

The Colby Echo.

VOL. IV.

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No. 7.

The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY
THE STUDENTS OF
COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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THE SANCTUM.

A FUNERAL within college gates is an event as rare as it is sad, and one destined to be long remembered as is the scene which was witnessed here on May 9th. As we stood in front of The Commons House, arranged by classes waiting to follow the remains of our dead friend to Memorial Hall, we thought how strikingly in keeping with the sadness of the hour, was everything around us. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, its solemn quiet disturbed not even by a breath of wind, while the sun shone brightly through the budding trees upon the fresh, green campus.

Even the old college bell with its slow and mournful tolling seemed to know and say that death had visited us. The casket, borne by six classmates of the deceased and followed by a long procession, was placed in the college chapel directly in front of the pulpit, which was tastefully decorated with flowers from kind and sympathizing citizens. The services, consisting of Scripture readings, a brief address, prayer, etc., conducted by President Robins, were peculiarly impressive. Very appropriate selections of music also were furnished by the Weber Quartette. The President, who had remained by the bedside through the fatal night until death had fully completed its work, spoke eloquently and feelingly of the two years' life in college, of the triumphant death, and of the lessons they bring to the living. As we passed by, one after another and looked upon the dead face for the last time, in the depths of every heart there must have been an intense longing for such a life, as that at its close, it could be said as did he, "I HAVE TRIED TO BE TRUE."

EVER since the vacation of last winter, rumors have been afloat in the college and elsewhere that President Robins has tendered to the Trustees his resignation, to take effect at next Commencement. So little credence has been given to the report, that we have never considered the matter of sufficient importance to demand any special attention, apprehending no danger that such a calamity would be permitted to befall the college. The rumor, however, having recently found its way into the public press, we feel called upon to present to our readers the situation as we understand it, and to express something of the views entertained by the undergraduate portion of the college. The *Zion's Advocate* of the 4th inst., in an editorial, says:

"It is reported that Dr. Robins has resigned the Presidency of Colby University. We trust, however, that the college is not to lose his services. During the seven years in which he has been at the head of its

Board of Instructors there has been a steady growth in the number of students, and there is at the present time no college in the State which has such bright prospects for the future as Colby. — We know that not all of the President's hopes have as yet been fulfilled. But the returning tide of business prosperity is reaching us, and ere long we are confident the means will not be lacking with which to meet the growing wants of the college."

It would seem from this, that whatever there may be which threatens to sever the connection of President Robins with the college, arises altogether from circumstances of a financial character. What these circumstances are, may be inferred from the following extracts from the Maine correspondent of *The Watchman*, who writes over the signature "Kennebec." We assume the responsibility of using such portions as are relevant to our present purpose. After comparing the catalogues of the different colleges in the State, he says:

"We still outnumber the other colleges in the State. What has brought this about? The foundation for this was laid in the endowment secured by President Champ- lin. But President Champlin, after securing the endowment, stepped out of the college presidency. It then became the duty of the trustees to secure a successor. In this no mistake was made when Rev. H. E. Robins, D.D., was called to fill the chair. With a new President and a newly secured endowment the university started out on a career of unexpected success. The growth for five years was one of steady increase. It was one achieved by steady, painstaking, worthy methods, wholly freed from clap-trap of every sort.

"Under the careful eyes of the Committee on Finance, improvements were made for a time commensurate with the growth of the institution. There were dormitories newly fitted up; a gymnasium was erected; class rooms were enlarged; apparatus was secured; a paid librarian was appointed; considerable gifts were made to the library; prizes were offered; a new chair, that of mathematics, was instituted, and appropriations for laboratory work were made. These occupied years in accomplishing, and were not effected without considerable expense. Where did the money come from? The answer must be reluctantly given. The money so expended came almost entirely out of the invested funds. To improvements made at such a cost there must sooner or later be a disastrous end. The body cannot live that preys upon itself. The advanced outlay was necessary. Growth could not have been had without it. *The President was warranted in expecting substantial assistance.* Again, it is no secret that just at this time of increased expenditure, some of the funded securities of the college ceased to pay interest, and so the income of the university was curtailed instead of augmented. And this took place just at the time when the growth of the college demanded

the enlargement of facilities. On looking the ground over we seriously ask the Board of Trustees of Colby University if they have not made an egregious mistake. The needs of the college measured by its growth and prosperity required enlarged views as to finances. New England should have been stirred to furnish to Colby University the means absolutely essential to its healthy growth. The Faculty have not been wanting. Some of them are performing double duty. The President has not been wanting. He is indefatigable. He is earnest. He is every way capable. He is generous in his outlay for the Christian and social well being of the young men. The responsibility to furnish funds for necessary improvements devolves on the trustees, and nowhere else. The improvements made during the past five years have been too stinted, and they have been made at the expense of the endowment, or the faculty, or the students, or all three. The whole method is an example of burning the candle at both ends. The trustees should have devised a way of providing the few additional thousands absolutely required during these few years of financial pressure and of the college growth.

"But what of the future? Do we prophesy decline? Not without reason. The funds are depleted. The income will be lessened. It should be increased. How will the deficiency be met? Not by raising the tuition. That has been tried already. Not by lessening the salaries of the Faculty. A corps of instructors have enough tax upon their spirits to keep up enthusiasm to its proper pitch when they have the sympathy and encouragement of the Board of Trustees. What will they do but flag in spirits when a 'penny-wise, pound-foolish' policy meets deficiencies by reduction of salaries?

"Colby University cannot be managed for Maine alone. We find almost one-third of the students and full one-third of the trustees are residents beyond the borders of Maine. Small measures will sicken these men of connection with a college determined to be small. Let the trustees meet,—let them establish a Professorship in History and fill the chair at once. Let them get a teacher in elocution to assist Dr. Smith, who will then find plenty to do in his department. Then let them take a breathing spell and at Commencement get the courage to undertake a new dormitory. It is high time to awake out of sleep."

And "so say we all of us" if these are the causes, as is evidently the case, which are leading to the loss of our President. The above speaks for itself; it is no college boys' talk, but is rather the utterance of a gentleman who, from his former relations to the Board of Trustees, knows whereof he speaks. The time has come for the plain facts of the case; and as students we extend to "Kennebec" our hearty thanks for the information contained in the above sentences of terse, unmistakable Anglo-Saxon.

President Robins cannot reasonably be expected to pursue his policy of making this college a living, active power for good and a seat of Christian learning and culture, unless its friends supply him with something more tangible and substantial than their good wishes, prayers, and sympathy. Let it not be said that the college can get along with restricted means as it did before its present management. Dr. Champlin had his own peculiar work to accomplish which he fulfilled faithfully and well. Thirty-two of the best years of his life were devoted to the interests of the college, and during the last thirteen years he stood at its head. After laying the foundations, he gave the work of superstructure over to a younger man and retired to strictly literary work in private life, honored and respected by all the friends of the college. And now Dr. Robins has *his* work to do, or rather his part of the same work. All are ready to admit and admire the gigantic strides this work has made in the last half dozen years under his direction, and as we understand the matter, he refuses to remain here and see it either stand still or retrograde. Such a course would be altogether incompatible with the views of any man of his energy and ability. He is pre-eminently a worker; a man abreast of the times and full of progressive ideas as one should be who has to do with young men. He is now in the very prime of life and capable of doing his best service. It is not that the college has grown absolutely poorer, but its work has become broader, and new and pressing needs have arisen for which no provision is being made. Who wishes to see the momentum acquired during the past seven years, completely or in any degree lost? The tone of the college has been raised, and students have been attracted by its awakening life and growth. Let its friends keep it booming by putting forth renewed efforts to largely increase the endowment, and above all things let them not allow President Robins to retire through lack of means for carrying out his plans for the college and its students.

FOR the first time in four years at least, the term bills have been issued with a beautiful blank opposite that offensive item of General Average. While it has not often, if ever, been more than one dollar, and sometimes but twenty-

five cents per term, it has been unwillingly paid by the great majority of students from the fact that it arises from the wilful or careless destruction of college property by the very few. The disappearance of this charge was made a matter of congratulation a few mornings since by the President, who stated that while a certain amount of damage did accrue last term, in several instances the perpetrators had frankly come forward reporting the fact and paying the bill. During the recent vacation, the halls of the dormitories have again been put in good repair, and let us keep them so. We notice in south division of S. C., on one floor,—“The Flat,”—that the walls have been hung with appropriate pictures, a new departure entirely, and one worthy of imitation. We are very happy to know that the old-time spirit of recklessness with regard to the college property is rapidly dying out, and that in its stead is manifest a growing pride and interest in the condition and appearance of the college grounds and buildings. Let us hope that the General has taken his departure forever.

THE Seniors are very fortunate in the character of work which is being done this year at Carleton's, where their class pictures are being made. Mr. C. has in his employ at the present time a very skillful artist, Mr. D. K. Smith, of Boston, who is executing some exceptionally fine work. It has been customary for the graduating class to go in a body to Portland or elsewhere for sittings, but such a course has its objections in the attendant hurry and bustle necessarily involved. It is certainly a great advantage to the class to be able to obtain such satisfactory work at home.

LITERARY.

SONG BIRTH.

Beyond the beach's trodden slope of sand,
 Down past the frothy, shifting waterline,
 Deep underneath some fathoms of the brine,
 A crystal spring rolls up sweet waters, bland,
 Fresh amid all the saltness of the strand.
 No ebb tide ever lets the sunlight shine
 Unblurred upon it, and around it twine
 Dark slimy weeds by west wind never fanned.
 So in the Poet's heart, amid the gross

And brackish bitterness of earthly tides,
 The well-spring pure of song forever flows,
 Sweetening all wherethro' it mingling glides;
 For, though its life streams up through sunless
 woes,
 Its birth was on the hills where light abides.

H. L. K.

WORLD MOVING.

KATE E. NORCROSS, '81.

"Give me a fulcrum and a place on which to stand," said Archimedes, "and I will move the globe."

Whether or not this celebrated Greek philosopher ever really attempted or even expected to find such favorable conditions for the performance of this feat, history is not explicit; still, judging from his business habits it is safe to conclude that although he lived to the good old age of three-score and fifteen, he did not spend much valuable time in pursuit of such conditions. Doubtless, however, there have been many since his day who have "watched and waited" for a position or standpoint, the occupancy of which would enable them to move the globe or do some equally wonderful thing—neglecting perhaps the doing of some things that their qualifications would have fitted them to do and do well.

Then there may be a liability of deception as to the conditions really most favorable to this world-moving business. They may be less or more propitious than appearances indicate, and the movement from such position apparent and transitory, or real and permanent.

To one going up in a balloon the earth appears to be moving, receding, when in reality it is only the movement of the balloon in its short aerial flight, lifted by the buoyancy of the gas it contains, the earth remaining without deflection. Again, to one standing at the South End in Boston, near the Moody and Sankey tabernacle at the time of the great gatherings, a few years since, there was an apparent movement of the world, and the conviction that Moody and Sankey had found the Archimedean fulcrum and place to stand on to cause it; but subsequently it was found that, however, the feats of these evangelists were magnified by some or disparaged by others, they possessed a certain amount of potential power that massed the people for the time being in the outward

forms of worship, but lacking in the potency and permanency of an effective world-moving power.

"I am the creature of circumstances," said Napoleon, "the child of Destiny. I have always marched with the opinion of great masses," and what historian or philanthropist can show the advance movement of the world or society to a better Christianized civilization, to a higher plane of moral action by the efforts of this mass power. The individual thought, out of which came the expression of a truth, will move the world when the Bonapartes and Bourbons live only in song or story.

Notwithstanding all the misapprehension that may have occurred, all the energy that has been expended in the search for extraordinary conditions, and all the indolence that has attended on the waiting for some favorable position to turn up, "still it moves" and behind the movement there is a power and conditions favorable to successful and permanent results. Are they within reach of the average intellect? "To be weak," says Carlyle, "is not so miserable as to feel weaker than our task." Now it is supposed that every fairly ambitious youth feels a desire to do something for society as well as himself, and perhaps his aspirations may lead him into the desire even to move the world, or to assist in moving it in some way, but laboring under a misapprehension of the means and position necessary to do it, he feels too weak for the task, hence discouraged and miserable. It then becomes quite important that these aspirations be curbed, or the task be made feasible or at least possible to the individual capacity.

"In the development of human intelligence," says Auguste Comté, "arise three philosophies or general conceptions: the first is the point of departure of the human understanding, the second merely a state of transition to the next, the third the fixed or positive state." Now may not the power and conditions behind "still it moves" be found in the drawing out and direction of the individual thought of this development. The tribunal before which Galileo arose from bended knee of adjuration when he uttered the conviction "it still moves," did not discern that it was the individual thought of the suppliant that was to move the world when their own imagined power should be effete. So with Luther, the individual thought that the

criterion of truth was to be found in the Bible rather than in the church, moved the world when the tribunal who sat in judgment on the declaration had "stepped down and out." But it is a well-established fact that the individual thought to be an efficient and permanent force for moving the world must be based upon immutable truth, and just here was the difficult point of ancient times and the apparent one of the present in the development of human intelligence.

Where is the truth? Were the inquirers of to-day obliged to seek for truth by isolated paths without the guide ready at hand in the illustrations and experiments of previous times the task would be most onerous and uncertain, but having the experimental operations of human conduct for ages, and the results of those methods of conduct at hand to corroborate his own observation, the honest inquirer may be approximately sure of success in the inquiry. Out of that democratic equality embodied in the teachings that ushered in the Christian era sprung two tendencies, one to individual thought, the other the prohibition of such thought. The first three civilizations of the world were based upon slavery, in this the fourth culminated the power of the individual thought that every man should be his own proprietor, and the world moved forwards toward freedom.

Notably the world-moving power emanates from individual thought based on truth, found of those that seek. It acts irrepressibly on the present and future in its single capacity, and irresistibly on the present and future when massed. There is omnipotent power in the expression of a truth. The position for action then to be one of the world movers may be found easier than was imagined by the Grecian philosopher and the many who look for it to difficult and seldom reached places.

The opportunity comes to every individual to find and occupy, if embraced and used he becomes one of these real world movers and somehow somewhere will be the certain reward. We demur to the declaration of De Tocqueville, that the study of what is truth is above the average capacity of man especially in its moral application to the best interests of society. It may be above the average honesty of the inquirer to see it when opposed to a former dogma.

But a truth once discovered and established

is never concealed from the search of the honest, unprejudiced inquirer.

NOVELS.

C. B. WILSON, '81.

It is useless for us, living so near the close of the nineteenth century, to ignore the fact that the literature, against which such hearty condemnations were brought but a short time ago, has to-day become one of the most influential of all. At first thought this might seem incredible, but let us consider. Fashion in literature, like every other fashion, is not based upon mere accident, but is, rather, the outgrowth of some idea of fitness and propriety. The nations of the present are more closely knit together than those of the past, and are much more under the influence of public opinion; accordingly difficult and serious problems are continually presenting themselves which could not be adequately discussed within the narrow scope of poetry or history. We have then a reason for turning to prose, and prose too, in the form of fiction, for what could be more adequate?

Stories and novels stand on the same ground with each other, and with all literature. If fiction has a purpose then, a fact acknowledged by all, in serving that purpose, let it be regarded as fiction and judged accordingly. The great mistake is made of confounding the beneficial influence of good novels with the detriment received from a too constant application to them. "As well might one think of arguing the unwholesomeness of sugar, in consequence of the evil effects arising from a surfeit." The chemist has taught us that a certain amount of sugar is necessary for the full development of the body, but leaves each to decide for himself what constitutes a surfeit in his own case. So have the chemists of the mind found that a certain proportion of fiction is requisite for the highest and most rapid development of the intellect, and each one by careful analysis may determine what is profitable and what useless, and retain only what is beneficial to himself.

History tells us of carnage and war, of kings and princes, of Napoleons and Wellingtons, of court intrigues and state policies, but nowhere does it mention the every-day life of the people; their customs, their moral and religious precepts, their houses and dress. All

this is left for the novelist, and right well does he fulfill his task. In the words of Thackeray, one of the greatest writers of his time, "Out of fictitious books we get the expression of the life of the times, of the manners, of the merriment, of the dress, the pleasures and the laughter, the ridicules of society, the old times live again, and we travel in the old country of England, can the heaviest historian do more?" We answer no; not half so much. Strange as it may seem, fiction is often more truthful than fact, that is, it gives us a much better idea of the period and the people of the time than could any mere narrative of facts.

Fiction has all the scope of poetry and not half the restraint, for it is not confined to set verse and to dealing with torrents of vice and passion. It can, and does also, give us the beauties of steadier prose, for often does the novelist take us away to some lofty height, from which we may view the source of daily toil and warfare, and look into the workings of the human heart, without being lost in actual contemplation.

There are many fault-finders in the world, who are continually crying down the novel. Some of these are library vegetarians, who, unwittingly it may be, would dwarf the mind and, by withholding due stimulus, not give full scope to the strongest powers of the intellect. Others fill the place of fiction with daily papers in which are depicted with disgusting particularity the crimes committed in the community, and the horrors of midnight revels. Could any true mind, in even the lowest class of novels find anything more degrading than this?

When the time shall come in which fiction shall take its place in our homes beside the poem, when the deeds and sayings of the novelists' heroes and heroines shall be discussed and openly criticised by the fireside, and what should be imitated is carefully sought for, while that which should be avoided is fairly condemned, then, and not till then will fiction take its true place; for it is capable of becoming one of the great, real educators of the world.

LOVE.

Oh, say, what wonder of wings is this,
That fleeth hitherward so straight?
Of rainbow and gold, a ferly iwls;
Alack! the knowledge it came too late!

For the shaft of Love, that feathered flew,
Hath smitten and girt me to the heart;
I thought it a bird of rainbow hue;—
Oh, strangely sweet is the pang and smart!
H. L. K.

A VISIT TO WHITE HEAD.

Perhaps some little account of a recent visit to this place may not be uninteresting to some of our readers.

White Head is an island on our coast, about nine miles south-west from the city of Rockland. Our journey to this island was partly by land,—and was by no means an unpleasant one,—over a good road and with a very agreeable old gentleman as driver. We went to Seal Cove, and from thence by row-boat. After some little difficulty in obtaining a boatman, we set out for the island, which we reached after a few miles' ride.

The island has an area of about a hundred acres. The surface is broken into small elevations and ledges, and is covered to a considerable extent with scrubby spruces and other soft wood. And it is, probably, from the white appearance of the ledges along the shore that it has received the name, "White Head."

On the extreme point, or head of the island, stands the light-house which gives the island most of its interest. The light itself is on the top of a granite tower, which is eighty feet above sea level, and whose diameter is eighteen feet at the base and fifteen at the top. It was formerly a reflector light, but is now a Fresnel lens of the third order with Funck float lamp. Lard oil is used in the lamp, which consumes about one and six-tenths gills per hour. The oil is supplied to the wicks from a small reservoir above the lamp, through which the chimney of the lamp passes and thus keeps the oil from cooling. In very cold weather the heat from the chimney is not sufficient for this purpose, and a coal fire is kept in the top of the tower. The range of the light is about fifteen miles. The lamp and the lenses are kept perfectly clean, and, in fact, everything connected with the station, showed signs of great neatness and care on the part of the keeper.

The tower is connected with the keeper's house by a hall or shed. The house is two-story, and is occupied by the families of the keeper and his assistant. At a short distance from the house are two engine houses, with engines and whistles for fogs and thick weather. Only

one of these signals is kept for immediate use; the other, which is called the duplicate, is kept for use in case of accident to the other. A slow coal fire is kept under the boiler all the time, so that it takes but a very short time to "steam up," when there are indications of bad weather.

The whistle blows once a minute, a blast of eight seconds, with an interval of silence of fifty-two seconds. In very heavy weather, this period of silence seems very much longer than it really is to the officers of the different steamers, and so the light keeper rings a large bell between the whistle blasts, in order that the steamers may not be obliged to "slow up" in waiting for the whistle. Under the most favorable circumstances the whistle can be heard a distance of twenty miles, but with the wind blowing towards the signal it cannot be heard even a fourth of a mile.

There was a long, low building about which, at first, we had considerable curiosity, but found that it was the rain shed. The water formerly used in the boiler was taken from a well near by, but, owing to a very great corrosive power of the water, the boiler was in a short time destroyed by rust. A shed was built a hundred feet long, and the water from the roof is conducted to a large cistern, from which it is pumped into the boiler. The upper part of the shed is used as a store-house for coal, of which many tons are used during a year.

The present keeper of the light is a Mr. Grant, who took charge of the light in May, 1875. He was previously on Matineus, fourteen years, as assistant keeper of the light which is on that island.

We were very cordially welcomed by Mr. Grant's family, which we found to be very agreeable and hospitable. We were interested in the little school which was in session in one of the rooms of the house. It was just such a school as we should imagine they used to have in the days of our grandfathers. Mr. Grant seemed desirous that his children should not grow up ignorant of the rudiments, at least, of an education, and so he provided a school-room, in his own house, for his children and for those of the three other families which live on the island. To add to these meager privileges, they have a good piano, and we were favored with some instrumental music by one of the little girls.

We were thinking about taking leave of our host when we heard a whistle, and, on going to the door, we saw the steamer, "City of Richmond," which was passing by so near that we could have almost spoken to those on board. The steamer whistled a salute and it was returned by the keeper ringing the bell.

Soon after we went to the Life Saving Station, on another part of the island. There was not time for so careful an investigation of this humane institution as we could have wished. We were, however, introduced to the captain, who kindly explained to us the many means for saving life and aiding the distressed seamen who may be driven upon the ledges of our broken coast.

The sun was fast sinking, and its evening rays had already begun to fall with sunset tints upon the bay that separated us from the main land when we pushed our boat from the island shore. Our homeward passage was delightful, and as we bade our young boatman good-bye on the main shore, we felt that our visit to White Head had been a very pleasant one, and that the day spent with that family in their sea-girt home, had its lessons which would never be forgotten.

F. M. P.

OBITUARY.

Another of our college mates has closed his earthly life. After an illness of less than a week, ARTHUR E. FISH, of the class of '82, and son of Rev. E. S. Fish of Brooklin, passed away in the early morning of May 8th, at the age of twenty.

Of our dead friend we can only speak in terms of unqualified praise. His instructors all witness to his fidelity and conscientiousness as a student. He was one of those who do their work with reference to the high end of securing the best preparation for future life, and not as a mere matter of attaining class-room rank. Indeed, no other course could be consistent with that manliness which characterized him in all things. The ruling principle of his life was a strict regard to truth and honesty, to which were superadded the graces of a devoted piety.

"I have tried to be true," was an expression of his as he felt death approaching, and to this fact his life among us was a decided testimony. Modest, unassuming and undemonstrative in his

methods of work, he was one who helped to realize the grand object which the officers have in view, of so elevating the moral tone of the college that it shall be in the highest sense a Christian institution.

We can conceive of no nobler work than this, the redemption of college life from those principles and actions which have been its stigma and bane. To have assisted in this work for nearly two years would, of itself, secure from failure even so brief a life.

His death, following such a life, was, as might be expected, triumphant. To his family and friends the blow came suddenly, yet they realized boundless cause for thanksgiving, even in their sadness, in the knowledge that while preparing for life he had not neglected to prepare for death.

We feel sadly the gap which his death leaves in our ranks, yet we can hardly realize that one apparently so strong, is really gone.

Manliness, Christian integrity, conscientious performance of duty, happiness and cheerfulness in work, firm trust in God and loyalty to Christ, these are the lessons of our dead friend's life. His life says, "Be true;" his death, "Be ready."

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity:

Whereas, Our brother, Arthur E. Fish has been removed by death from our Fraternity,

Resolved, That by his death we have lost a faithful brother, whose quiet, noble Christian life made him dear to us all.

Resolved, That while humbly submitting to the will of God, as did our dear brother when he felt that death was near, we feel that we have met with a deep loss in his removal from us.

Resolved, That we extend our heart-felt sympathy to his afflicted family and friends.

Resolved, That we wear badges of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, to the various Chapters of the Fraternity, and be published in the college paper.

J. E. CASE,
F. M. PREBLE, } *Com.*
S. J. NOWELL,

Also by the class of '82, the following resolutions were voted:

Whereas, It hath pleased the Omniscient Father to remove from amongst us our beloved classmate, Arthur E. Fish, therefore,

Resolved, That while we acknowledge "God doeth

all things well," yet we mourn the early departure of so promising a life;

And further, that we tender our deepest sympathy to the mourning family, and to other friends to whom he was near and dear.

WARREN C. PHILBROOK, }
FRED. W. FARR, } *Com.*
GEO. D. SANDERS,

COMMUNICATION.

NEWTON CENTRE, Mass., May 8, 1880.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

Inasmuch as a number of young men, recently of Colby, are now in course of study at Newton, and inasmuch as many now in Colby are anticipating the study of Theology, we have thought that a communication from us would not be out of place in your columns. The number of Colby graduates at the seminary is now reduced to six. Tilley, of '76, became homesick and has gone back to the vicinity of Colby; Wyman, of '78, has taken a pastorate in the heart of the old Bay State; Thompson, of '78, has been obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health, while Jones, also of '78, has recently "taken to himself a wife," and therefore "he cannot come." We have remaining, Colcord, of '75; Salsman and Dewhurst, of '78; Merriam, Whittemore, and Hunt, of '79. These are all doing well, and making the most of the excellent advantages offered by our school.

We take great pleasure in recommending this time-honored institution to those gentlemen of Colby, who this year and next, and in fact, in all coming years, shall meditate taking a course in Theology. We do not write this communication for the sake of praising Newton Theological Institution. It is not the spirit of the friends of the institution to boast of her advantages over other institutions of like character, denomination, and aim. They have no desire to stoop so low. We would simply point to her graduates, who are scattered so profusely, not only over the State of Maine, but over nearly all the States of the Union. Their intelligence, their efficiency, their piety speak volumes of commendation for the institution which has helped to fit them for their life work. As a tree is known by its fruits, so is an institution known by the men whom she trains for active

service. Suffice it to say that we have ample and pleasant accommodations for those who come; plenty of hard work prescribed by our curriculum, and an able Faculty to assist us in carrying it forward.

As regards pecuniary aid, we have one word to say. We believe we are safe in saying that the Faculty do not resort to the practice of offering *bids* for the purpose of inducing young men to come here in preference to other seminaries. They do not believe the end justifies the means. If young men will come, they will do what they can for them. And if a man proves himself worthy of help he will not be allowed to leave the institution for the lack of it; thanks to the noble men, who in the past have founded and sustained this institution. As young Baptists of New England, we are pledged to support it. We owe it to the memory of its founders, we owe it to the interests of the denomination which we love, and we owe it to the cause of the Master, whom we love more, to support the institution which God has placed in our hands.

Several copies of the ECHO come to the institution. It is always gladly received. The labors of its editors are appreciated by us. May it have a long and successful career.

STUDENT.

THE CAMPUS.

Weld, '81, is teaching at Winter Harbor.

Rowell, '81, is out for the term, teaching at South Thomaston.

The Summer Term opened May 6th, to continue twelve weeks.

Whittier, '81, is Principal of the High School at West Waterville.

We are glad to see Ryder, '81, back again and in his old place on the Nine.

The New Elmwood is progressing finely; so is the house on the "little Sabine farm."

Have you noticed that some unseen power has stretched our college calendar this year to thirty-seven weeks?

Senior, somewhat agitated, to terrified maiden who met him at the door just as the tree and fence were shattered—"A shaft from Cupid's bow were rapture, but pursued by hurled bolts from Jove, I tremble."

B. F. Wright, from the Freshman class of Bates College, has recently joined the corresponding class at Colby.

President Robins has been absent several days attending the anniversary exercises of the Rochester (N. Y.) Theological Seminary.

The Sophomore Prize Declamation took place as announced in our last number. The prizes were awarded to Philbrook and Thayer.

We are glad to see C. H. Case, '80, out again and to hear him report improvement; but he does not look as rugged as we should like to see him yet.

The Juniors divided almost equally over the electives, Latin and French. Those electing the former are reading "Andria"; those electing the latter take "Le Cid."

Don't envy the Seniors the luxury of only two recitations a day; they have earned it by almost four years of hard work, and they are not entirely at leisure yet.

Rev. C. B. Crane, D.D., of Boston, has been secured to preach the annual Commencement sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and Young Men's Christian Association.

Arrangements have been made to have a sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and Young Men's Christian Association of the college, in the early part of the term, by Rev. F. W. Bakeman, Auburn.

Athletics have received a manifest impulse from the Field Day now in anticipation. We see nothing to hinder the contestants from making as good a show, and those in charge from managing the exercises as admirably as was done last year, when all declared it a brilliant success.

Judging from the numerous inquiries which we hear that such an item would be convenient, we give the following schedule of recitations:

	8 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	4.30 P.M.
Seniors.....	Am. Constitution.	Political Economy.	(General Culture.)
Juniors.....	French or Latin.	Geology.	Greek.
Sophomores....	Mechanics.	Anglo Saxon and English Literature.	French.
Freshmen....	Algebra.	Greek.	Latin.

Our first match game of the season was played here with the Bates last Wednesday, resulting in a score of 16 to 2 in favor of the visiting nine. They were evidently too much for us; though our nine did not play so poor a game as would be inferred from the above figures, nor nearly as poor as we have seen heretofore.

Practical pedestrianism: Davies, '81, and Lord and Trowbridge, '83, walked home at the close of last term, and the two gentlemen from '83 returned in like manner, the distance being about fifty miles and made by them in a single day each way. Also several whose homes are in Massachusetts walked to Augusta, about twenty miles, to take the boat there.

The grounds between the Maine Central Depot and College Street are undergoing quite extensive improvements, according to the agreement made when the college leased the land to the railroad. We watch the work with a great deal of interest, of course, and shall take occasion to notice it again at a later stage, when we can speak more definitely about it.

Quite a number of the students remained in town over vacation, some improving the opportunity to make up back work, others satisfying a long-cherished desire to see once what Waterville would be divorced from the pressing necessities of study. The greater part of the students, however, spent vacation elsewhere and otherwise, many coming back looking rather sleepy.

The laying of an additional track from the depot to the upper bridge and several other new ones in the vicinity of the round house, and the work on the grounds around the depot, together with the busy railroad shops and the continuous moving of cars upon which we become so accustomed to look out, give an appearance even unusually lively to the vicinity of the campus.

A game of considerable interest was played on the grounds last Saturday, between the Institute Nine and a town nine. At times the playing was close enough for one or two innings, to arouse considerable enthusiasm, though at other times loose innings let the score run up wildly, and the teams were not nearly enough matched to make it real exciting, as shown by the resulting score: 39 to 15, in favor of the Institute Nine.

While a company of professors, students, and others was assembled in front of Mr. Dunn's residence on the morning after the storm, observing the havoc which the lightning made with the fence and shade tree, and constantly hearing reports of other cases, a Senior ventured to remark to the Professor in Physics that he would have some new illustrations in Electricity. "Yes," replied the sage Professor, "more 'striking' ones than we usually have."

The lawn mower, which appeared on the campus recently, is in keeping with the announcement referred to last term, and is another step in that course of improvements in which we are all so much interested. The college grounds, though rather narrow, are naturally quite fine, and considerable has been done from year to

year in the way of improvements; but plenty of room for improvement remains, even without going into so large and expensive ones as the grading to the river, to which previous editors have referred, and which we most earnestly hope some of our able friends will make possible at no very remote day. We are much gratified to see these smaller improvements, however, though we shall not be completely satisfied till we see the larger ones.

The thunder storm of the 9th inst., is acknowledged to have been more terrible than any ever before experienced in this vicinity, and many regard it as the heaviest and most prolonged ever known in this latitude. The marks of its power may be seen in numerous places about town, and including the immediate surroundings, the number of cases of "striking" is reported as high as seventeen, which includes several buildings demolished. Many persons, not regarded as timid, admitted such a sensation as fear; and others, claiming not to be afraid, did wish it would not thunder quite so heavy. In one of the rooms in the college a discharge, well-marked by the spark and report, occurred between the steam radiator and a lounge, not greatly to the delight of the two occupants of the room, who said they preferred to take experiments in electricity in No. 9, Champlin Hall.

At a meeting called "per order" May 8th, it was voted that we have a Field Day, and the following officers were elected: Master of Ceremonies, Chaplin, '80; Directors, Trask and C. C. King, '80, Marshall, '81, Collins, '82, and Tilton, '83. At a subsequent meeting the Directors made the following report which was adopted:

Time, Friday, June 11th, 2 o'clock P.M.
Place, Waterville Trotting Park.

PROGRAMME.

1. One Hundred Yards Dash.
2. Putting Shot.
3. Standing Long Jump.
4. Throwing Hammer.
5. One Mile Walk.
6. Hop, Skip, and Jump.
7. Back to Back Run.
8. Running Long Jump.
9. Throwing Base-Ball.
10. Five Mile Go-as-you-please.
11. Standing High Jump.
12. Running High Jump.
13. Three-Legged Race.
14. Quarter of a Mile Run.
15. Wrestling Match, Collar and Elbow.
16. Potato Race.

A game of ball will probably be arranged for the forenoon.

A large number of the students attended the sessions of the third annual meeting of the Maine State Teachers' Association, held at the Hall of the Classical Institute, May 6 and 7.

The exercises were very interesting and profitable, especially to those for whom they were especially intended—teachers. Papers were presented by Prof. Hall, Colby; Principal Corthell, Gorham; President Fernald, Orono; and State Superintendent Luce; each being followed with discussion by eminent educators of the State. A plan for an association of the professional teachers of the State was presented by Prof. Chapman, of Bowdoin, and Principal Rounds, of Farmington, the Committee to whom that work had been previously assigned, which resulted in the adoption of a constitution and the organization of a society, to be known as the Maine Pedagogical Society, into which the former organization was merged. We esteemed it a great honor to be present at the ushering in of so august an organization, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by its highly significant, though somewhat formidable, name. The new Society chose for President, Principal A. W. Burr, Hallowell; Vice President, Prof. H. L. Chapman, Bowdoin; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. E. W. Hall, Colby. An Executive Committee and an Advisory Board were also appointed.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Oracle* is, after all, the great literary event of our college year; and so it is with pleasure that we have received from the hands of the editors, the proof-sheets of the forth-coming volume. Of course we look first at the pictures. We find them rather better than last year's and much more neatly engraved. In the place of the attractive frontispiece, which so pleasantly surprised us in the preceding number, we find a new one, in a different style it is true, but equally appropriate, and, by the way, the costliest thing in the book; so costly that we should not have had it, if it had not been (as we are permitted to whisper,) the gift of one of the college's good friends. The humorous part of the volume is uncommonly well kept up. Some new and decidedly comical features have been added. We suppose that the illustrated poem will not be enjoyed much by '82, but we have no doubt that the rest of the college will relish it hugely. The Class History is everything that such an article ought to be, and no one should fail to read it. The purely literary department is shorter than usual. We have poetry in abundance, however, and we will take for granted that it is very good, but we cannot help feeling relieved to think that the college will be spared this grind another year. The Editor's Preface and the Review of the Year are gracefully written, and touch upon appropriate subjects; yet we confess ourselves disappointed at their vagueness. Though, considering the straight jacket into which the *Oracle* editor is put, it is a wonder how he has managed to do so much. We must remember that the *Oracle* is published under the direct oversight of the Faculty, and that nothing can go into it which they may choose to exclude. Now it would be an injustice to certain of the professors to deny that they have taken a kindly interest in this number. The editors have received direct help from them in more than one way. And yet, if this super-

vision is to go on, and the *Oracle* must always pass through the Faculty strainer before it can be safely doled out to the students, it will soon degenerate into a publication so "dismally dull, and dolefully dawdlin," into such an oppressively pious collection of classical morphine, that we question whether it will be worth while to keep it up. Now, since the Faculty have no means of knowing what the boys think of their methods, why would it not be wise to give a large freedom of utterance to the *Oracle*; so that if the students have any grievances they may express them here? Surely if our instructors are "good men and sensible" they have nothing to fear from such a license, and, as they are but human, may receive a hint now and then that will be of profit. We are here as members of Colby University, and not merely as learners under certain teachers; and so we regard loyalty to the college as higher than reverence for our instructors, and college honor as of more importance than the feelings of any professor. We may be wrong, but such is the universal opinion of the students. The college abides; the professors are here but for a time; and we expect to be as proud of the college when every member of the present Faculty is gone, as we are now, though no teachers can ever be so dear to us as they. Speaking of college spirit, we must not forget that is but an extension of class spirit; for, when a student is obliged by lack of money, or by sickness, to leave college, his first thought is not of losing his diploma, but of breaking class ties. And so, while our Faculty are endeavoring to destroy class enmity, let them beware lest they extinguish class spirit also, for with that goes out college spirit. We could better spare a dozen rope-pulls than one cremation. Such are some of the thoughts that have come to us while looking over the pages of the *Colby Oracle* for 1880. We believe that the book as a whole has not been subjected to Faculty supervision. But the terrors of condign punishment following anything like free speech, have been brooding in the air above the editors' heads, and from that atmosphere is it any wonder that the *Oracle* has come out "*unco guid*?"

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* is a neat paper from a female institution out in Illinois. We look it over, and somehow its peculiar tone and character so impress us that we are in the presence of ladies, that we almost take our feet down off the table and pull off our hat. The number before us contains an account of a literary exhibition by the Junior class—the "Bread Givers," as they style themselves, and they even claim to be able to make the real, genuine article, "good, sweet, wholesome bread." We try to believe it. Miss Pope's essay on "Mountains as a Means toward Development," is decidedly fine. From the "Home Items" we judge that the young ladies intend to have a good time of it. In the elocution class they drill upon such exercises as "Young men, ahby!" etc. That's good. The exchange department is spicily and contains just enough of sarcasm to make it highly entertaining.

The big name of the *Philosophian Review* weighs rather heavily upon the young editors of that paper. They manage to do some excellent work though. The poetry of the *Review* is good; the exchange column is bright, and the solid articles at least readable. The college notes are as flimsy as the editorials are sound; though both are rather youthful.

When we first looked into the March number of the *Collegian and Neoterian* we were pleased with it. The poetry is good and the articles decidedly wide-awake. But when we came to read the efforts of the funny man, we threw down the paper in disgust. Such a mixture of strained wit with wit that evidently has not been strained, is a little too much for our modesty.

The *Students Journal* is one of our weakling academy brethren. Compared with papers of its own kind it ranks well, but judged by the ordinary standards of class-room composition, it has little worth. How long ago is it since W. S. C. read Underwood's American Authors?

The *Kenyon Advance* is a pretty paper, but has not enough variety in its matter.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Three Japanese ladies are studying at Vassar.

The Seniors at Williams have voted to graduate in caps and gowns.

President Angell, of Michigan University, has been appointed Minister to China.

T. DeWitt Talmage will deliver the Commencement Oration at Richmond College, Va.

Gen. Robert Toombs will deliver the oration before the Phi Sigma Society, of Mississippi University at the next Commencement.

The students of Williams have been formally invited to visit Wellesley, in a body or individually, to inspect the buildings and grounds.

It is reported that Dr. Chadbourne remarked in a recent speech at Wellesley, that if Grant were nominated he would "take the stump and speak against him in every State from Maine to California."

THE WASTE-BASKET.

A prowed thing—a ship.

A relic of barber-ism—a Senior's moustache.

A Junior studying Greek votes for the "black horse."

Said the Vassar girl on landing, after a somewhat tempestuous sail, "Oh, thank Heaven that I am once more safe on *vice versa*!"

Prof. in Moral Philosophy—"Mr. K. what end has a mother in view when she punishes her child?" Mr. K. blushes and sits down.—*Vidette*.

An ambitious young writer having asked, "What magazine will give me the highest position, quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."—*Ex*.

The following from the *Vassar Miscellany* is in a more studious strain: Prof.—"Miss C. give an example of a true conclusion drawn from two false premises." Miss C.—"Logic is an easy study. That's false. I don't like easy studies. That's false. Therefore, I don't like Logic. That's true." Class is dismissed.

Junior—"Why is the human body a humbug?" Fresh. gives it up. "Because it's an aggregate of cells."—*Ex*.

The other day, a visitor surprised Richard Grant White saying to his baby, "Oh-ny, no-ny, ie mussy tick hick his ittie footsy tootsies out fum endy ze blanky wanky oz e catch coly woly an' have ze snuffles." Just then he caught sight of the stranger, and said to the infant: "No, no, you must not expose your pedal extremities by extending them beyond the projecting cover of the blanket, or you will lay your system open to attacks of catarrhal affections." And the astonished child shrieked as though some one had winged it with a defective safety pin.—*Rochester Campus*.

PERSONALS.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the University.]

'26.—Hon. A. G. Jewett, of Belfast, celebrated his golden wedding May 10th.

'35.—Rev. James Upham, D.D., is associate editor of the *Religious Herald*, Richmond, Va.

'52.—Rev. George B. Gow has accepted a call to Brattleboro, Vt.

'57.—Rev. Henry L. Chase is pastor of the Congregational Church, Green Mountain, Iowa.

'62.—Wm. D. Ewer is with C. A. Hanson & Co., Employment Office, San Francisco, Cal.

'62.—Albert Q. Marshall, M.D., died at New Gloucester, May 3, aged 43 years.

'72.—Rev. H. W. Tilden is to deliver the address at Augusta, Memorial Day.

'75.—C. K. Merriam leaves the practice of medicine in Lowell, Mass., on appointment as surgeon to the regular army in Washington Territory.

'77.—Married, at Oakland, Cal., Rev. A. J. Sturtevant to Miss Mattie E. Doe of Vassalboro, Maine.

'78.—C. F. Johnson who was for some time a member of this class, and graduated at Bowdoin last year, is in the employ of the N. Y. and N. E. Railroad.

'78.—William G. Mann is at the Theological Seminary, Yale College.

'78.—W. I. Davis is teaching in Gorham, N. H.

'79.—C. S. Lemont is Principal of the Camden High School.—G. E. Murray is in business in Lawrence, Mass.—Lyford is in the office of the President of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, at Chicago.

'80.—C. W. Clements, formerly of this class, is teaching in California.