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VOLUME XV.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of '88,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

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As we are about to lay down the editorial pen, we wish to extend our thanks to those of the alumni and undergraduates who have so kindly contributed to the columns of the Student during the past year.

Though the contributors have not been as numerous as we could have wished, still our regrets in this direction do not detract from, but rather enhance, our gratitude to the few who have remembered us. Perhaps some who read this, if any do, may be induced to contribute to the next volume, in order that they may take advantage of the liberal remuneration which we make to our contributors, not to mention the world-wide fame thus gained.

We wish to say a word in praise of our printers before we sever our connection with the Student. Probably no newspaper in the country has a more obliging and competent foreman than the Journal. It has been owing, in a large measure, to the kindness of Mr. Hale that we have been enabled to get the Student out on time. The freedom of the Student from typographical errors may also be attributed in part to the painstaking and efficient
efforts of the proof-reader, Mrs. Hatch. Our proof-sheets contain fewer errors than many of our exchanges. To both of these we extend our hearty thanks for their assistance. In the future we shall always look back with pleasure to our visits to the Journal job room.

WONDER if it ever occurred to the college authorities that these seats are hard." Thus mused a Student editor, as he sat on one of the uncushioned seats of the large chapel, during one of the prolonged exercises of last term, writhing in physical pain. "Probably they never did," he thought, "but I, by virtue of the celebrity vested in me as editor of a paper, will apprise them of this fact, and will offer a suggestion whereby this hardness can be made soft." And this is the suggestion which he would make: let all the seats in the large chapel be provided with cushions. Then, and not till then, will it be possible for students and visitors to attend the public exercises of the college, and go away with a clear conscience, feeling that no harsh or revengeful thoughts have entered their minds.

OUGHT dramatic selections to compete for the prize, or, what is virtually the same thing, should they be excluded from the programme, is a question often brought forward for solution.

As regards the general character of the public exercises, it would doubtless make very little difference which way it was decided, if only the private work of the students was not affected thereby.

It was said in a recent number of the Student that our professor was a teacher of declamations, not of dramatics. We think this statement was made carelessly, and without warrant from the instructor in this department. As well leave the emotional out of life, the seasoning out of food, as to neglect the cultivation of the dramatic powers. A declamation is only half given by one who has not the skill to bring his whole nature into sympathy with the speaker whose words he utters, and the occasion that called for them.

A speech often demands higher dramatic ability than selections of a different character, though a poor speaker's blunders and lack of spirit are less discernable here than elsewhere.

Private exercise in dramatic pieces is of the utmost importance, but it is not advisable to inflict this practice upon an audience. To render a dramatic or poetical selection without making it painful to people of good taste, the vocal organs must be flexible, and the mind trained to think and feel the situations described.

However, the dramatic reader is not an actor. His rendering should always carry with it a descriptive element. In no case should it become a theatrical performance. The object in view is a general effect, and one part must not be made more real than another.

It is very good advice not to read too much desultorily, but to read connectedly; yet there is great pleasure
in literary browsing, as it might be termed, if it is not carried to an extreme. To one cozily ensconced in a big arm chair, before a glowing coal grate, it is occasionally agreeable to read without any fixed plan, dipping now into this, and now into that volume. By chance, taking up first, perhaps, an essay of Emerson or Carlyle on "Self-Reliance," "Circle," "Art." or "Nerval," "The Signs of the Times"; then change our style, taking up a volume of "dear, crocheted, gentle" Charles Lamb, and read the "Confessions of Edax," "Grace Before Meat," or some other of the delightful essays of Elia. Laying this aside, take down Macaulay, and read his essay on Dante or Milton; his smooth and beautiful periods will carry us into the very lands and times of the "father of Tuscan literature" and "the glory of English literature." Pass a day now and then in this way and see if it is not enjoyable. But this, you say, is nothing but a medley. Yet what is more pleasing in times of weariness than a musical medley. Just as we sometimes like a mixed dinner, and just as in a social gathering we like to have a little circle in conversation so that we need not always talk to the same person, so do we occasionally enjoy this kind of reading.

THE American Tariff League, in the October number of The Tariff League Bulletin, repeats the offer made last year to college students, as follows:

ANNUAL COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAYS.
The American Protective Tariff League offers to the students of Senior classes of colleges and universities in the United States a series of prizes for approved essays on "Home Production Indispensable to a Supply at Low Prices of the Manufactured Commodities Required for the People of the United States, and Adequate Home Production of these Commodities Impossible Without a Protective Tariff."

Competing essays not to exceed ten thousand words, signed by some other than the writer's name, to be sent to the office of the League, No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before April 1, 1888, accompanied by the name and address of the writer, and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the college to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful essays have been determined) marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the essay.

Awards will be made, June 1, 1888, as follows: For the best essay—two hundred and fifty dollars; for the second best—one hundred dollars; for the third best—fifty dollars; and for other essays deemed especially meritorious, silver medals of original and approved design.

It will be remembered that Mr. Cushman, of the class of '87, the only competing member of our college last year, received one of the medals.

N OT long since one of our students had occasion, as is often the case, to "make up" a term's work in a certain study, during vacation. Having several weeks to devote to the work, he began diligently to study, and having no irrelevant or conflicting lines of thought, soon became deeply interested in the work. He procured books from the library for parallel reading, and when the work was finished, declared that he had enjoyed the work better and learned more from it than he could have done if he had pursued the usual course.

There is an idea contained in this that is perhaps new, and may seem at
first sight visionary. We have never known such a course to be pursued in any college, and doubtless there would be serious objections on some other grounds, but there certainly could not fail to be an advantage derived from so dividing our work that we should give a certain length of time, say a third of a term, to the pursuit of one study only. Then, having mastered that, or done the equivalent of a term’s work, turn to another with the evident advantage and recreation of a change in line of thought. Thus the whole energy could be directed into one channel, and the student, if he be a real student, would become full of the subject for the time, and thus obtain the greatest good, for concentration means power, and power rightly applied means execution.

The visionary says: If the wealth of the country be equally divided among its citizens, all men will be equal. He forgets that the inequality between the rich and the poor is far less than between the wise and the ignorant. Give the poor man a few dollars and cents and he will be the equal of the rich.

But how wide is the difference, in thought, aspiration, often in motive, between the learned and the illiterate, Anerbach says: “Culture makes men unequal. There must some day be a system of culture which will make men equal; then only the right and true.” The question which confronts the college graduate is not, how can I best show my superiority over the unlearned; but, how can I make my knowledge most efficient in helping my less fortunate brothers and sisters. This question has been partially answered by the young women in the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. Preliminary meetings have been held at Cambridge, towards forming a Woman’s University Association for work in the poorer districts of London. It is proposed that a house be rented and maintained as the residence of educated women, whose business it shall be to promote the welfare of the poor women about them. As a union of college students for the purpose of educating and uplifting suffering women, this plan presents a new feature of charitable work. Whether or not it be practicable to form such an association, in this country, is a question for consideration. In any case, the spirit which prompted it is worthy of cultivation among all American college girls.

H— is a good speaker, but he is nothing else,” said a friend in conversation, the other day. Such a remark is the outgrowth of a wrong conception of what is needful to make a good speaker.

A person can bring out of a selection only what is in himself. Possessing a fairly good voice and some power of mimicry, he may, it is true, engage an elocution teacher to tow him into port, but his safe arrival attests nothing concerning his own ability as a helmsman. It is an error to draw conclusions from the efforts of a mere mimic.

The test of a good speaker is not so much what he can do under the instruction of another, as what he can do...
by himself. It is not what he may receive, but what he has to impart.

Instruction is necessary at first, and the best is always the cheapest; but the good received is determined, not by what can be done with a single selection, but by what is assimilated for all time. If a man can do nothing else, he cannot speak. The good speaking, poor scholar does not exist.

Sometimes, however, a good scholar may be a poor speaker; but this seeming exception to the general rule always indicates a weakness of body or of character.

Those who suffer from nervous debility are really unfortunate; but they are the only ones who have a right to the name of good scholar, if, at the same time, they are forced to acknowledge themselves poor speakers.

The ability to speak well is not a mere accomplishment. It is a necessity to the most efficient work, and no student can afford to slight any opportunity for that cultivation of voice and mind requisite to the right interpretation of good authors. No time for rhetoricals is usually no inclination for them, and unless a pupil has gained a high standing in this department by previous work, he wrongs himself to make such an excuse.

I believe they are doing more for their young men down there than we are up at Harvard.” So Edward Everett Hale commends Bates. Our Alma Mater has done all this for us on an endowment which, by comparison with that of other institutions, appears not half adequate. By what sacrifices of friends and faculty the almost miracle has been wrought, it is not our present purpose to record.

We now rejoice in the prospect of seeing the endowment of our beloved Bates doubled. The Belcher will, recently sustained at court, secures us property that will net at least $40,000. The Wood will, still waiting the action of the Massachusetts courts, assigns us $35,000. Mr. Cobb pledges $25,000 and a Boston gentleman $30,000 more, payable as soon as $75,000 are raised among other friends of the college. Of the $75,000 that are the condition of these large gifts, $25,000 are already raised. Dr. Cheney and Prof. Chase expect $25,000 more from friends with whom they hold correspondence. This leaves a critical $25,000 to be provided for, the raising of which will secure $130,000.

The following plan has been adopted for securing this $25,000. The sum is to be used to endow a professorship, to be named the Fullonton professorship, in honor of our noble veteran, the grand old man-genius, that, turning his back on wealth and honor, has given his whole life to serving as an educator among us. Any person that now gives $1,000 not only helps to secure the $130,000 and endow the Fullonton Professorship, but may, if he please, have also the privilege of naming a scholarship. Every person giving any amount, from one dollar upward, will receive a certificate of the gift, measuring 11 x 14 inches, suitable for framing, and bearing a fine steel engraving, which is an excellent likeness of the venerable doctor. Or if any prefer the
engraving with no certificate upon it, they will have their choice. Seven thousand six hundred and fifteen dollars remain to be paid on the alumni note. An arrangement with the Trustees is expected, by which all gifts of alumni toward the present object can be endorsed as payments on the note. And they will now be worth several times as much as payments made at another time. Money should be sent to Addison Small, treasurer of the college, to be addressed at the Manufacturers and Mechanics' National Bank of Lewiston. Send your full name so as to have it engrossed upon your certificate.

With this number the present Board of Editors close their labors upon the Student. The new board has been elected, and, judging the future by the past, the Student will not suffer by the change. It is one of the evils of having all the editors appointed from one class that the editors are all without any experience whatever. But usually the new board make up in enthusiasm what they lack in experience, and no serious results are manifest. When we undertook our labors the only promise we made was that we should endeavor to have the paper represent the college and not a class. Whether we have succeeded or not we leave our readers to judge. Our aim has been to voice the sentiments of our alumni and of every class in college. If we have failed in doing this, it is because they refused to accept the privileges offered them.

We have tried to make the paper interesting to alumni by an increased number of "Alumni Personals," and "Communications." To this end many letters have been written to our graduates, some with doubtful success. Graduates should remember that the Student is their paper, and that any items of interest about themselves will be read with interest by all the alumni. It was also our belief that the greater part of the writing, outside of the departments noticed, should be by undergraduates. We had hoped to induce those of other classes to write for the Student. In this we signal failed, not having received a single contribution. This threw a great deal of work upon the editors; and no former board of editors has written so much for the Student as the present. They did this not from choice but from necessity.

A new feature has been added to this year's Student, that of stories. The editors of '87 offered a prize for stories, but without success. This year we have done a little better. It is a growing tendency with all college publications to give up the labored criticisms and essays upon hackneyed subjects and write stories. The lives of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Napoleon, and Adams, and Jefferson have been harped upon until editors begin to feel that it is best to let the poor men "Requiescant in Pace." Even the learned criticisms from the pen of ambitious Freshmen, upon the essays of Bacon and Macaulay, or upon the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, are becoming rather stale, and editors are seeking relief in stories. Whether for better or worse they seem
to be gaining ground in the college publications.

Our efforts have not been in vain, for probably no paper has received more frequent and favorable notice from the college press than the Bates Student. Every department, at some time or other, has been favorably commented upon. We have been frequently quoted, and extracts published. And now our work is ended. With feelings of mingled joy and sadness we close our labors. Joy that we will have more time for reading and study, and will not have occasion to "flunk" so often. Sorrow as we part from the Student, as from a friend that we have zealously watched and cared for. Our interest in it, however, does not cease. We shall ever watch its progress, hoping that future boards may raise it to a higher standard than we were able to attain.

THE thought has often occurred to us, is not this talk about the great influence of college graduates among their fellows coming to be a sounding but empty phrase. What are they doing as a distinct class, which shall warrant such an assumption? The workers in civil and religious bodies are as likely to be men who never traced a parabolic curve or conjugated a Greek verb, as those who have performed such tasks. In politics it is too often the case that the worst element in society rules, not so much because they are in a majority, as because they throw themselves into the work with more vigor. Surely if government is worth maintaining, the obligations of citizenship are as binding upon the college graduate as upon the ignorant foreigner and workingman. Neither do the colleges and college students exert an influence for the welfare of the country which they might.

Upon the great social questions of the day there is an apathy pervading our college papers ill-becoming the institutions which they represent. It is true that we occasionally see in our exchanges a pleasingly worded article upon some phase of the social question; but they usually end with an allusion to George Washington, or an appeal to the Goddess of Liberty, to allay all strife among her children, or perchance, with a few lines of poetry. This does not hit the mark. Brilliant but specious rhetoric will never check the growth of Socialism in this country. Yet it lies within the power of college papers to do much to check its growth. By the time students gain positions upon their college papers, they have, by reading, observation, and study, gained a general knowledge of the principles of Sociology, and many have made extensive investigations in this science.

Now if concerted action could be brought about among our college papers, a respectable, nay, an influential sheet upon this science and its application to the events of the day, could be published weekly by an associated college press. Then let this paper be sent broadcast among the laboring classes. This paper should discuss the labor troubles and strikes in an impartial way: it should uphold the laborer and denounce the employer when jus-
tice demands it, or **vice versa**, and above all it should teach, in plain and simple language, the cardinal laws of well regulated society.

It is true that it would require money to carry out this scheme, but there are plenty of men in the country who would furnish the means for such an enterprise if it were once started.

Such papers as the *Arbiter Zeitung*, the *Alarm*, and the *Labor Enquirer*, filled with the most seditious articles, the most glaring falsehoods, are sent free into the homes of thousands of workingmen. Surely the so called upper classes in our country can afford to send; at least, one paper to place by the side of these.

We think this subject of forming an associated college press for the purpose of publishing a paper devoted to the labor interests of the country and to the teachings of social science, should be considered at the next meeting of college editors.

A great interest of late has been awakened among our colleges, upon the subject of foreign missions: and this is well. But, as Senator Frye remarked in his recent address at Portland, before the Home Mission Society, "we should begin at Jerusalem." Here is an opportunity for missionary work of the most practical kind. Let us embrace it.

---

**LITERARY.**

**AN OPEN SECRET.**

By A. C. T., '88.

The latest lingering sunset rays
Had glanced athwart the summer skies,
And Nature, in her myriad forms,
Was waiting sleep with half-closed eyes.

The last beam glimmered faintly in
Upon a chamber bare and high,
Where sat a scientist alone,
With spectroscope and lenses nigh.

Long years he'd sought with patient toil
To look beyond what man had seen,—
To open volumes never unclasped,
And trace the steps where God had been.

He'd reached the verge of the unknown,
But science still stretched on before;
And like a pilgrim at a shrine,
He stood at Nature's temple door.

He bent above the instrument now,
With eager, nervous, questioning gaze,
To read the secret laws of light
Told by those fading evening rays.

He'd waited years for this one hour,
And years must pass, and boys be men
Before conditions like to these
By mortals would be seen again.

And yet 'twas slipping from his grasp;
No power of his could stay the light,
And with the sun its secret great
Was going down in deeper night.

"Oh, for one hour of daylight more,"
He cried, "to read the great unknown!
I would give years of other hours
Would Nature grant me this one boon.

"Is then the wish to know a crime,
That thus our eyes are bandaged tight?
Was man in God's own image made,
Yet must not seek diviner light?"

"Unyielding Nature, can thy laws
Be never changed by him on high?
Will not the search for truth divine
The aid of Heaven justify?"

As thus disconsolate he sat,
And almost cursed the powers above,
That thus the door of knowledge closed,
And hid the truth he sought to prove,

It seemed the light returned again,
And at his side proclaimed a voice:
"One year of daylight thou shalt have,
See thou dost not regret thy choice."

One year of daylight! Wondrous boon!
How much of knowledge might be gained!
Nature would yield the secret now,
E'er night again the world enchained!
Obedient to the promise now,
The sun along its track returned,
Till in the southern sky it stood,
And like a blazing meteor burned.
The child of science quick resumed
His eager search for truths unknown;
For much must yet remain unsolved,
When years of zealous search had flown.
The secret laws of light he solved;
And still he laboring strove to know
More and yet more, as step by step
Each truth new fields of truth would show.
At length, exhausted by his toil,
He sought to gain repose in sleep;
But low the same voice said again:
With Nature thou must vigil keep.
"Nature foregoes her nightly rest,
For one year as a boon to thee,
Thou must not slumber in that time,
If thou the realms of truth would see."
And so the long hours came and went—
Not days and nights, for days were not;
And Nature took a deathly hue,
Like shimmering desert, dry and hot.
The air was like a furnace blast,
No nightly dews refreshed the plain;
And babbling brook and bubbling spring,
By man and beast were sought in vain.
The woods and fields were crisp and sere,
And man and beast lay down and died;
But he who'd willed this work of woe,
Though envying them, must still abide.
And through long, weary, burning hours
He looked with sleepless, haggard eye
To see this blight on Nature's face;
To see his fellow-mortals die.
"Oh, why were Nature's laws not fixed
Beyond the power of man to move
By his blind will or idle wish
The harmony designed in love?"
Thus cried the conscience-stricken man,
As on the woeful scene he gazed;
Then shut his eyes to hide the sight,
And hide those dazzling, noon-tide rays.
A moment only thus he sat,
Then turned to view the scene once more;
But lo, the world was draped in night,
All star-lit as it was of yore.
He had but slept and dreamed the while;
But though his problems were unsolved,
He'd found a deeper, grander law,
By which the universe revolved.
That everywhere is harmony,
In grain of sand or blazing sun.
Each atom knows the unchanging law,
And myriad systems moved as one.
The blended tints that please the eye,
The soothing sounds that charm the ear
Own their allegiance to that law
That guides a rain-drop or a sphere.
All special laws are golden links
To make complete the chain of this
That binds the unseen to the seen,
And spans the unknown dark abyss.
No change has ever come, or will,
But in appointed, rhythmic time;
For changes are but accents in
Creation's melody sublime.

WHICH?
BY PHENIX, '88.

I.

IT was a sultry afternoon in the latter part of August, 188—. The sun threw its beams over the sparkling waves of the Atlantic, brightening up the weather-beaten sails of the returning vessels and imparting to the smoke of the outward-bound steamer a golden tinge. It was one of those days, when, after the excessive heat and toil of midsummer, all nature seems resting. The birds twittered and chirped among the branches, and the flies buzzed lazily. The same air of indolence characterized the two young men on shore. Tom Benton lay upon the green sward, his hat over his eyes, apparently sleeping. Frank Wythe leaned over the limb of an adjoining tree and gazed out over the water, a thoughtful, troubled look
in his large hazel eyes. These young men had been close companions from childhood. They had played and studied, and almost lived together, and the following week intended to enter the same college.

"I say, Tom," said Wythe abruptly, "is there any truth in the rumor that you have broken your engagement with Miss Templeton?" The fellow addressed as Tom rolled over and rising into a sitting posture asked, "Who told you anything about it?" "That doesn't answer my question, perhaps I only imagined it. At any rate, I would like to hear the truth from you."

"Well, rumor is right for once." "In the name of all that's good, how did it happen?" "It didn't happen." "You don't mean to say that you broke the engagement without cause?" "Not exactly that, and if you will restrain your impatience enough to listen I will tell you all about it. You see ever since we decided to go to college I have been thinking that it was not best for young fellows like us to be engaged. I hinted as much to her; she asked me if I was in earnest. I told her that I was. Then she fired up in a moment, and springing to her feet she drew the engagement ring from her finger and tossed it to me saying, 'Sir, you may consider yourself free.' I tried to explain but she would not listen, and with a cold 'Good-night, Mr. Benton,' left the room."

"I admire her spirit. Any girl with a proper amount of pride would have acted the same under the circumstances, but, I confess, Tom, that I am disappointed in you. It is not so light a thing as you seem to think to trample upon a woman's affection."

"Pshaw! you don't look at it in the right light."

"If there is a right light I wish you would help me see it."

"How can I when you snap the words out of my mouth before I have time to explain anything?"

"I will be quiet," said Frank, as he seated himself on the ground in the attitude of a listener. Tom was silent for a few moments, and then began speaking as though he had arranged all his reasons in the form of an argument.

"In the first place, Frank, a boy of twenty or twenty-one is too young to know his own mind; he sees a pretty girl and immediately falls in love; then if she is as simple as he they will be engaged. Now the chances are that if they had waited five years they would see nothing to admire in each other. Then again I don't think long engagements desirable. After a couple have been engaged eight or ten years they have used up about all their sentiment, and even if they finally marry they don't live very happily together. If they separate, after such a long engagement, one of their lives has been wasted. So I think it best to break when as little damage as possible has been done.

"There are still other objections in the case of students. If a fellow is engaged to a charming girl he will have to write long letters to the fair one; have to sit with his eyes open and dream of her, or even leave his studies and make flying visits home, ostensibly
to see his mother, but in reality to get a look at his best girl. Now I have ambition. I am determined that nothing but lack of ability shall keep me from the first place in my class, unless you hold it. But my strongest reason is this. The boy that takes a college course and then follows some literary pursuit, soon outgrows the girl who graduated from the high school or academy with him. He spends several years in hard study, she spends the same years in desultory reading; the result is they grow apart. They are no longer interested in the same things. They are practically separated, and in such a union there can be no happiness. For my part, I want a wife that will be a help not a hindrance. One that will be interested in everything that interests me, and not one who thinks more of the village gossip and Mrs. A.’s new bonnet than of the affairs of state or nation. I tell you I have thought this thing over thoroughly and I can see nothing in favor, and everything against it. For a fellow of your disposition it may be all right, but I think I did the best thing under the circumstances."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Tom, starting up. "It is only in books that young ladies pine in solitude and die of broken hearts. When she is fat and forty, an affectionate wife and a model housekeeper, she will have forgotten all about our little affair, or if she happens to give it a thought, it will be a thought of our folly."

"I am afraid you are reasoning against your better self. In all your arguments there is a grain of truth, but no such weight as you attach to them. I would not advise young men about to enter college to become engaged, in fact I might even counsel the opposite, but if a young man has already been engaged that alters the question. Another factor enters into the problem, and you must then consider the interests and feelings of two instead of one. As to boys of twenty being too young to know their own minds that is sheer nonsense. You know, as well as I, that the happiest marriages result where the parties have known each other from childhood. In your reasoning against long engagements you take it for granted that one party or the other will break the engagement and thus cause irreparable evil; or you say that they will use up all their sentiment and so have none when they are married. If this is true and right to separate. But supposing that she loves you, as I believe she does, that alters the case. Think of the pain and agony it will cause a girl of her proud, sensitive, and loving nature. Her pride will keep her from making any exhibition of her feelings, yet in secret she may suffer intensely."

"Handsome and heartless," thought Wythe, as he watched Benton push the wavy black hair from his broad forehead, and noted the sparkle in his coal black eyes. Neither spoke for a time, and then Wythe began slowly: "Yes, Tom, it may be best for you, but was it right? In all your argument you lay feeling aside. If you did not love the girl, nor she you, then it was both best
of engagements, it is equally true of marriages, and people should hesitate to marry lest in a few years their sentiment will be exhausted and they be rendered unhappy. You say that it will take a young man's thoughts off his studies; that he will write long letters, and dream with open eyes of the fair one. Grant all this to be true and he will not lose half the time that many unengaged young men worse than waste in senseless flirtations. Your strongest point is that the boy who goes to college is very likely to outgrow the girl that remains at home. There is a danger of that, but much depends upon the girl. There are some who will not be left behind. Although they do not have the advantages of a college training they can adopt a course of reading and obtain a fund of information that will put to shame many a college graduate. Call to mind all the college graduates of your acquaintance and then see how many of their wives are the intellectual peers of their husbands, without having enjoyed their husband's educational privileges. After all has been said, I cannot see, Tom, how either consistently or honorably you could have acted as you did."

A flush mounted to Tom's brow and an angry light shone in his eyes, but he remained silent. A painful pause followed and then Frank resumed: "I hope you will pardon me, Tom, if I have said anything to hurt your feelings, but I feel that it is a serious matter. I am engaged, as you know, and shall remain so. Time will show which is right."

Before Tom had time to answer a party of young ladies accompanied by two gentlemen came down the path that led to the landing, and a chorus of voices exclaimed: "It's just too bad of you. We are only to have you for a week longer, and here you have been hiding from us like this." One of the young ladies, wearing a white flannel boating suit trimmed with red, advanced toward where Frank was sitting. She was short and wore her hair in curls down her back. Her forehead was too high for beauty, but her eyes, like a mountain lake in June, ripple and sunshine, and shadow, made one forget every other feature. This was Christine Egerton, the girl to whom Frank Wythe was engaged. As she came towards him she exclaimed: "Oh Frank, it is such a lovely afternoon and there is going to be splendid moonlight this evening, so we thought we would get up a party and make you and Tom take us for a sail down the bay to Young's Cove. We have brought lunch so that we can stay and come up by moonlight. Won't it be glorious!" and she almost danced in anticipation of the glorious time. "You'll go of course? That's a good fellow," as he sprang from the ground where he was sitting. "I knew you couldn't refuse. I tried to bring Eunice but she pleaded headache. Never knew her to have it before when a yachting party was proposed."

"Perhaps Mr. Benton could induce her to come," suggested a young lady with a turn-up nose, who had long since passed thirty, but dressed like sweet sixteen, and lisped with the innocence of childhood.
“Confound your impudence,” muttered Tom, as he undid the fastenings of the yacht. “I am certain I should never try to induce you to go on a party.”

Everything was soon in readiness, and as there was a stiff breeze they were soon flying down the bay laughing and chatting merrily. Tom, who was usually the life of every party, was silent for some time. Then with an effort he roused himself and laughed and joked with the merriest.

II.

While the yacht speeds down the bay let us turn to the home of Eunice Templeton. On an eminence commanding a fine view of the bay and surrounding country stands the residence of Squire Templeton, a wealthy ship owner. Here Eunice was born and here she had lived till every feature of the bay and surrounding landscape was as familiar as that of a friend. Her mother had died when Eunice was an infant, and her father had lavished all the wealth of his affection upon this daughter who reminded him so strongly of his departed wife. From earliest childhood her every wish had been anticipated; and yet she was not a spoiled child. Perhaps some children are harder to spoil than others. Of a naturally happy disposition her life had been one long gala day. Some called her pretty, others, handsome; and still others thought that striking was the word that best described her. Above medium height, as graceful as a birch; an abundance of dark brown hair that went back in waves from a low, broad forehead. Dark blue eyes, that seemed black when she was excited or deeply moved. A mouth and chin that denoted both depth of affection and strength of character. “A girl in a thousand,” as the towns-people put it. On this August afternoon, as she sits in her room watching listlessly the white sails that fleck the bay there is a hard cold look on her face. On her cheeks there are no traces of tears, but the most casual observer would say there were tears in her heart. A book lies open beside her but she has evidently not been reading. She continues to look out over the water until a yacht with a garnet pennant comes into view. Then she starts as though a dagger had pierced her heart. It is Tom Benton’s yacht. Well she knows the merry party that are aboard, for many of the happiest hours of her happy life had been passed on that same yacht. She follows it intently with her eyes as it skims over the blue waters. It appears to be sailing in a pathway of gold as it glides along in the last rays of the setting sun. At length it suddenly disappears around a bend in the shore. As she sits watching the point where it vanished, perhaps she thinks that its sailing is typical of her own life. Yesterday she was reveling in light and sunshine; today she sits in solitude and despair. Unconscious of the lapse of time, she remains sitting by the open window until the old housekeeper taps gently at her door and asks if there is anything she would like for supper. Receiving a negative answer she disappears, but returns in a few moments.
with a tray arranged in a most tempting manner.

"Now, darling, eat something. It will do you good," she said coaxingly.

Eunice took a sip of tea and pushed the tray away, saying, "I can't eat."

Mrs. Manson was a large motherly woman with silver-gray hair and gold-bowed spectacles. She had been in the Templeton household ever since Squire Templeton had brought home his young bride, and after the mother's death she had tried to be a mother to Eunice. Now she looked at her compassionately, and drawing a chair up to her, took one of the cold hands in her warm palm and said, "Eunice darling, won't you sit on my knee, as you used to do when a child, and tell me what's troubling you? I have tried to be a mother to you ever since your own mother placed you a tiny babe in my arms and said, 'Mary, be kind to my child, never leave her and God will bless you.' Can't you confide in an old woman like me?"

"Oh! Mrs. Manson you are very kind, but I cannot tell my trouble even to you. Leave me to-night. I want to be alone."

Mrs. Manson had discernment enough to see that her presence could do no good, so rising with a sigh, she kissed the cold forehead and murmuring, "God bless you," left the room.

The moon came up slowly, appearing to rise out of the water, and shed its pale radiance over the scene; a whip-poor-will uttered its plaintive note in a neighboring wood, and the evening breeze rustled the leaves and bore a thousand sweet perfumes in at the open window. But unmindful of these sights and sounds Eunice remained sitting by the window, the same fixed look on her countenance. At last the sound of a guitar reached her ear, and then the well-known song:

"Love, I will love you ever!
Love, I will leave you never!
Ever to be,
Precious to me;
Never to part;
Heart bound to heart;
Love, I will love you ever!
Love, I will leave you never!
Faithful and true ever am I
Never to say good-bye!"

Floated over the silvery waters and in at the open window. Uttering a cry of pain she started up, closed the window and began pacing rapidly to and fro. How often she had played the accompaniment while a manly voice had sung those same words. How she had loved him as he sang, "Faithful and true ever am I," and yet he had given her up. For what? A mere whim or the caprice of a moment. On, far into the night she paced her room, her brain like fire, her heart like ice. Then in an agony she fell upon her knees and exclaimed, "Oh God, if there is a God, why, why should I suffer thus? What have I done in the few years of my life to deserve such punishment? I have been innocently happy, but I never willfully transgressed thy laws. Oh God, if thou hast compassion upon the sufferings of thy creatures, let me die and forget. Oh that I had died when my mother died!"

Great sobs shook her frame and smarting tears rolled down her cheeks. She continued to sob for some time and then rising she threw herself upon the bed,
The ice in her heart had melted, and the shower of tears was refreshing, and soon she slept.

On the week following the scenes narrated in our last chapter, the boys entered college. As both were interested in study and expected to make their way in the world by the use of their brains, they applied themselves diligently. There were the usual rivalries and petty jealousies, but by their straightforward, manly conduct, they won many friends. If they could not be popular by doing the right thing then they would forever remain unpopular.

Benton was respected because of his ability and because few cared to encounter the sting of his sarcasms; but of real warm friends he had few. He thought more of saying something sharp and witty than of its effect on the feelings of others, and as a result he was feared rather than loved. While all acknowledged that he was "smart," few would have been willing to make any great sacrifice in his behalf.

Wythe was exactly his opposite in this respect. Of a naturally kind disposition, he hated to see any one suffer, and hence avoided saying or doing anything that would cause others pain. Instead of laughing at the mistakes of others, he stood ready to help, and as a result, any of the boys who were in trouble over their lessons, or for any other cause would go to Wythe. In fact so well established did his reputation for helping and advising become that the boys laughingly dubbed him "Father Wythe." Though not so brilliant a scholar as Benton, who stood first in the class, by steady perseverance he stood second, and found time for considerable outside reading. Benton, on account of his good looks and musical ability, was a favorite in society. The numerous invitations to balls and parties would have no doubt lured him from his studies to an alarming extent had it not been for the example of his room-mate, Wythe.

It had been agreed upon by Wythe and Christine Egerton, that he should write her accounts of all the studies he took and the books he read. This he did, and she in turn bought translations of all the classics and read them in order that she might understand all his allusions to Latin and Greek authors. She had studied French at school and continued her studies in that language. A German teacher coming to town, she availed herself of the opportunity and began the study of German, that she might surprise Frank when he came home. So diligent was she in these self-imposed tasks that in everything but the higher mathematics and rhetoric she was fully his equal.

Thus the first two years of college life passed pleasantly away. Toward the end of the Junior year the "Oratorical Contest" was to be held. This event was always of interest to the college world. Two were chosen from each of the four colleges of the State to compete for a gold medal and a prize of $100. Wythe and Benton had been chosen to represent their college in this contest. On the evening of the contest the largest church in town was crowded with a very intelligent audi-
ence. Large delegations had come from the different colleges, and nearly every one present wore the colors of the college they hoped to see victorious. As usual in such audiences the young ladies were the most numerous.

Christine Egerton had come that she might hear the speakers, especially the one that interested her most. She wore Frank's college and class colors, garnet and blue. As Frank was the last speaker on the programme he took a seat among the audience with Christine. The speaking was uniformly good. What one speaker lacked in delivery he made up in composition and vice versa, making it extremely difficult to decide which was best. As Frank listened to one speaker after another he became nervous. He felt that his own production was far inferior to some he had listened to, and he was certain that his delivery would be faulty. He did not care so much for the prize as for the disappointment awaiting the little girl by his side. The very thought of it made his lips dry and his throat parched. Just then it was Benton's turn to speak, and in interest for his friend he forgot himself. Benton's subject was the "Power of Ambition." No sooner had he stepped upon the platform and begun to speak, than his clear ringing tones commanded attention. Those who had appeared bored sat up and listened, while the well-rounded periods of his oration came forth in rich full tones. The audience testified their appreciation by a round of applause. Undoubtedly he had been the best yet. His composition betokened much thought, and showed that he had not merely touched, but mastered his subject. His appearance on the stage and manner of delivery were above criticism. Yet you felt, rather than knew, that something was lacking. Though the speaker had charmed he had not drawn.

Other speakers followed and then, as his turn approached, Wythe rose to go to the ante-room, but not before a light hand was laid on his arm and a sweet voice whispered, "Remember I have faith in my boy." As he came upon the platform, his knees trembled, and he felt as though every word of his oration had gone from him. His subject was "The Value of Sentiment." When he saw the crowd of expectant faces, brought to perfect silence by his momentary pause, he began in waver ing tones. Then, catching a glimpse of Christine's pale, anxious face, he forgot himself, the whole oration flashed through his mind; he felt it in every limb and tingling in his finger tips. The waver went from his voice and the words came forth like living fire. An old man near the door, who had sat with closed eyes all the evening, opened his eyes and then his mouth. The little boys in the back gallery ceased giggling and whispering and fixed their eyes upon the speaker. Step by step he carried his hearers with him, showing that everything humane, everything grand, everything noble, everything that makes this life border upon the sublime, is inspired by lofty sentiments. His sentences were not smooth and polished, but sharp and jagged, like the lightning's flash that instantaneously reveals a whole landscape. He
had finished, and was stepping from
the platform, before the audience re-
covered from the spell that bound them,
then followed such applause as had
never been heard in that holy place.

The committee of award retired, but
the chairman returned in a few moments
and reported. "Your committee take
great pleasure in awarding the medal
and prize to Frank Wythe of —— Col-
lege." Another round of applause
greeted this decision, and the audi-
ence rose to depart, feeling that for
once the committee had made a just
award.

Tom Benton was the first to offer
his congratulations, for, to his honor be
it said, he felt no jealousy at the suc-
cess of his friend. Frank worked his
way through the crowd, unmindful of
the congratulations that were show-
ered upon him, till he stood by the
side of Christine. Her cheeks were
no longer pale, and tears of joy filled
her eyes. She grasped his arm con-
vulsively and said: "Oh, Frank, I'm
so glad. You did splendidly. I knew
you would get it."

"I'm glad for your sake, but I'm
sorry for Tom; he cares more for such
honor than I."

Many eyes were fixed upon the
manly form of the successful orator
and the little girl that clung so con-
fidingly to his arm; and many were
heard to exclaim: "Don't they look
happy?" As they were leaving the
church a little rag-a-muffin in the crowd
cried out: "I say, mister, you had to
speak well 'cause you girl was here,
din't yer?" A laugh from the crowd
was the only answer; but Frank felt
in his heart of hearts that the boy
spoke the truth.

IV.

Ten years have come and gone since
the night of the "Oratorial Contest." Benton had graduated first and Wythe
second in their class. Wythe studied
medicine. His friends, because of his
ability as a speaker, urged him to study
law, but he had laughingly answered
that he preferred to set the bones and
heal the wounds of society, rather than
to plead cases and bleed his clients af-
terwards. So he had studied medicine,
and was at this time married and com-
fortably settled in his native town.
His practice was large, as every one
liked to see his pleasant face and hear
his hearty laugh. "It did them more
good than medicine," they said.

Benton had studied law. His fastid-
ious nature revolted at the thought of
going about among the poor and sick;
exposing one's self to all forms of
disease. He did not relish the thought
of dealing out powders and pills to cure
the imaginary pains and aches of all
the old ladies in town. Then the law
offered a wider field for his ambition.
His success had been remarkable, and
already he was retained as counsel by
many rich corporations. It was in this
capacity that he about this time visited
a Southern city. As he started to cross
the street one day, a runaway horse at-
tached to a heavy dray dashed around
the corner, knocking him down. His
head struck the curb-stone and the
dray passed over his leg, causing a bad
break. He was picked up for dead,
and, as he was an entire stranger, taken
to the city hospital. There his wounds
were dressed and every remedy applied to restore him to consciousness. For days his life was despaired of, and in addition to all the rest of his ills a raging fever set in. At times he would be arguing in court, and again he would talk of the scenes of his boyhood.

Throughout all his delirium he was dimly conscious of a soft hand that bathed his brow and administered cooling potions. One morning as he awoke to consciousness he beheld the nurse kneeling as if in prayer, and wondered if it was part of a nurse's duties to pray for her patients. When she arose and turned toward him, he uttered a cry of surprise. The nurse's cap and hospital dress could not disguise that form and face. It was Eunice Templeton. Her hair, already mixed with gray, was combed back from her temples and concealed beneath her cap. He attempted to speak, but she silenced him by saying, "Not now; some other time when you are stronger."

Through all the days of his convalescence he watched the form that glided so noiselessly upon its errands of mercy. Her presence seemed to calm and soothe the sufferers, and were she absent for a short time, he could hear them anxiously inquiring for her. During those long days he had time to think as he had never thought before. Often he wondered what the feelings could have been that induced her to bury herself in a city hospital. He knew that he had been the cause of this change, and his conscience smote him for what he had done. His old love returned; no, not his old love, but a stronger, more ardent affection.

When he was able to sit up he told her of this love, and urged her to leave this place and go with him to the home he would prepare for her. It would be the constant aim of his life to make her happy. She quietly answered that she was happy. He appealed to her former love for him, but she silenced him by a look, and then continued:

"I had supposed this subject to be forever sealed, and had hoped never to speak of it again. When you were brought here my heart was moved with pity, and I cared for you as best I could; but I would have rendered a similar service to the meanest of God's creatures who had been brought here in a suffering condition. Don't think I took care of you because I loved you; that was past. Once I loved you with all the strength and fervor of a woman's devotion. You were the idol of my heart. In my thoughts by day and dreams by night you were always present. You have no need that I should tell you how it all ended. In a moment the idol was shattered, the dream vanished. Did I blame you? No. After the first stings of wounded pride and affection were over, I thought that you had acted for the best; that I would only be a hindrance to you. For a time I rebelled, and even prayed that I might die. But grief does not kill the young and strong. At last I yielded to God's will and found peace. Then I conceived the idea of being a nurse, that I might be of some use in the world. My father objected, but when he saw that I was determined he yielded to my wishes. I came to the hospital, and the love that I had lavished upon you
The love for the individual was changed into love for the race. I love my work here and have no desire to change. You may think it strange that I should love a work where there is nothing but suffering and death. That is not all, however. Here I can be sister, mother, and wife, to the poor sufferers. When I see the joy and peace that illuminates the face of some dying sinner as I point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, I am repaid. The looks of gratitude I receive from day to day are dearer to me than all the honors of the world.

He tried to show her that she could do equal good if she were his wife, and promised to aid her in any good work she might wish to undertake. But she shook her head and said:

"It is thirteen years since I left what you call the world; here I am happy, and here I intend to remain till God shall call me hence. Nothing can change my decision, and I hope you will not pain me by speaking about this subject again."

He knew that her answer was final, and with a sad heart found the way to his hotel. There Wythe found him the next day and upbraided him soundly for not letting him know sooner of his accident.

"Now," said he, "you must go home with me and stay till you are perfectly recovered from the effects of this accident."

Together they left that Southern city. Frank wondered at his friend’s silence, but attributed it all to his recent illness.

At length Benton told of his meeting with Eunice, and added:

"You remember that talk we had before entering college? Well, you were right. I trampled upon the best feelings of my nature, and have lived to suffer for it. A small measure of the suffering I then caused her I suffer now."

A short time after they arrived at Frank’s home, where Mrs. Wythe—our old friend, Christine Egerton—waits to greet them. When in the early twilight they gather round the tea-table, Tom watches her, as with housewifely grace she presides over the meal, and notices the look of happy pride in Frank’s eyes. A laughing boy of three, christened Thomas Benton Wythe, sits by his mother’s side. She thinks he is the perfect image of his father, and the father thinks he looks exactly like the mother. Probably he resembles both. As Benton sits in this cheerful family circle, he has no trouble in deciding which was right.

HYPOCRITES.

I am a hypocrite—so are you;
One self is worn exposed to view,
But deep within each secret heart
Is a self from which we never part.
I am more and less than I seem to you,
For I must to my deeper self be true.

But in my books I sometimes find
The inmost depths of some great man’s mind;
The seeming self that men used to greet
They buried with him like a winding sheet.
"We shall know him no more," they foolishly said,
And they left us the man when they buried the dead.
DYNAMICS OF ACHIEVEMENT.

By G. W. S., '88.

ONE beautiful afternoon about one hundred and ten years ago, at a home on a pleasant isle of the sea, a boy of perhaps eight summers was standing beside his mother's knee, listening to the story of great revolutions. As he heard, for the first time, of the rise and fall of empires, and the great achievements of Cyrus, Alexander, and Caesar, his face flushed with an aspiration that was to shape the whole tenor of his after life.

How slight an act can leave upon a soul an impression that shall go with it through life; and perhaps not be effaced even in the eternity beyond!

But we turn the pages, recording the events of forty-four years of history; and the story closes with a scene upon another island. Here lies a dying man; and as the watchers bend over his couch, they learn from his delirious murmurings that he imagines himself far away, amid the tumult of battle. A gasp, a shudder, and the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, a life that for twenty years was fraught with the destinies of a continent, is ended.

The events that intervened between that scene on the sunny isle of the sea and this death on the lone, wave-washed island of the ocean, present a striking example of the course of all human achievements, and lead us to ask in what does success in life consist?

Now the first fact with which we become familiar in regard to life, wherever we find it, is development. The minute plant of a single pair of leaves develops into the sturdy oak. So, too, the tiny organism of the child increases in stature and culminates in perfect manhood. When we study the inner principle of man we find the same fact of development; but, while with unvarying exactitude the cycles of nature revolve, because their operations are under the control of the Infinite, the success of man's existence is governed by conditions measurably in the power of man himself.

Much depends upon a man's idea of success. The idea that one person has of a perfect man may be a well-developed physique. He will spend a great amount of time in athletic training. The money-maker's theory of success is the acquisition of a fortune. We often see men so engrossed with business that they exclude almost everything else from their thoughts. The most eminent of the five Rothschild brothers, in speaking of his children, said: "I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body—everything to business. That is the way to be happy." Yet at another time, when some one said to him: "You must be a very happy man." "Me happy!" said he, and then disclosed that over the head of the money-king, of whom it has been said that he had more power than any ruler in Europe, hung the sword of Damocles.

But the most common idea of a successful man is that he is one who has surpassed all competitors, and gained the goal of his ambition. Now the highest aspiration of the modern Epicurean is selfish enjoyment. Let the man develop according to his concep-
tion of life, remove restraint, and give him power enough, and you have a Domitian. Yet, according to the common definition, his life was a success. The boy that with ruthless tread stamps the harmless insect into the ground, and when a little older walks the street with a swagger and a leer, prophesies his own future. When, in the past, by the turn of ambition and intrigue, he has become the absolute ruler of a nation, he has darkened the pages of history as a Nero or a Caligula. But they gained their ambition, and according to the common definition were successful.

This definition is based upon the external alone, and does not hold true unless the ambition is the highest and noblest the person is capable of achieving. As all plant and animal life only when fully developed subserves the highest use for which it was designed, so only when a man attains the highest possibilities of his nature is he truly successful.

Is it true, as our modern fatalists tell us, that a man's life is irrevocably shaped by his predisposition? No! All men are born with better possibilities than, like a Nero or a Caligula, to be a curse to the world. What is true is, that each person has the power of forming such an ideal as he will, and that in the development of the faculties the character will be molded to this conception of success. Hence the importance of a lofty ideal. The noblest of all ideals embodies a man's duty as derived from the capabilities of his threefold nature—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. He who has an imperfect ideal will have a character dwarfed in some particulars. Thus Napoleon, while he was a genius, and could accomplish feats that no man had ever done before, was almost devoid of moral greatness. So, too, when we read the works of Byron, while we are impressed with the fact that Byron had a colossal intellect, at the same time there remains the feeling that he lacked something which belongs to such natures as his. But he who has an idea that leads to the expansion of every phase of his nature susceptible of development will have a well rounded, symmetrical character. We can conceive of no loftier ideal than the Christian criterion. It embodies all others. He who aspires to it will be "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

The time in life at which the ideal is conceived will modify the success of the man. Schliemann's father "inspired him at an early age with an enthusiastic admiration of the heroes of ancient Greece." In those early years, as the boy read of the Trojan home of Æneas, he aspired to lift the veil of mystery enshrouding its real fate and location. Though he was left to fight his own way in the world at the age of fourteen, he overcame all difficulties, amassed a fortune, and devoted it to his cherished plan. The world, to-day, recognizes Schliemann as a successful man. And Napoleon, from the time when he marshaled his Corsican playmates in miniature battle, down to the last great conflict of his life, thought and dreampt only of war and conquest. His ideal was that of great generalship.
The fact that the allied powers of all Europe trembled at the name of the "Child of Destiny," even when the eternal waves of old ocean beat upon the rocks of his island prison-home, attests the efficiency of his early aspiration in shaping his success as a general.

The common definition says that Napoleon failed; but it is far better to have attempted something great and failed, than never to have attempted anything. History says that he failed because a storm delayed the battle of Waterloo; but if his life was a failure, it was a failure before the eighteenth of June, 1815. His life would have been one of the grandest successes had he conceived of an object worthy of his possibilities. He who aims at nothing higher than material success fails utterly to understand the meaning of life. "There are two aspects to all material successes," says Higginson, "they are sublime or base only as they prepare the way for higher triumphs or displace them." We say with Mrs. Alden, "God bless the souls who, capable of rising to the heights which belong to immortality, yet think of fire and dinner." But he who narrows his idea of grand achievements down to the gaining of personal worldly good or honor, never half appreciates the life God has given him. It is true the prosaic and the sublime mingle with every step of life. Over the head of the common laborer the heavens bend their myriads of miracles, while beneath his feet the earth and sea roll up a myriad more; but there are few who like Hugh Müller, while for their daily bread delving in the earth, divine its secrets.

A young man can not indeed understand life in all its bearings. One must needs live his life before he gains its experiences; yet he can nourish the inborn aspiration to live grandly the one life which he has. To live grandly! "The sublimest thing a man can do is to do his duty." Says Davenport Adams: "That situation which has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man."

But aspiration alone was never efficient in causing a man to achieve anything. It simply gives the distinctive form to the character. All men have their dreams of future greatness; and it is the experience of all that there is a vast difference between dreams of life and its realities. The perfected statue arouses the emulation of the would-be sculptor, but to the uninitiated retains no sign of the hard blows, and of the skill of the master hand which produced it. Fortunate he who learns early that "Life is real, life is earnest," and goes out to its difficulties with the power to overcome them. The secret of this power is the much sought philosopher's stone, which turns the moments of its possessor's life into golden benefits.

Genius and talents are not the open sesame at which the hidden treasures of life are invariably revealed. Aaron Burr was so highly gifted that he was for a time the pet of the highest social circles of our country. But what of his life? And Benedict Arnold, the Alcibiades of America, was a genius.

We are often called upon to notice the effect of money or influence upon the preferences of men, especially in
the political world; and as often we are impressed with the truth of what Sigismund told the courtier who begged that he would ennoble him: "I can give you privileges and fiefs, but I can not make you noble." Money or influence can raise a man to a position of honor or trust, but neither ever yet made a man honorable or trustworthy.

The world expects the educated man to be successful, and facts show that the expectation is well founded; but it does not follow that education is the absolute condition of success, or that no uneducated man can be successful. Stephenson did not know his letters until he was eighteen years old and learned that the engines of Watt were described in books. No matter how many A.B.'s, A.M.'s, and L.L.D.'s you string on to a man's name, or how much you give him of what these titles signify, his success depends upon the same important condition as that of every other man.

What is the difference in two men of equal wealth, talent, and education, that causes the one to hold through life a position as leader of a choir in a country parish, while the other is called to sit on the queen's bench of judges; between that very numerous class, smart young men, and a Gladstone?

Cyrus, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Grant,—yes, all the great characters down through the ages—what of them? They were all men of honest, steadfast purposes. For a man without a purpose you may examine history almost in vain. It is not concerned with him. Louis XVI. of France, of whom it might well be said, "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," is perhaps the best example. A harmless man who always took his color from circumstances, he paid the penalty for his inconstancy, and the guillotine, with its hideous spectacle, added one more to the catalogue of the crimes of the French people.

Sir Henry Taylor was surely right when he said that the man most worthy of respect is the one who knows himself; and knows the ways before him; and from among them chooses considerately; and, having chosen, with a steadfast mind pursues his purpose.

Energy, diligence, self-denial, self-reliance, courage, and decision of character are all qualities that enrich the soul and enhance its possibilities; but did you ever see a roadstead full of vessels, all becalmed, the sails flapping listlessly hither and yon? Suddenly out of the harbor steams a little tug boat, and those vessels move steadily up to the wharves. A definite purpose is the motive power at whose coming all the faculties which a man possesses fall into line. It causes a concentration of all the powers upon the one leading aim. Every alternative is tried by the criterion of its adaptability to this aim. Every student knows that all intellectual achievement depends upon the capability of adapting one's self to the matter under consideration, and being withdrawn from every distracting circumstance. This is true of all achievement. A steady pursuit of any mechanical occupation ensures success in it; just so success, in its broadest sense, is dependent upon the
training resulting from a steady pursuit of some particular line of action.

One of the richest endowments of mankind is their capability of conceiving of lofty ideals. From the materials of the past the mind of the child weaves an image of its own future. It bridges the chasm of unknown difficulties and hindrances, and determines the goal of its present existence.

The aspiration of the most of mankind is excelsior. Few are so debased that this aspiration is entirely extinguished; and fewer still, so exalted but, that Alexander-like, they long for other worlds to conquer. The saddest of all sights is that of a young man without a purpose—a young man deprived of this enthusiasm, the natural heritage of youth. This life is exalted by standing at the entrance of an eternity. He is wise who so conceives of its glory that, when he is called "to go the way of all the earth," it shall not be said of his life:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are those: 'It might have been.'"

TRUE FUNCTION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By L. A. F., '88.

If the young man of to-day is unable to distinguish between the noble and the base, it is because our public schools have not the right aim. The course of study, the school discipline, the teacher's energy are all directed to mental culture—and mental culture alone. But what does a trained intellect amount to, if not used rightly? If a man is bad, knowledge gives him but greater power for evil. Can arithmetic make a true man of a boy cradled in crime? Alas! how many bright boys educated at the public expense prove a curse rather than a blessing!

Far different would it be, if the end of all education were moral culture; if our schooling taught us how to be good and useful. Good and useful! They are simple words, but the grandest men have never gone beyond them. Would that teachers and parents might unite in considering morality the highest good! Our schools would then produce men with intensity of convictions, with an interest in their country; men whose lives would find an end, not in themselves, but in others.

What is culture, but obedience? A person is physically and mentally cultured when his muscles and intellect are perfectly under the control of his will. A man has moral culture when his will is under the control of his higher nature.

If, then, to make good citizens is the object of our public schools, the first thing to be taught children is self-government. Despotism in the schoolroom is not a fitting preparation for the freedom of a republic.

"Well, Sadie, did the teacher keep you pretty straight to-day?" "Why, no; of course not; we kept ourselves straight." This child had reached the ideal of school government. Better for both teacher and scholar than a blind, unreasoning obedience is the obedience springing from a sense of duty. To know right from wrong is of more value than to know an isthmus from a strait.

How is the teacher to show his pu-
pils the difference between right and wrong? By considering every circumstance in a moral light; by a sympathetic appreciation of all the good in his pupils; and, chiefly, by example. If a teacher neglects to perform his own school work, he gives his scholars a lesson in unfaithfulness, which they are sure to follow. What shall we think of those teachers who purposely allow children to attend school week after week without reciting. Because a scholar cannot do as good work as some of his classmates, is he to be taught idleness instead!

If a teacher does not really believe and practice what he preaches, his words are fruitless. Moral lectures from those who are "so pious and good Sunday night, and just as ugly Monday morning," influence scholars only for evil; for children are the severest of all judges; they look through appearances into motives. Expecting perfection, they make no excuses. A mere look of sorrow has more influence for good than a flogging given in a spirit of revenge.

Above all, let a teacher never be unjust. Many a man can trace his downfall to some teacher's unjust censure. Justice and appreciation are as necessary to the child as the sunshine to the bud.

The true teacher's heart is in his work. The grandeur of the work gives him the highest of all inspirations. If, for any reason, a teacher comes to hate his work and his scholars, it is his imperative duty to leave the school-room.

But, if a teacher is a real Christian, realizing that in every act and word he is influencing the character of his pupils for good or evil, they will not fail to detect and honor his motives. Their spiritual natures will be so awakened that they can discern the clean from the unclean, the noble from the base, and looking through all forms, test everything by its intrinsic worth.

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THE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW OF THE AMERICAN LABORER.

By F. W. O., '88.

THE laborer and the capitalist, throughout our country, stand today in most startling attitudes, each eyeing the other with grim hatred. The most peaceful relation anywhere existing between them is one of armed truce that may be broken at a moment's warning.

This conflict not only deserves but demands our attention, for our own welfare as well as that of the coming generations. The result depends upon the ability and strength of the parties, but above all upon the justness of their demands.

The continued oppression of the American laborer by the capitalist has not only crushed much of his self-respect, but dishonored his name by associating it with orders too base to have the name of any respectable man.

Collectively the workingmen can accomplish wonders; individually they can do nothing. But unless they are banded for other purposes than these organizations show, for 'tis by their fruits we know them, is not their course downward? When Henry George de-
fiantly steps out and says, "All that is necessary to social regeneration is included in the motto of those Russian patriots, sometimes called nihilists: 'Land and Liberty,'" thus recommending a confiscation of the land, 'tis time free-born men asserted their rights, for is not land ownership the reward of labor and not the robbery of labor? To destroy private ownership of land would be the very suicide of labor.

"The Knights of Labor" were organized to benefit the laborer. That purpose has been accomplished and their work is nearly done, for they have assumed authority no man or organization has a right to exercise. The founders of the order were men of high principle, but the United States is absorbing most ignorant and degraded peasantry of Europe, who for generations have been taught to hate those above them: and 'tis this class that now form the larger part of the organization.

When a man receives the order "not to work," is it not just the same to him whether it comes from a czar, a satrap, or a master workman? Our laws do not recognize the right for a man to sell himself into slavery; and the man who surrenders his own natural rights, encroaches not only upon himself but upon such of his fellows as cannot join him.

The questions every thoughtful mind should ask are: How long is such strife to continue? Is this to go on till the laborer ceases to be a man and becomes a slave? Is all self-respect to be crushed within him? Is the sacredness of his home and his God to be forgotten?

There are many hopeful indications. Philanthropy is lending itself to the laborer's aid. The educated of our country offer him sympathy and friendly counsel. The laborer is listening and gradually coming to believe. We are beginning to say with Carlyle, "Two men I honor and no third: first is the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth made implements laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's; second, him who is seen toiling for the spiritual indispensables, not for the daily bread, but for the bread of life, and to exclaim with Alexander, 'It is a slavish thing to luxuriate and a most royal thing to labor.'"

The work of the Knights of Labor is nearly done. The corrupt elements have overbalanced the good. Its original purpose was to uplift. Truth will not die, but because of corruption it must take another form. Therefore this order has been the forerunner and founder of a better, whose aim shall be, not to consider the outward appendages, but the inward and true worth. Here man shall stand on his own ground and take his place among men, according to personal worth. When communities shall furnish themselves with such means of improvement, will not the laborer, in one generation, show himself the noblest type of man? What the laborer wants, is not shorter hours nor larger wages; it is a part ownership in the world's tools; a share in the profits of the world's industry, and a voice in its control.

The solution of this important question cannot be arrived at by the banding together of laborers for the encour-
agement of strikes and boycotts in attempts to force the capitalist; neither in the organization of capitalists to overwhelm the workingmen or to supplant them by inferior imported labor.

When co-operation, rather than compulsion, shall be the aim; when common interests prevail; when all men are looked upon with reverence; when the sole power shall be the recognition of the immortal and the true, then shall God's will be done, in the life and in the well-being of all His creatures.

COMMUNICATION.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

To the Editors of the Student:

"A visit to the National Capitol is but half made," says Everett, "unless it includes the home and tomb of Washington." And so having explored Washington and paid our respects to the President, we of course set out on a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, the Mecca of all loyal Americans.

Mount Vernon is situated on the right bank of the Potomac, about seventeen miles below Washington. It was originally the property of Lawrence Washington, the elder brother of George, who came into possession of it on the death of the former. It was named in honor of the gallant Admiral Vernon of the British navy, under whom Lawrence had served.

The Mount Vernon estate, which now contains only about two hundred acres, was in Washington's day a princely domain of 8,000 acres, a real old-time Virginia plantation. After the estate passed out of the Washington family it was for many years neglected, the buildings became somewhat dilapidated, and the mansion was despoiled of much of its original furniture. In 1857 the property came into the possession of the Woman's National Mount Vernon Association, since which time the estate has been profitably cultivated, the buildings restored, and the grounds well kept.

After an hour's delightful sail down the Potomac, the tolling of the bell and the hoisting of the flag announced our approach to the home of Washington. As the old mansion house appeared through the greenery of the high wooded bluff on which it is situated, the view fully sustained Washington's claim, that "no estate in America is more pleasantly situated."

Passing up from the landing through a small ravine containing several weeping willows brought from the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, our guide conducted us to the tomb of Washington. With uncovered heads we gathered about the spot where reposes the mortal remains of him who was called "the friend of liberty and of man." It is said that during the civil war the unarmed pickets of both armies often met before this tomb, leaving their arms at whatever point they entered the sacred domain, sometimes at the porter's lodge, three-quarters of a mile away; the only spot where they could meet as brothers.

Within the tomb may be seen two marble sarcophagi, one containing the remains of General Washington, the other those of his wife. The double iron gates before the vault have not
been opened since 1837, when they were finally locked, and for greater security the key thrown into the Potomac.

Passing on up the hill by the old tomb which held the remains of Washington for thirty years, until they were removed to the new vault, we came out upon the well-kept lawn in front of the mansion, which slopes down to the bluff overlooking the river.

The mansion itself is a two and a half story wooden house, cut and painted to resemble stone, and built in the substantial style of old colonial days. Along its river front of one hundred feet extends a broad piazza, paved with flag stones brought from the Isle of Wight, while from it rise large square pillars supporting the projecting roof. Here it is said the guests were wont to assemble before dinner was announced, "the ladies partaking of choice pickles by way of an appetizer, while the gentlemen quaffed rare old Maderia from straw-stemmed glasses."

Since the ladies' association assumed control of the estate the mansion has been restored and refurnished as near as possible as it was when the Washington family occupied it. The furnishing is all antique, and nearly every article has some interesting historical association connected with it. All the rooms contain Washington relics, some of great value. To protect this property from vandals and relic-hunters with their passion for souvenirs, it has been found necessary to forbid visitors entering the rooms, which are guarded by gates at the doorways, over which one may look at the interior.

From the piazza we enter the main hall which extends through the house from front to rear. On the outer door still hangs the ponderous brass knocker which has been lifted by so many illustrious guests, while on the step outside the door is the identical "scraper" to which Mistress Washington, good house-wife that she was, may sometimes have found it necessary to call the attention of her spouse, before he ventured upon her well-polished floors. The key of the Bastile, which was presented to Washington by Lafayette, after his order to demolish the old prison, has never been removed from the glass casket on the wall where Washington himself placed it. On the opposite side of the hall in a handsomely mounted case hangs the sword worn by Washington at Braddock's defeat.

In the music room is the harpsicord which Washington gave as a bridal present to his adopted daughter, Nellie Curtis, and which he had ordered from London, at a cost of one thousand dollars, an elegant piece of furniture in its day. All the ivory from the keys and the inlaid brass work of the frame have now been picked off and carried away as souvenirs. Upon this instrument lies Washington's silver mounted rosewood flute upon which he was wont to accompany the harpsicord under the skillful fingers of Miss Curtis.

Here are the original writing desk, clock, and spinning wheel used by Martha Washington. In the cabinet are Washington's spectacles and the champagne glasses from which the great man drank the health of his
illustrious guests. Over the mantel in the west parlor is the family coat of arms, consisting in part of stars and red stripes, said by some to have been the origin of the flag of the United States. In the family dining-room is the spindle-legged sideboard which stands "as it stood in the days when the Washington and Curtis family gathered there for meals." The most interesting room on the lower floor is the state banquet hall which was in its day a princely salon honored by the presence of nearly all the potentates of the Revolutionary era. An elegant old hand-carved mahogany sideboard, a large mahogany table of the style from which banquets were served here a century ago, an elegant silver mounted model of the Bastile, presented to Washington by Lafayette, a large plain arm-chair brought over in the heavy freighted Mayflower, Washington's liquor-case, and his military equipments used in Braddock's campaign are among the valuable relics preserved in this room.

The library is said to have been in its day the most attractive room in the mansion, filled by its owner with rare mementos of the Revolutionary struggle. At present, however, it contains few Washington relics and none of the original library.

All the rooms on the second and third floors are furnished as sleeping chambers, some of them containing the most valuable relics in the house. In the room occupied by Lafayette on each of his visits to Mount Vernon is still to be seen the original four-poster with heavy tester and hangings, as well as the desk, bureau, and dressing-table used by the Marquis. In Miss Curtis's room we saw "the mirror at which sweet Elenor Curtis made her toilet, and the steps by which she climbed into her lofty curtained bed."

But the interest of the whole house centers in the room where Washington died. Every article of furniture in the room was used by the great hero. "Just where the great man lay a dying eighty-eight years ago the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine-glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he used, the cloak he threw over his shoulders when he went over his farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, the covering cut away by vandal hands, are all there."

Over this chamber is the small attic room which Mrs. Washington occupied from the day of the General's death, it being the only one from which she could obtain a view of her husband's resting place. At the window overlooking his tomb the lonely mourner passed much of her time during the eighteen months before she too was laid at his side.

Extending back from either wing of the mansion are the numerous out-houses usually found on a Virginia plantation of the last century, offices, stables, laundry, kitchen, smoke-house, meat-house, milk-house, butler's house, in addition to which it is said there was originally an ice-house, a spring house, a spinning and weaving house, together with houses for the itinerant tailors and
shoemakers who made semi-annual sojourns at the large plantations. To the left may be seen the large old barn built one hundred and fifty years ago of brick brought from England, still in a perfect state of preservation. To the right are the extensive ruins of the slave quarters, the brick walls of some of which are still standing.

Near the corner of the butler’s house stands the famous *magnolia grandiflora* planted by Washington the year of his death, the leaves of which have been taken as mementos to all parts of the world. In the beautiful old flower garden, preserved exactly as it was in Washington’s day, the old-time flowers and shrubbery are still cultivated, and the cuttings and bulbs sent as souvenirs all over the country. The extensive box hedges are those planted by Washington himself. Magnificent trees and shrubs, set by his own hands, are still growing in evidence of the great man’s interest in horticulture. Bordering the main walk is a species of hydrangea which was brought from the grave of Napoleon by Lafayette in 1824, and by him planted in his old friend’s garden. E. R. C., ’84.

Dartmouth has 418 students, and the University of Vermont, 347.

Amherst has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Prof. Drummond of Edinburgh University.

The students of the University of Pennsylvania are preparing a petition to request the Faculty to annul the law recently passed, forbidding smoking on the campus.—Ex.

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**LOCALS.**

**BEFORE.**

The local Ed. sat scratching his head
And wishing the time would fly,
And sucking his thumb,
And saying “By gum,
Won’t I murder the Christmas pie!”

**AFTER.**

The local Ed. now lies in his bed,
With a far-a-way look in his eye;
He feels very queer,
And he vows for a year
He’ll eat no more Christmas pie.

Christmas—Santa Claus.

New Year’s—Twenty-five luncheons.

“Fare’n ye well, Brother Watkins.”

Quite a bevy of students journeyed homeward together as far as Portland, at the close of last term.

Prof.—“What is used in Pyrotechny?” Ben—“What-er, oh, you mean fire-works, don’t yer?”

“What’s in a name?” In Sam’s there seems to be a strange fatality for spelling it wrong. No less than four or five have come to our notice; the latest is Woodrum.

The electric lights, which the city are putting up on College Street, will run along beside the campus, thus doing considerable to remove the gloom thereof in a dark night.

With this number the present board of editors make their exit from the stage of activity as represented by the STUDENT, wishing one and all, both far and near, a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The constitution and by-laws of the Polymnian Society have undergone a thorough renovation; the useless and duplicate parts have been dropped and
the remainder are to be printed, so that each member may have a copy.

To our successors in the Local department we have nothing to hand over but good wishes. Every local, or semblance of a local, which has come within our reach this year, has been utilized.

The following were selected as participants in the Champion Debate at Commencement: Misses Snow, Jordan, and Howe, and Messrs. Davis, Pennell, Woodman, Piper, and Peaslee. C. C. Smith, A. C. Townsend and C. W. Cutts, of the Senior class, acted as committee of award.

The fourth division spoke on this question, “How Shall the Indian Question be Solved?” The following were the speakers: Miss J. L. Pratt, F. B. Nelson, H. J. Piper, Miss Blanche Howe, G. F. Garland, A. N. Peaslee, and G. H. Hamlin. The prize was awarded to Miss Howe.

In the first division the question, “Ought the United States Congress to Adopt an International Copyright?” was discussed by the following disputants: Aff.—H. B. Davis, Miss Dora Jordan, F. L. Day; Neg.—H. V. Neal, Miss M. V. Wood, Miss N. F. Snow. The prize was awarded to Miss Snow.

In the second division the question, “Should Ireland be made Independent of Great Britain?” was discussed by the following disputants: Aff.—Miss Mary Brackett, C. J. Nichols; Neg.—F. S. Pierce, L. W. Fales. The prize was awarded to Mr. Pierce, and he was also presented with a clock by an unknown friend.

Scene in the cars: Lady (to a companion)—“Here is a little marine of mine.” Our mind was at once filled with beautiful and artistic fancies, and thoughts on the culture that such work must give to one. But these were all suddenly dissolved by the same lady saying: “You know Annie paints lots.” House lots or what, we wondered.

Miss Etta Given, ’89, recently met with a serious accident at Augusta. She took a carriage for her school a few miles out of the above-named city; the horse was suddenly frightened by the cars, and both occupants were thrown from the carriage, Miss Given receiving quite serious injuries. We are glad to learn that she is recovering and will soon be able to be removed to Lewiston, where her parents reside.

The names of the editors for the ensuing year were given last month, but their various positions on the board had not then been determined, therefore we give them again with their positions: C. J. Emerson, Editor-in-Chief; E. J. Small, Literary; F. J. Daggett, Locals; Miss E. I. Chipman, Personals; A. L. Safford, Exchanges; Miss L. E. Plumstead, Communications.

They were speaking of antidotes for arsenic. T. wanted to know if grease wasn’t one. “For,” he said, “I went into a store one time, and (like Peck’s Bad Boy) began to eat some oyster crackers lying on the counter. When the storekeeper noticed what I was doing, he rushed down stairs and brought up a large bowl of grease, which he
made me drink, saying there was arsenic on the crackers.” Thereupon somebody on the back seat whispered, “Big joke,” thus casting a slight reflection.

In the third division the question, “Ought the United States to Adopt the English System of Civil Service?” was debated by the following gentlemen: Aff.—C. S. F. Whitecomb, W. F. Garcelon, A. F. Gilmore, W. J. Pennell, E. W. Morrell; Neg.—W. H. Woodman. The prize was awarded to Mr. Woodman. In the absence of Mr. Whitcomb, his part was read by Mr. Emerson of the Junior class. Mr. Gilmore was also absent, but did not have his part read. A noticeable feature of this debate was the large force upon the committee of arrangements.

The Sophomore debates this year were unusually interesting. All the ladies but one participated in them. We think it would be more interesting to the audience and more beneficial to the disputants, if they would commit their parts thoroughly, and make no reference to them while upon the stage. We would make this criticism that the majority of the disputants did not clearly announce their plan of argument at the beginning of their debate, and did not summarize at the close the points they had attempted to prove. This always adds force to a debate.

In behalf of the Manager, we wish to remind all these who have not paid their subscription for this year, that it is high time they should do so. The majority of our subscribers show a most amazing indifference upon this subject. Students and other subscribers, who don’t know enough to pay their subscription without being dunned two or three times for it, stand sorely in need of a re-enforcement to their store of common sense. It costs money (six hundred dollars a year) to run the Student, and so, gentle readers, forward your dollars, if you haven’t already.

It was rather amusing to listen to the various ejaculations with which the different students greeted a wire which some frisky youth had stretched between two posts in the path leading to Parker Hall. Walking jauntily along free from all care of examinations, seeing with the mind’s eye the rich turkey, baked fowl, Indian pudding, and mince-pies of Thanksgiving Day, they brought up suddenly against this unoffending little wire with an “Oh, go west?” “What in thunder!” “See here now!” “Bloody fool!” One and all displaying a most choice vocabulary.

“Nothing better within the last ten years,” were the words of the Committee, in speaking of the next Commencement Concert. Mr. Harry Peck, the boy violinist, nephew of C. A. White, the great musical composer, and Mr. B. M. Davidson, the famous pianist, have been engaged. Correspondence has been opened with Miss Gertrude Edmunds, contralto, who sang here a few years ago in “Mauratana,” and Mr. Geo. J. Parker, tenor, one of Boston’s celebrities. In addition to these the committee are negotiating with some of the very first stars of the day.

The Eurosophian Society room has
undergone extensive repairs. The partition at the front end of the room has been taken down and moved back four feet, and an arch constructed where the old partition stood. This arch has been tastily draped, and a double gas jet suspended from the center of it. Under this arch, on one side, is the president and secretary's desk, and on the other side, the piano. The room has also been re-papered and painted so that it now presents a most attractive appearance. We hope that the members of both societies will enter with enthusiasm into the society work of next term.

Speaking in general terms, the entrance of smoke into a room is regarded as an unwelcome visitor; but there are exceptions to all rules, and such an exception occurred on Friday morning, at the close of last term. The Seniors had just got fairly settled down to their Chemistry test, when the smoke began to pour up through the floor. Yet no one ventured to heap even a mild imprecation upon the janitor's head, for that smoke meant liberty, and soon it came. The Prof. invited the students to leave, and all speedily left, feeling that it had been the most successful examination of the term.

Here's what the shoemaker threw at his wife—the last.

"No man is so great that he can borrow no lustre from his friends; no man so low that he may not be further dishonored by his associates."

**PERSONALS.**

**ALUMNI.**

'69.—W. H. Bolster, of South Weymouth, has received a call to the Congregational church in Brockton, Mass., at a salary of $2500.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle is having marked success as principal of the High School at Amesbury, Mass.

'81.—Rev. W. W. Hayden, of Whitefield, is pastor of one of the most flourishing churches of northern New Hampshire.

'81.—F. A. Twitchell was married to Miss Amy Atwood, of Johnston, R. I., November 24th.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, who has just closed a three years' pastorate at the Beacon Street Methodist church in Bath, is to be transferred to the St. John's River conference, and stationed at the Trinity M. E. church in Jacksonville, Fla., at a salary of $1600.

'84.—Aaron Beede was married to Miss Rebecca Ridley, of Athens, Me., December 1st.

'84.—F. E. Burrill, formerly of '84, was recently married at San Luis Obispo, Cal.

'84.—Lieut. M. L. Hersey, who is stationed at Fort Mojave, Arizona, is a member of Bates, '84, instead of '85, as stated in our last issue.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth is suffering from an attack of malaria, contracted in the West.

'87.—A. S. Woodman is traveling agent for the Lewiston Journal.

'87.—Miss Amy Rhodes is teaching at Lisbon Center.

'87.—E. C. Hayes, and Thomas
Singer, Bates, '89, have been speaking in the New Hampshire churches and quarterly meetings, in the interest of the college. They report a good degree of enthusiasm in the raising of funds for the Fullerton Professorship.

'87.—A. B. McWilliams is studying medicine with Dr. Garcelon of Lewiston.

'87.—Fairfield Whitney is the successful principal of the High School at Cumberland Center.

THEOLOGICAL.

'88.—G. B. Hopkins is settled at Coalsville, N. Y.

'89.—I. B. Stuart will settle with the South Limington church the ensuing year.

STUDENTS.

'88.

In addition to those mentioned in the November issue, the following members of the class teach winter schools:

B. M. Avery, 
Belfast.

C. C. Smith, 
York Harbor.

W. S. Dunn, 
Strong.

B. W. Tinker, 
Mt. Vernon.

C. W. Cutts, 
Lisbon Falls.

W. L. Powers, 
East Pittston.

E. F. Blanchard has charge of the library during vacation.

W. N. Thompson, formerly a member of the class, is studying medicine at the Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia.

J. K. P. Rogers is seriously ill at his home in Eliot.

'89.

Miss Etta Given recently met with a severe accident. While on her way to her school in Chelsea, she was thrown violently from the carriage. She remained unconscious for several hours, but is now improving slowly, and it is thought she has sustained no severe injuries. We hope to see her with us next term.

F. W. Boker and H. E. Fernald are canvassing in Massachusetts.

Miss E. T. Chipman is teaching the Lisbon Grammar School.

'90.

C. A. Record has closed a very successful term of school in Brownfield, and will teach there again this winter.

Miss Dora Jordan has employment in her father’s office in Alfred.

'91.

I. W. Parker is teaching in Fayette.

Miss S. D. Chipman is canvassing in New Hampshire.

EXCHANGES.

The Hamilton Lit., in its own estimation, is a fine example of college journalism. The following extract from the "Editors’ Table" shows how they look upon their productions: “As a result of good discipline we have an abundance of finely written productions. From this store of literary matter the editors of the Lit. must make their selections. Here it need not be said that the character of this fund, both as to subjects and treatment, is highly noticeable for true merit and worth. Hamilton's literary reputation is too firmly established to admit even of a doubt in this direction.” We turn eagerly to the literary department that we may enjoy this "abundance of
finely written productions." But judge of our surprise at finding only two short articles, one of which had been prepared for a prize oration. Less than five pages of literary matter, and yet it boasts the name of Lit. If you have such a fund of articles of "true merit and worth," would it not be well to publish some of them, lest those whose eyes are not blinded by egotism begin to think that Hamilton's reputation "is not too firmly established to admit even of a doubt."

In strong contrast with the above is the Dartmouth Lit. This Lit. is only in its second year, but it occupies a high place among college journals. The November number contains twenty-eight pages of literary, consisting of essays, poetry, and stories. The article on Prof. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" is especially worthy of note.

The Williams Lit. has always been a favorite with us. Possibly because it was the first of the Lits. that reached us, but rather, we think, because of its own merits. The December number contains two very interesting articles, one, "A Contrast from Ben-Hur," the other, "The Creoles of Fiction and the Creoles." Williams is fortunate in her poets, for the poetry of both the Lit. and the Weekly is of a high order.

The Tuftonian makes some very pertinent remarks on the regular appearance at certain seasons, of editorials on "base-ball, foot-ball, etc.," and goes on to say that "these and some other kindred subjects ought to appear and always do." He then criticizes the Bates Student for neglecting to write on these subjects that are of interest to but few, and writing on subjects that he thinks are "tiresome." In the first place, we would inform the gentleman that "there is nothing new under the sun," unless it is the ex-editor of the Tuftonian. Also that the editorials referred to have never appeared in any previous number of the Student. Lastly, that if we only wrote one or two editorials for each number, as is the case with the Tuftonian, we should have an ample supply of fresh subjects. The Tuftonian is one of our best exchanges and is always sure of a welcome.

And now we must bid farewell to all our exchanges. For a year we have received these messengers from the different colleges throughout the United States and Canada. We have endeavored to bestow praise, where, in our judgment, it was due, and censure where we thought it would be beneficial. Perhaps it is owing to this fact that our relation with other exchanges has been so pleasant. To be sure, college papers are not the highest style of literature, and the ex-editor might devote his time to more profitable reading, but after all he gains an insight into the character and work of other colleges, that can be gained in no other way. From our year's work, we have, at least, gained a knowledge of the location, financial condition, and educational advantages of the different colleges. With the kindest feelings toward all our exchanges, we bid adieu to the exchange fraternity.
BOOK REVIEWS.


The book is written in Miss Phelps' usual happy style. Jack was born at sea, in a terrific storm. His father, a drunken sailor, is lost at sea. Jack inherits his father's love of drink. His mother dies and he goes from bad to worse. Then he falls in with a girl on the streets of Boston; marries her, reforms for a time, again takes to drink, and in a drunken frenzy kills his wife. When he learns what he has done he jumps overboard, singing "Rock of Ages," words that his mother had sung, and the only words that were ever able to move him. It is a strong argument for temperance, and a keen satire upon many of the methods used for reclaiming the fallen. Some of the illustrations are very striking.


This volume is another of the very popular "American Statesmen" series. We hail each one of this series with delight, and each one seems to surpass its predecessors in interest and worth. The volume before us is no exception to this rule. Notwithstanding the great interest attaching to the name of this revolutionary hero and orator, there has been but one life of Patrick Henry, that by William Wirt as long ago as 1817. As the author says in his preface, Wirt had to trust largely to imaginative traditions concerning Patrick Henry, which he found floating in the air of Virginia; or to the recollections of old people, which were nearly always faulty and inaccurate. The present author has had access to the correspondence and private papers of Henry, and with these materials has produced a work that will be classed among standard biographies. Our author has shown by the testimony of competent witnesses that Henry was easily the foremost orator of his time. He has corrected the prevailing impression that Henry lacked application, and shown that he had a knowledge of law and politics, and possessed a self-sacrificing spirit and the insight and power of a statesman.


No one who has the least appreciation of a good thing can read the dedication of this charming book without the desire to explore its pages further. The work contains eleven essays, none of them long, on "Characterization and Criticism." Mr. Scudder is a critic of well-known ability, and has chosen his subjects well. The name of the author and the title of some of the essays are sufficient guarantee for the interesting nature of the book. "Longfellow and his Art," "A Modern Prophet," "The Shaping of Excelsior," showing how Longfellow wrote and re-wrote this celebrated poem, and "Emerson's Self," are a few of the subjects treated. The spirit of the entire book is broad, kindly, and impartial.


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AMONG THE POETS.

FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

By life's pathway, brightly smiling,
Friendships grow like flowers sweet,
With their perfume, faint, beguiling;
Oft the traveler's step they greet.

Some are modest, never vaunting,
Like the violet wet with dew;
Some are gaudy, ever flaunting,
Like the poppy's dazzling hue.

Some, alas, are soon to wither,
And their gorgeous tints to fade;
Some we pluck and bear wherever
Fortune's hand our course hath laid.

Precious are they o'er all measure,
If they bear the brunt of time;
Never dying source of pleasure,
Friendship is a gift sublime.

—Hamilton Lit.

NOT THE SAME.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To the photographer's, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you wish to, sir," she said.

"And now, fair one, a boon I ask,"
He then exclaimed in eager tone,
"More than all else the world affords,
A likeness of you I fain would own."

She hesitated, then archly smiled,
And to him expectant, raising her head,
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As he is now situated in his

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"If what you say is really true, I'll give you the negative, then," she said.

—S. A. Y., in Yale Record.

REPARTEE.

They had whirled around in the steps of the waltz, and dismay had spread o'er his face, for he found just then at the end of the dance a button was caught in her lace.

He colored, and then in embarrassed tones, when the dance they had gone quite through, "Pray pardon my boldness," he said with a smile, "But you see I'm attached to you."

Then roguishly glancing, she answered at once, "Don't let that worry you so, for quickly you'd see, if you'd only half try, this attachment is mutual, you know."

—Yale Record.

HER OPINION.

"To-day," said he, "I graduate. What shall I do, will you advise? Shall I stay here to try my fate, or seek the West where Fortune lies?"

"It rests with you what I shall do; say but the word and I will stay; but if you bid me go from you, again my heart must needs obey."

"I think," said she, "were you to go, you'd find that plan by far the best," then in his ear she whispered low, "I'm very sure we'll like the West."

—Harvard Lampoon.

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See Page 213, October Number.

WISH TO SAY just a word, and that of our own accord, in praise of the office where the Echo has always been printed. We doubt if there is another office in the country which does more college work than is done at the Lewiston Journal Office. Patronized by four colleges, and some half a dozen academies, they are thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of college work. We could easily pick out a number of exchanges, each of which would contain more typographical errors than do our proof-sheets. A disposition to accommodate has ever been manifested, and we wish thus to express our appreciation of it. —COLEB ECHO.
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