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EDITORIAL.

REALIZING to some extent, at least, the magnitude of our task, we enter upon our new duties as editors of the Bates Student. We are aware that it is no small thing to conduct properly even a college paper. If, as has been said, the college paper is "A mirror of undergraduate sentiment," care is necessary lest it reflect an inverted image of that sentiment. Or if, as has likewise been said, it is "The index of the moral and intellectual tone of the students," there may be danger lest it point in another than the true direction.

The college magazine is, it seems to us, when properly conducted, all this and more. It represents probably better than any other one thing, the character of the institution in all its phases. It is also a medium for the transmission of local college news to graduates and interested friends, thus serving as a bond of sympathy between them and the students. In view of this high calling of the college paper, we begin our work, not without some concern, upon the Student. The efficient work of the past year and previous years has been apparent to all, and we can only pledge our watchful, earnest efforts to
maintain its standard, and to help to bring it to the limit of its possibilities.

This issue of the Student has for several reasons been delayed. It is our purpose hereafter, to issue promptly by the middle of the month.

Dress does not make the man," says an eminent gentleman, "but when the man is made, he looks better dressed." Neither can the cover make the book; but we have thought some little improvement in that direction might be made upon the Student. Therefore, at considerable sacrifice, we have obtained the new dress in which it now appears. It has been the purpose of the management in making this change, to render the paper more attractive, and at the same time to make its outside appearance a little more suggestive of the college student whom it purports to represent. If our purpose is realized, we shall feel more than compensated for all our outlay of money and effort. The Student is greatly indebted to Mr. John Sturgis, class of '87, for his valuable services in making the design.

Recently a distinguished American said in the course of one of his lectures, that if ever he grew old he should go to Europe, where gray hairs are respected. Perhaps this remark is too sadly just. But on whom shall the blame be laid? A father in the presence of his little son, irreverently calls the President of the United States an idiot, and expatiates on a theory expressly invented by himself for the government of the American people. Next day the lad, with father wit, boldly voices the result of his own thoughtlessness as regards another link in the great chain of government. Mind what the old man says! Not he. He will do as he pleases.

What we wish to see is more courtesy, not only in politics but in all things. Whoever is doing a noble work, let him be spoken of in the same gentlemanly way in which he would be addressed—not by the nickname some simpleton may have given him. No harm is meant. True; but it does harm nevertheless. To give less respect, where it is merited, never fails to produce less self-respect. There is no surer proof of a noble soul, than to give honor where honor is due.

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The importance of acquiring a neat, careful style of penmanship, can not be too strongly emphasized. If all the imitators of Horace Greeley's handwriting could be made to realize how much time is daily spent in demoralizing attempts to decipher their well-nigh illegible manuscript, they would doubtless be stimulated to improvement. Hundreds of instances might be produced to prove the inconvenience arising from slovenly chirography. Recently Henry Watterson, the well-known Kentuckian, while in Washington, called on the Secretary of War; but was somewhat surprised to find admittance flatly refused him. This was the occasion of his venting his anger in an editorial on the aristocratic tendencies of cabinet officers. What
must have been his feelings on receiving a neatly written apology stating that his card had been read as written, H. Wallerson! In future, we venture to say, Mr. Watterson will, while making calls, drop all assumed names. Moral: cross your t's and dot your i's.

NEW-YEAR'S day has a peculiar interest and solemnity. The observance of most holidays is to celebrate some particular event, and is confined to those countries in which the event, that gives character and meaning to the day, took place.

But the new-year day is for all the world, and it is to celebrate no one event, but to look farewell to the past and speak welcome to the coining year, that we enter into its observance. On this day of all the year, when it is given us in an especial manner to fix the position of one of the countless points that make up the endless line of eternity, it is eminently fitting that we should in seriousness look back over our life for the past year, to be encouraged and strengthened by its successes, and warned by its failures; and, guided by these experiences, to form firm resolves for the future.

As we stand on the threshold of the new year, after our last, wistful glance into the past, we begin to make a picture. The background of that picture has been made by our wasted or improved opportunities—our deeds, good or bad; the colors, tints, form, beauties, and shadows are to be added day by day throughout the coming year. Happy is he whose life during the past year has been such that it will give to the picture which he shall make, a background that will enhance beauties and in some degree cover blemishes. May each be wise in the choice of colors for his picture, and, admonished by the past, let him be judicious in applying them to the canvass.

The child mind feels that when the presents have been received and distributed the best, or all, of new year is passed. But no; each day as it passes is a new-year's day, full of bright, pleasing promises and opportunities. Each sun as it rises, smiles down upon us with its dazzling brightness, and says to us "Once more I give thee my glad light for the accomplishment of the noble resolves and high ambitions of thy new-year day."

Thas often been a source of complaint that the students, outside of the editorial board, do not contribute more freely to the columns of the STUDENT. Whether then? has been sufficient ground for such complaint or not, we may be better able to say at the end of the year. It is hardly to be expected, we know, that every one assume a personal responsibility for the paper's success; yet "T"is a consummation devoutly to be wished." The paper belongs to the students, and though the work of publication falls upon a particular class, all are, or should be, interested in it as their publication. We do not anticipate any lack of support from our fellow-students; but lest any should think there is no need of their assistance, we wish to say our columns are open and we need—or rather the STUDENT needs all the help it can get.
THE base-ball prospect is encouraging. There are many excellent players in college, who have been disciplined by constant practice during the fall term, while a warm gymnasium permits training to be immediately resumed. Under such favorable conditions, the measure of success will depend largely upon the support given the nine. It must have material to work with and the benefit of early practice games. Last year we heard both students and alumni say, "I would give something to a nine that could gain the championship, but it is no use to support a team that can't win a game from Bowdoin or Colby." There is talent enough to win this year, but if aid is withheld until our position is decided, it will be too late to improve it. Do you wish to see Bates at the head? If so, aid these players in every way. Let the interest displayed last fall re-appear before "March meeting," and make the coming entertainments a financial success. We shall put in some time and money; let us put in enough to secure a satisfactory return. Unless there is sufficient enthusiasm to enable next summer's team to make a stubborn fight for the championship, we had better let base-ball alone.

No part of his college course is better calculated to fit the student for the activities of life. Indeed, it would be hard to overestimate the benefits that come from a faithful performance of society work. That the best attainable results are not realized by all is to be accounted for by the careless and negligent way in which some prepare their parts. We are sure that those who devote some little time to their preparation feel themselves amply repaid for their pains. No one should attempt a debate without having given to it his most serious thought. We do not know why so many promised parts should be absent, unless it be that society promises are not considered binding. This is not as it should be. Whoever promises a part for the society should allow nothing but the gravest excuse to keep him away. While there has been a decided improvement during the fall term in the regularity of the members to fill the programmes, there is still room for further advancement in this direction.

Inasmuch as the work of the societies may be one of the most beneficial of the college course, we think that the faculty should lend their influence to increase this interest and usefulness; at least they should do nothing that will tend to cripple them in any way.

The excellent interest of the fall term was very markedly damped by appropriating so many of our regular Friday evenings for the public exercises of the college. This compelled us to change our meetings to Saturday. Now Friday night is the regular time for the society meetings; besides many
feel that Saturday night belongs especially to themselves, and these two things combined to make the attendance smaller than usual. For these reasons the public exercises of the college should, as far as possible, be fixed for other than Friday evenings.

In view of the hearty support of the large entering class in the fall, the year opens with bright promise. Let each one be active and prompt to do his part during the year that this promise may be fulfilled. It means much good for you and honor to the college.

In deciding the question of teaching, the student is chiefly governed by his purpose in entering college. One class teach as much as possible and obtain good positions immediately after graduating. They have been to college, made money, and acted the part of "the living wonder" before their admiring townsmen. From a pecuniary point of view, they are among the most successful graduates; yet they gain little from their college course that might not be obtained equally well elsewhere. Another class take the other extreme, borrow money, graduate in debt, and are for years hampered by pecuniary difficulties, which blight the ambitious projects of opening manhood.

Between these are a third and more numerous class who recognize the evils of either extreme. Sturdily refusing to incur debt, they reduce their expenses in every possible way, in order that they may spend more time in the duties of the class-room; but as a last resort, they absent themselves from college, accepting the disadvantages of such a course as one of the evils of poverty. These graduate with less money than the first, less training than the second, but with what neither of them possesses—a cultured independence.

THE new management of the Student have undertaken their work with zeal, and spared no pains to increase the attractiveness of our college publication. We trust the fruits of our efforts will commend themselves to our present subscribers, to the friends of the college as a whole, and to all under whose notice our work shall fall. The one thing needful after our efforts is public support and patronage. While we renew exertions we hope to see our list of subscribers lengthen, and to this end we appeal to the loyalty of alumni and the generosity and interest of the public generally.

We would respectfully remind the students that a large part of the financial support of the Student comes from the men who advertise in it. Many of the most reliable firms in the city, dealers in nearly everything the student needs, are represented in our columns, and, as all will admit, reasonably expect our patronage. It will not only be a favor to the Student, both now and in the future—is it not our duty, as well, to give them our trade?

The purest literary talent appears at one time great, at another time small; but character is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness.—Emerson.
A FAREWELL.

By N., '77.

As one with wishful eyes
And yearning heart
Sees from his fireside lone
A friend depart,—
A friend well known and tried
Through joy and pain,
On whose dear face he ne'er
May look again,—
So I to you, old year,
Sadly must say,
"Farewell, my friend, no more
You'll cross my way.
Together we have smiled,
Together wept,
Together o'er and o'er
Our vigils kept.
"I would not have thee go,
Old friends are best;
Though I have sought in vain
Your promised rest."

Alas! no prayers can hold,
No tears avail;
Gone is the year, as fades
A distant sail.
And I, upon my threshold
Calmly greet
The year, like Hermes, shod
With winged feet.

THE CONCEPT OF GOD—ITS ORIGIN AND PERMANENCE.

By O. H. T., '82.

The spirit of worship is as old,
Aye, older than the records of mankind.

From the borderland where authentic history fails us we thread our way by crumbling monuments, by ruined temples, by fallen tablets, back into the gray morning that looked upon the childhood of man, and we find that these mournful relics of departed races testify to a highly developed sense of deity, duty, and immortality.

Of a state of life where the conception of deity did not exist we can find no vestige whatever.

Penetrate as far as we can into the realms that antedate the birth of history, we learn that the religious impulse and the idea of the divine were already matured and old, when the first monument was inscribed. We cannot discover the beginnings of these sentiments, for monuments and relics do not disclose the origin of the human soul. Thus we see that the latest philosophical and religious ideas lay potentially in the infantile mind of the race.

The supreme thought of all ages has been a thought of God. We read it in the fragmentary songs and myths of races lost in the pathless wilderness of prehistoric times. We read it in sculptured wall, and graven image, and silent bone-heap which modern research has recovered from the drifting sands of centuries.

But whence comes this consciousness of God? Is it a mere brain creation—a thrill of nerve without any substratum of reality to which it correlates? To affirm that it has its root in some celestial soil may sound to us like truism, but in these days when material science is assuming such colossal proportions we meet with vigorous efforts to give to everything a materialistic explanation,—to reduce our conceptions of God and immortality to mere phantoms and creations of a material mind; and we often hear the boast that science will eventually banish worship.
Mr. Spencer, the prince of modern empirical philosophers, has attempted by a laborious process to show that all religions sprang from the worship of dead ancestors. Another advances the theory that man, endowed with his fine senses and mental faculties, came into possession of this God-concept through the facts and objects presented in the external world. Still another would make the religious sentiment the slow development of the thought of many generations.

Not any of these explanations, however, are sustained by evidence, for according to each theory the idea of one God should have been the last stage in the progress of belief, while the fact is, it is the oldest theistical concept of which we have any record.

But the whole question as to the genesis of theism is like the question of how we gain our impressions of the external world. They do not come by sight alone, nor by touch, nor by any one or two of the senses, but by the combined impressions made upon them all. Neither does man gain his theistic conceptions from this or that particular method of thought.

Everything in his nature and experience leads him to think the existence of a God. The whole structure of the human mind is fitted to receive the impression. By conscious and unconscious inference,—by the tides of nature flowing in upon the soul the dawning of this idea upon the mind becomes a necessity. What need we claim more than that this God-concept be suited to the structure of the human soul,—that experience leads to it,—and that nature in her myriad forms and movements teaches it? Need we contend for the cumbrous intuition theory?

When seed and soil are brought together, and under the operations of sunshine and shower, vegetation is produced, we legitimately infer that seed and soil were intended for each other. The seed has found congenial environments and we say that it is native to the soil. May we not say that this idea of God is native to the mind of man?

Whether it come according to the ghost theory of Spencer, or by inference, or by development,—this sense of the Divine—is it not something that must have come to the human mind in the childhood of the race?

We know that it was so, and since man cannot divest himself of the impression,—since there is so perfect an adaptation between him and his environments,—since there is so fine a correlation of supply to need, we must believe that there is some background of reality behind these impressions,—we believe that they are not mere phantoms of a material mind,—not a mere evolution of perishable brain and nerve.

That man is endowed with a highly sensitive self-consciousness, which acting, and acted upon, is sufficient to induce the religious impulse, is ground enough for belief in the validity of that impulse.

Our ideas of God come largely from theistical teaching, but this is not all. The process by which the first man arrived at the thought of God is essentially the process by which all men arrive at it. Man's whole experience leads
him up to the consciousness of God, and prepares him for the acceptance of revealed truth. The questions he asks as a child indicate the trend of his thought. Objective revelation came only as the complement of the revelation gained from thought and emotion as related to object and phenomena.

Man was never the passive recipient of a revelation. The mind in its yearning and its search for God first came into communion with Him. The parents of our race must have been looking and listening when God first became manifest to their senses. It could have been no surprise when they heard Him walking in the garden, any more than to the child, when to its questions that lie too deep for science, the mother answers,—God.

We accept Bible-truth because it answers to what in experience we yearn after, and to what in the synthesis of knowledge we have felt must exist. Our natural impressions of God form no inconsiderable factor in the concrete whole of our belief.

Theism is a belief so complex that it is incapable of any ultimate analysis. It is a putting together of this and that in the process of the mind’s education, and, so long as mind with its qualities and tendencies exists, this synthesis of thought is a necessity. It is grounded in necessary experiences and relations. If belief were simply a thing that had been educated into the mind, without any correspondence of reality behind it, scientists might talk of educating it away. But this God-consciousness is catholic to humanity, and is established in the deepest seat of human thought and experience, else would it, like the gods of Olympus, long since have been dethroned. Man cannot, however, divest himself of himself. Our religious impressions are the flower of human thought,—our God-ward impulses the natural fragrance of the soul.

Science can never banish those permanent emotions out of which the religious impulse springs,—cannot make the phenomenal world so familiar that we shall lose the sense of an Infinite Presence felt as when we look out on this complex pageantry of matter. Philosophy cannot so analyze the soul away that as we look into its depths and get a realization of its mighty possibilities we shall not feel a sense of awe. Education can not lift the mind so high that we shall cease those yearnings and questionings born of the travail of the soul when the shadow of some great bereavement steals through the halls of being.

No! Literary men may disbelieve,—scientists and philosophers may scoff, but we believe that the truest and deepest feelings of the heart touch upon the spirit of the unseen.

Negative philosophy may flourish for a time and cast its chilling shadows across the fields of thought, but it cannot suppress the spirit’s craving for Him who transcends limitations.

The feeling must exist that this world, beautiful though it be, is not all. There is a higher life than the phenomenal one. There are brighter things than these we see. The forms of beauty that enfold us are but the brodered garment of the Infinite,—the drapery
that conceals for a time the splendors of his personality. Our desires, our aspirations, our conceptions, our loves, our ideals, are not mere bubbles upon a wave of matter, but "Signalings from some high land Of one we feel, but dimly understand."

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**IGDRASIL.**

By A. C. T., '88.

In the legends of the Norsemen, Those weird Scandinavian sagas, Full of strange wild fascination, Is the story of Igdrasil, Of the ash-tree of existence. Rooted in the realms of Hela, Deep within the dark death-kingdom, Whence it towers aloft to heaven, Spreading far and wide its branches O'er the universe of nations. At the foot of this Igdrasil, In the realms of death and darkness, Ever sit three fates or nornas, They, the Present, Past, and Future, From a mystic sacred fountain Evermore are drawing water, Pouring it about Igdrasil. Every bough upon Igdrasil Is a nation with its people, Every leaf, a life, a mortal, Trembling, quivering, and pulsating, As the soul of man is throbbing, Thrilled with joy or wrung with anguish, Every fiber in each leaflet, Is a thought, a word an action, Making up each man's life-story. Every budding and disleaving Is a birth, a death, a something That is realized in living Something sad or something joyful, Often are its branches shaken With the tempest of rebellion, With the shock of revolution. Ever will they surge and rustle With the breath of human passion, With the noise of man's existence.

"Judicious praise has saved many a boy, while continued censure has ruined many another."

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**ARE THE IRISH PEOPLE WISE IN WISHING FOR IMMEDIATE INDEPENDENCE?**

By E. C. H., '87.

All will doubtless agree that under any ordinary circumstances any people are wise in preferring self-government to dependence on a power outside themselves; for never in all the course of history did a dependent people rise to any enviable estate. Therefore, in deciding whether the Irish people are wise in wishing for immediate independence, the burden of proof devolves upon him who says no; for he must either show that they are at present an exception to the general rule, or that their dependence is likely to grow into perfect union with the governing power.

First, suppose the attempt be to show that they are better off than they would be if independent. Let us look at their condition. The great mass of the Irish people are tillers of hired farms,—peasants, we call them, and their lot is poverty. They have no incentive to industry, for the fruits of their labor go to the landlord; and if one of them shows signs of thrift, up goes the rent, for the general rule is to make the rent just as much as can be gotten out of him, and if he fail to pay it he is turned out. In 1879 alone, nearly four thousand families were thus turned out of house and home. The lot of the Irish tenant farmer is poverty, and poverty from which industry offers no escape; poverty that in thousands of families is always balanced on the thin edge of starvation. Hundreds of thousands of Irish peasants
have starved to death during the last decade; yes, English statistics show that in four years of this decade a million starved to death.

Ireland shares not in the prosperity that this age brings to the rest of Christendom. The wages of labor there are often less under Victoria than they were in England under Elizabeth. Though a country abounding in harbors, and of lakes and rivers having so wonderful a supply that from any point in her territory navigable water can be reached within a distance of fifty miles, yet she has practically no commerce. Though adapted for manufacture, of course she must not be allowed to compete with English manufacture. Her people driven to agriculture, she again meets them with bounty. She has great reaches of deep, rich, almost exhaustless soil,—such soil that if your land is old and you want a rich garden, you only have to plow deep and turn it up; she has the mild and stable climate of an island, and vegetation on her rich land is fostered by perpetual moisture, yet her agricultural laborers starve. Give them a chance, and her people are hard-working and saving, and eminently capable to prosper, as they have abundantly proved whenever they have left their native land, and as all can testify who have ever seen them where they had half a chance; but in spite of all, poverty covers her like a garment, and the hand of famine is forever at her throat.

Socially, the Irish people are divided into two extremes. There being little trade or manufacture, there is hardly anything to compose a middle class; and as all the money to be spent and all the patronage to be bestowed are in the hands of one class, the few, the others are utterly subservient to this ruling few, who are clad in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.

But the other division, the one that contains the great mass of the people, after having toiled and starved, are at length brought to bay. There is in Ireland a great rising of the people, such as comes about only as the reaction from great oppression.

Now the English government of Ireland, in the first place most unlawfully set up, and ever since the constant source of galling wrongs, has all along required for its maintenance a violent hand; and in the present dreadful social struggle, the utmost force of the government is being put forth to drive in the wrongs now breaking forth, still to fester. Ireland is considerably less than the State of Maine, both in area and population, yet there are engaged in its government about 15,000 military constables, 10,000 picked troops, and a navy constantly encircling its shores. The royal Irish constabulary undergo a careful course of discipline to free them from all sympathy with the people among whom they serve; for they are sent, not as a protection, but to oppose the people in the struggle they are making to be rid of oppression. This enormous force, moreover, serves mostly in the country, among a people remarkably moral and religious, and where ordinary crimes are almost unknown. What are they there for? Why, to suppress the land-league and
keep the people powerless. The Irish authorities can do almost anything with this end in view. They can hustle a dozen young fellows into prison, without bail, found walking together and suspected of being on their way to a land-league hunt. They can force an entrance into private houses where two or three ladies are meeting, and insist on remaining to see what they do, because, forsooth, they may be guilty of some charity that is in danger of lessening the present horror of being turned out of house and home; and this horror must be kept inviolate, for it is the valuable instrument by which the landlord extracts his merciless rents; and if a lady be suspected of this crime of charity, she may be hustled off to prison. They drag to jail the most respectable citizens upon mere suspicion that their sympathy and moral support are on the side of those that wish to disturb the existing miserable order of things. The police can enter a shop and carry off what they like, without making payment or even showing a warrant; or seize a man and rifle his pockets in the market place; and as for clubbing and shooting and bayonetting, they are too common. We hear a good deal about the outrages that the Irish people commit, but when violence is used to hold them down, any attempt to rise must be accompanied by violence. The outrages they commit spring from a burning sense of wrong, and are on the side of justice; what about these other outrages that are under the cloak of law, and on the side of oppression?

This is an outline of the condition of the Irish people; it must be left to recollection and imagination to fill it in, and imagination is not likely to paint the picture so black as it is. Poverty-stricken and oppressed, subjected to the worst of misrule, the rule of a class; driven by ages of grinding wrong to an almost desperate attempt to break the yoke under which they starve; but struggling on, misrepresented before the world; without the sympathy of the nation that governs them; deprived of all legitimate means of sharing in the control of passing political events, in which they take so keen an interest and have so deep concern, and with all the despotic power of unrighteous law enlisted on the side of their oppressors.

Far from being an exception to the rule, that no people can be at its best while dependent on a power outside itself, is not Ireland's experience for centuries with English rule, and Ireland's condition to-day conclusive proof that her people are wise in wishing for immediate independence?

But it may be said that the Irish people are so incapable of self-government, that they would be worse off than they are, if independent. The conduct of the Irish people during their struggle against oppression, as it has been represented, has caused many to look upon them as a people peculiarly fickle, inflammable, and ready for violence; and upon this reputation arguments against their independence are usually grounded. Let us, therefore, give our attention to certain considerations, too often overlooked. First, the reports of the doings of the Irish popular party, as heard in the British Parliament and
English press, and thence transferred to our own current literature, are the voice of the very class they are seeking to oppose, of the landlords scared by the popular rising, ready to believe anything bad, anxious for the full sympathy and support of the English in the struggle, and therefore tempted to injure the popular side all they can. Besides there is in England a ravenous appetite for tales of Irish outrage; no other items of news are so readily paid for. There is, therefore, great temptation here again, to exaggerate and even to invent a supply for this popular demand. Because of these two sources of misrepresentation, not to mention others that exist, it is well known and acknowledged by men familiar with Irish affairs, that, much as they are written about, people in general do not understand them. It cannot, however, be denied that there are many and cruel outrages and ebullitions of popular violence, that, as reported, may appear to be without cause, and are therefore unjustly ascribed to the natural violence of Irish character. But I do maintain that as soon as we recognize the conditions under which violence is called forth, the injustice of that ascription is manifest, and the proverbial courtesy and humanity of Irishmen are vindicated. Outrages are committed only in spite of the exhortations of the Irish leaders. "But," as another has said, "men who have been starving, who have seen their families, their friends, dying of hunger, who have been evicted to rot by the roadside for all their landlord cares;—such men are not in a spirit for wise counsels." Moreover, it is a most significant fact, that there are, throughout Ireland, hosts of unemployed men. Irish industry has been crushed out, and there is nothing for them to do. Is it wonderful that there are disturbances?

The principles of the Irish landleague are identical with those of the trade-unions that have been allowed to succeed throughout England. And in England whenever the government has overstepped the bounds of its proper province and tried to put down the trade-unions, outrages have been committed by English laborers, precisely similar to those committed by the Irish. But in Ireland, law is but an instrument in the hands of the oppressors, and violence is the constant policy by which the people are opposed. Here is the explanation of Irish outrages; the people are maddened with famine and stung with wrong, thousands upon thousands of them can find nothing to do, and in their peaceable efforts at self-protection, they are persecuted by the hand of an unjust law. Is it wonderful that there are outrages? As one asks, "Is Ireland a country where men can gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles?" No, the wonder rather is, that the number of outrages is not multiplied. It is never fair to judge a people by the crimes of its roughs, and it is certainly unnecessary to regard Irish character as different from that of other mortals, in order to explain the disordered condition of Irish society. But even if it were as bad in these respects as it is represented, that would not be a sufficient proof that, unlike all other nations, God, who gave them their char-
acter, intended them for a dependent people. On the contrary, the more given to violence they are made to appear, the more evident is their wisdom in wishing for immediate independence; for popular violence never prevails except when men are deprived of legitimate means of defending their rights.

Too ignorant for self-government, it may be said they are, but this is only to reproach the system under which they live. Says an eminent writer: “No mind, not even the Greek, has ever had more disinterested love for knowledge, than the Irish mind; in no other country have men made nobler efforts, than in Ireland, to obtain education for themselves and their children. I do, therefore, most strenuously deny that the Irish have ever been content with ignorance or indifferent to knowledge.” Even while the penal laws against Irish education were in force, peasants who spoke Latin could be found among the hills of Southern Ireland, and the gentlemen who conducted the trigonometrical survey of the island, declared that they found youngsters in abundance to do their calculations for them, at one-half penny a triangle.

The Irish mind is quick, sharp, and active, and delights in deep and abstruse thinking. Well was this known in the days before Ireland was trampled under the feet of Englishmen, when, as says Dr. Johnson, “She was the quiet habitation of sanctity and learning;” when she was the university whither scholars flocked from England and the continent; when she was the center whence missionaries of Christianity went forth to traverse western Europe, and she won the title of the “isle of saints.” For her civilization was one of benevolence, and not of war, and barbarism is not native to her people. With the loss of her independence, the days of her prosperity ended, and during the centuries of her subjugation she has suffered cruelties too terrible to be believed. Her sons have had small chance at home, but their eloquence has won honor before the bars of the world, their scholarship in the schools and colleges of the world, their valor in the camps, and their statesmanship in the cabinets of the world. In spite of her condition, the little isle has furnished to the world about as many great names as any other nation.

Such is the people declared to be incapable of self-government. If they are thus incapable, allow me to inquire how many millions more must starve, how many centuries more of these abuses must elapse before they will be raised to the full dignity of manhood?

If this people that before their subjugation, stood on the very pinnacle of the world’s civilization, the people of O’Connell, Curran, Grattan, and Burke, of our own Andrew Jackson and James Buchanan, of Wellington, Kearny, and Sheridan, and a host of the wisest rulers and bravest defenders of other lands, have become incapable of self-government, then on that fact I take my stand, and demand that the dependence that has wrought such degradation, at once be broken, and this people be allowed to rise once more to their own level.

What if there were anarchy, for a time, is that a great price to pay for
the life of a nation? We bought our independence with a long and bloody war, and the American Colonies never suffered from dependence upon England anything comparable with what Ireland suffers to-day. Besides, anarchy never lasts long among a free people. Freedom is the best remedy for freedom's ills. Are such a people, reduced by subjection to such a condition, unwise in wishing for immediate independence?

It may be argued that they are unwise, on the ground that they are likely to become an integral part of the governing power, and that then the Irish people will be prosperous and contented citizens of the British Empire. But that is utterly improbable. What radical changes must, ere that day, take place in a government that after so many centuries, finds a people in such a disastrous condition! Besides, the Irish people are alien in territory, an island by themselves. But that is not all. The separation in race is even wider than the Irish Channel. The English misunderstand and look down on them; they are far from feeling in common with them, and while this is true the two are not fit to be one people. It is said that the Irish that live in England, though harmony and good-will abound, are utterly isolated, and show not the slightest tendency to amalgamation with those around them, because, as is said, "The Irish and English races are as alien to each other as they were three hundred years ago."

Their ancient religion, moreover, to which, in spite of inhuman persecution, they have clung with heroic fidelity, and for which they still suffer injustice, is a barrier. But even if all these could be overcome, there remains an unsurmountable obstacle in the national sentiments of the Irish people. They feel themselves a nation! They know how lawlessly England got possession of their native land. They burn with indignation at the thought of the cruelties England has inflicted on Ireland during these centuries; cruelties so barbarous they almost make one blush to think that his ancestors were Englishmen. Whenever Irishmen get together, the wrongs of their native land are sure to arise before them, and the agitations in which they are perpetually engaged are, as has been said, merely in any way protesting against what their national sentiments tell them is an insult and an intrusion. I say they feel themselves a nation, and their glowing loyalty is loyalty to Ireland and not to England, their conqueror, and for ages their spoiler and oppressor. And it is useless to think of making British subjects out of Irishmen, till you can get out the injured Irish heart that clings to Erin and put a British heart in the place of it.

No, it can neither be proved that the Irish people are better off than they would be if independent, nor that their dependence will grow into a desirable fusion with Great Britain. For centuries, ever since Englishmen wickedly trampled her under their feet, Ireland has been a maimed and crushed member of the family of peoples; and she can never be what God made her for, till she is allowed to rise and stand on her own feet and is restored to her place in the great sisterhood of nations.
INSPRIATION.

By D. C. W., '85.

Tell me not the ancient prophets
Came of an extinguished line;
That they left no true descendants
Who are touched with flame divine.

Many an unknown, unnamed singer
Feels a spirit loose his tongue;
Feels the power within to utter
Psalms and poems never sung.

Woe to him who such inbreathings
Deigns to slight, or dares neglect;
Or beneath the smoldering ashes
Fails the God-spark to detect.

Tis a message sent from Heaven—
You, a messenger, at best;
Till his errand is delivered
May no message-bearer rest.

Listen to the heaven-sent message
Be you poet, painter, priest;
Mould it in your noblest image
Send it forth unscarred, at least.

You may not the final reader
Of your sealed dispatches know;
You may only catch a glimmer
Of the Jove-sent fires glow:

But some heart is surely waiting
Your dispatches to receive;
That your post is worth a life-long
Struggle, you may well believe.

—Literary Life.

IN FANCY’S LOOM.

In fancy’s loom let us to-night
Weave those sweet things that come to light
When Winter goes, and after him
Exultingly the swallows skim
Northward o’er greening vale and height.

What though fierce frost-winds waste their might?
Our curtained home is warm and bright.

Lo! bluebirds on the budding limb
In fancy’s loom.

No mortal ever sang arihgt
Spring’s miracles that meet the sight
In sunny field and forest dim,
Therefore in silence let us trim
A land with beauty free from blight
In fancy’s loom.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE BATES ALUMNI OF BOSTON AND VICINITY.

To the Editors of the Student:

The second dinner of the Boston alumni of Bates, occurred at Young’s Hotel at five o’clock, Tuesday, December 29, 1885.

The following officers were chosen: G. C. Emery, of ’68, President; F. W. Baldwin, of ’72, Vice-President; G. E. Smith, of ’73, Secretary and Treasurer.

There were no guests. Thirty-one alumni sat down at the table—two more than last year. The following is a list of those present: Given and Heath, of ’67; Chase, Emery, Knowlton, and Wendell, of ’68; Bolster, of ’69; Jordan and Rich, of ’70; Baldwin, Bickford, Gay, and Wilder, of ’72; Hutchinson and Smith, of ’73; Hoffman, of ’74; Fuller, Palmer, Washburn, and Wood, of ’75; E. C. Adams, Collins, and Stacy, of ’76; Hutchinson, of ’78; Sargent, of ’79; Hayes, of ’80; W. T. Perkins, of ’81; Blanchard and J. C. Perkins, of ’82; Foss and Waters, of ’83.

It was found that twenty-one other alumni live in Boston or near enough to have attended the dinner and returned home on the same evening, who, for various reasons, were not present. Knowlton, of ’68, had not been present at any meeting of alumni since graduation.

Prof. Chase answered to “Our Alma Mater.” He argued against too many elective studies and was opposed to any for the first and probably the second year of the course. He said the immediate and pressing need of the
college was $50,000 to enable it to properly carry on its present work. Then would come naturally several new professorships, among these he named Astronomy, also the building of an observatory. In the course of his remarks the professor said there were more principals of high schools in New England that were graduates from Bates than from any other college in the country, and that during its eighteen years of life the college had graduated nine college professors, fifty-four clergymen, a dozen journalists, and fifty lawyers.

Mr. Wendell, of '68, of Harvard Observatory, read a very interesting paper on comets and meteors and their relations.

Blanchard, of '82, Knowlton, of '67, Baldwin, of '72, Jordan, of '70, and Heath, of '67, also made short speeches which were listened to with marked attention. It was unanimously voted to meet next year between Christmas and New Year's. Alumni from a distance are specially invited to be then present.

GEO. E. SMITH, Sec.

To the Editors of the Student:

Dear Sirs,—It has long been a matter of speculation in the minds of many whether our Irish brethren were, notwithstanding their quick wit, actually the originators of the "bulls" with which they are so often credited. Many have wondered if it were true that, in case of the sons and daughters of Erin, marvelous quickness of tongue did really so outrun their oft-remarked quickness of wit as to make them say such ludicrous things in all seriousness. Now it is indisputably within the province of the literary representative of a fountain of learning to throw light upon debated questions. Accordingly it shall be the honor of the Student to publish a perfectly well authenticated bull, "taken strait" from the lips of one Mrs. McGrady.

Mrs. McG. was our washerwoman. Down on the patch was a certain invalid, Mrs. Sullivan, by name. This same Mrs. Sullivan had for a long time been "critically ill." Several times had the "Prasht" come down to prepare her for a soft couch and a short stop in Purgatory, but the obstinate Mrs. Sullivan still clings to this mundane existence. One day on being asked how the sick Mrs. S. was getting on, Mrs. McG. replies, "Well, Missus Oi don' know, but Oi do believe that Mrs. Sullivan will live to bury herself."

LOCALS.

THE JANUARY FLY.

In a January thaw—miserable!
A youthful Homer sat at his table,
Writing a soul-stirring strain
Of the mud-producing rain;
For his heart was middling Juneful
And his head was tip-top tuneful.
And anon he was aware
There was something in the air—
Something that he sweetly heard
Like the music of a bird.
Then his wildly roving eye
Spied the January fly;
But the lady of the house,
Like a cat upon a mouse,
Softly came, and laid a finger
On the bird, as it did linger,
And the poet hove a sigh
For the January fly.

Flee, fly!

Muffs!
Mittens!!
Mufflers!!!
Pleasant vacation at Parker Hall.
Thirty-one at chapel. Tuesday.
Over fifty present Friday morning.
Unusually lively for this time of year.

Now is the time,—
to welcome the boys.
to practice in the "Gym."
to make a program for study.
to get ready for examinations.
to begin the society work.
to join the Reading-Room Association.
to subscribe for the Student.

At last the Gym. has been heated.
Several of the Seniors have been playing chess during the vacation. Why not start a chess-club, boys?
The Juniors, spending their vacation at Parker Hall, were very agreeably entertained a few evenings since by Prof. Howe and family.

We fear our readers may miss the usual amount of humor in the local column, for Verrilly the locals have been Merrilly made the past year.

Vacation and vaccination are over, and now we must be inoculated, not with hydrophobia, but with the technicalities of Political Economy.

Sophomore—"I tell you what I gave my shoulder an awful wrench." Unfeeling Chum—"Was it a monkey-wrench?"
The countryman who made inquiries concerning the practical working of battering rams, got his Ancient History and Mechanics slightly mixed.
The library was open one hour every day, except Sundays, during the vacation. A large number of books was taken out by the students remaining here, and by the friends and alumni of the college.

Prof. in Mechanics—"If you couldn't cant over a stone with a bar, what would you do?" Student (striking a philosophical attitude)—"Take a plank."

H—, explaining the method of drawing the polygon of forces, while his hand traces the lines on the board: "Draw this so, then so, then so, then so, th—" Class—"So." He rests.
The twilight falls
On the college walls;
Now the clarionet sounds as of yore.
With terrible rattle
As of fiercest battle
Strike boot-jacks 'gainst the door.
A fainter sound is heard,
As the lock is stirred;
'Tis the clarinet's last note replying,
Dying, dying, dying.

Junior (to pupil in Geography)—"Give three bays on the coast of Maine." She confidently replied,—"Penobscot bay, Casco bay, and Boothbay."

The idea of a college senate did not seem to create much enthusiasm. If we are not willing to govern ourselves, we must not growl at the way in which others perform their duty.

Prof. Hayes' recitation-room has been repaired considerably. Also some new settees with arms have been put into the room, and the old ones newly painted. Good chance for all to take down the lectures now, boys.

In paraphrasing Chaucer's description of the ploughman, a Junior caused a ripple of laughter by rendering thus: "He rode upon a mare dressed in a
farmer's blouse.” He divined the cause of merriment and quickly added: “I guess I got the blouse on the wrong horse.”

One of the Bates pedagogues writes as follows: “The whooping-cough has broken my school up very much, and now the measles have appeared to thin the ranks still more. If canker-rash shows itself, I shall move that the question be returned to the original disputants.”

Another thus graphically describes his experience with country viands: “They have just killed a cow and a pig at my boarding-place, and I eat so much days that I dream nights I am driving an innumerable multitude of cows an infinite number of miles; only to be chased back again an infinite number of miles by a countless multitude of hogs.”

They sit them down—none else about—
To watch the fading year go out.
“Will—you—” says he. “Oh, certainly.”
“They light my cigarette for me.”
They’re standing now—O! how unkind! The old year flashes ’cross his mind.
“Will you—” says he. “I will you know—”
“Then get my hat and let me go.”

The executive committee are contemplating some improvements for the reading-room this term. Some repairing will be done, and several new publications will be put into the room. There are traditions concerning some chairs that were once placed in the reading room. We don’t expect such articles of luxury, but give us something to sit on besides that stool.

Prof. in Political Economy—“What does an able lawyer give to his client—not his talent as a lawyer, but the benefit of it, doesn’t he? Now what does a skillful physician give his patient?”

Student (after some moments of reflection, with an unmistakably honest effort to arrive at the right conclusion)—“Medicine.”

Some would have us believe that students are the only sufferers from written examinations. Our Professors think differently, and in sustaining his view one of them presented the following, taken from a Senior’s examination paper: “The nature of the spots on the sun are holes.”

While it has been variously claimed that B—is the MARYEST man in college, there still is doubt, in some minds at least, about the truth of this statement, for it has been conclusively proved that he sometimes BLANCHES. But it is generally conceded that N—is the most GRACEFUL of the students.

A Senior who is teaching his first school, was recently conversing with a Junior about the school. He seemed to think it was pretty hard lines teaching. He said the children didn’t seem to care much about how they looked—some came in with dirty faces, and “Don’t you think,” said he, “one boy came in the other morning with a pair of duck overalls on!”

One of the smartest Sophomores, laboring under the delusion that the term began a week early, returned to pay his board and coal bill during the last week of vacation. But then he got things squared round in good shape for the term, besides he expects the faculty will graduate him a week earlier at least, to pay for his punctuality.
The Prof. in English Literature was illustrating the analytic method, by using the topic, "Is Human Happiness Increasing?" He was illustrating the method very well, but had failed to awaken any special interest in the subject, until he said in his inductions: "Since the pleasures from general intercourse with our fellows are greater than ever before, it follows, etc." This was greeted with audible smiles from the ladies' side of the house.

At the club table the Juniors were discussing the debates for this term. One Junior, to whom the subject, "Was our country justifiable in waging the Mexican War?" had been assigned, was complaining of the difficulty of writing on this question; he was interrupted by a second Junior with, "I should think that would be nice for you." These re-assuring words, instead of dispelling the cloud upon the complainer's brow, only add a perplexed and puzzled expression, while he incredulously asks, "How so!" "Why," replies the comforter, "you have just been reading the Conquest of Mexico." The sad one is made mirthful.

A JUNIOR BOLD.

In days of old,
When nights were cold,
And tutors held their sway,
A Junior bold
With chain of gold,
Sang merrily this lay,—
"My upper lip so fair,
Has many a long red hair;
Then what care I,
Though tests be nigh,—
I'll make a mash or die."

So this brave wight
In shirt-front bright,
Walked proudly forth one day.
He felt all right,

But ere the night
His courage passed away.
The waxed moustache he wore
Hung limply down before;
As home he hied
He sadly cried
"To mash I'll have to dye."

The room used for botanical specimens has been newly plastered and painted. It is generally understood among the students that this is for the reception of an herbarium.

It had been a night of merry-making in one of the suburban villages of Maine; and when they reached the door of the paternal mansion, the clock in the neighboring tower raised its reproving voice. "Just one," he softly whispered, as he bent over her upturned face. "No, George," she murmured innocently, "it is just two."

Scene at recitation during "the late unpleasantness." Prof. (to Freshman, who has turned his back with an air of studied indifference,) "Mr. , you turn right round." No effect. Prof.—"Turn round, sir." Marked increase of rigidity in Freshie's spinal. Prof. (commencing to take off his overcoat)—"Now, Mr. , you will find I'm no Sophomore. Turn round this way." He immediately became pliable and flopped.

One of the Juniors, whose interest in the working of the telephone is greatly increased by the charms of a fair occupant of the Lewiston office, was recently called on in the Philosophy class to recite upon the instrument. He admitted, amid audible grins, that he understood "the thing"; yet he did not seem inclined to explain its operation. Of course "Billy" fa-
vors connecting the office with the college buildings.

A student, who was on his way down town one afternoon, had safely passed the trying ordeal of Frye Street, when he was amazed to see a well-known form approaching from an unlooked-for quarter. Quickly recovering himself he accosted the apparition with: "Prof., will you please excuse me from recitation, this afternoon? I am obliged to meet a friend who is coming on the train."

Prof. (looking at his watch)—"I am very sorry, Mr. —, but I am afraid that you won't meet your friend. The train arrived forty minutes ago." That student is at present an animated timetable.

We take the following extract from one of the leading journals of New England as no mean compliment. Whoever commends our college must judge it from the work done, not from "prestige," nor length of mouldy pedigree.

BATES COLLEGE.

The appeal which this college makes for a permanent fund of endowment interests men who have had their own fortunes to make and have made them. Here is no rich man's college, to which gay young men go to spend money and waste time, and to come out ticketed as gentlemen. It is a hard working place, where for a sum incredibly small a hard-working young man or woman may have a thorough training in liberal study. It is a college of that old-fashioned type which permits young men and young women of the best blood in Maine to go out in winter and "teach school." And it can show as its jewels as well trained a set of graduates, women and men, as any college of them all.

But, alas, when the pupils pay "inconceivably small" rates of tuition the college must look elsewhere for funds. Its friends, and it has many, ask for the $50,000 they need from men and women who, when they were between 15 and 20 years old, looked for such advantages and did not find them. The friends of Bates College believe that there are enough such New Englanders to create this endowment, in the wish to make to-morrow better than yesterday was.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

[We shall give, in this number, the whereabouts of the graduates of the first three classes sent out by Bates.]

'67.

Arthur Given, pastor of a Free Baptist church in Auburn, R. I., has recently been elected Treasurer of the Free Baptist Benevolent Societies.

Albert H. Heath is pastor of a Congregationalist church in New Bedford, Mass., and editor of a religious magazine.

Joel S. Parsons has settled on one of the great western farms.

J. H. Rand is professor of Mathematics in Bates College.

Frank E. Sleeper is a physician in Sabattis, Me.

Winfield S. Stockbridge is principal of an Industrial School in Washington, D. C.

H. F. Wood is pastor of the Broadway Free Baptist Church of Dover, N. H.

'68.

Geo. C. Chase is professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Bates College.

G. C. Emery is teacher of Mathematics in Boston Latin School.
Thos. O. Knowlton is practicing law. He was among the speakers at the Bates alumni dinner recently given in Boston.

H. W. Littlefield resides in Wells, Me.

O. C. Wendell is professor of Astronomy in Harvard College.

Wm. H. Bolster is pastor of a Congregational church in Everett, Mass.

Geo. B. Files is principal of the Augusta High School, Maine.

L. C. Graves is pastor of the Free Baptist church at Bowdoinham, Me.

C. A. Moore is a homeopathic physician in Lawrence, Mass.

G. A. Newhall is a Methodist preacher at Washington, Me.

Addison Small is cashier of the First National Bank of Lewiston, and treasurer of the college.

FACULTY.

Prof. Stanley has recovered from his illness, and is again before his classes.

Prof. Chase, who has been absent during the vacation, has returned.

STUDENTS.

'86.—E. D. Varney, who taught this fall at Lyndon Institute with remarkable success, is again with his class.

'87.—F. W. Chase is the enterprising teacher of the high school at Unity Village.

'87.—E. I. Sawyer is with us again, after a long and successful period of teaching.

'88.—B. W. Tinker, who was away teaching during the fall term, has returned.

'88.—J. H. Mansur has returned to his class after an absence of two terms.

'88.—E. E. Sawyer is to teach another term of school at Topsham.

'89.—W. F. Grant, from Pittsfield, has joined the class.

'89.—E. T. Whittemore, from Kent's Hill, has entered the class.

EXCHANGES.

We begin our work in this department of the Student expecting to meet upon our exchange table many friends from sister institutions. We say expecting, because, as yet, we have found but few exchanges there. The December visitors having, for the most part, been entertained by the ex-editors, we find it necessary to delay forming acquaintance with most till the January numbers appear. A few of these, however, are already at hand.

The holidays, the grand harvest time for the literary crop is past and the process of consumption begun. The results of the best efforts of writers of every grade are now upon the market; and the college journals, no doubt, have tried to present their proportional part. Amateur writers have spared no labor to produce something appropriate to the going out of the old year and the coming in of the new; and if we may take the few specimens we have received as fair representatives of the whole, the results of the students' best efforts are, this year, highly commendable.

The Chronicle, from the University of Michigan, comes to us in a beautiful holiday dress, and contains a large amount of readable matter, together with several fine illustrations, including
a likeness of President Adams of Cornell. Among the articles of especial interest is one upon "Dueling in German Universities."

The Sunbeam, published by the students of Ontario Ladies’ College, is well named. The tone of its editorials is worthy of imitation by many editors of the stronger sex.

The Hamilton College Monthly, another of our female visitors is attractive and creditable. Like many of its contemporaries, it has tried hard to harmonize with the season, both in gaiety and seriousness. It starts off with the jovial heading of "Old Chris and the Hamilton College Girls" send greeting to the "Old Folks and Little Ones," and the very next turn brings us to a cut of old "Father Time" soberly building the rampart of the years. The poem accompanying the illustration contains many beautiful thoughts. We quote the following stanza:

O! Patriarch, Builder of Ages,
Whose wisdom the world cannot span,
Build higher, yet still, and higher,
Thy shaft to the deeds of man!

The Harvard Advocate contains a pithy communication, addressed to "The Honorable Faculty of Harvard College," against the present "Marking System." It points out very forcibly and clearly the evils of the system and calls upon the faculty for deliverance from what was once a necessity, but has become a curse to the institution. We give an extract under College Press.

We take this opportunity to send greeting to all our sister publications, hoping the relations between them and us will be mutually pleasant and profitable.

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COLLEGE PRESS.

THE MARKING SYSTEM.

Democracy, the popular government of this century is gradually pervading all the institutions of men. Especially is this the case in our colleges. And there exists a strong reason why this should be so. A hundred years ago the average age of undergraduates at Harvard College was from twelve to eighteen years; and this was true not only in American colleges but also in those of England. We should not, then, be surprised that these youngsters were forbidden a voice in the affairs of the college. But how differently are we situated at present! Our voice must be heard, and we are confident it will be heard, because we know that we are governed by an intelligent faculty; and when in the history of the world, has reason refused to listen to reason?

Conservatism must give way before the overwhelming power of increasing knowledge, the discoveries of science and the establishment of new facts regarding man’s physical, social, and mental status. In the present system of marking we have a most decayed and worthless remnant of the blindness or ignorance of the university’s former system, which was suited to a former age. But, thanks to some of our college papers and to our own good judgment, students are beginning to appreciate the absurdity of these marks,
The Bates Student.

and are ready for a change. Expect no opposition from them, O Faculty. But take, we pray you, these shackles from our necks, and set us free from their rust and weight. They are daily impediments to the advances we wish to make, and we protest against them. If the step be not taken now, it will be taken in the near future, for it is impossible that such a conspicuous absurdity should not be torn out by the roots. —X., in Harvard Advocate.

We should feel while in the reading-room that we are secure from interruption; that we may truly read. We should remember that others have come there for the same purpose, and not to listen to our society discussions, or to find out anything about the weather or their neighbors. —Oberlin Review.

COlLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD:

The annex has sixty-five students.

On recommendation of a committee on athletics, composed in part of undergraduates, the faculty have voted to rescind the rule, passed Jan. 6, 1885, prohibiting intercollegiate football games.

A lively interest is felt by the students as a body in the subject of civil service reform, says the Advocate. A course of lectures on the subject is hoped for during the winter.

The faculty are considering a proposition to shorten the length of the course to three years. —Ex.

OBERLIN:

One of the college buildings has recently been destroyed by fire.

The contestants are preparing for the Ohio Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, which occurs at Oberlin, Jan. 22.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY:

Two new secret societies have been established, one exclusively for the ladies, called Delta Gamma—in English “Dear Girls.” The university now contains eighteen secret societies, all in active operation.

Lawrence Barrett is expected to address the students on “Acting and Actors,” in the near future.

There are 217 Catholic students at the Michigan University. They have organized a lecture board, and will invite eminent speakers of their faith to address them during the winter. —Ex.

HILLSDALE:

The number of students in attendance during the past year, by the new catalogue, is 618, distributed in the several departments as follows: Collegiate, 175; academic and preparatory, 255; theological, 52; commercial, 168; music, 116; art, 76.

MISCELLANEOUS:

Five colleges have been founded in Dakota during the past year.

Of the 333 colleges in America, 155 use the Roman method of pronouncing in Latin, 144 the English, and 34 the Continental. —Ex.

Johns Hopkins University has, in place of literary societies, a Students' House of Commons. Weekly meetings are held and topics of the day discussed after the manner of the English House of Commons.

Within the last fifteen years $24,000,000 have been given for the endowment of colleges, not counting sums under
$100,000, nor gifts for buildings, libraries, apparatus, etc.

The Catholic or American University is to be located at Washington, D. C. The endowment now in sight is nearly $1,000,000. The founders will not be content with a support insufficient to produce an income of from $300,000 to $400,000; which is the aggregate outgo for any one of the leading universities of England or Germany. The work intended in science, especially in chemistry, engineering and abstract mathematics will be abreast with that done in the leading German Universities.—Ex.

In England one man in every 5,000 takes a university course, and there are about 5,000 men in the great universities of that country. Scotland has 6,500 students in her universities, and it is estimated that one man in every 615 embraces the opportunity. Germany boasts that one man out of every 213 takes a university course. She has 23,500 students in her various universities, about 6,000 of whom are Americans. In this country every 2,000th man takes a university training. In New England there are 4,000 students.—Ex.

---

**AMONG THE POETS.**

**A REFRAIN.**

(Schiller.)

Happy are by love
The gods,—by love
To gods men rise!
More heavenly by love
E’en Heaven becomes,—and earth
A paradise!

—S. B. S., in Harvard Advocate.
FRESHMAN'S LAMENT.
A Freshman sat on Christmas eve,
In meditative mood,
Thinking of his chilly room
And his neighbor's pile of wood.
And all within was calm and still,
And all without was drear;
Save the lonely toot of the night-fiend's
flute,
No sound struck on his ear.
No Sophomores did bother him,
No laudryman complained;
But hemmed within those four walls dim,
He quietly remained.
At length from revery he awoke,
And thus to free his mind;
He in the quav'ring jargon, spoke—
Peculiar to his kind.
"O, why did not my father send
That check he promised me,
For I would fain be home again,
My dear mamma to see."
"There dawned my morn, there was I
born,
There would I make my home—
Those longest live, who're not inclined
In foreign parts to roam."
If I should only get once more,
The welcome check for "tin";
Without a sigh or tearful eye,
My bier might drink me in.
Then out he stretched, that lonesome
wretch;
He stretched him out to die,
And Death the grim old boatman ran
His noiseless shallop by.
—Chronicle.

TO A COLLEGE FRIEND.
When firmly marching on
Upon the rugged path of life,
When college days are gone
And come the days of strife:—
Then fearless forward press
Amidst the eager throng;
Take thy rights and nothing less;
Set thy heart against the wrong.
Often then will fitful rays
Of happy memories shine,
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To mind you of the days
Which once was thine and mine.

Then in joy as in pain
To brother man be kind;
Let friendship’s silken chain
Our hearts securely bind.

—J. J. M., in Dallhousie Gazette.

TO A BELLE.

Be warned, fair one, to use thy power with care,

For now how long t’will last you may not tell;

Man stays not always brave, nor woman fair;

Look, therefore, while it lasts to use it well;

Award thy praise, where it will give a joy,

For praise may make, and censure may destroy.

—W., in Harvard Advocate.

***

CLIPPINGS.

“Adieu,” she said sweetly, as he kissed her good-night. “He’s adieu’ed aint he,” sung out her little brother, as he vanished up the stairs.—Ex.

Fresh. (reading Virgil) — “And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her”—that was as far as I got, Professor.” Prof.—“That was quite far enough.”

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,

Old Adam called her wo-man,

But when she woo’d with love so kind,

He then pronounced her wo-o-man.

But now with folly and with pride,

Their husband’s pockets trimming,

The ladies are so full of whim.

The people call them whim-men. —Ex.

“Step right into the parlor and make yourself at home,” said the nine-year old son of the editor to his sister’s best young man. “Take the rocking-chair, and help yourself to the album. Helen Louisa is up stairs, and won’t be down for some time yet. She has to make up her form before going to press, you know.”
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