Florence.

C. J. Emerson.

MUSIC.

The Fireman’s Prayer.—Conwell.

E. H. Thayer.

Joan of Arc.—De Quincey. H. E. Fernald.

Justice Inevitable.—Carlyle I. N. Cox.

MUSIC.

Vox Populi, Vox Dei.—Lovejoy. F. J. Libby.

Crime its own Detective.—Webster.

A. B. Call.

Trial of Queen Katharine.—Shakespeare.

Miss I. M. Wood.

The prize division spoke March 30th, at the Main Street church. All the speakers did themselves credit. The prize was awarded to Mr. Worthley. Yet many would have been as well satisfied if Miss Wood had won it. Mr. Small and Mr. Singer also deserve especial mention. The programme was as follows:

Trial of Queen Katharine.—Shakespeare.

Miss I. M. Wood.

Kentucky Belle.—Woolson. Miss M. S. Little.

Eulogy on Lincoln.—Beecher. G. W. Hayes.

The Downfall of Cardinal Wolfsey.

—Shakespeare. E. T. Whittimore.

MUSIC.

Flying Jim’s Last Leap.—Banks.

H. S. Worthley.


The Rhyme of the Duchess May.

—Mrs. Browning.

Miss E. I. Chipman.

The Black Horse and his Rider.—Sheppard.

T. M. Singer.

MUSIC.

Adams and Jefferson.—Webster. E. J. Small.

The Fireman’s Prayer.—Conwell.

E. H. Thayer,
The Senior Exhibition. April 1st, in point of excellence, was equal to any we have heard. We make no mention of any one part, because as there is no prize for these parts, comparison is needless. The music, by the Euro-sophian Quartette won much deserved praise. The following is the programme:

**MUSIC.**

Come, Let’s Dance, etc.—Wentworth.

**PRAYER.**

**MUSIC.**

Lead Kindly Light.—Buck.

John Winthrop.

Spectrum Analysis.

The Heroic in American Character.

Juvenal and Rome.

Maria’s Lambkin.

The Poetry of Burns.

Conscience and Law.

Our Need of Spiritual Heroism.

National Progress Dependent on True Scholarship.

March.—Becker.

Obedience or Slavery.

Oratory in a Modern Democracy.

True Education Develops Character.

Woman Suffrage.

**MUSIC.**

Bates.

*Excused.

Thinkers are scarce as gold; but he whose thought embraces all his subject, who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequence, is a diamond of enormous size.—Lavater.

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**PERSONALS.**

’70.—E. A. Nash has been elected president of the board of Aldermen of this city.

’80.—Dr. O. C. Tarbox has recently been in the city. He has been obliged to give up his practice in New York on account of illness, and is now visiting friends in Minnesota.

’80.—Dr. M. T. Newton has a steadily increasing practice in Sabattis.

’82.—W. H. Dresser is principal of a high school in Cherryfield, Me. He is the president of the West Washington Teachers’ Association.

’82.—R. H. Douglass has recently returned from Dakota, where he has been traveling for a few years. He has been teaching this winter in Farmington. Mr. Douglass has recently invented and patented a trunk strap.

’82.—D. E. Pease is succeeding well in the job printing business. He has brought out his partner and is carrying on the business at 148 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

’82.—F. L. Blanchard was married to Mrs. Louie M. Bricker of Milan, Ohio, at the Church of the Strangers, New York City, on March 9th, by the Rev. Dr. Charles Deems. The wedding trip was spent at Washington and Baltimore. Mr. Blanchard is an editor employed on the Commercial Advertiser.

’83.—W. H. Barber expects to join the Maine Conference next year.

’85.—C. A. Washburn, is principal of a free high school at Livermore.

’85.—R. E. Atwood is reading law with N. W. Harris of Auburn.

’85.—C. W. Harlow is studying
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<tr>
<th>Student</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Activity</th>
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<tr>
<td>medicine at the Bowdoin Medical School</td>
<td>'85</td>
<td>J. M. Nichols has recently been in the city. He has been for two years first assistant in the high school at Rochester, N. H.</td>
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<td>'85</td>
<td>A. F. Gilbert has been visiting the public schools of the city. He is the principal of a large grammar school in Newburyport, Mass., at a salary of $1000.</td>
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<td>THEOLOGICAL</td>
<td>'81</td>
<td>G. A. Burgess is at work on an Encyclopedia of Free Baptist ministers, schools, etc.</td>
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<td>'87</td>
<td>H. F. Young has under consideration a unanimous call to the Free Baptist church at Waterloo, Iowa.</td>
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<td>'87</td>
<td>W. F. Getchell will remain at Sabattis for another year. Rev. J. W. Burgin will supply the Free Baptist church at West Falmouth for a year.</td>
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<td>STUDENTS</td>
<td>'87</td>
<td>P. R. Howe has been studying dentistry with Dr. E. H. White of this city.</td>
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<td>'87</td>
<td>Israel Jordan spent the vacation in Boston.</td>
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<td>'88</td>
<td>F. A. Weeman has returned. He has been teaching with good success in Yarmouth.</td>
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<td>'89</td>
<td>W. T. Guptill has been traveling in New York, visiting Niagara Falls and other places of interest.</td>
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<td>'89</td>
<td>A. L. Safford is principal of a high school in Westminster, Mass.</td>
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<td>'89</td>
<td>W. F. Grant is keeping books for Ara Cushman of Auburn.</td>
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'90.—A. F. Gilmore and J. H. Welch have returned.
Several of the class have been canvassing during the vacation.

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**EXCHANGES.**

The *Dartmouth* is always sure of a welcome to our sanctum. As a rule it is spicy and interesting, but the "Literary" in the April number is decidedly weak. The poetry, however, is excellent.

The *Syracusan* contains a thoughtful article on "The Study of English." The writer believes that a more "minute and extended attention" should be given to the study of the English language and literature.

The *College Rambler*, from Illinois College, is before us. The candor of the Ex. editor is refreshing after reading the twaddle in some exchange columns.

The *Wabash* publishes the Illinois intercollegiate prize oration. The subject is "John Brown," and, for so hackneyed a subject, is treated in an interesting and skillful manner.

The *Southern Collegian*, Lexington, Va., is a very creditable publication. The editorials are sensible and well written. Several, so called, poems contain the minimum of sense and maximum of nonsense.

The *Atlantic*, Lexington, Ky., contains an article on "The Negro," that is at least thirty-five years behind the times. Our advice to the writer would be: Choose a subject that you can treat in an unprejudiced manner.

The *Pacific Pharos*, mentioned in our
The Bates Student.

The latest number, has suspended publication, because "The Faculty have denied the students the privilege of expressing their opinions on college topics." A college paper minus college topics would indeed be a curious production. If this had taken place in the East we might have charged it to New England conservatism, but happening, as it does, in the land of boasted freedom, it is beyond our comprehension. Evidently the men who think that college students should be treated like infants are not all dead yet.

During the four months that we have been connected with the STUDENT, the following papers, that are on our list as regular exchanges, have not put in an appearance: Argosy, Sackville, N. B., College Courier, Cap and Gown, Cornell Review, College Journal, Hebron Semester, Harvard Lampoon, Michigan Argonot, Peddie Institute Chronicle, University Portfolio, University Monthly, Frederickton, N. B., Williams Jewell Student, and Yale Record. Are you dead or only sleeping? If you still exist, please put us on your list and send us your papers; otherwise we shall take it for granted that you do not wish to exchange, and govern ourselves accordingly.

Hamilton College Monthly, by the young ladies of Hamilton College, is always welcomed to our sanctum. The editorials cover a wide range of subjects, including as they do "The American Nation," "The Press," "Faith Cures," "Salvation Army," etc. We do not see why so many of our exchanges are opposed to such subjects in a college paper. For our part we think they are a decided improvement on the articles upon "The Gym," "Reading-Room," "Societies," and "Base-Ball," that are the constant themes of most college editorials.

COLLEGE PRESS.

The latest craze is for a college to become a university, "in fact as it is in name;" so runs the common expression. Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Princeton, all desire the eclat that the higher position would bestow. While not at all clear that education would be to any great extent benefited by conglomerating various schools into one corporation in a single centre, and though long continued residence in a single place may be detrimental to a student, yet the idea is here, and the prospect is sufficiently brilliant to tempt any institution that can command the money to assume university pretensions.

The confession may at first hurt college pride, but it must be admitted that there is soon to be a drawing apart between the old institutions which have so long been classed together. Some will have the incidents of wealth and size as universities; many must continue moving in about their present spheres. These latter may improve in equipment, and may be strengthened by the addition of scientific schools, but they will not develop.

College work must still retain its place, and the need for colleges will not be lessened. In their field these institutions may do as thorough and
as creditable work as their more pretentious neighbors. The need for universities is a limited one, and all who expect to gain position must complete plans rapidly. For all that remain behind, the consolation will be in this, that they are accomplishing honest work for intellectual development.—Brunonian.

The question of secret societies in American colleges seems again to be pushing itself to the front. An eastern journal has the announcement that there is soon to be a meeting of college presidents in the city of Chicago, to see what can be done toward breaking up these societies.

It seems that all men, even college presidents, are not agreed as to the best method of dealing with these institutions, and all are not in favor of their entire abolition, even though such a thing were possible.

President Seelye, of Amherst, in a letter to the Christian Union, takes occasion to speak a favorable word for the secret organizations, as conducted in that college. Whether President Seelye's remarks are applicable to like organizations in other colleges and universities remains to be seen.

Even to an Oberlin student, whose knowledge of college fraternities is supposed to be very limited, such a movement cannot help being full of interest and significance, and it will be watched with still greater interest by those who have been more directly connected with some one of these many secret societies.—Oberlin Review.

COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD:

Harvard is soon to lose two of its instructors in the Greek department, Professor Croswell and Professor Dyer.—Leavitt, '90, has again broken the Harvard record in the pole-vault, clearing 9 feet 8½ inches. The Princeton record made last June is ten feet and six inches.—The average price of rooms at Harvard is about $145, while the average price at Yale is less than $90.—Until 1786, students at both Harvard and Yale were ranked entirely according to social position. Rank lists of the classes were posted in the buttery at the beginning of Freshman year, and were eagerly awaited. Yale was the first to abolish the system, and Harvard followed suit five years later.

PRINCETON:

Twenty-two members of the present Senior class at Princeton intend to enter the ministry; the largest proportion in many years.—All college bills have to be paid in advance.—The prize offered by Lippincott's Magazine for the best essay on "Social Life at Princeton," has been awarded to E. M. Hopkins, '88. The article appeared in the April number of the magazine.

AMHERST:

Seventy per cent. of Amherst's undergraduates are members of the church, while twenty per cent. of the recent graduates have entered the ministry.

WILLIAMS:

Keefe, of the New Yorks, who
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trained the Williams nine for a time, prophesies that Wilson, of last year's Bowdoins, will become one of the most prominent pitchers in the league.

AMONG THE POETS.

MY SECRET.

When it contains no harm,
A secret hath its charm.
She laughing told me one,
All full of sparkling fun.
It ne'er shall be revealed,
Because my lips are sealed.

It happened thus one day,
When folks were all away,—
"Promise, you'll never tell,"
Then on my ear it fell.
It ne'er shall be revealed,
Because my lips she sealed.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Oft by thy pure and gentle light I've strayed,
O Moon, mild cheerer of Night's sullen hours,
And many a scene of love and joy have laid
Amidst thy silver lakes and fairy bowers.

For I have borne on Fancy's truant wing,
The loved who earth once tenanted, away
To dwell with thee, among the joys that spring
From an unclouded and unfading day.

And I have longed to break the ties that bind
And chafe my spirit, panting to be free,
And soaring on some fleecy cloud, to find
Myself enfranchised, and at home with thee.

THE ANEMONE.

O first soft passion-kiss of Spring—
Trembling, sweet anemone!
Beautiful, shivering little thing
Firmly yet so timidly

Peeping out from the old stone-wall
Into the shuddery, chilly air,
I silently wonder how at all
You grow in your cranny there.

Sweet forerunner of sweeter days,
Scattering light and hope and cheer.
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Out on the dead things of the ways—
Wrecks of the by-gone year.

Is it to tell us of coming flowers
Fairer than you, if fairer grow,
Whose buds will swell in the April showers
Bringing nepenthe of snow?

Or is it that Love may draw
Out of the hearts of stones
Beauty and order and law,
Seen in such frail, sweet ones
As you, peerless anemone!

—Yale Lit.

CLIPPINGS.

A Harvard professor has made the
calculation that if men were really as
big as they sometimes feel there would
be room in the United States for only
two professors, three lawyers, two
doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be
crowded into the sea and have to swim
for it.—Ex.

HER INVITATION.
In the parlor they were sitting—
Sitting by the firelight's glow;

Quickly were the minutes flitting,
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she puttered,
From her eye escaped a tear:
"Must you go so soon?" she muttered;
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear"

—Life.

Three weeks ago an Indiana man
 taught his dog, a very fine, well-behaved setter, to chew tobacco. Now
the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scrapes his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless at his meals, gets burrs in his tail, goes with the lower grade of dogs, and it is feared he is beginning to take an interest in politics.—Philadelphia Herald.

THAT LITTLE WORD.
You naughty little word,
To me you just occurred,
As on the icy path
I left my step in wrath.

You're short and very cute,
Between my lips to shoot
You seem inclined to-day
Because you feel so gay.

Your taste and sound is sweet
For cooling anger's heat,
But you're a wicked sham,
Although you rhyme with lamb.

—Williams Fortnight.

"Dates are no more history than
a line of mile-stones are a turnpike."
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