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EDITORIAL.

THERE is, we believe, an erroneous idea among the students in regard to the editorial department of the college paper. They seem to think that it belongs exclusively to the editors, and that it would be quite out of place for others to contribute for it. Now there are many in the college who have ideas and suggestions upon various matters of college interest, which they would like to see brought into prominence; and this department of the magazine is designed especially for that purpose, and is open to all. If any student has a suggestion to make upon any subject of interest, let him put it in the form of a brief editorial, and it will be gladly published.

We recently noticed, in a back number of the STUDENT, published nearly ten years ago, the announcement that the college base-ball nine had been beaten by a Maine nine—a fact seemingly as remarkable as it was rare. Where the men are changing every year it is not possible that any college should always hold the first position, and our college has not been an exception. But it may be that the wheel has nearly made another revolu-
We wait with interest for an exhibition of the talent of the class of '91, and hope that if one or two good men are found there, that the season of 1888 may see a nine in the field that shall compare favorably with that of 1878 or 1886.

Every Freshman has doubtless ere this been frequently interviewed in reference to joining one of the societies. Each society has tendered them a reception, showing up the societies in a very creditable manner.

Now the question of which society is not perhaps of so much importance as some would represent, but certainly is important that every member of the college should become an active member of one of the literary societies. Perhaps as much benefit may be said to be derived by active members from the society work as from the work of the class-room.

Then we would say, join one of the societies, by all means, join it early in your course and early in the term, for the best work is generally done during the fall term. If anything is to influence your choice, let it be the question, “Which society needs me most?” and join that society with the determination to work for its improvement and your own.

The literary department of the Student is sometimes criticised by the undergraduates, on the ground that it is not fresh, but is made up of essays and orations that have been prepared for the class-room, society, or public exhibition. Now there are reasons why this is so, why it should be so, and also why it should not be so. In the first place, none but the editors feel any responsibility for the success of the college magazine. It is impossible that the one having charge of the literary department should be able to fill it every month with original articles; especially as no immunity from the regular college literary work is allowed the editors except during one term.

Now would it not be well, if some inducement were offered to any and all students, for special articles for the college paper? For instance, let him who furnishes such an article be exempt from an equal amount of regular literary work. This might, perhaps, bring in some original articles and stories, that would be new and interesting. But again, on the other hand, the college magazine is not designed for, nor read by, undergraduates only. It goes into the hands of alumni and friends outside of the college walls. To them, doubtless, the essays that have received weeks of careful preparation are more readable and have more literary merit than more hastily prepared special articles.

Therefore it is doubtless best that neither extreme be attempted, but that a happy medium be, if possible, attained. Special contributions are always desirable, and we would gladly see some inducement offered that should result in more being brought in.
past we have been employed here in town during our long vacations and have not really known what genuine pleasure one experiences on their return to their Alma Mater, even after a short absence. We got almost a foretaste of what an alumnus must feel on viewing again the scenes of his student life after the lapse of many years. It seemed as though the campus never looked half as green or the college walls half as dear to us. For the time being, all sleepless vistas before examination and all other past troubles were forgotten, and, as one is apt in looking over scenes of the past, our eye could dwell only on the pleasant pictures of our college life. Doubtless our pleasure was enhanced by being mingled with some sadder thought. As by contrast, a piece of art often gains in grandeur and beauty just from its incompleteness, so, as Ruskin, I think, says, there is no real joy without sorrow. Our sad feelings were caused by the thought that we were returning to Bates for the last time a college student; that many of the pleasant associations we have formed here must soon be broken. The only results, however, of these meditations were, a stronger resolve to buckle down to hard work and make the most of our last year, and a firmer belief that one has only to be away a short time to understand how much Bates really means to him.

In welcoming the Freshmen we have just a word of advice. Now do not close your ears and say, "We had abundance of that before we left home." We know that your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and cousins, and aunts, and—shall we say it?—sweethearts, have been giving you advice for the past two or three months, so we are going to be content with giving you a few "don'ts." In the first place, don't think you are the smartest boy that ever entered college. Hundreds have come with that same idea, but they have all left "sadder and wiser" men. You may have been valedictorian in the preparatory school. Your friends and teachers may have told you that you are something remarkable, but don't let that mislead you. Remarkable boys are as numerous as applicants for office after a change in the administration, and every fitting and high school sends at least one to college. Every year hordes of embryonic Websters, Greeleys, Franklin, and Beechers enter college. They have been tickled and praised till they feel that they are indispensable to the human race; but like an egg that has been beat and stirred, after the stirring ceases and the froth is removed, there is little left.

Don't think that you can "give the Profs. points." They may seem quiet, ordinary sort of men, but they can keep up with you for four years and give you a few points when you are ready to graduate.

Don't say that you will do something next year. If you have anything to do, do it now. If you haven't, pack up and go home, for "you never will be missed." What you do to-day you are almost certain to do to-morrow. What you do to-morrow you will do for every to-morrow in your course.

Don't slight a study because you do
not like it and think you will never need it. It is sure to be the very thing that you do need, and besides, if you get into the habit of slighting studies that you dislike, you will be surprised at the number of studies that are distasteful to you. There are students who started in this way, who never found a study in the whole curriculum that they liked.

The habit of performing disagreeable tasks faithfully is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from a college course. Don't get discouraged because others get their lessons quicker than you. It is not the smart dog or the strong dog, but the dog that can hold on longest, that usually comes out on top. The faithful, plodding student may have "no means of flight, but he gets there, all the same."

Don't try to make folks think you are not a Freshman. Every student in college has been one, some time or other, and they all get over it, as they do the measles, with watching and care.

Be men! Accept your position quietly, do your work faithfully, and you will win the respect of teachers and students.

Among the many maxims laid down for students on entering college, we often hear this one emphasized, "You must choose your profession at the beginning of the course."

Now this maxim, we believe, has often caused entering students much unnecessary anxiety—unnecessary, because it is needless to make this choice before the end of the college course; neither is the student best qualified to do so till that time. It must be kept in mind that college instruction is general and not special. But if the student blindly fixes upon some profession at the beginning of his course, he will be apt to make the grave mistake of slighting regular studies and other college exercises, which seem to him less relevant to his chosen profession than others. Nothing can be more unwise than for the prospective doctor or minister to neglect the debating society, or for the prospective lawyer to "cut" his Logic of Christian Evidences. Such a course gives evidence of narrowness in mental vision unfavorable to success in any vocation.

The one thing for every student to settle in his mind, on entering college, is that his course of instruction is to be disciplinary and not technical, and that the best general scholar will probably be the brightest man, be he "doctor, lawyer, or Indian chief."

Far better would it be for the college student to keep in mind throughout his course the old Greek philosopher's maxim, "Know thyself." For if one earnestly endeavors to measure his own powers, to become acquainted with his points of weakness and strength, he will find himself at the end of four years fully able to choose that profession for which he is best fitted; and the college course, it is generally conceded, affords young men this needed opportunity for self-interrogation. All his faculties, active and dormant, are awakened by the diversified course of study offered in a college course, and he who has, as it were, watched their development within himself, can best
tell into what channel of life they can profitably be turned.

Thus it seems to us that the young man of twenty-two, rather than the boy of eighteen, the one to whom the revelations of four years of thoughtful life have come, rather than he who has but a superficial understanding of himself, is best fitted to select his life work.

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**LITERARY.**

**THE RULING PASSION.**

By A. B., '84.

Discord and strife! The world's strange life
The tramp is ever blowing;
Passion and Rage on every page
In turgid stream is flowing.

Honor and Pride move side by side
On every steed that's rushing;
Virtue and Shame clash each to reign,
E'en in the heart that's bleeding.

The parting breath, the sob of death
Still loudly is proclaiming
What in hot life, 'mid surge and strife,
Was base, or stately growing.

When sinks the will, when linger still
Cold life-throbs slowly ebbing,
From caverns deep things start from sleep,
To shudder at their waking.

Coiled is the chain, and softly lain,
Whose links our life is making,
Uncoiled in death, each heaving breath
Betrays the passion ruling.

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**THE SECRET OF PERSONALITY.**

By H. E. C., '87.

Nature is essentially individual. The life principle that works in and through the universe presents itself in units, seemingly independent of each other. Yet the great majority of animate things differ from others of their kind only in the quality of identity. One maple, so far as we know, is just like another maple, except in identity; one snail as another snail, one oyster as another oyster, one frog as another frog. As the scale of life is ascended, however, as the senseless vegetable and blind animal are left, and we arrive at "the greatest work of God," man, we find in him a something that not only has elevated him above the beast, but also distinguishes him from every other man. This is a force that has graduated men from out the dead level the beasts occupy. It is a something that has defined men into great men and common men. It has made a gradation from the true nobility down to mean plebeianism. It is a something that has given to our language the words strength, weakness; pathos, hardness; beauty and ugliness; wit and melancholy, and the applied epithets of honor and disgrace, and renown and misery. It has added to our conditions philanthropy, tyranny, liberty, and justice. It is that which made Sheridan as a reinforcement of one hundred thousand common men to his retreating army at Winchester; it was by this that Napoleon held Europe prostrate; it made Shakespeare the mind-reader of God himself; it reached so high a culmination in Jesus Christ that men for eighteen hundred years have borrowed his name for their evening prayer. What is this quality, the combination of qualities, this vital, psychical force that has made man so nearly divine? It is, of course, as everything real is, spiritual, and for want of a better name men called it
personality. The secret of it is attained only as we ourselves have highly spiritual natures.

We know a personality, as we know everything else, only by its phenomena. Since it presents various phenomena, it is easily analyzed into faculties as varied. Personality, psychologically speaking, consists of cognitions, feelings, and volitions, and practically personality is outwardly expressed in what we call manners. We recognize men only as bundles of dispositions set so and so toward us. One man grasps my hand. I feel it not, but his love or like for me I feel, and the degree of it. One need not speak to be introduced. Oftener the eyes tell the story. Our friend is known to us, not as having a head shaped so, and body so, and so tall, and an eye of such a color. We often discover in the dearest friend a feature of entirely different shape from what we supposed. We think, rather, of the way personality manifests itself through the body. We know our friend’s gait, if not his height; his laugh, if not the contour of his mouth; the flash of his eye, if not the color of it. His voice is always of such a tone; his mind always expresses such sentiments. We are rarely mistaken here; if we be mistaken, our confidence wavers. “We are cognizant of the how in being, the what is alien to us,” says Emerson. Men know others as they know how they will act under certain conditions, and if we know a man’s character, we know how those conditions will affect him. Though conventionalities and good clothes are sometimes used to varnish over a personality, nevertheless neither is weather-proof, and of the true character of man every act is expressive. The subtle, silent language of the soul cannot be glossed over by any vocal or ornamental cloak.

Form and feature, however, do but disclose the soul. Actions may be the spoken language of our personality; face and figure is the written statement of it. We are all phrenologists. We love certain eyes, we hate others. “Is the eye the mirror of the soul?” Some eyes, then, are so deep and kind they are implicitly trusted, others black and wicked; some near together, implying deceit; others, a shallow shade cutting off the soul. “The voice is, indeed, the organ of the soul. The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly on his forehead, the heart of man is written upon his countenance,” says Longfellow. The hand, the teeth, the chin, are indices of gentility or servility. Aristotle was more than half right when he said, “All souls are the same, until placed in the casing of the body.” The sloping brow, the heavy jaw, are too often the instruments and cause of crime. How many times would we like to cut off and mold anew the face and forehead of some vicious one! Everybody could be benefited by a little tinkering. The sharp nose, the misshapen mouth and chin, the shrunken forehead, by being modeled and idealized, might oftentimes be made more flexible instruments for the perfect working of the soul. Despite our contemptuous chaffing about blood, the fact remains that blood will tell, and even in a republic nobility is conspicuous. The Greeks by their powerful imagina-
tions modeled ideal faces, yet a statue is a cold thing unless imagination discerns personality behind it. Either the body of man was first made and the soul shrunk into it, or the body is a veil spread over the soul, taking its expression and form.

Personality amounts to, therefore, the outward expression of the inmost soul. The secret lies with the great God himself, to whom we, in our finite way, ascribe this very quality. The five senses by which we know and are known, are perhaps only the outpouring of that irresistible spirit which contains one hundred other senses dormant and undeveloped. Whether the soul is a spark struck off from the great Creator to whom it will return, or whether the soul will eternally retain its individuality and personality, this we know, that some time it will not be cramped and embarrassed by the deformed instrument with which it now works.

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AIR CASTLES.
By A. C. T., '88.

Are they but idle dreamers,
Those builders in the air,
Whose castles have foundation
Alas! not anywhere?

Each grand and lordly castle,
Each masterpiece of art,
Was once an airy castle,
Dreamed in some idle heart.

Nay, call those hearts not idle,
Those dreamers of to-day,
They build with thoughts immortal,
While others build with clay.

The things to-day but dreamed of
Fruition find to-morrow;
For, dreaming of impossibles,
We from the future borrow.

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SPARTAN PATRIOTISM.
By C. C. S., '88.

We hear much of the patriotism of ancient Sparta, and ardent hero-worshipers have maintained that it was almost a perfect type. Strange destiny would it be, if for two thousand years no form of government has been discovered, so perfectly contrived to elicit the love of a people, as that of Sparta! Was love of country the secret of their renowned bravery in war? No! it was the iron constitution of Lycurgus, whose sole aim was to make the Spartans invincible, fighting animals.

Could a man love a country that bound him to a life of military service? Yet this was the mandate of Sparta to all her citizens. Could a man love a country, that caused his infant child to be murdered if it were born a cripple? Yet every Spartan father must see his child, if deformed, hurled into the gloomy caverns of Mount Taygetus.

A rude sort of patriotism they doubtless possessed, arising from the glory of battle, but the genuine throb of love for country never beat in their harsh, steelied hearts. Their merciless training engendered a stolid indifference to all finer sensibilities of the human mind, and inclined them to a martial life. But fear was the secret of their valor. For all the actions of the Spartan Senate, surrounded by that impenetrable mystery which ever begets fear, were well calculated to inspire a citizen with the significance of its command to him on going to battle, "Retreat not; fight to the death." Such a command coming from such a source was to the Spartan warrior the savage threat of a
more horrible death awaiting him at home, if defeated, than could befall him on the field of battle.

What a cruel nation to call by the sacred name of fatherland! What barren soil for patriotism to flourish on! Love is the secret of true patriotism, and to induce this sentiment among her people, the State must by becoming a benefactor to them, awaken a feeling of gratitude, so that each citizen can sing with the poet:

What I have, and what I am,
Thank I you, my fatherland.

But above all things the State must maintain the sanctity of family life. For if she ruthlessly trample, as did Sparta, on that which every man holds dearest, is it possible for her people to love the destroyer of their highest happiness?

In no boastful spirit may we say that our country best fulfils these conditions. What, then, are some of the advantages conducive to patriotism, of which the Spartans were deprived, but which we enjoy? The first answer springing to the lips of every true American is "popular freedom." And aside from the gratitude inspired by this benefit, what could be a loftier incentive to patriotism, than the reflection that popular freedom is a condition of government, toward which mankind has been struggling ever since the downfall of Sparta. Surely this fatherland, which is preserving for her children the fruits of ages of toil, is worthy the love of loyal sons!

Again, popular eloquence and patriotic verse exert an influence for patriotism of which the Spartans were never conscious. But into the patriotism of Americans eloquence and patriotic song enter with all their power. What school-boy can read the matchless speeches of Webster in defense of the constitution, without imbibing some of that lofty patriotism, in which his great soul was so rich? And let no one think the influence of our patriotic songs a trivial one, for history furnishes repeated instances of the powerful influence of poetry among all classes of a nation. Recall the words of Longfellow:

"Thou too, sail on, O ship of State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

and then say if American patriotism can die.

But the most vital defect in Spartan patriotism was its lack of any home influence. Father, mother, and child were separated, to become different parts in the boasted impenetrable armor of the State. Our government, on the contrary, cherishes the home above all other institutions, and in establishing this chord of vital union between state and people she binds them all to herself by the strongest ties of affection.

Thus, as we examine the record of nations, and compare conditions promotive of patriotism in a country, with its manifestation in the character of a people, we note that as steadily as those conditions have improved, just so steadily have the personal interest and love of a people for their country deepened and displaced unnatural methods of maintaining the State. Yet so slowly and silently has this change been wrought that no one generation has witnessed the transition from a
government supported by force and fear, to a government supported by loyalty and love. But here lies the proof that it has occurred. Sparta was forced to maintain her national existence by the most rigid compulsory service of her citizens. To-day in this great union we find a national vitality, strong and far reaching, derived from no gloomy system of popular subjection, but sustained by the voluntary service of her citizens, nourished by the mild, divine spirit of patriotic love.

THE STONE SEAT.

By A. L. S., '89.

How oft, by weary care oppressed,
I've sought for some quaint nook,
Where I might muse 'mid Nature's charms,
And peep at her vast book.

Aha! My Alma Mater's mount
Hard by the campus green,
I've found in thy rude lap the seat,
A fit throne for a queen!

Queer wrought in Nature's handiwork,
A fitting place it seems
Wherein to paint for sterner things
A background for our dreams.

Close at my feet and far away,
For many a rood around,
On Androscoggin's either bank,
The church bells wake their sound.

With many tones, to many men,
They call the soul away,
From baser self to higher theme,
From cold despair, to pray.

Then just beyond, the verdant hill,
Mt. Gile, lifts up its crest,
And, nestling in her lover's arms,
The lake lies at her rest.

But nearer yet fair Riverside
Presents its marble face,
And seems to say, "I am between
Earth's cares and perfect peace,

"And that high place from which alone
With unimpeded view
The whole of life man can perceive,
The untrue and the true."

And yonder, in the golden west,
In majesty complete,
Mt. Washington smiles back "Good-night,"
With the sunset round his feet.

While close beside me, whispering low,
The night winds greet the pines,
That answering softly with each bow,
Thus sound their modest lines.

Hail! Gentle zephyrs of the night,
That cool the aching brow,
And lull to rest the weary hearts,
Breaking in twain e'en now.

Though but a breath that passeth by,
Like to some human lives,
A benediction grand thou art,
That sweet refreshment gives.

Unjust Ambition, why shouldst thou
Forever grasping be?
For mountain grand and zephyr sweet
The same necessity.

O, seat of stone, thou'rt dear to me;
(), nature far more grand,
I would that thou couldst make me feel,
To know, to understand

Those pages fair and full of thought
Spread out before our view;
Let me their language comprehend,
For thou art always true.

A DEFENSE OF CICERO.

By W. F. T., '88.

At the beginning of the first century before Christ, Rome had completed that victorious career which made her mistress of the world. But with her victories were sown the seeds of destruction. Following close upon her remarkable conquests came the terrible massacres of Marius and Sulla, and that public and private immorality
that caused the downfall of the republic. Born and reared in an age of such corruption, is it surprising that even Cicero had his detractors and slanderers?

One of the most absurd accusations brought against him is that of vanity. If this were true, is it not the simplest and the most harmless of foibles? His vanity, however, has never been fairly examined or rightly understood. It is not the fact that his so-called vanity is childlike that makes it attractive, but that it had a purpose behind it. To understand that purpose we must understand Cicero's position. He was the leader of a great political party; but this faction moved in a plane far below that of their leader, and, therefore, could not comprehend the grand principles of his statesmanship. They were a weak, vacillating mob, and it was absolutely imperative that Cicero should constantly keep before them the measures which he wished to execute. The entire proof of his vanity is based upon these allusions to himself in his orations; but these were made, not from any selfish motive, but for nothing less than the advancement and protection of his fatherland.

Closely allied with what is termed his vanity was his love of glory. By glory, he meant not the mere blast of popular favor, but the concentrated praise of all honest men, which, he says, "always resounds to virtue as the echo to the voice." Thus conceived, Cicero's love of glory is one of the noblest sentiments ever cherished in a human heart. It is bequeathed by God to human beings to dignify and exalt them, and is always found strongest in the best and most elevated minds. To it, more than to anything else, are due all that is great and laudable in the achievements of the heathen world.

Cicero was a man of unparalleled industry. Every moment of his life, unoccupied by public duties, was given to study. His only recreation was found in his books. Such a nature, always accompanied by the highest reflective powers, is peculiarly open to the imputation of cowardice. He perceives the grander aims of life and shrinks from wantonly destroying it. Of a studious and reflective temperament, Cicero endured this additional pain of foreseeing danger, but when the time came for really encountering it, he was never in the background. It would not be right to judge Cicero by his agony during his exile, or his conduct during the civil war. In the first, he was undone by the magnitude of his misfortune; in the second, by the difficulty of deciding which leader was in the right. Opposed to these and overshadowing them, is his brave defense of Roscius, his heroic overthrow of Catiline, and his grand demeanor in the days of Antony. Clear and outspoken was he in his defense of liberty, and manfully did he oppose the intrigues of the second Triumvirate, even at the expense of his own life. What an heroic death was his! In all history there is no more pathetic or grander scene. Condemned by the brutal Antony, he seeks to prepare his soul for its final hour by reading the highest moral doctrines of the ancients. Seeing the cruel centurion approach,
he extends from the couch his venerable gray head, and says, "Strike, old soldier, if you think it right." Was this the death of a coward?

From those darkened shadows that preceded the dawn of Christianity the form of Cicero looms with Achillean grandeur. Let those who would praise Caesar remember that he had no conscience. His great aim was power, and, to win this, he had no scruples as to the means. Conspiracy and civil war were his guilty companions, and his private life was stained by the basest corruption. Dazzled by hero-worship and the grandeur of his military achievements, we are too apt to forget the far more admirable traits of Cicero. His constant aim was to do right. When he deceived himself and made great mistakes, they were errors of his judgment rather than of his heart. Erasmus spoke truly, when he said, "Had Cicero lived a few centuries later, from the very innocence of his life, he could not have failed of obtaining the honor and title of a saint."

Everything that has come down to us from antiquity has been tried in the fiery furnace of nineteen hundred years' criticism. The only effect, however, that this has had upon the character of Cicero has been to make it glow brighter and brighter in every successive age; so that as long as learning, virtue, and liberty are regarded as priceless bequests, so long will the name of Cicero remain dear to the human heart.

"Friends are to be estimated from their deeds, not their words."

**THE WANNING YEAR.**

By F. F. P., '77.

In pensive mood slow wanes the length of days,

As more askance the great orb turns his gaze

Upon the Virgin's tears—the autumn rain—

Falling in grief of Summer's parting train.

Precession with a slowly moving hand

Will take the harvest month from her command.

The Balance now stands fair athwart the sight,

Holding in equipoise the day and night;

But with its turning beam the light will go,

Leaving the Arctic wastes in shade and snow.

Within our clime the bannered forests stout

Make for the tardy fields a safe redoubt,

And from the tyrant Winter's hastening feet

Cover the gentle season's sure retreat.

O heart, dwelling within a zone of fear,

Seeing of life the shadowy marge appear,

Of migratory kinds that own the sway

Of Summer, and pursue her genial way.

Take in thy palms the compass and the chart,

Find of thy being here the counterpart.

—In the Traveller.

September 22, 1885.

**ART AS AN EDUCATOR.**

By A. C. T., '88.

He who should train his hand to wondrous skill, but paralyze his foot, would be a cripple. So is it in education. He is not educated who has developed or drawn out only one part of his nature. He who is skilled in science, though he could weigh and measure the most distant planet, is yet not educated if the rest of his nature be undeveloped.

For the attainment of this perfect development, the Creator has placed within the reach of men all the resources of nature and of art, and to him that would be taught, all things are teachers. But art has a special work in this education of men. To the
historian, the growth and development, the character and thoughts of the ancient nations lie stamped in stone. The rude carvings of savage men are landmarks in history that tell how far, at that hour, the soul of man had journeyed. The pyramids and obelisks of Egypt are more than tombstones of a dead civilization to him who has eyes to read them aright. Egypt, who made of every beast a god, has left the impress of her gross ideal in her ungraceful carvings. "Athens, the mother of arts and eloquence," she who worshipped the beautiful in form and intellect, has left in the images of her many gods her ideas of the separate attributes that were one day to be combined and perfected in Him who was then an unknown God. The Parthenon, with its beautiful statues, was a type of Grecian thought. The Pantheon at Rome, sacred to all gods, and filled with stolen statues, was a type of what Rome herself was, a usurper; she who grasped after all lands, scrupled not to appropriate all arts and all errors, all religions and all gods.

Since the days of the Renaissance, the character of art has everywhere kept pace with the advance of thought. Thus do the arts of the past teach the history of the past in regular gradations, from the rude pagan idol to the Madonna of a Titian or a Raphael.

In the realm of science, too, art has a work. Our practical nineteenth century, that is piercing the very secrets of Heaven, finds abundant uses for this great teacher. So long as example is more powerful than precept, so long will science, taught by the aid of art, be more impressive than mere abstract truth.

But there is for art a grander work than these practical ones, the historical and the scientific. They are only superficial. There is a part of man's nature that is higher and more godlike than that to which they appeal. It is the imaginative, the creative instinct, that has its element only in the realm of art. Every work of art, unless it be a mere imitation, had its origin in an eternal truth, and to teach that truth is the mission of that piece of art, be it painting of statue, poem, or oratorio. Ideas are not the shadows of things, but things are rather the shapes assumed for the moment by eternal truths.

Art as well as nature is truth made tangible, a sermon in a universal language. Ruskin has said that "the highest thoughts are those that are least dependent upon words." Is not this the great secret of Nature? For what is Nature but the art of the Eternal One, wherein he has proclaimed with silent eloquence thoughts that are too great for words?

But why, then, do not men go to the fountain head, Nature itself, for all lessons and thus dispense with art? Is it not that Nature is too comprehensive? "We are immersed in beauty," says Emerson, "but our eyes have no clear vision." Art is the prism that must separate and individualize the beautiful colored rays in the pure white spectrum of Nature's truth.

The artist beholds a beauty and harmony in Nature that escape an untrained eye. It is his work to make
tangible and permanent these conceptions of his creative soul. His work is like a creation. Other men, though not artists, may learn to appreciate his work and think his thoughts as he from his higher plane has "thought the thoughts of God."

He who has learned to appreciate art, and to love the beautiful, has learned also to love and appreciate all that made it beautiful—the pure, the noble, the divine.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

A few words about "Moody's Convention," at Northfield, may be of interest to some of your readers. Those who went to Northfield last summer will need no description of its beauties; the long, wide village street, with its houses scattered among well-kept lawns and fields which reach to the river on one side, and to the wooded hills on the other, and the beautiful view from the seminary itself, commanding a long stretch of the stream and the slopes on both sides, up to the Vermont and New Hampshire hills seen dim and blue on the distant horizon. All this the boys took in as they drove over from Northfield or South Vernon station in teams provided by Mr. Moody. To the many who came to New England for the first time, this was a rare pleasure, while to all it was a delightful experience, and one never to be forgotten.

The opening meeting was held Friday, July 1st, at 11 o'clock. Promptly at the hour appointed, Prof. D. B. Towner rose, and led in singing the familiar hymn, "I am thine, O Lord." About one hundred and fifty students had gathered in Stone Hall, and occupied the desk-chairs in the centre of the room. Mr. Moody and Prof. Towner, with Mrs. Towner, who accompanied her husband on the organ, were the only leaders on the platform. Prof. Henry L. Drummond, of Scotland, and Mr. Sankey, were in the audience, also Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, who is much interested in foreign mission work. Other teachers at the conference were Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. J. A. Broadus, of Kentucky; Joseph Cook and H. L. Hastings, of Boston, and Prof. Z. T. Townsend, of Boston University. The number of students increased until there were over five hundred in attendance, representing nearly every college in America, and several universities of Europe. Harvard sent fifteen delegates; Yale, twenty-five; Amherst, twenty; Cornell, twelve; while the smaller and more distant colleges were represented by smaller delegations. It was inspiring to be with so many eager Bible students, who were hungering and thirsting for helpful information.

Two sessions were held each day in Stone Hall; one at 10 o'clock p.m., the other at 7:45 a.m., Mr. Moody always presiding. Besides these two regular meetings, there was a meeting appointed in "The Glen," at 6 o'clock in the morning, whenever the boys desired it.

The Glen is a hollow in the sloping ground in front of East Hall, where the trees have been allowed to stand.
The grass was cut, and rough wooden seats set along the sides. It soon got to be quite a favorite spot for meetings. Mr. Moody took charge of these morning meetings, and they became very interesting and profitable. One of the subjects discussed was "The Foreign Secretariats of the Young Men's Christian Association." The idea of sending out such a secretary was thought a good one. In the first place it is very important to break into the educated classes of India, China and Japan, with the whole power of the Gospel. Secondly, the door to these classes is through the students. Lastly, young men are the best agents to preach to young men. They fall away because of lack of sympathy. They ought to be kept together, and it is the business of the Young Men's Christian Association to hold young men together.

Joseph Cook gave an interesting talk on this question. In closing, he said: "I advise you, young men, to be Pilgrim Fathers, not only of the next age in America, but of the next age in Asia."

The Bible Training Class was much discussed by the Young Men's Christian Association workers. The following points were brought out: About half of the Associations in New York State have training classes, and about half of them use the International Lessons. As a general rule those not Christians should not be admitted. Estimates as to the most helpful number in a class varied from six to fifteen, rather less in college than in city associations, because the city secretary can handle a larger number than a collegian. Students are better than professors to lead college training classes, because professors will occupy too much time. The best leader is the man most successful in leading souls to Christ. It is better to have the leader of any college class rotate every ten weeks. Only earnest men should be allowed to join.

Let it be remembered that the Bible Training Class had its origin in an endeavor of Christian workers to secure thorough work among inquirers. Till about six years ago, in only two or three cities was there any effort to do this. Then a systematic effort by the general secretaries resulted in the formation of classes in many cities. Three years ago topics were called for, and a year later outlines of study were prepared by Mr. McConaughy, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Sloan, of Chicago. As a result many classes have been formed. From nine hundred to a thousand college students were last year in attendance upon these classes.

The results aimed at in the class work are: first, the teaching of the fundamental truths that inquirers seek to know, regeneration, sin, the atonement, the work of the holy spirit, etc.; second, training to give aptness and quickness in time of need.

There was a great awakening among the students, for missionary work. Thursday, July 7th, at the evening session, Dr. Chamberlain, of India, spoke for an hour on the opportunity of the ages. He presented the great moral need of India clearly and convincingly. His call for workers touched many a
heart. In closing, he said, "Send your choicest sons and daughters, send the shout that re-enforcements are coming. We want five hundred within the next five years." Turning to Mr. Moody, the speaker said: "Dwight L. Moody, do you not hear Jehovah's clarion call to you to make one year's stay in India, and to teach Him to them? God rarely bestows such gifts for the work as He has upon you. In the name of the three million young men of India, who know English but who do not know God, in the name of the two hundred and fifty millions of people who could be reached if these three million young men were set on fire with love to God, in the name of those here in this waking vision, I call upon you to come over to India and help us."

At the next regular session, July 8th, Prof. Townsend delivered the address, in which he defended primitive orthodoxy. Rev. Joseph Cook was then called to the platform, and went forward amid great applause. "Was Dr. Townsend's lecture sound?" asked Mr. Moody. "I was educated," Mr. Cook replied, "in the great Andover that was, and not in the Andover that is." The excitement had been growing all through the meeting. The speakers, particularly the last one, were interrupted again and again, on every reference to the mission work, with loud and continued applause. This feeling now culminated in a scene which those present will never forget. Dr. Chamberlain rose and said that he had seen Mr. Cook, when abroad, knock the bottom out of the imported religion of the heathen, and that other missionaries had spoken, saying, "Could we get Mr. Moody to come and put a new bottom—"; the rest of the sentence was drowned in a loud cheer that went up from the audience, as they rose to give expression to their feeling. At this moment Mr. Cook, drawing Mr. Moody to the centre of the platform, placed Prof. Townsend on one side and Dr. Chamberlain on the other, and cried out: "This is an object lesson; the three a team for India." The effect was electric. The boys continued standing, and cheered until they were hoarse. Such a meeting has not been held for years. Up to this time fifty-seven names had been handed in to Messrs. Wilder and Farnam, as pledged missionaries. Most of these men are those who pledged during the college tour of these gentlemen last year, but at least three are men who never thought of the work before going to the conference. Many more pledged themselves before the close of the convention.

Space forbids entering into details, but we trust the little that has been given will prove enough to awaken in the minds of a few readers, at least, something of that enthusiasm and consecrated spirit so manifest at Northfield this summer. W., '89.

•••

"If you wish to be well spoken of, speak well of others."

"Where a man likes to see himself better than in a glass—in print; where he more often finds himself—in debt; where he makes most haste to escape—in love; but where he always ought to be—in good humor."
LOCALS.

Oh! the butterfly, the beautiful butterfly,
Oh! the beautiful painted lady.
Let the Freshies and Sophs, armed with bottle
and scoop,
Start off with a wild Sophomoric whoop,
To the sunny hillside or the rippling brook,
Where the bending alders twist and crook,
And form the loveliest, quietest nook,
So charmingly cool and shady.

Ah, well-a-day! They are strong to run
And alert to do every duty,
While the languid Junior prefers the nook
Where he lazily lies with his head on his book,
And wonders if —— will be a good cook,
And cares not for the painted beauty.

Well 'tis for him, let him quietly rest,
And take his book for a pillow,
For his Senior year will come with its care,
And instead of a scoop he will carry a snare,
In which to entrap some butterfly fair
Of the genus homo, a specimen rare.

He'd better lie under the willow.

Welcome, '91!

"Jine" my society.

"Le' go there! Time's up!"

Townsend is singing this year.

Where are all the tennis nets this fall?
The new assistant librarian is a great success.
The fastest time made by Maud S.—1.89.

Prof. Braun says the butterflies "get all broke up" coming from the West.

If you want to make "Stump" real mad you want to say to him, "Them kids."

Sept. 15th, a brilliant meteor was observed at about 8 o'clock in the evening.

A good many inquiries are made about who those twins are in the Freshman class.

The college nine defeated the Lewistonians on the State Fair grounds the first day of the Fair.

The present Freshman class contains the first son of an alumnus of the college, Mr. Emrich.

Prof.—"Just a few words, if you will, Mr. M." Freshman (translating)—"Ah, me! luckless I!"

Prof. (holding up a worm)—"Here is a specimen that was brought to me by a boy—a student, I mean."

Snow, of Zoology fame, is to have a chance to gratify his taste for that science, in the study of Entomology this term.

It was the fortune or misfortune of the students on Tuesday, the 30th of August, to get a cut at chapel exercises.

The Sophomores have sent in their challenge to the Freshmen to play a game of ball, but the time has not yet been fixed upon.

Two Juniors, while catching moths by the light of their dark lantern, are reported to have discovered a new variety of enormous size.

"Did you ever! Such actions!" was the exclamation with which one worthy woman greeted the smoking of the pipe of peace on Class Day.

The Y. M. C. A. bulletin-board recently had the following inscription, "Vade vobiscum." One of the Senior girls, renowned for her wisdom, translated it freely, "Bring some one with you."
On a recent trip to Portsmouth we fell in with three of the old graduates of the college, Rev. Messrs. Baldwin, Bolster, and Bickford. Full of stories of their college days, they whiled away the time very pleasantly.

In one of his lectures, Prof. Braun took up a butterfly and said, "This is the Painted Beauty, and there are lots of them right here among you." Doubtless the Prof. didn't mean anything, but nevertheless it made quite a stir among the fair ones.

A "rusticus" from up river was passing the college campus, and observing several of the lady students hurrying hither and thither and vigorously swinging their butterfly nets, he exclaimed, "Wal, now, they du git a new game here tu this air skule every year."

Several of the boys spent their summer at the sea-shore. One day one of their number, looking out the window at a headland, cried, "Oh! see those yachts coming round the point!" You can imagine his chagrin, when the rest of the boys declared those yachts to be cows.

Rev. Mr. Davis, a returned missionary from Japan, recently gave before the students a very entertaining and instructive lecture upon that country. He gave such a vivid description of Japanese habits and customs that we got a very clear conception of their mode of life.

The laying of gas pipes into Parker and Hathorn Halls is a much-needed improvement. Both chapels, both society rooms, the reading-room, Y. M. C. A. room, and corridors of both halls will soon be lighted by gas. No more creeping down stairs on your hands and knees, after dark.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society for the ensuing year are as follows: President, F. W. Oakes; Vice-President, F. M. Baker; Secretary, G. F. Garland; Treasurer, F. S. Pierce; Executive Committee, C. C. Smith, C. D. Blaisdell, H. B. Davis; Librarian, L. W. Fales.

We noticed a Freshman girl, who had dropped her net over a butterfly, suddenly beat a retreat with none of the old-time slowness of Lot's wife when leaving Sodom. Further investigation disclosed that a bumble-bee had been detained beneath her net together with the butterfly, hence the flank movement.

Friday evening, September 2d, the Polymnian Society gave their usual reception to the Freshman class. There was a large attendance, and what with a short literary entertainment, music, charades, and refreshments, the time had sped away before we were aware of it. All agreed that it was a most pleasant time.

Prof. (to the class, a few moments before examination begins) — "Can you tell me what time it is?" First Student — "Five minutes of nine." Second Student — "Four minutes and a half." Mr. A. — "Three minutes and sixteen seconds." Prof. — "Couldn't you get a little nearer, Mr. A?" Mr. A. — "Perhaps I could, now, Professor."

The Eurosophians were "up and
ready” at the beginning of the term, and gave the Freshmen a reception Friday of the first week. The evening was interspersed with music and recitations, and not forgetting the material wants of their guests, the committee in the latter part of the evening distributed rations to each one of the company.

Every now and then such a sharp thing is said by our little friends that we can’t refrain from publishing it. One five-year-old always adds a great many postscripts to his prayers. Having repeated his prayer one night, he said, “I forgot to pray for myself, an’ must unlock it an’ put in a postscript.” His mother asked him what he meant by “unlocking it.” “Why, mamma, don’t you know, unlock the amen, of course.”

The Polymnian Society have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. E. Sawyer, ’88; Vice-President, C. G. Emerson, ’89; Secretary, Miss Dora Jordan, ’90; Treasurer, G. H. Hamlen, ’90; Executive Committee, J. H. Johnson, ’88; E. T. Whittmore, ’89; Miss Mary Brackett, ’90. The society has taken up its work with a great deal of zest, and the present term promises to be of unusual interest.

The first three weeks of the term have been made very interesting by the daily lectures of Prof. Braun in Entomology. The woods and fields around the college have been scoured for butterflies and moths by the students, and a large collection for the college has been captured and mounted. Many rare ones have been added to this collection by Prof. Braun. These lectures have embraced all the butterflies of Maine and one family of the moths.

What could the Maine State Fair do without Bates College? How could the people get to the Fair Grounds, or obtain anything to eat after they got there, if it wasn’t for her students? These are the questions that would arise in the mind of any thoughtful person who has watched during State Fair week the long line of horse-car conductors, waiters, grand stand ushers, ticket sellers, etc., as they poured out of Parker Hall and betook themselves to their respective places of duty.

Cox, ’89, is running the college book-store this year. He is conducting the business on a greatly enlarged plan. An elegant show-case, beginning at the door, runs nearly the whole length of the store, behind which the genial proprietor stands ready to serve his patrons with ink, candy, and lead pencils. The walls of his store on all sides but three, to the height of four feet from the floor, are covered with shelves full of books and paper. We miss, however, the opportunity of punning upon his name, which was so easily accomplished in the names of the last two book-sellers.

The long-expected new Professor has arrived this year. His department is not the one we thought might be filled first, yet a few weeks of experience has convinced us that the college authorities made a wise decision in filling this chair first. Mr. Leathers is the new Prof., and his department the Science of Order and Neatness. Under his in-
struction marvelous changes have been wrought through halls and campus. In place of the dirt-bestrewn corridors we now find clean, well-swept floors. The slate-covered ground in front of Parker Hall, marbled with old boots and hats, now presents a tidy, green appearance. In fact, the Augean stables have been cleansed, the lamps trimmed, and the doors unlocked.

The annual reception by the college Young Men’s Christian Association, to the Freshman class, was given Sept. 15th, in the Gymnasium. About one hundred and forty guests were present, making it much the largest reception that has ever been given. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreen, and the front end draped with two large flags, kindly loaned by the Bates Mills. The hall was lighted by three chandeliers and thirty Japanese lanterns, and its size made it a most excellent place for promenading. As the long procession swept round and round the hall, we could not but exclaim, “Why has the ‘Gym’ never been used for receptions before?” Remarks were made by Prof. Chase, and Mr. Johnson, President of the Association, and all went away feeling that the evening would be a memorable one in the year’s calendar.

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PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, formerly of Shelburne Falls, Mass., has been chosen principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., at a salary of $2000.

'80.—Mrs. Laura Harris Robinson, and the Rev. and Mrs. L. M. Robinson, who have been traveling in Europe, sailed for America from Southampton, June 16th, on the North German steamship “Aller.” A letter from Mrs. Robinson will appear in the next number of the Student.

'81.—O. H. Drake is to take a two years’ course at Yale, in chemistry and geology.

'81.—W. T. Perkins is about to undertake the management of a real estate agency in the West. He has lately been canvassing for Bradstreet’s Report.

'82.—J. C. Perkins has been studying in Warburg, and attending lectures on church history by Prof. Harnack.

'83.—Rev. O. L. Gile, pastor of the Richmond Free Baptist church, was married, June 22d, to Miss Sadie E. Libby, of Richmond.

'83.—D. N. Grice, Esq., of Richmond, Va., died of quick consumption, August 13, 1887.

'85.—D. C. Washburn is reporting for the Associated Press, New York.

'86.—W. H. Hartshorn, for the past year Principal of the High School at Laconia, N. H., has been re-elected to that position, and will also serve at an increased salary as Superintendent of Schools.

'86.—C. E. B. Libby was married, August 16th, to Miss Nora I. Tibbetts, of Lisbon. Mr. Libby takes charge of the Academy in Foxcroft.

'86.—Miss A. S. Tracy is teaching in the Academy at Monmouth.

'87.

Israel Jordan is one of the editors.
of the *Golden Argosy*, a paper having a circulation of 100,000.

J. W. Moulton has entered the Yale Divinity School.

I. A. Jenkins is teaching at Vinal Haven.

J. R. Dunton is Principal of the High School at Leominster, Mass.

W. C. Buck is Principal of the West Lebanon Academy.

Miss C. R. Blaisdell is teaching in the High School at Newton, Mass.

S. S. Wright is Principal of the Academy at Monmouth.

Miss M. E. Richmond is teaching in the Ellsworth High School.

E. K. Sprague is studying in a hospital in Canada.

Miss M. N. Chase is teaching in the Green Mountain Seminary.

Miss N. E. Russell is teaching in a preparatory school at Norfolk, Conn.

U. G. Wheeler is teaching in Brewer, Maine.

STUDENTS.

'88.—The guests at the Fiske House, Old Orchard, have presented F. W. Oakes with a valuable gold watch and chain.

'88.—W. L. Powers is teaching the High School at Pittston.

'88.—C. L. Wallace is teaching at Leeds Junction.

'89.—W. F. Grant is teaching the High School at Abbot.

'89.—G. H. Libby is teaching in Foxcroft.

'90.—A. A. Mainwaring has entered Newton Theological Seminary.

The following is a list of the names of the Freshmen, and their fitting schools:

Miss F. S. Larrabee, Auburn High School.

Miss Mabel Merrill, " " "

Miss Kate Prescott, " " "

Miss H. A. Pulsifer, " " "

Miss S. D. Chipman, " " "

W. D. Watson, " " "

F. W. Larrabee, " " "

Miss E. M. Merrill, " " "

Frederick W. Plummer, Auburn High School and U. S. M. A.

Miss K. M. Merrill, Auburn High School.

Miss G. A. Littlefield, Nichols Latin School.

Albert Newman, " " "

L. A. Ross, " " "

W. F. Ham, " " "

Miss Alice Beal, " " "

E. L. Peabody, " " "

P. P. Beal, " " "

B. H. Dingley, " " "

M. Greenwood, " " "

G. K. Small, " " "

C. A. Merrill, Brownville High School and Nichols Latin School.

F. S. McDonald, Nichols Latin School.

W. L. Nickerson, " " "

Miss M. H. Ingalls, Lewiston High School.

Miss L. M. Fassett, " " "

A. D. Pinkham, " " "

Miss L. M. Dodge, Bridgton Academy.

H. J. Chase, " " "

W. H. Kimball, " " "


A. C. Hutchinson, Arms Academy.

F. E. Stevens, Gould Academy.

F. E. Perkins, Boston Latin School.

Miss L. B. Williams, Brunswick High School.

A. L. Chapin, Francistown Academy and Nichols Latin School.

Fred J. Chase, Maine Central Institute.

C. H. Johonnett, " " "

F. E. Emrich, Jr., Wilton Academy.

W. B. Cutts, Anson Academy.

N. G. Howard, New Hampton Institute.

F. L. Libbey, " " "

F. S. Pugsley, " " "

W. S. Mason, Austin Academy, N. H.

F. D. Mace, Yarmouth High School.

I. W. Parker, Jr., Hallowell Class Academy.

C. R. Smith, Coburn Classical Institute.

Miss E. E. Fairbanks, Lisbon High School.
EXCHANGES.

Vacation is past! Our term has commenced, and, to use a somewhat hackneyed expression, "we once more grasp the editorial quill"; only it is not a quill, but a stylograph. It is in vain that we look for exchanges. A few dusty commencement numbers cast reproachful glances at us from their perch upon the floor, but we do not care to disturb their ashes. We hope to see the faces of all our old friends brighter and merrier than ever, after the vacation. No doubt many editors have been thinking of ways to improve their papers, and will be ready with advice to others. It is because of this that we venture to make a suggestion.

We should like to hear the answers of the different exchange editors, to the question, What constitutes a good college paper? Every editor has an idea what a paper should be, and if one hundred and fifty editors gave their opinions it would certainly do some good. It would certainly be an improvement on the senseless criticisms and mere twaddle that so often make up the exchange column. Besides, it would have the advantage of not being personal. Each editor could state his views, and though they might not coincide with the views of others, yet there would probably be some hint that would be useful. We sincerely hope that our exchanges will think of this matter and that we will have the pleasure of reading what they think a paper should be, and also any hints as to its management.

AMONG THE POETS.

DRESS REFORM MAIDEN.

See her coming,
Curly hair;
Sleeves loose and easy,
Wrists brown and bare.
Skirts of spring growth,
Short and neat;
(Striped stockings all complete.)
Thus they plainly show her feet;
Newton swells cry, what a treat!
No cruel stays there go to waist,
To shove her short ribs out of place;
No bustle warps her form divine,
And gives her curvatures of the spine;
No corns upon her toes do grow,
Her shoes have rooms for each, you know,
And small piazzas round them go.
You'll recognize her now, I trow,
This Dress Reform that's coming slow.
—Lasell Leaves.

GLOOM.

Darkly the clouds across the sky are flying.
Cheerless the rain bewails the daylight’s doom,
Drearily the wind among the pines is sighing,
Gloom at their summits, at their bases gloom.

Borne on the breezes comes the river’s rushing,
Darkness and fitful shadows fill the room,
Sad is the mind each thought of pleasure hushing
When all without and all within is gloom.
—Bowdoin Orient.

THE TIME ARBUTUS BLOOMS.

It was about the time arbutus blooms
On the south slopes, and hid in sunny nooks
Fair spots of brightness in the dreary land,
Like golden words, hid in long-winded books.

I met her coming down the forest path,
Decked with fragrant blossoms; yet more sweet
Was she than they. I watched her as she sped
Along the mountain side with hurrying feet.

A many maids since that day have I seen,
Black-eyed and passionate in Southern lands,
And Northern maids, with hair of sunny gold,
And, times, have met with favor at their hands.

But still, about the time arbutus blooms,
In sweet spring days, there comes again to me
A vision of gray eyes and parted lips,
A lithe, live form, and brown hair floating free.

Once more up from the dusky past there floats
That sweet, faint scent I knew in former days,
And then—the fair dream fades, as fair dreams will,
I turn once more the world's weary ways.

— Williams Lit.

THE ROSENGARTEN.
At evening, when the sun has gone to rest,
When Botzen's vale has lost each lingering ray,
The lovely Rosengarten's golden crest
Still keeps the gladness of departed day.
Its face, illumined by the after-glow,
Sheds a soft light upon the darkened vale;
The sun, though lost to all the town below,
Still holds the lofty mountain in its pale.
So, when the day of early joy shall fade,
If still we keep a cheerful after-glow,
Then will youth's memories pierce the growing shade,
And from that light our lives the brighter grow.

— Nassau Lit.

LITERARY NOTES.

The September Century has both a holiday and a political flavor, in each of which respects it makes a strong appeal to current interests. The second part of "Snubbin' Through Jersey," by Mr. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. J. B. Millet, narrating a unique summer excursion in a canal boat, is even more rollicking than that already published. The narrative not only reflects a very admirable holiday humor, of the sort which should characterize a "lark," but has the ballast of a substantial presentation of an interesting and little known type of American life. The reader is likely to rise from a perusal of the papers with a desire to repeat the experiment for himself. The illustrations, by Hopkinson Smith, George W. Edwards, and O. H. Perry, realize and supplement the text. In Prof. Atwater's series on "The Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," we have the fourth paper, dealing with the much discussed question of "The Digestibility of Food," giving the results of the writer's experiments, as well as a summary of the latest scientific knowledge on this point. The usual graphic charts and tables add interest to Prof. Atwater's data and conclusions. Among the articles considered is oleomargarine.

The interest of the Atlantic for September may be said to depend greatly on most interesting installments of its two serial stories by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Crawford. Both of these are at their climax; Mr. Crawford's especially has a scene which for thrilling novelty is almost unequaled. Dr. Holmes, in "Our Hundred Days in Europe," tells about his stay in Paris and his visits to some of the places which he had seen years before, particularly St. Etienne du Mont, the Pantheon, the Café Procope, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Bois de Boulogne; and also of a visit to Monsieur Pasteur. Another article, by John Bach McMaster, upon "Franklin in France," shows how Franklin succeeded in making himself the idol of the French at the period subsequent to the Revolution. Mr. A. C. Gordon contributes a short and touching story of negro life, called "A Pinchtown Pauper."

St. Nicholas for September opens
JOHN C. HATCH,
(Successor to Johnston & Hatch.)

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with a delightful frontispiece, by Mary
Hallock Foote, illustrating "Tib Tyler's Beautiful Mother," a charming
tale of life at a sea-side watering place,
by Nora Perry. There are several sea-
sonable but inoffensive little morals
tucked away in the story, together with
some dainty drawings by Albert E.
Sterner. "The Boyhood of William
Dean Howells" is pleasantly treated
by William H. Rideing, and will carry
couragement to many young literary
aspirants; Gen. Adam Badeau writes
comprehensively and thrillingly of the
"Battle of Gettysburg" and of Pickett's glorious but futile charge; while
George J. Manson shows the young
man who is "Ready for Business," and
wishes to become a "Sea Captain,"
the bright and seamy sides of a sailor's
life and the best and safest way of ac-
complishing his ambition.

The Art Amateur for September con-
tains an attractive colored plate of
chrysanthemums by Victor Dangon, a
charming study of a child's head by
Ellen Welby, a large panel design for
wood carving, china painting decora-
tions for three plates (harebells, pome-
grate flowers and crab-apples), and a
"satchel" vase (dandelions), five
pages of embroidery designs, a page of
outline figure sketches, and one of
monograms in P. Price 35 cents; $4
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Mother (anxiously)—"I'm afraid
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sugar, James." Father—"Not at all,
my dear. I want him to be full of
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GOLDEN ROD.
Like miser's gold when death draws on apace,
Live lover's kiss when parting is at hand;
Like yearning looks that seek a loved one's face,
As ebb the last of life's retreating sand—
So is the golden rod; the summer wanes;
We think not of the roses of the past,
But love this flower, less fair than they, because
We cannot keep it, and it is the last.

"There's always room at the top."
But there wouldn't be if everybody who is up there was as big as he thinks himself.—Ex.

THE SEASON IS OVER.
September is here and vacation is o'er,
The season for picnics is by,
And the dude in the lavender trousers no more
Sits down in the strawberry pie.

"What' d' yo' git dat load er lumber, br'er Jimson?" "Down to de Healin' B'm church." "Dasso, br'er Jimson? Why, has dey tore de buildin' down?" "Oh, no, sah? Hit's dar yet, but I hear Parson Blowhard say dat de pews was free, so I riz up 'arly dis mornin' an' went down dar and ripped up a pa'r of 'em an' fotched 'em erlong."—Yonkers Gazette.

"Do you keep bees?" asked the summer boarder of the housekeeper; "I do so love the little things." "No, we don't keep bees. Guess you must have heard pa gargling his throat in the woodshed."—Tid-Bits.

HAPPY YOUTH.
The skies of life for him are bright,
Who can the statement doubt?—
He goes a-courting every night,
His girl's dad has the gout.

We publish the following very pathetic rhyme, not because of any literary merit, but because we think it may strike a responsive chord in the bosoms of those students who are similarly situated:

"Like caliless cow, I'm lonely now—
I've lost my better half;
Yet she might now be called the cow,
And I, the blatant calf.
I dream about her every night,
And think of her all day;
I'm surely in a sorry plight—
Since from her I'm away."
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