9-1884

The Bates Student - volume 12 number 07 - September 1884

Bates College

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Recommended Citation
Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 12 number 07 - September 1884" (1884). The Bates Student. 2098.
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THE

BATES STUDENT

Vol. XII. No. 7.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '85,

BATES COLLEGE,

Lewiston, Maine.
LEWISTON CLOTHING COMPANY.
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OSWALD & ARMSTRONG,
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STRICTLY ONE-PRICE.

OSWALD & ARMSTRONG,
97 and 99 Lisbon Street, - - - LEWISTON, MAINE.
EDITORIAL.

AGAIN does it become our duty to enter the sanctum, wipe away the dust collected upon the time-stained desk, sweep the cobwebs from the walls, refill the old inkstand, and once more grasp the editorial pen. While thus engaged we are reminded of the changes produced in our ranks since we last occupied this position. We miss familiar faces. The class of '84, leaving behind records of many manly actions worthy of imitation, has stepped out from the college world into the broad arena of active life. Its place has been filled by those who are now, undoubtedly, expected to assume the dignity and sedateness of the representative Senior. The Sophomore of last term is hardly recognizable in the garb of the dutiful, yet important Junior; and the quiet, harmless Freshman has been suddenly transformed into the wily and terror-bearing Sophomore. But this is not all. A new cry sounds over the campus. The class of '88 has entered and demands recognition. As individuals and as a class the STUDENT bids you a cordial welcome. It would also remind you that these successive changes are awaiting you, that the affairs now controlled
by upper-classmen will soon pass into your hands, and that your ability to take charge of and successfully manage these will depend much upon faithfulness in your work during the first year of the college course.

The card catalogue of our library, prepared by Mr. F. B. Stanford, shows much careful work. More than this. It shows that Mr. Stanford has a familiarity with books which is quite surprising. The catalogue is arranged alphabetically by authors and subjects. Under the arrangement by subjects the references on the cards are not confined to books, but extend to chapters of books relating to each particular subject. Much that is valuable in records and reports, essays on particular subjects from books which, as a whole, belong in different departments, material which would not be available without such an aid, is thus brought to the student for his use.

A common delusion among many people is that a college graduate is, or ought to be, a very paragon of learning. Even among students there seems to be a misapprehension of the ends and aims of a college course. Students are too likely to inquire of themselves whether this or that study can be put to any practical use and to regard themselves engaged merely in storing up knowledge for future use. This is a wrong notion of a college course, and it ought to be better understood, is the disciplining of the mind. By disciplining the mind is meant the training that the mind undergoes, by persistent and continued application, whereby it may accomplish the best and the greatest amount of work in a given time.

A college course is not inaptly compared to a man's apprenticeship at a trade. The apprentice will, during his term of apprenticeship, receive a small sum in wages. But what he regards as far more valuable is the skill he has acquired by means of which he will work at greater advantage in future.

So with the student. The knowledge that he acquires during his course is something; but what is infinitely better is the skill he has acquired, the greater facility with which he can work. With this view of a college course a man can consistently neglect no study, however irksome it may be to him. If the work is a task, all the more credit one deserves in its mastery and the more beneficial the mental drill, since a greater effort will be required to concentrate the mind upon it.

The thing above all things to be acquired in college is the power of mind over itself, the ability of concentration of mind. Upon this, not upon the small stock of learning one acquires, depends largely one's success in life. For success depends upon hard work, and if one learns to work hard in college he has laid a good foundation. We are led to speak of this because we know from experience that the subject demands attention.

There is among us too little persistent application and too much idling
or dreaming over books. Let every man have his study hours and during those hours let him strive to put his whole mind into his work. If such a state of affairs could be brought about, a different atmosphere would pervade our college halls, and better equipped men for the battle of life would go from them.

The term has opened well for the Y. M. C. A. The indications are favorable for a good year’s work and earnest effort will not fail of its reward. The aims of the association are to help and strengthen those who are already Christians, give them opportunities for Christian effort, and also to lead those who are not professors to the Master. The association has been very successful during the past year in the first aim; neither has it wholly failed in the second. Three have been converted during the past year and are now active workers. We hope that all Christian students will count it a duty and a privilege to identify themselves with the work, and that all others may find the association room a pleasant place in which to spend a half hour in social worship on Wednesday evenings. The subject there treated is worthy the candid attention of every thinking young man.

Considerable dissatisfaction existed among the students last term because the Faculty refused to give a day each for Field Day and for Ivy Day. We acknowledge that we sympathized with the feeling then, but time and thought have modified our views. These days should be observed and time should be given for them, provided that such preparation is made as to render it certain that they will benefit the college. We must not expect to interest the Faculty in athletics when we manifest so little interest ourselves. With one or two exceptions no practicing of any kind was begun till a very few days before Field Day, when the hammer and shot were brought forth to adorn the area before Parker Hall, being used very little for anything else.

If Field Day should be kept in view throughout the year and exercise systematized, several good results would follow. Exercise with a purpose behind it would be less irksome and, therefore, more beneficial. Records that would compare well with other colleges could be made. Interest on the part of the students would awaken a like interest in the Faculty, so that they would not only give the day for our exercises, but also their presence. Let us make the trial.

A gentleman who has devoted much time to study and research in the large libraries of our country, and who has had most abundant opportunity for knowing what is in our library, said that our students were to be congratulated on having access to so carefully selected a collection of books. There is not after all so much difference in having access to a well selected library of 10,000 volumes, and a library of 100,000 volumes. The 100,000 volumes cannot be handled by college students; with the 10,000, if well selected, only an occasional disappointment will be felt. We are not to be
understood as asking for small libraries in distinction from large ones, but as presenting the just claims of a small library. No one can justly claim that our library is too small until he has exhausted the standard books of some department. When he has done this he will, to say the least, be well read in that department.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear the Hon. John B. Finch, of Nebraska, in his lecture upon the Constitutional Amendment, were favored with an oratorical, a logical, and at the same time a pleasing discourse. Mr. Finch presented his views in a masterly and convincing manner. In the course of his oration he chanced to speak of the political know-nothing. Of course he bitterly denounced him.

There seems to be a tinge of know-nothingism in our ranks. It is very slight, we admit, but it should be removed. The people of this country govern themselves; each one is king for himself. But each one is a debtor to society which raises him above the condition of the brute, and to the country that protects him. Everyone, then, should have some opinion to express upon the great topics of the day, should have some purpose in view when he deposits his ballot in the ballot-box. Certainly there should be found no college student undecided, wavering from one party to the other, and finally sinking into a state of settled uncertainty and making up his mind to be nothing henceforth.

Now while the Student does not pretend nor purpose to be a political journal, yet it does maintain that everyone should have some political preference, and should have good and valid reasons for that preference. We do not believe, however, that the opposing candidate should have too great an influence in deciding this. The past records and the platforms of the two parties should be carefully studied. If the issue is free trade vs. protection, then let us candidly weigh the merits of the question and cast our ballot according to our decision. If the issue is something else, the same rule is applicable. Whatever it is let us have some voice in deciding it.

Some member of one of the literary societies—through ignorance, we hope—informed the Freshmen a year ago, that the other society was in debt, and to join it was to help pay an old debt. We wish to state that the two societies are, and have been, in a good condition for years; that both own their furniture and good libraries; that both have now, and have had ever since we have been in college, money in the treasuries; that both are good societies, and cannot fail to benefit all who avail themselves of their privileges. We earnestly recommend these societies to the attention of the Freshmen and hope that all will join one or the other.

Amid all the excitement incident to a hotly-contested presidential campaign, it is hardly surprising that there is not quite so much interest shown in society matters this fall as usual. Some work is being done,
however. Now, we do not wish to preach to the Freshman class, or give them advice simply because we are Seniors, but we do wish to impress upon every member of '88 the importance of their becoming connected with one of our literary societies. If there is anything we regret in looking back upon the first years of our course, it is the fact that we did not take more active interest in society work. Great good comes from faithful society work. Both societies stand with open doors ready to receive you, and either would do all in their power to make your presence welcome. Join one of them.

Judge West, of Ohio, the eloquent blind orator, in his speech before the students Sept. 6th, said: "We sometimes grow impatient and desire to reach the summit of the mountain at a single stride. 'Learn to labor and to wait' is an excellent motto, and if followed success will surely come. I can speak from experience. Started low down, and what I have accomplished has been by hard labor. Personal labor at the outset of my educational career, secured to me the means for acquiring an education. You say here you have cheap facilities. I kept a diary for eighteen months one time. I would not advise you to follow my example. I found my expenses to average sixty-two and one-half cents per week. Are you any cheaper at Bates College?" We have the Judge's speech in full, and regret that we have not the space for it verbatim. Anyone may see it at the sanctum, however.

LITERARY.

LOVE ME? LOVE ME NOT?

C. W. M., '77.

Maiden with the winsome face,
Moving slowly, but with grace
Through the daisies and the grass,
Plucking handfuls as you pass,
Tell me why across thy face
Flit the shadows, out of place;
Why those eyes are downward cast,
Hardly heeding what is passed.

"Love me? love me not?" she said,
Scarcely lifting up her head;
And the petals of the flower
Fall about her in a shower.

"Does he love me, daisy? tell!
For I love him, oh, so well.
Will he love me, daisy? say!
I would wait, ah, many a day!"

Slowly drop the petals down,
Falling, fluttering, one by one.
Can the daisy tell? ah me! 'tis dumb,
But thou shalt know in the years to come.

—The Household.

IVY ORATION,
June 11, 1884.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS.

BY F. A. M., '85.

There is implanted in every human being a desire for companionship. We find this exemplified in men of all rank, in prince and peasant alike. There may be and are vast differences in the intensity of this desire. Still it is by gratifying and propagating this desire that man becomes a social, friendly being, and it is by unnaturally restricting it that one becomes a misanthrope, a social outcast, a hermit. Thrown together in social relations, men necessarily form stronger ties than those of acquaintance— the sacred ties of
friendship. Friendship is to life what the sun is to earth. Remove the sun, darkness, cold, and death are the inevitable results. Banish friendship, happiness and contentment flee, and cold doubt withers the very being. In the consideration of this theme the discussion will be limited to true friendship.

Why is it that we cherish friendship towards some and indifference towards others? It is because we find in the one congenial and admirable qualities, in the others these qualities are lacking. Friendships formed from sordid and mercenary designs are never lasting. It is easy to see, then, why the friendships of youth are most permanent, for youth does not know deceit. All have the germ of a nobler nature within them. Shall this germ lie dormant? Or shall it, under the benign rays of culture and purity, burst from its prison fastenings, expand our whole beings, and make men of us! That question each must answer for himself. College students, by their studies, are, unconsciously though it may be, developing their higher natures. Day by day the mysteries of thought turn on their golden hinges, and disclose the priceless treasure within. Day by day nature unfolds her beauties and clothes her objects with increasing splendor, while the starry universe, with its myriads of revolving planets, affords an exhaustless theme for meditation. As the sun and the rain change the imperfect into the perfect fruit, so culture and right motives change the nominal into the true man. College students are thrown together in the pursuit of knowledge. Their thoughts, aspirations, and longings are similar. It must, then, follow that friendships formed between those who seek for truth, ought to be among the strongest. They are, oftentimes. Why are they not always? There is a strong sympathetic bond uniting students, not only those of the same, but of all colleges. Wherever you meet them, of whatever age they may be, they be token in the warm clasp of the hand the sympathy they feel in you and your work. Why, I repeat, is this not always so? Why, instead of friendship, are indifference and hatred cherished? Why are classes opposed to each other and themselves divided into hostile factions? Class distinction is proper, but that does not create class enmity. Many trivial things occur to kindle this enmity, which by prudence and forethought might be avoided. Many pranks and tricks conceived in pure fun are played by one class upon another, and as is usually the case the butt of the practical joke does not appreciate it and maliciously strives for revenge. Successive retaliations follow, and in an incredible short time an insurmountable barrier is raised between the classes. Often a hastily spoken word has been the cause of much trouble. An unkind or ungenerous act of one class toward another has been the primary cause of a lasting feud. How easy to make enemies! How hard to make friends! It is sad indeed to see this hostility existing between classes; but it is by far more sad for students to be divided among themselves, to dread meeting their own classmates, and anxiously awaiting the
time when they can forever be rid of their society. Sometimes classes become separated as if by instinct—birds of a feather flocking together; but by far the more common cause of separation arises from the fact that two ambitious, laurel-seeking young men come in contact like two railway trains, and as is invariably the case, a wreck follows. Each of these men seeks to oppose and counteract the proceedings of the other, that he may excel. Each has his adherents and staunch supporters, and so the class becomes hopelessly divided. I do not wish to discourage true ambition in a student. It is laudable indeed for one to strive to develop his latent powers in the right direction; to strive for the greatest amount of knowledge for the sake of knowledge; to contend in friendly rivalry for a prize or honor. But when ambition seeks to oppose and crush all that may come in its way, seeks to lead for the single purpose of becoming preeminently honored, when it purposely causes bitter jealousies and still more bitter hatred, then is ambition to be unsparingly condemned. Ambitious men have for their own personal aggrandizement made and destroyed empires, have climbed the steep pathway to the pinnacle of their fame, where every step was marked by the anguish and distress of their associates and dependents. The divisions of a class, then, should support their respective leaders as long as the motives that govern their conduct are praiseworthy; but when they ascertain that sordid ambition and private spleen are the causes of their leaders' conduct, then they as constituents should immediately abandon them. The greatest detriments to college friendships are, then, first, the contention between different classes, and second, class factions.

Prudence, forethought, and an observance of the golden rule will tend to avert these evils and to render our Alma Mater sacred, from the friendships formed here.

Classmates, for nearly three years have we been together, and during that time we have not had one class discord. Our hearts were never more firmly united than they are to-day, and constant, enduring friendship is the joyful promise. To-day we plant an ivy. It is symbolical of our career here. For a time the leaves, nourished by the vine, will remain together; but soon the chill winds of autumn will scatter them far and wide. So we represent the leaves. We receive our mental nourishment from the college. In a comparatively short time the cold wind of separation will scatter us far from each other. Scattered, yes; but we will ever most sacredly cherish the memory of our college days and college friendships.

The summary of students at Boston University for the last four years is as follows: 505, 555, 591, 670. The number of instructors is 100.

A gift of 100,000 marks has been declined by the University of Heidelberg, because a condition of its acceptance was the admission of women to the University.
WOOD-LIFE.
By I. W. J., '87.

Whene'er I pace her sylvan dells
Kind Nature weaves her magic spells
Around me with such winsomeness
I answer, with a yielding yes,
Her gentle importunities
To share whatever joy there is
Within the waving forest side
Where timid thrushes build and hide.

The coolness and the cloistral calm
Enfold me like a dewy balm.
Betwixt green boughs that o'er me twine
The high sun pours its golden wine;
And at my feet in shadow-plays
Skip woodland fairies, woodland fays.

O, sweet wood-life! O, perfect rest!
The countless cares that so infest
Earth's city streets appear to be
But dreams in this reality
Of all that hards in ancient days
Fabled of Eden's walks and ways.

THE RANKING SYSTEM.

The ranking system is often denounced by students. Among the arguments brought against it are these. It is claimed that such a system appeals to and fosters a wrong motive for study, viz.: a longing for distinction. The system is also claimed to be a source of bad feeling between students and Faculty, inasmuch as injustice, or supposed injustice sometimes results from its use. These, I believe, are the chief arguments against the system.

The fact that a ranking system sometimes creates bad feeling between students and Faculty, by doing injustice or supposed injustice, is certainly an objection to it. For a prerequisite to good work in college is that the student shall have implicit confidence in the good intentions of his instructors, and in their ability to do simple justice.

This argument against the system is then of some weight.

Let us consider the first argument against the system, viz.: the motive for study to which such a system appeals. A desire for distinction is not the best motive for study. It is better than none. I believe that the best work is never done for a reward or with the thought of a reward in view. He who does the best work, works out of love for his work.

But to suppose that a student in the beginning of his course will find a sufficient incentive to study in his love of study is absurd. If he catches now and then a glimpse of the satisfaction and delight that await him who shall patiently toil on to a real love for study and investigation, his course will have been fairly profitable.

Purity of motive is not possible in the outset of an effort. It is something to be struggled for, and the stepping stones to it are the workings of baser motives.

What incentive stimulates the convert of Christ to the living of a religious life? A desire to be free from the snares of Satan and their attending evils and the hope of heaven. And is this all there is to religion? Is not this rather a rudimentary step in a religious life, and is it not, comparatively speaking, a base motive for living such a life? He who has been taught by disappointment and sorrow to love others and who has learned by the practice of good works to love to do good works, he has reached the summit of a Christian life. And would such heights be possible without
the intervening states that characterize every Christian life?

As well might a man hope to span the Atlantic with a bound as to hope for the symmetry of a Christian character without experiencing the slow processes of growth, a growth altering the purposes and motives as well as the outward life. So with the student. The noblest motive for study is not available. A baser motive is available. Are educationists not justified then in taking advantage of this longing, in the student, for distinction? For several reasons I believe that they are.

That period in one's life when a person passes from boyhood to manhood when, if ever, a character for virtue and rectitude is being formed, when the youth passes from parental care to self government, from guidance to freedom, is of all times the most perilous; and this period in the life of a student is comprised by and identified with his school days. The change is a radical one. The disposition of time is in the student's hands. He now finds liberty, that much prized blessing that he has longed for, but has never before enjoyed so fully. But liberty in the hands of the immature and inexperienced is a dangerous weapon and there is great danger that it will be abused. In youth the passions are strong. Rashness, recklessness, and want of purpose are characteristics of youth. Temptations surround the student, dissipation of every kind is within his reach, and ease and pleasure are more congenial to his tastes than hard work and seclusion. In the presence of all these hindrances to diligence surely some strong incentive to study is necessary. What shall it be? That the student's sense of duty is not sufficiently strong I think all will admit. The principle of emulation from the characteristics of youth, is especially calculated to and does put enthusiasm into a student's work. I say from the characteristics of youth, because in youth the longing for distinction is at its height. This follows from the nature of things. Youth is ever looking into the future, indulging in day-dreams, forming plans, projects, and careers, the realization of which will never be. To look forward to distinction and success is as natural to a student as to breathe. It is a part of his being; it is entwined with every fiber of his heart. Thus it will be seen that, while the characteristics of the student render him extremely susceptible to dissipation and idleness, yet there is in his heart that which studiousness and sobriety may appeal to not in vain. From these considerations it seems to me that the ranking system, although deservedly criticised, should be retained in institutions of learning. It may be, and perhaps ought to be, modified, but the principle upon which it rests is permanent and will never cease to stimulate the student to greater effort.

A Michigan girl wrote to a locomotive manufactory, saying that if it didn't cost too much she would like to buy one of their new spark arrestors and see how it worked.—Beacon.
SONNET.
BY E. F. NASON.
If thou wert straying lone and sad, dear heart,
In paths remote and drear, un kissed by sun,
And I stood 'mid God's summer-lands with none
To share their beauty; eager would I start
Leaving behind the brightness, and depart
Into the shadow; swift my feet should run
To meet thee; nothing would I leave undone
Till I had lured thee by my skill and art
Back to the sunlight, unto bloom and flower,
Back to the cheer and joy of love and life;
And I should ever hold the self-same hour,
In which I won thee after loving strife,
Within Time's rosary of richest dower
A priceless gem with precious mem'ries rife.
—Star.

THE FUTURE STATESMAN OF AMERICA.
BY A. F. G., '86.
Every epoch in America's history has required of her statesmen specific duties. When England attempted to coerce the colonies and place upon them an unjust tax, the clarion voice of the statesman was heard throughout the land. Responsive to its magic power the stern face of the Puritan glowed with a martial fire. He smote the fetters that Old England had forged, and New England came forth radiant with the halo of liberty.

More recently, when upon the high seas our flag was insulted, our commerce despoiled, and our seamen impressed, the voice of the statesman was again heard. The soldier answered this call, and nobly did he uphold the honor of his country.

And still more recently, when at the vitals of our country there gnawed the insatiate demon of slavery, and the groans of three million captives filled the land, it was in divine recognition of the sacred appeals of the statesman that the Goddess of Liberty flew to heaven with one hand uplifted in supplication for America, and the other in supplication for the fettered slave. For four long years heaven poured out upon America storms of fire and blood till the foul crime of slavery was burned and purged away. But America's guardian angel prevailed. A live coal from off the celestial altar was placed upon the lips of the statesman. At his bidding the sound of war was hushed, and peace came forth attended by new-born liberty.

Many years have passed since then. Perhaps the statesman will never again call upon the soldier. The sword has indeed been beaten into a ploughshare. Where contending armies once stood now shines the golden harvest. As the yellow corn springs from the rich soil, so from the wise councils and just laws of the statesman have come unity at home and peace abroad. These are the golden fruits of statesmanship.

But has America no more work for the statesman? Are we so near the millennium that our country is safe without his foresight? No! The future statesman must teach the people to obey those wise laws that have been given us by the statesman of the past. He must write upon the hearts of men what is now written upon the statute book. He must be a reformer. I repeat it: the statesman of the future must be a reformer. Notwithstanding the flattering prospect that presents itself on every hand we are in peril. There are certain evils now flourishing...
in our midst which must be uprooted, or their fruits will be fatal to our national life. The issue of the late war placed the ballot in the hands of men almost as ignorant as the beasts of the field. These men must be educated. No republic is safe till all its citizens are educated. Close upon this danger crowds the socialism of communistic Europe. Communism is a sister to ignorance. She is a monster whom prison walls and the execution block can not daunt. Europe has been trying the efficacy of this remedy for the last fifty years, but in vain. The American statesman must be wise enough to do with the school-house what Europe has failed to do with the prison walls and the scaffold. He must banish the darkness of ignorance by disseminating the glorious light of education. Evil cannot bear the light. It may be powerful enough to challenge armies while in its own native realm of darkness, but when the statesman shall gird on the shining sabre of truth and shall sound the trumpet of reformation, then those evils which threaten our country's life will slink away from our sight. Polygamy, with its ghastly train, will fade away like the memory of a frightful dream. Political corruption will cease, because the politician will no longer be corrupt and dare look the people in the face.

But the axe must be laid at the root of the tree. The statesman must cease making laws and reform the people. Bad morals, not bad laws, are our peril; and yet to reconcile conflicting sectional interests, races, and religions by the general diffusion of knowledge is neither a light task nor an ignoble one. It calls for the statesman's best efforts. It calls for a conception as lofty as that which animated the heroes of the Revolution and as unselfish as that which inspired the champions who fought so bravely for the freedom of the slave. He that writes just laws upon men's hearts is greater than he who writes them upon the statute book, even as Christ was greater than Moses.

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ONLY A VIOLET.

C. W. M., '77.

In a little shaded nook,
Where a rippling, gurgling brook
Flowed with many a bend and crook,
A modest floweret grew.
The bright blue skies up overhead
Reflected from the brooklet's bed;
The floweret, hanging o'er its head,
Grew of the same bright hue.

Its fragrant breath filled all the air,
Making the summer days more fair;
Its beauty was beyond compare—
This modest flower of blue.
Its hiding place was never known,
It bloomed and faded all alone,
And yet, the world had fairer grown
Because the violet grew.

O heart, whose life seems lone and drear
Be patient and of better cheer,
And you may learn a lesson here
From this flower of heavenly hue.
Thy life seems worthless and obscure,
Yet thou, by living true, most sure
Canst shed around a sweetness pure,
E'en as the violet blue.

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Nineteen different states were represented at Prof. Moses T. Brown's summer school for teaching the Del-sarte philosophy of expression, at College Hill, Mass.
PROSPECTS OF YOUNG MEN IN
THE DIFFERENT LEARNED
PROFESSIONS.
D. C. W., '85.

The present is an age of popular education. Never before in the world's history has there been a generation that has seen so general a diffusion of culture and mental discipline—education, in its modern sense of book learning—among the masses. Over all the civilized world, schools in which the common branches are taught, are supported by the government; and in a large proportion of these countries elementary education is compulsory. No one can doubt that the influence of such a radical system would be widely felt and quickly manifested. Indeed, its results are plainly discernible at the present day. No one doubts that these results are of the highest importance, and that they will raise the scale of general intelligence above any level it has hitherto reached.

But it is rare to find an unmixed blessing; and in many of the prejudices and foibles of society, may be seen some of the evils that must attend any such radical movement. Many of these arise from an unreasoning and unreasonable clinging to old and useless customs, which, though well enough in the old state of things, are totally unsuited to the new.

Perhaps no one of these evils is more apparent at the present day than that of the unprecedented number of young men of every stamp, who, from every college and academy, are flocking into the different learned professions—professions for which they, as likely as not, are wholly unfitted by nature and training.

A few hundred years ago, so small a proportion of the young men of any nation received a college education, or its equivalent, that it was natural and proper that those who were educated should choose to enter the so-called professions, which demanded a higher degree of education than the majority of young men received, and which, on account of the comparatively small number of aspirants, offered a favorable field for the acquisition of wealth or fame. But now things are different. Among all but the lowest classes, higher education is the rule, not the exception.

The hundreds of young men pouring out of colleges and institutes of learning on every graduation day, are filling to overflowing the ranks of the professions.

It is one of the characteristics of the professions, that they are not progressive. Of course the increase of population and intelligence has made room for labor of more brains and hands; but, in comparison with the spirit of the age, the three professions have accomplished little that can be called progress. The worlds of science, discovery, and invention have made bold leaps of late. The world itself has, as it were, grown larger, and made more room and opportunity for the rising generation of minds and hands. But, strange to say, this rising generation, reasoning with themselves—"Our fathers were educated and went into the professions; we are educated and so must enter the professions"—still
pour into the over-filled and crowded ranks of the professions, leaving vacant the more profitable fields that are waiting on every hand.

The professions are already so filled that, though there is, as always, "room at the top,"—at the bottom of the ladder, where all must enter and beyond which few ever climb far, there is such a struggling mass of aspirants and counter-aspirants, that the honest man of ordinary talents, can hardly get a foot-hold before he is pushed aside by some less scrupulous or more talented rival. There are a hundred per cent. too many doctors; there are thousands of lawyers that the world would be better off without; if we must not say that there are too many ministers, we will say that there are many who, were they to be tried by the test of the word they have promised to expound, the test of being "called of God," would be weighed in the balance and found sadly wanting.

What then, young man, though you have an education? What though you can read a little Latin, use a little poor French, or take a feeble flight in the mysteries of higher mathematics? Is there any necessity that you should waste your own time and strength, and that of your fellow-beings, by muddling the brains of bewildered jurymen with your fancied eloquence; or spouting mediocre English, and worse logic, from some village pulpit; or dosing unlucky victims with medicines of which you can barely puzzle out the names?

No! you have a nobler destiny. With all your wonderful acquisition of languages and metaphysics, there has come—or ought to have come—a certain amount of "mental muscle;" and there are far more profitable fields for the exercise of that muscle than any the time-worn professions can offer.

Metaphysicians will tell you that the heating of an iron in a blacksmith's forge, is merely "an effect of mind over matter."

Don't stop to cipher out whether it is or not. If you have mind enough to heat a piece of iron, go heat it. You will find useful forms enough into which to hammer it after it is red-hot.

Don't think that because chance, or the inclination of parents, or your own ambition, has given you the advantage of a liberal education, you are thereby doomed to the time-worn ruts of "the professions." You were made for something; find out what it is, and then do it; and just so near as you come to doing it faithfully, so near will you come to the best worldly success that a man can gain—the consciousness of having done his duty.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Student:

Mt. Washington, Sept. 2, 1884.

A short time ago your correspondent enjoyed the enviable distinction of being the most elevated man east of the Rocky Mountains. He stood on the top of the observatory, upon the summit of Mt. Washington, and was head and shoulders above his companions, consequently everybody and everything were below him.

A most glorious view is unfolded
before the observer from this highest eminence in New England. All the beauty that can be produced by a happy and diversified arrangement of mountain and valley, lake and river, is comprehended within the horizon line which forms the limit of vision from the summit. The tourist who visits Mt. Washington on a clear day, obtains a view well calculated to excite the liveliest feelings of admiration. On some accounts the morning is preferable for getting the finest view. When the air has been cleared by storm and wind, the sun, reflecting from the ocean, reveals it as a long band of silver just against the horizon, and so bright and shining is it, that one would hardly suspect its distance to be sixty-seven miles in a direct line. Portland is easily discernible with a glass, while ships are not infrequently distinguished on clear days.

One can look in no direction from the summit without seeing much to engage his interest and time. In fact so extensive is the territory to be seen—being not less than fifty thousand square miles—that one’s conception of it is apt to be quantitative rather than qualitative; so true is this that a casual observer will overlook many a scene whose intrinsic beauty would challenge his admiration if viewed by itself, simply because its own effect is lost among others of equal or greater merit.

To the north-east we see the Rangeley lakes; Winnipesaukee, with its multitude of islands, is seen nearly due south, while smaller lakes and ponds innumerable dot the surrounding country.

The Glen House, where so many Bates boys spend the season, nestles down apparently at the foot of the mountain, but is eight miles away by the carriage road. In connection with this I may relate a little incident that happened this morning. About 1.30 a.m., the night watchman came to my room, and told me that there were three gentlemen in the office who had walked up from the Glen, and would like to see me before returning. I surmised who they were and went down, meeting McWilliams, Bates, ’87, Mr. Adams of Colby, and C. H. Stanley. They had made the ascent by the carriage road, leaving the Glen about 10 p.m., and arriving here at 1 a.m. After a short chat, they went to their rooms and I saw them no more, for they left about five o’clock.

The signal service station, established here some years since, is worthy of a visit, to inspect its workings. Here, two or three men stay all winter, making prescribed observations, and submitting their reports to headquarters. Observations as to temperature, velocity of the wind, height of barometer, amount of precipitation, humidity, etc., are made daily, at fixed times, and accurate records are kept. During the winter they make regular trips to the base of the mountain, for their mail, going, of course, on foot, as there is no other mode of travel. They also have telephonic and telegraphic communication with the base. The signal men agree that it is a fine place to save money. W. Scott Jewell, one of the victims of the late Arctic expedition, was stationed here for a while.
I remember to have read quite a number of stories about coasting in Maine, but there is no doubt that New Hampshire can produce the finest coast in the country. Those of your readers who have been here are familiar with the construction of the railroad track, which in addition to the two friction rails of an ordinary railway, also has a rail in the centre, with cogs at regular distances, by means of which very sharp inclines are surmounted. On this centre rail is placed a board with handles on the sides, which serve to keep the board on the track, and also act as brakes if necessary, and sometimes it is necessary. The length of the railway is about three miles and one quarter; the grade varies from 1980 feet in a mile to nearly level in one or two places. This whole distance has been traversed very close to three minutes, so you can get some idea of the tremendous rate of speed acquired; indeed when the trip is made without a stop the board is hot from the friction. I went down the other day, but did not go very fast, taking about seven minutes, including one stop. One can't help thinking of what might happen when flying down over “Jacob’s ladder,” about thirty feet high, at the rate of a mile a minute. It may be a matter of taste, but I would just as soon be going at the rate of a mile a minute, as at half that rate if I was going to fall off. There have been two men killed while sliding, and quite a number of lesser casualties, but there are always plenty who would like to try it, but sliding is pretty strictly prohibited, except by those employed on the road.

This month will probably bring us more pretty frigid weather; last night was so cold that we could almost see the north pole. If we don't get frozen up you may hear from us again.

W. D. F., ex-'85.

Newburyport, Mass.,
Aug. 18, 1884.

Dear Student:
Assuming that any place which interests all who visit it may be of interest to those who cannot, I venture to send this communication.

With what mingled feelings of pity and awe we look upon neglected old age! How our sympathies are awakened for those who, having passed the years of active usefulness, are neglected by those whom they once tenderly cherished!

Something of the same feeling comes over us when we see a city, which has enjoyed great prosperity, been the mother of great men, and figured prominently in the history of its state and country, but which for some reason has been so long neglected as to show signs of decay. Such an one is the city whose feet the busy Merrimac bathes just before it pours its waters into the great bosom of the ocean.

Newburyport is one of the most interesting of the many old cities, such as Marblehead and Salem, which lie along the coast of Massachusetts. Newburyport is situated on land sloping toward the right bank of the river. Its principal street extends from the
Parker River on the east to a point four or five miles west. Of course the houses are rather scattering at either end, but the road is dignified by the name High Street its whole length. Starting from the east, one rides over what is called "the clam shell road," made by putting on clam and oyster shells, which have become pulverized, till hardly any fragments can be seen, and packed down as hard and smooth as a floor. On either side of the road are orchards and cultivated fields; on the latter many vegetables are raised for the city market. Judging from the sense of smell, the fragrant onion forms no small part of the productions. Gradually the houses draw nearer together, and we pass on the left, a little green with a base-ball ground and duck pond. Seeing these two, we looked for a place for their complement, the small boy, and saw a little school-house peering from among the trees.

As we enter the city proper, the houses on the left are back some distance from the street, on a ridge which forms the height of the land. Both the architecture and general appearance about the houses impresses one with their age. It may be safe to say that most of them were built by sea captains in the days when the city had a large East India trade. It is hardly possible to find a modern house anywhere on the street. You are not impressed with them as individuals, but as a class, for they are very like each other. It may be well to notice one, which almost hidden by trees, is surmounted by a gilded eagle, and not so much the house as the man who formerly owned and occupied it—Lord Timothy Dexter—a self-honored lord, who made a fortune by a series of successful bulls, and who spared no expense to attract attention. One or two illustrations will show what is meant by the last sentence. Some one, as a practical joke, advised him to send a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies. So he immediately fitted a ship and started it off. It would have proved a losing venture, but for the ingenuity of the captain, who, not being able to dissuade Dexter from his wild scheme, had handles put on the coal pans, and sold them to the sugar planters for ladles, while the outsides, made of perforated tin, were sold for strainers.

On one occasion the fancy took him to know how it would seem to have his own funeral. So he made all the preparations, got into the coffin, and had a sermon preached. During the exercises, it occurred to him that his wife was not as grief-stricken as the occasion demanded, so he got out of the coffin, gave her a sound beating, and then got back, where he remained till the close of the sermon. As we return from this digression, the Old South Church, built in 1756, attracts our attention. In it is a whispering gallery 115 feet long, said to be one of the finest in the country, and under its altar the bones of Whitefield repose.

A short distance from the church is a house that must fill one with interest when he learns that that noble spirit, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, once lived in it. A short distance from the city, and
reached by a lovely drive past many giant willows, is the residence of Ben: Perley Poore. On an island in the river is a cosy house, where Harriet Prescott Spofford lives. The bridge, which connects Newburyport with Amesbury, crosses the island, and is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, suspension bridges in the country.

Newburyport was settled in about 1635. The surrounding country was well fitted for agriculture, while a good harbor gave it commercial advantages. As early as 1680 it turned its attention to ship-building, and in the early part of the eighteenth century, there were as many as seventy ships on the stocks at one time, while at present the shipyards remind one of old nests, from which the birds have flown, and are now only fit to be destroyed by the action of the elements. The city was prominent in the Revolution. The first tea was destroyed in her harbor, she fitted out the first privateer, and her sons composed the first volunteer company to join the Continental Army. The first female high school in the country was established here. Although her former glory has passed away, and signs of neglect can be discerned, she can point with pride to her past record and find consolation in that, though praises and attention are now transferred to other places.

E. B. S. '85.

 LOCALS.

We're up at the cottage, Jen, spending a week; Aunt Hattie and Emma are here:

The breeze is as fresh on the lake as it was That day you were up here last year.

We wear our old clothes in the same reckless way
All day long,—"sans disgrace et sans fear;"
I feel the old, lazy, luxurious ease,

But, Jen,—Oh, I wish you were here!

The ripples still break on the sand by the beach,

And the boat's keel still grates on the stones;

The hammocks still swing 'neath the trees in the grove,

And we still pelt each other with cones;

The golden-rod still grows as bright by the road,

The "natives" still prowl 'round as near.

Our wet bathing-suits are still spread in the sun,

Oh Jen,—but I wish you were here!

The maple trees stand by the rail, as of old,

And their branches bend low o'er the rocks;

The same mingled sunshine and shade from their leaves

Still flecks the veranda's broad walks;

We still eat our dinners from forks with two tines,

As we did that day up here last year
When I helped you to gravy five times in one meal,—

Oh Jen,—well, I wish you were here!

—D. C. W., '85, in Lewiston Journal.
We are glad to welcome the excellent Freshman class.
Where are the tennis courts? Our band continues to improve.
Nearly all the boys went home to vote.
Professor in Astronomy—" Mr. S., what is the use of twilight?" Mr. S.—" So the hens can go to roost!"
We have heard nothing about the Sophomore-Freshman class game of ball. There are no signs of enthusiasm on either side as yet.
Prof. in Chemistry—" Mr. S., what is soda water?" Mr. S. (who has been betting on the election, absent-minded)—" Five cents a glass—six tickets for a quarter."
One giddy Senior, who went home to vote a week earlier than need be, on being asked what he had been doing, replied: "Trying to persuade her to vote 'yes!'"
"I am engaged in scholarly pursuits," reflected a student-pedagogue, as he chased a dodging urchin up and down the aisle of a district schoolhouse, with a ruler.
Rev. Dr. Green, for many years a missionary at Constantinople, gave a very interesting lecture before the students of the college at chapel hall, Thursday afternoon, Sept. 4th.
The game laws were off the first of September, and a number of students were noticed to be absent from recitation that day. No great amount of game is reported as bagged, however.
The boys who marched in the grand Republican torch-light procession, Friday evening, the 5th, all agree that they never tasted better lemonade than that which the Auburn people, along the line of march, furnished them.
Prof. in Astronomy—" Now Mr. W., are there any clocks made which keep mean time?" Mr. W.—" Yes, sir; the clock in the bell-room keeps the meanest time on record; never is right, except when it's stopped."
"I was only eavesdropping," as a Lewiston parent muttered, as he threw a bucket of water over the gable end of the house, upon the Bates College lad who was hanging on the gate buzzing the daughters of the family.
The college band and Blaine and Logan Club went to Bangor, Friday, Sept. 12th, to assist in the Republican demonstration there. The boys had the pleasure of listening to Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and Congressman Boutelle.
The officers of the Freshman class are as follows: President, C. W. Cutts; Vice President, R. A. Parker; Secretary, Miss R. A. Hilton; Treasurer, Miss D. F. Cobb; Poet, A. C. Townsend; Historian, S. H. Woodrow; Orator, C. D. Blaisdell.
Bates seems to have her share of candidates for public office this year. Hon. Moody Currier, LL.D., the Republican candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, is a member of our Board of Fellows. Bates gave Mr. Currier the degree of LL.D.
"The way of transgressors is hard." The fellow who attempts to stay out a week or two after term begins in the fall, is sure to run upon some member
of the Faculty, whenever he enters a railroad train, or turns a sudden cor-
ner, and soon acquires the nervousness of an escaped convict, in constantly
watching for the dreaded Prof.

On invitation of President Cheney, Judge West, of Ohio, the eloquent
blind orator, who nominated Blaine at the Chicago convention, addressed the
students of the college in a well-worded speech, Sept. 6th. After the
speech, the Judge was introduced to the boys, and each had a chance to
shake hands with the eloquent Ohio man.

The newly-elected officers of the Base-Ball Association are: President,
C. T. Walter, ’85; Vice President, A. E. Verrill, ’86; Secretary, W. C.
Buck, ’87; Treasurer, H. E. Cush-
man, ’87; Directors, A. B. Morrill,
’85; E. A. Merrill, ’86; A. S. Wood-
man, ’87; C. W. Cutts, ’88; Mana-
ger, J. H. Williamson, ’86. The
manager is already contemplating
games for the last of this season.

The Sophomores have once more
brought forth the surveying instru-
ments and begun the circuit of the
college grounds, just as if everybody
didn’t know the exact number of acres
to a foot. But it is not the Sopho-
more's alone who make the campus
ring, for the ladies of the college have
formed a Lawn Tennis Association, and
the boys must look out for their laurels in the future.

The newly-elected officers of the Polyommian Society are: President,
E. B. Stiles, ’85; Vice President, J. W. Flanders, ’86; Secretary, J. R.
Dunton, ’87; Treasurer, I. Jenkins,
’87; Librarian, A. H. Dunn, ’86; Orator, E. B. Stiles, ’85; Editors, J.
M. Nichols, ’85, E. A. Merrill, ’86,
U. G. Wheeler, ’87; Executive Com-
mittee, G. A. Downey, ’85, A. E.
Blanchard, ’86, A. F. French, ’87;
Committee on Music, E. B. Stiles,
’85, E. D. Varney, ’86; J. Bailey, ’87.

The Euroosophian Society have cho-
sen the following list of officers for the ensuing year: President, C. A. Wash-
burn, ’85; Vice President, G. E. Paine,
’86; Secretary, C. S. Pendleton, ’87;
Treasurer, S. G. Bonney, ’86; Execu-
tive Committee, A. B. Morrill, ’85, J.
H. Williamson, ’86, A. S. Littlefield,
’87; Editors D. C. Washburn, ’85,
G. E. Paine, ’86, Miss Nannie B.
Little, ’87; Music Committee, M. P.
Tobey, ’85, J. H. Williamson, ’86, F.
W. Chase, ’87; Librarian, J. W.
Moulton, ’87.

The students of the college have
organized a large Blaine and Logan
Club, with the following officers:
President, H. M. Cheney, ’86; Vice
Presidents, W. V. Whitmore, ’85, A.
E. Blanchard, ’86, J. Bailey, ’87, R.
A. Parker, ’88; Secretary, E. D. Var-
ney, ’86; Treasurer, F. W. Sandford,
’86; Captain, J. Bailey, ’87; First
Lieutenant, C. T. Walter, ’85; Second
Lieutenant, A. E. Verrill, ’86; Execu-
tive Committee, F. S. Forbes, ’85, J.
H. Williamson, ’86, J. Bailey, ’87, C.
W. Cutts, ’88. The club procured
seventy-five very neat uniforms,—con-
sisting of white frocks with blue trim-
mings, white buskins, pretty caps
with blue plumes,—and appeared in
the big demonstration of Sept. 5th.
Both the band and company did finely,
and won much praise.

Wood Hall, so long and familiarly
known as "The Barn," is numbered
among the things that were, but are no
more. It has been sold and torn down,
and is being removed and set up as a
tenement house, on the corner of Brooks
and Sabatis Streets. Its old yellow-
brown walls no longer disfigure the
campus; its bare halls and well-worn
stairs—so familiar to many students who
came to Bates from N. L. S.—no longer
echo to the midnight yells and horn-
toots of skylarking middlers; the
faded motto of one of the extinct so-
cieties, that was merged in the
"Union," no longer declares above
the door of one of the old society
rooms, "Hoc est campus ingenii," be-
fore which the staring Junior Prep.
was wont to stand and wonder to what
tribe of Indians the campus formerly
belonged, usually concluding that it
must have been the yaggers, whom he
has heard mentioned. The Beehive dis-
appeared several years ago, and now
that the Barn has followed it, the
whole of the campus is, or can be,
graded—an improvement greatly to be
desired. As it is reported that the
corporation did not become rich from
the sale of the property, the proper
thing now is for some wealthy and
benevolent individual,—instead of
leaving his money for his heirs to
squabble over,—to make a good liberal
donation to put up some new buildings
on the eastern part of the campus.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI:

'68.—The following from the Morning Star may be of interest to our
readers: "Prof. O. C. Wendell, of Harvard College Observatory, in ad-
dition to his regular work, is calculating the orbits of many of the meteoric
rings. He is struck by the coincidence between the orbits of these rings
and some of the cometary orbits previously calculated. Many astronomers
think that there is a relation between comets and meteoric rings, and
that some of these rings may in part be composed of comets or of disinte-
grated comets, and such work as Prof. Wendell is doing may help establish
the theory."

'67.—A. H. Heath preached at the Court Street F. B. Church, Auburn,
August 10th.

'69.—L. C. Graves has been visiting his brother, who lives in Chelms-
ford, Mass., and preached August 10th, at the Mt. Vernon Church,
Lowell.

'71.—J. W. Flint, principal of the High School at Collinsville, Ct., spent
some days in this city recently.

'71.—J. M. Libby was one of the candidates for county attorney for
Androscoggin County.

'71.—J. T. Abbott has been appointed Water Commissioner by the
Governor and Council of New Hamp-
shire.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin has been elected principal of the Nashua High
School at a salary of $2,200.

'73.—I. C. Dennett, professor of
Greek in the Colorado University, will visit Maine some time during the present year.
'73.—Freedom Hutchinson, Esq., of Boston, was in town recently.
'73.—L. R. White, M.D., of Kansas, has been visiting here during the summer.
'74.—F. B. Stanford has been preparing a catalogue of the library.
'75.—J. R. Brackett has recently been elected Professor of English Literature in Colorado State University.
'75.—F. L. Evans is city solicitor for the city of Salem, Mass.
'76.—E. C. Adams, principal of the high school, Beverly, Mass., has been visiting in town with his family.
'77.—N. P. Noble took a prominent part in the Franklin County Republican Convention, presenting some of the candidates.
'78.—C. E. Brockway has settled in Pike, N. Y.
'79.—E. W. Given is teaching the classics in Newark, N. J. Mr. G. received the degree of A.M., from Princeton College at the last Commencement.
'80.—A. E. Tuttle is teaching in Salisbury, Mass.
'80.—Laura W. Harris has resigned her position in the Auburn High School on account of ill health.
'80.—W. H. Judkins is making campaign speeches for Blaine and Logan.
'80.—E. E. Richards was married a short time since, and his wife has gone to Europe.
'80.—Prof. I. F. Frisbee, of the Latin School, attended the summer school of languages at Amherst, Mass., this summer.
'81.—E. T. Pitts has received and accepted a call to the West Congregational Church of Portland.
'81.—H. S. Roberts is principal of the Simonds Free High School, Warner, N. H.
'81.—C. A. Strout has been elected principal of a grammar school, somewhere in N. J.
'81.—C. W. Williams, who graduated this summer from the Newton Theological Seminary has been called to the Baptist Church, Quincy, Mass.
'81.—R. E. Gilkey will enter the Theological School this fall.
'81.—C. A. Strout has left Simonds Free High School, of Warner, where he has been very successful, to accept a position in Crawford, N. J. H. S. Roberts, '81, takes his place at Warner.
'81.—J. C. Perkins, of the Roxbury Latin School, has been on a yacht cruise along the coast of Maine.
'82.—F. L. Blanchard, of the New York Tribune, paid us a flying visit recently.
'82.—J. W. Douglass, who is still teaching in Washington, D. C., was in town in August.
'82.—Miss E. B. Forbes is recovering from her eye trouble, and has been teaching.
'82.—S. A. Lowell has been making campaign speeches.
'82.—H. S. Bullen is principal of the grammar school at Bourne, Mass.
'83.—L. B. Hunt was married Aug. 10th to Miss Susie Doughty, of Gray.
'83.—J. B. Ham is teaching in Wells.
'83.—H. H. Tucker was here re-
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cently, black and rugged from a trip to Moosehead Lake. He is to teach at Wolfboro, N. H., this fall.

'83.—F. E. Manson is teaching the Bowdoinham High School.

'83.—F. E. Foss, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was up to see the boys the first of this month.

'83.—We clip the following item: "The Oceanic Hotel, at Star Island, is doing an excellent business this season under the popular management of Mr. O. L. Frisbee. There were 110 guests at the house on Thursday, July 17th, a larger number than in any previous year on the same date, and nearly all the rooms were engaged for August."

'84.—Miss A. M. Brackett has been called to a position as teacher of Latin in the Hallowell Classical Institute.

'84.—Miss Etta M. Brackett has accepted a position in the Columbia College library, New York City.

'84.—C. S. Flanders was a delegate to the Republican State Convention held September 2d, at Concord, N. H.

'84.—E. R. Chadwick has entered the Theological School, but is quite sick of slow fever at present.

'84.—W. H. Davis has been studying medicine during the summer and is to act as principal of the Alfred High School during the fall.

'84.—R. E. Donnell is principal of the Foxcroft Academy.

'84.—Kate A. McVay has been elected to a position in the Lewiston schools.

'84.—Aaron Beede is teaching at Standish, Me.

'84.—Miss F. A. Dudley was married August 23, 1884, at Northwood, N. H., to Mr. W. F. McKenzie. They make their home at East Somerville, Mass. The class sewing-machine was claimed early.

'85.—C. A. Washburn is teaching in Nichols Latin School.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin is waiting at the Glen House.

'85.—R. E. Atwood is waiting at the Glen.

'85.—W. D. Fuller is head waiter at the Summit House, Mt. Washington.

'85.—C. E. B. Libby is teaching in Lisbon.

'85.—W. W. Jenness has returned to college after a long absence.

'86.—W. H. Hartshorn is teaching at Gray, Me.

'86.—A. E. Verrill is teaching in Nichols Latin School.

'86.—Chas. Hadley is teaching in Nichols Latin School.

'86.—W. A. Morton has returned from Saratoga.

'87.—E. K. Sprague is teaching in Abbott Village, Maine.

'87.—Ira Jenkins is teaching in Whitefield, N. H.

The class of '88, with the names of the schools where they fitted:

EXCHANGES.

The Occident, from the University of California, is the first exchange to greet us after our vacation. The Acta came till August, and was especially welcome. These two form a chain. The Occident links are of gold.

The most unmistakable signs of progress in any of our exchanges are found in the University Press. It is enlarged and improved in many respects. The Press is one of the few weekly exchanges that we receive.

We were sorry that the Colby Echo should make the suggestion concerning an incorrect item in a recent Student, that it was a "cruel joke" or a "malicious falsehood." The item in question was abridged from the Journal of Education and, by a mistake, the name of the retiring professor was given where that of the newly-elected professor should have been used. The statements from which the item was abridged may not have been correct, but the character of the Journal in which they were found was, we thought, such as to warrant us in using them. We express sorrow that there should have been any mistake,—even so much as the change of a name,—but we cannot think our neighbor can justly call an item, even if it be untrue, a "willful and malicious falsehood" or a "cruel joke."

The Acta Columbiana gives a very good reason for not presenting its political views. It is for the same reason that hundreds of other subjects are shut out from its columns. Politics is left for that class of journals whose existence depends upon political controversies. This general reason is sufficient for refusing to open the columns of a college journal to politics. But if one says that the treatment of politics by students could be made more candid and rational than by the politician and the demagogue, we have specific reasons for showing that this could hardly be expected. Could the student in politics be expected to be more candid or rational than the college president or college professor in politics? If not, there are certainly grounds for expecting him to be unreasonable, to condemn unsparingly for an offence not shown to be true, or to
ignore vices which are acknowledged.

The Harvard Advocate for June 6th contained an article on Harvard journalism during the war. From this we learn that little was written directly on the great struggle. From our present position, it is easy to see that such a course was the best that could have been taken. A poem from an old Advocate is given, of which the following is the last stanza:

They quarrelled—parted. Each made haste to answer
His party's call to fight;
Each echoing from his heart the patriot's motto,
"I battle for the right."

AMONG THE POETS.

REVERIE.
Oft on a summer's eve, when day is done,
And lengthening shadows blending into one
Are lost to sight;
When, 'mid the calling of the cuckoo bird
And the faint lowing of the distant herd,
The silent night
Creeps from the dark recesses of the dales,
Shrouds the smooth river in its misty vails,
And o'er the plain
The sweetest odors of the flowers arise
To blend their fragrance in the sunset skies
Of crimson stain:

How often do we think of ending life,
Of rest succeeding misery and strife,
Of some sweet nun
Who, 'mid the organ's melancholy throb,
A muttered prayer, a sympathetic sob,
Hears the " Well done,"
And like the shadows of departing day
Her soul has drifted peacefully away.
But, as the sun
Sets but to rise more gloriously at morn,
Her life has not to Death and darkness gone
But just begun.

THE SOUL'S MIRROR.
I lingered on the green hill's level crest,
And viewed the river winding on its way—
A harmony in gold and rose and gray
That won its glory from the bright bequest
Flung like a robe upon the dreamy West
By the fair goddess of departing day;
For all this beauty clear reflected lay
Upon the streamlet's undulating breast.
"And thus," I cried, "thine every word and thought
Shines silently and sweetly on my soul,
And reappears in lessened glory there.
Oh may its surface be obscured in nought;
No more may stormy passion-billows roll,
But may its waters be forever fair."

THE MEETING.
Down in the meadow's flowers,
Close by the purling rill,
Keeping his tryst for hours
Stands he, and listens still.

Tripping o'er the daisies,
Borne on the softest wind,
Comes she, through meadow's mazes
Only a tick behind.

Quick! in his ear love's prating;
Quick! kiss his cheek so brown.

He was a tall reed, waiting;
She was a thistle down.

COLUMBIA:
The college library was open during the summer vacation from early morning till ten o'clock at night.
The graduating fee will hereafter be fifteen dollars.
The total number of graduates from all the departments of the college since its foundation now amounts to 8,500.
Dartmouth:

Work on the new buildings is rapidly going on.

Greek prizes for the Junior class have been permanently endowed.

Harvard:

All the studies of Sophomore year are now elective.

Forty young ladies are candidates for admission to the Harvard Annex this year.

Latin, Greek, and Mathematics are no longer required after admission to Harvard for the degree of A.B.

University of Michigan:

During the past year 1,400 students attended the University of Michigan, of whom 200 were women. Two members of the Faculty are women.

The largest observatory dome in the world is being made in Cleveland for the University of Michigan. It weighs ten tons and has a diameter of forty-five feet four inches at the base.

Prof. Douglas amuses and amazes his classes by charging a suspended copper plate heavily with electricity and producing a miniature cyclone, funnel-shaped, and whirling with sufficient velocity to catch up pens, pennies, and pith-balls from off a table.

Williams:

Sanskrit has been added to the college curriculum.

A new French Grammar, written entirely in French, has been introduced.

Miscellaneous:

President Robinson, of Brown University, at the annual meeting before the corporation, devoted a large part of his report to college sports.

The State University of Mississippi is now open to lady students.

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Literary Notes.

The Journal of Education, under its classical department, publishes the entrance examinations used this year at Yale, Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst.

The Beacon is a unique publication. It has been published only little more than half a year, yet from the beginning, it has by its merit, taken a foremost position. The review of books and the stage, literary and personal notes, are especially interesting. The suggestions to art students are such as to commend the Beacon to those engaged in painting, drawing, embroidery, etc. Beacon Publishing Co., 295 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

A recent number of Science contained an article from the pen of Prof. Newcomb in review of President Eliot's paper in the Century on a "Liberal Education." The eminent astronomer ably presents his views which conflict with President Eliot's in many points. Electives, which have so strong an advocate in President Eliot, are not favored to that extent which, at the present time, may be called popular. The ends of education are discussed and the claim is advanced that they will be best subserved by a system of education which will develop the student in his weakest, not his strongest
points. The character of the writer and article are such as to command attention. The reports of the meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, at Montreal, and the American Association, at Philadelphia, are especially full and interesting. *Science* is published at No. 4 Bond St., New York City.

English critics have been praising Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton’s paper in a recent *Manhattan*, on “Shaughnessy.” Mrs. Moulton received a great deal of attention in Europe.

*CLIPPINGS.*

RONDEAU.

“A gusty March!” the maiden said,
As they held up the gate that houseward led.
And listened anon for the bull-dog’s chain—
The sound they so feared to hear again—
While the old folks snored in their peaceful bed.

Then the bashful swain inclined his head,
And coy at his very words, grew red,
As he took up in turn the same refrain,

“ A gusty March!”

A sound is heard as of falling lead;
She whispers softly, “Here’s papa, Fred!”
And the governor, shaking his shaggy mane,
Comes fiercely on like a direful bane.
He speaks, and his tones are full of dread—

“Augusta, March!”

“Summer boarders taken in,” is the candid advertisement of a New England farmer.

A restaurant at Cony Island has a large placard on its piazza announcing, “Eighteen carrot vegetable soup.”

Professor—“What can you say in regard to the articulation of the bones?”
Student (doubtfully)—“I don’t think they articulate very much.”—Ex.

“May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?” he bashfully asked.
“Certainly,” she graciously replied.
“There is a high hill just in front of the house or, if you prefer it, you can climb a big tree in the cow lot. Go anywhere where you can get a good view.”

Her father’s footfall made them start,
She gently murmured, “Dust thou, Art!”
And Arthur dusted.—Ada.

Together they were looking over the paper. “O my, how funny!” said she. “What is it?” he asked.
“Why, here’s an advertisement that says, ‘No reasonable offer refused.’”
“What’s so odd about that?” “Nothing, nothing,” she replied, trying to blush, “only those are my sentiments.”—Weif.

An eyeglass, a collar, a languid smile,
A stylish tie, and a nobby tile,
A faint mustache, an attitude,
And hairpin legs—behold a dude!
—Yale Record.

One of the professors of Vassar College has the inestimable good luck of being popular with the young ladies. They admire his sincerity and frank simplicity. He had long been in the habit of calling upon his pupils to recite in alphabetical order, beginning at the commencement of the roll; but one morning he surprised them by saying, in a pathetic and grieved tone: “I understand that you are accustomed to learn your lessons only when you think your turn will come to recite. I must put a stop to this, young ladies. Next time I shall begin at the other end of the class.”—Occident.
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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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