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EDITORIAL

Among students, to call a man a "plug" has always seemed to cast a stigma upon him. This imputation is just, if one studies merely to obtain marks; but if he is actuated by that purpose that should inspire every student, it is unjust. If he studies diligently, not merely to surpass his fellows, but to prepare himself efficiently for the work of life, the term "plug" should contain no sting. No lasting attainments can be won, even by the most brilliant scholars, without real hard work. 'Tis said that Virgil wrote his poems at the slow rate of two lines per day. Goethe says that "he had nothing sent him in his sleep"; he knew how every page came there. Dante saw himself "growing lean" over his divine comedy; Shakespeare and Milton produced slowly; and Macaulay wrote only five or six lines a day. We may not write an "Aeneid," a Divine Comedy, or a "Faust," but if we are to perform successfully the minor duties that shall be assigned to us, we must be faithful in our preparation. A place with Odin in Valhalla could not be obtained by those who passed their life in pleasure, who did not exert themselves to do the best possi-
ble. One needs the courage of Cal-
houn, who, when upbraided by his com-
panions for his great application to his
books, said, "I have a life-work be-
fore me; I am here to prepare for it,
and that is what I propose to do."

It has been proposed that the young
women at Bates organize a Young
Women’s Christian Association. The
Christian work has hitherto been so
successful under the joint efforts of
the young men and women, that at
first thought it seems unnecessary and
unwise to form a separate organization.
Since, however, the constitution of the
intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. restricts
its membership to young men, and no
association can admit young women
without virtually withdrawing itself
from the intercollegiate association, it
is well to consider the advisability of
forming a Y. W. C. A. It is urged in
objection, that a comparatively small
proportion of the students at Bates
are young women, and that the most
of them on entering college are already
Christians. The lack of time in which
to hold an extra meeting has also been
presented as an objection. It is true
that comparatively few of the students
at present are young women, but the
number is increasing, and the advan-
tage of having an association already
formed for work among the new classes
is obvious. As regards the time for
the meeting, would it not be prac-
ticable to hold a short meeting of
perhaps fifteen minutes every Wednes-
day evening before the general prayer-
meeting? If, as the general secre-
tary says, the Y. M. C. A. work is
more successful when confined to
young men, might not an association
of young women be equally suc-
cessful?

Among other advantages we think
would be the following: The experience
gained in providing for their prayer-
meetings and leading them would de-
velop the young women into active
Christian workers. The responsibility
of influencing their girl friends in
the college who are not Christians to
become such would rest upon them,
and by forming an association for this
purpose, they would be linked with
similar associations in other colleges
throughout the country. Before finally
deciding the matter it seems to us
that it should be carefully consid-
ered by each one, and further infor-
mation in regard to it be solicited
from the general secretary of the Y.
W. C. A.

Much has been said and written
about the habit of cramming for
examinations. It has been decried as
detrimental to scholarship and inju-
rious to health. We wish, however, to
say a word in its favor. We would
not advocate the system of neglecting
studies for the greater part of the term
and then cramming in order to pass.
But if a student has done faithful work
during the term and at its close sees fit
to review the subject and cram his
mind with it, he will not be injured.
In fact, the effort to grasp and hold
the subject in its entirety will do him
good.

In active life there are sudden emer-
gencies, when men have but short time
for preparation. The man who can rise to the occasion and meet the emergency will be the successful man. Is it not well, therefore, to gain a little practice in this direction while in college?

There come occasions in the life of every professional man when he has to "cram." An unexpected event happens in the political world. The editor is expected to say something about it in the next issue. Although he has a fund of general information, it has no bearing upon this subject. What will he do, give it all up? No! he crams. In other words, he collects facts from a hundred sources, holds and arranges them in his mind, then writes them out, and the morning paper has a "strong editorial."

A young physician is called in to see a sick man. The case is an obscure one. He hardly knows what the disease is or what remedies to prescribe. His reputation and future success may depend upon this case. What can he do? He gives the man something that will keep him easy for a short time; then he goes to his office and reads up all the different authorities upon the case; notices whether the symptoms correspond with those of his patient; learns the best remedies, and in a few hours understands the case and is ready to carry the man through his sickness.

These are only examples of what is constantly happening around us. Then why is it so bad for a student to do that in college which he will frequently have to do when he gets out into the world? A student should do good work every day, nothing can take the place of that; and then at the close of the term, if he wishes to cram, let him cram. Let him take a fair amount of exercise and sleep, and a little extra mental strain will do him good.

AMONG the many subjects which present themselves in the editorial field of a college journal, we generally find that of hazing coming into prominence at this season of the college year. At first sight of it this fall we were tempted to greet it with the cry of "chestnuts." But our sober second thought told us that so long as hazing in any of our colleges continues, so long ought every college paper, which has been able to disentangle itself from the fossil remains of past college sentiment, to raise its voice in condemnation of this custom.

The Kennebec Journal, in a recent editorial, treats this matter of hazing in its true light and also speaks in complimentary terms of the record of Bates in regard to this custom. We clip the following from the above-named article:

When hazing is confined to practical jokes there is not so much to be said against it, but when tricks are superseded by violent handling and even assault, the custom should be severely denounced by all who have any acquaintance with it. It has generally been the case that each college Faculty has allowed the custom to be followed until some excessive abuse of a student demanded its discontinuance. Such was the experience of Bowdoin and Amherst. Now an act of fiendishness and barbarity, surpassing anything yet recorded in the history of hazing, has compelled the Faculty of Yale to abolish the custom. For several years Maine's colleges have been quite well regulated in this respect, and Bates can
justly claim absolute freedom from anything of the description.

We think that the alumni who notices such mention of their college, as the above in regard to Bates, must have reason to feel prouder of their Alma Mater than the alumni of Harvard who read the account of the bilarities at that college, October 3d, concerning which the following dispatch to the Lewiston Journal was sent:

There was a rush at Harvard, Monday night. It was "Bloody Monday night," so called. Liquors were freely served and hundreds of students were noisily drunk. The spree ended with a scramble between Sophomores and Freshmen.

Now, making all due allowance for newspaper reports, we can not persuade ourselves to believe that there was not a pretty good basis of truth for this report to start from. Awake! Awake, "Fair Harvard!" You are first in age and first in fame among our colleges, but unless you speedily banish liquor from your tables and such wholesale hazing from your halls, you will justly be considered lowest in morality, and last to cling to a custom which every tenet of common decency condemns. We are aware that it is no small task to root this custom out of college life, but it (ran be done, and we believe it has been done at Bates. No unpleasantness has occurred between the lower classes this year, and the result is that a spirit of genuine goodwill prevails among the boys. Class distinctions have been confined to their proper places—the recitation room and catalogue—and students are estimated by their natural ability and not by what class they belong to.

**LITERARY.**

**MINISTRY OF THE DOVES.**


In the sunny land of flowers,
Girt about by southern seas,
Where the gentle wavelets murmur
Softly 'mong the rocky keys,
Is the home by nature fitted
For the mild Zenaida dove,
Where in peace it dwells and quiet,
Murmuring soft its notes of love.

On its breast a shield of azure,
Brodered with a fringe of gold,
Ornaments a rose-gray plumage,
And a form of grace untold.

Innocent and gentle creatures,
Like all others of their kind,
'Mong these warm and rocky islets
Haunts for life secure they find.

But the most beloved havens,
Where especially it flocks,
Are where crystal springs are bubbling
Forth from 'mong the coral rocks.

Here in solitude so lonely
Their pure, sweet, and mournful notes,
Tones as of a soul enraptured,
Issue from their tiny throats.

Once, not gentle pigeons only
Sought these lonely haunts and free,
But stray hands of fiendish pirates,
Bloodstained outlaws of the sea.

One time, coming to these fountains
Seeking water fresh and clear
To supply them on a voyage,
As these ruffian men drew near,

Flitting, cooing, in a basin
By the waters pure and bright,
A small covey of these pigeons,
Startled, flew away in fright.

When the hand had borne their cargo
From the fountain's basin clear,
One, by chance, they left behind them,
On the island, lone and drear.

In the stillness of the twilight,
Lying on the cold, hard stone,
In his guilty soul he realized
That he was with God alone.

Soon the little doves returning,
Finding all was still again.
By the spring alighted near him,
Murmuring forth their soft refrain.

So caressing and so plaintive,
Notes so gentle, pure, and mild,
That they made his heart-strings vibrate,
Touched by solitude.

And he wandered back in mem'ry
To the time when near his home
Other doves he heard in boyhood,
Ere his feet had learned to roam.

Now a Christian mother's counsels
Gently echo in his ears,
While a tide of deep contrition
Brings remorse and bitter tears.

From the rocks he rose, determined
Paths of vice no more to tread:
But to lead a life of virtue
In the home from which he'd fled.

Thus the doves, like warning spirits,
Messengers from heaven sent,
Turned a wand'rer from destruction,
And his course to manhood bent.

IS A GREAT SOCIAL REVOLUTION IMPENDING?

By M. G. P., '88.

PREVIOUS to a great earthquake,
the heaving waters of the sea give indication of the coming catastrophe. Even so the troubled surface of modern society seems to indicate an approaching revolution.

On the streets of St. Petersburg, at the flutter of a woman's handkerchief, a little glass bomb is cast into the midst of a royal procession. Another follows it, exploding at the feet of the emperor, and in two hours the Czar of all the Russias lies dead. Yet millions say it is only an episode in a long chain of events, for the downfall of the government is sealed. Germany is dismayed before the active Socialists in her Reichstag. Bismarck trembles, and screens himself behind the Catholic priesthood. France has dissolved her commune, but like witch-grass under the hoe of an angry farmer, the hated principles spread the more rapidly. England has seen a lighted fuse under her time-honored institutions. Belgium and Austria have felt the force of the incoming wave. Columbia has experienced it in the streets of Chicago. She catches the murmur of the advancing tide in Dr. McGlynn's applauded interpretation of Henry George.

The waters indeed are troubled. Is it a sign of impending convulsion? Anarchy and Communism have attacked social and political forms that have existed from the beginning. They must have powerful principles and effective methods of introducing them in order to prevail.

Re-create the state, make it supreme, and reward every man according to his public services, says Socialism. Not so, answers Communism. Give each man an equal share in the good things of life, regardless of what he produces. Down with all law and organization, cries Anarchy; let every individual act as he pleases. Its platform is founded upon nihil, no government; nihil, no society; nihil, no religion, no God.

Thus, while these factions have some ideas in common, they are not united in their issues. A house divided against itself cannot stand. They will never
succeed until they band together to promote one common purpose.

In effect these agencies are destructive rather than constructive. While each aims to overthrow a part of the existing order of things, some have absolutely nothing to replace what they destroy, others cherish a utopian delusion, beautiful but impracticable. "From nothing, nothing can arise." Destroy the ancient landmarks; bid people stand still or choose new paths. They will soon be traveling in the old highways their fathers trod. The new road must be made before the old will be abandoned.

These would-be revolutionists have not without reason attacked the existing order of things. It has evils, but their half-discerned truth is involved in fatal error. Their methods are wrong. Right is not secured by evil-doing. The firebrand and assassin's knife are not the weapons of truth. The slave of dynamite will never be master of man. Powerful forces act quietly. Without tumult or commotion great truths are promulgated.

Their premises are wrong. Their conclusions are reached under false hypotheses. They reveal to half-starved, over-crowded humanity broad vistas of green fields and babbling brooks, where flowers bloom and sweet birds sing. A nearer view discloses only a picture. The birds do not sing, the broad expanse is a delusion, the blossoms merely daubs of paint. They assume all men honest, unselfish, and eager for work. Hence the failure of their past schemes, and the improbability of future success.

Said the communist Regault to the Bishop of Paris, "Who are you?" "I am the servant of God." "Where does he live?" "Everywhere." "Very well, officers, send the Bishop to prison, and issue an order for the arrest of one God who lives everywhere." That command has never been executed. That God is still in the universe. He has created man with social instincts. He has made him true to law and order. He has fitted him to enjoy heaven because it is a home. He has bidden him "Lay up treasures." Any system that disregards principles breathed into human clay with the breath of life, cannot succeed. Any scheme contrary to all history and philosophy, opposed to divine revelation, ought not to succeed.

God had a purpose in creating the world. From it He has never swerved. History is the gradual unfolding of this terminal bud. When human wills have acted in opposition to the divine, He has so co-ordinated the results that they testify of Him. So will Socialism and Anarchy eventually promote His designs. The truth will abide; the Old World learn that character, not rank, determines position; that a good purpose is more ennobling than good blood; the New World see its aristocracy of wealth yield to that of worth. These principles have appeared again and again, but the world was not ready for them. When the fullness of time has come, it will then appear that what seemed revolution was in reality evolution. God permits harsh agents to work upon the tough wrapping scales of conservatism that His truth may the more
perfectly unfold. The troubled waters are not a sign of dissolution. They mark the spot when the angel Liberty descends with healing for the nations. It is not the earthquake shock, but Bethesdas.

**EXTRACT.**

By A. B., '84.

All thought is swayed by influence’s cord, Which keeps it in a beauteous orb. What though it burst beyond the line And seem a tangent for a time, The tangent shall in grandeur curve, The spiral beauty to preserve, And thus enlarging thought’s proud sphere, Shall blend with all that is sincere. True thought seems seldom great; it dies Nor hears the echoing plaudit rise. Except a grain fall in the ground Its helping fruit is nowhere found. Stupendous thought is doomed to fall. Its very greatness is its pall; Yet for the true, his own preached thought Is ever with rich comfort fraught.

**INFLUENCE OF FAITH IN MOLDING THE CHARACTER.**

By S. H. W., '88.

Faith, or the belief in religious truth upon reasonable evidence, is the foundation principle of character. Without faith in his own God-given powers a man will be as nerveless as a bit of protoplasm. Without faith in humanity he will be morose, gloomy, suspicious. Without a firm trust in God his plans will be made for to-day instead of being projected into eternity.

Faith has a mighty influence upon character, because it raises lofty ideals and then molds the character into the likeness of the ideal. To believe in God is to become God-like. Faith is the workman that forms character, and the object of faith, the pattern upon which character is formed. It begins upon the thoughts, desires, and affections, and works outward, till the whole man is transformed into the likeness of that in which he believes. The belief of the heart is stamped upon the countenance. When a man places all his confidence in the mighty dollar, immediately there begins a process of contraction that continues until his world is bounded by a greenback and his soul measured by a five-cent nickel. He becomes narrower, meaner, more selfish, until his very flesh assumes the hue of the god he worships. But men there are who believe in the unseen and the eternal. A sense of the infinite enters their soul. They realize the possibilities of unlimited growth and development. Then they begin to expand until they outgrow self and become kind, generous, and true, instead of base, bigoted, and skeptical.

Faith is a life-giving, life-nurturing process. It has always in view life, eternal life. It fosters growth and increase; it strengthens and enlarges the mind and soul; it points out the way to a broader, deeper, and fuller life, and thus repudiates the idea of death and annihilation. Unbelief exclaims, "Of what avail are all these struggles and hopes and lofty aspirations, since death ends all?" And Faith answers, "Toil on, brave soul, the good, the pure, the true can never die."

And so benevolence is a fruit of faith. Men who believe that they are heirs of immortal glory, and that they
have a rich inheritance awaiting them, are not likely to be close and penurious. Faith enlarges the human heart by showing that all men are brethren. It arouses sympathy for the weak, suffering, and downtrodden, and causes men to give out of their abundance for the removal of vice and ignorance.

Faith develops a sense of justice. The belief in a just God leads men to deal justly with one another. The fact that justice is not done upon the earth involves us in confusion. The possibility that it should never be done throws the soul into a chaos of cursings and bitterness. The belief that justice will some time be meted out gives peace.

Thus it is that faith precedes and begets hope, an element indispensable to noble character; for hope is the beacon light that shines on through darkness, and doubt, and disaster. The hopeful man is calm and serene when all around are terrified and dismayed. He never loses head, or heart, or courage, or faith; and if he must sink, it will be with flying colors and face toward the foe. Moreover, hope makes patience possible. What is it that restrains the millions of toiling, suffering poor, if it is not the thought that somehow, somewhere, their wrongs will be righted? Remove this hope; let the poor come to believe that there is no God and no hereafter; let them be convinced that this life ends all, and there is no human power that can hold them in subjection. They would rise in mighty power, and ere the dawn of to-morrow there would be a redistribution of wealth. As it is, their faith restrains them.

Faith gives courage and firmness. The man of faith identifies himself with the right, and when his stand is taken there is no power of man or demon that can move him. Luther coping single-handed with all the pomp, and power, and majesty of the Romish church, and declaring as he stood before the diet at Worms, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise," is but one example of a man of faith and courage.

Oh, blessed faith! that can make the unjust deal righteously, and the selfish generously; that can make the utterly base radiant with purity; that whispers peace to the sorrowful and breathes hope to the disconsolate; that gives patience to the oppressed and fortitude to the suffering; that teaches all mankind to rejoice in the hope of a blessed immortality.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

By G. W. S., '88.

Popular opinion has become, in a degree, a gauge of public action. The politician pays homage to the whims of the multitude. Just now the people are roused in sympathy with the labor movement. Every political party has a labor issue. Every candidate for office is the laborers' friend. Every demagogue's harangue embodies the sentiment, "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

The voice of God! Was it not, through his prophets, Garrison and Phillips, raised mightily in this nation for over forty years against slavery? And all the while was not the popular party, the friend of this cherished
institution, shouting: "Vox populi, vox Dei?"

If the prohibitory amendment were placed in the hands of the people today, what would be the decision? Yet will He who says, "No drunkard can inherit eternal life," hold those guiltless who leave wide open those gates of hell, the dram shops? Thus, even in a republic, a government of the people, prejudice blinds and passion distorts; and majorities are often determined by unworthy motives. It has always been the minority that have caught the first gleam of a truth. The Luthers and the Garrisons must cherish it amidst opposition until it triumphs. Then, and then only, does it become popular.

In the great social struggle of today, the outcry of the masses, styled the people, is not necessarily right because it is raised against hardship or injustice. A careful study of the agencies at work among the people will convince us that the ideals of the multitude are not perfect, and that selfishness, quite as often as the good of humanity, prompts men to action. As the chosen people fell into idolatory beneath the very thunderings of God's voice in Mt. Sinai, so to-day men are making gods of their hardships or blessings, listening to the oracles of selfishness, while indifferent to divine revelation.

"Vox populi, vox Dei." has, nevertheless, some basis in man's conviction, that, in spite of his ignorance and his passions, truth, the very essence of his being, struggles through his conscience to make itself heard, and that every universal persuasion has a corresponding reality. Jeremy Taylor has said, "It is not a vain noise when many nations join their voice in the attestation or detestation of an action."

The difficulty is in distinguishing, amid the multitude of conflicting voices, the true voice of the people. Nothing can be more absurd than to claim that all popular clamor resulting from hardship, passion, or excitement is the voice of God; whether the rallying cry be socialism, republicanism, industrial reform, or even religion itself. The voice of God is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The people that one day shout, "Hosanna to the son of David," and the next cry, "Away with him," have forgotten that truth is eternal. But no people's words or acts, taken by themselves, can be considered their voice. Was "Noblesse oblige" the conviction of the people of France? Are the shouts of a mob the true voice of the laborers of this country? Are the mad words of Communists or Anarchists the voice of the poor of any nation?

Yet beneath all these popular utterances, though exaggerated by passion, and envenomed by hate, is a principle which is still vaguely defined, but which is to revolutionize the social world. On the one hand, the conservatism of old beliefs and customs holds this principle in check; on the other, the blind Sampson of Socialism bids it strike at the pillars of all existing institutions, even though their ruin would involve its own.

But reform must begin where the evil exists, in the hearts of individuals. He that would inaugurate it must re-
form the one person whom he knows best—himself. Then to right what is wrong, and to labor for the good of humanity, is his noblest work. The world calls for him. Away with this cold philosophy of room at the top for the smartest men. There is always room in this world for a man inspired by the truth.

The voice of God is an expression of justice and truth; and it will be the voice of the people only when each heart is in harmony with the source of all truth. The world will gather the fruits of peace for a thousand years only after the germs of living truth have burst forth into the complete verdure of eternal spring.

IVANHOE.
By W. F. T., '88.

The alternative title to one of Charles Kingsley's books is, "New Foes with an Old Face"; in other words, our own likenesses in toga and tunic. So, in this romance, although its scene is laid in those dark days that looked down upon the cruel death of Thomas-à-Becket, we yet see pictures of ourselves beneath the visors of Richard and Ivanhoe, and the veils of Rowena and Rebecca. Human nature, although showing the effects of centuries of civilization, is not so very different from what it was in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion.

To show the elements of English society in its earlier stages (which seems to have been the author's main purpose), no better time in all history could have been chosen. Just before the coalescence the Norman and Saxon stand out in greater contrast than ever before or after. The good and the evil in each are, as yet, only intensified by the slight amalgamation that has already taken place. Still, it is not so late but that the interest in their characters is increased by the cropping out here and there of the traits of their ancestors. Notwithstanding the powerful Norman influences, Cedric, with his patriotism, his bravery, his impetuosity, and his simplicity, with his banquets and his sports, does not yet belie his Saxon lineage, but is a true descendant

"Of heroes in great glory
With spirit true and bold."

With what a master's hand is the writer's purpose executed! A few powerful strokes of the pen, and we have before us a most perfect word picture of English society, with all its contending forces, at the close of the twelfth century. No incident that would have added to the interest seems to have been omitted, and none is superfluous. We can almost see the two races uniting, so vividly is the state of affairs presented to us. In the selection of time, characters, incidents, and in the weaving of these into one compact whole, if in nothing else, Scott has shown himself a master.

In Ivanhoe we have the typical Englishman of the future, a perfect blending of Norman and Saxon. He retains the good qualities of Cedric, his bravery, generosity, and open-heartedness, without the weaknesses of the Saxon, his sensuality, his obstinacy, or his quick temper. He is, in truth, a Siegfried, with the Saxon faults replaced, in a measure, by the Norman
virtues of toleration and liberal-mindedness. Upon his brow are stamped in golden letters, virtue and honor, and from his eye gleams the truth, that all men have rights that must be considered. He is the prototype of our Cromwell, our Wellington, and our Washington. They are such men as he that have rendered possible the great advancement of the past few centuries.

Discussions of romance often contain the query, "Does the writer show the keener insight into the character of men or of women?" As, in "Ivanhoe," Rowena is purposely kept in the background that Rebecca may be taken as the feminine type, it seems to us that in the consideration of this story the question above mentioned is unnecessary. The manifestations of the great soul are not dependent on sex. When Antigone leads blind Oedipus in his pitiful wanderings, or goes fearlessly forth to perform the last rites for her dead brother; or when Cordelia comes to the rescue of her father, bereft and bedarkened in his old age, do we think of the woman in these heroic deeds? No; we think of the acts of a great and noble soul.

Rebecca clearly perceives the faults of her race, their avariciousness, their bigotry, and their narrowness; yet she never by act or look allows her father to become aware that she is conscious of these imperfections in him. She is to him always a sweet and loving daughter; "a crown of green palms to his gray locks." This, with her truth, purity, and fidelity, place her with those older conceptions of noble womanly character, Cordelia and Antigone. In them we forget the little feminine arts, and see only that spark of the infinite of which we are conscious in ourselves, that which is the source of all our art, our virtue, and our religion.

With this book we always associate two others, "Ben-Hur" and "Hypatia"; partly because they also treat of an age that has long past, but more especially because they, too, give us a phase of Jewish character. Ben-Hur represents him in the time of Christ, and we see the Jew in all his grandeur, much as he was in David and Solomon. The Raphael of "Hypatia" is the same man five centuries later; but he does not possess the freedom and innocence that characterize Ben-Hur, neither does he present the despicable qualities of the later Jew. Isaac of York is the third and last stage in the degradation of this race. He is the Shylock, who refuses to hear any voice of mercy, who would almost sell his own soul for a pound of flesh. These three, Ben-Hur, Raphael, and Isaac of York, furnish us a more vivid portrayal of the downfall of the Jews than can be given by any history.

The Esther of Hur has often been compared not unfavorably with Rebecca. The difference between them is merely the natural consequence of eleven hundred years of oppression. Esther is the daughter of a people that has lost but little, if any, of its early grandeur; Rebecca is the child of the same race after the Damocles sword of persecution has hung above it for ten centuries.

Carlyle says, "A writer has no busi-
ness to place a production before the world, unless he has some great thing to present, some heaven-sent message to breathe upon us." Tried by this criterion, "Ivanhoe" might, at first, seem to require an apology for its existence; but if we "read between the lines," we shall see that it does contain a heaven-sent message. From Wamba up to Ivanhoe, it is, be what you seem; be true; be true to yourself and to your purpose; be true to your neighbor—and this will be its own great reward. This is the heaven-born message that has rung down through the ages, echoed and re-echoed by all the great minds, from Homer, in his "Tale of Troy Divine," to Sir Walter himself. Truly has it been said that no one can read this book without improvement.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Student:

We went to Dresden, March 23d, and remained till April 25th, thus spending a month in this famous city. Everybody says, "Oh, you must see Dresden in summer!" But the coming of spring is beautiful everywhere, and though I have not found this the picture-book sort of a city that I expected, with well-lighted, broad, smooth streets, and clean white houses, with flower pots in all the windows, though I was disappointed in all these things, there are others which I was left to discover for myself that ought to make up for any of the aforesaid delinquencies; yet I never quite recovered from the shock it gave me to see the houses, the palace, the theatre, all the fine buildings, and even the church spires, hideous with this dingy smoke. The fine gilded, gleaming statues of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, which adorn the steps of Bruhl Terrace, seem out of place, they look so new and bright.

The streets of Dresden are kept clean, and the water is soft and agreeable for both drinking and bathing purposes, something that cannot be said of the water in some of the German cities. The air was not altogether pleasant at this time of the year, as it is so damp, but the leaf buds grew and came out wonderfully in it, and the crocuses and hyacinths around the bases of the statues in the parks bloomed away, apparently uninjured by the frosts at night and the snows by day.

On the 6th of April we went up the Elbe to Pillnitz, and many shrubs had their leaves out, and the buds on the trees showed green. On the 17th I walked out to the Great Garden in Dresden, and every thing except the very late trees had out a shimmer of green.

At Pillnitz two little fellows were picking violets which five pfennigs to each tempted them to part with. The perfume of these wild violets is delicious, and they are still fragrant though dry. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th of April snow fell both morning and evening, and a fire was necessary all day.

In the picture gallery, however, one does not heed the weather, for the arrangements for heating and lighting are admirable. In the presence of that great picture, the Sistine Madonna,
all trivial things pass away. If a
man has suffered wrong from another,
he here learns forgiveness; if he has
wronged another, he learns repentance;
if he has suffered sickness and pain, he
learns patience to endure; and if he
has lost friends, he learns the hope of
immortality. The picture is indescrib-
able; its power, wonderful.

Several weeks may be well spent in
this picture gallery, and leaving it is
like the parting from dear friends.

Since we were here at Easter, we
heard much excellent music, for they
have morning and evening service
daily in the churches, besides the regu-
lar Sunday service.

On Easter morning at sunrise we
were wakened by the firing of guns,
the blowing of trumpets from the
church towers, and the ringing of bells.
Later we went to the Krentz Kirche
to hear the boy choir sing the Easter
hymns, and among them, "Ich weiss
dass mein Erlöser lebt." Both the
English and Americans have built fine
churches here, and they are well filled.

A novelty to me was the Easter serv-
ice in the Russian church, which came
very early in the morning, i. e., from
12 o'clock midnight until 2 of the Sun-
day morning following our Easter
Sunday. As the service was all in
Russian, I did not understand it very
well, but it consisted mostly of sing-
ing, marching, bearing lighted candles,
swinging the censer, and ringing the
bells. Finally came the salutations,
with the joyful greeting, "Christ is
arisen!" and it was very funny to see
two old men kiss each other on the
neck as fast as possible, first on one
side and then on the other. The
ladies kissed each other but once, I
think, and when I saw two young men
cross over to the side where the women
stood, I thought two pretty girls were
to receive Easter salutation, but no—
it was only a clasp of hands, the greet-
ing, "Christ is arisen!" a smile, and
the young men returned to their own
side of the house.

Our first experience at the theatre
here was rather laughable, as we
trusted the purchasing of tickets to a
friend who, we thought, knew more
about the seats than we. What was
our dismay on getting into these seats
to find that we could see only a corner
of the stage and the top of Faust's
head as he recited the monologue.
This was due to the circular shape of
the house, which makes it worse for you
the nearer the stage you get. L. tried
to get some of the seats which were
empty, but this was impossible, for
every seat in the house was sold and
of course belonged to the purchaser
for the evening. By a little judicious
bribing, however, he obtained places
for us on the stairs in the aisle of the
fourth shelf, where we were directly in
front of the stage, and could see it all,
though from a lofty standpoint. I say
"shelf," for it reminds one of a nice
arrangement of shelves for china, to
see these balconies one above the other,
even to the fifth at the top, and all so
prettily decorated; especially when
seen with the natural decorations of
youth and beauty, old age and wisdom,
and often royalty.

It seems "Faust" is put on the
stage in Dresden only at Easter, and
the second part is rarely played anywhere, so I considered myself fortunate in seeing the whole of it here.

We had the pleasure one evening of listening to the little nine-year-old pianist, Josef Hofman. His father is a musician in Warsaw, and justly proud of his promising son. The child has played before the Emperor and the Prince of Wales, and it is stated that he has been invited to go to England.

I should advise all who go to Dresden, with the hope of living economically, to hire a room and get dinner outside, rather than to take full board in the same house. Our room, with light, fire, breakfast, and service cost us only about $15 for the month. We got good dinners at different restaurants for twenty-five cents. This of course did not include coffee or the waiter's fee. We got the best of milk, cream, and butter just a few steps from our door, and excellent bread, too: so by the aid of a spirit lamp and the stove I was always able to prepare supper, and lunch whenever I wished. Our Fräulein loaned us the necessary dishes for our modest housekeeping, except such bits of the Dresden ware as I chose to purchase and keep for my own use. . . . I shall be glad to give any information possible to all who contemplate a journey to Germany.

To the Editors of the Student:

One afternoon, a few days since, the Senior class, accompanied by Professor Stanley, visited the gas-works. We were very kindly and cordially received by the superintendent, Mr. Shelton, who gave us an interesting account of the process by which the water-gas is prepared. It is substantially as follows:

In a retort lined with fire-bricks, ten feet deep by five feet in diameter, about a ton of hard anthracite coal is heated by a powerful blast, to a white heat, about 2,000 degrees. Steam is then forced into the retort, where the intense heat separates it into its components, oxygen and hydrogen. At the same time naphtha or some oil (any kind of oil or grease will do) is introduced and is vaporized by the heat. We then have in the retort hydrogen, from the water, carbon protoxide, from the coal, and carbureted hydrogen, from the naphtha. These products then pass into two other receivers, also lined with fire-bricks, and intensely heated, where they are united into a fixed gas. This compound next passes on to the 'scrubber,' a tank filled with wooden sieves, kept wet by a constant stream of water.

Here the gas by being finely divided is cleansed of its coal-tar coming from the naphtha, and the ammonia is absorbed by the water.

The crude gas is then stored in a huge tank, whence it is drawn and passed through the purifying apparatus—boxes filled with layers of lime—where the acid combinations of sulphur, from the coal, are removed. It is now stored in a gigantic holder sixty-five feet in diameter by forty feet in height, and is ready for the consumer. The receptacles for the gas and the purifying apparatus are the same as used in making the old coal-gas. This process, while being much cheaper than
the old method, is cleaner, and is not accompanied by so many disagreeable products. We were told that when the apparatus is cold, gas can be made in from four to five hours, while by the old method it took a day or two. Superintendent Shelton told us that the largest gas-tank in the world is in England; it is 250 feet in diameter and 200 feet in height. All returned well satisfied with the trip, and feeling very grateful for the information given so kindly, and at the same time in a manner showing a thorough knowledge of the scientific part of the process and a perfect mastery of the business.


LOCALS.

The gas has at last arrived.

"Have I spoilt you, Ruth?"
The new expression: "Git there, Eli!"

Mount David’s new name is Observatory Hill.

Prof. (lecturing)—"When I was a smaller boy."

Our old friend “Audience” paid us a visit a short time ago.


Oh, the cringe of the Senior Greek at a mistake in etymology!

"What would your mother have said if she had been there, Franklin?"

Prof.—"For what is aniline used?"

Little T.—"It is used for dyeing, ha, ha!"

Would that we were Freshmen, and could bask in the sunlight of four receptions.

"Iedition is the idea we form when we ideate an idea.” Thus quoth the metaphysician.

One of the Juniors had the misfortune to lose a part of his furniture a short time ago.

Prof.—"What do we paint houses for?" Miss J.—"To keep the shingles from rotting."

The Seniors found themselves minus any seats the first morning prayers were held in the small chapel.

Hatter (reciting on the subject of the "ego")—"When I stumble, I stumble upon myself, therefore I know myself."

It seemed to us that the Prof. rather cast a little reflection upon us when he said, "You have all noticed beer work."

A student in Chemistry thus accounts for the origin of the word lamp-black: "It is so called because it blacks lamps."

A few more sets of psychology questions and there will not remain enough well ones in the class to sit up with the sick.

The annual reception by the President to the Freshman Class occurred October 6th. They report a most enjoyable evening.

Bruce, Sophs., on your debates. Stick to your text, and give your opponents no rest till you have driven them out of sight. Glory awaits you, and the victor’s crown.

The Freshmen declaimers are claiming a large share of our attention. May
the good work go on, and may the oratorical aspirations in their several breasts expand and fructify.

Sophomores are renowned for their wisdom. In the French recitation, the other day, one of them asked the Professor, "Is that last e final?"

"Tallow comes from stearin; stearin must come from steer (steer); therefore tallow comes from steer." Such is the reasoning of philologists.

When the Prof. called for the derivation of Mercaptan, it was suggested that it might have been so called because a mermaid married a captain.

"Oh why did she leave me
On the raging canal!"

Is what an unfortunate Senior has been singing since the excursion to the gasworks.

The Juniors have elected the following officers: President E. J. Small; Vice-President, Miss E. I. Chipman; Orator, Whittemore; Poet, Safford; Toast-Master, Daggett.

September 30th, Miss Frances E. Willard spoke in Auburn on the temperance question. As a public speaker she is a woman of rare power. All the students were much pleased with her lecture.

The nearest approach that has been made to a Sophomore-Freshman baseball game, was effected by the Freshman nine taking their position on the ball ground a few minutes before recitation one day and demanding a game.

Some well-meaning (?) persons on the night of Sept. 25th, endeavored to paint the blackboards in the different recitation rooms, but as they were so ignorant or thoughtless as to use white paint, the job had to be done over again.

The following officers for the Senior class have been elected: President, Hamlet; Vice-President, Hatter; Orator, Tinker; Poet, Townsend; Prophet, Smith; Historian, Miss Pinkham; Odist, Johnson; Marshal, Oakes.

The Seniors recently visited the gasworks and made a thorough inspection of the process of gas making. The thanks of the class are due to the agent, who so kindly showed them around and explained the process to them.

Extract from a three-minute speech in the society, on the subject of "dogs": "Now we find no record in history that George Washington kept a dog, neither have I got one, hence there seems to be a striking resemblance between George and myself."

We hasten to correct a mistake in our last issue concerning the first son of an alumnus to enter the college. We stated that Mr. Emrich, of the class of '91, occupied that position, but since then we have been informed that W. B. Small, of the class of '85, is the real one.

The feast of Mondamin, Sept. 23d, at the Main Street Church, was attended by a large number of students. The feast consisted of boiled corn, corn pie, and Indian pudding. One tall and courtly Sophomore is reported to have feasted three times, and carried off five ears of corn in his pocket.

There is a great need of reform in language among the Seniors. In recita-
tion one of the famous linguists arose and said, "Prof., what is that new fangled notion?" Now such language is all very well in college, but when you get out among men, my dear fellow, you won't be understood by ως πολιθία.

The Prof. was speaking of miracles, and gave the following example of one: "If you should get up and see the sun at four o'clock in the morning, that would be a miracle." A smile passed round the class, and each one asked his neighbor whether the getting up at four o'clock in the morning, or seeing the sun at that time, would be the miracle.

One of the plumbers who put the gas pipes into the halls was a subject of general remark. As we watched him slowly rolling himself from foot to foot along the ground, we were forcibly reminded of Washington Irving's description of the fat Dutchman, in which he gave his dimensions as five feet six inches in height and six feet five inches in circumference.

The different figures on a blackboard sometimes make unexpected combination. It chanced the other day that the Professor wrote a chemical formula on the board just above a square figure which rested on two circles, so that the whole thing appeared like an old-fashioned stage coach. "Billy" noticed it first, and inquired if the formula was accustomed to ride on a coach.

One of the boys met his match the other day. He was speaking disparagingly to one of the lady students of their increase in number and remarked that Bates bid fair to end as it begun—a ladies' seminary. The lady sweetly assented, but suggested that a possible explanation might be found for this seeming retrogression, in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

Some of the Seniors are studying the elements with all the zeal of the ancient alchemists. They have established private laboratories in the "Gym," and in Parker Hall. One of these laboratories report the successful generation of hydrogen by simply pouring water upon zinc chips. We doubt not that the next news from these secret rendezvous of science will be that at last the method of transmuting all metals into gold has been discovered.

One of our male editors met with a serious accident a short time ago. Feeling exceptionally sprightly one morning he started for down town on the clean run. Now it chanced that before he got there, the upper part of his body overtook and passed his feet, so that he soon found himself making progress in a horizontal position rather than a vertical one. The ultimate result was a tumble, quickly followed by the exclamation, "bloody fool—tore those new pants."

Mr. Southwick, whose visit to us last term is remembered with pleasure by most of the students, recently delivered in Boston one of the Old South Lectures for Young People, on "How Patrick Henry Opposed the Constitution." Concerning Mr. S., the Boston Journal spoke as follows: "Mr. Southwick was the Old South first prize essayist for 1881, and has since won a place for himself on the force of the Herald. He
will be warmly welcomed by the young people of the Old South as the first of the Old South essayists who has had a place on the platform.

"What a jolly time!" "Aren't you tired?" and similar ejaculations, were heard among the party of Seniors on their return from their annual trip to the Falls. The rocks presented a somewhat animated scene that afternoon, boys and girls jumping, climbing, creeping, here, there, and everywhere. What we didn't see wasn't worth seeing. We saw the pot-holes; we saw the trap dyke; we saw the old man's face. Then we landed and visited the pumping station. As we were leaving there somebody proposed that we go into the gate-house. There we saw the method of working the gates, and also that of measuring the rain-fall. Altogether we added considerable to our stock of knowledge.

A live base-ball association has been formed this fall and a new constitution adopted. Under the new rules no student is considered a member of the association till he has signed the constitution. A majority of the students have joined the association, and several of the ladies. The nine has played one game with the Bowdoins and beat them ten to three. The following was the score:

### BATES.

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<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>B.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>P. O.</th>
<th>A. E.</th>
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### BOWDOIN.

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### PERSONALS.

#### ALUMNI.

'80.—H. L. Merrill is principal of the Hutchinson High School, Minn.

'80.—A. L. Woods, for six years principal of the High School at Harwich, Mass., has been elected principal of the city schools of Grafton, Dakota.

'81.—Dr. F. A. Twitchell, of Providence, R. I., has been elected a member of the school board of that city. Dr. Twitchell has built one business block in the city and is soon to erect another as well as a fine residence.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts has resigned his pastorate of the church of the Pilgrimage at Plymouth, Mass. He has received a call from the Union Church of Weymouth and Braintree at a salary of $2,000.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout has been preaching at Farmington with great acceptance.

'82.—J. C. Perkins is studying Theology at the Harvard Divinity School.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard, in partnership with Senator Vance, has purchased the New Britain (Conn.) Herald.
paper will be called the Herald and will be non-partisan.

'82.—L. T. McKenney has been elected principal of the High School at Harwich, Mass.

'83.—A. E. Millet was married in July to Miss Nora Perkins of Michigan.

'83.—W. H. Barber is preaching in the Methodist church at North Anson.

'84.—W. H. Davis is the successful principal of the Skowhegan High School.

'85.—Miss E. L. Knowles has left Salt Lake Academy to teach in Helena, Montana Territory.

'85.—F. S. Forbes was married to Miss Cora Gardner, of Corinna, Me., at Oberlin, Ohio, September 23d.

'85.—C. A. Washburn is principal of the High School at Fort Fairfield, Me.

'85.—E. H. Brackett is principal of the High School at Groveland, Mass.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin is principal of the Academy at Blue Hill.

'86.—E. A. Merrill is studying law in Minneapolis, Minn.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard is president of the Somerset County Teachers' Association for the ensuing year.

'86.—G. E. Paine will remain at home this winter.

'86.—J. W. Goff is studying law at Madison, Dakota.

'86.—J. W. Flanders is in the employ of the St. Paul and Milwaukee Railroad, at Portage City, Wis.

'87.—Jesse Bailey is teaching Mathematics in Talladega College, Alabama.

'87.—H. E. Cushman is studying Theology in Tufts College.

'87.—E. C. Hayes is teaching the Lisbon High School.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield is studying law in the Columbia Law School.

'87.—[Correction.] E. K. Sprague is steward in a hospital on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

'87.—L. G. Roberts is teaching at Brewer.

'87.—C. S. Pendleton was married to Miss Marian Sawyer of Norwich, N. Y., at the residence of the bride's parents, on September 13th. On their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton visited Niagara Falls, Watkin's Glen, and other points of interest in New York.

THEOLOGICAL.

Rev. R. D. Frost has recently accepted a call to preach at the Free Baptist Church on Block Island.

STUDENTS.

'88.


Miss R. A. Hilton is teaching in the Lewiston High School.

'89.

I. N. Cox has been elected business manager of the Bates Student for the coming year.

Thomas Singer is teaching in Waldoboro.

F. J. Daggett is teaching in Georgetown.

J. I. Hutchinson is teaching in Buxton Center.

I. N. Cox and W. T. Guptill teach in the evening schools.
'90.—C. A. Record is teaching in Brownfield.

'91.—W. M. Getchell and Mr. Graves have joined the class.

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**EXCHANGES.**

We have welcomed during the past month many of our old exchanges and some new ones. Some appear in new covers and are otherwise improved.

The *Tuftonian* is hardly up to its usual high standard. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that the editors are left to do nearly all the writing. Its cry is the cry of nearly every college paper, "We have few articles contributed by those not on the editorial board."

*Student Life*, from Washington University, St. Louis, is a very creditable publication. We would suggest that you devote some space to the doings of your alumni.

The *College Rambler* has an abundance of spicy locals. This is a good feature in any paper, as the locals are the first, and sometimes, we fear, the only thing read. We fail to see the propriety of heading a column of obituary notices with "Auld Lang Syne."

The *Troy Polytechnic* contains a glowing account of a cane-rush. "The contestants appeared stripped to the waist and greased with vaseline. In order that the Freshmen might not mistake each other for opponents, they had been marked with great daubs of blue and yellow paint, and had green cords on their waists and black court-plaster on their foreheads and shoulders." Truly, college students do well when they grease and paint and go to war, Indian fashion.

The *Hesperus*, from Denver University, is almost entirely devoted to descriptions of the various departments in the university and the work that is being done in them. They have a department of fine arts, a conservatory of music, a business college, and are erecting a four-story brick and stone building, 67 x 85, for a manual training school.

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**COLLEGE PRESS.**

We are are glad to see the growing sentiment exhibited by the college press against "cane-rushing." That excess of animal spirits can be turned into more legitimate channels, there can be no doubt. We take pleasure in quoting the following sentiments from some of our leading exchanges:

The *Princetonian* says: "Past experience has conclusively shown that no good has accrued to our institution by the practice of those boyish freaks of pleasure forbidden by the college law. The prosperity of the past year was never surpassed, a fact due mainly to the unusual quiet and close application to duty which prevailed among the undergraduates."

The *Amherst Student* contains the following: "The *Student* has not yet spoken decidedly against the Sophomore-Freshman cane-rush, but at the present time it is believed not to be too far in advance of the general sentiment of the college to urge that the excess of animal spirits in the two lower classes and the disinterested advice of upper-
classmen should be combined on Blake Field rather than on the campus. The tactics of the rush-line give abundant opportunity for the display of all the pluck and endurance that Sophomores and Freshmen can muster, with somewhat fewer chances for bloody fisticuffs and for the high-sounding stories of individual prowess, repeated by the individuals themselves, after some of these nightly combats. Not for many years has there been more apathy in regard to the cane-rush and at the same time more exclusive interest in football. It is not claimed that the two facts have any necessary dependence on one another; nevertheless, such an inference is quite possible."

The Williams Weekly gets at the core of the whole matter in the following: "Conversation with many of the leading men in the upper classes would decidedly indicate that a change had taken place in college sentiment in the matter of at least one of the old-time customs. Cane-rushing at Williams is very nearly a thing of the past. It requires but the assertion of opinion by its opponents to bring it to a timely end. Many who two years ago were ardent supporters of the traditions of the college, who regarded cane-rushing as an inoffensive form of amusement, which deserved recognition for its eminently respectable age, and among them some who suffered for their convictions, have begun to question themselves whether, after all, the custom was worth its cost. Year after year some of the most popular and genial men in a class have made havoc of their college course to evince their belief in a principle which some of them supported from class spirit in no small degree, while the men whose loud tongues forced the fray, skulk under cover or retreat in the fear of injury to their clothing. It is the just for the unjust. It is time that the custom died. Cane-rushing does nothing so well as the arousing of an inter-class hatred which closely affects every college interest. Few will dissent at present from the opinion that it is a useless custom. How can it be abolished? Only by energetic public opinion. It is possible for a little knot of men to engage a whole class in a row which only a small number relish. Class spirit compels them. But once let college sentiment be asserted, and a speedy end comes upon every scheme. If the amount of interest that is centered upon a cane-rush and its incidental excitements were fixed on legitimate college matters, whether in field sports or literary work, Williams would be sure of a rank in both cases not inferior to any college in the land."

LITERARY NOTES.

The Phrenological Journal for October gives its readers an abundance of interesting and instructive reading. The following are a few of the subjects treated: "Observations in Mesmerism Forty Years Ago," "Christian Religion, its History and Divisions," "Healthy vs. Injurious Brain Work," "Should Women Remain in the Medical Profession?" The Journal will be sent three months for 25 cents. Fow-
The Youth's Companion is another of our friends. It is so well known, and its reputation is so firmly established, that no words of ours can add to its popularity. It has a permanent hold upon old and young by means of its good stories and pleasing anecdotes.

The Morning Star is also deserving of mention. It is ably edited and should be in the home of every Free Baptist family.

Prof. Loisette's new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of 200 each, 250 at Meriden, 300 at Norwich, 100 Columbia Law Students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Pennsylvania, etc. Such patronage and the endorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale, etc., place the claim of Prof. Loisette upon the highest ground.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Yale:

Yale opened on the twenty-first with the largest entering class in her history.

Stagg has been elected captain of the Yale nine.

There are thirty-eight candidates for positions on the Yale Freshmen crew. They will go into training within a very short time.

The Freshmen at Yale have proved themselves vastly superior to the Sophomores in the noble and exhilarating science of "rushing."

The son of the Evangelist, Moody, of Chicago, and also the son of Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, entered the Freshman class at Yale this year.

The Yale law school opened with the largest Junior class on record, the number being about 70.

Harvard:

The Volunteer is the third yacht designed by a Harvard man and owned by a Harvard man that defended the America cup.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is expected home on the 26th, after an absence of about ten months in Europe and Northern Africa.

Harvard supports fifty-three student organizations.

Knowlton, Andover's experienced catcher, intends to enter Harvard this year.

Princeton:

A new collection of Princeton's songs has just been published.

The "Whig" and "Clio" societies at Princeton expect to build new halls, to cost $5,000 each. The "Whig" society was founded by James Madison; the "Clio," by Aaron Burr.

General:

Cornell University opened with 414 new men, 351 of whom are in the Freshman class, 50 in the law department, and 13 post-graduates.

Senator Stanford recently said, in reference to "Stanford University," which he has founded and endowed: "It will be built with a sole regard to the poor; no rich man's son or daugh-
ter will want to come there. My University will absorb my wealth and be a monument to the memory of my son. The poor alone will be welcome."

***

AMONG THE POETS.

SUNSET.

Gloom comes with eve, and cloud drifts lie
O'er summits old,
All lone and cold.
Lo! sunset's golden arrows fly
In splendid path across the sky,
And sombre gray
Is chased away.
So thou, dear heart, shall lose thy sorrow.
All glorious behold on high
Thy promise of the glad to-morrow.

—Brunonian.

PREDESTINATION.

Two rosy lips are tempting me,
'Twas a chance too good to miss,
Quicker than thought I bent me down
And softly imprinted a kiss.
"Forgive me, Dolly," I pleaded hard,
"I couldn't help it, dear,
We all are the victims of fate, you know.
And I am the worst, I fear."

A look of pity came over her face
As a cloud sweeps over the sun;
"Poor boy, what a terrible thing is fate
To rule thus o'er every one;
But a sudden thought comes to me now,
Ah me, it will well cause you pain;
Perhaps, since you are the victims of fate,
You're predestined to do it again."

—Lampoon.

ENGAGED.

Engaged? Well, yes, I suppose so,
Thanks, awfully, old fellow!
Congratulations you know
They make me feel quite mellow.

Here's to her? With pleasure,
To her eyes so bright and laughing,
And her smile it filled the measure
Of happiness, hold your chaffing!

What's that? You don't want to miss it?
When is the ceremony?
Well, in truth, since I must confess it,
We're engaged for next summer only.

—Record.

NATURE'S POEM.

Dame Nature once in God-like mood
Was with poetic fire imbued;
So, calling to her aid each Grace
That lived in secret woody place,
She robbed the roses of their hues,
She stole the freshness of the dews,
Their purity from lilies took,
Their perfumes from the violets shook;
And thus with her wild offspring's aid
Was Nature's perfect poem made.

Such grace it had she could not bear
To see it lying lifeless there,—
With glowing breath she made it human,
And called her fairest poem Woman.

—Harvard Monthly.

CLIPPINGS.

"HE."

'Twas at college first I met him,
There competing for a prize:
And he gave his deep oration.
All his soul within his eyes.

'Twas a masterpiece, in Latin,
Full of feeling, fire, and thought,
Rich with wild, poetic fancies
Through the phrases interwrought.

And his proud young face shone on me,
And his clear young voice rang loud.
Leaving in my ear an echo
O'er the plaudits of the crowd.

Then I listened, thrilled, enraptured,
Hung on every ringing tone,
'Till the heart within my bosom
Beat for him and him alone.

On my breast I wore his colors,
Love's sweet tribute to his fame;
And while thinking of him ever
To my heart I called his name.

And we met again—'twas summer;
I had waited long and well.
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I was down beside the sea-shore,  
Stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Seated all alone at dinner,  
Wrapped in serious thought was I,  
When a voice, so deep and tender,  
Murmured, "Peach, or lemon pie?"

Then I looked up, pale and trembling;  
There "he" stood within my sight,  
In a waiter's badge all shining,  
And a waiter's coat of white.

He had hired there for the summer;  
And his wild, poetic heart  
Now was struggling through the mazes  
Of a dinner, a la carte.

So I turned me coldly from him,  
With a sad and sobbing sigh;  
After all my weary waiting  
All I said was "Lemon pie!"

—Katie K., in Judge.

Mrs. Hayseed (whose son is at college)—"George writes that he is taking fencin' lessons." Mr. Hayseed—"I'm glad o' that. I'll set him a diggin' post-holes when he gits home."—New York Sun.

Just of age is Jones's sweetheart;  
When he asked the little wit  
If she loved him, she said pertly,  
"Just 18-ty little bit."  
—Tid-Bits.

English Traveler—"Can you speak English?" Waiter—"Nein." Englishman—"Then send some one to me who can."—Niagara Index.

Miss Jones—"Don't you think, Mr. Hela, that Miss Brown, whom you met last evening, is a very plain person?" Mr. Hela—"Yes, indeed; I think she is the homeliest girl I ever saw, present company always ex-serum-that-is-yes, yes, she's mighty plain."—Phila. News.

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first time)—"Aw. Pardon, musheer. Avrez voo la bongte de me dere onusque je pou trouve le Grand Hotel?" Frenchman (in English)—"Turn three streets to the right, go straight ahead, and then to the left." Harvard Graduate (enviously)—"I'll bet my boots he didn't learn English at college."—Town Topics.

Herr Professor X — was afflicted with a serious malady, and at a conference with his brother physicians he declared that he had diagnosed his case and found that he must die in six days. At the end of six days, however, he was convalescent, and his wife said to him: "Thank God, dear, you will live." "Live!" he answered. "Don't you see I must die or I'd ruin my reputation."—From the German.

He—"Then you love me?" She—"I do." He—"And may I speak to your pa?" She—"No. Speak to ma. Pa ain't anybody in this house."

Poet—"A penny for your thoughts."
Beautiful maiden—"They are not worth it." P.—"What were you thinking of?" B. M.—"Of your last poem."

Ponsonby—"Sir, I have come to request the honor of your daughter's hand in marriage." Pompano—"Impossible, never will I give my consent." Ponsonby (anxiously)—"Is your decision fixed—irrevocable?" Pompano (firmly)—"It is." Ponsonby (much relieved)—"Thanks, awfully. Nellie has been pesterimg me to ask you, and I did it just to oblige her."—Philadelphia Call.
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MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents.

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